

Chapter 309 Cunning Men

“Holy cr*p!” Timothy was stunned for a moment and had goosebumps. “Don't you think you're too vicious? If I were Marilyn and I found out that you guys are responsible for this, I'd probably die of anger on the spot. I mean, that's your ex-girlfriend. How can you bear to do such a thing?”

“Can you not talk about this?” Armand responded grimly, “If you feel sorry for her, why don't you marry her?”

“No thanks. I don't have the good fortune to marry someone like her,” said Timothy as he waved his hand and changed the topic immediately. “Anyway, the parcel that had been couriered to Central Group last time was most likely Xavier's doing. Now that Marilyn has lost her child, he will definitely blame it on Genevieve. As for Faulkner Group, Peter and Samantha have already made peace.”

He took a look at Armand and shook his head. “Your wife is stuck in a difficult situation right now. Yet, you're still sitting in the wheelchair and pretending to be pathetic?”

“What do you mean by that? My legs haven't recovered yet.” Armand corrected him and continued to rub the ointment on his legs.

“Everything has calmed down in Faulkner Group. But there are still people waiting for Samantha abroad. I think she's going to have a tough time for quite a while.”

When Timothy heard that, realization dawned on him. “So that's why you sent Steven overseas. it's to get him to set a trap in advance. What about Xavier then?”

“I got a feeling that Cooper has his own plans. There will be no need for me to do anything.”

Timothy clicked his tongue at that. “Tsk! All you men are so cunning and insidious! It's a miracle that my heart remained pure even though I have been hanging out with you guys for so long.”

Armand smirked, “What are you talking about? You don't have a heart.”

Timothy was rendered speechless at that.

Just as the two of them were chatting away, there were footsteps coming from outside, followed by someone knocking on the door.

Armand immediately threw the ointment into Timothy's hands and sat down on the wheelchair with his shoulders drooping. Timothy was dumbfounded by his smooth act and went to open the door.

Genevieve looked at the two men in a strange manner and asked, “Why do you have to lock the door when you're only applying the ointment for him?”

“Your husband asked me to lock the door.”

Timothy nearly passed out when he saw the knowing look in Genevieve's eyes as she heard his reply. He quickly corrected himself, “I mean, I'm used to locking my doors at home! Don't look at me like this. Must I declare my sexuality by sticking a note on my forehead?”

Genevieve walked into the bedroom and checked on Armand's legs. She saw that there was ointment on the burnt areas, and the swelling had subsided.

“How is he?” Genevieve turned around and asked Timothy. “Do we need to send him to the hospital?”

“There are no blisters, so I don't think so,” said Timothy as he handed her some medications. “Once the wounds have scabbed, there's no need to apply the ointment anymore. He has to complete the course of medicine, though.”

Genevieve placed the medicine on the bedside table and walked him out of the bedroom. “I've ordered dinner. Do you want to stay and have some?”

With a grin, Timothy was about to accept her invitation when he felt an icy stare at his back.

He shuddered and said, “It's fine. I'm working the night shift today. So I think I better be there early.”

“Sure.” Genevieve did not ask him to stay on. Instead, she sent him off.

Just then, someone from the Golden Restaurant delivered the dinner, and Genevieve placed the food out on the dining table.

Very soon, Armand had changed into casual clothing and came out of the bedroom in his wheelchair.

His left wrist had been scalded, so he did not seem to have much energy. During the meal, his head was down all the while.

It was a pitiful sight to behold.

Unable to control herself, Genevieve ended up sitting next to him.

She took his fork and replaced it with a spoon. After that, she picked out the meat from the fish and mixed it with some soup. “I have specially asked them to steam a piece of salmon.”

Armand murmured an acknowledgment. As he put the fish into his mouth, a slight smile appeared on his face.