

Flawless 192

Chapter 192

Chaos descended upon the study. Despite the racket, Genevieve's mind remained blank.

Why did Grandma die suddenly?

With shaky hands, she took out her phone to send Armand a message when a few police officers and a paramedic team rushed into the study.

The paramedic examined Harriet and shook his head. "She's gone..."

Meanwhile, one of the police officers around Genevieve immediately took out a handcuff and cuffed her hands. Wearing a stern expression, he said, "Genevieve Rachford, you are suspected of murder. Please follow us to the police station!"

Why did the paramedic and police arrive so soon?

Even though she had so many questions in her mind, she could not make a sound as she opened her mouth. Thus, she had no choice but to follow the police officers out of the Faulkner residence and into the police car.

Armand had been busy handling a lot of tasks since arriving at the office from the airport.

Around eleven in the morning, Steven knocked on the door and entered. He put a gift box on the table and said, "Mr. Faulkner, this is sent by the Winston store. They said Mrs. Faulkner bought this at their shop."

Armand put his work on hold and grabbed the gift. After unwrapping it, he saw a dark gray wristwatch inside.

The dial had exquisite craftsmanship with a low-key and sophisticated design.

At that, Armand recalled the message from Genevieve an hour ago. In it, she told him that she had prepared a surprise for him.

I think this is probably it.

A low chuckle fell from his lips as he felt that all the frustrations in his mind had disappeared all of a sudden. A moment later, he took off the wristwatch he usually wore and put on the dark gray one.

He even turned to Steven and said, "Push back all my remaining work to the afternoon. I'll return to the Faulkner residence for a meal later."

The latter nodded. "Mr. Faulkner, Mrs. Faulkner posted something on Twitter a few minutes ago. You should check it," he remarked before leaving the room.

"All right."

Once Steven left, Armand grabbed his phone and unlocked it.

He did not even need to search Genevieve's name on Twitter because he saw several mentions of her name in the trending section. One of them was quite popular.

He clicked on Genevieve's account from the trending section and read her latest tweet.

How can I not love you after you have taken hold of my body and soul? I dedicate "Starlight," a song I wrote myself, to you, my beloved.

Attached to the tweet was a piece of music with a duration of two minutes and twenty seconds.

It was a lively tune. As he listened to it with his eyes closed, he felt as though he was strolling on the beach with his beloved, enjoying the breeze. Warmth filled his heart while he gazed at her faint smile.

It was as if time had frozen at that moment, and he owned the whole world.

The tweet was posted less than ten minutes ago but had already reached tens of thousands of retweets. Everyone kept leaving comments, singing the piece of music praises.

What the heck! Is she from the Rachford family that we know? She can actually play the violin and write music too?

This sounds so beautiful. I want to play this music during my wedding!

I heard that Genevieve got married again. Is she dedicating this music to her current husband? Can someone find out who her husband is?

If she really wrote this music herself, I think she is even more amazing than Marilyn!

She said a specific time. Is there any special meaning to that time?

Armand browsed through the comments briefly, then checked the time the tweet was posted and found out it was published at eighteen minutes past eleven in the morning.

That was the date of his birthday.

He thought the surprise she mentioned was the watch she had arranged for someone to send over and did not expect that she had a bigger surprise planned for later.

It turned out she had written a piece of music for him and posted the tweet at the same time as the date of his birthday.

Armand stared at the tweet for quite a while. It was impossible to describe what he was feeling, but an emotion he did not exactly hate surfaced inside his heart.

It was like a soft breeze that brushed across his heart.

Armand stood up and grabbed his coat. Just as he was about to leave, Steven barged into the room. The latter was so anxious that he did not even knock.

With a solemn look on his face, he informed, "Mr. Faulkner, Old Mrs. Faulkner... has passed away."