

Chapter 325 I Must Find Her

The entire black Mercedes-Benz was buried in mud, where only part of its tail was left exposed.

As the rain caused the mud to flow relentlessly, the car was covered by so much of it that there were no openings at all.

Whoever was inside would've suffocated to death by then.

With a grim expression on his face, Armand stumbled toward it.

Picking up a shovel, he began to dig up the mud on the side of the car.

When they finally cleared a path to the backseat window, Armand dropped to his knees and began scooping the debris away by hand while holding his breath.

He prayed hard that she wasn't inside and had been swept away by the mud. However, when he realized the chances of survival were lower that way, he ended up changing his mind.

Regardless, given the amount of time that had passed, he realized it would have been impossible for her to have held out.

By the time the mud was cleared from the window, Armand's heart sank, for the car was flooded with mud from the inside.

“Mister, let us do it,” the rescuer beside Armand suggested solemnly. “If there's anyone inside, they wouldn't have survived.”

“I must find her,” Armand answered in a raspy voice.

Even if she was dead, he had to see the body with his own eyes.

As Armand desperately dug the mud out of the car, the fact that his fingers were bleeding from being cut by tree branches didn't slow him down at all.

“Mando!”

All of a sudden, he thought he was dreaming when he seemed to hear Genevieve's voice calling out to him amidst the rain.

No sooner had he turned around than he saw a blurry figure approach him.

Despite the rain, he clearly recognized her from the silhouette of her features.

Springing to his feet, he spread out his arms to hug the figure before he even reached her.

Only when the warmth of her body permeated into him was he certain that it was truly her in his arms.

At that moment, he felt as if his soul had returned to his body.

After a momentary struggle, Genevieve gave up when she realized she couldn't free himself from his bear-like hug.

“I thought you were inside the car.” Holding her head in his embrace, Armand spoke in a hoarse voice that was charged with emotion. “Thank God you weren't.”

It wasn't until he had hugged her for a full minute did he finally let her go.

Cupping her face with his hands, he desperately tried to see her clearly. “Darling, are you hurt anywhere?”

When she saw the pale look on Armand's face and how he was covered in mud and speaking with a trembling voice, Genevieve recalled her conversation with Timothy before she came to the mine.

Her calm heart was suddenly stirred by raging emotions.

Shaking her head, she replied in a broken voice. “I'm fine. Before we reached the mine, we fled from the car when Steven noticed something amiss.”

“I'm glad you're all right.” Armand's knitted brows eased as he wiped the rainwater off his face.

As he could faintly make out that Genevieve was wearing a thin top, he planned to take off his jacket and drape it over her. However, the moment he reached for it, he realized that he, too, was drenched.

In the end, he held her hand and said, “Let's return to the hotel.”

Armand then led Genevieve into a car that was already waiting. After leaving Steven behind to manage the situation, he put a dry towel over Genevieve's shoulder.

He had barely let go of her hand when she noticed a deep cut on the back of his palm.

“Your hand is hurt.” Genevieve took out a towel and wrapped it around his wound before instructing the driver, “Head to the hospital.”

“It's just a cut. It won't kill me.” Armand shook his head. “Let's go back to the hotel.”

Genevieve's expression darkened. “What if your wound gets infected?”

“There's a first aid kit in the hotel.”

“The iodine can only disinfect the wound.” Genevieve threatened, “If you refuse to go to the hospital, I'll bring you there by force if that's what it takes.”