

Chapter 310 Is It You

Genevieve cleared up the table after dinner. She then went to the bedroom and gave two pills to Armand according to the prescription.

After putting the glass on the coffee table, Armand asked, “Do you have to work later on?”

“It’s my rest day today.” Genevieve took the remote control, turned on the television, and asked him, “What would you like to—”

Halfway through her sentence, she realized that Armand was unable to see anything.

Unlike most blind people, his eyes were still looking as bright as before.

Therefore, she had always thought he had problems only with his legs.

Armand was not offended either. He simply raised his brows and said, “I want to listen to some classical music. Will you be willing to play me a tune or two on the violin?”

“My hands are tired after going through tons of documents this afternoon,” replied Genevieve indifferently as she turned on the radio.

A pop song was playing on the station.

Let it all go, the past is in the past. The more you try to forget, the more it stays in your mind...

After two lines, Genevieve immediately turned it off.

She went to retrieve her expensive violin and tuned it before asking, “Which song would you like to listen to?”

Armand’s mood brightened when Genevieve asked him what he wanted. He chuckled softly and said, “Anything will do.”

Very soon, melodious tune could be heard.

The music was clear, concise, and pleasing to the ears.

Armand had heard several classical pieces before, but he had no idea who the composer of the tune that Genevieve was playing was.

For some reason, no matter how exhausted or irritated he might be, he was always able to relax and calm down whenever he heard Genevieve play the violin.

In the past, when he accompanied Marilyn to classical music concerts or when Marilyn played the violin, he had never experienced such a feeling before.

His eyes had recovered a little, but things still looked blurry to him. All he could see was just a blurry outline of Genevieve’s figure. Everything else was still in shades of grey.

Looking in the direction of the sound of the violin, it was as if he could see her standing in the center of the living room with the violin on her shoulder and getting lost in the moment.

Falling into a daze, Armand recalled the day the gauze from his eyes was removed fourteen years ago.

As the gauze that went round and round his eyes was taken off, he saw a girl holding a violin and staring at him with huge, curious eyes.

Her features looked exactly like those of Genevieve’s.

Armand’s heart skipped a beat at that thought. When he blinked again, blurriness engulfed him once again. All he could see was a fuzzy figure afar.

He could not help but ask, “Is it you?”

Genevieve, who was playing the violin, was sharp enough to know what Armand was talking about. However, she pretended not to know.

She stopped playing and pursed her lips. “What’s wrong?”

At the sound of Genevieve’s voice, Armand regained his senses.

He rubbed his temples and replied, “Nothing. I don’t seem to have heard this tune before.”

“It’s an unpopular classical piece. The composer is a nobody, too.” Genevieve then kept her violin back in its case and looked at the time.

“It’s getting late. Let’s go to bed.”

“Okay.” Armand nodded and saw her figure leaving the living room.

There was no housekeeper at home. However, Genevieve would arrange for the Golden Restaurant to deliver lunch at the appropriate time and even tell the delivery personnel to remind Armand to take his medications.

She would finish her work early and bring the balance of her work back home.

After watching over Armand for a few days and seeing that the burned skin was healing nicely, Genevieve was finally able to heave a sigh of relief.

That day, she had gotten off work early and came back to have dinner with Armand. She told him, “I’ll be flying to Baykeep tomorrow to participate in an internet conference. I’ll be away for two days. I’ve called Steven, and he will be here to keep you company during the days I will be gone.”