

## 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 exaggeratedly. “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 stated 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.”