

Chapter 363 I Could Warm Your Heart Too

Genevieve gave the driver the address to Swallow Garden.

After that last wave of reorganizing, there were only three long-time housekeepers left at Swallow Garden, all of whom evoked a look of astonishment when they saw Genevieve arrive.

“M-Mdm. Genevieve.”

Genevieve nodded in acknowledgment of the housekeepers. After she went inside the house, she learned from them that Armand had moved back there half a month ago, but had consistently not been in a good mood since.

Requesting for them to keep mum about her presence, Genevieve waited until Armand returned for dinner in the evening before she came downstairs.

“Mando,” Genevieve said as she approached with her eyes bowed. “I neglected to consider my own well-being the last time, and I should not have done that.”

Armand merely grunted before he pushed past her en route to the dining room.

Hapless, Genevieve followed him there and sat herself down across from him.

While she spoke to the man, he remained as expressionless as he had been prior, only acknowledging her very sparingly.

Seeing how off-kilter the mood was between the pair, the housekeepers sought refuge in the kitchen as soon as they were done serving up the dishes.

Upon the conclusion of the meal, Genevieve followed behind the man as they filed upstairs.

“I have more work to see to, so go ahead and rest up if you're tired.” Armand made his way into the study and without waiting for Genevieve to catch up, he locked the door behind him.

Genevieve went on to hit the showers. She lay on the pillow the man used and quickly fell asleep. Throughout the night, however, Armand did not come by the bedroom even once.

Post breakfast, she kept pace with the man when he left the house and sat herself down inside his car.

With the safety belt firmly secured, Genevieve glanced side along toward Armand. “What would you like to have for lunch, Mando? Why don't we—”

“That won't be necessary. I'll be settling it at the staff canteen.” He shut her down without hearing what she wanted to say.

Genevieve sighed deeply in her heart.

Over the past month, Armand had not visited her even once at the hospital. And he continued to ignore her after she had been discharged.

That is absolutely the longest-lasting fit he'd ever thrown.

In the days to follow, Armand would continue to disregard Genevieve, be it in the office or at home.

Even if they were having a meeting in the conference room, Armand would only nod passively in response to any point Genevieve raised.

Armand's aloofness soon became the subject of fervent discussion amongst their co-workers.

“Why is Mr. Faulkner treating you that way, Genev? Have you guys been quarreling?” asked a curious Johanna who came running to Genevieve.

“Yeah,” replied Genevieve, a little flustered as well.

As if it was not enough that Armand was cold to her at work, whenever they ate together at the same table back at Swallow Garden, Armand would busy himself in the study till late and then retire to the guest room afterward.

He was blatantly giving her the cold shoulder.

Genevieve faithfully recounted everything she did that day when Marilyn called on her to Johanna.

That led Johanna to gasp after she took it all in.” F*ck me! Aren't you destroying yourself to spite the enemy by doing that? You could easily have wound up paying for it with your own life back then. Not to mention Mr. Faulkner, even I'm pissed with you right now!”

“I was indeed a little too eager to see the Wood family come to ruin,” replied a mumbling Genevieve as she rubbed her own temples. “Have I not been made aware of my own misstep? He wouldn't acknowledge me even if I tried to apologize.”

“Forget him then.” Johanna waved her hand dismissively. “What about me? I'd be able to warm your heart too!”

Then, like a little lout, she went on to give Genevieve's chin a frivolous stroke.

After work, Johanna came around to look for Genevieve again. She told her that a friend of Timothy's was having a birthday celebration and they planned to go for a singing session after a meal together. “Since Mr. Faulkner isn't going to so much as smile at you even if you went home, why don't you come along and hang out with us?”

That made sense to Genevieve, so she agreed.

While she was leaving work, she still made a point of texting Armand to inform him that she would be home late. Again, it yielded only a monosyllabic reply from him.

His persistent nonchalance left Genevieve a little miffed.

Timothy's friend was a heart specialist who attended the same medical college as him and they could be considered quite close. Aside from Timothy himself, there were seven to eight other friends who had also been invited to celebrate his birthday together with him.

When Genevieve and Johanna arrived at the restaurant, the eyes of those present at the table lit up.

“This is the wife of Mr. Faulkner, so don't you guys get any funny ideas,” said Timothy with a snort as he pointed toward Genevieve. “Surely none of you expect yourselves to be able to outgun the great Mr. Faulkner himself?”