

## Flawless 191

### Chapter 191

Once Marilyn regained feeling in her arms and legs, she left the study hastily and returned to her room.

After shutting the door behind her, she leaned against it while breathing heavily. Her heart sank at the thought of Harriet's sudden death, but she soon composed herself.

She provoked me first. There's nothing wrong with me talking back! Her death has nothing to do with me! Wait... The housekeepers of the Faulkner residence knew Grandma called me to her study, and they'll undoubtedly discover that she's dead when they go to the study later...

Panicking a little, she took out her phone to make a phone call.

At that moment, she heard a housekeeper's voice outside the door. "Mdm. Genevieve, Mdm. Marilyn and Old Mrs. Faulkner are talking in the study."

Genevieve is here?

Her fingers paused.

Instead of making the call, she opened the door slightly, peeked outside, and saw the housekeeper bringing Genevieve to the study.

While the housekeeper went back downstairs, Genevieve knocked on the door. After waiting a few seconds, she pushed the door open and walked into the study.

Marilyn was relieved when she saw Genevieve enter the room, and a hint of cruelty flashed across her eyes.

I can use this to get rid of Genevieve!

Because of her injured vocal cords, Genevieve could not talk. When she did not hear a response after knocking on the door, she decided to open the door and walk into the study directly.

The study was quiet, and Marilyn was not there.

Genevieve's gaze landed on the couch, and she spotted Harriet clutching her chest with one hand. It seemed like the elderly woman had fallen onto the couch.

She hurried over, only to find that Harriet's eyes were wide open. It was evident that she had stopped breathing for a while. With a shocked expression, she leaped toward the elderly woman.

Grandma! Genevieve screamed internally.

Following that, she quickly grabbed her phone to call an ambulance.

As soon as she dialed the number, she suddenly remembered that she could not speak. Just as she was about to get up and look for the housekeeper, she heard footsteps outside the door.

"Mdm. Genevieve is here? Then, ask the staff in the kitchen to prepare another set of utensils..." Marilyn was talking to the housekeeper beside her, and they had arrived at the doorway of the study.

Genevieve, who was about to leave the room, ran into Marilyn.

The latter was stunned for a while. Looking at Genevieve, she asked curiously, "Genevieve, why do you look like that?"

Before Genevieve could reply, the housekeeper had seen Harriet, who was lying on the couch behind her. Horrified, she dropped the tray in her hands, and the coffee spilled all over.

"O-Old Mrs. Faulkner..." the housekeeper stammered, unable to say a complete sentence.

“What’s wrong with Grandma?” Marilyn asked as she followed the housekeeper’s gaze.

The scene she saw gave her a jolt. After pushing Genevieve out of the way, she stumbled into the study and pounced on Harriet.

“Grandma? Grandma!” Marilyn shrieked. Then, she turned toward the housekeeper and snapped, “What are you waiting for? Call an ambulance!”

“O-Okay,” the housekeeper responded and left in a hurry.

All the other housekeepers downstairs quickly came up to check things out because of Marilyn’s shriek. The sight inside the study staggered them so much that they could not utter a single word.

“Grandma! How did this happen? How?” Marilyn cried as she lay face downward beside Harriet.

Then, she supported her waist, got up with difficulty, and ran toward Genevieve. With a swing of her arm, she slapped the latter across the face and demanded, “Genevieve, what did you say to Grandma? I won’t forgive you if anything happens to her! Say something, Genevieve! Why aren’t you saying anything? Are you feeling guilty?”

As she screamed furiously, she pushed her toward the wall.

Genevieve was about to raise her hands to push her away when Marilyn yelped in pain, clutching her stomach.

“Ah, my belly. It hurts...” she screamed. Her knees gave out, and she collapsed to the ground.

“Mdm. Marilyn!”

The housekeepers, who stood outside the study, hurried toward her and helped her up anxiously. One of the housekeepers even went to call Timothy’s number.