

Chapter 357 Why Is Mister Faulkner Being So Cheeky

Their plane touched down at Sirmoor an hour past noon.

Genevieve and Steven were received by the CEO of the branch company personally. En route to the office, the latter passed along all the documents relevant to the project over to Genevieve and also asked if she wanted to have lunch before they got started.

“We’ve already eaten on the flight, so that won’t be necessary.” Genevieve smiled coolly before she turned her attention back to the files.

When they arrived at the branch office, the CEO had all the teams responsible for that project called into the meeting room. Discussions continued past six in the evening before they managed to identify and address all the problems.

Half expecting to spend at least another day there, Genevieve did not anticipate that everything would be settled within a couple of hours.

As it was getting late and with concerns about the toil all the flight hopping could have on Genevieve, Steven suggested spending the night at a hotel before returning to Jadeborough in the morning.

By the time they got to the hotel, it was already eight o’clock plus in the evening.

Steven went to the front desk to check in while Genevieve waited by the lounge at the side.

At that moment, a group of young women entered the hotel with their own luggage. As there was only two personnel manning the front desk, that group lined up behind Steven and chatted while they waited.

For some reason, one of the women started whispering to her companions after she glanced in Genevieve’s way. Afterward, the lot of them swarmed over to the latter.

“Could you be Sylvie Clasen?”

“That movie you starred in is so heart-wrenching that it made me cry for days afterward, Sylvie.”

“Could you ask the director to have a sequel made?”

“Can I have your autograph, Sylvie? Pretty please?”

The boisterous girls crowded Genevieve, and some of them even produced some pens and notebooks from their bags.

Genevieve took two steps back and removed her shades. “You all have the wrong person.”

The girls gasped when they saw the extravagantly exquisite visage underneath and were consequently left rooted to the spot.

Those brows of Genevieve’s were perked up at the moment, adding an element of sternness to it. A veneer of calm permeated those luscious eyes.

This woman looks so much like that movie star Sylvie Clasen, only much prettier.

Having completed the registration process, Steven came over to look for Genevieve who politely asked for herself to be excused. She then passed between the girls with her luggage in tow.

One of the girls remarked awkwardly, “S-She looks so much like Sylvie...”

“Oh, I remember now!” Another one of them squealed, “She’s Genevieve Rachford, and the man next to her is Steven Sullivan from Central Group...”

“Well, f*ck me. Could it be possible that she might be Sylvie’s sister? The resemblance is simply uncanny!”

The group of girls was all fans of that movie for which they had shed many tears and were under the impression that they had lucked out by running into the show’s star on that fateful trip to Sirmoor.

Never did they expect that the woman they chanced upon was an even bigger deal than that movie star herself.

Some of the nosier girls swiftly sourced Genevieve’s photo online and made a composite of it, side by side with Sylvie’s, which they then posted on Twitter.

Very quickly, their post went viral.

Noticing the headline article while she was sorting out some work back in the room, Genevieve opened up the link.

Inside, she saw that there were netizens drawing comparisons between the movie’s lead actress and herself, with some speculating whether the two of them could be biologically related.

Initially, Genevieve wanted to have the staff from the company shut the news down, but when she considered how much publicity that massive interest in this issue had brought to the company, she thought the better of it.

Browsing through Twitter two minutes later, Genevieve found that all of the news about her and Sylvie that was trending earlier had disappeared, alongside everything else concerning the movie itself.

With blistering responsiveness, Johanna swiftly texted via WhatsApp: Did you get someone to do that, Genev? I was looking for reviews on the movie on Twitter, but everything’s gone now.

Genevieve: It wasn’t me.

It then dawned upon Johanna immediately and she texted: I suppose that must have been Mr. Faulkner then. I reckon that he doesn’t like it that there is someone else who looks like you. Why is he being so cheeky? Even all the related terms had been blocked on Twitter. It’s practically driving all the fans crazy.

In Genevieve’s esteem, the only person with the power to erase everything pertaining to Sylvie and herself could only be Armand, as Central Group held a thirty percent share on Twitter.

That left her nonplussed.