

Flawless 181

Chapter 181

As Armand lifted Genevieve's dense hair, the woman's slender neck caught his attention.

He looked at her fair skin, his ice-cold eyes brimming with burning desire. Hanging his head low, Armand gave her neck a passionate peck.

Genevieve was perturbed by his behavior. She could not even concentrate on fixing the violin's strings. Grabbing her phone over, she painstakingly unlocked it and typed something on it: Can you let me finish changing the strings? Also, I just cooked dinner, so I reek of oil.

"I don't mind." Armand's voice was slightly hoarse. Sidling up to her, he went for her lips and gave her a deep kiss.

Armand exerted some strength to carry Genevieve up on his lap. His hands swept across her dress on her back.

The next moment, her dress fell to her waist.

Prior to that, Genevieve had intentionally adjusted the brightness of the lights in the living room to the maximum because she wanted to handle the violin's strings. As the light shone on her, it appeared as though her skin was brighter than the light itself. A dragon tattoo was seen on the lower left side of her waist.

The dragon was black in color with its sharp claws soaring high up, reaching exactly the bottom part of her chest where her heart was at.

It was as if the dragon was trying to pierce into her heart.

Armand lowered his head and stared at that tattoo. Running his finger slowly across the dragon's body, he lifted his head and looked at Genevieve with his darkened eyes.

His Adam's apple bobbed. "You told me you were going to visit the spa that day. Did you actually go to get a tattoo instead?"

Genevieve nodded. She remembered lying down at the tattoo shop and screaming in pain that afternoon. She even landed hard kicks on the tattoo artist multiple times. Thinking back, she could still feel the pain on her skin.

It really hurt like hell!

Never would she ever want to experience that sort of pain again for the rest of her life.

Genevieve picked up her phone and typed: Since you've put on a tattoo to my liking, I thought I should reciprocate the gesture and get one resembling your favorite mythical creature.

In actuality, Armand's tattoo was a mere flower about the size of a fingernail. One could not even notice it from afar. On the other hand, Genevieve had disregarded her tender skin and her fear of pain to get a tattoo that covered such a wide area.

There was even an abbreviation of Armand's name beside the dragon tattoo.

Armand's gaze became all the more somber. A wave of unknown emotion rose within his heart.

Alas, he could not rein back that emotion.

He grabbed Genevieve's waist and pressed her body against his. A series of aggressive yet gentle kisses landed on her cheeks, the corner of her lips, and in the end, the entirety of her mouth.

He could not help but indulge himself in the heat of the moment with her.

The next morning, Genevieve walked out the door with Armand. Steven drove the latter to the office while Genevieve drove herself to the General Hospital.

Coincidentally, it was Timothy's off day, so he merely stayed in his office. He rested his legs on another chair beside him with his hair tied up in a ponytail, appearing as lazy as a pig.

When Genevieve arrived, Timothy leisurely kept away his phone and brought her to see the ENT specialist.

"Hey, Genev. Are you very happy?" Timothy tilted his head to peek at Genevieve, only to find her faint smile reaching her eyes.

He had met Genevieve twice in the past. Even though she had also been wearing a smile back then, her face was always inundated with bitterness and confusion. It was like she could not find meaning in her life. However, at that moment, her smile was ever so bright and cheerful.

Anyone would know she was happy at first glance.

Genevieve shot a gaze back at him while typing on the phone: Work is going smooth for me, and my hubby also dotes on me. Of course, I couldn't be happier!

Her husband dotes on her, huh?

Timothy somehow understood where Genevieve's happiness stemmed from.

Most likely, it was because Armand had stayed by her side all this while.

Timothy snuck another peek at Genevieve.

Maybe she has been overprotected, so she does not understand the cruelty of life. Then again, maybe I should praise that guy for having a way to make her fall head over heels for him in such a short span of time. She already behaved like a half-dead person because of Cooper. If she finds out about the truth later, I wonder if she could still stay sane?

Genevieve caught sight of Timothy's odd stare. She could not help but ask him with her phone: Dr. Jensen, is there something you want to tell me?

"Oh, it's nothing. I just feel that you've changed a lot." Timothy stuck his hands in the pockets of his white coat and uttered casually, "Seeing you this happy, I'm happy for you, too."

Deep down, he was displeased with Armand's approach. Even so, he had no choice but to tolerate it, for it was not his place to comment.

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Timothy brought Genevieve to the ENT department to meet with a specialist who took a CT scan of her throat and performed a detailed examination. He also requested her to try opening her mouth.

Nonetheless, Genevieve still could not make a sound.

"That's weird. Your vocal cords are not swollen or congested. So why can't you speak?" The specialist was also puzzled because that was the first time he had encountered a case like that. "Let's do this. I'll prescribe two kinds of oral solutions for you. You can return here for your follow-up after consuming the medications."

She nodded.

Timothy accompanied Genevieve to the dispensing counter to receive her medications after exiting the ENT clinic.

Then, he said, "Genev, you may need to come here and donate blood again."

Genevieve was stunned. She took out her phone and typed a reply: Wasn't there a rule stating that I only have to donate blood once every six months? They already withdrew three hundred milliliters of my blood the other day. Was that insufficient?

"Yes, but if your body is in good condition, you can still donate blood after an intervening time." Timothy rubbed his nose and quickly concealed the look of resignation on his face. "This is because your blood

type is very special, and that patient is in a critical condition. Otherwise, I wouldn't request this from you."

He tucked his hands into his white coat and gazed at the frown on her face. "This will be the last time. That patient's family is quite loaded. If you want anything, I can help you negotiate with them."

Genevieve lowered her head and fell silent for some time. Then, she asked: When do you need to withdraw my blood?

Timothy knew her current body condition well and initially assumed she would refuse. Unexpectedly, she agreed in the end. He choked while thinking. What's up with my awful luck to become acquainted with Armand this lifetime!

He took a deep breath and led her toward the hospital's exit. "Let's do it on coming Wednesday. You can get plenty of rest in the next two days. By then, if your body condition is unwell, I will not force you to go through with the blood donation."

She nodded.

If another doctor had spoken to her regarding that matter, Genevieve might have rejected immediately. Nevertheless, she agreed because she knew Timothy was on good terms with Armand, and Timothy had also treated Maria's waist injury previously.

The man sent her all the way to the parking lot. After seeing her get into the car, he strode over, seemingly pitying her misfortunes.

He leaned slightly forward to look at her, seated inside the car. "Genevieve, your blood is very precious too. I will seek monetary compensation from them, and you must take the money. Also..."

Timothy might be best friends with Armand, but he was also a doctor. He could sense Genevieve's pure and genuine feelings toward Armand.

It was exactly because he could sense her sentiment that prompted him to think that she was pitiable, so he could not stop himself from talking to her.

She raised a brow, hinting at him to continue after she saw him pausing in his sentence.

“You can always tell me if you have anything you want.” He knew she was intelligent, so she would certainly be able to figure out his thoughts if he did not choose his words carefully. As a result, Timothy had to express his intention in an indirect manner.

Genevieve was momentarily dazed before nodding smilingly.

After he removed his hands from the car window, she started the engine and drove away

It was coincidentally lunchtime when Genevieve returned to Regality Gardens. Maria had prepared a pot of mushroom soup which was creamy yet did not taste overwhelming today.

Genevieve could not help but send Armand a text: Don't have your meal outside. I'll have someone send over lunch to you.

She ordered a delivery service and packed a serving of lunch inside a food container.

Armand swiftly replied: Did you make the lunch?

Genevieve sent him a disdainful emoji and added: I'd be reluctant to cook even if you're willing to eat. Preparing a meal can be such a mess. I merely wanted you to try Maria's mushroom soup because the taste is good.

Soon, the deliveryman arrived. Genevieve handed him the food container and told him the recipient's address.

After lunch, she sat cross-legged in the living room and took out her violin. She had changed two strings on the instrument last night, so she decided to work on the rest of the strings this afternoon and tune the violin.

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Genevieve took out the sheet music she composed yesterday afternoon and tried playing it with the violin.

She could imagine how the music was in her head while composing the piece but was unable to listen to it directly. At that moment, as she played, the upbeat tune produced by the luxurious violin sounded like a feast for the ears.

Genevieve had attempted to write a few songs since she learned violin at a young age, but all of the pieces were awful.

This time, however, perhaps because she was in a good mood or maybe she had poured her emotions into composing the piece, the tune was highly remarkable. She had unknowingly immersed herself in that indulging experience as she listened to the piece.

Unfortunately, only the first half of the song was great.

The tune for the piece's second half did not sound right to her.

Genevieve sat cross-legged on the floor again and amended the sheet music on her notebook. Then, she tried playing the piece again, but all the same, she failed to find her groove.

"Ms. Rachford, I think it sounds wonderful." Maria brought a plate of fruits to the living room.

Taking in Genevieve's deeply furrowed brows, Maria added, "I heard the songs you used to play in the Rachford residence previously. In my opinion, this piece you performed earlier was better than all the songs I've listened to in the past."

Despite receiving Maria's compliments, Genevieve could not deem that piece a complete song because she was not satisfied with the second half of the tune.

She was determined to bring that piece to perfection.

Maria placed a piece of apple on the fork and handed it to Genevieve. "Have some fruits and take a break. You can continue working on it later."

Genevieve nodded. She placed her violin aside and switched on her phone while eating the fruits. Only then did she see the message Armand sent her over an hour ago that read: Mm. This mushroom soup is indeed not bad.

She smiled. Suddenly, a thought flashed across her mind. She waved Maria over for the latter to sit next to her. After that, Genevieve opened the memo application on her phone and typed: Maria, do you think I used to love Cooper?

When she held Armand to sleep last night, various thoughts surfaced within her chaotic mind.

Genevieve knew she was in love. Still, the feelings stirred within her when she was with Cooper completely differed from those she felt when being with Armand. Yet, she was unable to specify the distinctions.

Maria had experienced something similar. Even her grandchildren were already a few years old. Listening to Genevieve's question, she had roughly grasped the situation.

"Yes. You did love Cooper, but the kind of love is different from the affection you harbor toward Mr. Armand." Maria thought for a few seconds before continuing, "You grew up with Cooper, and none of the other boys around you were more outstanding than him, so you admired and adored him. But that loving feeling is similar to how you feel toward your parents. You think of Cooper as your family, assuming he could take care of you. However, things are different in Mr. Armand's case. You are willing to cook for him and like to cling to him, acting coyly around him at all times. You've already seen him as someone you can rely on. Moreover, you hold a sense of possessiveness toward Mr. Armand as you do not like it when other women stay by his side."

Genevieve came to a revelation while listening to Maria.

She was reminded of some details she had overlooked.

For example, when she found out Cooper had been with Erica for many years, she was only mad at him for a short while. More was her hatred toward him for plotting against her parents.

On the other hand, the sight of the picture with Armand and Marilyn together was able to invoke uncontrollable fury within her, causing her to smash Armand's phone.

Maria patted Genevieve's head. "If I am not mistaken, you are playing the violin again because you are planning a surprise for Mr. Armand, am I right, Ms. Rachford?"

The latter nodded. She leaned forward and hugged Maria. Then, she typed: I love you so much, Maria! I would still be caught in perplexity if not for your enlightening words. Indeed, I am planning to surprise him. Can you help me keep this a secret?

Maria opened her mouth as if she was about to say something. After a split second of hesitation, she answered, "I believe Mr. Armand will like the surprise you plan."

Genevieve smiled. That's a given. This is a piece I composed!

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Genevieve smiled. After conversing with Maria, she found some inspiration. Thus, she took her book and pen and started to edit the second half of her music piece with confidence.

As Maria noticed Genevieve starting to get busy with her task, she left silently.

When Armand got home at seven o'clock in the evening, Genevieve had already finished editing the song.

Now, she would only need to record the piece at a studio when she had free time.

Genevieve threw a seawater scent bath bomb into the bathtub today. A while later, the surface of the water turned pale blue. Soaking herself in the water felt like she was swimming in the sea.

She leaned against the side of the bathtub as she rested her chin on her palm. At that moment, she stared at the shower a few meters away.

Armand was currently showering in there. Water flowed down from his body and landed by his feet. As for Genevieve, her eyes were like a radar, scanning him from top to toe.

This man indeed has a good body figure. Besides that, he is also great at other stuff...

After drying himself, Armand wrapped his body in a towel and walked out of the shower. Once he turned around, he noticed the woman staring fixedly at him.

The man, who was wiping his hair, paused his actions and asked, "Are you done?"

She nodded and stretched her arms out.

Armand instantly understood her intentions. He walked toward her and carried her out of the bathtub. Before placing Genevieve on the sink counter, he took a towel and placed it on the countertop.

There were pale blue bubbles everywhere on her body. In addition, because she had soaked herself in the bathtub for some time, her skin was pinkish, looking exceptionally alluring.

Genevieve noticed the change in how the man looked at her. Immediately, she kicked him away, took her phone, and typed a string of words: Don't touch me for the next few days. I have to go to the hospital to donate blood on Wednesday.

Armand's eyes darkened after he read the text. He took a towel and helped Genevieve wipe off the bubbles and water droplets on her body.

“Did Timothy ask you to go?” he questioned.

Genevieve: Yes. She lay in his embrace lazily as she allowed him to dry her body, texting: He said it wasn't enough the other time.

When Armand wiped Genevieve's arm with the towel, he noticed a needle hole in her fair arm due to the blood donation.

He raised his hand and touched it.

With a low and hoarse voice, he said, “Genevieve, if you don't want to go, you can always refuse.”

At his words, she lifted her head and looked toward him. Then, she kissed his chin.

Genevieve: Dr. Jensen said this would be the last time, so I might as well help him. Moreover, I think it's a good thing to help others.

“Mm.” Armand lowered his head and kissed her.

After he carried her out and put her on the bed, Genevieve lay on her stomach on the bed and read. Soon, she felt drowsy, hugged her cat stuffed animal, and fell asleep.

Armand pulled the blanket over and covered the woman's porcelain skin. Next, he turned around and opened the balcony door.

While making a phone call, he took out a cigarette from his cigarette box and lit it.

“Man, what is it again?” Timothy, who picked up the phone, had a strong urge to curse. “I remember everything you said. I don't f*cking have dementia!”

Armand took a puff of his cigarette and stated in a low and flat voice, "That bag of blood should be enough for her labor."

Upon hearing that, Timothy sneered and mocked, "Oh? What do you have in mind now, Armand? Didn't you play with a woman's feelings because of that child? Tsk! Why are you saying this for? Do you feel bad for her? D*mn. Should I praise you for being a thoughtful person?"

"Timothy," remarked Armand unhappily with a frown, "can you stop being so sarcastic?"

"Ah, right. I'm being sarcastic." Timothy chuckled coldly. "Three hundred milliliters is not enough. I need to extract another bag for backup. Do you hear me, Mr. Faulkner? If yes, I'll hang up now!"

With that said, Timothy hung up.

Armand lowered his phone. His brows knitted even more when he saw that Timothy had hung up on him.

Soon, he glanced outside the balcony with a darkened gaze.

Chapter 185

The next morning, Genevieve changed into a gray formal attire. As she wore a short skirt with a pair of stockings, it was difficult for her to bend down. In the corridor, she wanted to put on her heels. Hence, she pointed at the black satin high heels and looked at Armand with an innocent look. The two made eye contact for two seconds. At last, the man helplessly squatted and picked up a high heel. After Genevieve raised her petite foot, he grabbed it and helped her put the heel on. She lowered her head and looked at the crown of his head as the corner of her lips quirked up. After the man helped her with her high heels, she leaned forward to kiss him, typing: Thank you, Sir! Xoxo! "I'll be going on a business trip to Baykeep for a few days." Armand glanced at her phone and stepped into the elevator first. "Do you need Steven to stay behind?" Genevieve shook her head, replying: You've promised that Marilyn will not cause me trouble again. Thus, you should bring Steven, as he is also your secretary. She couldn't help but ask: Why are you going on a business trip? Is there a dinner meeting or a party?

"Mm, probably." At his reply, the woman's face fell as she tapped on her phone screen with force. She wrote: Work hard! Additionally, try to refrain from drinking too much alcohol when having a meal! If I realize something extra on your body when you return, you will be a dead man! Armand believed that if

the phone had a physical keyboard, she would have broken the keys with her feisty temperament. He couldn't help but chuckle softly as he reached out to rub her chin. Sadly, in the next second, she slapped away his hand rudely. Genevieve had gone on a business trip to Bera and stayed at Springwyn for some time. Consequently, she hadn't gone to the office for about half a month. When her colleagues from the same department saw her, they greeted her, "Genevieve, you're finally back from your business trip!"

Genevieve smiled and took some desserts and coffee, placing them on the desk. She gestured for her colleagues to take them, then typed on her phone: My vocal cords are hurt. Thus, for the time being, I can't speak. After everyone knew about her condition and that she still came to work right after going on a business trip, they looked at her with sympathy. Genevieve noticed that Jenny was in her office, so she took a cup of coffee and went to find the latter. Upon learning that Genevieve's vocal cords were hurt, Jenny wanted to grant the former a few days of break. However, Genevieve refused the kind offer. As such, Jenny allocated some tasks to her. Genevieve walked to her workspace after coming out of Jenny's office. As soon as she reached her desk, a female colleague, who sat beside her, slid her chair toward Genevieve. "Genevieve, it looks like you're in a good mood after your business trip." The woman nudged Genevieve, asking curiously, "Have you settled the problem between your husband and his ex-girlfriend? Have you guys reconciled?" In fact, Genevieve didn't have the ability to take care of Marilyn. However, it was true that she and Armand had made up. With that thought, Genevieve nodded. "Wow, that's great! You're such a courageous person." Her colleague bit into her bread. "But, you still have to pay more attention." Out of curiosity, Genevieve raised a brow and typed: Pay attention to what? "That aspect, of course." Genevieve's colleague glimpsed at her. "You've just entered Central Group and are still on your probation period. If you get pregnant before becoming an official employee, you might have to leave the company to continue your pregnancy." Genevieve's face flushed after she understood what her colleague meant. Previously, when she and Armand were in Swallow Garden, they had slept in separate rooms. Therefore, they had never thought about having any sexual precautions after the activity. After she moved into Regality Gardens, though, the two had become much closer. As for the days spent in Springwyn, they had some passionate nights too.

However, Armand was the one who did the work every time, so Genevieve didn't pay much attention to it. "Hey, why are you not speaking?" The woman pushed Genevieve, advising sincerely, "Genevieve, you're still young. You'd best not be lovestruck. Even if your husband is a capable man, it will always be better if you can support yourself financially. Ms. Griffin seems to value you, and you can excel in your work. At this age, you should plan your career path. Central Group is an established company. I'm sure you know how difficult it is to get a position here. If you can be an assistant manager, it will be much better than being a cautious housewife who's always worried that they will offend their partner." Silently, Genevieve listened to her colleague as she opened her medicine and drank it. If I tell them Armand is my husband, I'm sure everyone in the department will be furious.

Genevieve was so busy after arriving at work that she even forgot Armand had told her he was going on a business trip to Baykeep when he went out. It was not until she returned home that evening and waited but did not see him did she recall his words. At night, she lay on the bed after her bath and suddenly felt that the bedroom was empty without him by her side. In fact, she even felt a little bored. She sat the cat plushie up straight, took a picture of it, and then sent it to Armand. About five minutes later, he replied: What's the matter? Genevieve: I wish I could be this cat. I'd be a plushie without a mind or feelings. This way, I won't miss you. Armand: I will return this Wednesday. She sent him a sticker of an aggrieved expression with a text that read: But it's only Monday now. Wednesday is too far away. Following that, she wrote: Sir, tell me a fairy tale to sleep. Don't add whatever you want into that story. Your Little Red Riding Hood story caused me to have nightmares for days.

After sending that message, she saw that his writing status remained "Typing..." for a while. A long time later, Armand sent a very lengthy voice message. She clicked on it eagerly and heard the man's deep voice. "Once upon a time, there was a king who had the prettiest daughter in the world..." Genevieve placed her phone by the pillow. While hugging the cat plushie, she quietly listened to the man's fairy tale with her lips quirked up in a smile. I knew it. The fairy tale I heard that afternoon was told by him. At a certain semiconductor company in Uron, Patrick had the two computers on his desk running while his fingers moved across the keyboard rapidly. He did not slack off since arriving in Uron, etching the thing Genevieve had asked him to check on his mind. For the past few days, he had been searching for Samantha's relationship network, starting his

investigation with those close to her. He hacked their computers, phones, and even the surveillance cameras in their house, scouring for anything he could find. Just the night before, he found a folder on a computer of a driver who worked for Samantha. However, that folder was double encrypted. When Patrick discovered that folder, he tried every means he knew to crack the encryption, so he had been occupied with that till then. Seeing that the folder had finally been decrypted, he wiped the sweat on his forehead and controlled the cursor to open the only file in the folder, then the text document within it. Patrick swiftly scrolled down the text document, and his pupils constricted after he read the content. At that moment, a blonde man approached him. "Patrick, this is the information you requested." The man put a folder on the table and said in Ustranasion, "Is this pregnant woman your friend? Her blood type is too rare. If they aren't careful, two lives might be lost..." "Is it the Phnull blood type?" Patrick asked. As he spoke, he picked up the folder and quickly opened it, directing his gaze to the column that listed the blood type. All of a sudden, he recalled something and tilted his head to look at his colleague, who had yet to leave. "What do you mean by two lives might be lost?" "Is it that hard to understand?" The latter scratched his head and continued, "If an accident happens during the delivery, won't the child's life also be in danger? If she is indeed your friend, then you'd better find someone with the same blood type and collect two units of blood as a precaution. However, that'll be a challenge since there are only a few people with this blood type in the whole world." Collect blood? Patrick remembered that Genevieve once told him Timothy had a friend with that blood type and needed her help. Back then, he was puzzled as to why Armand chose Genevieve when they were so many ladies of prominent families in Xedells and why Timothy asked her to donate blood when he knew she was not in

good health. The mysteries were cleared up. Patrick finally understood everything he did not before. Thinking of Genevieve, who cooperated with Timothy while being kept in the dark, the needle marks on her thin, frail arm, and her pallid complexion when she was in Springwyn, Patrick felt like someone was clutching his heart. It hurt so much that he could barely breathe. He uploaded the decrypted file to his phone before frantically dashing out of the room with it.

Chapter 187 You Were Tricked After rushing out of the building and getting in the car, Patrick immediately dialed a number but was informed that the number he dialed was unreachable as the person's phone was switched off. At that, he became even more anxious. While speeding to the airport, he made a call to a friend and asked them to lend him a helicopter immediately. At the same time, he opened the browser on his phone with one hand and entered Specter Corporation's website, where he looked for a string of numbers and mentally jotted it down. As soon as the call with his friend ended, he dialed the number he had just memorized. At that moment, it was past ten o'clock in the evening in Feston. Cooper was dining with several business partners in the private room of a clubhouse when Christopher suddenly walked in, bent over, and whispered to his ear, "Mr. Sutton, there's a man named Patrick Sullivan who's inquiring for you." Cooper had just raised the wine glass to his lips, about to take a sip. Upon hearing that, he paused and glanced at Christopher. "Isn't he Armand's subordinate?" "Yes, but he says he wishes to speak to you because of an urgent matter." Christopher was holding a phone with an ongoing call displayed on the screen. "Do you want me to hang up the call?"

Cooper remembered that when he saw Genevieve on the street once, she was accompanied by Patrick, and it seemed that the man was a bodyguard assigned by Armand to protect her. After hesitating for a few seconds, he took over the phone and rose to his feet. "Sorry. I have to head out to answer a call," he politely said to his business partners at the table before quickly leaving the private room and walking to a corner. Placing the phone next to his ear, he asked, "Why are you looking for me?" "Where are you? Are you in Jadeborough?" Through the speaker, Cooper could hear the anxiousness in Patrick's voice. As he pushed up his

eyeglasses, he answered, "I'm on a business trip in Feston." "Cooper, you were f*cking tricked!" Patrick cursed harshly before taking a deep breath twice. He then ordered, "Find a way to head back to Jadeborough this instant and take Genevieve away once you arrive!" Cooper's expression turned cold, and he asked, "What's wrong with her?" "I don't have time to explain it to you now! Go back to Jadeborough right now and find Genevieve. I sent a document to your email, so you can read it while you're on your way there!" Patrick immediately hung up the phone after saying that. I was tricked? By who? Cooper was befuddled by Patrick's words. And what happened to Genevieve? Frowning, he immediately logged into his email account and saw an email sent to him two minutes ago. He then clicked into it. At first, his eyes casually ranged over the content in the document as he scrolled down. However, when he read the terrifying words, his pupils constricted. A blank look filled his eyes, followed by shock, and finally, disbelief. "How could it be... How could this be..." he murmured, scrolling to the top of the document with trembling hands before rereading it from top to bottom. As he read on, he felt cold in his limbs, and his tall figure swayed multiple times. He had always suspected that the

extermination of the Suttons more than twenty-odd years ago had nothing to do with the Rachford family. However, someone went to him, saying they had escaped from the fire and had come to tell him the truth. He believed that person's words, so he stayed with the Rachford family for twenty-odd years, biding his time just to get his revenge. It was then that he discovered the person had been weaving a plot to lure him into a trap step by step, and he believed everything the latter had said. He dealt with the Rachford family and destroyed Genevieve with his own hands. "Mr. Sutton?"

When Christopher came out of the room and saw Cooper swaying unsteadily, he immediately stepped forward and asked, "Are you feeling unwell?" "I..." Cooper opened his mouth to speak, but at the thought of himself being deceived for over twenty years and the things he had done to Genevieve, he could taste a metallic taste spreading in his mouth. Instead of words, blood spewed out of his mouth. Christopher's face changed drastically, and he supported him at once. "Mr. Sutton!" "Contact the airport immediately and prepare the plane!" Cooper grabbed his assistant's hands. With reddened eyes, he enunciated, "I'm going back to Jadeborough right now!" "Back to Jadeborough? But, your condition right now..." Christopher was stunned. "What about the partnership?" Cooper squeezed his assistant's arms fiercely while a streak of blood ran down from the corner of his lips. "I f*cking told you to prepare the plane now! I am going back to Jadeborough! Now!" "Y-Yes." Christopher was a little frightened by Cooper's demeanor at the moment, so he contacted the airport immediately after the latter released his arms. With trembling hands, Cooper unlocked his phone, found that phone number, and dialed it. Unexpectedly, the person's phone was switched off. That discovery caused his chest to tighten, and he strode out of the clubhouse while clutching his phone.

Chapter 188 The Last Time When Maria knocked on the door in the morning, Genevieve discovered her phone that she left to charge overnight was not charged up because she had not put the plug in properly. Therefore, it had run out of battery and was turned off automatically. After washing up, she used a power bank to charge her phone. As her phone had not turned on, Genevieve took the tablet Armand usually used and wrote: Maria, I'm going to the hospital later and might stay there overnight. Maria placed a bowl of oatmeal in front of her and glanced at the tablet. "Ms. Rachford, what are you doing there? Why do you need to stay in the hospital overnight?" Genevieve did not want to worry her, so she typed: I'm getting a checkup for my vocal cords. The doctor wants me to stay in the hospital for further observations. Maria, who was passing her a spoon, paused but soon remarked, "It's going to rain today. Ms. Rachford, why don't I accompany you to the hospital? I know you don't like the smell there." The young woman shook her head, a smile still tugging at her lips. She typed: No need. Sir says he's coming back to Jadeborough at ten in the morning. She then passed a card to Maria and typed on the tablet: Since Sir and I will only be returning tomorrow morning, you should take a break and go out today. Help me buy some clothes and toys for Ryan. "Ms. Rachford, I have quite a lot of money on my hand, so I don't need it." The latter pushed the card back to her, her eyes turning red-rimmed.

She came up with an excuse to return to the kitchen so that Genevieve would not notice her expression. When Genevieve was changing her shoes to head out after eating breakfast, Maria came over and handed her an umbrella. "Ms. Rachford, take care on the way. Don't catch a cold from the rain," the

housekeeper exhorted gently. Genevieve smiled and took the umbrella from her. After she drove to the hospital, the bright sky suddenly turned dark as though it was going to rain soon. On the way to Timothy's office, she finally had the time to unlock her phone and first saw a few

notifications for missed calls. Besides Patrick, there were two other unknown numbers. Does Patrick have something to discuss with me? Genevieve went on WhatsApp to send a message to him, but Harriet sent her a text message at that very moment, asking if her vocal cords had healed. The elderly woman also mentioned that she knew Armand was coming back that day and invited them to the Faulkner residence to have a meal. Thus, she first replied to Harriet's message, saying that they would go over at night. Noticing that she had reached Timothy's office, she put her phone away and knocked on the door. "You're here?" Inside the office, Timothy was holding his phone, seemingly texting someone. When he saw Genevieve, he placed it into his pocket and said, "Let's go. I'll bring you to do a checkup." Nodding, she followed him to the place she had her blood drawn the last time. To suppress her restlessness, she took a deep breath. After the checkup, Timothy discovered there was nothing wrong with her condition and told the nurse to make the preparations. Like before, he chatted with Genevieve in a light tone to divert her attention while he was collecting her blood. The transparent blood bag with a volume of three hundred millimeters was soon filled up with warm blood. Timothy passed the bag of blood to the nurse and took care of the puncture wound on Genevieve's arm. Just as he was about to instruct another nurse to prepare a ward for her, she passed her phone to him. On the screen was a message that read: I need to go to the Faulkner residence for dinner tonight. Can I come back for my admission around nine in the evening? Timothy glanced at her phone and remained silent for a few seconds before replying, "Sure. If you feel unwell anywhere, you have to call me immediately. You have my phone number, right?" Genevieve nodded. "This is what the other party gave you." He took out a card from his pocket and passed it to her. "It's an account created under your name. There is one hundred million inside."

One hundred million? Genevieve was astonished but accepted it readily when she recalled the words Timothy told her on that day she left the hospital. She typed: Dr. Jensen, this is the last time. "Mmh, I know. You don't have a strong constitution, after all," he replied and pushed the chair away to get up. With his hands stuffed into the pockets of his white coat, he offered, "Let me see you off." Genevieve typed: It's fine. You should get back to work. After showing him the message, she waved her hands, grabbed her umbrella and bag, and left.

Chapter 189 I Do Not Want You To Stay Here

When Genevieve walked out of the hospital, it was drizzling outside. Only after she got in the car did she take out her phone to message Patrick and ask him why he had called her. He did not reply to her after a long time, so she reckoned he was probably busy. Upon glancing at the time on her phone, she clicked into WhatsApp and texted Armand: Sir, are you back at Jadeborough? He replied quickly: I just got off the plane, but I need to head to the office first. With a smile on her face, she responded: Grandma

messed me one hour ago to tell us to go to the Faulkner residence for dinner tonight. I just came out of the hospital, and I'll go to the Faulkner residence to keep her company in a while. Armand: Is your body okay? Genevieve: I told Dr. Jensen I would return to the hospital for my admission around nine in the evening. Accompany me to the hospital. By the way, don't leave after you reach your office. I prepared a surprise for you. Armand: Okay.

After her conversation with him ended, she quit Whatsapp and looked at the time on her phone again. At the thought of the present on the way to his office and the scheduled post on Twitter, she looked forward to seeing his expression. While holding her phone, she smiled. Then, she started the car and headed toward the Faulkner residence. The car Marilyn sat in drove past the road lined with sycamore trees and finally stopped in the Faulkner residence's open-air parking lot. After she got out of the car, she looked in the direction of the principal house. On the day when she took the injection that aided in preventing miscarriage, she returned home very

quickly once her condition stabilized. That meant she had not come to the Faulkner residence for almost a month. Harriet also did not call her to check on her. Yet, the elderly woman personally called her an hour ago, inviting her to the Faulkner residence. "Mdm. Marilyn." After Marilyn entered the residence, a housekeeper took over the umbrella and bag in her hands and brought her to the study upstairs. A smile touched her lips when she walked into the study and saw Harriet sitting on the couch with a dignified bearing. Very quickly, she walked over and asked, "Grandma, why did you invite me over..." Only when she got closer to the couch did she notice there were a few items on the coffee table. Instantly, her eyes widened. Harriet cast an impassive glance at her before pointing to the couch next to her. After Marilyn sat down, she said, "I gave a call to the residence at Xedells. Return to Xedells this afternoon and stay there. Don't ever come back to Jadeborough." "Grandma, what do you mean by this?" Marilyn stared at the elderly woman as her hands unconsciously grabbed the armrest tightly. "Marilyn, you were married to Samuel. Your relationship with Armand ended a long time ago. Therefore, I don't want you to stay in Jadeborough any longer." Harriet spoke with authority. Upon hearing Harriet's words, Marilyn could not maintain a calm expression. "That's not right! I dated Armand for thirteen years. I should have married him!" "Are you getting angry at me?" Harriet asked calmly, her gaze sharp. "When you got together with Samuel, I came to find you and asked you to think about it carefully. It was you who chose Samuel and gave up on your relationship with Armand." "No, I didn't..." Marilyn was stumped for words, then tried to explain. "I was forced. I didn't want to marry Samuel..." Harriet questioned, "Who forced you? Was it your parents? Even if your mother tried to force you into the

marriage, it'd be pointless if you refused to marry Samuel. Do you think I don't understand your personality? Marilyn, you're too greedy. You felt that Armand didn't spend much time with you, and he might not be able to get the right of succession to the Faulkner family. You thought you might not be able to solidify the standing of the Wood family in Xedells if you marry him, and he might not be able to provide you with everything you wanted. As a result, you had a change of heart and got together with Samuel as you relished how well he treated you." Glancing at Marilyn, whose face had turned pale, she continued, "I knew from the start that Samuel liked you. However, he repressed his feelings deep in his

heart because of your relationship with Armand. He even came to me. He told me that he wanted to get married and wanted me to make the arrangements for him, yet you intervened. Samuel was willing to do anything for you. By making use of his post, he gave many huge projects to your family and helped your father expand his relationship network..." Harriet tried to suppress her anger as she said, "He loved you so deeply, yet you made a scheme and killed him!"

Chapter 190 He Is Only Putting You On

With those words, Harriet had exposed Marilyn thoroughly, laying her evilness bare. Refusing to hide anymore, the latter blurted, "Yes! So what if I was the one who killed Samuel?" Her eyes were scarlet red as she stared at Harriet intently and spat bitterly, "It was because he refused to divorce me. I begged him many times, but he just would not agree to it! How could he be so selfish? He clearly knew I dated Armand for thirteen years, and I only married him impulsively. Yet, he refused to let me go..." Marilyn cried, "I know I have made mistakes, but who hasn't?" She looked pitiful as tears flowed down from the corners of her eyes. "I just want to be together with the man I love! What's wrong with that?" Marilyn questioned Harriet, "Didn't you marry the man you love too? I wouldn't have done that if Samuel didn't refuse to let me go... I could not be with Mando if he refused to divorce me."

Harriet merely sounded Marilyn out to test her suspicions and never expected the latter to be the culprit. "Y-You... Marilyn, how dare you!" How dare she say these words so shamelessly after murdering Samuel! She doesn't even think she has done something wrong! Marilyn was a clever woman, so she instantly caught on after seeing Harriet's expression. Her face turned slightly cold as she used her finger to wipe away the tears from the corner of her eyes. "Samuel had to die for stopping me from being together with Mando! You don't have to waste your breath because I won't return to Xedells. I'll stay in Jadeborough and by Mando's side. I know he loves me." "Grandma, do you really think Mando genuinely wanted to marry Genevieve?" Marilyn had a smug look on her face as she leaned toward Harriet and revealed, "He's only putting you on! I'll let you in on this— Genevieve has the Phnull blood type." At the sight of the latter's changed expression, a smile played on her lips. "That's right. That's my blood

type. This blood type is so rare. In the entire world, only a few people have it. Why did Mando marry a woman with the same blood type as me? It's because..." Marilyn continued softly, "He's worried something untoward will happen to me during delivery. Genevieve is merely a living blood bank that Mando found for me." Every word she uttered hit a nerve in Harriet. "Oh right, I also don't mind telling you this. I spilled hot water on Genevieve's leg on purpose that day because I envied her for being together with Mando." As she spoke, she even flashed Harriet a provocative smile. "Mando knew about that. That's why he scolded Genevieve instead. You saw it yourself." Harriet was so enraged that she was unable to form a sentence for a long time. All she could do was glare at Marilyn. She knew it was no accident when Armand chose Genevieve and that they must have made a deal between them. However, it never crossed her mind that Armand had made such a plan. Needless to say, Marilyn was delighted

beyond words when she saw Harriet's reaction. "Grandma, you thought your plan was perfect, didn't you? I bet you didn't expect you were the one who was kept in the dark, right? Mando is mine, and he only loves me. I know this better than anyone else. I know Mando holds you in high esteem, so he treats you respectfully. However, we shall see who'll be the one to go to Xedells if you dare to upset me again," she threatened. "You insolent wretch!" Harriet thundered. Marilyn chuckled. "So what if I'm insolent? Mando loves me the most, so he will always tolerate my insolence. You'd better keep this in mind. Otherwise, once you go to Xedells, I'll burn all the sycamore trees and ask Mando to plant my favorite flowers here himself!" Angered by her complacent demeanor, Harriet pointed her index finger at her as she breathed heavily and rapidly. All of a sudden, her breathing ceased, her body went stiff, and she collapsed onto the couch. The smile on Marilyn's disappeared instantly, and she leaned over. "Grandma?"

The elderly woman's eyes were wide open, but she was unresponsive. Thus, she put her finger under Harriet's nose and was so shocked that she backpedaled and nearly fell to the floor.