

Enchanted 313

Sure enough, the next second, he said, "Miss Irish, you can change to the presidential suite now because our negligence has caused you trouble. I'm very sorry."

Irish felt a little joyful but still asked coldly, "Is it free? It would be ridiculous to ask me to make up the difference."

"For free, you can rest assured, this is our carelessness, and we should compensate you."

"For how many nights? If it's just one night, you will have let me down." She looked powerful.

The manager lifted his hand and wiped the sweat off his forehead. "You booked our hotel for three nights, so it will be three nights for the presidential suite. Don't worry, we won't send you back to the economy room."

"Well, call the attendant to come to pick up my luggage."

"I'll do it at once!" Said the manager. Irish shrugged her shoulders and let him do it.

The luck of her trip to Hong Kong more or less alleviated the sadness in Irish's heart, and even if she had gone through some trouble, at least she was in a better position now.

As she imagined, the hotel's presidential suite had a better view. The beautiful night scene before her eyes made her almost want to cry, and for a while, she had to admit that there was a real payoff after becoming a slave to money. She thought of the rich who had traded their conscience to enjoy this good fortune.

Thinking, she also understood the reason why the presidential suite was so luxurious and spectacular.

It was because the rich were so tired and lost so much of themselves trying to get ahead in business that they might as well use this luxurious beauty to make up for what they lost.

She couldn't sleep anymore, and seeing that it was still early, she simply washed her face and walked out the door.

After going around downtown, she arrived at Mong Kok in Kowloon. She not only wanted to try the snacks here, but she felt that a place with lots of people around would not be so lonely.

Seeing many moon cake advertisements, Irish realized that the Mid-Autumn Festival was approaching, and she looked up at the night sky. The moon was almost full, and the light pouring down was as cool as water, as clear as silver. The street was still lively, but it seemed that the only person alone was her and that the moonlight was cooler.

She bought a bowl of curry fish balls in the street market and sat down on the corner. Among the dozens of steaming delicacies, she was used to eating fish balls, and the sweet sauce made it taste even more delicious.

The hot air stung her eyes, and she remembered that day she said to Joseph, "When we go to Hong Kong, I want you to eat curry fish balls and experience the famous Hong Kong street snack culture. People like you, living an extravagant life, never have a chance to eat street snacks."

"Street snacks are too unsanitary."

"Will you eat them or not?"

Joseph hesitated but nodded, then said in a low voice, "Alright."

Perhaps she had just picked a spicy one, and the curry had irritated her throat and stimulated her to tear glands. Irish raised her hand to press rub her eyes to suppress her tears.

Didn't she know he didn't like spicy food?

Taking a deep breath, she finally swallowed the last fish ball, and heat spread along her esophagus to her stomach with an overwhelming force, like memories. The past was too sweet, and she felt excited and sad when she thought of it.

There was music in her ears, a familiar melody with a clean and fresh voice.

She raised her eyes and, through the neon lights, she found a nearby building with an LED screen playing When You Say Nothing At All, a very old song, but one all people her age knew.

The excitement of Mong Kok did not shock her. Instead of getting up out of the shop, she walked across the street and held her head up, looking at the music video, with the sad music fluttering through the night sky.

The neon lights illuminated her face, as bright as the moon.

She smiled, but tears slipped down her eyes.

Recalling Leo's phone call, he had said she and Joseph wouldn't ever find peace, even in the future. He was right. She knew how hard it would be to continue down the road ahead, so she said she had gone too far to go back.

For there was only one Joseph in the world.

Only he could make her heart beat, even if there was only pain in the end; she really loved him.

What was love?

It was a process of self-abuse that both hurt and healed each other.

As the saying goes, some people give you their hearts, and you pretend not to see them because you don't like them. Some people take out your heart, and you still pretend not to hurt them because you love them.

Leo gave her his heart, but Joseph had emptied her heart.

Irish slept deeply.

The presidential suite's bed could hardly contain her. She had slept all night in every position, and when she awoke, she was lying across in the middle of the bed. The soft white quilt buried her with only two nostrils left breathing and four or five pillows piled on the carpet.

A telephone call woke her up. Her long hair draped over her shoulder, and her face was still faint and white. The quilts, carpets, pillows, and decorations around her were all white, but her long hair was as dark as seaweed. So at first glance, she looked particularly painful.

For a moment, she could not remember where she was. Her eyes were still staring at the veil curtains in the distance with a sleepy squint. The sun came in, and she raised her hand to cover her eyes. A crisp bell sounded, and she muttered lazily, "Joseph, the phone is ringing. You take it."

She suddenly woke up, and her pair of big eyes looked confused. She looked around; where was Joseph to answer the phone? She felt a sting in her heart and sniffed. She should be used to his absence by now, shouldn't she?