

## 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.”

Glowing 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!