

# My Flirtacious Husband

## Chapter 10

Genevieve's head, neck, and arms were covered in bandages when she woke up. She hissed in pain every time she moved slightly. She was detained at the police station. When one of the policemen came to bring her food, he said, "You're suspected of the attempted murder of Cooper Sutton, the CEO of Specter Corporation. Wait patiently for your court summons!" At that moment, she really hated herself for not keeping an eye on that car and letting Cooper escape! She did not want to wait idly there, for she could foresee her predicament, so she called out to the policeman, "I want to make a call to get a lawyer." The policeman sneered and ignored her. After missing for the whole day, the policeman reappeared at night unexpectedly and brought two women into the detention room. Then he uncuffed them. Genevieve noticed them casting her hostile glances. She inched backward and kept her guard up. She tried to stay awake, but she could not make it and gradually dozed off in the early hours of the morning. Suddenly, she felt someone pinching her injured arm with force. She opened her eyes in pain but realized her mouth was stuffed with something, preventing her from making noise. "Don't blame us! Someone paid us money to do their dirty deeds for them!" one of the women said as she gave Genevieve a tight slap. She continued with malice, "The person said we could torture you however we want. We just need to keep you alive!" Cooper wants to take my life! Hatred overwhelmed her, and her eyes reddened. She struggled with all her might. She bent her knee and kicked the woman in the abdomen, causing the latter to stoop over, barely able to get up due to the pain. Before Genevieve could get up from the ground, she felt a stinging pain at the back of her head. The other woman had grabbed her hair and given her a few more slaps. She was pressing into Genevieve's wounds with two of her fingers. "Ugh!" Genevieve was in so much pain that she fainted. Ever since the two women were brought into the same detention room as her, the policeman, who was supposed to patrol every few hours, was nowhere to be seen. Every time, the policeman would only come over and place the food on the ground, and he totally ignored Genevieve, who was lying on the ground. In just a few days, Genevieve was tortured to the point that she was almost unrecognizable. Her torso was covered in blood-soaked bandages that had dried and turned sticky. The two women even used

toothbrushes to assault her throat. She could even taste blood when she swallowed her saliva. In the end, she could not even speak. That day, Genevieve was tortured by the two women the whole day until her vision became slightly blurry. As she lay on the ground, she vaguely heard a pair of high heels clicking on the ground. "Who struck Ms. Rachford with such force that her face swelled?" The woman squatted down, and her hand reached to caress Genevieve's cheek before pinching it violently. "Hmm..." Genevieve curled into a ball from the pain, trembling. Erica felt utter joy seeing Genevieve on the verge of dying. "Didn't you ask me why I treated you this way? That's because..." She leaned closer to the metal gate and whispered, "I hate you! I hate that you are born with privilege and get to enjoy all the glory and wealth. I hate that you have such a blissful family! You've nothing now! Even the man you love belongs to me! We even have a child! We are the blissful family now! Ah!" When Erica was engrossed in her speech, Genevieve bit her finger. She bit with all her strength. The two women in the detention room quickly dragged Genevieve away and slapped her. Erica finally managed to pull her hand out. However, her finger was bleeding profusely. "Genevieve, you're insane!" Erica took out a tissue from her bag to stop the bleeding. After her finger stopped bleeding, she leaned closer to the metal gate again. "Today is Coop's birthday. I feel that I have to let you celebrate it too, so I've gotten a present for you." She took out a photo from her bag and held it out for Genevieve to see. It was a photo of Winifred. Her hand was placed on her chest, and her widened eyes were unfocused. She seemed to have passed. Genevieve stared at the photo and started to struggle. Her gaze was filled with misery. "That's right! Your grandmother's dead!" Erica even extended her hand across the metal gate so that Genevieve could see the picture better. "When she found out you were suspected of attempted murder and sentenced to death, she was so shocked that she suffered a cardiac arrest and passed away. See, I'm so nice. I asked someone to take a photo before your grandma died so I can bring it to you." "You're lying!" When Genevieve spoke, blood flowed out of the corner of her mouth. She remembered that Winifred was recovering well before she left the hospital the other day. There was no way her grandmother had died. Erica scoffed coldly. "I never joke with you." No! No! It's impossible! Genevieve suddenly recalled the phone number Steven gave her, and a glimmer of hope ignited in her heart. After breaking free from the two women with all her might, she grabbed one of them, gripped the latter's neck, and exerted force on her fingers. She knew that the neck was the weakest part of the body!