

Chapter 331 You Are The Only Woman

With a hotel staff escorting her, Genevieve entered the event hall.

The charity auction would take place in the conference hall above the event hall. It was scheduled to start at eight-thirty and end at eleven.

The guests could have some refreshments and mingle around in the event hall while waiting.

Countless exquisite dishes had been laid out on a long table, and the place was filled with the sounds of wine glasses clinking. Genevieve soon attracted a huge amount of attention after entering the hall.

The first reason for that was her beauty, and the second reason was her identity as Armand's wife.

After scanning the event hall, Genevieve recognized a bunch of directors from various other companies. She then grabbed a glass of champagne and went over to socialize with them.

Naturally, the directors all treated her with the utmost respect as if they were talking to Armand himself.

A mix of jealousy and admiration could be observed in the eyes of the women when they saw her outfit and pretty face.

Suddenly, one of the women exclaimed, “She sure is a lucky one! I can't believe she managed to get her hands on Armand right after losing her family's support. Good looks really are everything these days.”

“I know, right? All men are the same! They only have eyes for young and pretty women!”

“Hmph! She won't get far with seduction alone!”

Most of the women believed that Armand was only fooling around with Genevieve and that she would be replaced as soon as her beauty started fading.

Feeling a lot better with that thought in mind, those women stopped glaring at Genevieve with their judgmental gazes.

Having noticed their gaze from earlier, Genevieve shot them a glance before heading toward them with her champagne in hand.

The women stopped their gossiping instantly and greeted her with friendly smiles as if they were the oldest of friends.

After clinking glasses with them, Genevieve turned toward the woman standing on the right and asked, “Do you remember me, Mrs. Jones?”

The woman wearing an elegant purple dress was none other than Sophia Coleman, and she tensed up when she heard Genevieve's words.

“Y-Yes, I do. You're Mr. Faulkner's wife...” she mumbled with a forced smile.

“I wasn't married to my husband yet when we first met.” Genevieve gently swirled her glass of champagne as she continued, “I remember attending a banquet shortly after divorcing Cooper. A lot of people were gossiping about me at the time. You, Mrs. Jones, poured a glass of red wine on my face, called me disgusting, and told me to get lost. Because you were the only person to have ever poured red wine on my face, I remember you till this day.”

Sophia felt her legs starting to give out as Genevieve was bringing up the past like she wanted to get her revenge.

That was especially the case since Genevieve was no longer the helpless woman she used to be.

Everyone feared Armand even though he turned out to not be a member of the Faulkner family and was still in a comatose state.

As such, they all treated his wife with utmost respect.

Noticing that Sophia's hand was trembling, Genevieve said with a chuckle, “Relax, Mrs. Jones. That incident is in the past. Besides, if I were to still hold a grudge against you with my current identity, then I'd be no different from you back then.”

Those words hit Sophia like a hard slap across the face, but all she could do was smile and nod in response. “Yes... You're absolutely right, Mrs. Faulkner.”

“Here, let us have a toast and let bygones be bygones,” Genevieve said as she clinked glasses with Sophia. “Your husband's company is the leading enterprise when it comes to maritime transport, and I do hope for both our companies to work together in the future.”

Sophia's eyes lit up the moment she heard that. After all, there was no reason for her to say no to a profitable deal.

She then chugged down her glass of champagne and complimented Genevieve with a smile, “You really are an accomplished young woman, Mrs. Faulkner! It's really impressive how you're managing the company so well while your husband is still in a comatose state. We can only sit around and play cards at home when our husbands are at work. Mr. Faulkner sure is lucky to have married you!”

“Yeah, I think I'm really lucky too!” Genevieve replied with a smile. Seconds later, she arched an eyebrow as she continued, “You've been with Mr. Jones for fourteen years now, right?”