

Chapter 360 Uprooting The Weeds

Genevieve brushed past Marilyn. As she was leaving, she inadvertently spotted the reflection of the sharp blade hidden within the tote bag Marilyn carried.

The latter had a hand on the shoulder strap of the tote, as though she was preparing to retrieve something from it at any given moment.

Realizing what her counterpart had inside the tote, Genevieve stopped in her tracks.

Now in a precarious position, the Wood family could not afford any further negative coverage.

As for herself, she did not want the Wood family to have any chance of recovering.

Turning around, she regarded Marilyn with frostiness. “He isn't a member of the Faulkner family anymore, Marilyn, so shouldn't you stop calling him Armand? Start addressing him as Mr. Faulkner going forward, or you'd be hearing from me. Know that it was only because of me that you were able to date him for as long as you did, and everything that the Wood family was able to bum off him these past decades was on my account. You'd do well to bear that in mind!”

All would be well if Genevieve did not mention it. Now that she did, it reminded Marilyn that Armand was nice to her all the while only because of Genevieve, and the latter was also the one responsible for the death of her own mother as well as her child...

I would never have found myself in this pitiful state had Genevieve not appeared!

The fury and hatred within Marilyn's heart were spontaneously brought to a boil.

When she saw Genevieve headed for the revolving door, she suddenly pulled out the fruit knife from her tote and lunged at her with it.

Seemingly aware, Genevieve turned to see Marilyn charging at her. Once past her startlement, she reflexively raised her hands to protect herself.

With a sickening thud, the fruit knife in Marilyn's hand stabbed into Genevieve's abdomen.

A couple of employees of Central Group were about to pass through the revolving doors when they bore witness to Marilyn's assault on Genevieve. Stunned for a few seconds, they then cried hysterically in horror.

Brought back to her senses by those screams, Marilyn then noticed the color rapidly draining from Genevieve's face, and also, the knife in her own hands.

There's so much blood... on the knife and on my hands. So much blood...

“N-No. It wasn't me...” Marilyn loosened her hold and reeled back. “I wasn't trying to kill you...”

She merely wanted to intimidate Genevieve and had no idea how the knife ended up inside Genevieve's midriff.

Deeply spooked by all the blood gushing from Genevieve's wound, Marilyn picked up the tote from the floor and hurried away from the scene while Genevieve's body rocked unsteadily and collapsed onto the ground.

Genevieve was immediately evacuated to the hospital.

Coincidentally, Timothy was on duty that day and hastened to assign two doctors to attend to Genevieve in the operating room and deal with the injury.

At the same time, he asked Johanna who was waiting outside with him. “How did Genev get hurt?”

“I heard from some colleagues that Marilyn came by Central Group to look for Genev. They didn't talk for very long before Marilyn stabbed her...” Johanna started to choke up when she was reminded of Genevieve's blood-soaked appearance when she brought her in.

Timothy had also seen the reports pertaining to the Wood Group but was nonetheless quite shocked by Marilyn's very public and brazen act of violence.

“There, there.” Patting Johanna's head, Timothy offered up some words of comfort, “I saw where Genevieve was stabbed when she was wheeled inside. It's not a fatal wound, so I expect Genevieve to come out all right.”

Timothy's assurances did much to make Johanna feel better.

Very quickly, Armand rushed over.

As though filing a complaint to a teacher, Johanna spiced up her account of how Marilyn behaved toward Genevieve and how much blood the latter had lost, much to the man's increasing dismay.

“Don't you allow Marilyn to flee back to Xedells, Mr. Faulkner, or it'll all be over!” seethed Johanna between gritted teeth.

Although their country had an extradition agreement with Xedells, the Wood family would be able to lean on their historically deep roots and vast connections in Xedells to protect Marilyn.

“I understand.” With his brows in a knot, Armand's eyes remained transfixed upon the operating room.

Soon after, the doors to the operating room were pushed open. A doctor stepped out, but it was not because the procedure on Genevieve had wrapped up.

As though in chastisement, that doctor glared at Timothy in a mixture of anger and frustration. “Did you know that the patient has a coagulation disorder, Dr. Jensen? The knife is embedded too deeply so we really dared not tamper with it...”