

## Chapter 316 I Want My Wife To Take Care Of Me

“But I’m sharing a room with Johanna,” replied Genevieve. She saw how uncomfortable Armand seemed, and she frowned, but she did not push him away.

“Which floor are you and Steven staying on?” she asked.

“Have Johanna get another room,” demanded Armand in a coarse voice as Genevieve helped him into the elevator. “Darling, I drank for you tonight, so take care of me, will you?”

Annoyed, Genevieve complained, “Don’t make it sound as though I asked you to come here. Speaking of, why did you use the wheelchair yesterday when you can already walk?”

“I can walk, but I can only do that slowly,” replied Armand. He poked her cheek a little and complained, “It’s not like I can have them think that I’m a blind man in a wheelchair.”

Genevieve slapped his finger away and pressed a button on the elevator.

When Johanna heard the knock on the door, she went over to answer it barefooted, only to see Genevieve hugging a tall guy’s waist.

It took her a while, and her bright eyes glowed a little before coming to the conclusion. “Is that your husband?”

“Yeah,” answered Genevieve. She helped Armand to the couch before turning to look at Johanna. In an exasperated voice, she requested, “Jojo, can you go to the reception and ask for another room?”

“Hey! Why does he get to stay with you?” complained Johanna. She pouted and was obviously unhappy with the new arrangement. “His leg is injured, so won’t it be more comfortable for him to have a room all to himself?”

Armand answered politely, “You’re asking why do I get to stay with her? Because I’m her husband, of course!”

“So what?” challenged Johanna before she harrumphed. “You’re an adult, so why can’t you take care of yourself?”

“Well, I want my wife to take care of me.”

Genevieve watched as Armand, being the mighty man that he was, bickered with Johanna. It looked as though things would soon escalate into a heated argument when Genevieve quickly pulled Johanna to the side and coaxed her endlessly.

Only then did Johanna reluctantly pack her things to leave. Genevieve, on the other hand, called the receptionist to ask for some sobering pills.

It didn’t take long before the pills were delivered.

Genevieve took two pills out of the bottle and pulled Armand’s arm to put the pills in his hand.

He reacted by pulling her into his arms and making her sit on his lap. He then grabbed her hand and put his lips on her palm to take the pills.

After that, he grabbed her finger and made her trace his lips. “Darling, did you have fun earlier?”

Genevieve pursed her lips. “Yeah, I did.”

If Armand hadn’t shown up in time, she would have been the one who downed the drink. Xavier would likely continue messing with her after that.

Armand’s appearance changed everything. In a way, Genevieve had avenged Johanna the second her dart dug into Xavier’s wrist.

Armand breathed into her fingers, prompting them to tremble. She reacted by tugging as hard as she could to retract her hand.

Annoyed, she complained, “Mando, are you a hooligan or something? Let go of me.”

“You’re my wife, so it’s not like it’s illegal for me to kiss you,” refuted Armand as he locked his arms on her back to pull her closer to him. His fingers traced her cheek after that.

Armand squinted his eyes to see her face, but all he got was a blurry outline.

“I feel like it’s been ages since I last saw you,” said Armand. He leaned closer to the point where his nose was practically touching hers when he muttered, “I think it’s been almost two months...”

Genevieve was rather worried about that as well.

After all, the doctor said that Armand should regain his sight in a month or so after resting at home. Yet, he still couldn’t see even though it had been almost two months.

“Once we’re back home, I’ll have Dr. Jensen find you a better doctor to examine your eyes,” replied Genevieve as she put some distance between them and got up from his lap.

She added, “You just took your sobering pills, so let me help you lie down.”

Armand murmured a reply and let Genevieve lead him to the side of the bed.

When she let go of him, however, he pulled her onto the bed and rested his forehead on hers.

“Darling, stay with me for a while.”

“Go to sleep on your own,” replied Genevieve in a hostile tone. She realized then and there that Armand had become more attached to her.

Back then, he would still control himself even though he would kiss and hold her.

But now...

“I want you to stay with me. Just for a little while. You can leave after I fall asleep, okay?” requested Armand in a deep voice as he rested his arm on her waist and hugged her.

Genevieve didn’t reply because she knew there was no point in arguing with the man. There was no way he would let go, anyway.

As such, she decided to wait until he fell asleep, then leave.

However, when she rested her head on his broad shoulders and inhaled his unique, pleasant scent, a wave of drowsiness crashed into her.

She hugged him back and snuggled up to him.

Genevieve never knew why, but she could always relax in his arm when she was tired, and she could always sleep well.

His chest was like a comfortable pillow and worked better than sleeping pills.