

Chapter 361 Taking Genevieve Down With Her

There was a palpable shift in Timothy's expression when he heard that.

He had indeed overlooked the fact that not only was Genevieve's blood type unique, but her constitution was poor as well.

“With the two bags of blood the hospital had in storage, it should be enough to see her through the operation.” The thought of that prompted Timothy to instruct the nurse to retrieve the blood from the blood bank while he himself changed into a surgical gown.

Shortly after, the massive doors to the operating room were closed once more.

Upon hearing the exchange between the doctor and Timothy, Johanna almost crumbled and needed to hold her own quivering hands to the wall for support.

Doing his best to stay even-keeled, Armand made a call to Steven to have Marilyn captured and brought to the hospital.

In a few minutes, Steven called back to report that he had found Marilyn at the pier with a knife held toward her own throat.

With the understanding that Genevieve's life was at stake, Marilyn knew that only she who shared the same blood type as the former would be able to facilitate a transfusion.

Thus, Marilyn demanded an immediate injection of three billion worth of funds into Wood Group at the threat of ending herself and taking Genevieve down with her.

Owing to Marilyn's strategic advantage, Steven was apprehensive about forcing the issue. Neither did he dare to have the sniper line up a shot for fear of losing Marilyn to the sea.

Immediately, Armand made a call to the finance department to arrange for the transfer of said amount to Wood Group in stages.

When the door to the operating room was pushed outward, Timothy removed his mask and teased Armand when he saw the latter look over. “Relax. Your wife is too pretty to not have been blessed by the heavens.”

Hearing that made Armand exhale in relief. He then went on to text Steven to offer the latest update.

While Genevieve was carted over to the ward to rest, Timothy said to Armand, “By your getting hurt one after another, could there be some sort of crazy contest you got going on between the two of you? I have to say though, that's one heck of a gutsy move your ex-girlfriend pulled back there...”

Unable to contain himself, Armand grabbed Timothy by the throat and thrust him against the wall. “Don't you dare bring that up again! Otherwise, I'll seal you up in a box and put you in the ground, just to see how you'd enjoy being buried alive!”

“Buried... There's a movie made about that.” Johanna said calmly, “Pretty decent, but in the end, the male protagonist died of asphyxiation.”

Timothy did not know how to respond to that.

After Armand relinquished his grip and walked away, Timothy massaged his own throat. “D*mned brat, whose side are you on, exactly?”

“I stand on the side of justice,” replied Johanna with a wave of her hand. “Whoever told you to mention Mr. Faulkner's ex? For deliberately trying to drive a wedge between him and Genev, you deserve nothing less than a good whooping.”

Timothy really felt like bashing her in the face there and then, but Johanna beat him to the punch by slipping away.

After Armand headed over to the room where Genevieve was warded, Steven also texted him to say that Marilyn had been taken into custody. In response, Armand instructed him to have her handed over to the police, and was adamant about keeping the Wood family's interference in the case at bay.

Then, he sat by the bedside to review the surveillance footage captured outside the building's entrance.

From the footage, Armand saw Marilyn getting in Genevieve's way and preventing her from entering the building. Genevieve seemed intent on leaving after a brief exchange, but suddenly stopped and turned to say a few more words to Marilyn.

In response, Marilyn, who appeared to become enraged, pulled out a fruit knife which she then stabbed into Genevieve.

Something about that felt off to Armand.

When he enlarged the image and slowed the playback to analyze what Genevieve had said, his eyes narrowed to a slit.

The damage done by that stab was considerable. Coupled with Genevieve's unique disposition, it had her knocked out for four whole days.

After Genevieve regained consciousness, she found Armand standing by the window. He seemed to be on the phone and from the content of his words, she inferred that it must have been work-related.

Genevieve tried to sit up, but her abdomen was still smarting from the ordeal.

Try as she may to grab a glass and pour herself some water to drink, she was unable to muster up any strength. The glass she had just picked up simply slid out of her hands and shattered to pieces on the floor.

Overhearing the commotion, Armand turned around. When he saw that Genevieve had roused, he swiftly put his phone away.

Circling round to the side with the table, he took another glass into which he poured some warm water. Then, he brought it close to Genevieve's lips.

After taking in a couple of steady sips, Genevieve's throat was no longer as parched.

“How long have I been out, Mando?”

“Four days.” Placing the glass firmly back onto the cabinet, Armand said in a mocking tone, “Is that too short for you? Would it please you more to be out cold for an entire month?”

That outburst took Genevieve aback.

Armand regarded her solemnly. “I've watched the footage from the surveillance cameras. Marilyn had not intended to attack you. It was those last things you said to her that provoked her.”