

Chapter 391 You Cannot Touch My People

Genevieve silently stepped backward until she reached an empty seat. Then she picked up a wine bottle on the table and covered it with her bag.

Her grip on the bottle tightened as she asked, “What do you want?”

The burly man with a buzz cut was chewing his bubblegum as he exclaimed, “You bullied my girlfriend and her friends! Do you think you're going to get away easily?”

“Your girlfriend was the one who badmouthed me first,” Genevieve replied calmly.

“Hmph! You've been married three times. Is my girlfriend wrong for calling you a loose woman? A woman like you will get beaten to death with a belt at my place!”

Genevieve guessed that the man was at least one hundred and eighty-three centimeters tall. His muscles were covered in large tattoos. There was no way she could win in a physical fight.

Due to a lack of air circulation, various smells were mixed together in the air.

Smelling them made her stomach upset.

Genevieve suppressed that discomfort and tried to reason with the man. “Fine. It was my bad. I'll apologize to your girlfriend.”

The young woman from earlier became much more arrogant now that her boyfriend was around. She pointed at the ground and said, “You need to get on your knees and apologize! Not just me. You're going to apologize to all my friends too!”

“You hear that?” the man said. “Do it now!”

Genevieve tightened her grip on the wine bottle.

Seeing how she was still standing there silently, the young woman turned to her boyfriend. “She's not willing to get on her knees and apologize, Darling. What should we do?”

“Fine. I'll apologize...” Genevieve said abruptly.

Just as the man was distracted, she raised the wine bottle and smashed it on his head.

“I'll apologize in hell!” she cursed before pulling a nearby server to block the man's path and running further inside.

The man was livid after getting hit. He shoved his girlfriend aside and chased after Genevieve.

The dance floor was quite dim. Genevieve didn't know if the man was chasing after her. Suddenly, she knocked into a wide, muscular chest.

The person she knocked into quickly held her arm to prevent her from falling. “Why are you running so fast?”

The loud music was making her ear ring, but she could clearly hear the man's voice.

She couldn't help but raise her head. It was then she saw Armand's cold face under the dim light.

The man with a buzz cut from earlier caught up to her. After squinting his eyes to identify Genevieve, the man stretched his arm with the intention of catching her. “You little—”

Armand pulled Genevieve closer to him and kicked the man away.

The man collided with a guest who was passing by when he was sent flying backward and landed on the ground. The pain in his abdomen was so agonizing that he couldn't get up.

People around them swiftly scattered away to avoid getting hit.

Armand glared at the man. “Do you think you can touch my people?”

The man shuddered when he realized who the man standing next to Genevieve was. A chill ran down his spine as he met Armand's cold gaze. I thought both of them were divorced? What's going on?

Soon, Cooper pushed through the crowd and arrived at the scene. When he saw the man lying on the ground and Armand putting a hand on Genevieve's shoulder, the look in his eyes darkened.

He turned to Genevieve. “Did he bully you, Genev?”

“His girlfriend is a fan of Sylvie. She came to look for trouble with me earlier, and when I was about to leave, she and his boyfriend blocked my path,” Genevieve said. She could feel the warmth coming from Armand's hand.

Upon pushing his hand away, she tried to stabilize herself, but the pain coming from her left ankle almost made her fall.

Armand was quick to hold her up again. “Did you twist your ankle?”

Genevieve furrowed her eyebrows. The pain was affecting her so much that she didn't have the energy to speak.

Cooper threw his coat into Timothy's embrace, picked up the tattooed man on the ground, and punched him in the face.