

Chapter 358 Late Night Supper Delivery

Genevieve wanted to text Armand but discovered that she was unable to find his contact. Thinking about it, she was reminded that she already had his number blocked for some time now.

During that period, Armand had always reached her via short messaging.

Finally, Genevieve removed the man from the blacklist and sent a text over: They would need to make a living from making movies. How are they going to do that if they cannot even get any traction on the mentions of their actors?

Armand: Who might you be referring to, specifically?

Genevieve: Sylvie Clasen. There was a trending Twitter thread discussing our physical likeness. Were you the one who shut it down?

Armand: No. I don't pay any attention to this sort of entertainment news at all.

In spite of his denial, Genevieve was convinced that it was him though she did not press on. Placing down her phone, she collected her nighties and went on to freshen up in the washroom.

After stepping out of the showers, she saw that Armand had sent her another message.

Armand: Had dinner yet?

Genevieve: No. I'm on a diet.

Her clothes had been reworked by Johanna's clever hands and looked even better than they were previously. In order to put on those nice threads, she could not allow herself to gain weight.

Declining to continue that conversation with Armand, she switched off her screen with the intention of getting in bed earlier. That way, she would not grow hungry.

In the end, she did lay in bed, but without a hint of drowsiness.

In recent times, she had grown accustomed to falling asleep inside Armand's arms, and would still be able to doze off by using his pillow even if the man had been shooed off to the guest room.

This time though, her brain cells were in overdrive mode, as though they had been supercharged by caffeine.

That got her thinking about how many an insomniac needed to rely on sleeping pills and how she could really use some at this very moment herself.

Then, her phone screen lit up.

She groped for it and read Armand's message. Come and get the door.

Genevieve was momentarily stumped.

Seconds later, she slid into her slippers. Pulling open the door, she was greeted by the sight of Armand's towering frame outside. Dangling in his right hand was a food jar.

“What are you doing here?”

“I was concerned that skipping your meals might upset your stomach.” Armand walked in and closed the door behind him in stride before he led her over to the counter.

Checking the time, Genevieve realized that it was close to an hour past midnight.

So, he had already gotten on the plane from Jadeborough while I was struggling to sleep?

Pursing her lips, Genevieve settled herself into the chair at the counter.

Watching Armand open up the food jar roused a warm and fuzzy feeling from inside of her. “It's already so late. Eating now is going to make me fat,” she protested.

“I got you pierogies and braised beef,” said Armand. “I know that these aren't that caloric dense because I've looked it up myself. And why are you so obsessed with your own figure? It's not like you're some movie star or anything like that.”

“It's for the sake of wearing nice clothes,” Genevieve replied with a snort. “Have you ever seen any fancy clothes that are offered in plus sizes?”

Worth noting was the fact that she had been the type to have her weight show up on her cheeks first ever since she was a child. Hence, she was customarily averse to putting on too much weight.

Genevieve could smell the fragrance of the meat inside the braised beef when it was liberated from the food jar. That made her mouth water a little. “Did you make this yourself?”

“Yeah. It's not that hard to do, really.” Armand picked up a morsel of beef and brought it toward Genevieve who pliantly took it into her mouth.

The flesh was chewy and scrumptious, better than any that she had ever tasted before.

“Say, Mando, why don't you become a chef instead?” Genevieve said as she savored the pierogi he fed her. “You have a real gift for this.”

Armand's brows raised marginally. “Aren't I already your own personal chef? One who cooks expressly for you?”

Indeed, over that period, Armand was the one who had her three square meals covered.

“I got fatter because of all the food you make me eat every day,” Genevieve fumed. “From now on, I may have to dine at the staff canteen in order to be selective about what I eat.”

That elicited a soft chuckle from Armand.

Turning around to blame me for the improvement in her appetite? Such an ungrateful woman, she is.

While they chatted, Armand had already had the plate of pierogies and braised beef funneled into Genevieve's belly.

He drew a napkin and helped the woman wipe off the corner of her lips. “Have you had enough?”

Fattening her up before devouring her was his habitual approach.

Genevieve dangled her legs while the man carried her to the bedroom. One of the slippers was left behind, exposing one fair foot of hers that had its toes slightly curled up.

“My feet are tired after wearing heels all day,” Genevieve griped.

“Let me help give them a massage latter.”