

## GOODNIGHT, MR. CEO!

### *Chapter 4: Waiting For The Wind*

When Lin Hanxing exited her room and went upstairs, she bumped into the head waitress.

She stared at Lin Hanxing with bloodshot eyes, as if she was about to tear Lin Hanxing apart.

No matter which angle did one look at her swollen face, she still looked terrible.

“Are you afraid of ghosts?” Lin Hanxing’s casual question as the two passed each other immediately gave the head waitress goosebumps.

Before the head waitress could even pounce on her, she had turned the corner and went up the stairs. The bodyguards looked at each other in dismay and stopped the head waitress from going up.

None of them noticed...

The smile in the corners of Lin Hanxing’s lips was filled with coldness...

...

The interior design of the VIP cabins upstairs was as luxurious as a hotel’s presidential suite.

Lin Hanxing knocked on the door politely, but the door opened on its own the moment her hand came in contact with the door panel.

Pushing the door open, there was no one in the huge VIP suite save for a lit incense stick on a lotus shaped base on the table.

The room was clean, as though no one had ever slept in it.

If it were not for the cigarette butts in the ashtray on the table, Lin Hanxing would have actually thought the room was unoccupied.

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She walked toward the full length window and looked out...

The bodyguards nearby stood still, guarding the area so tightly that not even flies could escape.

She inexplicably felt tired as she thought of that.

She took a few steps backward and sat on the couch as she could no longer resist the fatigue...

After a moment, the door was pushed open from the outside.

A man nearly 190 centimeters tall came in with a strong sense of superiority. His handsome and tall body figure was clad in a dark-colored shirt, making him look cold and strong.

His chilly aura turned slightly warmer the moment he looked at the couch.

His tall figure stood by the couch and carried an air of superiority.

Sunshine permeated the room through the full length window, stretching the shadow of the man that was casted on Lin Hanxing's body.

After watching her for about 10 minutes, he finally moved.

His large hand moved slowly along the corner of her eye to the mole, the delicate touch of his palms made one reluctant to part with it.

After caressing her several times, he slowly moved along the mole toward Lin Hanxing's ear.

As he gently fiddled her hair and tucked it back, he saw a red mole behind her ear.

That little spot looked inviting.

The man's pupil dilated instantly but soon returned to their original state...

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When Lin Hanxing woke up, she had already returned to her own room.

She would not possibly fall asleep in a strange environment without any precaution. The only explanation was that...

Something was amiss with the incense on the table.

She was certain that nothing was off with her body, yet she felt somewhat confused.

What was up with that Mr. Lei?

Lin Hanxing was silent for a moment as she thought of those aggressive eyes.

She stopped forcing herself to think about it since she could not figure it out anyway.

However...

She looked at the darkening sky outside.

That night seemed destined to be an unsettling one...

...

It was late at night.

The head waitress dragged her fatigued body back to the room. She poured herself a cup of water and drank it.

She fell on the bed and stared at the ceiling with her eyes wide open.

After some time, a chill gust of wind swept across the room and the air was filled with the smell of blood.

Tak... Tak... Tak... Tak...

The faint sound of high heels seemed to be approaching her from afar, ramping up the eeriness of the atmosphere!

'Are you afraid of ghosts?'

They were there to avenge the loss of their life.

As she thought that to herself, her legs instinctively ran toward the deck outside the cabin!

The bodyguards who stood nearby in the afternoon were nowhere to be seen. The situation left the head waitress feeling rather anxious.

There was a ghost...