

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1344

"This hotel seems nice, but I can tell that it's not going to be cheap," Xavier sized the hotel up and muttered to himself. He was worried that the hotel might cost him a lot of money.

Since he had to work hard to make his money, he was always conscious of his spending.

"Receptionist, I'd like to book a room," Xavier spoke in Turlenese which he had spent half a month learning. If I can use it to communicate with Dillon, I guess it's safe to assume no one's going to notice that I'm not local.

"May I know how long you plan on staying here? And may I have your ID card?" Since the hotel was only frequented by the rich and famous, the receptionist was rather hospitable.

Seeing how friendly the receptionist was toward him, Xavier heaved a sigh of relief. "I'll be staying for half a month."

He was certain that he could finish the job Vinson gave him within half a month.

As he was answering the receptionist, he gave her his ID card.

Dillon was the one who had helped him get the ID card when they met. When Xavier was told that Dillon had lost his identification documents, he then realized he needed an ID card as well. Hence, he got Dillon to help him apply for an ID card when Dillon was applying for his own.

In regards to how Dillon managed to help him without knowing his full personal details, Xavier decided to not ask about it.

When the receptionist was entering his details based on his ID card, a clear voice was heard saying, "Wait!"

The moment the voice was heard, a fine-looking lady came forward from behind a corner. She took the document from the receptionist and scrutinized it.

Xavier got anxious, and his heart started pounding wildly when he saw the lady checking his ID card endlessly. He acted calm and collected when he asked the lady, "What's wrong?"

Instead of saying anything, the lady waved the receptionist away. After throwing another glance at the ID card in her hand, she raised her gaze toward Xavier. "Are you a foreigner?"

"What?" Xavier questioned. Is my cover blown? So soon? Am I really that bad at this?

The lady then stared sternly at him before uttering, "You're a foreigner!"

The lady's name was Lana, and she was the owner of the hotel. She was twenty-six-year-old that year. After she graduated from university, her father gave her the hotel, and she was very much a hands-on owner.

"How could you tell I'm a foreigner?" Xavier stared at her calmly. That was the first time he had blown his cover so quickly.

Lana flashed a faint smile and raised her brow. "You don't have to know that. All you need to know is that I can tell just by looking at you."

Xavier chuckled. "Really? You're that good?"

"Of course! I've seen people from all walks of life with my eyes. I could tell you're a foreigner with just a glance," Lana boasted with confidence.

She was a girl from a well-off family. Hence, her father used to send her all over the world in order for her to broaden her perspective. Indeed, she had been to countless countries, and she had seen it all.

Xavier wasn't convinced. He laughed it off and said, "Well, you're wrong this time around, for I'm born and raised locally."

Lana immediately withdrew her smile when she heard that. She frowned and retorted, "That can't be." How could I be wrong? I've busted so many foreigners trying to sneak into the country. There's no way I'd be wrong about this.

Seeing that, Xavier composed himself before leaning on the counter lazily and staring at Lana frivolously. He moved his lips slightly and asked with a charming smile, "Tell me, then. How am I a foreigner in your eyes?"

He was perfect at camouflaging. Prior to going over, he had already purchased some solution at the hospital to change the color of his eyes. I'm certain she can't pinpoint a characteristic of me that says I'm a foreigner.

Lana furrowed her brows and scrutinized him closely.

A grin appeared on Xavier's face. She looks adorable when she has a serious look on her face.