

### **Chapter 361 Uprooting The Weeds**

Genevieve brushed past Marilyn. As she was leaving, she inadvertently spotted the reflection of the sharp blade hidden within the tote bag Marilyn carried.

The latter had a hand on the shoulder strap of the tote, as though she was preparing to retrieve something from it at any given moment.

Realizing what her counterpart had inside the tote, Genevieve stopped in her tracks.

Now in a precarious position, the Wood family could not afford any further negative coverage.

As for herself, she did not want the Wood family to have any chance of recovering.

Turning around, she regarded Marilyn with frostiness. "He isn't a member of the Faulkner family anymore, Marilyn, so shouldn't you stop calling him Armand? Start addressing him as Mr. Faulkner going forward, or you'd be hearing from me. Know that it was only because of me that you were able to date him for as long as you did, and everything that the Wood family was able to bum off him these past decades was on my account. You'd do well to bear that in mind!"

All would be well if Genevieve did not mention it. Now that she did, it reminded Marilyn that Armand was nice to her all the while only because of Genevieve, and the latter was also the one responsible for the death of her own mother as well as her child...

I would never have found myself in this pitiful state had Genevieve not appeared!

The fury and hatred within Marilyn's heart were spontaneously brought to a boil.

When she saw Genevieve headed for the revolving door, she suddenly pulled out the fruit knife from her tote and lunged at her with it.

Seemingly aware, Genevieve turned to see Marilyn charging at her. Once past her startlement, she reflexively raised her hands to protect herself.

With a sickening thud, the fruit knife in Marilyn's hand stabbed into Genevieve's abdomen.

A couple of employees of Central Group were about to pass through the revolving doors when they bore witness to Marilyn's assault on Genevieve. Stunned for a few seconds, they then cried hysterically in horror.

Brought back to her senses by those screams, Marilyn then noticed the color rapidly draining from Genevieve's face, and also, the knife in her own hands.

There's so much blood... on the knife and on my hands. So much blood...

"N-No. It wasn't me..." Marilyn loosened her hold and reeled back. "I wasn't trying to kill you..."

She merely wanted to intimidate Genevieve and had no idea how the knife ended up inside Genevieve's midriff.

Deeply spooked by all the blood gushing from Genevieve's wound, Marilyn picked up the tote from the floor and hurried away from the scene while Genevieve's body rocked unsteadily and collapsed onto the ground.

Genevieve was immediately evacuated to the hospital.

Coincidentally, Timothy was on duty that day and hastened to assign two doctors to attend to Genevieve in the operating room and deal with the injury.

At the same time, he asked Johanna who was waiting outside with him. "How did Genev get hurt?"

"I heard from some colleagues that Marilyn came by Central Group to look for Genev. They didn't talk for very long before Marilyn stabbed her..." Johanna started to choke up when she was reminded of Genevieve's blood-soaked appearance when she brought her in.

Timothy had also seen the reports pertaining to the Wood Group but was nonetheless quite shocked by

Marilyn's very public and brazen act of violence.

"There, there." Patting Johanna's head, Timothy offered up some words of comfort, "I saw where Genevieve was stabbed when she was wheeled inside. It's not a fatal wound, so I expect Genevieve to come out all right."

Timothy's assurances did much to make Johanna feel better.

Very quickly, Armand rushed over.

As though filing a complaint to a teacher, Johanna spiced up her account of how Marilyn behaved toward Genevieve and how much blood the latter had lost, much to the man's increasing dismay.

"Don't you allow Marilyn to flee back to Xedells, Mr. Faulkner, or it'll all be over!" seethed Johanna between gritted teeth.

Although their country had an extradition agreement with Xedells, the Wood family would be able to lean on their historically deep roots and vast connections in Xedells to protect Marilyn.

"I understand." With his brows in a knot, Armand's eyes remained transfixed upon the operating room.

Soon after, the doors to the operating room were pushed open. A doctor stepped out, but it was not because the procedure on Genevieve had wrapped up.

As though in chastisement, that doctor glared at Timothy in a mixture of anger and frustration. "Did you know that the patient has a coagulation disorder, Dr. Jensen? The knife is embedded too deeply so we really dared not tamper with it..."

#### Chapter 362 Washing My Hands Off Of You

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

☒ "No," she replied, and left it at that.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

☒ By that time, winter was already upon Jadeborough.

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

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

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

☒ Genevieve: Aren't you coming back?

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

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

### Chapter 363 I Could Warm Your Heart Too

☒ Genevieve gave the driver the address to Swallow Garden.

☒ After that last wave of reorganizing, there were only three long-time housekeepers left at Swallow Garden, all of whom evoked a look of astonishment when they saw Genevieve arrive.

☒ "M-Mdm. Genevieve."

☒ Genevieve nodded in acknowledgment of the housekeepers. After she went inside the house, she learned from them that Armand had moved back there half a month ago, but had consistently not been in a good mood since.

☒ Requesting for them to keep mum about her presence, Genevieve waited until Armand returned for dinner in the evening before she came downstairs.

☒ "Mando," Genevieve said as she approached with her eyes bowed. "I neglected to consider my own well-being the last time, and I should not have done that."

☒ Armand merely grunted before he pushed past her en route to the dining room.

☒ Hapless, Genevieve followed him there and sat herself down across from him.

☒ While she spoke to the man, he remained as expressionless as he had been prior, only acknowledging her very sparingly.

☒ ☒ ☒ Seeing how off-kilter the mood was between the pair, the housekeepers sought refuge in the kitchen as soon as they were done serving up the dishes.

☒ Upon the conclusion of the meal, Genevieve followed behind the man as they filed upstairs.

☒ "I have more work to see to, so go ahead and rest up if you're tired." Armand made his way into the study and without waiting for Genevieve to catch up, he locked the door behind him.

☒ Genevieve went on to hit the showers. She lay on the pillow the man used and quickly fell asleep. Throughout the night, however, Armand did not come by the bedroom even once.

☒ Post breakfast, she kept pace with the man when he left the house and sat herself down inside his car.

☒ With the safety belt firmly secured, Genevieve glanced side along toward Armand. “What would you like to have for lunch, Mando? Why don’t we—”

☒ “That won’t be necessary. I’ll be settling it at the staff canteen.” He shut her down without hearing what she wanted to say.

☒ ☒ Genevieve sighed deeply in her heart.

☒ Over the past month, Armand had not visited her even once at the hospital. And he continued to ignore her after she had been discharged.

☒ That is absolutely the longest-lasting fit he’d ever thrown.

☒ In the days to follow, Armand would continue to disregard Genevieve, be it in the office or at home.

☒ Even if they were having a meeting in the conference room, Armand would only nod passively in response to any point Genevieve raised.

☒ Armand’s aloofness soon became the subject of fervent discussion amongst their co-workers.

☒ “Why is Mr. Faulkner treating you that way, Genev? Have you guys been quarreling?” asked a curious Johanna who came running to Genevieve.

☒ “Yeah,” replied Genevieve, a little flustered as well.

☒ As if it was not enough that Armand was cold to her at work, whenever they ate together at the same table back at Swallow Garden, Armand would busy himself in the study till late and then retire to the guest room afterward.

☒ He was blatantly giving her the cold shoulder.

☒ Genevieve faithfully recounted everything she did that day when Marilyn called on her to Johanna.

☒ That led Johanna to gasp after she took it all in. “F\*ck me! Aren’t you destroying yourself to spite the enemy by doing that? You could easily have wound up paying for it with your own life back then. Not to mention Mr. Faulkner, even I’m pissed with you right now!”

☒ “I was indeed a little too eager to see the Wood family come to ruin,” replied a mumbling Genevieve as she rubbed her own temples. “Have I not been made aware of my own misstep? He wouldn’t acknowledge me even if I tried to apologize.”

☒ “Forget him then.” Johanna waved her hand dismissively. “What about me? I’d be able to warm your heart too!”

☒ Then, like a little lout, she went on to give Genevieve’s chin a frivolous stroke.

☒ After work, Johanna came around to look for Genevieve again. She told her that a friend of Timothy’s was having a birthday celebration and they planned to go for a singing session after a meal together. “Since Mr. Faulkner isn’t going to so much as smile at you even if you went home, why don’t you come along and hang out with us?”

☒ That made sense to Genevieve, so she agreed.

☒ While she was leaving work, she still made a point of texting Armand to inform him that she would be home late. Again, it yielded only a monosyllabic reply from him.

☒ His persistent nonchalance left Genevieve a little miffed.

☒ Timothy's friend was a heart specialist who attended the same medical college as him and they could be considered quite close. Aside from Timothy himself, there were seven to eight other friends who had also been invited to celebrate his birthday together with him.

☒ When Genevieve and Johanna arrived at the restaurant, the eyes of those present at the table lit up.

☒ "This is the wife of Mr. Faulkner, so don't you guys get any funny ideas," said Timothy with a snort as he pointed toward Genevieve. "Surely none of you expect yourselves to be able to outgun the great Mr. Faulkner himself?"

#### Chapter 364 Someone Is Accompanying Your Drunk Wife

☒ "How about the lady next to Mrs. Faulkner?" Someone pointed at Johanna.

☒ Johanna raised her hand. "I'm single and available! And I find doctors attractive. Feel free to talk to me if you're interested. We may not become a couple, but we can still be friends! I'd demand a discount if I ever got admitted to your hospital!" She chuckled.

☒ Johanna was wearing a slim-fit sweater and a miniskirt. She had put on a baseball cap and a jacket as well. Her bubbly personality instantly left a positive impression on the people at the table.

☒ Amused by her sense of humor, everyone burst into laughter.

☒ Two young doctors even asked for her number on the spot.

☒ Timothy sneaked a glance at Johanna while lounging on the chair and puffing at a cigarette.

☒ After that, they all headed to a karaoke bar, where Johanna once again charmed the crowd with her voice and her ability to liven up the mood. Not only that, but she could also hold her liquor.

☒ Everyone was impressed with her talent for singing and how good she was at drinking games. Even when she lost the game, she would pick up her glass and gulp it down without hesitation.

☒ Her cheerfulness had gingered up the gathering.

☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ On the other hand, Genevieve lost interest after two rounds of the drinking games. She sat by a corner and munched on her pistachio while playing with her phone.

☒ It was almost eleven o'clock at night.

☒ I guess Armand wouldn't care if I didn't return home by tonight.

☒ A young man approached Genevieve and replaced her cocktail with a glass of orange juice. "I heard you had a stab wound. Cut down on the alcohol."

☒ The private room was dimly lit, so she could not quite see the man.

☒ Genevieve squinted and realized it was Timothy's junior.

☒ “I’m okay now since I’ve spent a month recuperating in the hospital,” Genevieve said. “I’m sorry I didn’t bring you a birthday gift.”

☒ “I’m glad that you came to celebrate my birthday.” Jermaine Sitler flashed a mesmerizing smile.

☒ Genevieve reached for the orange juice and raised the glass. “Happy birthday.”

☒ “Thank you.”

☒ ☒ ☒ Jermaine sat across from Genevieve with a couch between them. They were at least a few feet away from each other.

☒ Johanna noticed they were talking to each other from a distance. The dimly lit room further misled Johanna into believing they were leaning against each other.

☒ There was something intimate about the way Jermaine and Genevieve conversed with each other.

☒ Johanna’s eyes darted from side to side, and an idea immediately popped into her mind. She fished out her phone, snapped a photo of Jermaine and Genevieve, and sent it to Timothy.

☒ “Quick! Send it to Mr. Faulkner!” Johanna patted Timothy’s shoulder and ran in Genevieve’s direction.

☒ “What?” Timothy was a little nonplussed.

☒ After noticing the notification on his phone, he picked it up from the table and saw the photo.

☒ Timothy instantly knew what Johanna wanted him to do. He tutted in annoyance and forwarded the photo to Armand.

☒ Upon seeing how Johanna goaded Genevieve into drinking her cocktail, Timothy thought for a bit and sent Armand another text message: Your wife is drunk, and a young, good-looking man is accompanying her. She’s not going home tonight!

☒ In less than a minute, Armand texted back: Where is she?

☒ Timothy sent Armand the location.

☒ Meanwhile, Johanna continued to persuade Genevieve to drink. “Hey, Genev, try this cocktail. It’s pretty good! Besides, you shouldn’t just drink orange juice on Dr. Sitler’s birthday.”

☒ Jermaine stopped Johanna right away. “It’s okay. She should avoid drinking alcohol since she had an injury.”

☒ Johanna waved her hands and replied casually, “Nah, it’s all right. Genev is fine now. Instead of hiding here and drinking fruit juice, she should drink some booze with us! Today is your birthday, but we came empty-handed. So we must drink three glasses of alcohol as punishment. Come, Genev!” Johanna raised a glass and chugged it.

☒ Genevieve did not know why Johanna had come to disturb her since the latter was enjoying the time of her life with the other guests.

☒ But she still downed two glasses of alcohol.

☒ When she was about to pick the third glass from the table, Jermaine snatched it away. “That’s enough. You’re still a patient. You should watch your health. I’ll drink this on your—”

☒ All of a sudden, a tall man barged into the private room.

Chapter 369 Cooking Skills Armand was getting tired from working. He freshened himself up a bit before leaving with Timothy. Timothy had already booked a table at Golden Restaurant. Their food arrived soon after they reached and they began eating while chatting. Timothy poured some wine for Armand. “Are you still not done with this whole ignoring act you have going on? It’s been a month. Don’t overdo it.

She may get angry and actually start ignoring you too.” Armand glared at him. “Don’t talk while you eat.” “Okay, okay. I’ll shut up,” Timothy said, afraid of getting beaten up. When they were almost done, the owner of the restaurant placed a cake down in front of Armand. It was iced rather neatly, and it had “Happy Birthday” written on it in icing too. “Happy birthday, Mr. Faulkner.” Armand nodded. “Thank you.” He cut himself a slice of cake and took a bite. He had only just begun to chew when he frowned at how dry it was. It was clearly on a rather different level from the rest of the dishes on the table.

Timothy watched as Armand took a bite. He frowned and put his fork down. He raised his eyebrow and asked, “Is it that bad? Looks like your wife’s cooking skills aren’t that great after all.” Armand looked at him. “Genevieve made this?” “Yeah. Didn’t she tell you?” Timothy asked as he poured himself more tea to drink. “Jojo said that Genevieve came here in the morning to learn how to make a cake from the pastry chef here. She left once she made it and she was also the one who messaged me and asked me to take you to here for dinner.” Armand didn’t smile, but his eyes softened as he picked up the fork once again. Timothy looked at him slightly pitifully. “If it’s not nice, you don’t have to finish it. It’s the thought that counts, isn’t it? I’ll ask the chef to bring out another one.”

“Did I say it wasn’t nice?” Armand stared at Timothy coldly. “Just shut up and eat your food.” “All right, all right.” Timothy figured that Genevieve could give Armand a whole ten-course meal of her strange cooking and he would still eat it expressionlessly. The two of them finished by around eight o’clock. Armand checked his watch. Steven was probably still waiting for Genevieve at the airport. He asked Timothy to drop him off at Regality Gardens.

The lights in the hallway lit up automatically when he entered, but the living room was still engulfed in darkness. The house seemed empty, but it was filled with the faint scent of Genevieve’s favorite perfume.

Armand changed out of his shoes and was about to turn on the living room light when he spotted a slight glow coming from underneath the bedroom door. The bedroom light seemed to be on. Armand turned on the living room light before walking into the hallway and opening the bedroom door. The moment he opened it, a flash of red entered his field of vision and he stopped breathing. This novel will be update daily [www.noveltk.com](http://www.noveltk.com). The bedroom hadn’t changed that much except for the gorgeous white satin duvet adorned with golden embroidery that was laid out across the bed. There were even four matching white throw pillows. The woman sitting on the blanket was dressed in a beautiful white



dress embroidered with gold thread. The way the gold thread caught the dim light managed to outshine every other lamp in the room and make the embroidery look as though it was coming alive. She had a veil on as she sat there quietly.

It was as if she was waiting for someone to lift it. Armand walked into the bedroom and approached her. He spotted a scale on the bedside table and picked it up to lift the veil with. Genevieve had on a delicate gold tiara dotted with small diamonds and pearls underneath the veil. She used a gorgeous fan to cover the bottom half of her face, only showing off her sparkling eyes. Her gaze was engaging and seductive as she glanced down meaningfully. Her makeup was detailed and subtle, making her look even more sensual. Even her eyes alone managed to make Armand's heart pound wildly.

Chapter 370 Did You Just Leave He put the scale down and pushed away the fan in front of her face. Genevieve's lashes fluttered slightly, and she looked up at him with a slight smile on her defined features. "Do you like it, Mando?" "Yes," Armand said, his Adam's apple bobbing. She looked gorgeous in that wedding dress and had also successfully won him over. The anger and frustration he had toward her had all dissipated at the sight of her.

Genevieve picked up the two glasses of wine on the nightstand and passed one to him. The two of them clinked glasses and his gaze remained locked on her. His eyes were gleaming with unspoken emotion. After drinking, Genevieve left a little bit in her mouth and walked closer to him. He leaned down and pressed a hand to her back as they kissed. Her mouth tasted sweeter and fresher than any spring water. Armand was about to carry her onto the bed when she stopped him with a hand to his chest. "Wait. Take off the tiara first. It cost over three hundred million. We can sell it after this."

"Okay," Armand said with a low chuckle. Surprisingly, she wasn't just wearing a tiara. She was all decked out in other intricate pieces of jewelry. Armand frowned as he took them off. "Why are there so many of these?" "Did you think being a bride is easy?" Genevieve harrumphed. "This hairstyle alone took five hours. I had to sit in a chair in the same position and the tiara is super heavy, too. If you had been any later, I might have gotten mad and undid the hairstyle myself." So she wasn't outstation on a business trip.

She had been secretly preparing a surprise for me. Finally, they managed to get all the headpieces and jewelry off and also undid her hairstyle so that her silky black hair cascaded down her shoulders. She looked even more attractive now. Armand couldn't help himself from kissing her gently and sweetly. After they finally pulled apart, Genevieve looked at him with watery eyes as she panted slightly. "Happy birthday, Mando. Do you like the gift?" "I love it," Armand said. This was his most unforgettable birthday. This gift was also the most precious one he had ever received. He knew he would never forget about it. Genevieve didn't get a single wink of sleep that night. She spent the entire time getting tortured by Armand. They had spent a long time in the bathroom, too, and Genevieve's knees had become bruised. Armand carried her onto the bed and applied some ointment onto her knees. "You old pervert! You sicko!" Genevieve used all the energy she had left to kick Armand. "I'm never celebrating your birthday for you again.

"No matter what she said, Armand simply took it all in. "Okay. I'm a pervert. I'm the sicko, and yes, I'm shameless." He wormed his way in under the blanket and pulled her into his embrace gently. Her skin was smooth and smelled amazing. Armand could not leave her alone. He did his best to hold his lust back and stop torturing her. "Darling," Armand whispered as he kissed her chin and her delicate shoulders gently. Almost as if he were coaxing her, he said, "Stay with me." Genevieve remained silent as she stayed in his embrace with her eyes closed as if she had fallen asleep. Armand sighed softly after failing to get an answer from Genevieve. He pulled the blanket up to cover her snowy pale shoulders and pulled her in even tighter. When Genevieve woke up, she was alone on the large bed. She used the remote control to open the blinds and winced at how bright the sun was.

It was almost two in the afternoon. Genevieve picked up her phone and sent a message to Armand: Did you just leave after doing all that to me the whole night? Men really are ruthless creatures. She brought her phone into the bathroom with her and putting the toothbrush into her mouth somehow made her feel a little sick. She finished freshening up and saw Armand's reply. Armand: Watch your words next time. I rushed over to the company to deal with some business. I made you some soup and there's a beef pie in the oven. Genevieve: You faker.