

Chapter 317 I Think He Is Blind

Armand didn't expect Genevieve to fall asleep before he did. I guess she has been working hard lately and exhausted herself... He caressed her cheek and held her closer to him.

When Genevieve woke up, she realized faint lights were streaming in from the gap between the windows and had illuminated the dark room.

Genevieve turned on the lamp and checked her phone to figure out what time it was.

Her initial intention was to take a nap, but she ended up sleeping until six o'clock in the evening.

“Are you up?”

Genevieve turned her attention over and saw Armand lying beside her. He rested his head on his hand and was staring at her lovingly.

The shirt he had on was ridiculously wrinkled, and the buttons at the top of that shirt were left unbuttoned, revealing his Adam's apple and a small section of his tanned skin.

If it hadn't been for the fact that he didn't blink his eyes, Genevieve would've thought that he could actually see.

She cleared her throat a little and looked away from his exposed skin before getting out of bed. “Why didn't you wake me up? Mr. Turner said that he wanted to hang out during lunch.”

Armand grinned and chuckled. “Why would I wake you up? My desire has always been to sleep next to you.”

For a moment there, Genevieve was at a loss for words. She ignored him and went to the bathroom to freshen up.

She had just gotten a new outfit out of her bag when someone knocked on the door.

The server had shown up to relay a message to Genevieve. “Mr. Turner would like to invite you and Mr. Faulkner to room 228 to have dinner together.”

“Okay, got it. Thank you,” replied Genevieve. She nodded and closed the door after that.

After she got ready, she realized that Armand's shirt was as wrinkled as ever, so she called Steven and got him to send Armand's luggage to her room.

She grabbed a fresh shirt from the luggage and shoved it at Armand.

He stood there without moving. “You were sleeping on my arm earlier, so I can't move it now,” said Armand.

“Quit it with the lies. There's no way I'd sleep on your arm for that long,” complained Genevieve in an annoyed tone.

She assumed that Armand was just being lazy, so she bottled up her feelings and helped him take off his shirt while having a grumpy expression on.

When she actually took his shirt off, however, she saw a huge red mark on his arm. The scowl on her face faded and guilt filled her.

She didn't say another word as she helped him put his shirt on.

Armand noticed her silence and chuckled. “Is there a mark on my arm? Is that why you stopped complaining?”

“Why didn't you move your arm away? It aches now, right? Well, serve you right,” muttered Genevieve. After she buttoned up his shirt, she helped him put on a pair of sunglasses and took him out of the room.

When they reached the private room, they saw how the table was practically full. Almost everyone who was invited to lunch was there.

The only one missing was Xavier.

Genevieve didn't pull up a chair until Armand sat down.

She turned her attention to Martin and apologized, “I'm so sorry, Mr. Turner. I promised to play poker with everyone this afternoon, but my husband had too much to drink and was feeling uncomfortable. I had to stay in the room to take care of him.”

“Oh, it's fine. Everyone had too much to drink and was resting in their rooms, so no one showed up for the poker game,” replied Martin as he waved his hand dismissively and chuckled.

He added, “Let's have juice and leave the alcohol out for tonight.”

Martin wanted everyone to have a good time, so dinner was even more luxurious than lunch.

Every time Genevieve would grab some food, she would have to get closer to Armand. That was when she would whisper and tell him what dish was in front of him. If he wanted some, he would get it himself.

They worked in sync, but Armand still moved a little too slowly and some noticed it.

Quentin was one of the ones who noticed it and he looked at Armand before whispering to the guy beside him.

“Is it just me, or is Mr. Faulkner rather slow when he eats?”

“Maybe his head is still hurting,” said the other guy. He was still recovering from the incident at lunch and was still reeling in his fears. “Mr. Faulkner downed three glasses of wine, so there's no way he can regain full function of his body within that short time.”

“No, that's not it. I think he's blind,” replied Quentin as he stroked his chin.

The other guy was shocked. He looked at Quentin and whispered, “Don't talk bullsh*t like that. He was bruised from hitting his head. That's why he has to wear a pair of sunglasses.”

“Yes, but it's probably just a small bruise, so why would he need a pair of sunglasses?” said Quentin. He didn't buy that story at all. “I'm going to test him. Let's see if he's still drunk or if he's blind.”