

Chapter 337 You Are Pretty Clumsy

Johanna was so irritated that she almost took the cup of coffee next to her hand and splash it on Armand's face.

“So what if I don't have a boyfriend? I'm still single because I'm being careful, get it? I don't want to become like Genev that I'd get together with a control freak like you. It's scary that you love to act pitiful all the time,” she snorted.

“Exactly! Johanna, you just took the words right out my mouth!” Timothy agreed and smiled.

He put all the crabs that he had deshelled on her plate before cleaning his fingers with a towel.

“Genev, let me know when you divorce Armand. I'll marry you then. I'm a lot more considerate than him.”

Armand glared at him and said coldly, “Do you have a death wish?”

“That's his mouth. He can say whatever he wants to. Mr. Faulkner, not only are you a control freak, but you also threaten others easily!” Johanna snapped.

Timothy placed his arm on Johanna's shoulder and sighed. “Do you know how pitiful I am when I hang out with him now?”

She sympathized with him, but she kept eating the crab meat anyway. “Yeah. You poor soul...”

Once she was done, she tugged at Timothy's hand in a coquettish manner again. “Timothy, could you please help me to deshell one more crab for me? The crabs that you deshelled are heavenly!”

“Sure!” He did as she said and started deshellng another crab for her.

“Yay! You're so cool! You're even better looking than Mr. Faulkner!” Joanna exclaimed.

After that, she snorted at Armand when she noticed that he was still cutting off the crab's legs slowly. “Mr. Faulkner, you mocked me for being single, but you're so clumsy. You said that you'll deshell a crab for Genev, but you're still cutting the crab legs when I've already finished an entire crab.”

She gave a thumbs up in Timothy's direction and said while smiling, “Timothy's not only handsome, but he's so skillful. He can easily win against ten boyfriends!”

Her words were like honey that warmed Timothy's heart.

He liked it very much. “Johanna, because of what you said, if you face any problems at work, tell me! If you want to eat anything when we hang out, let me know! I'll treat you!”

Johanna gave him a love sign again. “Wow! You're the best, Timothy! Mr. Faulkner's no match for you!”

Armand furrowed his brows after listening to the two of them in front of him.

He resisted the urge to throw them out of the restaurant as he continued to lower his head as he deshell the crab.

Soon, he placed the crab meat and crab roe on Genevieve's little plate. “Eat up.”

Genevieve looked at his hands which normally held a pen. At the moment, those hands had become dirty and his fingers had gotten a little red just because he deshelled a crab for her.

He had never cooked in the kitchen before, so it was obvious that he never had to do things like this in the past.

She passed him a hot towel.

“Hold on. I'll deshell one more,” Armand said and took another crab from the dish.

His movements were swifter than the first time, and he looked focused.

Genevieve put the towel back into the small basket and ate the crab meat that was on her plate.

It was delicious and sweet.

When it was midnight, the number of customers increased instead of getting lesser, and the restaurant was bustling with activity.

Genevieve and the others had finished their supper.

Armand paid the bill and went to the restroom. When he returned, he was holding a pair of sandals.

After that, he took off Genevieve's heels and let her wear the pair of soft sandals that he brought. “Why didn't I think of that? D*mn it!” Johanna mumbled.

Timothy raised his brows.