

## My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 231

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After that, Genevieve hung up the phone first, ignoring whatever Samantha's reaction was.

She placed her phone on the table and raised the glass of fruit tea to her lips, taking a sip. Not long after, Cooper entered the garden.

He sat beside her. "Have you sent the video to Samantha?"

"Yes. She got mad as soon as she saw it." Genevieve's red lips curled up slightly. "She said she knows why I wanted to marry Armand and that it's easy to deal with me since I come from a poor family background."

Cooper sipped on his cup of coffee, though it was already cold. "Armand didn't sign a marriage contract with you. That's why you didn't divorce him."

It was not a question; it was a statement.

"Armand is the head of the Faulkner family, one of the four most powerful families in Xedells. He's also the boss of Central Group. Not only is he powerful, but he also has a net worth of hundreds of billions. On top of that, he's someone Marilyn cares about the most." Seeing Cooper had guessed everything, Genevieve did not bother hiding the truth anymore. "I want to borrow his power to destroy the Wood family and everything Marilyn cares about."

When Patrick died in her arms, a part of her soul had gone with him, too.

I was too stupid.

She knew she was only collaborating with Armand. In fact, everything was written clearly in the agreement. Yet, she still believed every explanation he gave and actually developed feelings for him.

In return, she paid a devastating price.

Even so, she still remained by Armand's side, forcing herself to endure it every time Armand touched her. She merely did all that to get her revenge.

A few months ago, both Cooper and Genevieve met at a dinner party after their divorce. At the time, Cooper realized Genevieve had changed.

And now, Cooper realized Genevieve had changed again.

Her attitude toward Armand made Cooper a little happy yet fearful at the same time.

Having grown up with Genevieve, he knew Genevieve meant it when she said she did not love someone anymore. No matter what the other person did to win back her heart, she would not give in.

Cooper could also sense that her love for Armand was deeper than her love for him.

The fact that she could be so heartless toward Armand—a man she used to love so much—meant that her chances of returning to Cooper were slim.

Cooper felt a sense of panic in his heart. He opened his mouth and said in a hoarse voice, “I’ll deal with these matters. You must not dirty your hands... Genev, I just hope I can do something for you.”

He regretted all the harmful things he had done to Genevieve and wanted to make it up to her.

Genevieve smiled and played with the ring on her finger. “I want to avenge Patrick on my own. I don’t care if my hands get dirty. Besides, Samantha alone is enough to keep you busy.”

She had lost a lot of weight recently. Thus, her fingers had gotten slimmer, allowing her to remove the wedding ring easily.

If it had not been for the ring, she would have left the country with Patrick long ago.

Several seconds later, Genevieve removed the ring and handed it to Cooper. “This is the wedding ring Old Mrs. Faulkner gave me and Armand. Could you please send someone to take this to Marilyn? I’m sure she’ll love it.”

“Okay.” Cooper took the ring from her.

Meanwhile, at Central Group, Armand, who had been in a two-hour meeting, rubbed his temples, feeling tired. Just as he returned to the CEO’s office and sat down, the door was pushed open.

Samantha stormed into the office with her heels clicking loudly on the floor.

“I know Genevieve’s blood type is special, and you married her because of that. Doesn’t the hospital have two bags of her blood already?” Samantha bent over slightly and tapped her fingers on the table as she frowned, exuding an intimidating aura. “I want you to divorce Genevieve right now! She really doesn’t know her place at all. How dare she attack my driver and even send that kind of video to me?”

Armand had an idea of what the video was just by looking at Samantha's grim expression.

He said plainly, "No matter what the reason I married Genevieve is, we are legally married. Aunt Samantha, you know Genevieve is my wife, yet you sent someone to give Queenie those illegal drugs. On top of that, you even instigated Queenie to take nudes of Genevieve. When your plan failed, you made a move on Genevieve's housekeeper, wanting to sabotage my relationship with her by making the housekeeper put poison in Genevieve's food."

His voice was deep and had traces of hostility.

His cold gaze stared deep into Samantha's eyes. "Aunt Samantha, what are you trying to do?"

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Armand treated Samantha with great respect since she was Harriet's favorite daughter.

That day, however, Samantha could feel Armand's murderous intent.

She scoffed, pulled the chair beside her out, and sat in it. "Armand, I'm not just your biological aunt. If I hadn't supported you back then, do you think you could be in charge of the Faulkner family? What now? Are you going to have a falling out with me because of an irrelevant woman?"

"She's not an irrelevant woman. She's my wife," Armand repeated calmly. "Aunt Samantha, I know you have a grudge against the Sutton family. I won't get involved no matter what you do to Cooper, but you must never mess with her."

When Samantha heard Armand mentioning the Sutton family, her expression darkened, and the corner of her eyes twitched. "If it wasn't for Mom, you wouldn't be so successful today," Samantha said. "Genevieve was the only person in the study when Mom died. Yet, you told the police to withdraw all the accusations against Genevieve. Even the news was suppressed. Is your grandma's death less important than that woman?"

Taking out a cigarette from the cigarette box, Armand placed it between his lips. "Aunt Samantha, you're a resourceful person. You've planted so many spies in the Faulkner residence. Don't you know how Grandma died? Ever since George died, his son, Xavier, took charge of the Wood family and quickly stabilized Wood Group. If I remember correctly, Uncle Peter's daughter, Jane Faulker, was already dating Xavier long ago. In fact, they got engaged at the end of the year."

He took a puff of his cigarette and stared calmly at the woman in front of him. "Aunt Samantha, what will the Wood family think if you stir up such news now?"

Samantha knew her nephew was a smart one. Hence, she did not find it odd that he knew about so many things.

On the day Harriet died, Samantha had received a call from her spy. She found out that Marilyn had entered the study to look for Harriet earlier that day. Thus, the latter's death must have something to do with Marilyn.

Even so, Marilyn was smart enough to make Genevieve the scapegoat.

Coincidentally, Samantha had a grudge against Genevieve. Hence, she worked with the Wood family to spread the news about Harriet's death, wanting to use the opportunity to send Genevieve to jail.

To Samantha's surprise, Armand suppressed all the news, and Genevieve even kidnapped her driver.

The thought of Genevieve calling her earlier and the tone she had used made Samantha's eyes darken. "If Genevieve is not related to Cooper, I'd never have caused her any trouble. But she was married to Cooper in the past. Hence, I'll never let anyone associated with the Sutton family or Cooper off the hook easily. Armand, if you divorce Genevieve, I'll pretend this never happened today."

Samantha stared at Armand with intense intimidation.

Armand was unfazed by her threat.

He tapped the cigarette against the ashtray. "Genevieve is my wife. Whatever she tells you is also from me. If you disrespect her, then you're disrespecting me, too."

Samantha was livid, and she immediately pushed away her chair before shooting to her feet.

"So, you're trying to make things ugly between us? Very well!" Samantha slammed her palms on the table and leaned toward Armand. "I can build you up, but I can also tear you down."

Armand smirked. "Sure. I'll be looking forward to it."

"Armand, you'd better not regret it," Samantha said coldly.

As she walked toward the door in her high heels, she turned around and gave him one last look. "I'd like to see how long you can keep protecting Genevieve."

After Samantha slammed the door shut and left, Armand's gaze turned grim.

He threw his cigarette into the ashtray and demanded Steven enter his office using the internal line. "Samantha has fallen out with me, so she'll join Peter's side to get back at me."

Armand's tone was calm, but Steven froze after hearing the former's words.

He did not understand how things could turn ugly between Samantha and Armand in such a short while.

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Steven frowned, feeling worried. "The subsidiary company in Norham is managed by Ms. Samantha. Even the clients there are in her control. She also knows about all our clients here at Central Group and all the top secret collaborations. She'll definitely give them to Peter—"

"Yes. You don't have to worry about that. Just do what you normally do." Armand looked calm.

He did not seem concerned about anything Steven said.

Handing a document to Steven, he said, "Contact everyone in here. Tell them to take out some time as I'd like to treat them to a meal."

"Okay."

When Steven exited his office, Armand pulled out his phone and made a call.

Around six o'clock in the evening, Armand returned to Regality Gardens.

After changing into his slippers, he entered the house and saw Genevieve sitting on the couch, looking as if she was reading a book.

Occasionally, she would pick a grape from the plate and pop it into her mouth.

She was clad in a casual cotton dress, and both her feet were on the couch. Since the dress' length was only until her calves, her smooth, fair calves were revealed when she curled her legs.

Her smooth, tiny, and fair toes would sometimes move slightly, which was a cute sight.

When Armand saw the scene before him, he recalled the days when he lived in Swallow Garden. She would also place her legs the same way when she played games in the living room, looking like a child.

That was her first time revealing her true character in front of him. She had argued and even flirted with him.

Armand cast his gaze over to the counter in the kitchen. When he saw the housekeeper busy working with her head lowered, he finally relaxed his eyebrows.

He loosened his tie while walking to the living room. "Genevieve, didn't I tell you to not sit like that?"

Genevieve lifted her head to glance at Armand, looking as if she had no intentions of putting down her feet. "There's only the both of us at home. Do I not have the right to choose whatever sitting position I want?"

"There's still a housekeeper," Armand said flatly. "Besides, it's improper to sit like that."

"Don't look if it's improper." Genevieve rolled her eyes at him and slouched back against the couch. "I like sitting like this, too. It's improper as well, right? Then don't look."

When both of them returned to the house yesterday, she had only exchanged a few sentences with him in an indifferent tone.

Today, however, she was acting like a spoilt child.

Armand was momentarily stunned. For some reason, his mood improved, and he went over to wrap his arm around her waist.

It was slender and soft, as if there were no bones in her.

He could hug her with just one arm.

A smile twinkled in his eyes as he pulled her into his embrace. "What are you reading?"

She had paid the saloon a visit to get her hair washed. Her long, dark hair was as smooth and shiny as a piece of satin. At the same time, there was a faint fragrance emanating from her tresses.

“The book you gave me last time. I’m about eight pages away from finishing it.” Genevieve opened the book again and pointed at the topmost section, frowning. “I’ve been reading this for almost half a day, but I just can’t understand it. Why didn’t you write the explanation by the side?”

Armand glanced at the book and snickered. “If you’ve digested the front part of the book, then how do you not understand this section? I bet you didn’t read it properly.”

“I read the front parts carefully. Don’t simply accuse me.” Genevieve pouted. “It’s just that this part is too difficult. Besides, I’m not a professional. If I could understand it at a glance, then I shouldn’t be here. I should be at some research center.”

Armand smiled again and took the book from her. He then explained the content in detail, simplifying it to the point where even a child could understand it. Genevieve understood his words at once.

Meanwhile, the housekeeper had finished preparing dinner. “Mr. Faulkner, Mrs. Faulkner, it’s time for dinner.”

Armand always gave her the chills as she felt like she were an invader trespassing on his territory.

Thus, she did not remain in the living room in case she got in the way. Instead, she returned to her room.

There were three dishes and a soup for dinner. The soup was a refreshing chicken soup that tasted sweet. Moreover, it was not greasy since the housekeeper had cleaned the chicken thoroughly.

It was so delicious that Genevieve had two servings at one go.

Full from the soup, she only ate some vegetables without touching her plate of pasta.

Crossing her legs beneath the table, Genevieve placed an arm on the dining table and stared at Armand, who was still eating. “Cooper caught the person who threatened Maria’s son and his family. His name is Cormack Oswald, Samantha’s driver.”

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“He broke Ryan’s bones, so I told Cooper to break his as well. I also gave Cormack the drug Maria put in my food and sent the video to Samantha. Mr. Faulkner, I know

Samantha's your aunt, and I can't harm her. However, I can't just let things go so easily after all the attacks and slandering I've endured." Genevieve stared at Armand unblinkingly. "You won't blame me for it, right?"

Armand was initially planning to ask her about it when he got back.

Now that she had told him everything, there was nothing left for him to say.

He grunted in response, still looking calm. "If you've got any problems in the future, get Steven to handle it. Reduce your interaction with Cooper."

"Okay." The corners of Genevieve's lips lifted. She took the bowl beside his hand and filled it. "This soup is delicious. You should have more, Mr. Faulkner."

Armand's hand paused in mid-air as he was taking some vegetables. He cast her a glance and asked, "Can you change your form of address?"

Right then, he recalled the words she had typed into her memo.

Before he could say anything, Genevieve mumbled, "Did I ever say anything when you call me by my full name? Fine. I'll just call you Mando."

She placed the bowl of soup beside his hand. "Here, Mando. Have some soup."

Though Genevieve was calling him Mando just like how she did in the past, her tone sounded different.

Armand's gaze darkened.

After dinner, Genevieve pestered Armand to keep her company as she finished the remaining pages of her book.

Hence, Armand hung around in the living room to keep her company. Occasionally, he would deal with some WhatsApp messages.

It was not until eleven o'clock that Genevieve finally finished her book. At that point, she refused to walk and insisted Armand carry her back to the room.

Carrying her in his arms made him feel as if he was holding a dangerous time bomb. Her hair smelled citrusy, and her body smelled faintly of roses. It was making him lose his inhibition gradually.

Worried he might not be able to control himself, he threw Genevieve onto the bed and went into the bathroom to wash up.



The moment he entered the bathroom, the phone he had placed on the bedside table vibrated.

At first, Genevieve wanted to ignore it. When she noticed the caller was Marilyn, she smirked, took the phone, and answered it. "Are you looking for Mando? He's gone to take a shower."

Marilyn remained silent on the other end of the phone for quite some time. It was as if she did not expect Genevieve to answer after all her efforts of calling Armand.

After coming to her senses, Marilyn snarled, "Why are you with Mando?"

"Marilyn, have you become stupid after being pregnant for so long?" Genevieve taunted. "Armand and I are a married couple. Of course, we live together."

"Mando didn't even want to marry you. He did it for me!" Marilyn spat at the other end of the call. "Both you and I have a rare blood type. Mando was worried I might lose a lot of blood during childbirth. That's why he got married to you and stayed by your side. You're just a mobile blood bank."

"Yes, I know about this already. Is there anything else?" Genevieve asked. "Did you think I'd get angry after finding out about this and get into a fight with Armand before divorcing him?"

She uttered everything Marilyn had wanted to say, which left the latter choking in shock.

Genevieve laughed. "Marilyn, do you think I'm a stupid three-year-old kid? Patrick is just one of Mando's subordinates. Now that he's dead, then so be it. Mando, on the other hand, is the real deal. He's rich and powerful. I can easily achieve anything I want as his wife. I got married to such a rich and handsome man. Why would I want to divorce him when I have the power to make all the girls jealous of me?"

"Dream on!" Marilyn was on the verge of losing control over her emotions. "Mando will divorce you. I'll make him divorce you. Who do you think you are?"

"Who do I think I am?" Genevieve chuckled. "Armand Faulkner's wife, of course."

Marilyn was so mad she was spitting nails. "Shut up! You're just a mobile blood bank. If I didn't need your blood during my childbirth, you would be nothing. Mando's mine. He was and always will be! Do you really think you can snatch him away from me?"

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The more enraged Marilyn got, the more collected Genevieve seemed.

"Is that so? Why don't you try telling Armand that the girl he met at the hospital fourteen years ago was actually me and not you? Let's see how he reacts to that," suggested Genevieve nonchalantly.

"Genevieve, I've already given you the violin! Have you forgotten what you swore to me?" roared Marilyn.

"Of course I haven't. I don't have any plans to die just yet," replied Genevieve with a chuckle. "However, I'm younger and more beautiful than you, Marilyn. Plus, I'm also married to Armand. As for you, not only were you married to Samuel, but you're also with child now. What makes you think Armand still wants to be with you?"

"Shut up! You shut up right now!" shouted Marilyn, infuriated by Genevieve's harsh words.

Not only that, but Genevieve could also hear the sound of things getting violently smashed over the phone. Hence, the corner of her lips lifted even higher. "It doesn't matter what you do, Marilyn. Armand will never divorce me."

"Do you think you would have a chance with Mando had it not been for me? I wouldn't think too highly of myself if I were you, Genevieve," reminded Marilyn coldly.

When the sound of running water stopped in the bathroom, Genevieve scoffed, "If you don't believe me, then let me show you something."

With that, Genevieve hung up on Marilyn and added the woman's phone number to her WhatsApp.

Then, she immediately gave Marilyn a video call.

Without a second thought, Marilyn accepted the call with her camera pointed at the window as though she was afraid Genevieve would see how upset she was.

"Don't hang up on me now, Marilyn," instructed Genevieve while smiling at the camera.

Then, she placed her phone next to the desk lamp and adjusted the angle so that Marilyn could see Armand walking out of the bathroom.

The man only had a dark-colored bathrobe loosely wrapped around him, revealing part of his chest. His still-damp hair stuck to his forehead.

Somehow, he seemed more attractive with the casual look.

As Armand was drying his hair with a towel, he looked up to see Genevieve lying on the bed staring at him with her head resting on her hand.

“Go shower,” ordered Armand after a pause.

“I can’t. I have a leg cramp.” Genevieve pouted pitifully at the man before requesting to be carried to the bathroom.

Even though he was unsure if Genevieve was serious, Armand walked over to the bedside anyway to lift the woman as requested.

As soon as Armand got close enough, Genevieve wrapped one hand around the back of the man’s neck and playfully ran her fingers across his face.

Immediately, Armand gulped in response.

With her forehead pressed against Armand’s, Genevieve gazed deeply into the man’s eyes before whispering, “Mando, do you know what a snack is?”

Then, Genevieve proceeded to bite Armand’s lower lip and kiss him the way he kissed her the day before.

With his eyes closed, Armand climbed into bed and pinned the woman down to deepen the kiss.

Genevieve’s skin felt as soft as that of a baby, unlike how it was the previous day. Intoxicated by the faint fragrant on Genevieve, Armand was ready to swallow the woman whole.

The man then slowly moved from Genevieve’s lips to her earlobe before whispering, “Darling.”

Genevieve was shocked by the term of endearment, for it reminded her of how Armand used to call her by her full name back in Springwyn.

Since she could not speak, she decided to complain by writing in the memo: Can you not keep calling me by my full name? I think we’re way past that, aren’t we? From now on, you’ll call me Darling. Only you get to call me that. What do you think? It’s perfect, right?

However, Armand did not think it mattered what he called Genevieve.

He only did as requested on the bed that night, and that was it.

When Armand noticed Genevieve was distracted, he bit her as punishment.

He did his best to suppress his urges since Genevieve had not fully recovered yet, but just when he was about to get off of her, he noticed her glancing at the bedside table.

Following her gaze, he realized that a phone seemed to have been placed deliberately by the desk lamp.

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After grabbing the device, Armand noticed that there was an ongoing video call on it.

“Mando, don’t you dare touch Genevieve! I forbid you from laying a finger on her!” shrieked Marilyn when she saw Armand over the call.

When the man stayed silent, Marilyn burst into tears before resorting to begging. “Please, Mando. Just listen to me, okay?”

Following that, Armand heard the panicked voice of Marilyn’s housekeeper. “W-What’s wrong, Mdm. Marilyn? Are you okay?”

The sounds coming from the other end of the line were enough to tell Armand the sheer chaos that had erupted there.

Still, Armand decided that it was none of his business. After ending the call, the man turned to Genevieve, who remained on the bed, and stared at her with his deep-set eyes. “Why were you on a video call with Marilyn?”

“She called me when you were taking your shower and refused to believe that we’re together,” explained Genevieve after sitting up on the bed and crossing her legs, pretending to be innocent. “She insisted that we do a video call.”

In response, Armand leaned in to place his hand on the back of Genevieve’s head and yanked the woman close.

“Is that why you kissed me on purpose? Were you trying to put on a show for her?” Armand wanted to strangle Genevieve when he realized what she was doing just then.

Genevieve shuddered when she felt Armand’s breath on her cheek. “Marilyn insisted that we have a video call, and I didn’t know how to turn her down.” The woman gazed at Armand with her puppy-dog eyes as she continued to defend herself.

After pausing for a while, she continued, “It sounded like something’s going on with Marilyn’s baby. Don’t you think you should go check on her?”

Armand tightened his grip on Genevieve because he knew she was trying to change the subject. "Did you start acting ever since we got back from the hospital?"

"I thought we were already acting when you first married me. Is that not so?" questioned Genevieve rhetorically. "You're only being nice to me because you need my blood, and I'm only doing my best to please you because I need you to help me get my revenge. Does that not sit well with you? Or do you prefer that I go back to being wary of you?"

For all his years in the business world, never had Armand been bested in a negotiation.

However, the man finally met his match today.

Enraged by Genevieve's flippant words, Armand forcefully pinned the woman on the bed and bit her on the lips once again.

The man was no longer gentle with Genevieve, though. With the woman's lips between his teeth, Armand wanted nothing more than to rip her apart then.

The two had spent countless hours in bed together, but Genevieve had never seen Armand like this before. Frightened, she pulled away from the man and accidentally injured her lips.

Just when Genevieve was about to inhale sharply because of the pain, Armand forced himself onto her bleeding lips again and stopped her from making a sound.

At that moment, Genevieve began to regret her impulsiveness. Why did I have to say those words? I could've just continued to play coy.

Armand then lifted the hem of Genevieve's dress and ran his calloused fingers across the woman's delicate skin. He could feel the way she trembled beneath him. Suddenly, his fingers brushed across an area of raised skin.

Lowering his head, he stared at the burn scar on her waist. Like a tide, Armand's anger immediately receded. After grabbing the blanket next to him, he threw it on top of Genevieve.

"You're really something else. Do you know that, Genevieve?" sneered Armand at Genevieve before leaving the room with a grim expression on his face.

The usually calm man slammed the door behind him so violently that Genevieve was left stunned.

After staring blankly at the chandelier above her for a while, she climbed out of bed and went to shower.

The next day was the day of Patrick's burial. Genevieve got up early in the morning and saw the housekeeper preparing breakfast in the kitchen.

"Mr. Faulkner has already left in the middle of the night," informed the housekeeper after greeting Genevieve.

It was around twelve when a loud noise disturbed the housekeeper's slumber the previous night. Hence, she quietly poked her head out of her room and saw Armand exiting the master bedroom.

The housekeeper was utterly stunned when she noticed the fear-inducing look on his face.

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After watching Armand leave the house, the servant went back to bed.

The next morning, she did not see the leather shoes the man usually wore or his coat on the hanger. Hence, she assumed that he had been out the entire night.

Genevieve simply gave an indifferent laugh when she heard the housekeeper. "He probably had something important to tend to."

However, the servant was not convinced, for that was not what it looked like based on the expression she saw on Armand. The man looked like he was mad. Could they have gotten into a fight in the bedroom?

The housekeeper had her assumptions but dared not gossip about them.

After breakfast, Genevieve sent Steven a message to ask about the cemetery's location, and when she got it, her eyes immediately welled up because that was also where her parents and grandmother were buried.

Genevieve went to a dessert shop to get two boxes of cream puffs before making her way to the cemetery.

Since she had been there twice, she knew of a shortcut to get there and did not have to rely on her phone.

After parking her car, Genevieve walked up the stairs with the dessert in her hand and soon saw Steven, who was standing in front of a tombstone with his back to her.

Beside the man were several staff members of the funeral service company keeping busy under a large black umbrella.

Steven usually kept his back straight, so he looked somewhat despondent with it slightly arched now.

Genevieve walked toward Steven slowly until she finally reached the man's side.

Steven was holding an urn covered with red cloth as he spoke to Genevieve, his eyes downcast. "Patrick had always been a smart kid. It doesn't matter if it's a contest on hacking or sniping skills because he'd always come out on top. The Ministry of National Security wanted to recruit him before he even graduated from military school, but I didn't let him go."

The man paused briefly before continuing, "I was born in a slum in Xedells, where I spent most of my childhood starving and seeking shelter. My father was killed in a car accident, and the culprit just drove off. The guy was never brought to justice. My mother basically had to raise me on her own, and when she was diagnosed with gastric cancer, we lost our house. No bank was willing to give us a loan."

Back then, Steven was desperate to get money to treat his sick mother. He had to fight for a job at the docks and even steal from an arcade.

The third time he tried to swipe the establishment, Steven was caught red-handed by the owner, who beat him up along with the workers there. When the owner told him that he would get his hands chopped off, Steven immediately swung his fists at the men and made a break for it.

Then, Steven just so happened to bump into a young man walking out of a cafe and heading for a car parked by the roadside, and that person was Armand.

Barely twenty years old, Armand had just returned home after studying abroad. He said goodbye to his friends and was about to go home when he saw the owner of the arcade rush out to kick Steven, who had reached his car.

Armand's driver decided to step out of the vehicle to talk to the arcade owner and managed to get rid of the man after offering him some money.

Steven could tell that Armand was wealthy just by looking at the man's clothes and car, so he immediately begged Armand to lend him some money and promised to return it.

The owner, who had not returned to his arcade yet, snorted at Steven before turning to Armand. "I wouldn't trust him if I were you. He just tried to steal from me; that should be enough to tell you what kind of person he is. Besides, he's from the slums. Do you think he'll be able to pay you back?"

“I didn’t want to steal,” protested Steven. “I just need enough money so that my mother can undergo surgery for her gastric cancer.”

Steven would not have resorted to thieving if he had a choice.

Unexpectedly, Armand simply asked Steven how much the man needed and handed over his bank card. After telling Steven the password to use the card, Armand got into his car and left. As for Steven, he hurried home to get his mother to a hospital and paid the necessary fees to book an appointment.

Unfortunately, his mother had already reached the advanced stage and was incurable at that point.

Hence, Steven used the money to purchase all kinds of medication to allow his mother to live a longer life. After keeping her company at the hospital for half a year, she finally passed away in peace.

Since Steven did not know how to reach Armand, he presented the man’s bank card to the police and told them that he had found it on the streets.

When Armand appeared at the precinct shortly after, Steven returned the card and told the man that his mother had passed away.

Still, he promised Armand that he would get a job and pay the money he had used back in installments.

“My driver is about to retire. Come work for me and take his place,” said Armand.

That was how Steven ended up working for Armand.

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Not only did Armand lend Steven a helping hand in the man’s hour of need, but he also taught Steven a great many things.

If it were not for Armand, Steven would have stopped pursuing his studies in elementary school. Fortunately, he ended up graduating with a doctorate and got promoted from being a mere driver to the head of the secretarial department in Central Group. From then on, he no longer needed to worry about not having enough money.

Because of that, Steven was determined to repay the kindness.



He picked Patrick up from the trash and nurtured the latter into a fine young man. Even though he knew Patrick was incredibly capable and would do well anywhere, Steven still kept him by his side so that they could help Armand.

Initially, Steven planned on letting Patrick have his freedom after two more years. The latter could then do whatever he wanted to and marry whoever he liked.

However, he never expected that Patrick would fall for Genevieve.

Since Steven never told Genevieve about his past, she thought he was loyal to Armand because the two men grew up together. She did not expect Steven to have such a terrible childhood.

If it were not for Armand's act of kindness, Steven probably would not have had the means to help Patrick.

Genevieve's eyes immediately teared up after listening to Steven's story, but she was unsure what to say.

Hence, Genevieve simply watched in silence as Steven positioned the urn under the guidance of a staff member. Then, the man walked over to Genevieve's side, and together, they bowed their heads respectfully at the tombstone.

Genevieve waited until Steven placed his bouquet before setting her white daisies and the two boxes of cream puffs before the tombstone.

When the woman looked at Patrick's photo, her eyes could not help but grow wet once again.

Genevieve had thought her grandmother would be the last loved one she had to part with, but she was wrong.

"Thank you, Patrick," uttered Genevieve under her breath.

When the funeral was over, Genevieve and Steven left the cemetery and walked to the parking lot.

Taking another small urn out of his car, Steven gave it to Genevieve. "This is the other half of Patrick's ashes; I'm handing it to you now. I know Patrick was good at slipping under the radar. Back then, I wanted to let you two escape, but..."

In response, Genevieve smiled bitterly. "If Marilyn's people hadn't recognized the ring, we would've gotten away. I ruined Patrick's plan." I should've tried a few more jewelry stores to see if they could help me get the ring off.

Steven stared at Genevieve in silence until he could no longer hold it in. "Mrs. Faulkner, Mr. Faulkner doesn't think of you as a fool. Please understand that there are just a lot of things that he can't talk about."

"It doesn't matter to me. They're none of my business," responded Genevieve with a small smile.

No matter what Armand wanted to do or what he was hiding from her, the possibility of them having a relationship was destroyed the moment Patrick died and when she lost her children.

After watching Genevieve enter her car with the urn, Steven sighed before turning to get into his.

Genevieve intended to go back to work the day after attending Patrick's funeral. However, she slipped in the shower that evening and injured herself.

The housekeeper was shocked and thought Genevieve should go to the hospital. She even tried to call Armand but was stopped by the injured woman.

Instead, Genevieve had Steven help her take two days off to recover at home.

After storming out of the house the other night, Armand did not return to Regality Gardens again nor send Genevieve a single message. However, Genevieve did not mind that one bit.

With nothing to do, Genevieve decided to log into her long-abandoned Twitter account and was blown away by the number of direct messages she had received on the platform.

Countless netizens, reporters, and music aficionados wrote to question who her song was intended for, to praise her, to ask if she had thought about furthering her studies in music, or to ask if they could buy the rights to her song.

Genevieve noticed that her work had been shared more than ten million times and had received at least a million comments.

Even as she was going through her account, many were still actively discussing who her song was intended for.

One commenter wrote: I saw a woman beside Mr. Faulkner of Central Group in a jewelry store in Springwyn, and she looked a lot like Genevieve. Since she went to the Faulkner residence, does that mean she's married to Armand?

When Genevieve skimmed through the comments and came across the confession she had posted online previously, she felt a stinging pain in her heart.

She instinctively wanted to delete the post, but she knew doing that would only prove to herself that she still loved Armand.

After all, if she truly did not have any feelings left for the man, she could have just left it alone.

Instead of deleting the post, Genevieve ended up sharing it and adding a few words. Then, she turned her phone off and tossed it aside.

A few minutes later, the entire cyber world was in an uproar.

## **My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 239**

### **My Flirtacious Husband**

#### Chapter 239

Meanwhile, at Central Group, Steven was so busy that he had no time to check the entertainment news online. He only heard about Genevieve's post on Twitter from the other secretaries.

When he went online to see for himself, his heart almost stopped beating. Couldn't she have deleted the post? This is just savage! I mean, Cooper even shared the post!

The news was so shocking that even Jenny of the translation department sent Steven a text message: Mr. Sullivan, isn't Genevieve dating your brother? Since when did she and Cooper get back together?

Steven was stunned for a moment before replying to the message: Patrick and Genevieve were dating? Why am I only hearing about this now?

Jenny: Why else would your brother be so nice to her?

Genevieve wanted her marriage with Armand to stay a secret because she preferred that nobody knew about it. Hence, as Armand's secretary, Steven thought it would be best for him to stay out of the matter.

Steven simply brushed off Jenny by telling her that Patrick and Genevieve were just friends.

It was not until the afternoon that Steven finished sorting everything out and reported to Armand in the man's office. The secretary then decided to take the opportunity to inform his superior of the trending news.

However, Steven did not receive a response even after waiting a while.

Upon glancing over, Steven saw that Armand was busy with the documents he had handed over. Despite that, he believed that the man had heard him. Hence, he decided to keep silent.

It took Armand five minutes before he was finally done tending to the papers, and only then did he reach out for his phone.

Armand did not even have to search for Genevieve's post on Twitter because it was all over the internet.

Genevieve: Since everyone's so eager to find out who I wrote the song for, I decided to come clean. It's for my ex-husband, Cooper. We may have our differences, but we did grow up together, after all. I know he'd do anything for me, so we got back together.

Then, Armand saw that Cooper had shared Genevieve's post.

Cooper: I'll always be there for you.

The two Twitter posts were more than enough to get the netizens to start digging into the past, after which they were even more dumbfounded.

Didn't Cooper scheme against Genevieve in order to get his hands on Specter Corporation? The man worked with his mistress, Erica, to set Genevieve up with another man so he could accuse her of cheating on him, right?

Yeah. Erica even confessed that Cooper wasn't the father of her child.

I remember that Cooper was detained for ten days for trying to force himself on Genevieve at Lovely Heart Hotel.

Genevieve said that she wrote the song for Cooper. Does that mean she was trying to confess her feelings to the man?

I guess Cooper and Genevieve got back together, huh?

When the truth came out previously, everyone realized that it was Cooper who had an extramarital affair, not Genevieve. The man cheated with his secretary, Erica, and set Genevieve up. Everyone on the internet suddenly turned on Cooper and demanded justice for Genevieve.

Hence, the netizens who stood up for Genevieve at the time were understandably puzzled when the woman told the world that she and Cooper had gotten back together.

After seeing Genevieve's post on Twitter, the netizens came down hard on her, calling her crazy.

Steven lifted his head and noticed Armand's grim expression as the man continued to go through the online comments. "The entire internet is cursing Cooper and Mrs. Faulkner right now. However, what she did caused Specter Corporation's stock price to skyrocket."

Even though Steven was unsure what Genevieve had in mind, her action somehow managed to indirectly affect Specter Corporation's stock price.

Steven even wondered if it was Cooper who instructed Genevieve to post on Twitter.

After all, the woman knew nothing about economics. However, she was one of the top influencers on social media. Not many could reach tens of millions of people on the internet.

Steven then glanced at Armand once again, recalling the faint smile that had appeared on his employer's face back when Genevieve first tweeted about that song. This must be pretty tough for him. The song had been meant as a surprise for him, yet Mrs. Faulkner is now telling the world that she wrote it for her ex-husband.

## **My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 240**

### **My Flirtacious Husband**

#### Chapter 240

Genevieve rested at home for two days and only returned to work after recovering from her injury.

Many of her colleagues had already arrived at the translation department when Genevieve reached the office.

Some were busy organizing documents while others gathered around to chat. When one of them saw Genevieve walking in in a black suit, she was stunned. "Hey, Genevieve. You're back to work already?"

Genevieve?

As soon as Genevieve's other colleagues heard her name, they looked over with wide eyes to stare curiously at her.

They thought that she would not come to work because of the amount of attention she was getting on the internet.

“Good morning,” greeted Genevieve while smiling at her colleagues before settling behind her work desk.

What was a noisy department just a few minutes ago suddenly turned dead silent.

Genevieve noticed the awkwardness in the air and so lifted her head to smile at her colleagues once again. “I wasn’t feeling well, and there was an accident in the shower. That’s why I was away for quite a while. I appreciate that you guys covered for me, so I ordered some coffee and snacks as a thank you.”

As soon as Genevieve finished her sentence, a delivery person carrying several bags entered the office. “Is there a Genevieve Rachford here? I have your order.”

After taking the cups of coffee from the delivery person, Genevieve handed them to her colleagues.

As she did so, she even teasingly asked them if they could not recognize her due to her recent weight loss and lack of rest. This snapped them out of their daze as they laughed, accepting her generosity.

Suddenly, the entire office was lively again.

After taking a few sips of her coffee, Genevieve set it aside and threw herself into her work.

She was so focused that she did not even hear her name when another delivery person entered the office with a bouquet meant for her. A colleague ended up taking the flowers to her.

“Genevieve, Mr. Sutton of Specter Corporation just sent you flowers,” informed the colleague after knocking on Genevieve’s desk to get the woman’s attention.

Genevieve then lifted her head to see a bouquet of green roses.

They looked so fresh that one could be forgiven for thinking that they were just plucked from a garden nearby.

“Thank you,” responded Genevieve.

Since her desk was littered with documents, Genevieve simply placed the bouquet by one of the drawers.

When everyone had mostly finished their work close to noon, they went over to Genevieve with mugs in their hands to ask about the bouquet from Cooper.

“Hey, Genevieve. Why did Mr. Sutton suddenly send you flowers? Is it because of your post on Twitter? Are you guys getting back together?”

“Is there going to be another wedding?”

Genevieve took a sip of her coffee before replying, “We had a misunderstanding before, and now that it’s resolved, we’re on good terms again. Mr. Sutton and I are just good friends, though, so no wedding.”

“But I thought you remarried, no?” One of Genevieve’s colleagues noticed the absence of a wedding band on her ring finger. “I mean, you even took off your ring. Does that not mean you’re planning to marry Cooper again?”

Genevieve then looked at her right ring finger and noticed a mark from wearing a ring too long. “I did remarry, but I have no plans for a divorce. I just took the ring off because I’ve lost a lot of weight recently. It doesn’t fit my finger anymore, and I didn’t want to lose it.”

Even though Genevieve’s explanation made sense, her colleagues were unconvinced. “We heard that Cooper killed your parents just so he could take over your family business. Are you just going to forgive him like that?”

“That’s nonsense,” responded Genevieve with a chuckle. “He and I grew up together, so I’m sure I know what kind of person he is. Besides, I gave him my shares voluntarily because I wanted him to run the company for me. It would’ve gone bankrupt had I tried to manage it myself.”

Some of Genevieve’s colleagues thought her actions were understandable.

Since Cooper grew up with the Rachfords, it was only natural that Genevieve knew him best. On top of that, nobody had proof that the man killed Genevieve’s parents.