

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 827

When Vivian was immersed in an interesting article, it was already time to get off the plane.

The plane landed safely. After they had gotten all their stuff, the little family alighted the plane.

With their luggage in their hands, the little family headed to their pre-booked hotel.

It was booked by Vivian. She had no idea which was a better stay, and in the end, the woman decided to go for a five-star hotel that looked quite decent and clean.

However, to their dismay, Finnick and Vivian could not seem to locate the hotel after some time.

In the end, Finnick called a cab and the cab driver became their GPS.

“Mister, we’d like to head to I-DO Hotel.” Vivian carried Larry and got into the car as she told the driver where they were headed.

“You guys are heading to I-DO? Really?” The cab driver was visibly taken aback by Vivian’s request as he looked at her like she was an alien.

“What’s the matter with I-DO Hotel?” Vivian asked. She had never been to Summerbank, and the woman had only booked the hotel out of a whim.

Why is the cab driver’s reaction so odd?

Vivian could not help but think that the hotel that she had booked was infamously worn-down or something.

“No- nothing,” the cab driver stammered and replied. He stepped on the pedal and headed toward their hotel.

“Daddy, Mommy. What are we going to do later at night?” It was only noon as they had been on the plane for a few hours.

What are we going to do at night if we take an afternoon nap later?

Larry knew that he wouldn't be able to fall asleep later at night if he were to take a nap in the afternoon.

“What about if we don't take a nap later and just take a rest at the hotel? That way, we can sleep better at night.”

Vivian knew what was on her son's mind, and suggested a solution that would suit everyone.

“Sure.” Larry smiled at Vivian and snuggled in her embrace.

It only took them less than half an hour to reach the hotel as the cab driver had stepped on the accelerator.

The hotel was not at all worn down as Vivian had expected.

The woman smiled at the sight of their stay and tipped the cab driver.

The driver seemed like he wanted to say something but in the end, he bit his tongue and said nothing before driving away.

After getting to the lobby, Vivian could not help but notice that the crowd was not at all to her expectation. It was an underwhelming crowd considering that it was actually peak vacation season due to the consecutive holidays.

Both Vivian and Finnick had noticed the odd crowd at the hotel which was what they did not anticipate.

Could it be that the hotel is a stay that is too luxurious for many? Or that not many people know about the hotel?

Their questions could only be answered by the hotel receptionist.

Vivian walked over to the reception to clear her doubts but soon noticed that there was no receptionist on duty.

She looked around but still there was no one in sight.

Stumped, she turned around to her husband, hoping that he could help solve her trouble.

However, her husband appeared to be quite surprised and rushed to her side and held her hands.

“Vivian, are you alright?” Finnick eyeballed his wife but noticed nothing odd with her.

He heaved a sigh of relief after confirming that she was alright. Vivian, however, was stunned by her husband’s odd demeanor.

What’s the matter with Finnick?

Just when Vivian cast a doubtful glance at Finnick, her husband stared at the reception area, saying nothing.

Tracing his gaze, Vivian glanced in the same direction and was taken aback.

There was nobody around just moments ago. Where did she appear from?

Startled by the sudden appearance of the receptionist, Vivian could not help but think that her eyes had tricked her.

Of course, her eyes did not fail her because Finnick did not see anyone previously as well.

“I’m sorry for startling the two of you. I was picking up something under the desk just now and did not notice you guys coming in.”

The receptionist apologized for her abrupt appearance and felt guilty for frightening them.

Vivian thought she was imagining things. However, the sight of the thick powder on the receptionist’s face still made her feel uneasy.

Vivian was not one to poke into other people's business, let alone commenting on other people's choices of styles.

Finnick tugged at her hand and shook his head at her. Vivian merely smiled and strode forward.

"Hi, I'm just curious as to why there is not much crowd here at your hotel since it's the peak season for travel?"

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Compared with other hotels which were bustling with people, it was not an understatement to say that I-DO Hotel was deserted without a soul in sight.

"It's considered normal here, Miss. Our hotel is a five-star hotel after all, and not many people who visit Summerbank are willing to splurge on a luxurious stay here. Besides, our hotel is in a rather secluded location. Miss, I don't suppose that you've seen a five-star hotel being crowded with people. Am I right?"

The receptionist explained the phenomenon that Vivian found odd, but she found her explanation quite viable.

"Yes, the ones we've seen crowded with people were not five-star hotels, I suppose." Vivian recalled the hotels that she had seen on the way here. Even though the hotels looked decent, they were not five-star hotels as advertised online.

"Yes, that's why our hotel is not as crowded as you'd expect, Miss." The receptionist managed a reassuring wide smile, a standard smile that a receptionist would give customers.

"Please book a deluxe suite for three nights, then." Vivian handed over her card to the receptionist.

"Sure." The receptionist gave Vivian another smile and proceeded with the booking.

“It’s done. Your room number is 55218,” said the receptionist as she handed over Vivian’s card back to her.

“Mommy, are you sure you want to stay here?” Larry asked, as he found the place to be quite peculiar.

However, he could not seem to pinpoint what was wrong.

“Yeah, what’s wrong with this place?” Vivian asked, well aware of what was on her son’s mind.

She was planning on staying at a different hotel if I-DO Hotel was not to Larry’s liking.

Since Summerbank was a tourist hotspot, it would not be difficult to look for a place to stay.

“It’s fine.” Even though Larry found the place to be quite strange, he did not detest the idea of staying there. Besides, it would be troublesome to look for another place to stay anyway.

“Alright, then let’s take a look at our room since we’ve already gotten the card.”

Vivian had browsed through the different types of rooms the hotel offered online, and she had found all the rooms aesthetically pleasing.

Hence, she was excited to see how the room that she had booked would turn out.

Vivian found the wooden floorboards that creaked under her steps reassuring and pleasing.

The moment she opened the door to the room, a pungent smell filled their noses.

It was apparent that the room had not been occupied for some time.

Stumped at the sight of the interior of the room, Vivian shrieked, “What the hell?”

The photos she had seen online were a far cry from the actual room that she had booked.

Vivian found the dirty floorboards, dusty desks, and repulsive odor repugnant, to say the least.

There was even red underwear hung over the lamp...

The woman was rendered speechless.

Why is there such a huge discrepancy between the actual hotel stay and the photos?

I should have read the reviews before deciding to come here.

I don't think that the underwhelming crowd is due to this hotel being a five-star hotel either.

How is this labeled as a five-star hotel on the Internet anyway?

However, Vivian knew that some devious businessmen would actually collude with review sites online to falsely advertise their business.

This hotel was the perfect illustration of a fake advertisement between the hotel owner and the booking site that Vivian was on.

Besides, there had to be more victims like Vivian out there.

Vivian could not be blamed entirely in the matter anyway. Of course, she had not done due diligence in looking for a stay, but the booking site also had to take responsibility for being deceitful.

Furious, she dashed downstairs and demanded for an explanation from the receptionist. "I want to see the manager."

Vivian could not help but wonder what kind of person would manage the hotel so poorly.