

**Chapter 356 You Are My Rosette Nebula**

Genevieve tapped on the first photograph in the set and brought it into focus.

The young woman featured in it was dressed in a black woolen coat and had a red scarf wrapped around her neck. Standing in the wintry landscape in front of her was a snow-covered but nonetheless majestic-looking church.

Florets of snow continued to descend from the sky upon the woman's flowing raven locks while she prayed in the direction of the church with her palms clasped together.

Sliding over to the next photograph, Genevieve saw that it was a picture of the young woman bounding along. Her coat billowed with the rising winds while her hair danced alongside. From amidst those whipping tresses, a face emerged. She was smiling from the heart.

Be it the profile or the front, the woman in the two photos seemed to share some degree of likeness with Genevieve.

Lowering her head to peer at the photographs and then at Genevieve, Johanna concluded, “I really feel the resemblance between the two of you to be quite uncanny, Genev, only that you're much prettier than her!”

“A little, perhaps.” Declining to browse further, Genevieve returned the phone back to Johanna and thought very little of it. “There are so many people in this world that it would be hardly surprising if we should chance upon someone who looks like ourselves. Wasn't there a child who looked exactly like the richest man in Sirmoor as a kid?”

Johanna thought her counterpart might have a point there.

Scrutinizing Genevieve's face, she remarked coolly, “I still think that you are the lead actress in this movie.”

“Don't be ridiculous.” Genevieve rolled her eye at her. “I've never been interested in performing, and besides, being as wealthy as I am already, why would I need to get myself involved in the entertainment industry?”

Concurring, Johanna grunted and then quipped chirpily, “Yeah, that's kind of true. The celebrities may look glamorous and all in public but we all know that it is the capitalists like yourself who are really calling the shots behind the scenes.”

Taking one glance at her phone to check the time, Genevieve then got up onto her feet. “Send me to the airport.”

“Are you flying off somewhere for work?” asked Johanna as she followed her out of the office.

Genevieve grunted in affirmation. “There are some issues with one of the projects over in Sirmoor. I'll be taking Steven there to look into it.”

“How long would you be gone for?”

“Two days.”

“Oh, that is way too long.” Giving Genevieve a side glance, Johanna smiled wryly. “That means I won't be able to have lunch prepared by your precious Mr. Faulkner for these next two days!”

In response, Genevieve slapped her over her noggin. “Tease your boss one more time, and I'll dock it from your paycheck.”

Steven came down to the parking lot after he was done with his work, and it took Johanna's fast driving down the highway to get them to the airport within half an hour.

When Genevieve alighted, Johanna was reminded of something.

Poking her head out the window, she said to Genevieve, “I've got something on that string of numbers! It is for the Rosette Nebula, one of the many stellar nurseries in the galaxy.”

So, it's the designation number for a stellar nursery... It was no wonder Genevieve was not able to find anything on it before.

Suddenly, that whole affair lost its appeal to her, and without listening to whatever else Johanna had to say, she went on into the airport's terminal with Steven.

Johanna texted Genevieve just as the latter set her bags down inside the VIP lounge.

The text read: I didn't manage to tell you the rest of it since you've left too quickly, Genev. In romantic language, that string of numbers means to convey: You are my Rosette Nebula. Mr. Faulkner's the one who sent it to you, wasn't he? Tsk, tsk. He's quite the romantic, don't you think?

Following that, Johanna sent over an image.

Opening it up, Genevieve saw a countless array of planets in the form of dazzling stars the size of sesame seeds, interspersed against the pitch dark backdrop of the Milky Way. Centered upon those clusters of starlike planets was a strikingly beautiful rouge-colored cloud.

The layered fringes of the cloud resembled the flower of a rose.

As she gazed upon that image of the Rosette Nebula from the Milky Way and considered its significance, Genevieve's heart skipped a beat.

It got her hot and bothered, but she quickly regained her senses and settled down when an air stewardess came over to lead them to the boarding gate.