

Chapter 327 Do You Think I Am Despicable

From the look on her face, Armand felt responsible and leaned over to ask, “Does it hurt there?”

“No!” Genevieve turned around and glared at him.

“In that case, where does it hurt?” Just as Armand spoke, he reached his hand underneath the blanket, but Genevieve slapped it away at once.

She replied in embarrassment, “My back.”

Armand was stunned by her answer and quickly recalled how he ravaged her the night before. As a guilty expression descended upon his face, he put on his night robe and headed to the bathroom.

He was able to walk faster now due to his expanded field of vision and the fact that he could see better.

After returning with some essential oil from the bathroom, he suggested. “Lie down. I'll give you a massage to relieve your discomfort.”

“Do you know how to?” Genevieve asked curiously.

“No, but I can pick it up by watching videos.” Before he finished, he was already searching for videos online for massages.

After putting his phone aside, he rubbed his hands with the essential oil while watching the video.

When she saw the look on his face, Genevieve didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. Furthermore, an inexplicable feeling began to swell within her.

Upon lying down, her porcelain-white back laid exposed.

Fortunately, she was unable to see it. Or else, she wouldn't have missed the cluster of hickeys that covered the space between her scapula and lower back.

It was an extremely amorous sight.

When he finished the video, Armand had a good idea of what to do.

After applying the essential oil to her back, his hands started working from the inner sides of her lower back up to her shoulders before coming back down the outer sides in one smooth motion.

Given how strong his hands were, his massage felt both reassuring and comfortable, helping her relax the muscles in her body.

Noticing that she wasn't as tense as before, Armand's lips curled. “I'll go harder, so it will be more pleasurable. All right?”

Genevieve grunted in acknowledgment despite coming close to thinking dirty.

Just when she was feeling sleepy from the massage, a sudden thought struck her, causing her to open her eyes. “I just remembered about the pendant you showed me at home where Samuel's picture was at the back. Both of you have similar features and unmistakably look like brothers. Even if Isabella isn't your birth mother, you're definitely Cesar's son and a child of the Faulkner family.”

Due to her suspicions about the pendant, she shared her opinion with Timothy.

Armand didn't deny it. However, he remarked, “Whether I'm a child of the Faulkner family doesn't matter anymore.”

As she was lying face down, Genevieve didn't look at him. “Why?”

Instead of explaining, he asked in a deep voice, “Weren't you curious about the tattoo I used to block the barrel of the gun? The one where you thought was related to Marilyn? When you went to the church to get married one year ago, your wedding car crashed into mine. You then ran off to the church after you came down to apologize.”

His hands moved up to massage her shoulders. “I remember that there were two beautiful bouquets of balloon flowers at the church entrance.”

Initially, Genevieve didn't know where he was going the story.

When she suddenly understood his thoughts, she pushed herself up from the bed and turned to look at him.

Her eyes widened in shock. “D-Did you already have your eye on me back then?”

Genevieve quickly recalled how Armand led her to see the truth after what happened at the hotel.

Cooper had told Erica that the man in the room wasn't the one they had arranged for.

As mixed emotions filled her, Genevieve asked, “Have you always been aware of Cooper's attempts to sabotage me? Was what happened at the hotel your plan?”