

Enchanted 311

The voice in her ear was so sad that it made her heart feel tight, as if an invisible fist squeezed it. Her breathing became so heavy that her lungs were in pain.

"Why do you always say that? Has my future really become such a pessimistic prediction in your eyes?" She tried shouting as much as possible, only to find her voice sounded feeble.

"No." Leo's voice still echoed from the distant mountains, expressing concern for her, "Because you told me that the person you're going to marry must be simple."

The rain outside the window suddenly became heavier.

The driver sped through the street, more or less avoiding the rush-hour traffic. It was dark a little earlier than usual when they arrived at the hotel due to the rain.

It was not her misconception.

The temperature in Hong Kong was significantly lower than that in Johannesburg, and when she got off the bus, she felt the cool wind mixed with the rain. Although the rain had stopped, there was still a cool feeling in the air.

A doorman came forward to carry her luggage.

Irish stood at the door of the hotel, looking up at the Chinese redbud pattern over the square, but in her ears inadvertently picked up the sound of his footsteps. A fountain of splendor appeared in front of her eyes, and her eyes shone like sparkling water.

She put her hands around his neck with an evil smile. "Joseph, I'm going to hit you if you regret this."

"You can do anything you want to me."

Then she hung on him like a vine and ran her fingers along his forehead. "If you don't come to Hong Kong with me, I'll draw a redbud on your head."

The fountain suddenly rose with the music, and the world before her disappeared.

She smiled and took a deep breath. Next to her, the doorman watched her for a long time. Finally, he looked strangely at her and asked, "Ma'am?"

Irish reacted, apologizing quickly, then entered the hotel.

The light yellow wallpaper and bright lights alleviated her sorrow, and she smelt the faint fragrance of chamomile flavor, but it made her think of his familiar wood fragrance again. He had really spoiled her. Why did she feel that the only good smell was his wood fragrance?

"I'd like a room with the best nighttime view of Hong Kong."

"Miss Irish, you have an online reservation for an economy room."

"Can I change rooms for an additional fee?"

The staff member glanced at his computer and nodded with a smile. "Yes, which room do you want to change to?"

"I just said I'd like a room where I can see the most beautiful view of the city at night."

The staff member hesitated for a moment. "For your requirements, the president suite would be best."

"I want it." She decided.

Unfortunately, the staff member shook her head. "I'm sorry, Miss Irish. The hotel's presidential suite needs to be booked by phone or reserved at the front desk in advance; no online reservations or booking changes are accepted."

On the way to Hong Kong, Irish had already been in a very bad mood, but she thought that she would definitely improve it when she arrived. At this point, she was unhappy, and her smothering feelings of more than thirty hours on a plane from South Africa to Hong Kong were all vented in the form of anger and yelling.

"What do you mean? Whether it's a reservation or an exchange, aren't all of your rooms for people to occupy? Why? Do you care about human rights?"

"Madam, you misunderstand. The reason you need to make a reservation in advance for the presidential suite is that we need to schedule a butler, and we can't do so if we change bookings on the spot." The staff explained with patience.

But Irish had lost her patience, and her pale face had become sharp, "Don't talk so much nonsense to me! I warn you, if you don't give me a presidential suite today, I'll sue you!"

People around her looked back when they heard the yelling, attracting much attention in the quiet hall.

When the staff saw the situation, they said less. They called the manager to explain the situation to her, and soon the manager arrived in the hall. He was a stout man, dressed neatly in a white shirt and black trousers. But Irish looked at him like he was a panda and thought to herself, "It seems that a white shirt is not something just any man can wear."

The manager was very friendly, speaking English with a Cantonese accent, and introduced himself to Irish, who interrupted his introduction with her hand.

"Speak Chinese."

The manager froze and quickly changed language.

After learning the whole story, he said, "Well, madam, we can make an exception for you. Are you sure you want to change rooms tonight?"

"Yes, change it to a presidential suit." It was not like she couldn't afford it.

The manager nodded and told his staff, "Change her to a presidential suit and arrange a housekeeper as soon as possible for the lady."

The staff member nodded and smiled again as he looked at Irish. He checked the system and politely said, "Miss Irish, according to your request, there is only one room left with the view you want, which has already been arranged for you."

Irish nodded lazily, and after a quarrel, she seemed to have lost all her strength.

"An overnight stay in this presidential suite is 100000 Hong Kong dollars, which is 12800 dollars or 78000 yuan. How many nights will you be staying? Are you paying by credit card or cash?"

"12800 RMB?" Irish responded with surprise.

"No, that's US dollars, it's RMB 78000." The staff member smiled politely.

She didn't expect the hotel's presidential suite to be so expensive, 100000 Hong Kong dollars a night. She could afford it, but it was too expensive.

"Miss Irish?" The staff member was surprised to see her glazed eyes and called her name softly.

Irish had wanted to find a place to escape to, only to realize that without Joseph around, even nonsense and willfulness had become a luxury.

She closed her lips and thought of using her credit card, but when she thought of spending that money, it grieved her. She was not that rich, at best a middle-class person, and staying there for a night was so expensive. She thought of leaving Hong Kong the next day.