

The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again! Chapter 11 - An Old Mobile Phone

Chapter 11: An Old Mobile Phone

Seeing Samantha and learning that she, too, was going to attend this year's benefit left Amelie feeling restless and confused. Once again, she found herself unable to return to her own house, so she opted to stay at the Emerald Hotel tonight.

As she stepped out of the elevator and walked toward her suite, she noticed an old mobile phone model lying right at the door. It was a perplexing sight.

"Wow, I haven't seen one of these phones in ages. It still has buttons."

Amelie took a closer look at the phone; it resembled one of the earliest mobile phone models, the kind she remembered from middle school. It was smaller than an average smartphone, with peculiar round edges, a full set of buttons, and a relatively small screen. It was a popular yet inexpensive model that many of her classmates owned back then.

"Who would still own something this ancient? And why is it in front of my door?" she wondered aloud.

Amelie looked around the hallway. There were only two penthouse suites on this floor, which meant two possibilities: either the phone was left by the other guest or by someone from the staff, which seemed more plausible to her.

"I guess I'll just take it to the reception desk and ask them to find its owner," she thought.

She bent down to pick up the phone, and the moment her hand touched it, it vibrated with an incoming call from an unknown number.

At first, Amelie was confused and unsure of what to do, but then it hit her—what if the owner was calling to find the phone? She had to answer it.

"Hello?" A male voice greeted her before she could even say anything. Amelie cleared her throat and responded, "Hello?"

"Who is this?" The male voice sounded rather urgent.

"Do you know the owner of this phone?" Amelie asked hopefully.

"I do know the owner of this phone, it's me! I'm holding my phone in my hands right now! Hahaha!"

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Amelie raised her eyebrows; this phone conversation was already getting frustrating, especially since the man on the other end was clearly drunk.

"Excuse me, I found this phone in the hallway of the Emerald Hotel. Do you know its owner?"

"Emerald Hotel? But I'm at the Emerald Hotel right now! Whoa, this is spooky!"

"Oh my God..." Amelie found the situation ridiculous. With a sigh, she pinched the skin between her eyebrows to stop herself from frowning and replied in a serious voice, "Alright, I am taking this phone down to the reception desk. Please tell the owner—or yourself, when you sober up—that you can find it there. Have a good night."

She hung up and walked back to the elevators, mumbling, "What a weirdo."

The next morning, as Amelie was getting ready for work, her routine was interrupted by a light knock on the door. She looked at her watch and tried to remember if she had ordered room service last night.

"No, I don't think I'm expecting anything... What could be the matter?"

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Slightly confused, she opened the door only to find no one there. Now, she was seriously questioning her own sanity. However, before she could brand herself as slightly insane, Amelie looked down and widened her eyes.

"What in the world...?"

In the same spot where she had found the old mobile phone last night, there was now a modest bouquet of pink tulips and a small glossy paper bag with a white post-it note in the middle of it. She looked around just as she had done last time, but once again, the hallway was empty.

Shrugging her shoulders, Amelie looked inside the paper bag and saw the same phone she had taken to the reception desk last night. She peeled off the post-it and began to read:

"To the beautiful lady in suite 2101,

I am sorry for troubling you with my call last night. I was drunk and had no idea what I was doing. Thank you for taking care of the phone. The thing is, it is very important to me, and I'd hate to lose it again, so... would it trouble you to keep it with you for the time being? I promise there is nothing suspicious about it, but if you feel uneasy, you can put it back into the bag and leave it outside your door. I will take it back later.

Thank you. Your troublesome neighbor who rarely drinks. That is a fact."

Somehow, the note put a smile on Amelie's face. She still found it odd and slightly suspicious that a total stranger would ask her to do something like that, but since it was a guest staying in the most expensive room, she knew whom to look for if anything went wrong.

"Alright, let's write a response then," Amelie thought to herself.

She went back into her room and found a pen. Turning the post-it over, she wrote her message in her usual beautiful handwriting:

"To the troublesome person in suite 2102, who, as they are convinced, rarely drinks,

I will keep this phone with me since I, too, harbor value for things that have meaning. However, if you try anything funny with it, I will take it back to the receptionist and have you leave this hotel.

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With regards, the beautiful and considerate lady."

Satisfied with her note, Amelie took the phone from the bag and replaced it with the post-it. She then looked at the flowers and smiled.

"This is a scene straight from a cheap, clichéd romantic comedy," she mused.

She took the flowers inside the room and closed the door. Her own remark began to bother her.

"I wonder... If I open the door right now, will that paper bag still be there?"

Suddenly, her body started acting on its own. Dropping the tulips on her bed, she rushed to the door and swung it open, only to find that there was nothing outside her room anymore. She couldn't help but chuckle.

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"What a ridiculous movie this is!"

Still smiling, Amelie was brought back to her room by the ringing sound of her own phone. She looked at the screen and saw a message from Elizabeth.

"Check the latest post in our gossip feed. Right. Now."