

Spoiled 67

Chapter 67: Those Gentlemen

Back in the storeroom, Sophie Allen still felt a bit apprehensive.

The stench seemed to still linger at the tip of her nose, making her feel nauseous.

"You were pretty quick," Abigail Taylor glanced at her watch and said, "Our business hours are twenty-four seven, however, the influx of customers mainly occurs between six in the evening and after midnight. If you want to leave at any time, report to me."

"After all, you are not full time, so we won't enforce strict hours on you for now."

Sophie Allen nodded and replied, "Understood."

"Resume your work, someone will supervise you." Taylor said, then left clicking her high heels.

Allen stared at the wide assortment of goods, and began her delivery duties again.

Having run several rounds of delivery, she took a breather and went to drink a cup of water from the cooler but suddenly noticed something odd.

Several trays of red wine were not picked up by any service staff. Curious, she went over to take a glance -- the room number displayed was 808.

At this moment, a middle-aged woman came by -- it was Suzanne White, the manager of the storeroom.

She said, "This is six-figure priced wine per bottle, be careful!"

Terrified, Sophie Allen drew her hand back.

Feeling wary of touching any wine that expensive.

"Suzanne, no one has been delivering this." Sophie Allen said.

Suzanne glanced at the tag number, sighed, and said, "It's for room 808, it's normal that no one would risk delivering it."

"We'll wait for Kelly to come back and have her do it."

She had heard of Kelly from Abigail, a capable and smart girl.

"Are the guests in Room 808 frightening or something?" Sophie Allen asked, curious.

"More than just frightening, sheesh..." Suzanne smacked her lips, then added, "I'm just telling you this because you seem naïve. Remember..."

"Never, ever try to seduce any of the gentlemen in Room 808, you won't know what hit you!"

Sophie Allen immediately broke out in a cold sweat.

It seemed that the scene she witnessed in Room 209 at Blue Tone was insignificant compared to this.

Just then, a man entered the room with 'lobby manager' written on his badge.

He questioned with a frown, "What's going on!? The red wine for Room 808 isn't delivered yet?"

"Mark, Kelly hasn't arrived yet, none of the others dare to make the delivery!" Suzanne explained.

"Who is this?" Mark looked at Sophie Allen.

Sophie Allen's heart skipped a beat.

"She's Sophie Allen, our new part-time waitress." Suzanne replied.

"Just because she's part-time, she thinks she can laze around here? Get the wine over to Room 808, or she can consider herself fired!" Mark scolded.

Sophie Allen's instincts were right, it was indeed her task to deliver the wine.

However, when she thought of Suzanne's words, her scalp tingled intensely.

"Sophia, don't worry. As long as you properly deliver the wine and ensure your eyes don't wander towards those gentlemen, you will leave safely. It's not as terrifying as it seems."

Suzanne patted her shoulder, attempting to offer reassurance.

Eventually, under Mark's threats, Sophie Allen, with four bottles of red wine in hand, reluctantly set off.

After taking the elevator to the eighth floor, she bit her lip and made her way to the door of Room 808.

The eighth floor was evidently designed for top-tier guests. It was exceedingly quiet, doors made of mahogany. The décor was obviously higher-end compared to the lower levels.

"Knock Knock Knock!"

She raised her hand and knocked on the door.

No one answered.

After a few seconds, a scantily clad woman opened the door, making direct eye contact with Sophie Allen.

Upon seeing her swollen cheeks and blood on the corner of her mouth, and her panicked expression, Sophie Allen was startled. She remembered Suzanne's advice and promptly kept her head down.

The woman fled in shock. Sophie Allen's scalp prickled as she moved forward in small steps, her head still lowered.

She didn't know how many people were inside, but she didn't smell anything foul. Instead, she noticed a refreshing scent of mint.

The room was vast. She had to stare at the floor and walk a fair enough distance before reaching the coffee table where she quickly placed the four bottles of red wine.

After doing so, she spun around, daring to lift her head, gasping for air as she hastened towards the exit.

"Wait!"

At that moment, a crisp, icy voice called out, stopping her in her tracks.