

Chapter 322 He Is Just A Sleeping Pill

Upon hearing the announcement, many of the guests were filled with anticipation.

Johanna, too, was equally excited. Munching on her snack, she remarked, “Ever since I was young, I have never watched a fireworks display before. The biggest firework I ever saw was when I visited a theme park once.”

She then knitted her brows and commented in surprise, “But there's no special occasion today, so why is the resort putting on such a spectacle?”

“This is my first time here too.” Genevieve speculated, “Perhaps, due to the recent crowds, they decided to entertain their guests with the fireworks display.”

Johanna nodded in agreement.

At ten sharp, a sudden explosion was seen in the pitch-black sky.

The vibrant colors of the massive fireworks illuminated the resort's surroundings so brightly that it felt just like daylight.

Before the fireworks faded, another would replace them in the sky.

Even the water in the hot spring changed colors as it reflected the rainbow-like hue of the fireworks.

“F*cking hell!” Johanna swore in amazement.

As four fireworks exploded consecutively across the sky, green shimmering sparks emerged to form roses that lined up into the shape of a heart.

Within the heart, the word “Darling” was emblazoned across it.

Genevieve was jolted the moment she recognized the word and immediately understood who was behind the spectacle.

“And here we were, thinking that the resort had organized it as entertainment for its guests. It turns out that this is Mr. Faulkner's doing!” Giving Genevieve a nudge with her shoulder, Johanna added with a grin, “He even encased the word 'darling' in a heart... Oh my, Mr. Faulkner is a true romantic indeed!”

As Genevieve stuffed a piece of fruit into her mouth, she maintained a calm expression despite the warmth she felt inside.

The fireworks display went on for ten minutes.

Once it was over, Genevieve and Johanna were also done soaking in the hot spring. When Johanna invited Genevieve to try the milk spa with her, the latter declined as she didn't want others to see the conspicuous tattoo on her waist.

When Genevieve returned to the room in her bathrobe, she saw Armand inside. He was dressed in a black night robe and taking calls on the couch.

After throwing him a glance, she headed to the shower.

By the time she emerged, Armand had finished his call.

When he looked in Genevieve's direction, Armand could feel his vision improve, for he could make out her slender silhouette while she was drying her hair with her towel.

“Darling, did you catch the fireworks display?” he asked.

Genevieve grunted in acknowledgment before replying in an indifferent tone. “It was pretty good.”

As a sense of dejection crept into Armand, the figure in front of him went back into the bathroom again. For a moment, Armand felt as if she had gone to someplace where he couldn't find her anymore.

She was no longer the Genevieve of old who was easily impressed.

After blowing her hair and going through her skincare routine, she headed straight into bed from the bathroom. She even asked Armand, “Mando, can I hug you to sleep?”

A sense of bliss emanated within his heart.

Before he could respond, Genevieve added, “I had trouble sleeping for the last two days. But I can fall asleep within seconds if I hug you. You truly are more effective than sleeping pills.”

Recalling how Genevieve had fallen asleep instantly in the afternoon, Armand's lips twitched.

Am I just a sleeping pill to her?

After Armand flipped the blanket aside and got into bed, Genevieve snuggled closer and hugged his waist before laying her head on his chest.

Just as she predicted, she fell asleep within three seconds.

Filled with resignation, Armand turned off the lights and pulled her into his embrace.

When he caught the fragrant scent of her hair, he comforted himself, If I'm a sleeping pill, so be it. At the very least, I'm useful to her and can hug her to sleep.