

## My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 281

### Chapter 281

Yorick begged, "Please, Jojo. Please let me off. I beg you-"

But as soon as he realized Johanna had no intention of letting him go, he grimaced and started raising his voice. "What nonsense is this? How dare you do this to your father! I brought you to this world! Without me, you're nothing!"

"So what if I'd sold you to the club? That's where you can make quick bucks within a short time. You're my daughter, so it's your duty to bring me money while you're still young. No one would pay money to spend time with you ten years from now when you're old and haggard like your mom!" he continued throwing a fit as if he had gone bonkers.

Steven, who was merely a young man in his thirties, was dumbfounded by the vicious remarks a father made about his daughter.

Johanna blanched at his words at first but pulled herself together. She aimed at two of Yorick's fingers on his right hand and chopped them with the chopper.

Blood splattered all over Johanna's face.

"Ah!" Yorick bellowed in pain, and his body twitched.

"You're no longer my father since the day you sold me to the nightclub. You hear me?" Johanna then stuck the chopper between Yorick's remaining fingers, causing the man to shudder in fear.

"If you dare do this to me again, I'll send you to hell with my own hands!" Johanna threatened.

She got up, wiped the blood off her face, and said to Steven, "Release him, Steven. Let's go."

Genevieve went up and wrapped her arm around Johanna's shoulder before giving her two pieces of tissues.

After wiping the bloodstain off her fingers, Johanna asked Genevieve, "Are you shocked to see what I did to my father? Do you now think of me as a cruel person?"

"Yeah, a little," Genevieve said what was on her mind. "Just yesterday, you were crying-"

Genevieve did not expect Johanna to be so ruthless.

“I had no choice, Genev. Do you know people who gamble compulsively are worse than drug addicts? They would do anything to get their hands on money. Anything.”  
Johanna’s voice turned hoarse.

“When I was studying abroad, I’d seen all the crazy things gamblers did-” Johanna did not explain further. Perhaps, she had had a traumatizing experience dealing with them.

“I will be the one who suffers if I were to let him off. Just look at what my father did to me. He actually sold me to a nightclub. Can you believe it?”

Upon hearing that, Genevieve could somehow relate to Johanna’s experience.

But back then, she was not as far-sighted as Johanna because she was so hopelessly engrossed in a relationship.

Grandma would have survived the ordeal had I been more aware of the situation.

Because of that, Genevieve sympathized with Johanna and liked her even more. She gently rubbed Johanna’s shoulder and said, “Let’s go and get lunch. We’ll head back to Jadeborough tonight.”

“All right!” Johanna’s eyes lit up right away.

Yet, the smile on her face disappeared seconds later. “But my passport is still with the club-”

Genevieve grinned. “I’ll get Steven to retrieve it for you since I’ve redeemed you, so don’t worry. But if the club refuses to return the passport, we’ll apply for a new one. We’ll need to stay in Xedells for a couple more days.”

“You’re the best, Genev!” Johanna hugged her and rubbed her head against Genevieve’s body. “You’re my savior!”

“I want to be your wifey!”

“Thanks, but no thanks.” Genevieve declined her offer and shoved the back of Johanna’s head.

But that did not deter the bubbly girl from inching closer.

Xedells was a prosperous free economic zone and the world’s third largest central business district. One could easily find a variety of foods and entertainment in that bustling metropolis.

After lunch at a restaurant, Steven went to Ambrosia to retrieve Johanna's passport.

In the meantime, Genevieve and Johanna went to a shopping mall together.

During the heyday of the Rachford family, Genevieve was a social butterfly who had friends all over the country, and her friend list on WhatsApp was endless. But most friends turned their backs on her after the Rachford family crumbled.

Even her schoolmates distanced themselves from her.

Though she could afford anything under the sun after marrying Armand, she did not have any friends to talk to whenever she was on a shopping spree.

Having Johanna around today brightened Genevieve's day.

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Johanna studied fashion design at Loang and had a mastery of the subject. It only took her one glance at the racks to be able to pick out the most suitable outfit for Genevieve.

What was even more mind-blowing was how she could turn an unsightly piece of clothing into a stunning one, and that had left the staff gaped in wonderment and shock.

Genevieve burst into laughter listening to Johanna share stories about the weird people she had met in the design institute. The latter also grumbled about those she had come across during a social event she attended.

As the two got increasingly engrossed in the conversation, Genevieve felt the frustrations pent up in her fade.

After getting their hands full of items and headed for an afternoon break, Steven also made his way over.

Upon learning that Steven was there to collect Johanna's belongings, the club manager handed them over without hesitation.

The few of them then took the flight at six in the evening and headed back to Jadeborough.

Upon arrival at about eight, the car sent Johanna to Langfield Hotel.

Before she got off the car, she solemnly shoved a slip of paper into Genevieve's hand. "Genev, hold on to this IOU. I'll pay you back immediately after I earn the money. Call me if there's anything. My phone is switched on 24/7!"

Genevieve did not know how to react in that situation and could only keep the IOU. "There's no need in rushing to pay me back. The important thing is to take care of yourself first. Why don't I transfer you more money?"

"No, no." Johanna waved a dismissive hand.

"There's still a few hundred thousand in the card my mom gave me; so, it's enough to last me for a while. Genev, you have to keep thinking of me. Bye!"

"Bye."

Only after watching Johanna swaggered into the hotel did Genevieve retract her gazes and let out a light chuckle. "Steven, we'll go to the hospital."

"All right." Steven took a glance at Genevieve through the rearview mirror.

Just as she arrived at the inpatient department, she coincidentally saw Timothy walking out of the ward.

He had his phone in one hand, seemingly in the middle of texting someone.

"Dr. Jensen."

Realizing it was Genevieve, Timothy quickly stuffed his phone into his pocket. "Huh? You're back so soon? You didn't stay in Xedells for a few more days?"

"I wish I could take a break too, but sadly, no. Cooper and the others are still waiting to give me lessons." Genevieve shrugged her shoulders, looking helpless.

Curious, she added, "Don't you normally only come over at night?"

"It's an exception today." Timothy stopped smiling. "Genev, you have to brace yourself."

Her heart sank upon hearing that.

Noticing the closed door of the hospital ward behind Timothy, she felt a surge of fear within her. "Is he... brain dead?"

She had heard that a brain-dead person was essentially dead.

It was out of Timothy's expectations that Genevieve would have thought about that, and her response left him taken aback for a while. "Armand isn't brain dead. However, I found that the muscles in his legs are beginning to show signs of shrinking during the checkup earlier. And that means even if Armand does wake up, he might not be able to walk on his own again."

Genevieve froze on the spot.

Similarly, Steven was beyond shock and immediately fumed, "Don't you spout nonsense, Timothy. If you aren't capable of curing him, then find another doctor for Mr. Faulkner. He merely hurt his head; how is it possible that something's wrong with his legs?"

"I'm afraid there are no other doctors who can be as good as me, not just Jadeborough, but the whole country!" Timothy looked displeased as his forte had been doubted. "If you don't trust me, go find another doctor to run a check on Armand tomorrow!"

He then went on and threw Steven a question. "Armand was severely injured and even lost his vision fourteen years ago. Am I right?"

"Yes." Steven nodded.

During that time, he had not worked for Armand yet.

It was later that Steven sent someone to run some investigations regarding that explosion, only to find that a bodyguard had used his body to protect Armand.

That explosion had resulted in Armand being hospitalized for a period of time too.

Timothy scratched his head and let out a sigh. "It must've been a trauma since then. I'll use my connections to get a friend to send over the best medicine to cure Armand's legs. But no promises though for I can't guarantee if he'll still be able to walk when he wakes up. I'm only a doctor, after all. Anyway, I've been on duty for the whole day and I'm exhausted." He yawned. "Steven, can you send me back? I didn't drive today."

Steven coldly answered, "I'm not free. Go catch a cab by the road on your own."

"Well, Armand's wife will do fine by herself. There's no need for you to stay around." Timothy put his arm around Steven's shoulders and forced him toward the outside. "I'm so good-looking, so it's easy to run into perverts if I catch a cab alone at night. If I get defiled, my future wife won't want me anymore..."

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Steven was rendered speechless.

Johanna and Timothy are both chatterboxes. But how come Johanna looks so adorable when she talks while Timothy looks so annoying anyone will want to sew his lips up?

After the two left, Genevieve headed into the ward.

Armand's condition had improved a little as compared to the past few days, and he no longer needed the ventilator.

Seeing the man sound asleep, Genevieve did not dare to think what kind of reaction he would have if he ever woke up one day to find himself losing his mobility. Will he be utterly crushed by the fact?

As she clenched tightly onto his hand, she felt her heart ached terribly, almost as if there was a large fist wrenching it forcefully.

It would not kill her, yet it felt so suffocating.

I can't believe a mere action of mine that night would get him seriously injured...

Genevieve hated the smell of disinfectant in the hospital.

But now, the pungent smell of disinfectant contained traces of Armand's scent, and that had helped soothe the frustrations raging inside her.

She rested her cheeks against the back of the man's hand, leaned by the edge of the bed, and slept through the night.

The following day, as Genevieve did not see Steven around after waking up, she decided to return to Regality Gardens on her own.

As it had been quite a while since she returned, Dagna hurriedly went to prepare breakfast upon seeing her return.

When Genevieve got out of the room to have breakfast after changing into some clean clothes, Dagna asked concernedly about Armand's condition. Genevieve just told her that he was fine.

She had only taken a few mouthfuls of oatmeal when Steven called her.

“Mrs. Faulkner, something cropped up in the overseas company. I’m at the airport waiting for my flight now.” Steven’s tone was heavy.

Hearing Steven’s words, Genevieve deduced that it must be Samantha’s doings. “All right. Stay safe.”

Upon finishing breakfast, she rushed back to her office.

Even though Genevieve now held the position of the new CEO of Central Group, the vice presidents remained unchanged. Armand had personally promoted them previously, and two of them were busy with companies in the other regions while the other continued to stay at Central Group.

Thankfully, Genevieve had one less thing to worry over because that vice president had dealt with all the paperwork.

Of course, she would still look through the submitted proposals attentively and ask Cooper for help whenever she faced any difficulties.

Halfway through a document, she had to call Cooper as there were some contents that she did not understand.

Under normal circumstances, he would have answered her calls. Nevertheless, it was otherwise that particular day.

Moments later, Cooper sent her a WhatsApp message stating that it was inconvenient for him to answer her calls. He also said that she could contact him directly on WhatsApp if there was anything, and thus they texted over the phone for communication.

Little did she expect that Cooper’s assistant, Bertilla White, would come looking for her in the afternoon.

“Ms. Rachford.” Bertilla placed the documents she brought along on the desk. “These are all important files of Specter Corporation. Mr. Sutton has instructed me to send them over.”

Genevieve felt a massive headache forming. “I already have a ton of documents with me. Besides, isn’t he the one who’s in charge of Specter Corporation?”

Bertilla averted her gaze as she lowered her head and answered, “Mr. Sutton says you’re only temporarily helping Mr. Faulkner manage Central Group. You’ll eventually step down and take over the family business once Mr. Faulkner regains consciousness. That’s why Mr. Sutton wants you to get familiarized with Specter Corporation’s work so that you can take over in the future.”

Genevieve knew Cooper's intentions to return Specter Corporation to her. And in that case, it was inevitable that she had to familiarize herself now to prepare for the takeover in the future.

As such, she stopped refusing and accepted the stack of documents.

While she was busy handling Central Group's matters, over at Xedells, Peter had successfully entered Faulkner Group after buying all of Genevieve's shares. As he had the same equity as Samantha, he began fighting for power. Likewise, Samantha did not go easy on him either.

The two were so absorbed in their battle they could barely be bothered with Genevieve.

As such, the latter had taken advantage of this period to secretly take action against the Wood family and mess with Wood Group's business. At the same time, Cooper also sent her several documents.

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Cooper had reached out to an executive from Wood Group. That executive had leaked the group's quotation to the former because of monetary benefits.

Aside from that, Cooper also reminded Genevieve that Central Group had also tendered for the project.

She immediately contacted her team to quote lower than Wood Group, and ultimately she successfully secured the project.

After that matter concluded, she learned from Cooper that Wood Group's loss in the bid had left them in a complete mess as they had pumped in hefty funds for that project.

Genevieve could not help but secretly rejoice that she had finally sought revenge for the incident where she drank an entire bottle of brandy at the club.

After taking over Central Group for a month, she had improved tremendously—from teetering on her last leg to mastering all tasks.

These days, she could glance through documents easily instead of reading word by word.



As Central Group's stocks gradually stabilized, the shareholders could all finally heave a breath of relief.

That day, just as Genevieve arrived at the office and got busy with work matters, Cooper called. "Xavier has left for Saintnam for a partnership deal. There's only Martha alone at home with the two housekeepers in the Wood residence."

"Got it." She instantly understood his meaning.

Following that, she called Timothy. "Give a call to where Marilyn stays and tell her that you'll head over to give her a checkup at two in the afternoon. I'll be following along too."

"I can make the call." Timothy snorted. "But I won't do anything against the law!"

Right after Genevieve concluded the call, there were knocks on the door.

Cassie walked in. "Ms. Rachford, there are several interviewees here for the secretary position. Do you want to go take a look?"

It was Steven's instructions for the secretarial department to hire another secretary before he headed overseas.

It was unknown if Armand would regain his consciousness, and for Genevieve to take over Central Group for a long period; hence, there was a need for her to have a personal assistant.

"Sure." Since there was not too much work on hand for her, she decided to follow Cassie to the conference room.

What came within her line of vision upon entry into the conference room were three interviewers seated behind a long table. Opposite them were several candidates shortlisted for the final interview for the secretary position.

"Ms. Rachford." One of the interviewers stood up and gave up her seat.

Before getting seated, Genevieve swept her glance across the interviewees, and among them, she spotted a familiar face.

"Johanna? Why are you here to apply for this position?"

She had been occupied with work matters recently and would only engage in a short chat with Johanna over WhatsApp occasionally. All that she learned from the latter was that she had started work in a famous clothing company.

Much to her surprise, Johanna's eyes lit up at once when she saw Genevieve's presence. But she quickly raised her fist to cover her mouth and cleared her throat. In a serious tone, she explained, "Nice to meet you, Ms. Rachford. I think a secretary is a good profession with a promising future. And I believe the exposure will help me have a better perspective on work."

Genevieve was nonplussed hearing that answer. She lifted her fingers and pointed to Johanna. "She's the one. She can get to work right away. I'll take her around to learn more about Central Group."

Cassie nodded in acknowledgment. "All right. I'll help her get the onboarding procedures done."

With that, Johanna followed Genevieve out of the conference room.

Upon stepping into the elevator, the former broke into a bright smile and winked at the latter. "Surprise! Are you happy to see me here?"

"You're giving up on becoming a fashion designer?" Genevieve asked as she pressed a button in the elevator.

Johanna had wanted to hug her. Nonetheless, she noticed a surveillance camera at a corner of the elevator and immediately put down her hands. "No. The thing is, I can't get into the top companies here, yet those smaller scale companies have lots of rules and restrictions, so I can barely earn anything."

"Armand has a wide network of connections." Genevieve pondered. "I'll get the secretary to check if he has any acquaintances in the fashion industry to recommend you."

Johanna shook her head. "I still owe you twenty million. Aren't you afraid that I'll run away?"

"I don't think you will." In truth, Genevieve was impressed by Johanna's decisiveness at the sauna the other day. "Besides, I'm not short of cash. It doesn't matter even if you don't intend to pay me back. Anyway, you don't have that much money either."

"Boohoo! You're the best, Genev!" Johanna was immensely touched.

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Before long, Johanna continued, “Since I’m the chosen one among the candidates, it means I have the potential to be a great secretary. I can’t give up just like that! Can you imagine how I can stay by your side while earning money to pay you back? How amazing is that! Genev, do you know how pathetic I am? I barely have any friends after going overseas. Everyone has different practices, so we can never be on the same page. But after my return, I couldn’t get in touch with my old classmates anymore. For the past month, apart from looking for a job and drawing design drafts, I have been a couch potato watching dramas and playing games at home. My life has been really plain and boring. Genev, you have to keep me here. I promise I’ll be able to take up the workload of three secretaries!”

She was so talkative it did not seem like there was a need for her to take a breather as words kept pouring out of her mouth. Watching her chatty self-reminded Genevieve of Patrick.

If the two of them get together beside me, I’m sure it’ll be torture for my eardrums.

“Genev...”

While Johanna was about to continue blabbering, Genevieve hurriedly stopped her. “I’ve hired you, and I won’t chase you away. But for now, let my ears take a breather first.”

“Oh.” Johanna lifted her fingers to touch her lips and immediately stopped chatting.

As Central Group was a big corporation with many departments, it would take at least four to five hours for Johanna to finish touring every level. As such, Genevieve only took her to places that she might commonly visit in the future, including the recreational areas and the cafeteria.

It was about lunchtime when they arrived at the cafeteria. And so, Genevieve took Johanna to grab some lunch.

“Ms. Rachford,” some employees politely greeted Genevieve upon seeing her.

Unavoidably, they also snuck a look at the lady standing beside her, and that was, of course, Johanna. She was in a black business suit that perfectly accentuated her figure.

Her facial features were soft and delicate, making her look just like a character from fantasy dramas.

While the crowd was curious about Johanna's identity, the latter walked up to them and smilingly greeted, "Hi! I'm Ms. Rachford's personal assistant, Johanna Joule."

"Wow, Johanna. Your complexion is so fair and silky smooth. You must have a great skincare routine!"

"Johanna, your outfit is from Gucci, right? Their spring collection is going for simplistic looks. But isn't this a little too plain? You..."

Meanwhile, Genevieve had been overly engrossed with the work messages in the group chat and did not notice that Johanna had walked away.

When it was her turn to order, she put away her phone and turned around to ask Johanna what she wanted to eat, only to find that no one was behind her.

Good Lord.

Upon another look, she found Johanna at a table next to the window. Around her were several female colleagues, and they were chatting about fashion-related topics. Even the staff sitting at the table behind them turned their heads and listened to their conversation.

And she claims she has social anxiety disorder? She's totally a social butterfly!

Later, when Johanna collected her lunch and walked over to where Genevieve was sitting, she proudly swung her phone in front of the latter and claimed, "I've joined every gossip chat of Central Group. From now on, I'll be able to share with you every secret and rumor in the company."

"Good job." Genevieve did not know what else to say and merely gave her a thumbs up.

Shortly after lunch, Johanna went to the secretarial department to get familiarized with the work. On the other hand, Genevieve returned to the CEO's office intending to get some rest. Unfortunately, she could not fall asleep.

Thinking about it, I've been too busy recently that I haven't visited the hospital for two weeks...

After dozing off for a short while, Genevieve woke up and grabbed a cup of coffee before continuing with work.

Just then, Timothy called and told her he was on the way to Marilyn's house.

At once, she contacted Cooper and asked him to arrange for a few men to head over to meet up with Timothy.

At the same time, she took her car keys and left the office after wrapping up the work on hand.

Meanwhile, at the secretarial department, Johanna and Cassie were seated at the latter's desk chatting. At the sight of Genevieve walking passed, she immediately stood up.

"Where are you going, Ms. Rachford?"

Genevieve bobbed her head slightly and said to Cassie, "I won't be coming back this afternoon. Call me if there are any urgent matters."

"Got it," Cassie responded.

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When Genevieve turned around to leave, Johanna followed her. "Just stay at the secretarial department. You don't have to follow me."

"No," replied Johanna matter-of-factly. "You wanted a personal assistant who's supposed to stay by your side constantly and help you with work."

Before Genevieve could say anything, she strode to the elevator briskly, opened the doors, and blocked them so Genevieve could enter first.

Genevieve's head started to ache. However, since Johanna insisted on following her, she passed the car keys to her.

When Johanna saw the limited-edition Pagani at the underground garage, she got excited. "It's so nice being a driver! I can even drive a luxurious car! Wow!"

Unable to control herself, Genevieve burst out laughing.

Marilyn stayed in a luxurious mansion district in the city center. Since the residents were either celebrities or government officials, security was very strict. However, Genevieve's subordinates had already swapped the security team beforehand.

When her car arrived, she was allowed into the mansion district smoothly.

The car stopped in front of a mansion. Genevieve got out of the car, and she wanted Johanna to wait for her in the car.

However, after thinking about it for a while, she let Johanna follow her.

Timothy opened the door, looking quite relaxed in his doctor's gown. As he was quite tall, he immediately spotted the young woman behind Genevieve when he lowered his head.

Timothy placed an arm against the door and raised his brows. "Are you giving a pretty woman to me? I am going to feel bad about it!"

"Dream on!" Genevieve rolled her eyes. Slapping his arm away with her bag, she entered the house. "This is my assistant, Johanna."

After Genevieve entered the house, Johanna walked forward and had a closer glimpse of Timothy.

His facial features were very well-defined, making him look like a character out of a comic book. There was an amused look in his eyes as a nonchalant smile played on his lips.

"Huh?" Johanna stared at him for a few seconds and mumbled, "You look so familiar. I think I've seen you before."

"Really?" Timothy raised his eyebrows.

He knew very well what he looked like.

As he was too handsome, female patients would surge to his office every time it was his consultation hours. He had heard all sorts of things from them.

Bending down slightly, he stared at Johanna in amusement. Just when he was about to say, "Is it in your dream..."

"Oh, I remember you!"

Pointing at his face, Johanna exclaimed excitedly, "Have you watched this drama called 'Assassin'? You're just like that main male character, but the actor is more charismatic than you. You look like you're a... Mmm!"

"Okay, shut up." Timothy dragged her over and clapped a hand over her mouth.

After locking the door, he led her upstairs.

Genevieve had already gone to the second floor. Two burly men stood in front of a door on the right.

When they saw Genevieve walking over, they nodded at her slightly and opened the door.

She stepped into the room. The curtains were pulled over the windows and the light in the room was on. Marilyn was sitting on a chair.

Hearing the footsteps, she raised her head.

“Genevieve!” When Marilyn saw Genevieve entering, her expression turned even uglier.

If Timothy had not numbed her hands and legs, causing her to be paralyzed on the chair, she would have slapped Genevieve harshly.

Smiling, Genevieve walked over briskly. “Long time no see, my sister-in-law.”

When Marilyn thought about Armand’s background, she felt disgusted. “Armand is no longer part of the Faulkner family, nor am I your sister-in-law!”

“Although Mando’s not part of the Faulkner family, he dated you for thirteen years, right?” Genevieve pulled a chair over and sat down leisurely. “You’re so heartless, Ms. Wood. Ever since Mando got into an accident, you didn’t visit him in the hospital even once.”

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Marilyn scoffed as she stared at Genevieve’s face. “He’s the one who bumped into you in the hospital and you’re the one he likes. If you know that very well, why bother coming here to disgust me? Why should I visit a man who doesn’t like me?”

“Since you already know that he doesn’t like you, why did you give the video to Cooper unhesitatingly when he exchanged the video for the violin? Why would you become so angry upon seeing me acting all intimate with Mando in the video, such that your baby was affected?” interrogated Genevieve.

Marilyn pursed her lips tightly. Leaning forward, Genevieve moved closer to her.

“When I went to eat with Old Mrs. Faulkner and heard your past with Armand, I already know what you’re planning. You’ve never liked him, Marilyn. You’re only together with him because he can give you everything that you want. Furthermore, since you know that he’ll be the heir of the Faulkner family, you can rise to the peak in the future and become the ‘Mrs. Faulkner’ whom everyone envies. To your surprise, something happened along your plan...”

Scoffing, Genevieve continued, “I bet that if Armand is really from the Faulkner family, you would’ve stayed beside his hospital bed every day. However, after you realized that he’s just an escort’s child, you immediately cut off all ties with him.”

Seeing that her intentions had been exposed, Marilyn was furious. However, she smirked coldly. “Yeah, I look down on him. I’m a daughter from the Wood family, but he’s now a laughing stock in Xedells. I don’t want to be burdened by him. I’m selfish, but you aren’t a good person either, Genevieve. Didn’t you marry Armand because he’s powerful? If you didn’t marry him, could you have become the glorious CEO of Central Group?”

Marilyn stared at her coldly. “Genevieve, you still have to thank me. Had it not been for me, would you have the chance to marry Armand?”

Chuckling, Genevieve replied, “Yeah, I should thank you.”

If Marilyn had not become pregnant and if she did not have the same blood type as Marilyn, she would never cross paths with Armand.

Marilyn snorted. When she saw Timothy bringing a woman in, she yelled furiously, “Timothy, how dare you anesthetize me by claiming to treat me? How dare you let Genevieve bully me like this? Are you crazy?”

“Since when did I anesthetize you?” Looking innocent, Timothy flicked Johanna’s face. “Did I do it?”

Johanna touched her face and said cluelessly, “No. We just came up!”

When Marilyn saw them acting all dumb, she was furious.

She shot a vicious glare at Genevieve. “Genevieve, I’d advise you against doing anything rash! I’m married to the Faulkner family. If you dare to touch me, my brother and the Faulkner family will not let you off the hook!”

“It’s no fun touching you.” Genevieve patted her cheek gently and smiled. “I’d rather watch you sob in misery. “



What?

Marilyn felt a chill run down her spine when she saw Genevieve's smile. For some reason, those words seemed to be packed with meaning.

At that moment, Genevieve's phone rang. She whipped out her phone and showed it to Marilyn.

There was a video playing on the phone. Martha was tied to the chair while two women in maid uniforms stood beside her.

When Martha saw Marilyn through the video call, she yelled anxiously, "Marilyn!"

"Mom!" Marilyn panicked upon seeing that her mother had been kidnapped. Glaring at Genevieve, she demanded, "Genevieve, you planted some spies in my family? My family is one of the four largest families in Xedells! How dare you touch my mom? Free my mom right now! Otherwise, neither the Wood family nor I will spare you!"

"You've already fallen into my hands, lying in my complete mercy. How can you do anything to me?" asked Genevieve.

She grabbed Marilyn's hair and shoved the phone in front of her face before whispering, "I'll do what you did when you forced Patrick to his death."

She soon released Genevieve and smiled at Martha in the video. "Mrs. Wood, only you and your daughter... Wait, your grandchild too! Only two out of the three of you can survive today. Do you choose to let yourself or your daughter live?"

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Martha shook in fury. "How dare you, Genevieve? Aren't you afraid that my son..."

"You want your daughter to die, right?" interrupted Genevieve as she pulled out a pill from her pocket.

"Genev, I'll hold your phone for you."

Johanna rushed forward and took the phone from Genevieve. She pointed the camera at Marilyn so it was more convenient for Genevieve to act.

Meanwhile, Timothy leaned against the door with his eyebrows raised and watched everything unfold.

Other than Steven, he thought that anyone else from the secretarial department would be scared to death if they saw Genevieve doing that.

However, not only was Johanna not surprised, but she also volunteered to help.

Hmm, this is interesting.

When Marilyn saw the pill in Genevieve's hands, she tensed up. "I dare you to touch me!"

Not standing on ceremony, Genevieve pried Marilyn's mouth apart.

When Martha saw that Genevieve was actually being serious, she screamed in panic, "I'm begging you now. Don't touch my daughter! Genevieve, regardless of whether you're after money or power, we can negotiate! Please let Marilyn go, okay? She's pregnant with the Faulkner family's child..."

"What's that got to do with me?" asked Genevieve with a smile. "Since Armand isn't actually from the Faulkner family, what's there left for me to be wary about?"

Martha snapped in fury, "Aren't you afraid that you'll get bad karma if you harm a pregnant lady?"

Narrowing her eyes, Genevieve rebuked coldly, "Your daughter would suffer from bad karma first. I was pregnant once. Were it not for your daughter, I wouldn't have had a miscarriage."

Martha was at a loss for words to refute her.

"Mrs. Wood, let me ask you one last time. Do you want to save yourself or your daughter?" Genevieve squeezed Marilyn's cheeks forcefully and put the pill merely an inch away from her mouth.

She could shove the pill into Marilyn's mouth any time.

"No..." Marilyn shook her head violently, wanting to shake Genevieve's hand away. However, it was futile.

When Martha saw how helpless her daughter was, tears streamed down her cheeks. "Will you only spare my daughter if I die?"

Genevieve smiled. "Of course."

"Okay... Okay..." Martha looked at Marilyn before glaring at Genevieve viciously. "You better honor your promise. Or else, I'll haunt you even after I die!"

Genevieve shot a look at the housekeeper at the side. She took out a pill from her pocket and shoved it into Martha's mouth.

Closing her eyes, Martha swallowed it.

When Marilyn saw that scene, she felt like Genevieve had just plunged a dagger into her heart, causing it to ache terribly.

She struggled to break free with all her might. After Genevieve let go of her, she screamed at the video, "Mom, don't swallow it! Spit it out! Genevieve won't dare to do anything to you. She's just toying with you! She wouldn't dare to offend our family and the Faulkner family... She definitely wouldn't dare to! Do you want to die? Take the pill out of my mom's mouth!" Marilyn even roared at the housekeeper standing beside Martha.

"If anything bad happens to my mom, you're dead! My brother will not let you off the hook!"

"Genevieve, tell them to let go of my Mom!" Marilyn turned around and yelled at Genevieve. "I know that Patrick killed my dad, so he has to die for his sin! How dare you touch my mom? Do you want to die too?"

"I know that you killed Old Mrs. Faulkner. Are you going to die for your sin too?" asked Genevieve.

"What nonsense are you talking about?"

Shrugging, Genevieve replied with a smile, "Since you didn't kill Old Mrs. Faulkner, what does your father's death have anything to do with Patrick?"

Marilyn was so furious that her lips trembled.

"Marilyn!" Martha called out from the video. "Don't let Genevieve lead you by the nose! Don't confess to anything that you didn't do. She promised that she'll spare you if I die! Otherwise, she'll be punished by the heavens."

"Mom..." Tears welled up in Marilyn's eyes.

Blood dribbled down the corners of Martha's mouth as the rosiness in her cheeks faded. "Marilyn, I won't be able to keep you company anymore. You and your brother must take care of yourselves..."

When Marilyn saw the blood on Martha's lips, she almost had a breakdown.

Now, Marilyn believed that Genevieve was not joking at all—she actually did it.

## My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 289

### My Flirtacious Husband

#### Chapter 289

“Genevieve, I beg you! Please spare my mom...” pleaded Marilyn while crying. “I’ll apologize to you and you can bully me however you want. Why are you doing that to an old lady like her?”

Genevieve bent down and wiped her tears away. “Does it hurt? When I begged you to spare Patrick, how did you treat me? If you didn’t send anyone to chase me, I would’ve gone overseas with Patrick. After I leave, what kind of threat would I pose to you?”

Whenever she remembered the scene of Patrick dying in her arms, her heart ached terribly.

“I wasn’t born cruel. But I’ll repay the deed if someone treats me badly,” continued Genevieve. “Marilyn, you dug your own grave.”

Remembering something, Genevieve asked Timothy, “Do you have a cigarette?”

Timothy stuck his hand into his coat’s pocket and took out a box of cigarettes. He asked curiously, “Why do you want a cigarette?”

Without saying anything, Genevieve took out a cigarette from the box and lit it up with a lighter. She asked Timothy, “Other than her stomach, where else can she feel the pain?”

Immediately understanding her intentions, Timothy was mortified for a moment. “Her collarbones and waist.”

“What are you going to do?” Marilyn wanted to struggle, but she could not move her body at all. She screamed shrilly, “Genevieve, you have promised my mom!”

Glancing at the lit cigarette in her hands, Genevieve said with a smile, “I’ll definitely honor my promise. Timothy’s here, so you don’t have to worry about anything happening to your child. But I must return what you’ve left on my body. You can choose between your collarbones and your waist?”

Marilyn remembered the torturous experience that Genevieve had suffered a long time ago. A chill ran down her spine as she shook her head violently.

“I’ll choose for you then.” Genevieve forcefully tugged Marilyn’s collar down, revealing her collarbones.

“Burning your waist might affect your baby, so I shall do it on your collarbones.” With that, she stabbed the cigarette onto Marilyn’s fair collarbones.

“Argh!” shrieked Marilyn miserably as pain surged through her body. She could not stop trembling.

When Martha saw her daughter suffering from such treatment, she tried to free herself from the chair furiously. “Genevieve, you... you...”

Genevieve lit another cigarette and pressed it beside the previous burn.

A third one came next.

In the end, Marilyn was so numb with pain that she could not even muster a single scream.

Meanwhile, Martha became extremely angry upon watching the scene through video call and toxins in her body spread rapidly. When she opened her mouth, her head drooped before she could say a single word.

After being tortured and witnessing Martha’s death, Marilyn screamed before fainting.

Before Genevieve did anything to Marilyn, Timothy had already summoned the gynecologist and nurses over from the adjacent room.

When they saw that Marilyn had fainted, they moved her to the bed and did a thorough check-up on her.

Meanwhile, Genevieve took her phone from Johanna and instructed the two housekeepers to leave the Wood family. Then, she stood at the side and watched coldly.

She watched as the nurse lifted Marilyn’s shirt, revealing her rounded tummy that was nurturing a new life...

A grim look flashed across Genevieve’s eyes.

After checking on Marilyn, the doctor turned around and faced Timothy. “The baby’s fine. However, Ms. Wood fainted from shock and will probably only wake up tomorrow morning.”

“Thank you.” Timothy patted the doctor’s shoulder and asked him to leave with the nurse first.

He made a call and asked someone to clean the room. Then, he left with Genevieve and Johanna.

“Five minutes after we leave, the surveillance cameras in the mansion will resume. The housekeepers will also wake up.”

Initially, Genevieve had already instructed someone to deal with the aftermath. When she heard that Timothy had already made the arrangements, she was stunned for a while before smiling. “It’s my first time meeting a doctor like you. Not only are you a genius in medicine, but you can also handle security matters. What’s your next step? Going to space?”

“Forget it.” Timothy waved his hands. “The costs of going to space are too much. I don’t have a wife or a child yet!”

Since he was so lazy, he would be unwilling to do all that.

On the way there, Cooper kept calling him as he was the one who did everything. Timothy merely gave him instructions.

## **My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 290**

### **Chapter 290**

When the three of them left the mansion, it was already dark outside.

Timothy yawned lazily. Placing an arm around Johanna’s thin waist, he flicked her cheek. “I worked for an entire evening for Ms. Rachford. Shouldn’t you treat me to a meal?”

“Sure!” Johanna thought about it. “What about some crayfish? The shop that I went to previously has amazing crayfish!”

Timothy raised his eyebrows, his eyes filled with amusement. “I won’t refuse it as long as there is good food!”

Genevieve slapped Timothy’s arm away from Johanna’s shoulder with her bag before dragging Johanna away.

“Don’t be too close to Timothy. He’s already touched you twice.”

“Don’t worry!” Johanna waved her hands and replied with a smile, “He’s gay! I’m probably just a good friend to him.”

Genevieve burst out laughing. When Timothy heard that, his lips twitched.

He strode forward briskly, pulled Johanna into his arms, and pinched her cheek. "Don't speak nonsense, you little brat! Otherwise, you're doomed. I'm straight!"

"Really?" Genevieve glanced at him from the corners of her eyes. "I wonder who told me that he's willing to be a bottom as long as he can be with Mando."

Johanna exclaimed excitedly, "You see! I knew that you..."

Just when Johanna was about to complete her sentence, Timothy clapped his hand over her mouth and gazed at Genevieve pleadingly. "I'm begging you! Forget what I said and spare me!"

"The more you panic, the more others will suspect your sexual orientation," replied Genevieve with a smirk.

Timothy was speechless.

As Genevieve had arrived in a Pagani, only two people could fit into it. She asked someone to drive her car back before going to the shop in Timothy's car.

The market was extremely lively, with all the stalls filled with customers.

In the al-fresco dining area, Genevieve looked at the people walking past on the streets and the waiters standing at the entrance.

Suddenly, she remembered how she and Armand had strolled along the market beside the shopping mall when she was recovering in Springwyn.

Back then, she wanted to buy a lollipop even when she had a sore throat, but Armand stopped her. However, he eventually bought a lollipop for her as he failed to convince her.

He even ate some extremely spicy Devil's Pasta just so she could get the prize that she wanted...

Unfortunately, everything had changed.

When the huge plate of crayfish was served, Johanna peeled the shell off and passed the juicy meat to Genevieve.

"Genev, just eat! I'll peel them for you."

"What about me?" Timothy propped his head up with an arm as he stared at Johanna indignantly. "I want you to peel them for me. It'll be better if you can feed me!"

Johanna snorted. "I'll only peel for Genev. Do it yourself."

Catching Johanna off guard, Timothy quickly took the meat that she had just placed on Genevieve's plate and ate it happily. "Genev has a husband, so he'll peel crayfish for her in the future. You should take pity on me instead!"

"You're so shameless!" Johanna kicked him under the table. "Genev's husband is about to die! After he dies, I'll be her wife."

Timothy choked on his beer and coughed.

He stared at Genevieve in shock. "Armand is only unconscious, not brain dead. Are you telling everyone that he's dying?"

Before she could reply, Johanna interrupted, "What's the difference between being severely injured and dying? Anyway, he's not waking up. Why should a young girl like Genevieve wait for an unconscious patient?"

Johanna peeled another crayfish and placed it beside Genevieve's mouth. "Here, have a bite!"

Timothy grabbed Johanna's arm. Pulling her toward him, he ate the crayfish in her hands in one bite. "Thank you! That was delicious."

Johanna exclaimed furiously, "Aren't you being too shameless, Dr. Jensen?"

"If I wasn't shameless, would I get to eat that crayfish?" rebuked Timothy with an eyebrow raised. He took another crayfish and placed it in her hands. "If you peel it for me, I'll stop kicking up a fuss."

"My foot!"

"You're such a decent and cute girl! Why do you want to peel your foot? That will be awful. Be a good girl and peel this for me!"

Their argument attracted the attention of the surrounding customers. Genevieve massaged her temples and was starting to wonder why she agreed to eat with them. She was just inviting trouble.

God help me...