

## Chapter 394 Drinking More Water

Armand was stunned. “Aren't the oranges enough?”

With her mouth stuffed with oranges, Genevieve mumbled, “Vomiting just now has made me a little hungry. You can just drop me at the barbeque restaurant. I'll take a cab home myself when I'm done.”

Armand rubbed his temple before asking Steven to find a barbeque restaurant.

Steven had sharp eyes, and he quickly found a place.

Arriving at the restaurant, Genevieve was about to get out by herself when Armand bent down and carried her. He had circled over to her side as soon as the car had stopped in front of the entrance.

Genevieve had no choice but to wrap her arms around his neck.

Armand did not notice it before when they were at the bar, but at this moment, being in such close proximity to Genevieve, he could smell a milky scent on her.

There was no sign of the scent of roses she usually emitted.

Suspecting nothing, Armand was even impressed at how sophisticated the perfume industry had become for creating a fragrance that mimicked the scent of babies.

Inside the restaurant, Armand found a seat by the window.

The moment she sat down, Genevieve started flipping through the menu, then called the owner to place her order almost immediately after.

“I want this, this, and this...”

Once she was done, she handed the menu to Armand, who shook his head. “I'm not hungry.”

“Do you want some beer?” the owner asked.

Genevieve shook her head. “Just get me a can of Sprite at room temperature.”

Feeling excited over the barbecue, Genevieve took out an orange from her pocket and had it after peeling it.

Armand couldn't help but smile. “Why didn't I notice you love fruits that much before?”

“It's winter. I'm feeling dehydrated,” Genevieve replied nonsensically as she popped another piece of orange into her mouth. “The oranges this season are pretty good too.”

Armand was at a loss for words.

Shouldn't you be drinking more water instead? Don't people consume oranges to get a sugar boost?

Armand continued watching her in silence without taking her seriously. When Genevieve looked up, he averted his gaze and took out a cigarette and a lighter.

Genevieve couldn't help but comment, “It's easy to get cancer if you smoke too much...”

Armand was about to light the cigarette between his lips when he heard those words. Subsequently, he put it back into its box.

Soon, the food and Sprite Genevieve ordered arrived.

Armand leaned back in his chair languidly as he watched her eat, occasionally taking a sip of his coffee.

“Are you living with Jack now?”

Genevieve briefly froze before continuing to chew on her chicken wing. “No. He has his own stuff to take care of.”

Armand's spirits lifted a little after he heard her reply.

When he saw that there were plenty of leftovers and she had stopped after only eating two chicken wings, he asked, “You're done?”

“I'm full.” Genevieve was just satisfying her craving. She was well aware that she had to stay away from such food during her pregnancy.

She had expected Armand to accuse her of wasting food. Instead of doing so, he just finished what was left.

When he was done and had settled the bill, he walked over to carry her in his arms.

Genevieve wrapped her arms around his neck and accidentally brushed her lips across it.

Armand remained expressionless even though his Adam's apple bobbed slightly.

As their car sped toward Regality Gardens, the milky scent on Genevieve's body became increasingly obvious.

Seeing that she was playing with her phone, Armand asked, “Have you been ordering takeout for all your meals?”

Genevieve did not respond.

Armand leaned over to her side and called out, “Genevieve?”

His unique scent alerted her to his approach. She turned her head and looked at him in surprise. “What is it?”

“Did you not hear me when I was talking to you?”

Taken aback, Genevieve touched her left ear and replied, “Marilyn slapped me when I was at the Faulkner residence. Ever since then, I lost my hearing in the left ear and the doctor said that it couldn't be cured.”