

# My Flirtacious Husband

## Chapter 20

Not knowing how to respond, Genevieve merely hummed in acknowledgment, lowered her head, and resumed eating. Steven was indeed efficient. Approximately twenty minutes after he made the call, a refined lawyer in a suit arrived at the mansion. Armand passed the contract to Genevieve. "Take a look and let me know if there's anything you want to change." Genevieve took the contract and went through the content once, only to find all her requests inside without a flaw. Just as she picked up a pen and was about to sign at the bottom of the last page, she paused for a few seconds before signing it swiftly soon after. Once the lawyer left, Armand glanced at his watch. "Did you take your household registry?" "All my important things are with Maria. She's the housekeeper who took care of me before. The same goes for my household registry. I'll get it from her on the way later," Genevieve said while picking up the coat on the rack. Armand hummed in reply and headed out with her. When they reached the outdoor parking lot, Armand's phone rang. After glancing at his phone, he answered with a frown, "What's the matter?" Armand's face fell as the person on the other end said something inaudible to Genevieve. Following that, he hung up the phone. "Steven, escort Genevieve to take her household registry. I'm going out for a while." Having said that, Armand got into the driver's seat of the Maybach and swiftly drove away from Swallow Garden. Did something happen at the company? Afraid that Armand had something urgent to deal with, she wanted to ask Steven to help him instead. However, as if he could see through her mind, Steven smiled slightly and started, "It's nothing urgent if Mr. Faulkner doesn't ask for my help, so you don't have to worry, Ms. Rachford. Please get in the car." "All right." At his reassurance, Genevieve bent down and got into the car, putting her worries aside. Maria lived out of town, and it took approximately twenty minutes for them to reach her house. Genevieve went upstairs, leaving Steven waiting for her downstairs. Before she could knock on the door, she heard a clang, followed by Maria's yelp of pain from the inside. "Maria?" Genevieve's heart sank. She banged on the door and yelled, "Are you all right?" When there was no response, her heart sank deeper. Maria watched her grow up. She only had Maria left ever since Winifred had also passed away. Genevieve fished out her phone and was about to call Steven to come upstairs when the door

suddenly swung open, revealing Maria's face. "Ms. Rachford, why are you here?" "I've come over to retrieve something." Before Genevieve could heave a relief sigh at the sight of Maria, she noticed her bending her back with an abnormal expression on her face. "Maria, what happened to your back?" Maria forced a chuckle. "I'm fine. I fell and sprained my back just now." "You're sweating all over your forehead, and you're telling me you're fine? Quick, let's go to the hospital." Knowing how fragile Maria's body was at her age, Genevieve quickly supported her and led her to the elevator. "Why are we going to the hospital? There's no need for the trouble." Just as Maria wanted to reject her, an unbearable pain surged from her back, causing her to cry out in pain once again. Seeing that, Genevieve grew more anxious. Once they reached downstairs, Genevieve helped Maria into the back seat carefully. "Steven, please head to the hospital." Steven quickly started the car. That day was coincidentally a Friday, so the hospital was full of people, especially in the orthopedics department. Even with a VIP number, there were still over ten patients before them. As Maria began shouting louder and louder out of pain, Genevieve's brows creased tightly. Unfortunately, the VIP number required one's name as proof. Therefore, even if she swapped their sequence with someone before them, they would eventually get chased out due to an incorrect name. Upon taking in how anxious she was from the side, Steven hesitated for a while before approaching her, unable to hold back himself anymore. "Mr. Faulkner has a friend who is a doctor at this hospital. He isn't from the orthopedics department, but his medical skills are broad. He can treat some small issues as well." Genevieve nodded without hesitation. "In that case, please show us the way." Since ten more patients were waiting before them, it would probably already be afternoon by the time it was their turn. Maria's injury might be even more severe by then. Soon, under Steven's lead, they arrived at the neurosurgery department. As soon as Genevieve stepped into the office, she saw a young man answering a call while leaning against the table. He was wearing a white coat, and he looked overly young. He even tied his long hair behind his head with a rubber band. No matter how one looked at him, he looked like a model who had entered the wrong site, which happened to be a hospital in this case.