

The Mysterious Guest

By Burrito Boy ([original post](#))

A man whose face had never been seen when he entered or left the hotel, even by the concierge, for in winter he buried his face in a large red scarf and in summer he always blew his nose just as he was passing the concierge's window.

His visits were usually quite regular: it was nearly always toward four o'clock that he took possession of his apartment, in which he never spent the night. Twenty minutes after his arrival, a carriage would stop in front of the hotel and a woman, dressed in either black or dark blue but always wrapped in a flowing veil, would alight, pass before the concierge's window like a shadow and mount the stairs without causing a single step to creak under her light footsteps. She was never asked where she was going. Her face was therefore also completely unknown to the concierges, perhaps the only members of the vast brotherhood of Paris concierges who were capable of such discretion.

It goes without saying that the woman never went any higher than the second floor. There she would scratch on the door in a certain way; it would then be opened to her and closed tightly behind her.

The same maneuvers were employed for leaving the hotel. The woman, always veiled, would leave first, climb into her carriage and drive off, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another. Twenty minutes later the man, his face sunk down into a scarf or hidden by a handkerchief, would come out and also disappear.

Back to [creepy_hotel](#)

From:
<http://curufea.dreamhosters.com/> - Curufea's Homepage

Permanent link:
http://curufea.dreamhosters.com/doku.php?id=roleplaying:hero:resources:dark_champions:ch_guest:the_mysterious_guest

Last update: **2011/08/29 22:48**

