

Chapter 397 Jealous

The woman greeted Genevieve with a smile when the latter opened the door.

“Ms. Rachford, I'm the housekeeper from Swallow Garden. You asked me for some cranberries when you were there. Do you remember?”

“Oh, it's you.” Genevieve found her familiar. “I'm sorry. My memory isn't what it used to be.”

The woman smiled. “Don't worry about it. Knowing that you don't have a housekeeper, Mr. Sullivan sent me over to care for you. You are welcome to call him to verify the matter.”

“There's no need to.” Genevieve opened the door to let the woman in.

The woman told Genevieve to address her as Melissa.

Upon entering the house, she saw a pot of milk being warmed up over the stove. “Ms. Rachford, is that all you are having for breakfast?”

“Yeah, milk and bread.” She didn't want to order takeout in the morning.

“That's not enough! Bread alone barely has any nutrition. Let me make breakfast for you.” Melissa rolled up her sleeves and brought out the fresh ingredients she found in the fridge.

From making breakfast to tidying up the house, she maintained her distance from Genevieve, to the extent the latter barely noticed her presence.

Due to her injury, Genevieve didn't go to Specter Corporation that day. She messaged Cooper and apologized for throwing up on him the night before.

Cooper told her to think nothing of it. He also said that he had to hand over some work to her, as he would be going on a business trip soon.

While both of them were chatting, Genevieve received a push notification of a news headline. Upon clicking into it, she read that Cesar's first wife, Mavis, had died in a car accident.

Even though the video had censored the scene, one could still faintly make out the blood beneath the car.

The moment she looked at it, Genevieve felt her stomach churn. She picked up the garbage bin immediately and threw up her entire breakfast.

Melissa walked out of the bedroom right then and saw her puke. She asked in concern, “Ms. Rachford, are you all right?”

“I'm fine. My stomach is just feeling unwell.” Genevieve waved for Melissa to go back to her work before she gargled with some water.

After that, she popped a cranberry into her mouth.

Reading the news this time, Genevieve learned that the media had pinned the fault on the driver for drinking while driving.

Nevertheless, she was aware that Mavis' death wasn't an accident and believed that Jack was behind it.

Melissa was adept at preparing home-cooked food, especially those that were sour and spicy, which were great for Genevieve's appetite. With Melissa around, Genevieve ate well at home and no longer had to order takeout.

She sent Steven a message to thank him and even bought him a gift and had someone send it over.

When Steven picked up the gift at the front desk, he dared not open it and brought it straight up to the CEO's office. “Mr. Faulkner, Ms. Rachford sent me a gift to thank me for sending Melissa over to care for her.”

In truth, he was just carrying out Armand's orders.

Raising his gaze in response, Armand tapped his finger on the box. Steven then cut the tape off it with a blade.

Inside was a black down jacket with matching scarves and gloves.

Armand recognized the brand as one that was hard to get one's hand on. In fact, one needed to pre-order a month ahead.

He had never received any clothes from her during their time together. Thus, he was jealous of the fact that she had bought clothes for someone else.

Rubbing his temple, Armand said, “Leave the box here, and use the reward for this quarter to buy one for yourself.”

Steven nodded. “Mr. Faulkner, the private jet is ready.”

“We'll leave in the afternoon once I have finished my work.” Armand dismissed Steven and went back to work.

On Thursday morning, Jack gave Genevieve a call. “Genev, I have arrived at the entrance of your condominium.”

Genevieve dragged herself down without protest.

After she got into the car, they sped to the airport. Jack had told her that Mavis was to be buried the next morning. Therefore, they had to rush to Xedells to attend her funeral.

“Only relatives and close friends are invited to the funeral.” Genevieve looked at him. “Since when are you so close to the Faulkner family?”

Jack tousled her hair and chuckled. “Aren't you aware of my relationship with that person? Mavis was like half a mother to me.”