

Chapter 369 Cooking Skills

Armand was getting tired from working. He freshened himself up a bit before leaving with Timothy.

Timothy had already booked a table at Golden Restaurant.

Their food arrived soon after they reached and they began eating while chatting.

Timothy poured some wine for Armand. “Are you still not done with this whole ignoring act you have going on? It's been a month. Don't overdo it. She may get angry and actually start ignoring you too.”

Armand glared at him. “Don't talk while you eat.”

“Okay, okay. I'll shut up,” Timothy said, afraid of getting beaten up.

When they were almost done, the owner of the restaurant placed a cake down in front of Armand.

It was iced rather neatly, and it had “Happy Birthday” written on it in icing too.

“Happy birthday, Mr. Faulkner.”

Armand nodded. “Thank you.”

He cut himself a slice of cake and took a bite. He had only just begun to chew when he frowned at how dry it was.

It was clearly on a rather different level from the rest of the dishes on the table.

Timothy watched as Armand took a bite. He frowned and put his fork down. He raised his eyebrow and asked, “Is it that bad? Looks like your wife's cooking skills aren't that great after all.”

Armand looked at him. “Genevieve made this?”

“Yeah. Didn't she tell you?” Timothy asked as he poured himself more tea to drink.

“Jojo said that Genevieve came here in the morning to learn how to make a cake from the pastry chef here. She left once she made it and she was also the one who messaged me and asked me to take you to here for dinner.”

Armand didn't smile, but his eyes softened as he picked up the fork once again.

Timothy looked at him slightly pitifully. “If it's not nice, you don't have to finish it. It's the thought that counts, isn't it? I'll ask the chef to bring out another one.”

“Did I say it wasn't nice?” Armand stared at Timothy coldly. “Just shut up and eat your food.”

“All right, all right.”

Timothy figured that Genevieve could give Armand a whole ten-course meal of her strange cooking and he would still eat it expressionlessly.

The two of them finished by around eight o'clock.

Armand checked his watch. Steven was probably still waiting for Genevieve at the airport.

He asked Timothy to drop him off at Regality Gardens.

The lights in the hallway lit up automatically when he entered, but the living room was still engulfed in darkness.

The house seemed empty, but it was filled with the faint scent of Genevieve's favorite perfume.

Armand changed out of his shoes and was about to turn on the living room light when he spotted a slight glow coming from underneath the bedroom door.

The bedroom light seemed to be on.

Armand turned on the living room light before walking into the hallway and opening the bedroom door.

The moment he opened it, a flash of red entered his field of vision and he stopped breathing.

The bedroom hadn't changed that much except for the gorgeous white satin duvet adorned with golden embroidery that was laid out across the bed. There were even four matching white throw pillows.

The woman sitting on the blanket was dressed in a beautiful white dress embroidered with gold thread. The way the gold thread caught the dim light managed to outshine every other lamp in the room and make the embroidery look as though it was coming alive.

She had a veil on as she sat there quietly. It was as if she was waiting for someone to lift it.

Armand walked into the bedroom and approached her.

He spotted a scale on the bedside table and picked it up to lift the veil with.

Genevieve had on a delicate gold tiara dotted with small diamonds and pearls underneath the veil. She used a gorgeous fan to cover the bottom half of her face, only showing off her sparkling eyes. Her gaze was engaging and seductive as she glanced down meaningfully.

Her makeup was detailed and subtle, making her look even more sensual.

Even her eyes alone managed to make Armand's heart pound wildly.