

# My Flirtacious Husband

## Chapter 13

When she woke up the next day, Genevieve hurriedly descended the stairs only to find the driver, Steven, on the first floor. Armand was nowhere to be seen. "Morning, Ms. Rachford," Steven greeted. "Mr. Faulkner told me to bring you to buy some clothes later before he left." "Okay." Genevieve nodded, but she was puzzled inside. If the man is not interested in my body, why is he so nice to me? After breakfast, Steven drove Genevieve to the city's largest shopping complex. He dropped Genevieve off to shop on her own as he looked for a parking space. Alas, Genevieve was still reeling from her grandmother's death. She was in a daze as she walked inside the mall. "Miss, these are the latest designs. You can try it on." A sudden voice was heard next to her, shocking Genevieve from her stupor. Without realizing it, she had walked into a luxury boutique and stood next to a rack. At that instant, she recalled her purpose for coming here, which was to buy some clothing for herself. She forced herself to feel perky and was about to take the snow-white silk dress off the rack when a hand suddenly darted in and snatched the dress away from the rack before she could. The owner of the hand did not think she was being rude as she offered the dress she snatched to the person beside her. "Erica, look at this! It'll look beautiful on you!" Genevieve turned around sharply at the source of the sound and saw a few women choosing some clothes next to her. Erica, who was surrounded by two women, was wearing the latest maxi dress from Desiree and holding a Hermayze bag in her hand. She looked flashy and extravagant. "Hmm... This is nice," Erica praised her friend's good eye before she felt a piercing stare directed at her. She turned around and found Genevieve standing not far away. Genevieve looked pale and seemingly unwell. Ever since Genevieve was posted out on bail, Erica had secretly investigated the man and discovered he was someone's driver. She would have never thought the driver was this capable. Moreover, he even had the money to sponsor Genevieve's trip to a luxury boutique! As Erica thought of Genevieve's fall from grace, she felt pleasure at the latter's misfortune. With a smug smile on her face, she walked over to Genevieve. "What a coincidence meeting you here, Genevieve." Genevieve stared at Erica with hatred. She was so angry that her hands balled into fists, and her fingernails dug into her palms. She wished she could end Erica then and there! However, she had nothing now. She was even

rejected by the man cruelly the day before, so she couldn't defeat Erica. As she thought of that, her eyes dimmed. Then she turned to leave. Seeing that Genevieve looked depressed, Erica knew she couldn't pass up the opportunity to bully her. "Genevieve"—Erica blocked her away—"I know you're still sad about your grandma's passing. Here, take this. There are five hundred thousand deposited on the card. Since we were classmates, I'll give this to you." She took a card from her bag and tried to stuff it to Genevieve. "I don't want it!" Genevieve yelled and swatted Erica's hand away. One of Erica's friends scoffed, "Genevieve, how could you do this to Erica? Erica was worried about you! She gave this money to you because she was afraid you'd go hungry! Everyone knows you've slept with some random man. Do you think anyone would want you in their company?" The other chimed in, "Heh, I don't think she needs to work since she has that pretty face. She only has to spread her legs in any club, and she'll get loads of money!" "Haha, you're so mean!" As Erica's friends mocked Genevieve, Erica watched on with a smirk and did nothing to stop them. Erica used to be a nobody next to Genevieve. She was jealous of how others admired Genevieve, envious of Genevieve's family background, and eventually wanted everything Genevieve had. And finally, her wish had come true! Their positions had changed! Erica tried to stuff the card to Genevieve again and said gently, "Stop being so proud, Genevieve. Take the card. I think your departed parents and grandma wouldn't want you to wallow in misery..." Genevieve endured her sarcasm—or at least tried to. When she saw how arrogant Erica was being as she kept mocking her family members, she couldn't stand it anymore and grabbed Erica's collar, slapping her on both sides of her face. Genevieve slapped her again and again, all with considerable force. Immediately, Erica felt her cheeks burn with pain and tried to push Genevieve away. However, Genevieve managed to grab Erica's outstretched hands and slapped Erica even harder. "Genevieve, what are you doing?" Alarmed, Erica's two friends tried to help Erica. But after Genevieve glared murderously at the duo, they stood rooted to the spot out of fear. This woman is too scary! "I am still a Rachford even if I have lost everything!" declared Genevieve while she kept slapping Erica. "For as long as I live, I swear I will revive the Rachford name! As for you... even if you cover yourself with branded goods, the foul countryside stench you emit cannot be masked!" Soon after, a large crowd formed due to the commotion in the store. Under the surprised gazes of the onlookers, Erica, who was being slapped until her cheeks were swollen and red, couldn't release herself from Genevieve's firm grasp no matter how hard she tried. After a full three minutes, Genevieve stopped slapping. Then, she looked

coldly at Erica before saying, "The one who should be afraid now is you! One day, I'll come back for my revenge! You'll pay for what you did to my grandma!" The deep hatred in her eyes scared Erica. She shuddered involuntarily, and traces of terror flashed in her eyes. Impossible! You've lost everything! You can't come back from this! This thought allayed Erica's fears. When she raised her hand and tried to return the slap, a hand emerged from her side, grabbed her wrist, and flung her away. Erica couldn't help but release a cry of pain as she was sent to the ground.