

Chapter 368 Something Special

Armand brought the drunk Genevieve back to Regality Gardens and carried her to the bed.

She, however, clung to him and didn't seem willing to let him go.

Armand felt a cold sensation against his neck and looked down to see a jade pendant.

It was the charm that Genevieve had bought from the auction.

She nuzzled his neck and kissed his Adam's apple feverishly. “Mando, will you sleep with me? I can't fall asleep otherwise.”

“If you can't sleep, figure something out yourself,” Armand said coldly as he plucked her grip off of him finger by finger.

He walked out of the room, leaving her behind cold-heartedly.

Genevieve stared at the closed bedroom door in shock and disbelief.

That man had constantly been playing tricks on her and trying over and over again to gobble her up. Now that she was willingly giving herself up, he simply walked away coldly.

The next day, Genevieve went to the company and wanted to talk to Johanna.

Little did she expect her to only arrive after ten in the morning.

When Johanna finally walked in with a cup of coffee, Genevieve asked dully, “Why are you late? Did you sleep past your alarm?”

“No. I had to go out and deal with some stuff,” Johanna said as she placed the coffee down. She glanced at Genevieve. “I thought Mr. Faulkner sent you back home yesterday. What's up with you?”

“Yeah, he sure did,” she replied. “But he slept in the guest bedroom.”

“What?” Johanna asked, her eyes wide. “Didn't you, you know, seduce him or anything? You just let him leave like that?”

“I did.”

When she heard Genevieve talk about how Armand had cold-heartedly pushed her hand away, Johanna began laughing out loud. “I can't believe how ruthless your husband can be when he's angry. You basically gave yourself up to him, and yet he didn't react at all. That's hilarious!”

Genevieve slammed the coffee cup onto the table.

Johanna covered her mouth and immediately stopped laughing. “Oh, by the way, I just stopped by the secretarial department. Steven was on the phone with someone from some big company. He was saying something about giving Mr. Faulkner a birthday gift.”

Genevieve looked at the calendar on the table. “Mm, his birthday is on the eighteenth.”

“It'll be the eighteenth in two days, right?” Johanna asked. “He's thirty-two now. After the eighteenth, he'll be thirty-three. He's almost as old as my dad! Just a few more years and he'll be an old geezer.”

“Thirty-three and forty-three are still pretty far off from each other. Quit exaggerating!” Genevieve said as she massaged her brow. “Go about your business now. I need some time to myself.”

Johanna didn't leave. Instead, she said to Genevieve, “Why don't you give him something special for his birthday?”

Genevieve looked up at Johanna in confusion.

It wasn't even Armand's birthday yet and multiple large businesses were already sending gifts to Central Group. The secretarial department was all caught up trying to take inventory of each gift.

Armand hadn't thrown a birthday party in forever, and he wasn't about to start one this year.

However, after checking the weather and seeing that it was about to pour, he decided to ask Steven to inform everyone to get off work early.

Steven walked into Armand's office with his packed lunch. “Mr. Faulkner, the company's restaurant is closed. This is the lunch that Mrs. Faulkner bought for you. She went to Baykeep with Johanna for business and said she would be back around eight in the evening. She also asked you to return to Regality Gardens by then, as she has a birthday gift for you.”

“Okay,” Armand replied without even looking up.

Before Steven walked out, Armand suddenly called out to him, “Go early and fetch Mrs. Faulkner from the airport later on.”

Steven smiled. “Of course.”

Armand continued working until around six in the evening. It was still thundering and raining heavily outside.

At six-thirty, Timothy walked into his office. “Since you're all lonely on your birthday without your wifey spending time with you, I'll do it! Let's go out for a meal. My treat.”