

Chapter 330 She Is Married To Armand

With an organization like Charity Alliance organizing the auction, countless businessmen, celebrities, and government agencies showed up for it.

The venue for the auction was a conference hall at Lovely Heart Hotel, and journalists were lined up on both sides of the red carpet with their cameras pointed at the entrance.

Whenever a minivan would pull up to drop off a celebrity, the journalists would quickly raise their cameras and snap away.

The celebrities all waved at the journalists as they passed by, and some even posed for the cameras before entering the hotel.

The businessmen, on the other hand, made a beeline for the hotel after getting off their cars.

Suddenly, one of the journalists saw a Maybach with a familiar-looking registration plate pull up by the roadside.

“That car belongs to Mr. Faulkner from Central Group, right?”

As far as the public was aware, Armand was still in a comatose state, so his wife was the current CEO of Central Group.

In that case, the person inside the car was most probably Genevieve.

While the journalists were preparing to aim their cameras at the Maybach, the car door was opened all of a sudden. Moments later, a fair, slender leg with a champagne-colored stiletto heel came into view.

As the other leg was placed on the ground, the hem of her glittery evening gown came falling down, covering both her thighs in one smooth motion.

The journalists then tilted their cameras upward, capturing the young and beautiful face of the woman perfectly.

Her long, black hair was as smooth as silk and fell casually over her shoulders.

Her eyes were filled with a feminine charm, but the arch of her brows added a hint of solemnity to her gaze.

The evening gown she had on highlighted her amazing figure and enveloped her milky white skin. On top of that, her alluring collarbones could be seen clearly beneath the thin shoulder straps.

Her fair skin was revealed vaguely through the thin veil covering the area around her neck, leaving a lot of room for imagination. Despite having a voluptuous chest, her waist was so slim that anyone could hug it with just one arm.

Her beauty was so dazzling that it made her glittery evening gown look dull in comparison.

All of the journalists were holding their breaths in shock and disbelief as a thought flashed through their minds. Do our eyes deceive us? Is she really not a celebrity? She's so pretty that she could easily destroy ninety percent of the celebrities in the entertainment industry!

It wasn't until Genevieve made her way onto the red carpet that the journalists regained their composure and began snapping away.

Genevieve simply flashed them a faint smile as she quickly went up the stairs and entered the hotel.

They kept staring at her until she disappeared from sight. Only then did they avert their gaze and continue with their work.

As the journalists went through the pictures they had just taken of Genevieve, they realized that her face looked flawless regardless of the angle.

Suddenly, one of the journalists nudged his colleague and asked, “Which agency does this celebrity work for?”

“Celebrity? Are you new to this job or what? That's Armand Faulkner's wife! She's the CEO of Central Group!” the colleague replied with a snicker.

“But I feel like I've seen her on a poster at the Vertsilver Film Festival...” the journalist mumbled while scratching his head.

“You must've been seeing things. There's no way a woman of her status would be associated with the entertainment industry.”

Really? I've got a really good memory, though. There's no way I'd mistake a face that pretty. Still, it's true that she wouldn't need to worry about money if she managed to marry Armand.