

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?