

Chapter 370 Did You Just Leave

He put the scale down and pushed away the fan in front of her face.

Genevieve's lashes fluttered slightly, and she looked up at him with a slight smile on her defined features. “Do you like it, Mando?”

“Yes,” Armand said, his Adam's apple bobbing.

She looked gorgeous in that wedding dress and had also successfully won him over. The anger and frustration he had toward her had all dissipated at the sight of her.

Genevieve picked up the two glasses of wine on the nightstand and passed one to him.

The two of them clinked glasses and his gaze remained locked on her. His eyes were gleaming with unspoken emotion.

After drinking, Genevieve left a little bit in her mouth and walked closer to him. He leaned down and pressed a hand to her back as they kissed.

Her mouth tasted sweeter and fresher than any spring water.

Armand was about to carry her onto the bed when she stopped him with a hand to his chest. “Wait. Take off the tiara first. It cost over three hundred million. We can sell it after this.”

“Okay,” Armand said with a low chuckle.

Surprisingly, she wasn't just wearing a tiara. She was all decked out in other intricate pieces of jewelry.

Armand frowned as he took them off. “Why are there so many of these?”

“Did you think being a bride is easy?” Genevieve harrumphed. “This hairstyle alone took five hours. I had to sit in a chair in the same position and the tiara is super heavy, too. If you had been any later, I might have gotten mad and undid the hairstyle myself.”

So she wasn't outstation on a business trip. She had been secretly preparing a surprise for me.

Finally, they managed to get all the headpieces and jewelry off and also undid her hairstyle so that her silky black hair cascaded down her shoulders. She looked even more attractive now.

Armand couldn't help himself from kissing her gently and sweetly.

After they finally pulled apart, Genevieve looked at him with watery eyes as she panted slightly. “Happy birthday, Mando. Do you like the gift?”

“I love it,” Armand said.

This was his most unforgettable birthday.

This gift was also the most precious one he had ever received.

He knew he would never forget about it.

Genevieve didn't get a single wink of sleep that night. She spent the entire time getting tortured by Armand.

They had spent a long time in the bathroom, too, and Genevieve's knees had become bruised.

Armand carried her onto the bed and applied some ointment onto her knees.

“You old pervert! You sicko!” Genevieve used all the energy she had left to kick Armand. “I'm never celebrating your birthday for you again.”

No matter what she said, Armand simply took it all in. “Okay. I'm a pervert. I'm the sicko, and yes, I'm shameless.”

He wormed his way in under the blanket and pulled her into his embrace gently. Her skin was smooth and smelled amazing. Armand could not leave her alone.

He did his best to hold his lust back and stop torturing her.

“Darling,” Armand whispered as he kissed her chin and her delicate shoulders gently. Almost as if he were coaxing her, he said, “Stay with me.”

Genevieve remained silent as she stayed in his embrace with her eyes closed as if she had fallen asleep.

Armand sighed softly after failing to get an answer from Genevieve. He pulled the blanket up to cover her snowy pale shoulders and pulled her in even tighter.

When Genevieve woke up, she was alone on the large bed.

She used the remote control to open the blinds and winced at how bright the sun was. It was almost two in the afternoon.

Genevieve picked up her phone and sent a message to Armand: Did you just leave after doing all that to me the whole night? Men really are ruthless creatures.

She brought her phone into the bathroom with her and putting the toothbrush into her mouth somehow made her feel a little sick.

She finished freshening up and saw Armand's reply.

Armand: Watch your words next time. I rushed over to the company to deal with some business. I made you some soup and there's a beef pie in the oven.

Genevieve: You faker.