

My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 301

My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 301

Genevieve had long guessed the result. So now that it was confirmed, she was not affected by it.

Previously, she wanted Samantha and Cooper to turn on each other. However, when Armand was seriously injured and in a coma, Cooper helped her a lot and made her mature quickly.

Cooper's move on the Rachford family, including how they got to where they were, was caused by Samantha.

He had merely been her pawn for the past twenty years. Hence, the person who should atone for my parents' deaths is Samantha.

Genevieve kept the documents in the folder and put them back in the drawer.

She decided that when Cooper returned from abroad, she would give him the report.

However, if he's on Samantha's side, I won't go easy on him.

Just as Genevieve closed the drawer, there was a knocking on her door, and Cassie walked in. "Ms. Rachford."

The secretary placed a document on the table. "Mr. Carlson just called. He has arrived in Baykeep and wants to meet with the representative of Empower Group, but the person said that they won't sign the contract."

"What's going on?" Genevieve picked up the document and flipped through the pages. "Did they not reach an agreement on the price?"

"No. Empower Group simply didn't sign without giving any reason." Cassie said, "We checked and the group didn't contact other companies in private."

Genevieve had mostly memorized the list of companies that worked closely with Central Group, so she knew that that company had cooperated with them for five years. Their contract had expired a few days ago and needed to be renewed. The price stated by Faulkner Group was higher than before.

Empower Group had already agreed on the price, so why did they not sign the contract when the representative of Central Group went over?

“Help me book a flight to Baykeep. I’ll go over and have a look,” Genevieve instructed. She got up, put on her coat, and hurried out with the document.

She did not want to lose the company that had been working with Central Group for several years.

After she arrived in Baykeep, the boss of Empower Group happened to be on a business trip to Feston, so she had to stay in the city.

Two days later, the boss returned to Baykeep. Genevieve went to Empower Group in person and chatted with him in the office for more than four hours. He finally agreed and signed a contract with Central Group again.

By the time she returned to Jadeborough, it was five days later.

In the morning, as soon as Genevieve entered the company and put down her bag, Johanna came into the office with a cup of coffee.

“Did you miss me, Genev?”

Only then did Genevieve discover that she had come to work and was puzzled. “Didn’t I tell you to rest in the hospital?”

“After resting for so many days, the wound has long healed.” Johanna pouted as she grumbled, “Besides, it’s so boring in the hospital. Since Dr. Jensen was busy, I was lying in bed every day watching TV shows, bored to death.”

Upon hearing that, Genevieve was amused.

She took out a promissory note from the drawer and handed it to Johanna, “From now on, you don’t owe me money. I’ll ask Cassie to send you to work in a big fashion company.”

“No way!” Johanna pushed the note back and said seriously, “As a secretary, it’s my job to open parcels and get you coffee. The company will compensate me since it’s a work-related injury, but I must pay back the money I owe you!”

Genevieve was about to say something, but Johanna beat her to it. “Genev, I work hard because I owe you money. If you don’t let me pay it back, I’ll lose my life goal. I truly want to stay here and work with you.”

Johanna held Genevieve’s arm and winked at her. “I’m so beautiful. Don’t you feel anything for me?”

“All right. You may stay if you wish.” The latter pulled her arm back.

Genevieve always remembered Johanna’s kindness.

Since Johanna desperately wants to pay back the money, I’ll use it to secretly buy a house for her.

My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 302

My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 302

“When Dr. Jensen went to the ward next door to deliver dinner last night, I followed him to have a look.”

Johanna leaned against the table and fiddled with the pen holder as she said to Genevieve, “Wow! Your husband looks more handsome in person than in the pictures. He just has a bad temper. I heard from Timothy that he lost his vision...”

“Last night?” Genevieve frowned. “He hasn’t left the hospital?”

“Yes. He has been in the hospital the whole time.” Johanna shrugged before asking, “Besides, with his condition, other than lying in the hospital, where else can he go?”

Genevieve rubbed her forehead and took her phone to make a call. “Leave the room for now.”

“Okay.” Johanna left obediently.

After her call got through, Genevieve asked Timothy coldly, “Before I went on my business trip, didn’t I ask you to settle Armand’s discharge papers and send him to Swallow Garden?”

“I want to do it for him, but I’m not his wife.” Timothy sounded innocent. “I can’t take him out of the hospital.”

She was rendered speechless.

As one of the behind-the-scenes investors of General Hospital, even the Director had to be respectful toward him, and he could arrange a VIP ward for Johanna in minutes. Now he’s telling me that he has no right to settle Armand’s discharge papers?

"It's better if you come and get your husband discharged from the hospital." Timothy paused before continuing, "Loss of vision is a scary thing, even more so when the person is alone without company. Now that he's sensitive and fragile, you should take more care of him."

Genevieve hung up the phone rudely before he could finish speaking.

She wanted to call Steven and get him to contact the housekeeper at Swallow Garden to pick Armand up from the hospital.

However, when she made the call, she suddenly thought about Armand lying on the bed looking despondent when she left the ward that day.

That man is truly annoying!

Genevieve ended the call, grabbed her coat and car keys, and left her office.

Upon reaching the hospital, it only took her three minutes to settle Armand's discharge papers.

She then went to the ward to look for him and found him lying on the bed, holding his phone. He had to use the voice assistant when he wanted to open an app, and the voice assistant even misunderstood him at times.

The man frowned slightly, obviously getting a little irritable.

Genevieve stood at the door and observed him for a while before knocking on the door and walking in. "I came to get you out of the hospital, Mando."

Armand nodded in her direction. "Okay."

"Do you want to live in Swallow Garden or at my place?" Genevieve unwittingly asked. She then became annoyed and added, "However, I don't have time to take care of you if you stay at my place."

The corner of his lips curled up into a faint smile. "I'll stay with you. I'm blind now. It'll cause you much inconvenience if the public knows that I'm awake. For that, I still have to pretend to be in a coma. You took me home because the doctor said I'm fine."

"All right." Genevieve did as he said and went to look for Timothy to request an ambulance.

After wheeling Armand into the ambulance, Timothy said to the nurse beside him, "Look how much Ms. Rachford loves her husband. She's afraid that he'll suffer in the hospital, so she's bringing him home now to take care of him."

The nurse nodded. "Indeed."

The corners of Genevieve's mouth could not stop twitching, and she had the urge to seal Timothy's mouth with tape.

It did not take long for the ambulance and Genevieve's car to arrive at Regality Gardens.

The housekeeper came to open the door and helped the nurses transfer the man on the gurney to the bed.

After seeing the nurses away, the housekeeper noticed Genevieve pushing a wheelchair into the room. "Did you prepare a wheelchair beforehand, Mrs. Faulkner?"

"He woke up long ago, but there's something wrong with his eyes, and he couldn't let the public find out," Genevieve explained briefly.

She told the housekeeper to get back to work before pushing the wheelchair into the bedroom.

After placing the wheelchair beside the bed, she wanted to reach out to help the man, but he pushed her hand away.

"It's fine. I'll do it myself." Armand slowly moved to the side of the bed. "After I woke up, I got out of bed and tried to walk a few times. My legs aren't completely immobile..."

He cared a lot about his dignity. However, he forgot that not only could he not move his legs, but he also could not see.

He held onto the wheelchair with one hand, but when he wanted to sit on the wheelchair, his stiff legs refused to obey him, and his heavy body rolled off the bed and hit the floor.

My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 303

Chapter 303

"Mando!" Genevieve exclaimed as she knelt and caught Armand's arm.

Coldly, he roughly shoved Genevieve's hand off. "I told you before; I don't need it."

She watched as he fumbled around the wheelchair, stubbornly trying to help himself into it. Alas, Armand was too heavy, and every attempt to stand ended in a painful fall. The wheelchair even fell sideways.

Several minutes later, his arms and knees were covered in bruises.

Genevieve could not imagine how he felt when he woke up in the hospital and suddenly lost his ability to stand.

Her heart ached as she watched him try again and again.

After close to twenty falls, Armand finally got himself into the wheelchair with his own strength. Genevieve had also returned with a first aid kit.

"It's not as if you're paralyzed and wheelchair-bound for life. Falling isn't embarrassing at all," Genevieve muttered. She pulled his arm closer and applied a soothing spray to his bruises.

She could not help but add, "Ask someone to help you if you really can't get up. Don't end up with more injuries."

"That's fine." Armand insisted, "I'll never stand on my own two feet if I keep asking someone to help me."

Genevieve pursed her lips silently.

She was about to keep the first aid box when she noticed a fresh wound on Armand's forehead. It was bleeding, and she hastily disinfected the wound before covering it with a plaster.

Armand's other senses sharpened in the absence of sight.

He felt Genevieve's featherlight breath on his face, which tickled. He also smelled her characteristic scent of wild roses, and it gradually soothed his frustration.

Armand reached his hand before him and managed to grab Genevieve's hand. He pulled it toward him and kissed her on the back of her hand.

Then, he pulled her right onto his lap. With his lips still on her hand, he asked gruffly, "Can you give me another chance, Darling? I want us to be a true married couple."

The sensation of his lips on her hand tingled, and it was exacerbated by the stubble that dotted Armand's jaw.

She stared at him affectionately and replied, "I gave you a chance back in Springwyn." Sadly, he could not see her expression.

If he told me the truth back then, I would've forgiven him.

Sadly, he didn't.

Then, Genevieve added, "If I give you another chance, can you bring someone back from the dead?"

It was a question that had no answer, and Armand remained silent.

Spying his stiff expression, Genevieve roughly tugged her hand out of his grasp and left the room.

Since her return from Baykeep, Genevieve had been busy at work. She was exhausted, and now that Armand was home from the hospital, she decided to give herself a day's break.

The housekeeper deliberately prepared nutritious and easily digested foods to accommodate Armand's condition.

When Armand eventually wheeled himself into the living room, Genevieve took over and wheeled him to the dining table. She sat beside him and said, "What do you want to eat? I'll take it for you."

"It's fine." Armand groped around the table and located a fork. "Just let me know where the dishes are."

Genevieve's eyes flickered with an indecipherable emotion as she told Armand about all the dishes on the table.

Armand easily picked up the side dishes with his fork and ate quietly.

He did not look so different from a human with normal sight.

After lunch, Genevieve ordered the rehabilitation equipment as instructed by Timothy.

The equipment company quickly delivered her order at about two in the afternoon.

Once they set up the rehabilitation equipment in the gym, Genevieve wheeled Armand to the room. She described the gym layout and told him the location of every piece of rehabilitation equipment.

Armand memorized her words and dismissed her. "You can leave now."

"Okay."

Genevieve knew he did not want her to see him fall and left the gym.

My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 304

Chapter 304

Genevieve looked forward to taking a nap on her long-deserved break.

Yet, the thought of Armand falling when he attempted to get into his wheelchair replayed over and over in her mind. She tossed and turned in bed and failed to fall into a deep sleep.

Eventually, she snuck off to the gym and quietly cracked the door open.

She saw Armand holding himself upright using a set of parallel bars. His legs were weak, and he could hardly stand. Instead, he was using his arms to hold himself up, and his knuckles had turned white from the effort.

He took several minutes to walk one step. His forehead dripped with sweat.

Genevieve watched as Armand suddenly fell down while trying to take a second step.

Instinctively, she wanted to rush into the room to support him. Still, she held herself back and watched as he fumbled for the parallel bars and slowly got to his feet.

Her heart twisted with pain while she observed his struggles.

Anyone, even a grown man, would have dissolved into a complete breakdown if they lost the ability to walk.

Yet, Armand merely gritted his teeth and returned to the grind instead of throwing a tantrum.

Genevieve could not bear to watch without helping and closed the gym door. She quickly sent Timothy a message.

Genevieve: How long should each rehabilitation session last?

Timothy replied quickly: He just woke up, so I wouldn't advise him to train for too long. Once he completes his session, remember to massage his legs for him so his muscles can relax.

Genevieve: Can you help me hire a nurse? I'll pay on daily basis.

Timothy: Your dear husband wouldn't want one even if it's free. You know how he is. Just do it yourself.

His reply frustrated Genevieve. I don't want to take care of him at all!

She asked a housekeeper to prepare a cup of coffee for her. Then, she headed to the study to settle some work.

When the alarm on her phone rang, she headed to the gym and knocked on the door before entering.

Armand's cotton loungewear was soaked from his efforts in learning to walk again.

Sweat streamed down his face and dripped onto his collar.

Genevieve pushed the wheelchair toward Armand and placed his hand on the handle. She coaxed, "Dr. Jensen said you should take a rest after completing your rehabilitation exercise."

Armand mumbled an acknowledgment and placed both hands on the wheelchair handle. He quickly lowered himself onto the seat.

"Not bad. It's a lot smoother than this morning," praised Genevieve.

Armand was so sweaty that he soaked the entire wheelchair. She hurriedly wheeled him into the bathroom.

When she returned with a fresh set of clothes, she was surprised to realize that Armand remained seated in the wheelchair. "Why aren't you taking a bath?"

He appeared helpless as he asked, "How should I bath myself?"

Genevieve realized then that he could not bathe himself in his wheelchair-bound state.

She did not feel shy about helping him to shower. After all, they had slept together countless times, and she was no stranger to his naked body. She calmly wheeled Armand into the shower cubicle and instructed, "Take your clothes off."

Then, she turned on the shower and adjusted the water temperature.

Armand had taken off his shirt by the time she turned around.

He had naturally lost weight during his one-month-long coma. Thankfully, he did not look sickly at all. Genevieve could make out some muscles on his chest.

Armand's sweat-soaked pants were plastered to his muscular thighs, making for a seductive sight.

Genevieve bent over and helped him to take off his pants. When she straightened up, her gaze landed on his bobbing Adam's apple.

Her breath turned erratic, and she could not resist stretching her hand out to touch it.

She only snapped back to reality sometime later. When she realized what she was doing, she hastily snatched her hand away.

Armand chuckled and raised his head to stare at her. “Do you still like my body, Darling?”

Despite knowing that he could not see, Genevieve felt as though Armand saw straight to her deepest desires.

She turned on the shower and doused him in water, grumbling, “Say one more word, and you can crawl out of the bathroom yourself!”

Armand’s lips curled into a satisfied smirk.

My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 305

My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 305

Genevieve spent more than an hour bathing Armand. In the end, she was not only exhausted but had drenched her clothes too.

Therefore, she also took a bath and changed into clean a set of clean clothes.

After that, Armand lay on the bed while Genevieve massaged his legs gently.

Her hands felt soothing as they massaged his legs. The massage removed all the soreness Armand felt before, leaving him with a tingling sensation on his skin. “Darling, can you massage a little higher.”

“You should be thankful that I massage your legs. Don’t make any more demands.” Genevieve grumbled, but she still massaged upwards.

Armand sighed contentedly.

Although it was barely audible, his voice sounded like a moan to Genevieve, leaving her with a tingling sensation in her ear.

Then, she noticed something as she looked up and parted Armand’s thighs forcefully.

Genevieve was furious and indignant about what she saw. "You... Why do you have a reaction!"

"I still have feelings in my legs." Armand's voice sounded hoarse. "Your massage feels nice, so my body reacts naturally..."

"Shameless!" Genevieve took a bolster and slammed it against his body before leaving the bedroom.

Armand lay helpless on the bed.

After resting for a day, Genevieve devoted herself to work.

She took some time to have breakfast with Armand in the morning but would work late until past ten o'clock before she could come home. Meanwhile, Armand remained at home and spent five to six hours in the gym daily, doing exercises.

Sometimes, Genevieve would return from work earlier and go to the gym to call Armand to have dinner. She noticed he could walk slowly but stably by supporting himself on the railing.

He no longer looked strained whenever he took a step.

During dinner with Armand, Genevieve would tell him about the matters in his company. Sometimes, she would also consult him about them.

Unlike Cooper, Armand would explain everything clearly while giving her room to think.

Therefore, Genevieve thoroughly understood what she did not know before.

Apart from that, Genevieve and Armand stayed in separate rooms. One lived in the main bedroom, while the other took the guestroom. They had meals together and would sometimes chat. Although they were not close, they were not distant either.

Their days went on this way for more than half a month.

One day, Genevieve gave the secretarial department a half day off as it was a festive day. She went shopping with Johanna and returned home around four o'clock.

When she opened the door, she instantly heard a young woman's coquettish gasp. "I'm sorry, Mr. Faulkner. My hand slipped. Let me help you take off this shirt and put on a clean one..."

After confirming that it was not her imagination, Genevieve rushed into the house without stopping to change out of her high heels.

She looked in from the pantry room door and saw a young woman in a purple polka dot long dress with her back facing Genevieve. The young woman was so close to Armand that she was about to sit on Armand's lap. She was trying to take off his wet short-sleeved shirt forcefully.

Genevieve's expression darkened, and she shouted at the young woman. "What are you doing?"

The young woman was so shocked by Genevieve's voice that she nearly fell from Armand.

She turned around immediately and saw Genevieve rushing to her in her high heels. Genevieve looked so intimidating with her cold glare that the young woman shivered with fear.

Hearing Genevieve's voice, Armand, who had raised his hands, slowly put them on the arms of the wheelchair.

"I'm asking you. What are you doing?" Genevieve came over and stood before the young woman. "I heard you speaking just now. Why are you mute now?"

The young woman shuddered and said nervously, " Mr. Faulkner's shirt is wet. I... I wanted to help him change it-"

Genevieve slapped the young woman before she could finish speaking and scolded, "There is nothing wrong with his hands. How can he not hold a cup properly? If I had arrived a little later, would you have taken off his shirt and sat on his lap?"

The young held her swollen cheek and mumbled, "No, that's not true. Mrs. Faulkner, you have wrongly accused me..."

At this moment, Dagna, the housekeeper returned after going out to buy something.

The housekeeper walked in and saw Genevieve in the pantry. "Mrs. Faulkner, you're back from work early today."

Genevieve pointed at the young woman and asked Dagna, "Who is she?"

My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 306

My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 306

“She is my niece. She came to Jadeborough for a holiday...” Dagna saw the young woman holding her cheek and guessed Genevieve had slapped her. Therefore, she explained quickly, “Mrs. Faulkner, this is my niece’s first time visiting Jadeborough. She is still immature and unfamiliar with this place. I planned to send her to the hotel after I finished the grocery shopping...”

“She is still immature?” Genevieve narrowed her eyes and said coldly, “From what I see, she is a cunning schemer who tried to make a move on my husband while you were out.”

Dagna was stunned by what Genevieve said and looked at the young woman. “Ally, you... Did you do that? You need to apologize to Mrs. Faulkner now-”

“There is no need for that,” Genevieve interrupted the Dagna. “You can go to your room and pack your things. You and your niece are to leave this house!”

Dagna’s mouth twitched as if wanting to plead with Genevieve.

However, she had worked for Genevieve for a long time and noticed that although Genevieve seemed generous, she had gradually become more like Armand. Thus, Genevieve had turned intimidating and decisive. She stood firm by her words.

In the end, Dagna did not dare to say anything but slipped into her room quickly to pack her bags. Then, she left the house with her niece.

After getting into the elevator, Dagna poked Ally’s temple and scolded, “Are you crazy? How dare you make a move on a man like Mr. Faulkner!”

The young woman rubbed her sore temple and argued indignantly, “Why can’t I? What makes that woman deserve to be with him? I saw on Twitter that her parents died a long time ago. If not for Mr. Faulkner, how could she live such a good life?”

“You... Do you not feel any remorse?” Dagna slapped Ally’s left cheek furiously. “Do you know how long Mr. Faulkner was unconscious? Mrs. Faulkner has been managing the company since then. If she did not have the ability, how could she remain in that position until now?”

“Moreover, Mrs. Faulkner graduated from Dartan’s renowned Institute of Translation and Interpretation. Look at yourself. You have neither her beauty nor academic qualifications. Who are you to criticize her? If Mrs. Faulkner returned a little later, Mr. Faulkner would have broken your wrist!” Dagna continued coldly.

The young woman suddenly felt a vague pain on her wrist and stammered, "But... But Mr. Faulkner did not push me away. He was obviously interested in me..."

"I've served Mr. Faulkner as a housekeeper for a long time, so of course, I know how he is." Dagna had a fearful expression.

"Luckily, Mrs. Faulkner only told us to leave. If Mr. Faulkner had spoken... We would have been doomed!"

Meanwhile, Genevieve looked at the wet patch on Armand's shirt and pushed him on his wheelchair into the bedroom. She took out a casual shirt and tossed it to him.

"Change it yourself!"

Seeing Armand changing his shirt without a word, Genevieve stood with her hands on her waist and said coldly, "She almost sat on your thighs. Even though you are blind, you can sense what she wanted to do, right? So, why didn't you push her away? Did you wish to do something with her?"

Hearing Genevieve's unconcealed anger, Armand secretly curved his lips and almost laughed.

Armand concealed his face while changing and adjusting his emotions. Then, he said helplessly, "You came home when I was about to push her away."

"No way! I didn't even see you try!" Genevieve sneered. "When I came in, I saw the girl sticking close to you. You were sitting in a wheelchair but made no move to push her away! If you like her so much, would you like me to call her back and let her spend time with you? Why don't I move out and let you two live in this house? What do you think?"

Armand frowned and said, "I'm sorry. Next time..."

"You still hope for next time?" Genevieve's expression darkened. "There will never be another housekeeper in this house. You are to eat without complaints whatever takeouts I ordered! Otherwise, I will send you to Swallow Garden!"

"Yes." Armand looked down and continued helplessly, "I will do whatever you say."

"How can you be so shameless? You are more than thirty years old and are not young anymore..." Genevieve glared at Armand and left the bedroom.

Once Armand sensed the room was silent, he pressed his fist to his mouth and chuckled softly.

My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 307

My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 307

Genevieve sat in the living room and called Golden Restaurant to order a few dishes. She noticed Armand heading toward the pantry in his wheelchair.

She looked away quickly and focused on her call.

After ordering their dinner, Genevieve suddenly heard noises of something shattering in the pantry.

She rushed to the pantry and saw glass fragments on the floor around the wheelchair. Steam rose from a puddle on the floor.

She glanced at the wheelchair and saw Armand had spilled boiling water on his cotton pants. Furthermore, his left arm was red from being scalded.

Genevieve was nearly scared out of her wit.

She quickly pushed Armand into the bathroom and filled the bathtub with water. At the same time, she turned on the shower and directed it onto his arm and legs.

“Didn’t I tell you the setup of the pantry? Why did you take the kettle?” Genevieve could not help but scold him. “Even if the kettle was in the wrong direction, didn’t you feel hot when you touch it?”

“I deliberately took the kettle,” Armand said expressionlessly.

He could not stop himself from shuddering as pain spread from his skin to his whole body.

“What?” Genevieve thought she had misheard. “Why would you lift a kettle?”

Armand pursed his pale lips. “I wanted to know how it feels to have boiling water on my body. Now, I finally felt it... It hurts.”

The hot water had spilled onto his thighs and arm. He found the pain hard to bear.

Armand remembered the time when Marilyn scalded Genevieve’s legs with hot water. Genevieve must have fainted from the pain.

However, he did not take her side and even scolded her.

Genevieve suddenly remembered the incident. Her eyes grew red, and she felt an ache in her heart.

Still, she did not say anything.

Once there was enough cold water in the bathtub, Genevieve helped Armand to get in and let him soak in it.

Suddenly, Armand raised his hand to touch Genevieve's face tentatively.

He caressed her face with his fingers and said, "Darling, I'm sorry."

"It's all in the past. You didn't have to scald your legs to experience my pain." Genevieve slapped Armand's hand away and continued fiercely. "Armand, if your recovering legs become more severe because of this scalding incident, I'm sending you back to Swallow Garden!"

"Please don't abandon me." Armand's Adam's apple trembled. He pleaded softly, "Darling, you are all I have left."

Genevieve had never seen Armand appear this weak before her. She remembered his background and how the Faulkner family treated him.

Other than money, he truly had nothing left.

"Stay in the bathtub," Genevieve ordered sternly. She immersed his scalded arm in the cold water and left to search for her phone.

Then, she called Timothy.

After ten minutes, Timothy came to the house with a medical kit. He glanced around and said, "Your house is beautiful. Oh, how did Armand get scalded?"

"He took a kettle of hot water and poured it onto himself," Genevieve replied in a mocking tone and led him to Armand's bedroom.

Timothy was rendered speechless.

He entered the bathroom and saw Armand lying in the bathtub. Thus, he knocked on the bathroom door and said,

"Armand, I allowed you to get hurt a little to garner her pity, but you didn't have to go overboard," Timothy complained. "Don't you know you could have died from severe scalding?"

Armand asked him, "What was Genevieve's reaction?"

Timothy scoffed and lied deliberately. "How else could she react? She gloated at your injury. If you died, she would inherit all your assets."

"Timothy!" Armand raised his voice.

"Fine." Timothy stopped joking. "She looked terrible and was angry."

Armand smiled slightly upon hearing that.

Then, Timothy tried to help Armand to get up, but Armand waved his hand dismissively. "Can you lock the door?"

My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 308

My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 308

"I'm only going to apply ointment on you. Why do I need to lock the door?" Timothy said in a panicked tone. "Armand, don't play with me. Your wife is possessive about you. What if she misunderstands?"

Armand replied impatiently, "I told you to lock the door. Just do as I say and stop mumbling nonsense."

After locking the bedroom door, Timothy returned to the bathroom and saw Armand had already come out of the bathtub. He had a towel around his waist and was using another towel to dry his hair.

Timothy was stunned. "You are much more cunning than me. Why did you ask me to teach you how to woo a lady? How dare you make fun of me!"

"I've only been able to walk normally a few days ago, but I can't walk fast," Armand explained frankly. "However, my eyesight still hasn't recovered. Everything still looks blurry to me."

Timothy cleared his throat, and they left the bathroom.

Then, Timothy opened his medical kit and found an ointment for burns. He gave it to Armand to apply to his legs.

“Although your vision is blurry, you can still see. If you let me help you, I will arrange a medical appointment for you and ask the eye specialist to inform your wife of the actual condition of your eyesight!” Timothy said.

Armand knew Genevieve only took care of him because he could not walk.

If she found out that he could walk, she would no longer take such meticulous care of him.

Thus, Armand glared at Timothy’s blurry figure before feeling around the ointment tube to open the cap and apply the ointment to his legs.

Meanwhile, Timothy pulled a chair and sat down. He watched Armand applying the ointment and said, “Luckily, your pants acted as a buffer against the boiling water and prevented your scalding wound from blistering. Otherwise, you would be in trouble.”

“But...” Timothy looked confused. “Why did you pour boiling water onto your legs. Doesn’t it hurt?”

“It hurts a lot.” Armand’s eyes glimmered as he said, “However, don’t you think Genevieve felt even more severe pain when Marilyn poured boiling water on her legs?”

Timothy narrowed his eyes and soon remembered the incident. He seemed conflicted as he looked at Armand.

“We have been friends for many years. Honestly, I have never seen you being so good to a woman. You seemed unaffected when you were with Marilyn. On the other hand, anything Genevieve does would affect your emotions. You even did this to yourself to experience the same pain she did...” Timothy said.

“After leaving the hospital that day, Cooper told me you are devious. He said you planned everything that happened since you became unconscious.” Then, Timothy paused before asking, “Armand, is it worth it to do so much for a woman?”

“If it was any other woman, I’m not sure. However, I am willing to make a bet for Genevieve’s sake,” Armand replied solemnly. “Furthermore, I have nothing to lose.”

Initially, he only wished to keep Genevieve by his side. However, he grew greedier.

Now, he wanted her everything.

“Don’t you have money?” Timothy asked. “Even though you lost Faulkner Group, don’t you still have Central Group? You are still the richest man in Jadeborough.”

Armand smirked and said, “Money is nothing but a pile of paper. There are many ways to obtain it.”

Timothy was stunned for a few seconds before replying with envy, "If you say this in public, people will beat you up!"

Armand shrugged and suddenly remembered something. "How is Marilyn?"

"After Mrs. Wood's funeral, Marilyn left Jadeborough and remained in Xedells." Timothy took a deep breath and continued, "The people Cooper sent were incredible. They approached Marilyn quietly and caused her fetus to die in her womb. After Marilyn found out she lost her baby, she cried and caused a commotion in the hospital."

Armand sneered. "When Marilyn returned to Xedells, someone had switched all the people around her. I even tempered with the doctor she hired from Marie Hospital. Thus, it is not surprising that Cooper could easily do something to her pregnancy."