

Chapter 362 Washing My Hands Off Of You

“Yes,” admitted Genevieve, pursing her pallid lips. “I saw the knife hidden inside Marilyn's bag and reckoned that she meant to use it against me. She was hesitant, so I goaded her. I don't want the Wood family to have any chance of bouncing back from this.”

“Central Group is already in your hands. Didn't I tell you how you should deal with the Wood family?” said Armand frostily. “Why are you riling Marilyn up like that? Aren't you aware of your own physical condition? Did you know that you might not even be lying here if her aim had been just a few inches off?”

From the coldness in the man's inflection, Genevieve could tell how livid he was. “I know what I'm doing...”

“Do you, now? Have you regained the strength to argue with me now that you're awake?” Armand was so ticked off that he started laughing, and his eyes grew even more frigid still. “Sometimes, you get this way, Genevieve. You're obstinate as hell and always want to do things your way without scant regard for your own well-being.”

He continued, “Well, fine, then. Have it your way. Go on ahead and do as you please, because I'm washing my hands off of you from here on out.” He left her with that and turned to depart.

“Mando,” Genevieve shouted after him but found herself ignored by Armand whose strapping frame quickly vanished from the ward.

Less than a few minutes later, Johanna hustled over. “I just saw Mr. Faulkner walk out in a huff, Genev. Did you get into a fight with him?”

“No,” she replied, and left it at that.

“Then what's with that face?” Johanna prattled on while she placed the takeout package down on the table. Then, she took out the warm oatmeal from it and fed it to Genevieve.

Johanna went on to recount the events that transpired over the past few days for Genevieve's benefit.

The Jadeborough police had placed Marilyn under arrest on the charge of attempted murder. Xavier had arrived in the city the very next day.

With sufficient evidence from the surveillance cameras, the courts were quickly able to establish Marilyn's guilt. Bereft of any connections within the country and with Armand stamping his authority on the case, Xavier could do very little to alter the outcome.

News of Marilyn's imprisonment became widely reported by the media in Jadeborough and Xedells.

With the project that Wood Group had invested in completely left in the rut, it was only a matter of time before the Wood family had to deal with insolvency.

Johanna also told Genevieve, “I heard from Timothy that Mr. Faulkner was quite shaken when he learned that you've been stabbed. He had driven down to the hospital in spite of the fact how rash it was for him to do so, considering that his eyes had yet to fully recover and all.”

She continued, “I saw how grim he looked when he arrived, especially after he learned about your coagulation disorder. Even the doctors were hesitant about how to handle your injury. In the end, he quickly called up Steven to have Marilyn brought here alive. That was when I found out that you and Marilyn share the same blood type. Mr. Faulkner was the one who watched over you these past few days while you were out of it. As much as I wanted to relieve him, he wouldn't let me.”

Genevieve listened while she consumed the oatmeal. Hearing about Armand's conduct and reflecting upon the manner of his exit caused Genevieve to experience a little contrite.

She thought that she should have held her tongue then, and not tried to weasel her way out of it.

Although that stab did not kill her, the resultant wound was severe enough that it compelled her to remain hospitalized for an entire month.

Over the course of that month, it was Johanna who kept Genevieve company on a daily basis.

Bored from lying in bed all day, Genevieve sought something to do but was told by Steven that Armand had returned to Central Group and wanted her to focus on her recovery. She was also informed by Bertilla that her deputies got all the bases at Specter Corporation covered, so she had nothing to worry about.

It was only after Genevieve's knife wound had healed to the point that it was almost indiscernible before Timothy would approve of her discharge.

By that time, winter was already upon Jadeborough.

When Genevieve stepped outside the hospital, she could feel the wind lash against her face. It felt quite chilly indeed.

After she got into the car, she texted Armand: I've left the hospital, Mando. What time would you be home tonight?

Armand: I'll call the Golden Restaurant and have them deliver your dinner on time tonight.

Genevieve: Aren't you coming back?

Armand: I'll be staying at the Swallow Garden.

When Genevieve read the man's reply, she knew that she had taken it too far. Armand had become profoundly upset and decided not to deal with her anymore.