

Chapter 315 Help His Wife

Soon, the server came with the apple and eight darts.

Armand calmly instructed, “There's still a slip of paper left in that box with the phrase 'a big glass of wine,' right? The person who picked that piece of paper will be the one holding the apple. The ones who chose the slip that said to take one glass of wine will be the ones who throw the darts. We will only commence the game after we choose the person who will be holding that apple.”

After saying that, he tapped on the table and said, “We'll start with you, Darling.”

Hearing that prompted Quentin's and a few of the director's expressions to take a sharp change.

“Okay,” replied Genevieve. She gave the revolving tray a spin and picked out a piece of paper from the box.

The message written in it said for her to take a glass of wine.

Since no one was the target, choosing that paper didn't get her anything.

Next, it was Xavier's turn and he picked the piece of paper that told him to take a big glass of wine.

His face fell, but there was nothing he could do or say. Picking up his coat, he put it on and grabbed the apple on the tray before walking to the wall on the other side of the table.

After Xavier chose that piece of paper, everyone else picked out a piece of blank paper.

That remained to be the case until it was Genevieve's turn again. She picked out a piece of paper that told her to take a glass of wine.

“Darling, try to aim well,” reminded Armand sweetly. “I just downed an enormous glass of wine, and my stomach is burning a little now. You don't want to force me to down another drink, do you? Also, be careful, okay? It'd be bad if you take one of Mr. Wood's eyes out.”

Xavier's lips twitched when he heard what Armand said.

Genevieve grabbed a dart and aimed a little. She had her eye on the apple Xavier was holding when she mercilessly threw the dart out.

The tip of the dart was sharp, so it broke through Xavier's coat and cut into the skin on his chest.

All he felt was a sharp pain in his chest, and his arm trembled in response. When he glared at Genevieve, he growled, “Ms. Rachford, the apple is so far away from me. How did you manage to get that far off?”

“Sorry,” replied Genevieve apologetically as she rested her hand on her face. “I've never thrown darts before.”

Armand, who was sitting in front of the table, shook his head and sighed. “I asked you to aim well, but you didn't even come close. Now I have no choice but to down another drink.”

He picked up the bottle of wine and filled up his glass before downing it in one go.

By then, he had almost finished an entire bottle, but he remained alert. Even his neck didn't turn red.

Calmly, he instructed, “Next!”

As the game progressed, some other players chose the slip of paper that wasn't blank and ended up having to throw the dart. Their darts didn't land as far off as Genevieve's did, though. Although they still failed to hit the apple, at least they didn't hit Xavier.

One by one, they downed their drinks. It got to the point where they were slouching on the couch and were too drunk to get up.

It didn't take long before it was Genevieve's turn again.

This time, she aimed for Xavier's left wrist as a gleam of viciousness flashed across her gaze. He was holding the apple using his left hand at the time, and when the dart tore through his skin, blood spewed everywhere.

It hurt so much that Xavier's face distorted from the pain, and he grunted.

“I am so sorry, Mr. Wood!” apologized Genevieve right away. She even stepped forward to hand him a piece of tissue. “I kept my focus on the apple this time. Who would've thought I'd still miss?”

Xavier glared at Genevieve and shoved her with his shoulder when he left the place while covering his bleeding wrist.

Genevieve stumbled a few steps back before she steadied herself.

Armand drank another glass of wine before he put his empty glass down. He raised a brow and asked, “Isn't this game fun? Should we continue?”

The others weren't actual idiots. They knew that Armand was there to help his wife and was allowing her to bully Xavier.

Hence, they all smiled and said they had enough of the game.

After having some food, Armand excused himself to go to the restroom. Genevieve helped him up. She then hugged his arms and left the private room with him.

As soon as the door to the private room was closed, she turned to Armand and asked, “Do you need to throw up?”

Downing those three glasses was equivalent to drinking two bottles of wine.

Most men would buckle after one glass and would be out like a light.

“No, I don't need to throw up. I just feel a little dizzy,” replied Armand. He was slurring his words a little and had draped his arm over her shoulders, so they were extremely close. “We don't need to go back for dinner. Let's just go to your room.”