

The Return of the Cannon Fodder Trillion Heiress

Chapter 8 - Chapter 8 Green Dragon Manor

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Hera hailed a cab and made her way to the Green Dragon Manor. This opulent estate stood in stark contrast to Hera's previous apartment, with its exorbitant monthly rent reaching millions if not billions. The Green Dragon Manor epitomized a level of luxury reserved exclusively for the most affluent families.

4

The owner of the entire west district, where the Green Dragon Manor stood, remained a mystery to all. What was common knowledge, however, was the difficulty in securing a place in this prestigious area, even with ample funds. Only those with invitations and recommendations from esteemed figures in higher circles were granted access.

However, since Hera grew up with the commoners, she has totally missed that taxis are not allowed inside the property.

"Miss, I thought you were joking with me earlier. But you really intend for me to go straight inside the Green Dragon Manor?" The driver said with a complicated expression.

Hera was confused. "Yes, is there a problem?"

The driver scratched the back of his head, pondering for a moment whether the young woman in the backseat was either blissfully unaware or simply not thinking straight. "Well," he began cautiously, "only tenants and private cars are allowed through this huge imposing metal gate."

Hera followed his gaze, the 15-foot-tall metal gate was engraved with two Chinese dragons at the top holding a green ball. *'Was it real jade?'* The ball was the size of a child's head and the gate was plated with gold. It really was imposing and extravagant.

"Oh!" It dawned on Hera, her face flushing with embarrassment. *'I see now. So, I suppose I'll need to buy a car for convenience,'* she admitted sheepishly in her mind.

"I apologize for the oversight, sir. I'm still getting acquainted with the area."

The driver graciously understood Hera's oversight and offered her a warm smile. Hera paid her bill through the QR code that was pasted at the back of the driver and passenger seats and made sure to leave a generous \$500 tip, mindful of striking the right balance. She knew that excessively large tips could sometimes make drivers uncomfortable, potentially leading them to refuse the extra gratuity.

She was well aware of this dynamic because she had also worked as a driver for affluent individuals as part of her part-time job.

The driver checked the balance transfer to his account but was surprised that the amount exceeded the expected taxi fair, he instantly looked back. "Miss this....." But Hera already hop off the cab and is now walking to the front gate.

Upon receiving the generous tip from Hera, the driver's eyes filled with tears of gratitude. Little did Hera know, he was struggling to afford his wife's much-needed medication. To him, Hera seemed like an angel sent from above to aid him in his time of need. He felt an overwhelming sense of appreciation toward her.

1

Unbeknownst to Hera, her simple act of generosity in tipping was perceived as a profound act of kindness by the driver. Unfortunately, she had already departed and was unaware of the impact her gesture had made on the driver's life.

As Hera strode toward the guardhouse situated beside the towering gate, she was promptly intercepted by the vigilant guard stationed there, preventing her from proceeding any farther.

"Miss, I apologize, but only owners are permitted beyond this point," the guard informed Hera with a polite yet firm tone.

Feeling torn about her next move, Hera decided to call Alfonse. Her call was immediately answered after the first ring. "Uncle Alfonse, I'm outside the gate. How can I get inside, and where exactly do I need to go?"

2

"I apologize for any inconvenience, young miss. I'll make my way over immediately," Alfonse responded with urgency.

"Oh, please don't worry. You can simply direct me, and I'll head straight there to save you the trouble of back and forth."

"No, no, it's no trouble at all. I'll hop on a golf cart, ensuring a swift arrival."

"Ah, would it be possible for me to utilize a golf cart at your location and meet you there instead?"

Recognizing that it was the most practical option, Alfonse nodded. "Very well, young miss. I'll contact the general manager to make the arrangements for you."

"Thank you, Uncle Alfonse. Please, don't trouble yourself too much on my behalf," Hera said with a shy smile. She still felt a bit uneasy about depending heavily on others. Independence had been her way for as long as she could recall, and the sudden shift felt unfamiliar and uncomfortable.

3

However, she understood the importance of learning to trust her subordinates more. It was essential for her to overcome this discomfort, ensuring smoother handling of company matters in the future with her trusted aides.

Within moments, the guards stationed in the guard house that was standing in front of Hera received a radio call instructing them to escort her to the Dragon Jade Building, widely regarded as the most prestigious structure within the Green Dragon Manor. The news left them visibly astonished, just remembering the significance of the said building, that was located in the innermost region and the most expensive.

"Who is this girl?" one of the guards whispered incredulously. "We almost overlooked her and risked angering her." Thankfully, they heeded the wisdom of the oldest guard, who cautioned against judging individuals solely by their appearance. They luckily maintained a respectful and courteous demeanor while communicating with her earlier.

Without hesitation, they swiftly guided Hera to the nearest golf cart, conveniently located just beyond the small gate behind them.

They drove for more or less 20 minutes and reached the Dragon Jade Building. The guard who sent her respectfully gestured for Hera to head inside the building.

Hera nodded at the guard, her smile gentle as she gracefully made her way toward the lobby. The space boasted a captivating fusion of Eastern and modern design, beckoning her with its intriguing blend of styles.

Near the entrance, Chinese bamboo flanked both sides while wall-mounted waterfalls adorned each corner, casting a serene ambiance upon the space. Warm lighting enveloped the entire lobby, enhancing the fusion of Eastern and modern aesthetics. As one stepped inside, the atmosphere exuded an enchanting blend of tradition and innovation. Further ahead, a front desk greeted visitors, manned by two female receptionists ready to assist.

1

In their early to mid-twenties, the two female receptionists wore warm makeup, enhancing their cheerful and welcoming demeanor. Their youthful appearance complemented their friendly disposition as they attended to a man clad in an extravagant suit, boasting hues of orange and red.

Just one look and you'd know that his attire is screaming rich on its own, he was holding a big bouquet of red roses. The two female front desk receptionists appeared to be struggling to accommodate him, while Hera patiently waited her turn behind him.

The man's voice sounded hoarse but in a forceful way and said. "I've already told you, I'm the boyfriend of your general manager, and I've come to see her!"

"Sir, we're unable to grant you entry without prior approval from our general manager, especially considering her current engagement with a prominent individual. We hope you understand," the girl explained, her tone tinged with a hint of pleading.

Upon hearing her words, the man's eagerness to see the general manager intensified.

The man started to hurl insults at the front desk when they were not showing any signs of backing down which later turned into curses.

There are other people sitting on the couch near the wall-mounted falls, they are drinking coffee while conversing with each other. The sudden commotion at the front desk drew their attention, prompting them to glance curiously in that direction.

One of the front desk receptionists swiftly reached for the phone to summon security, while the other bravely stepped out from behind her desk to physically assist the man. Despite their reddened eyes and the struggle to hold back tears, the two women persevered through the ordeal with determination and professionalism.

Fueled by extreme dissatisfaction and anger, the man lashed out, striking the front desk attendant with the bouquet he held. His unbridled force caused the red petals to scatter across the vicinity, their delicate thorns leaving small cuts on the girl's face. Her once neatly combed hair now hung disheveled around her shoulders, a testament to the severity of the encounter.

Tears streamed down the girl's face as she clutched her bleeding cheek, it looked horrifying. But the man didn't seem to have enough venting out his anger; he extended his hand, poised to deliver another blow, this time a slap.

Having witnessed enough from the sidelines, Hera couldn't stand idly by any longer. Having worked in customer service herself, she understood the challenges of dealing with unreasonable customers who resorted to violence. Aware of the one-sided nature of the situation, where employees were prohibited from fighting back or speaking up, Hera recognized the girl's vulnerability and decided to step forward to protect her.

With a swift sidestep, Hera seized the man's extended hand and collar, effortlessly hurling him over her shoulder in a surprising display of strength. The sudden turn of events left everyone in the vicinity stunned, unsure of what had just transpired. However, one individual observed Hera's actions with a keen interest, their gaze lingering on her with curiosity.

