

## Chapter 318 Do Not Assume

The other guy turned to Quentin and was going to say something, but decided against it in the end.

It seemed he also thought that Armand might be blind.

They were still having dinner when Genevieve accidentally stained her shirt and had to move to the restroom to clean it up.

Quentin noted how Armand stopped eating and only sipped on his tea after she left. That further reinforced his suspicion, so he asked, “Mr. Faulkner, why did you stop eating? Is the food not to your liking?”

Martin panicked as soon as he heard that. “What would you like to have, Mr. Faulkner? I'll have the kitchen whip it up for you right away.”

“I have never been picky with food, and everything is delicious today. Thank you for your warm hospitality,” replied Armand calmly.

“I see. Well, Mr. Faulkner, why don't you try this lamb chop then? It's tender and very delicious,” suggested Quentin as he turned the rotating tray to get one of the dishes to stop right in front of Armand.

Martin saw what dish Quentin was pointing at and was taken aback.

Huh? That's the vegetable stew. Why would he call it the lamb chop?

Martin was about to speak up when he saw Quentin signaling with his eyes. After that, the latter urged, “Mr. Turner claimed that the lamb was slaughtered today, so it's especially fresh. Aren't you going to try it?”

Everyone else shot a look at the table and realized what Quentin was doing, but no one spoke.

Armand didn't reply. He simply reached out for the table.

It didn't take long before he turned the rotating tray and spoke in a taunting tone. “Mr. Hader, you're fifty-three years old, aren't you? Why are your eyes deteriorating so much even though you haven't even reached sixty?”

The plate containing the lamb chop, which was placed right in front of someone else, moved with the dial. It reached Armand's side soon after.

Quentin was in disbelief when he saw that.

The lamb chop didn't exude any scent at all, and it was rather far from Armand.

He is supposed to be blind, so how does he know where the lamb chop is?

“Or were you deliberately messing with me because you thought I have gone blind?” asked Armand. He reached to take his sunglasses off and shot an intimidating gaze at Quentin.

That look sent a chill down Quentin's spine. He saw how the edge of Armand's eye was bleeding and confirmed that the guy only had a pair of sunglasses on to hide his wound.

That means he isn't blind. He's only slow because he's still sobering up.

“Y-Yeah, you're right. My eyes aren't working well. I honestly thought that was the lamb chop,” replied Quentin as he forced a smile to his lips, his forehead already beaded with sweat.

“Then you should go talk to the doctor about it,” suggested Armand. He sipped some more tea before saying, “It's fine to point at the wrong food, but walking blindly to the wrong person and telling them something you shouldn't have... Now that would be a disaster. By the way, I see that you're quite close to Mr. Wood. Did you guys have a nice chat?”

Quentin's heart jumped. He stuttered a little when he insisted, “N-No, we're not close at all. Just business acquaintances.”

“I'm glad to hear that. I would hate to misread the situation,” said Armand while smiling.

He traced the edge of his cup, then said, “I bet you guys didn't think I'd live long enough to have this meal with you, huh? I'm surprised too. It's so nice to see that everyone is so kind to my wife and polite toward me. Please keep that up.”

He continued, “You see, I am more than happy to make lucrative business deals with everyone and share my profit. However, anyone who crosses my wife will have to deal with my wrath as well. She's only here because she's nice. So please do not assume that meant you are equals to her.”

After saying that, Armand slammed his cup on the table.

When his fingers parted, everyone saw that the cup had been broken into countless tiny pieces and lay strewn all over the table.

That scared them senseless and made them worry that they would meet the same fate the cup did.