

Gary Stu 311

Chapter 311 How Dare You Tease Me

☒ Armand asked casually, “Who’s the person in charge of the conference this time?”

☒ “Mr. Turner from Lightview Group.” Genevieve lifted her glass of lemon juice to take a sip before replying candidly, “He gave me a call at noon, inviting me to attend it.”

☒ Armand was not closely acquainted with Martin Turner, the director of Lightview Group. He frowned instinctively. “You don’t have to attend it if you don’t feel like going.”

☒ Genevieve threw him a glance and refuted, “Don’t you know that I’m representing you now? Like it or not, I have to attend it. Otherwise, those bigwigs will surely be displeased, claiming that you pay no heed to them impudently. Anyway, I foresee the conference will be an eye-opener for me. Don’t worry. I’ll keep my guard up and give you a call at once if I encounter any problems.”

☒ “Then let Steven go together with you,” Armand advised.

☒ “It’s all right. Johanna can accompany me. After all, someone should take care of you too,” Genevieve reassured him. Noticing the man fumbling for his glass, she handed it to him swiftly.

☒ At the same time, she wiped off the oil stain from the side of his mouth and heaved a sigh exaggeratively. “It seems that I’m taking care of my son that is incapable of looking after himself. But this son of mine tends to be older...”

☒ “Hmph! How dare you tease me!” Armand’s lips twitched.

☒ “But don’t you think that I have a point?” Genevieve snapped back jokingly.

☒ Hearing that, Armand stretched his hand and tickled Genevieve’s waist. She could not help but giggle and spring up from the chair. The man’s mouth lifted into a curve at her giggles. Right that instant, the atmosphere between them seemed to have eased off.

☒ The following morning, Genevieve took the flight to Baykeep with Johanna.

☒ In actuality, the so-called internet conference was organized by a group of bigwigs informally. In fact, it was more like a private gathering for them to savor luxury food and chit-chat to expand their social circles.

☒ The bigwigs took turns organizing the conference annually at different spots. The conference this time was held in Baykeep as the headquarters of Lightview Group was located there.

☒ Martin had selected a resort owned by Lightview Group as the conference venue. It was situated near a popular scenic spot known for its picturesque scenery and natural hot springs.

☒ Upon reaching the resort, Genevieve led Johanna to check into her room at the hotel first.

☒ Next, she let the latter go for a meal in the restaurant while she followed the server to Martin’s private room.

☒ In the private room designed with retro elements, many were already seated at the large dining table with a revolving tray, chatting among themselves about business affairs.

☒ All of them were men dressed in suits. There was no sign of any woman.

☒ After scanning the guests seated at the dining table, Genevieve could recognize quite a few of them.

☒ All of a sudden, her eyes darkened as she fastened her gaze on a young man.

☒ Dressed in a dark blue suit that contoured his broad shoulder line, he exuded a unique vibe of dignity. Apart from that, he had a chiseled face and obsidian eyes. His facial features bore a resemblance to Marilyn's.

☒ Needless to say, Genevieve could easily guess his identity. This man must be Xavier Wood, Marilyn's elder brother. But isn't the Wood family's business mainly based in Xedells? I wonder what made him come all the way to attend this conference?

☒ Catching sight of Genevieve, Martin got to his feet at once and advanced toward her. "Ms. Rachford, what an honor to have you here! Ah, You're even more stunning in person, just like any other eye-catching celebrity! We're going to have an exceptionally delicious meal when such a beauty like you are seated with us here!"

☒ "You think too highly of me, Mr. Turner. If you continue to flatter me, I can't help feeling shy to join all of you for a meal here," Genevieve responded jokingly and had a handshake with him.

☒ "Come. This way, please!" Martin pulled a chair for her, signaling her to take a seat.

☒ After she was seated, the other men cast their looks in her direction, scrutinizing her exquisite face.

☒ They were mesmerized by her devastating stunning looks. Never had they expected she was such a young lady. Thus, they subconsciously jumped to a hasty conclusion that she was a shallow beauty without competence.

☒ Moments later, the servers served them all the dishes. They savored the food while having a chat among themselves.

☒ One of the directors bombarded Genevieve with some challenging questions related to business affairs deliberately, intending to put her on the spot. It never crossed his mind that the latter would be able to respond eloquently and comment analytically. Subsequently, his face fell.

☒ Plastering a smile on his face, Xavier chimed in sarcastically, "Mr. Faulkner sure is lucky to have married such a charming woman of wit like you. By the way, has he regained consciousness?"

☒ Genevieve took a sip of her fruit juice and cast her eye down. "Not yet."

☒ "Is that so?" Xavier let out a sigh. "It's such a pity that Mr. Faulkner doesn't have the chance to indulge himself with a beauty like you."

Chapter 312 I Am Looking Forward To Attending Your Wedding

☒ Everyone had their eyes glued to Genevieve, holding their breath in anticipation of the retort that was to come.

☒ Irked by Xavier's mockery, Genevieve almost choked on the fruit juice.

☒ Within seconds, she regained her composure and flashed Xavier a faint smile. "Mr. Faulkner, please mind your words. My husband and I have gotten through many blissful moments after marrying each other long ago. Besides, I'm convinced he'll regain consciousness sooner or later. Not to mention, I'm still young and will wait patiently for him to wake up. But Mr. Wood, I can't help feeling pity for you..."

☒ After a pause, she mocked, "You are in a relationship with Ms. Jane from the Faulkner family, aren't you? I heard she's suffering from rare heart disease and has to avoid going to crowded places. If I'm not mistaken, she can't have mood swings. Am I right? I bet you must be having a hard time catering to her as though you are handling an extra fragile crystal."

☒ Catching a glimpse of the sheer grimness on Xavier's face, Genevieve advised gently, "Mr. Wood, Ms. Jane is young, pretty, and vulnerable. So you must take great care of her, okay? I'm looking forward to attending your wedding ceremony."

☒ Arching her brows, she queried wittingly again, "Oh, by the way, I happen to know a foreign doctor that has expertise in treating heart disease. Do you need me to introduce him to you?"

☒ In response, Xavier placed his wineglass down heavily on the dining table and hissed grimly, "No need."

☒ "Okay." Genevieve shrugged and flashed a smile.

☒ She lifted her glass of fruit juice at him and added ambiguously, "Mr. Wood, if you change your mind, don't hesitate to contact me. After all, we're considered closely acquainted since my husband was in a relationship with your younger sister for over ten years."

☒ Glowering coldly at the woman sitting opposite him, Xavier felt his temples throbbing. D*mn it! I've underestimated her eloquence!

☒ "Come on, let's dig in. We still have plenty of time to continue chatting after this." Martin tried to pacify the situation by switching the topic with a bright smile. "Ms. Rachford, the seafood soup in this restaurant is highly recommended. You must give it a try!"

☒ Genevieve smiled placidly. "Sure!"

☒ Soon afterward, Martin lifted his wineglass to clink glasses with Genevieve while chatting with her.

☒ One of the directors noticed Genevieve's glass of orange juice and piped up, "Ms. Rachford, everyone here is drinking wine. So how can you be the only one taking fruit juice? Seems like you're looking down on us, no?"

☒ Martin spoke up for her willingly. "Ms. Rachford is the only lady here. It's no big deal if she doesn't feel like drinking wine. Don't make a fuss over a few glasses of wine, okay? I'll drink on her behalf."

☒ "Mr. Turner, what do you mean by that? You sound as if I'm putting Ms. Rachford in a tight spot. Not to mention, you even volunteered to drink the wine on her behalf. Could it be... that you have feelings for her?" The director sniggered.

☒ All the other directors chuckled ambiguously with repulsive smiles at that.

- ☒ Caught off guard, Martin was suddenly at a loss on what to do.
- ☒ Just then, Genevieve lifted the wine bottle and poured herself a glass. “Mr. Turner has a point. It’s just a few glasses of wine. So I shouldn’t rain on everyone’s parade.”
- ☒ She avoided taking wine as she had been enduring gastric pain since she reached the resort earlier. But if I try to explain that, all these men will surely mock me for giving excuses. Well, it’s only a few glasses of wine. There shouldn’t be an issue if I take proper rest after this.
- ☒ Without a second thought, she downed three glasses of wine consecutively.
- ☒ “Mr. Hader, are you happy with that?” Genevieve questioned Quentin Hader, the director who pointed out that she should drink wine with them. She then stood up with the wine bottle and poured him a glass with a sweet smile.
- ☒ The man was rendered speechless as he lifted his wineglass somberly.
- ☒ Witnessing how Xavier and Quentin were humiliated, realization finally dawned on the other men that Genevieve was not just an ordinary woman with good looks. Evidently, she had gained a lot of knowledge staying with Armand. Thus, nobody else had the guts to pull her legs again.
- ☒ As time went by, some of them started to get tipsy. Subsequently, their topic switched from formal business affairs to women. They blabbered gleefully on it, turning a blind eye to Genevieve.
- ☒ Some blew their own trumpets on their experience flirting with women, claiming it was a piece of cake to woo innocent young ladies. They even trained the ladies they got sick of before sending them to those they wished to butter up.
- ☒ One of the directors even told the others his wife was the one taking care of his mistress after the latter gave birth. He snorted and said matter-of-factly, “It’s only natural that my wife had to bow to me on that. After all, she only had herself to blame for not being able to bear me any child!”
- ☒ Genevieve almost blew a fuse at his smug remarks and felt like smashing him with the wine bottle.
- ☒ She was well aware that the business sector was not as peaceful as it seemed. These bigwigs’ mindset is far more preposterous and revolting than those in the entertainment industry!
- ☒ No words could describe how disgusted she felt when she heard about their absurd stories. At that very moment, she could not help but despise herself. I must have gone nuts to agree to attend this revolting conference!

Chapter 313 A Cripple Can Suddenly Walk

- ☒ Only then did Genevieve realize Armand could be the one in a million in the business sector. He was undoubtedly a stark contrast to the other men on the spot. Even though he was rich, he was down to earth and never led a promiscuous lifestyle.
- ☒ She could not resist feeling thankful that the man she met was Armand. If I didn’t bump into him at that time, what would have happened to me? Would I end up in a pitiful state like the women these disgusting men wooed and flirted, only to end up getting exploited and used to butter others up?

☒ All of a sudden, Quentin grumbled, “There’s no fun drinking in this way! You guys have been humming and hawing to finish a glass of wine!”

☒ With that, he summoned a server and whispered something to the latter.

☒ Two minutes later, the server returned and placed a square box on the dining table.

☒ Quentin lifted the box, shaking it lightly. “There are slips of paper that I requested the server to write inside this box. How about we pick the slips randomly and drink according to the messages written on them?”

☒ All the bigwigs agreed with him excitedly. Their interest was piqued by the game. Besides, there was a chance they might not need to drink again if they were lucky enough.

☒ It started from Quentin in the clockwise direction. All the directors took turns putting their hands into the box and picked a slip accordingly.

☒ Some of their slips were blank, whereas some picked the ones with the phrase “a glass of wine.”

☒ Soon, it was Genevieve’s turn to pick hers.

☒ She picked one and opened it right away. The moment she caught sight of the phrase “a glass of wine” written on it, she gulped down the wine in her glass at once.

☒ Shortly after, the glass-made revolving tray spun, and it was Genevieve’s turn again in the second round. Hence, she picked a slip again and opened it, only to find the phrase “a big glass of wine” on it.

☒ Martin caught a glimpse of the slip and asked in bafflement, “Huh? A big glass of wine?”

☒ Quentin laughed heartily and explained, “Haha! Yeah! I requested the server to prepare two slips on that. Ms. Rachford, you’re the first person who picked the slip after two rounds. Well, I can only comment that you’re unusually blessed today!”

☒ Xavier tapped his fingers on the dining table and said, “Mr. Hader, don’t you think a big glass of wine is too much for Ms. Rachford? After all, women tend to have lower alcohol tolerance than men.”

☒ “Oh? Mr. Wood, you’re even speaking up for Ms. Rachford now!” Quentin teased him.

☒ Stroking his chin, he stated subtly, “Ms. Rachford, since Mr. Wood is speaking up for you, how about you sing us a song instead? You won’t have to drink a big glass of wine by doing so.”

☒ Deep down, Genevieve snickered.

☒ She could tell that something was afoot after Xavier pretended to speak up for her. Her gut instinct told her Quentin and the latter had set her up. They would be able to achieve their goal despite her choice to drink a big glass of wine or sing them a song.

☒ After taking a deep breath, Genevieve picked up a big glass before she opened another bottle of wine and poured it into the glass. “I’m tone-deaf and will surely scare you off if I sing now. So I would rather drink this big glass of wine instead.”

☒ “I gotta hand it to you, Ms. Rachford. You are a gutsy girl!” Quentin gave her a thumbs-up with a flicker of inexplicit emotion in his eyes.

☒ On the other hand, Xavier’s lips contorted into a snigger as he grunted inwardly. Even men with higher alcohol tolerance would probably have a hangover after drinking such a big glass of wine, let alone a young lady! Pfft! Genevieve Rachford, I’d very much like to see how you’re going to finish it!

☒ Soon, almost the whole bottle of wine was poured into the big glass.

☒ Staring at the big glass of wine, Genevieve had her heart in her mouth. She stretched her hands to hold the glass in slow motion, trying to buy time as she racked her brain on the trick played by Quentin for the box. This won’t do... I must find a way to unearth his dirty trick by proving that there’s something fishy about the box. I can’t just play along with them submissively.

☒ Just when everyone’s eyes were on Genevieve, someone knocked twice on the door of the private room abruptly.

☒ Martin scratched his head in bafflement when the person knocking on the door did not open the door to enter after quite a while.

☒ Moments later, he got up to his feet and stepped forward to open the door. The moment the slender figure came into sight, he was dumbstruck.

☒ “M-Mr. Faulkner?” he stammered, his mind in a blank.

☒ Huh? Mr. Faulkner? Which one? Genevieve cast a look in the direction of the door.

☒ Since Martin was shorter, it was easy for her to catch sight of the man standing outside the door.

☒ The man’s well-built frame was wrapped in a luxury shirt. He was not only tall but also gave off an impressive, dignified aura. Apart from that, the sunglasses on the bridge of his nose resulted in a hint of an imposing aura. On the contrary, Martin, who was shorter and dressed in his custom-made suit, looked just like a property agent entertaining his client.

☒ Everyone in the private room had a baffled expression on their faces. Even Genevieve was nonplussed. Am I seeing things? Didn’t I have dinner together with him last night? He was still in his wheelchair as usual! How’s it possible that he can suddenly walk today?

Chapter 314 Are You Pulling Our Legs

☒ Armand’s lips lifted into a faint smile as he nodded slightly in Martin’s direction and uttered placidly, “Mr. Turner, I heard from my secretary you’re the person in charge of the conference this round. So I decided to drop by and have a look.”

☒ Thunderstruck, Martin was still at a loss for words.

☒ Genevieve knew the man was wearing sunglasses so the others would be oblivious to his blindness. She stood up and advanced toward him at once.

☒ “When did you wake up? Why didn’t you tell me?” she asked while holding his hand, leading him toward her seat.

☒ The director seated on Genevieve's right came to his senses and moved aside.

☒ Armand strode steadily toward the seat before placing his hand on the back of the chair. After Genevieve let go of his hand, he pulled the chair and sat down elegantly.

☒ In the meantime, pin-drop silence filled the whole private room due to his emergence.

☒ Eventually, Xavier broke the silence with a snicker. "Ms. Rachford, when I asked you about Mr. Faulkner's condition a while ago, you told us he was still unconscious, didn't you? Now that he appears out of the blue, you're asking him when he woke up? Aren't two of you playing us for fools? It doesn't make sense for someone who's unconscious for about two months to suddenly regain consciousness and start walking right away, too!"

☒ "I've regained my consciousness for quite a while now. My wife is unaware of it because she's busy at work and the fact that there's a caretaker specially assigned to look after me. I can start walking within a short span because I'm fit as a fiddle. Mr. Wood, do you still have any other questions?" Armand elucidated, placing his arm nonchalantly on the dining table. Nonetheless, there was an unmissable frigidness in his tone.

☒ Xavier did not believe in Armand's words, but he did not wish to get on the latter's nerves. Wearing a look of grimness, he had no choice but to hold his tongue.

☒ After a little while, the private room was engulfed by liveliness again. Everyone huddled over Armand, making small talk with him. Out of curiosity, some even asked him why he was wearing sunglasses.

☒ At that, Armand explained casually, "I hurt my eyes after hitting myself on the door accidentally. So I'm wearing the sunglasses to conceal my bruises."

☒ Sensing the drastic change in everyone's demeanor toward her due to Armand's appearance, Genevieve's lips contorted into a sly smile. She uttered wittingly, "Everyone, let's not forget that we're in the middle of our game just because Mr. Faulkner is here! It's meaningless if we can't play to our hearts' content. Come on! Let's continue with our game after I'm done drinking the glass of wine!"

☒ Armand turned toward her and asked quizzically, "What kind of game are you talking about?"

☒ Genevieve explained about it to him briefly.

☒ Seeing that, Quentin changed his tone hastily. "Ms. Rachford, it's all right. You don't have to drink that big glass of wine. Let's start all over again, shall we?"

☒ Earlier on, he and the others came across the press release that the chances of Armand gaining consciousness were very slim. It never occurred to them that he would suddenly wake up and appear unexpectedly. They reckoned the omnipotent man would be back in Central Group very soon.

☒ Undeniably, it was almost impossible for one to build true friendships with others in the business sector. Nevertheless, establishing relationships with others was still one of the key elements to ensuring one's long-term profit gaining. Thus, they did not wish to step on Armand's toes and ended up sustaining a great loss in the future.

☒ “Since my wife has picked the particular slip, it’s compulsory for her to drink the big glass of wine so that it’s fair to everyone.” Tapping his fingers on the edge of the dining table, Armand stated solemnly, “But my wife has a weak stomach. So let me finish this glass of wine for her instead.”

☒ A sharp-witted Genevieve spotted him gesturing with the movement of his little finger. Hence, she put the glass of wine next to his hand right away.

☒ Armand grabbed hold of the glass and lifted it to his lips.

☒ Without even pausing or frowning, he downed the whole glass of wine at a mind-blowing speed.

☒ All the bigwigs applauded, gasping admiringly at his impressive alcohol tolerance.

☒ Armand placed the glass on the dining table and suddenly suggested, “I don’t think this is fun. How about we play a different game?”

☒ One of the directors asked, “Mr. Faulkner, what’s your suggestion?”

☒ “Let’s pick someone random from among us to stand against the wall while holding an apple. Then, the rest will take turns piercing the apple with a dart. Anyone who missed their target will have to drink a big glass of wine.” Armand flicked the glass and queried gleefully, “What do you think? Isn’t it more exciting than the previous game?”

☒ Unequivocally, such a game was rather chilling as anyone would have the chance to get hurt.

☒ As everyone was whipped up by Quentin’s suggestion on the game earlier, none of them opposed Armand’s idea.

☒ Meanwhile, Xavier had a gut feeling that Armand was targeting him, but he could not give any excuse to quit the game.

Chapter 315 Help His Wife

☒ Soon, the server came with the apple and eight darts.

☒ Armand calmly instructed, “There’s still a slip of paper left in that box with the phrase ‘a big glass of wine,’ right? The person who picked that piece of paper will be the one holding the apple. The ones who chose the slip that said to take one glass of wine will be the ones who throw the darts. We will only commence the game after we choose the person who will be holding that apple.”

☒ After saying that, he tapped on the table and said, “We’ll start with you, Darling.”

☒ Hearing that prompted Quentin’s and a few of the director’s expressions to take a sharp change.

☒ “Okay,” replied Genevieve. She gave the revolving tray a spin and picked out a piece of paper from the box.

☒ The message written in it said for her to take a glass of wine.

☒ Since no one was the target, choosing that paper didn’t get her anything.

☒ Next, it was Xavier’s turn and he picked the piece of paper that told him to take a big glass of wine.

☒ His face fell, but there was nothing he could do or say. Picking up his coat, he put it on and grabbed the apple on the tray before walking to the wall on the other side of the table.

☒ After Xavier chose that piece of paper, everyone else picked out a piece of blank paper.

☒ That remained to be the case until it was Genevieve's turn again. She picked out a piece of paper that told her to take a glass of wine.

☒ "Darling, try to aim well," reminded Armand sweetly. "I just downed an enormous glass of wine, and my stomach is burning a little now. You don't want to force me to down another drink, do you? Also, be careful, okay? It'd be bad if you take one of Mr. Wood's eyes out."

☒ Xavier's lips twitched when he heard what Armand said.

☒ Genevieve grabbed a dart and aimed a little. She had her eye on the apple Xavier was holding when she mercilessly threw the dart out.

☒ The tip of the dart was sharp, so it broke through Xavier's coat and cut into the skin on his chest.

☒ All he felt was a sharp pain in his chest, and his arm trembled in response. When he glared at Genevieve, he growled, "Ms. Rachford, the apple is so far away from me. How did you manage to get that far off?"

☒ "Sorry," replied Genevieve apologetically as she rested her hand on her face. "I've never thrown darts before."

☒ Armand, who was sitting in front of the table, shook his head and sighed. "I asked you to aim well, but you didn't even come close. Now I have no choice but to down another drink."

☒ He picked up the bottle of wine and filled up his glass before downing it in one go.

☒ By then, he had almost finished an entire bottle, but he remained alert. Even his neck didn't turn red.

☒ Calmly, he instructed, "Next!"

☒ As the game progressed, some other players chose the slip of paper that wasn't blank and ended up having to throw the dart. Their darts didn't land as far off as Genevieve's did, though. Although they still failed to hit the apple, at least they didn't hit Xavier.

☒ One by one, they downed their drinks. It got to the point where they were slouching on the couch and were too drunk to get up.

☒ It didn't take long before it was Genevieve's turn again.

☒ This time, she aimed for Xavier's left wrist as a gleam of viciousness flashed across her gaze. He was holding the apple using his left hand at the time, and when the dart tore through his skin, blood spewed everywhere.

☒ It hurt so much that Xavier's face distorted from the pain, and he grunted.

☒ "I am so sorry, Mr. Wood!" apologized Genevieve right away. She even stepped forward to hand him a piece of tissue. "I kept my focus on the apple this time. Who would've thought I'd still miss?"

☒ Xavier glared at Genevieve and shoved her with his shoulder when he left the place while covering his bleeding wrist.

☒ Genevieve stumbled a few steps back before she steadied herself.

☒ Armand drank another glass of wine before he put his empty glass down. He raised a brow and asked, "Isn't this game fun? Should we continue?"

☒ The others weren't actual idiots. They knew that Armand was there to help his wife and was allowing her to bully Xavier.

☒ Hence, they all smiled and said they had enough of the game.

☒ After having some food, Armand excused himself to go to the restroom. Genevieve helped him up. She then hugged his arms and left the private room with him.

☒ As soon as the door to the private room was closed, she turned to Armand and asked, "Do you need to throw up?"

☒ Downing those three glasses was equivalent to drinking two bottles of wine.

☒ Most men would buckle after one glass and would be out like a light.

☒ "No, I don't need to throw up. I just feel a little dizzy," replied Armand. He was slurring his words a little and had draped his arm over her shoulders, so they were extremely close. "We don't need to go back for dinner. Let's just go to your room."

Chapter 316 I Want My Wife To Take Care Of Me

☒ "But I'm sharing a room with Johanna," replied Genevieve. She saw how uncomfortable Armand seemed, and she frowned, but she did not push him away.

☒ "Which floor are you and Steven staying on?" she asked.

☒ "Have Johanna get another room," demanded Armand in a coarse voice as Genevieve helped him into the elevator. "Darling, I drank for you tonight, so take care of me, will you?"

☒ Annoyed, Genevieve complained, "Don't make it sound as though I asked you to come here. Speaking of, why did you use the wheelchair yesterday when you can already walk?"

☒ "I can walk, but I can only do that slowly," replied Armand. He poked her cheek a little and complained, "It's not like I can have them think that I'm a blind man in a wheelchair."

☒ Genevieve slapped his finger away and pressed a button on the elevator.

☒ When Johanna heard the knock on the door, she went over to answer it barefooted, only to see Genevieve hugging a tall guy's waist.

☒ It took her a while, and her bright eyes glowed a little before coming to the conclusion. "Is that your husband?"

☒ "Yeah," answered Genevieve. She helped Armand to the couch before turning to look at Johanna. In an exasperated voice, she requested, "Jojo, can you go to the reception and ask for another room?"

☒ “Hey! Why does he get to stay with you?” complained Johanna. She pouted and was obviously unhappy with the new arrangement. “His leg is injured, so won’t it be more comfortable for him to have a room all to himself?”

☒ Armand answered politely, “You’re asking why do I get to stay with her? Because I’m her husband, of course!”

☒ “So what?” challenged Johanna before she harrumphed. “You’re an adult, so why can’t you take care of yourself?”

☒ “Well, I want my wife to take care of me.”

☒ Genevieve watched as Armand, being the mighty man that he was, bickered with Johanna. It looked as though things would soon escalate into a heated argument when Genevieve quickly pulled Johanna to the side and coaxed her endlessly.

☒ Only then did Johanna reluctantly pack her things to leave. Genevieve, on the other hand, called the receptionist to ask for some sobering pills.

☒ It didn’t take long before the pills were delivered.

☒ Genevieve took two pills out of the bottle and pulled Armand’s arm to put the pills in his hand.

☒ He reacted by pulling her into his arms and making her sit on his lap. He then grabbed her hand and put his lips on her palm to take the pills.

☒ After that, he grabbed her finger and made her trace his lips. “Darling, did you have fun earlier?”

☒ Genevieve pursed her lips. “Yeah, I did.”

☒ If Armand hadn’t shown up in time, she would have been the one who downed the drink. Xavier would likely continue messing with her after that.

☒ Armand’s appearance changed everything. In a way, Genevieve had avenged Johanna the second her dart dug into Xavier’s wrist.

☒ Armand breathed into her fingers, prompting them to tremble. She reacted by tugging as hard as she could to retract her hand.

☒ Annoyed, she complained, “Mando, are you a hooligan or something? Let go of me.”

☒ “You’re my wife, so it’s not like it’s illegal for me to kiss you,” refuted Armand as he locked his arms on her back to pull her closer to him. His fingers traced her cheek after that.

☒ Armand squinted his eyes to see her face, but all he got was a blurry outline.

☒ “I feel like it’s been ages since I last saw you,” said Armand. He leaned closer to the point where his nose was practically touching hers when he muttered, “I think it’s been almost two months...”

☒ Genevieve was rather worried about that as well.

☒ After all, the doctor said that Armand should regain his sight in a month or so after resting at home. Yet, he still couldn’t see even though it had been almost two months.

☒ “Once we’re back home, I’ll have Dr. Jensen find you a better doctor to examine your eyes,” replied Genevieve as she put some distance between them and got up from his lap.

☒ She added, “You just took your sobering pills, so let me help you lie down.”

☒ Armand murmured a reply and let Genevieve lead him to the side of the bed.

☒ When she let go of him, however, he pulled her onto the bed and rested his forehead on hers.

☒ “Darling, stay with me for a while.”

☒ “Go to sleep on your own,” replied Genevieve in a hostile tone. She realized then and there that Armand had become more attached to her.

☒ Back then, he would still control himself even though he would kiss and hold her.

☒ But now...

☒ “I want you to stay with me. Just for a little while. You can leave after I fall asleep, okay?” requested Armand in a deep voice as he rested his arm on her waist and hugged her.

☒ Genevieve didn’t reply because she knew there was no point in arguing with the man. There was no way he would let go, anyway.

☒ As such, she decided to wait until he fell asleep, then leave.

☒ However, when she rested her head on his broad shoulders and inhaled his unique, pleasant scent, a wave of drowsiness crashed into her.

☒ She hugged him back and snuggled up to him.

☒ Genevieve never knew why, but she could always relax in his arm when she was tired, and she could always sleep well.

☒ His chest was like a comfortable pillow and worked better than sleeping pills.

Chapter 317 I Think He Is Blind

☒ Armand didn’t expect Genevieve to fall asleep before he did. I guess she has been working hard lately and exhausted herself... He caressed her cheek and held her closer to him.

☒ When Genevieve woke up, she realized faint lights were streaming in from the gap between the windows and had illuminated the dark room.

☒ Genevieve turned on the lamp and checked her phone to figure out what time it was.

☒ Her initial intention was to take a nap, but she ended up sleeping until six o’clock in the evening.

☒ “Are you up?”

☒ Genevieve turned her attention over and saw Armand lying beside her. He rested his head on his hand and was staring at her lovingly.

- ☒ The shirt he had on was ridiculously wrinkled, and the buttons at the top of that shirt were left unbuttoned, revealing his Adam's apple and a small section of his tanned skin.
- ☒ If it hadn't been for the fact that he didn't blink his eyes, Genevieve would've thought that he could actually see.
- ☒ She cleared her throat a little and looked away from his exposed skin before getting out of bed. "Why didn't you wake me up? Mr. Turner said that he wanted to hang out during lunch."
- ☒ Armand grinned and chuckled. "Why would I wake you up? My desire has always been to sleep next to you."
- ☒ For a moment there, Genevieve was at a loss for words. She ignored him and went to the bathroom to freshen up.
- ☒ She had just gotten a new outfit out of her bag when someone knocked on the door.
- ☒ The server had shown up to relay a message to Genevieve. "Mr. Turner would like to invite you and Mr. Faulkner to room 228 to have dinner together."
- ☒ "Okay, got it. Thank you," replied Genevieve. She nodded and closed the door after that.
- ☒ After she got ready, she realized that Armand's shirt was as wrinkled as ever, so she called Steven and got him to send Armand's luggage to her room.
- ☒ She grabbed a fresh shirt from the luggage and shoved it at Armand.
- ☒ He stood there without moving. "You were sleeping on my arm earlier, so I can't move it now," said Armand.
- ☒ "Quit it with the lies. There's no way I'd sleep on your arm for that long," complained Genevieve in an annoyed tone.
- ☒ She assumed that Armand was just being lazy, so she bottled up her feelings and helped him take off his shirt while having a grumpy expression on.
- ☒ When she actually took his shirt off, however, she saw a huge red mark on his arm. The scowl on her face faded and guilt filled her.
- ☒ She didn't say another word as she helped him put his shirt on.
- ☒ Armand noticed her silence and chuckled. "Is there a mark on my arm? Is that why you stopped complaining?"
- ☒ "Why didn't you move your arm away? It aches now, right? Well, serve you right," muttered Genevieve. After she buttoned up his shirt, she helped him put on a pair of sunglasses and took him out of the room.
- ☒ When they reached the private room, they saw how the table was practically full. Almost everyone who was invited to lunch was there.
- ☒ The only one missing was Xavier.

☒ Genevieve didn't pull up a chair until Armand sat down.

☒ She turned her attention to Martin and apologized, "I'm so sorry, Mr. Turner. I promised to play poker with everyone this afternoon, but my husband had too much to drink and was feeling uncomfortable. I had to stay in the room to take care of him."

☒ "Oh, it's fine. Everyone had too much to drink and was resting in their rooms, so no one showed up for the poker game," replied Martin as he waved his hand dismissively and chuckled.

☒ He added, "Let's have juice and leave the alcohol out for tonight."

☒ Martin wanted everyone to have a good time, so dinner was even more luxurious than lunch.

☒ Every time Genevieve would grab some food, she would have to get closer to Armand. That was when she would whisper and tell him what dish was in front of him. If he wanted some, he would get it himself.

☒ They worked in sync, but Armand still moved a little too slowly and some noticed it.

☒ Quentin was one of the ones who noticed it and he looked at Armand before whispering to the guy beside him.

☒ "Is it just me, or is Mr. Faulkner rather slow when he eats?"

☒ "Maybe his head is still hurting," said the other guy. He was still recovering from the incident at lunch and was still reeling in his fears. "Mr. Faulkner downed three glasses of wine, so there's no way he can regain full function of his body within that short time."

☒ "No, that's not it. I think he's blind," replied Quentin as he stroked his chin.

☒ The other guy was shocked. He looked at Quentin and whispered, "Don't talk bullsh*t like that. He was bruised from hitting his head. That's why he has to wear a pair of sunglasses."

☒ "Yes, but it's probably just a small bruise, so why would he need a pair of sunglasses?" said Quentin. He didn't buy that story at all. "I'm going to test him. Let's see if he's still drunk or if he's blind."

Chapter 318 Do Not Assume

☒ The other guy turned to Quentin and was going to say something, but decided against it in the end.

☒ It seemed he also thought that Armand might be blind.

☒ They were still having dinner when Genevieve accidentally stained her shirt and had to move to the restroom to clean it up.

☒ Quentin noted how Armand stopped eating and only sipped on his tea after she left. That further reinforced his suspicion, so he asked, "Mr. Faulkner, why did you stop eating? Is the food not to your liking?"

☒ Martin panicked as soon as he heard that. "What would you like to have, Mr. Faulkner? I'll have the kitchen whip it up for you right away."

☒ “I have never been picky with food, and everything is delicious today. Thank you for your warm hospitality,” replied Armand calmly.

☒ “I see. Well, Mr. Faulkner, why don’t you try this lamb chop then? It’s tender and very delicious,” suggested Quentin as he turned the rotating tray to get one of the dishes to stop right in front of Armand.

☒ Martin saw what dish Quentin was pointing at and was taken aback.

☒ Huh? That’s the vegetable stew. Why would he call it the lamb chop?

☒ Martin was about to speak up when he saw Quentin signaling with his eyes. After that, the latter urged, “Mr. Turner claimed that the lamb was slaughtered today, so it’s especially fresh. Aren’t you going to try it?”

☒ Everyone else shot a look at the table and realized what Quentin was doing, but no one spoke.

☒ Armand didn’t reply. He simply reached out for the table.

☒ It didn’t take long before he turned the rotating tray and spoke in a taunting tone. “Mr. Hader, you’re fifty-three years old, aren’t you? Why are your eyes deteriorating so much even though you haven’t even reached sixty?”

☒ The plate containing the lamb chop, which was placed right in front of someone else, moved with the dial. It reached Armand’s side soon after.

☒ Quentin was in disbelief when he saw that.

☒ The lamb chop didn’t exude any scent at all, and it was rather far from Armand.

☒ He is supposed to be blind, so how does he know where the lamb chop is?

☒ “Or were you deliberately messing with me because you thought I have gone blind?” asked Armand. He reached to take his sunglasses off and shot an intimidating gaze at Quentin.

☒ That look sent a chill down Quentin’s spine. He saw how the edge of Armand’s eye was bleeding and confirmed that the guy only had a pair of sunglasses on to hide his wound.

☒ That means he isn’t blind. He’s only slow because he’s still sobering up.

☒ “Y-Yeah, you’re right. My eyes aren’t working well. I honestly thought that was the lamb chop,” replied Quentin as he forced a smile to his lips, his forehead already beaded with sweat.

☒ “Then you should go talk to the doctor about it,” suggested Armand. He sipped some more tea before saying, “It’s fine to point at the wrong food, but walking blindly to the wrong person and telling them something you shouldn’t have... Now that would be a disaster. By the way, I see that you’re quite close to Mr. Wood. Did you guys have a nice chat?”

☒ Quentin’s heart jumped. He stuttered a little when he insisted, “N-No, we’re not close at all. Just business acquaintances.”

☒ “I’m glad to hear that. I would hate to misread the situation,” said Armand while smiling.

☒ He traced the edge of his cup, then said, "I bet you guys didn't think I'd live long enough to have this meal with you, huh? I'm surprised too. It's so nice to see that everyone is so kind to my wife and polite toward me. Please keep that up."

☒ He continued, "You see, I am more than happy to make lucrative business deals with everyone and share my profit. However, anyone who crosses my wife will have to deal with my wrath as well. She's only here because she's nice. So please do not assume that meant you are equals to her."

☒ After saying that, Armand slammed his cup on the table.

☒ When his fingers parted, everyone saw that the cup had been broken into countless tiny pieces and lay strewn all over the table.

☒ That scared them senseless and made them worry that they would meet the same fate the cup did.<

Chapter 319 He Is A Good Actor

☒ There were countless powerful individuals in the industry, but Armand's skills and power were something no one could compete against. Even the more experienced businessmen had to bow down to him.

☒ He never asked for a loan or any other resources from the Faulkner family when he founded Central Group. Even then, it only took him a few short years to turn that newly founded company into an international enterprise that was worth hundreds of billions. He even set up branches outside the country and was taking Central Group global.

☒ Armand had always been sensitive to market fluctuations and had never made a loss in any of the projects he invested in.

☒ The media marked him as the richest man in Jadeborough, but his true net worth was much, much more than anyone could ever guess.

☒ Given how intelligent and rich he was, it made sense that no one dared to cross him.

☒ Everyone was still on edge when Genevieve returned.

☒ The look on their faces changed right away, and suddenly, everyone was eating away and drinking tea.

☒ The terrifying aura that engulfed the entire place instantly dissipated.

☒ When Genevieve returned to her seat, she caught sight of Armand's bleeding hand, which was resting on the table at the time. The shards of the porcelain cup were right next to him, and it seemed his palm was injured.

☒ She left the place again and returned with a first aid kit.

☒ As she sat beside Armand, she used the disinfectant to clean his injury. Genevieve couldn't help frowning and asking, "How did that cup break?"

☒ "I guess these cups are of horrible quality and can't even handle the heat from the tea," answered Armand after thinking about it. He even turned to Martin and instructed, "Mr. Turner, please have your employees replace these cups. It would be bad if the cups break apart again and hurt other customers."

☒ “Understood,” replied Martin. He was rather exasperated, but he had no choice and could only nod in agreement.

☒ My gosh. He really is a good actor. He deliberately broke that cup to intimidate us, but he didn't even break a sweat when he lied and told Genevieve it broke by itself. It's kinda funny, though.

☒ It was eight o'clock at night when everyone finished their dinner.

☒ Fortunately, most wanted to stay away from Armand, so they came up with some excuses and fled the place.

☒ Martin and Armand ended up leaving the place together. They were chuckling away at the time. “Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner, there's a natural hot spring located right behind this hotel. The water is rejuvenating, and I'm guessing it's filled with guests right now. I can have my people free up some space for the two of you to enjoy a dip, though.”

☒ “That sounds lovely. Thank you,” replied Armand as he nodded.

☒ “You're welcome.”

☒ Genevieve led Armand back into his room. As they were on their way, she said, “Have Steven accompany you to the hot spring. I'm not interested.”

☒ “You're interested. You just don't want to go there with me,” said Armand, as though he had guessed what she was thinking.

☒ Genevieve didn't reply, but her silence was a form of confirmation as well.

☒ “It's fine,” replied Armand. He wouldn't force her. He simply said, “The water is beneficial to my legs, so I'll go take a dip later. You can go take a dip with your secretary first.”

☒ “You're blind, so how are you going to make it there on your own?” complained Genevieve. “Just do as I say and have Steven go with you.”

☒ When the door to the elevator opened, Genevieve led Armand out of the place. “Steven left two hours ago to work on some other tasks. He probably hasn't returned yet.”

☒ Genevieve fished her phone out of her pocket to call Steven.

☒ It rang for quite some time, but no one picked up. I guess he really is busy... Genevieve shot a look at the man beside her.

☒ He's in a terrible state. He can't see and is walking so slowly. I feel as though I'd be torturing him if I ask him to go on his own.

☒ Genevieve sighed deeply inwardly.

☒ She returned to her room and changed her clothes before taking Armand to the hot spring near the hotel.

☒ Martin had invested a lot of money into the place, so he wanted it to be huge. That was also why the resort wasn't just a walking distance away from the scenic spots. It also offered many activities and snacks.

☒ The resort was the most famous resort in Baykeep, and they were fully booked every month.

Chapter 320 I Cannot Do Anything Since I Am Blind

☒ Martin wanted to make sure that Armand and Genevieve had a great time, so he had his people free up the best and most private spot for them. The spot even had a quaint gazebo beside it, and guests could have some tea or play some games after their dip. It truly was relaxing.

☒ It was nighttime, so beautiful lights illuminated the route to the hot spring.

☒ Those lights turned the gazebo into a stunning sight.

☒ Genevieve helped Armand into the hot spring before entering herself.

☒ When the warm water engulfed her, she felt all the pores in her skin opening, and she was so comfortable that she closed her eyes.

☒ She even sighed in amazement. "Mr. Turner has great vision and chose the perfect place to build his resort."

☒ She added, "On snowy winter days, the entire hot spring will be covered in snow, and guests can admire the beautiful winter scene while having a dip. It'd be so relaxing.

☒ "Have you ever been here before?" asked Genevieve.

☒ Armand shook his head. "There's no point in coming alone."

☒ "You can invite your business partners for a dip," replied Genevieve before she picked up the tea from the tray beside the hot spring and take a sip. "It'd be relaxing to chat while having a dip, and the business deal will go much smoother."

☒ "Having a dip with a couple of old men in shorts? No thanks. That does not sound fun at all," said Armand. The mere thought of it bored him endlessly.

☒ "You never find anything fun. You know, there are people in the Northern province that spend hours in a bath. I bet you will never understand the joy they feel," said Genevieve before she harrumphed.

☒ Armand didn't refute that. He simply requested, "Darling, please get me some tea."

☒ Genevieve took both the pot and the cup to the side and place them right next to him. I'd have to make multiple trips if he asks for more after he finishes his tea.

☒ She then poured a cup of tea and handed it to him.

☒ However, he grabbed her arm and carefully pulled her in for a hug. His voice was deep when he said, "They will never understand the joy I feel either."

☒ Genevieve's swimsuit was already wet and was stuck to her body.

☒ Armand's actions made it so that they were extremely close to one another. She didn't know if it was the water or if it was the pheromones he gave off, but she felt hot.

☒ Genevieve had to work hard to get her breathing even. After that, she grabbed Armand's hand and shoved the cup of tea toward him.

☒ Armand sensed her moving away, so he pulled her closer and made her sit on his lap again. "Darling, don't stay that far away from me. I can't do anything since I'm blind."

☒ "Didn't you say that you're taking a dip because you want to help your legs heal?" protested Genevieve a little. "How are your muscles going to relax if I sit on your lap?"

☒ She forcefully pried his hand off hers and moved away from his leg.

☒ However, his other hand was still holding her other wrist. It seemed he was determined to make her stay, and that rendered her a little speechless. Defeated, she sat beside him.

☒ Only then did Armand let her go and draped his arm around her shoulders instead. She's so soft, and her skin is like silk.

☒ Passion burned in his heart as the hot water triggered his nerves.

☒ Armand moved his arm away from her shoulders and sipped some tea before suggesting, "Let's come have a dip again when it snows."

☒ A strange glow flashed past Genevieve's eyes. She sipped some tea and murmured an affirmative but weak reply.

☒ Truth was that she wanted to finish off the Wood family before winter, so she would probably be gone by the time it snowed.

☒ Armand noticed how Genevieve didn't seem to mean it when she agreed to go for a dip again. He seemed to have guessed what she was thinking because he sipped some more tea and became tenser.

☒ The two of them leaned close to one another, but neither spoke again.

☒ A gust of wind would sweep past them occasionally and dance with the leaves as they moved. Swish! Swish!

☒ When they finished their pot of tea, Genevieve's lips parted to suggest leaving the place. That was when they heard a series of hushed footsteps.