

Enchanted 312

With her fingers clenched, she felt determined. Not knowing anyone there, she cleared her throat and smiled at the staff. Her attitude remained indifferent, and she said, "I'll take the room I booked online."

"Huh?"

"Nothing, I just wanted to see your service attitude and if you were patient with customers." She admired her own calmness and took out her bank card, rudely tapping on the desk, "Quickly help me check in, I just got off the plane, I'm very tired."

Irish stayed in the economy room, which she had booked earlier that morning.

Although there was no view of the mountains around her, nor the presidential suite's lavish size and courteous private housekeeper, it was still beautiful. The room was covered with snow-white carpets, and the big bed was more than enough.

The clerk put her luggage in the room, and she tipped him, closed the door, and went straight to the window, drawing back the white curtains and looking at the bustling city below.

Hong Kong had been washed clean by the rain, and the neon lights outside the long window were increasingly bright. Hong Kong's nightlife had just begun.

She fell onto the bed and looked at the crystal lamp above her head. She soon felt sleepy after thirty hours of exhaustion on the plane. She was just about to close her eyes when the doorbell rang.

Irish thought that after so many years of freedom, she had long ascended to the highest realm of being a woman. But looking back, the habits of a few years had been changed in just a few days.

When the doorbell rang, she got up, and when she passed by the mirror, she was frightened by her pale face, her long bangs covering most of it. At first glance, it was more terrible than a ghost. Looking at her reflection, she thought of how ugly she looked.

She shook her head and smiled bitterly.

In such a big world, the distances between cities are vast. Without Joseph around, who was she trying to look good for?

The doorbell was still ringing.

Irish gathered up her long hair, put a smile on, and reached the door. Her heart beat very fast for some reason. There was a premonition, like a butterfly coming out of its cocoon, fluttering in her heart.

Her fingers clutched the doorknob with a slight tremor, and her breathing became even faster.

The doorbell came to a stop at this time.

In an instant, everything became still; only the buzzing sound in her ears was clear.

There was no movement outside the door.

For a moment, Irish felt panic, she was afraid of what she had missed, and the tall figure seemed to fade away gradually. Her heart felt pained, and after opening the hotel room door and seeing there was really no one there, she rushed out.

The man in the corridor stopped. When

he turned around, her heart's excitement suddenly disappeared and became a boundless desolation. Was it a disappointment? Or the feeling of loss?

When her heartbeat slowed down, she returned to her original silence.

It was the "panda" manager.

How could she think it was going to be Joseph outside the door?

There was a bitter smile in her heart.

The panda manager saw her standing in the hallway with a look of excitement, and then loss, and now with a bitter smile. Feeling concerned, he asked, "Are you all right?"

Irish stood there like a wooden man, staring at the manager. He thought that she was about to be petrified, but she finally spoke, "Yes, is there an issue?"

"Well, we got a call from the maintenance department saying there was something wrong with hot water in your room." The manager thought she was acting very strange. She was really beautiful and well-built, but very strange.

"Well, come in." She turned into the room, followed by the manager. She opened the door of the bathroom, swept her hands over the sensor tap, and the cold water on her fingertips chilled her nerves.

"Don't you have hot water in your hotel?" She asked viciously.

The panda manager was terrified of this and explained hastily, "There is only something wrong with your hot water pipe. The staff from our maintenance department will come and fix it immediately."

Irish felt angry, and when the manager saw her face, he added, "This is an embarrassment to our hotel. I'm sorry, we'll compensate you."

"Compensate? Would you like me to go back and find another hotel this late in the evening? Or should I wait here until you fix the hot pipe before I can take a bath?"

The manager thought, "Of course, we won't bother you, this is all because we haven't done our job well. Why don't you change your room?"

"Change rooms? Well, I'll sue if I'm not satisfied! Hong Kong is serious about the law, I think you know that very well!" Irish seethed.

The manager was in a quandary.

"If you don't check the equipment in the room beforehand, that's disrespectful to the guests. If I complain, you have to compensate me for anything I want."

The manager had to compromise. "Well, what do you want?"

"Your mistakes have caused my stay to be very inconvenient and have ruined my mood. If I am in a bad mood, my sleep will be awful, which will affect my business tomorrow and make me lose a lot of money." After her series of reasons, Irish pointed to herself and said, "I'll forgive you for your negligence if you change my room for me free of charge."

"Huh?" The manager froze.

"Your presidential suite is only one hundred thousand Hong Kong dollars a night. I am going to lose more than that tomorrow. Will your hotel pay me then?"

"Em..." The manager smiled awkwardly and beckoned her to wait as he turned to make a phone call. She leaned against the door with her arms crossed and watched him, thinking that he would report to his superiors.

A moment later, the panda manager returned to her, and she couldn't stand his silly smile. She cleared her throat, waiting for him to speak as if she could see some hope in his small, bright eyes.