

# My Flirtacious Husband

## Chapter 201

### **Chapter 201 The Only One Listening To You**

It was the first time Genevieve had engaged in something like this. Her hands trembled slightly as she held the heavy object. But soon enough, she made up her mind and gave a determined nod.

She saw that Patrick had gotten down from the car and was entangled in a fight with the men who had pounced on him.

He was swift with his moves, and he didn't hold back his strength at all. A punch from him sent one of the men flying, and they stayed on the ground.

The surrounding men widened their eyes at this, evidently shocked at the sight. They gritted their teeth and lunged at Patrick.

A few of the men even tried to take advantage of the fact that he was surrounded as they made their way to the taxi to capture Genevieve. However, they had just reached the side of the taxi when she quickly cocked the gun.

The woman raised the gun and fired at one of the car windows.

Pain shot through her palm from the recoil of the gun, and the bullet pierced right through the glass and into the man's right shoulder.

At this moment, Patrick had finally escaped from the men who had surrounded him. He leaped over the boot of the car and kicked the men near the window, instantly knocking them down.

Soon, a few more black cars arrived and had them surrounded.

The military academy Patrick attended was not an ordinary one. He had to put his life at stake for each training session every day in order to toughen his body and achieve great stamina.

The number of injuries increased in the twenty minutes he fought the men, but he didn't seem fatigued or fazed at all.

Although these men were entrusted with tasks in exchange for money, they were still human.

The remaining men couldn't help but feel terrified of the man before them at the sight of the massacre. Countless bodies lay on the ground as if they were in a battle for life or death.

Right then, Genevieve climbed into the driver's seat and swiftly started the car. "Patrick!" she shouted.

Once Patrick opened the door and got into the car, she instantly stepped on the accelerator and sped toward the other side of the road, ramming into the black cars that were in their way.

Patrick casually reached up to wipe off the blood at the corner of his lips. He looked at Genevieve and said, "You did well, Genev."

"I didn't do much. I only used one of the bullets in the gun." She took a glance at Patrick's shirt and saw that it was covered in blood.

"You're hurt," she said with a frown.

Upon reaching the off-ramp, she quickly made a decision and made an exit.

"Looks like we won't be able to leave today..."

Seeing that she wasn't speaking suddenly, Patrick thought that she was worried about not being able to leave. "I've already got the visa. I'll get plane tickets for us, and we can leave by plane later."

Genevieve shook her head. "I just... didn't want to talk anymore because my voice is so ear-piercing."

When her legs got burned previously, she was so disoriented that she couldn't be bothered if the burns would leave a scar on her legs. However, right now, her words would travel through her right ear every time she spoke, and she couldn't bear to listen to her own voice.

How she wished she could take out her phone and start typing.

"Your vocal cords have been eroded by drugs, after all. I'm the only one listening to you, anyway. I'll get used to your voice, and once I do, I won't think it sounds so bad," Patrick consoled with a chuckle.

Genevieve's spirit lifted a little. A slight smile surfaced on her face.

Once they stopped their car, Genevieve left for multiple pharmacies to buy bandages and some medicine. Then, she clicked into an app to look up hostels before booking a room for themselves.

"Is this really your first time doing stuff like this, Genev?" The man couldn't stop himself from asking. "You're quite good at avoiding detection."

Not only did she go to separate stores to buy the stuff they needed, she even looked for people to buy them on her behalf.

"Those people know that you're injured. They'll definitely search the pharmacies one by one once they're here. Besides, I'm wanted by the police now." Genevieve dragged a chair over and put the bandages and medicine on it. She then gestured for Patrick to take off his shirt.

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#### Chapter 202 Burden

"I'll do it myself," Patrick said, feeling somewhat embarrassed.

Genevieve looked up at him with amusement. "We've been living in the same room for days. You're telling me you're embarrassed now?"

Patrick was afraid that if they had stayed in separate rooms and someone were to attack them at night, no one would be able to protect her in time.

In the end, he gave in and took off his shirt obediently.

Patrick had been calm and collected in the car earlier, so Genevieve had believed in his words when he said he was slightly injured.

However, when she saw the countless wounds and scars on his slender body, she couldn't help gasping in shock. There were even cuts resulting from knives. She stared at the injuries, and a lump began to form in her throat.

"Does it hurt?" She reached out and gently touched the wounds.

"These are just scratches. We could break several bones during our military training, and it hurt much more than this," Patrick said. He wasn't trying to console her, as he was just speaking the truth.

"Patrick..." Genevieve did not know what to say.

Patrick had run off with her and joined her in being wanted by the police. If it wasn't for Patrick, she would have gone through harsh interrogations at the police station a few days ago and would have probably gone to jail.

"Don't cry, Genev." There was still dried blood on Patrick's hands, and he didn't want to dirty her face.

"I told you I would protect you. I am only keeping my promise. Besides, as your friend, I can't stand seeing Armand and the others tricking you like that. I don't want my promises to become a burden to you. You understand?"

"Mm." Genevieve nodded.

She crouched before Patrick's bed, then covered a cotton bud in alcohol to clean his wounds.

Once that was done, she applied medicine to them and bandaged them with gauze.

Patrick sat still, not daring to move as he stared out the window. He was even holding his breath the whole time.

A moment later, he couldn't help but look down at the woman who was cleaning his wounds.

He could feel a slight pain every time the cotton bud covered in alcohol touched his wounds, but her gentleness seemed to have overshadowed the pain.

There wasn't a part of him that hadn't gotten hurt back when he was in the military academy. He would be in agony even when he was taking small, shallow breaths if he was seriously injured.

Back then, either the military doctors would take care of his injuries, or he would have to take care of them himself.

But now, there was someone who would cry for him and treat his wounds.

Her tears softened his heart.

The owner of the hostel Genevieve booked was a young couple. They had renovated their marital home into a hostel and decorated the insides such that it resembled a cozy home. There was also a kitchen.

Genevieve wanted to pay the owners so that she could use the ingredients in the fridge.

Since she was in disguise, she looked like a woman in her thirties with suntanned skin.

The only thing that seemed bright about her were her eyes.

The owner, Agnes, thought that she came from poverty and took pity on her. She told Genevieve to use whatever she wanted, and when she saw that Genevieve didn't know how to kill and clean fish, she lent her a helping hand.

Nausea roiled in her stomach when she smelled the fish, and she quickly ran to the trash can nearby to throw up.

"I'm sorry," Genevieve said. She quickly gargled her mouth, her face full of guilt.

"I've been riding in a car all morning today, and it wasn't properly ventilated. I haven't been feeling well."

"I see." Agnes suppressed her doubts and ask kindly, "Should I cook up something for you?"

"No, it's okay. I've already troubled you enough."

"All right, then."

Genevieve made a simple fish stew, then prepared two bowls of pasta before bringing everything to the room.

"I don't really know how to cook, so just make do with this," she said as she handed Patrick a fork. "I'll bring you out for something better at night."

"It doesn't matter even if it tastes bad. I'm fine as long as you made the food," Patrick said.

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#### Chapter 203 Warmth

Patrick took a few bites of the fish from the stew and his eyes instantly lit up.

"Whoa, you can cook really well, Genev! This is the best fish I've ever eaten in my life. I won't get tired of it even if I am to eat it for a month."

"Really?" Genevieve's lips quirked up. "If we're still here tomorrow, I'll make fish stew again. You better not throw up."

"Sure," he replied with a raised brow and a smile. "I'm just afraid that there won't be enough of it. There's no way I'll get tired of it."

To him, the dishes she made were so much more delicious than those made in restaurants.

After lunch, Genevieve took care of her clothes as well as Patrick's. As Agnes was heading to the mall to get something, she asked if the former wanted to head there together.

With that, Genevieve went out with Agnes.

While they were shopping, Agnes asked if Genevieve was here to work. The latter could tell that she held no bad intentions and that it was a genuine question, so she answered calmly.

Genevieve bought a few sets of clothes. As they passed by a dessert shop on their way back, she headed in to buy some desserts and a box of cream puffs. Once they were back at the hostel, Genevieve noticed that there was a young

man in the living room. Sitting on his legs was a little girl no more than three years old. She was holding a ukulele.

The little girl was picking at the strings and was playing random tunes on the ukulele.

The man, Paul, kissed the girl's cheek and praised, "Our Little Bean is amazing! She's going to become a musician when she's older!"

"Oh, please, being a musician is like burning money. Can afford it with the little money you have?" Agnes questioned when she heard that.

Then, turning to Genevieve, she said, "This is my husband and my daughter. They don't usually come here, but it's too troublesome to head back since it's the Torch Festival today. They'll be staying here for tonight."

Genevieve greeted the man with a nod, then quickly picked up her stuff and headed to her room.

Inside, Patrick was using the laptop before the desk. He instantly turned to look upon hearing the door open.

Seeing that it was Genevieve, he quickly put away his cold expression.

He closed the laptop and said to the woman, "I bought us tickets for the boat tomorrow. We'll have to leave early in the morning."

"Sure. You can handle everything." He was an expert in this area, and Genevieve believed in him.

She put the desserts and cream puffs on the table and said, "You've had your wounds treated. You should get some rest. I won't be heading out anymore, but I'll let you know if something's up."

Patrick looked at the box of cream puffs, warmth surging in his heart. "Okay."

The room was only so big. Genevieve didn't want to disrupt his rest, so she grabbed an apple and headed to the living room.

There, she saw that Paul was still playing with the little girl. The little girl was riding on his back, picking on his ears mischievously. The man had a huge grin on his face, and his eyes were filled with tenderness.

As Genevieve stared at them, her vision gradually faded to a blur. With a blink, she noticed that the man on the couch seemed to have assumed a completely different face.

A slight smile hung on his normally cold face as the little girl climbed around him

like a monkey. Sometimes, he would even reach out to help the girl. Genevieve shook her head and tried to clear away the foggy scenes before her. She headed to the kitchen and washed the fruit she had grabbed earlier. When she was done, she took a seat on the other couch and pulled out her phone. Genevieve clicked on the news website and instantly saw that the trending news was about Harriet's sudden death. Her body was left at General Hospital, and the reporters had waited outside the hospital to take pictures of the members of the Faulkner family as they hurried to the hospital. Tears pooled in Genevieve's eyes when she thought of how the kind-hearted old lady, who was like her grandmother, had died just like that.

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#### Chapter 204 Murderer

Genevieve was the only one in the study when Harriet suddenly died. Even if she were to tell everyone that she had nothing to do with the old lady's death, no one would believe her. Otherwise, the police around the country wouldn't have put her on the wanted list. Suddenly, Genevieve saw a slender figure from the shaky but clear video. The man did not avoid the cameras like the others from the Faulkner family. He was holding his head high with an indifferent look on his face. An icy aura surrounded him, and it made even someone who was watching from the screen shudder. Genevieve's heart, which had finally calmed down after a few days, ached as if a knife had pierced right through it. She quickly turned off her phone, looking woefully out of place. Genevieve didn't try to turn it on again. Instead, she switched on the television in the living room. The little girl was staring at her, feeling curious. A moment later, she took the ukulele with her as she made her way to the couch Genevieve was sitting on.

"Grandma..." she said while pointing a finger at Genevieve. "Bright eyes..." Genevieve's lips twitched. I look around thirty with the disguise on. How did I

become a grandmother?

Fortunately, the girl had praised her beauty. Otherwise, she would have been so upset by her remarks.

"Thank you," Genevieve replied with a smile as she took the girl in her arms. She took the ukulele from her and fiddled with it. After tuning it, she asked, "Should I play you a song?"

"Little star..." the girl answered sweetly.

"Okay." Genevieve guided her as she played the ukulele, and soon, a melodious tune could be heard.

"Twinkle, twinkle little star, how I wonder what you are..."

The girl's eyes widened when she heard the tune coming from the ukulele. She could not believe that it was from the instrument.

She started to strum the ukulele and sang with Genevieve.

Her sweet voice, which was much more melodious than the music from the instrument, filled the living room.

When Agnes walked out of the room and saw that Genevieve was playing the ukulele with her daughter, she said in shock, "I thought this was a decoration. It can play music?"

"Yes. It's called a ukulele, and it's quite fun." Genevieve caressed the girl's cheek.

"Your daughter is quite talented."

"Look, Darling! I told you our daughter is talented!" Paul had also exited his room. He took his wife in his embrace, overjoyed when he heard Genevieve praise his daughter.

"I'm going to send Little Bean to learn violin once she's older. She's going to be the next Marilyn Wood and make us proud."

"Dream on!" Agnes elbowed him in the waist. "I heard that Marilyn is a rare talent in the music industry. How can your daughter be compared to her?"

"What do you mean, rare? All she has is talent," Paul said. "I was watching the news the other day and someone named Genevieve released a song. Even the experts in the music industry came forward and praised her. They said that she's much more talented than Marilyn and that she has perfect pitch."

Stunned, Agnes asked softly, "Is she the woman who killed Old Mrs. Faulkner a few days ago?"

"Yes."

"She's so young and talented. How did she end up becoming a murderer?" Agnes sighed. "To offend a huge family like the Faulkner family, her life is over."

"I know, right?"

The couple spoke softly since there was a child in their presence, but Genevieve could still hear them clearly.

She lowered her gaze and kept silent.

Soon, the sky darkened outside. Agnes brought her daughter out. Before leaving, she said to Genevieve, "It's the Torch Festival today. It'll be very lively at the square. You can bring your husband out to have some fun too."

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#### Chapter 205 Use His Life To Protect Her

"All right," Genevieve answered with a smile as she watched them leave.

She turned off the television, and when she turned around to return to the room, she saw Patrick leaning against the room door. "Why didn't you make a sound when you came out?" she asked in surprise.

"I just came out." Putting a fist over his mouth, he feigned a cough. "Let's head out and have some fun."

"Are you feeling better now?"

"These are all just scratches. I didn't get shot." Patrick shrugged as he spoke, looking extremely relaxed. "We've been staying at hotels or hostels since we left Jadeborough. It's quite stifling, to be honest."

The woman didn't try to stop him, seeing that he wanted to head out so much. The two of them quickly got ready and left the hostel.

The Torch Festival was a tradition among the locals. Many people in traditional clothes could be seen on the streets.

Everyone had a smile on their faces, happy that they were able to celebrate the festival.

There was a huge torch in the middle of the square, a raging fire burning at the top. It lit up the whole square and the faces of everyone there.

The fire burned so brightly that it outshined the street lights.

Men and women, the young and the old, sang and danced. The atmosphere was buzzing with excitement.

At the sight of such a lively scene before them, the passerby couldn't help but join in singing and dancing with everyone else.

Genevieve was also influenced by the festive atmosphere when she and Patrick made their way to the square. She smiled at the sight and said, "This is my first time participating in the Torch Festival. It seems so much more lively than the New Year."

Looking down at her, Patrick asked with a raised brow, "You're just standing there. Is that what you call participating? Come on! Let's go have some fun." He took her hand, and they made their way through the crowd and toward the center.

"I don't know how to dance!" Genevieve said as she followed the man. "I don't even know what they're singing."

"You can learn if you don't know how to."

There were three circles of people surrounding the huge torch in the middle of the square. Having been dragged in by Patrick, Genevieve felt too shy to just leave like that. She could only brave it out and dance along with everyone else. After dancing awkwardly for a while, she finally got used to the steps and could even sing along to a few lines of the song.

Patrick felt the warmth of the hand he was holding. Turning to look at her, he saw her smiling brightly as the firelight from the torch shone on her face.

That smile was etched into Patrick's heart.

His chest was burning. He wanted to hold on to that hand forever.

Looking at Genevieve's left ear, which couldn't hear a thing, he leaned in and said in a sincere tone, "I am willing to sacrifice my life for you. I will be loyal to you for the rest of my life."

When he left the military academy, he had taken an oath to be loyal to the country.

However, now that he had a woman in his heart, he wanted to use his life to protect her and pledge her loyalty to her. He would never betray her.

Genevieve could not hear him. All she felt was him breathing lightly on her cheek. She looked toward the man, her eyes bright as she asked with a smile, "Patrick,

what—”

Suddenly, a man squeezed through the crowd and grabbed Genevieve’s arm, dragging her out of the crowd. Patrick’s grip on her wasn’t that strong at that time, and thus, she was easily dragged away.

At the same time, a few men lunged at Patrick and started to throw punches at him in order to buy time for their companion.

Patrick’s face darkened in an instant. He jumped and sent a flying kick at the men. Right then, one of the men fired a shot. A loud bang resonated across the square, and the crowd started screaming while running in all directions.

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Amidst the commotion, the man dragged Genevieve through the crowd to the roadside and shoved her into a car.

Before anyone could close the door, the car sped off.

Genevieve fell into the backseat and immediately tried to get up. Alas, she was nowhere as strong or highly trained as her abductors.

She had only made a slight movement when the man who joined her in the backseat quickly pounced on her. He pulled her hands behind her back and expertly tied them up with a unique knot.

Then he did the same to her feet and finally stuffed a wad of cloth into her mouth.

“Are you sure this is Genevieve Rachford?” the driver asked as he threw a suspicious glance at Genevieve through the rearview mirror. “After all the effort we’ve put in, we better not have grabbed the wrong person.”

“This is her! I’m sure of it!” the man beside Genevieve insisted.

He looked her up and down before turning to the driver. “Patrick is very good at slipping under the radar and is adept at disguises too. It’s no wonder we haven’t been able to find him for so long. We have this woman to thank for giving us a lucky break. If it weren’t for her, they’d have boarded the plane and escaped, and we’d still be searching aimlessly in the city...”

It was clear that the two men were unafraid of anything. They didn't mince their words. However, the more Genevieve heard, the more her blood ran cold.

Oh, my goodness. I'm the reason our location got exposed! But after leaving Jadeborough with Patrick, I've already thrown away everything on me that could contain a tracking device. Could Armand have implanted one under my skin?

Genevieve calmly pondered the possibilities, and that was when she felt a hard object around her finger. She froze in her tracks, the sudden realization sending shivers down her spine.

It was the wedding ring that Harriet had prepared for her!

Back in Springwyn, she had tried everything she could to remove the ring and even approached a jewelry shop for help. Unfortunately, it remained firmly stuck on her finger.

We could've left Baykeep early this morning, but now, this ring has foiled our plan.

Not long after, the car drove to a deserted road. Even from a distance, Genevieve could see a few black sedans parked by the roadside.

As soon as the car came to a stop, the man dragged Genevieve out and unceremoniously threw her to the ground.

Oh, sh\*t. Is Armand planning to make me vanish without a trace?

Since her hands and feet were still tightly bound, Genevieve could barely move after hitting the ground. She turned her head, only to see a man walking toward her while holding a phone up.

He was on a video call with someone, and as he got nearer, Genevieve could vaguely make out a blurry figure on the screen.

"Genevieve?" the woman on the other end asked, sounding somewhat surprised. However, she chuckled with delight the second she met Genevieve's gaze. "Oh, yes. That's her."

Marilyn's pretty face slowly came into view. "Genevieve, the entire nation now knows that you've killed Harriet, yet you still want to escape? You can't run forever! You have to pay for what you've done!"

All of a sudden, Marilyn's face darkened. "Was it Patrick who killed my father?" she added coldly.

With a wave of her hand, one of the men promptly removed the cloth from Genevieve's mouth.

"Your dad died because he deserved it," Genevieve scoffed as she raised her head to stare at Marilyn. "What has it got to do with Patrick?"

"Slap her hard!" Marilyn bellowed.

"Got it!" the man crouching beside Genevieve replied. Without further ado, he tugged her up by her hair and gave her two tight slaps.

The force was so great that Genevieve's head jerked to the side, leaving a tingling numbness on her lips.

To everyone's surprise, she merely licked the corner of her mouth. "If Armand wants to deal with me, get him to talk to me face to face."

"Who do you think you are?" Marilyn retorted. "After knowing that you killed his grandmother, Armand can't wait to shoot you dead! What makes you think he still wants to see you?"

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"I'm sure you know better than me how Grandma died, Marilyn," Genevieve said with a sneer. "I had just stepped into the study when you showed up the next second. Isn't that too much of a coincidence?"

Marilyn gritted her teeth, her face darkening with every second.

There are too many people around, and I'm only talking to Genevieve through this video call. The more she runs her mouth, the more likely others might hear something disadvantageous to me.

In the end, Marilyn decided not to waste her time arguing with Genevieve. She ordered coldly, "Strip our dear Ms. Rachford naked and take her photos!"

"Marilyn, are you only capable of such disgusting tactics?" Genevieve yelled. When she felt a few pairs of hands groping her, she struggled violently and continued her tirade.

"It's Armand's grandmother who died, and since I'm still his wife, he should be the one dealing with me! Who do you think you are?"

After a pause, she scoffed, "Do you really still see yourself as Armand's ex-girlfriend? You're carrying his brother's child, for goodness' sake! Spare a thought for the kid, Marilyn! You don't want the child to have your kind of distorted views, do you?"

The men around Genevieve drew back in shock when they heard she was Armand's wife. In fact, they were now a little fearful about laying a finger on her.

After all, it was Marilyn who had hired them to carry out the deed, and they knew Armand wasn't involved in any way. If Genevieve really was his wife, wouldn't the consequences be dire if he found out they had hurt her?

They'd be dead meat, no doubt about it.

Marilyn almost lost her cool at Genevieve's quick retort. She had to take two deep breaths to calm herself down.

When she realized that none of the men had done as she instructed, she frowned. "Didn't I tell you guys to strip her naked? Are you deaf? Get it done! I'll bear full responsibility for any problems!"

Seeing how determined Marilyn was, the men overcame their hesitation and started tearing away Genevieve's clothes.

Since Genevieve had only painted her face, arms, and neck for disguise purposes, her fair skin was immediately exposed when her shirt got ripped off.

Almost instantly, the men's eyes widened at the alluring sight, and their breaths hitched in their throats.

"F\*ck you! Let me go!" Genevieve screamed as she continued to thrash around.

However, with both her shoulders pressed down, there was nothing much she could do. Just like that, her almost naked upper body was in full view of everyone around her.

Needless to say, Marilyn was over the moon to see Genevieve getting humiliated.

She was about to instruct one of the men to take a video when she suddenly noticed a black patch on Genevieve's left waist. Huh? Is that a tattoo?

Curious, Marilyn quickly ordered the man holding the phone to move forward for a closer look.

As soon as the phone was near Genevieve's waist, Marilyn finally saw that the black patch was a tattoo of a flying black dragon, with its head tattooed just below the heart.

On top of that, there were three letters on the dragon's body.

Unfortunately, Marilyn instantly understood what the initials symbolized. Her face twisted into a grimace, and she lost all control right there and then.

"Get rid of her tattoo! And get rid of those letters too!" Marilyn shouted hysterically, unable to stop the wave of jealousy washing over her. "Hurry up and get it done! Don't you guys want your money?"

The man with the phone hesitated. "But this is a tattoo... How are we supposed to get it off without any tools?"

"Think of a way, then! Are you guys dumb?" Marilyn snapped. Every time she got a glimpse of Genevieve's tattoo, she could feel pain radiating throughout her body, to the point where her stomach began to spasm too.

After rubbing her stomach to ease the pain and taking a few breaths, she spat, "Use a cigarette! I want you to burn those letters off!"

One of the men jumped into action and retrieved a lighter and a packet of cigarettes from the car. He wasted no time in lighting one up and began to take a few puffs.

Genevieve, however, smirked when she saw how riled up Marilyn was. "Marilyn, you poor thing. It's sad enough that you didn't get to marry your beloved Armand..."

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The next second, Genevieve deliberately spoke slower so she could articulate every word clearly. "For your information, Armand has a Genevieve Orsi tattoo on his chest. I was the one who drew it before he got it tattooed. I think it's time you put your skills to good use. Cry in front of him, and convince him to remove it. Otherwise, can you imagine how frustrating it'll be to see the tattoo every time you hug him?"

True enough, Marilyn's mind subconsciously wandered to Armand's tattoo. The mere thought of Genevieve and Armand getting tattoos as a token of their love made her boil with even more anger.

She was almost on the verge of smashing her phone when she muttered through clenched teeth, "Do it now! Do you hear me?"

With that, the man who was smoking crouched in front of Genevieve and pressed his lit cigarette to one of the letters on her waist.

The sharp pain coursed through Genevieve's body as her tender flesh burned, yet all she did was bite down hard on her lip to keep herself from screaming.

Despite that, she couldn't stop her body from trembling from the pain.

When the man removed the cigarette, Marilyn smiled cruelly at the sight of the scorched letter.

"Keep going!"

The man did as instructed and continued using the cigarette butt to burn off the second and third letters.

Just then, a crack of thunder sounded, and the radiant blue sky with its rolling white clouds instantly darkened.

Seconds later, heavy rain began to fall.

Since the men were still holding her down by her shoulders and legs, Genevieve could only lift her head and let the cold raindrops beat against her face. Not only did it help to ease her pain, but it also sobered her up.

I can't believe I've been so jealous of other women over a man. And for what? His attention and an illusion of love? My gosh, I'm hopeless! Utterly hopeless!

On the other end of the video call, Marilyn was delighted to see the letters on Genevieve's waist burned beyond recognition. What she didn't expect, though, was the sudden downpour.

The rain washed away the paint on Genevieve's face, revealing her delicate and beautiful features.

Marilyn's repressed envy resurfaced again, this time stronger than ever.

She thought about how netizens had been complimenting Genevieve on her beauty and how wonderfully she performed even though she wasn't a professional musician. Even the music industry bigwigs had stepped out to sing her praises.

“I’ve changed my mind,” Marilyn piped up.

What’s the use of only taking compromising photos of Genevieve? As with everything else on the internet, her scandal will soon become old news, and no one will remember her by then. It’d just be like her divorce saga with Cooper!

Marilyn stared down at Genevieve and finally came to a ruthless decision. “Break her hands!”

Yes! Ruin her hands so she can never play the violin again!

Due to the heavy rain, the men wanted to finish their job as soon as possible. Besides, Marilyn had also promised to shoulder the responsibility for any consequences, so they had no reason to hold back.

Without further ado, one of the men pulled up Genevieve’s hand.

The next second, Genevieve let out an ear-splitting scream. The pain of having her wrist forcefully broken was a hundred times worse than getting cigarette burns, and she couldn’t endure it any longer.

Just as the man was about to break her right wrist, a faint sound of tires screeching came from the road. Seconds later, a car dashed through the rain and sped toward the group.

Thankfully, the man crouching beside Genevieve was agile enough to dodge the incoming car.

The car suddenly braked near Genevieve, and a man jumped out even before it even came to a stop.

When Patrick saw Genevieve lying half naked on the ground with wet hair stuck to her pale face, his eyes glazed over with shock.

It was a most pitiful sight, and his heart almost broke.

Patrick hurriedly removed his jacket and put it on Genevieve. His eyes started burning with murderous intent.

He swiftly turned around and pounced on one of the men, grabbing his neck with three fingers.

“F\*ck you! How dare you put your filthy hands on her!” Patrick fumed. He tightened his grip around the most vulnerable part of the man’s neck and snapped it clean off.

## **My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 209**

## Chapter 209

Naturally, everyone else was shocked to see such a lethal blow.

With no intention of letting anyone off, Patrick moved nimbly through the group of men and unleashed a torrent of attacks on them.

Even though there was nothing fancy to his moves, his punches and kicks were powerful enough to send everyone flying.

“Patrick Sullivan!” someone suddenly yelled, followed by the sound of a gun cocking.

Patrick whipped around. One of the men he pummeled earlier had grabbed Genevieve by the neck and was holding a gun to her temple.

His finger squeezed the trigger slightly, and any further movement would undoubtedly put a bullet through Genevieve’s head.

Seeing how Patrick had frozen in his tracks and was glaring at him, the man quickly ordered anyone who could still move to get back on their feet and retrieve the phone.

Amidst the chaos earlier, the phone had fallen under the car and away from the rain, with the video call still going. Although Marilyn did not see the fight, the sound of flesh slamming against flesh was enough to send chills down her spine.

After someone had picked the phone up, Marilyn finally saw the aftermath of the brutal clash.

Patrick stood a distance away, looking every bit like a ferocious wolf with his fists tightly clenched and his eyes blazing with anger.

Despite being taken aback by his demeanor, Marilyn quickly regained her composure. “Patrick, you’re Armand’s lackey. Shouldn’t you be with him instead?” she scoffed as she narrowed her eyes. “Besides, Genevieve’s the one who murdered his grandmother. Why are you still helping her escape? Where’s your loyalty to Armand?”

Patrick merely shot daggers at Marilyn through the screen.

Genevieve’s life is now in that man’s hand, and I can’t find any chance to attack. There’s simply too much at risk. “Let her go,” he finally said.

“Sure, but on one condition,” Marilyn replied with a smirk. “Get on your knees!”

“No, Patrick! Don’t kneel!” Genevieve shouted, her voice hoarse from having screamed earlier.

The man holding her down tightened his grip and pressed the gun to her temple.

Patrick frowned at the sight of that, and the next second, he unclenched his fists and went down on his knees.

Happy and satisfied, Marilyn instantly burst out laughing.

As it turned out, Patrick had called her sometime back to warn her not to hurt Genevieve again. His attitude infuriated her, and she hadn’t been able to stop brooding over it.

Ha! Who would’ve thought that he’d be at my mercy today?

Marilyn had found out from the party organizer that the man who sniped at her father was positioned somewhere high outside the building. It’d be difficult for even the military to produce soldiers with such excellent marksmanship.

Then again, it was a fact that Patrick was one of the best snipers around, and his skill had come in handy many times when settling Armand’s matters.

Therefore, Marilyn was very sure that he was the one behind her father’s death.

I won’t let him off! I must avenge Dad!

“Patrick, if you beg and pledge eternal loyalty to me, I can consider letting Genevieve off,” Marilyn uttered coldly.

“I don’t mind begging, but I will not pledge loyalty to you,” Patrick replied with a look of unwavering determination. “Besides, I’ve already promised someone else my loyalty.”

Of course, Marilyn knew that someone like Patrick would never go back on his word. Therefore, if he had made that promise to Armand, there was no way he’d escape with Genevieve.

As she stared into Patrick’s eyes, a sudden realization struck Marilyn. “Wait a minute... Have you fallen for Genevieve?”

Patrick didn’t say a word.

“Hahaha! Oh my! I can’t believe a lackey is running away with his boss’ woman!” Marilyn exclaimed as she clapped her hands in glee.

## **My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 210**

# My Flirtacious Husband

## Chapter 210

When she thought about the fact that he had actually made such a loyal promise to Genevieve, she began to feel uncomfortable again.

“Since you’re unwilling to pledge loyalty to me, then I’m going to make sure that only one of you can leave this place alive!” Marilyn shrieked.

She glanced at the man next to Patrick, who immediately began rummaging around in a nearby car for a pill that he then handed to Patrick.

Once Genevieve heard Marilyn’s words, her befuddled mind instantly became clear.

She kept struggling as she yelled for Patrick not to eat it. Toward the phone, she screamed, “Marilyn! If you’re mad, stay mad at me! Don’t you dare lay a finger on him! Let him go!”

“He wants me to let you go, but you want me to let him go. Who should I listen to?” Marilyn asked with a laugh. “Are you sure you want to die?”

The man keeping Genevieve captured pressed the trigger a little more.

Patrick’s heart clenched, and he snatched the pill from the man. His jaw tightened as he said, “Marilyn, you’d better keep that promise!”

He tossed the pill into his mouth and swallowed it without a second thought.

“No!” Genevieve cried out.

The rain was so heavy that she could barely open her eyes amidst the constant streams of water running down her face. She could barely even see Patrick in this state.

With a burst of courage that even Genevieve herself didn’t know she had, she thrashed around wildly and threw her head back to hit the man behind her. She bit down harshly on his neck with the speed of a cobra going for a strike.

The man hissed in pain, losing his grip on the trigger.

All Genevieve could do was desperately wiggle her way across the ground toward Patrick due to her bound limbs.

Another man pulled out a gun and aimed it at Genevieve. If Patrick moved even an inch, he would immediately shoot.

The thin shell of the pill had dissolved almost immediately after hitting Patrick's tongue, and the powdered poison began to eat away at his internal organs.

By the time Genevieve reached him, there was already fresh blood dripping out of the corner of his mouth.

He did his best to choke back the blood welling up in his throat and reached out with difficulty, trying to untie the ropes on Genevieve's wrists.

They had tied them up extremely tightly. The rough ropes left deep, red marks on her skin and her broken left hand fell limply once it lost the support of the ropes.

However, Genevieve couldn't care less about the sharp pain in her left hand as she stumbled upright to force Patrick's mouth open.

"P-Please open your mouth, Patrick. Please! Spit it out..." she pleaded desperately, feeling a mix of rainwater and tears streaming into her mouth.

She did her best to force his mouth open, but no matter how much strength she put into it, it stayed tightly closed.

Patrick shook his head and held onto her wrist, stopping her from doing any more. "The poison is already working," he croaked out.

As he spoke, a few trails of blood spilled out of his mouth.

"Please! You can't die. Don't leave me! Please!" Genevieve wept, wiping away the blood at the corner of his mouth. "How could you leave me alone like this after doing so much for me? Please don't die, not yet! Patrick! Patrick..."

I've already wiped away the blood from his mouth. Why is there still so much coming out?

Why is his face becoming so pale?

"Don't cry, Genev," Patrick whispered hoarsely, afraid to show even the slightest bit of pain lest it made her cry more.

He lifted a hand with difficulty and wiped away the combination of tears and rain below her eyes. "I wanted this."

His body began to sway and soon enough, his once-strong figure collapsed in Genevieve's arms.

His heart was beginning to beat slower and slower, making it difficult for him to even breathe.

Still, he did his best to widen his eyes to look at Genevieve, wanting to burn her face into his memory forever. “Genev, I’ve fallen in love with you since the first time I met you. I-I wanted to get away from you and d-do my best to f-forget you, b-but I-I couldn’t do it...”