

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.