

Surprise 471

One Night Surprise Chapter 471 Do We Need to Introduce Ourselves?

To celebrate Alexander's discharge as well as Courtney's birthday, Oliver had arranged a barbeque party at Duncan's ancestral home and invited all of their close friends. Gale and Cameron arrived with their son and daughter while Bill brought a pregnant Natasha along. Alicia was invited too, but no one knew whether she would show up.

Gale's youngest daughter, Apple, was not even a hundred days old. She waved her hands vigorously while lying in the cradle, as if she wanted to play with everyone, but her body was too small for her to wiggle out of the cradle.

Apart from Apple, Josephine was the youngest of the children. She was curious about babies and stood beside the stroller all the time to observe Apple.

"She's so small."

"Yes." Cameron looked at Josephine with a gentle expression and continued, "You were even smaller than her when you were born."

Josephine nodded in response. Seemingly thinking, she said, "It's amazing that humans can grow from this small to this large."

Hearing that, Cameron couldn't help but caress the child's head. "Can you help me to look after Apple for a while? I need to check when dinner is ready."

"Sure." Josephine gave a nod. She then sat quietly on the stool in front of the baby stroller to stare at Apple.

The barbeque stand had been set up in front of the swimming pool, and both Gale and Bill were working on it. As Alexander was still recovering, they did not ask him to help. Instead, he was in the house helping Courtney prepare the desserts.

Seeing that, Cameron walked to Gale and signaled him to look inside the house.

"Do you think that Courtney and Alexander are about to reconcile?"

After hearing her words, Gale took a glance at the house and thoughtfully nodded. "That's what I feel as well, but Alex is still suffering from brain injuries and he may not remember this. Why not try to be a middleman later?"

"That's exactly what I intend to do."

They both immediately saw eye to eye.

Oliver approached them with a stick of grilled meat in his hand and asked, "What are you all talking about?"

“You came at the right time. We’ve got something to tell you.”

The both of them told Oliver thereafter what they had just discussed.

“Would that be appropriate?” Oliver was hesitant about the idea. “Alexander has not regained his memory yet. Wouldn’t it be unfair to Courtney?”

“Of course not.” Cameron, who had a candid personality, said bluntly, “Their situations have always been confusing; that’s how they have gotten to who they are today. If everything was clear, the relationship would have ended long ago. We should just let them be together now, in case all of us onlookers suffer.”

Since she was on this subject, she couldn’t help but start ranting. “I tried so hard to keep everything about her from Alexander that I can’t even sleep well at night, worrying that I would blurt it out in my dreams and Gale would overhear.”

“How dare you bring this up!” With his brow raised, Gale said, “I haven’t settled our scores in this. How dare you hide it from me! Do you still treat me as your husband?”

“Well, if you don’t want to be my husband, there’re lots of people lining up for such an opportunity and to become my children’s father.

“Hey, you are being overboard.”

Seeing them in this manner, Oliver was at a loss for words.

Meanwhile, Bill was assisting Natasha in getting outside for some fresh air. She was already in her seventh month of pregnancy, so her stomach was as round as a ball. Yet, she was still as energetic as ever and working on Citron Apparel’s search for a new supplier.

“I’m fine; you don’t need to stay by my side. Go and help them out. All the children are hungry.”

However, he remained cautious with a stern face, seemingly anxious over every step she took.

“Be careful. The path is uneven.”

“This is a pebbled path. It would never be even, Bill.”

“You should go back into the house. There’s too much smoke here.”

“But the house is too humid, and too much air conditioning is bad for the child.”

“Oh, you’re right.”

Tess, who was standing beside and looking at them all this while, teased him. “Bill, I guess you’ll have a mental breakdown after Natasha gives birth.”

Hearing that, Bill raised his head and said with an indifferent expression, “You’re just the pot calling the kettle black. When you’re pregnant, Oliver will be more worried than I am now.”

“That’s impossible,” she certainly replied. “The guys from the Duncans would not be this attentive. Look at Alexander, his wife gave birth to three children but he was never by her side.”

“Don’t twist the truth; he couldn’t because of the circumstances at the time. If Courtney had a fourth child in the future, he would never leave her side.”

Tess gave a look of disbelief.

“These kids, can they just stop fooling around?” Alicia arrived late, and seeing that the courtyard was in a mess, she caught hold of Ethan and warned, “Be careful. You’ll be dead if you knock Natasha.”

Ethan was Gale’s eldest son. Just after he heard what Alicia said, he stuck out his tongue to her and escaped by removing his shirt and leaving it in Alicia’s grasp.

“Where’s your shirt, Ethan? Stop there!” Cameron ran after him immediately.

Everyone laughed seeing that. At that moment, it was really lively in the courtyard.

In the evening, the barbecued dishes were served one after another. Warm yellow lights brightened in the yard and shone into the house through the floor-to-ceiling windows, making the interior appear warm.

Everyone was here except for Old Master Duncan, who was recuperating in the hospital. All of them were sitting together around the dining table.

“Do we have to introduce ourselves to you, our brother who has forgotten about us?” Gale teasingly looked at Alexander.

To that, Alexander gave a mocking glare, as if he were looking at a moron. “Courtney has told me about every one of you.”

He began calling out everyone’s name from his left. When he arrived at Alicia, he followed Courtney’s lead and addressed her as Aunt Alicia, which caused everyone to exchange glances.

Cameron immediately gave Gale a hint, which he picked up on. “It’s Courtney’s birthday today, and also to celebrate Alexander’s survival and discharge, let’s cheer,” he said, raising his glass.

All of them followed.

After that, he cleared his throat and started saying, “Life is short, and what matters most is who we spend it with. Look at us—everyone we love, including our friends, elders, and children, is living happily. Though I may sound unambitious, what I have now is already sufficient for me.”

Everyone was waiting for what he was about to continue.

“So, it’s important to treasure the time and the people you have now.”

Alexander raised his head and nodded in agreement. As if he thought of something, he then said, “What you said is true.”

Gale was elated to hear that. “Right? You understood what I meant?”

“Of course.” Alexander then looked at Oliver and said, “You should start preparing for your marriage with Tessa. I heard from Courtney that our family has been chasing you for it. You’re so inconsiderate; Grandpa is in such poor health, yet you still refuse to listen to his words.”

“What? What has this got to do with me?” Oliver was shocked. “Isn’t Alexander the subject of this topic?”

The moment he finished his words, everyone fell into silence.

Tess glared at him resentfully as if she was looking at a moron.

Courtney and Alexander, on the other hand, looked at each other and laughed. “Why is it about us? We’re already married.”

One Night Surprise Chapter 472 You Weren’t This Adorable in the Past

Everyone was stunned when they heard that.

Courtney, as if by magic, took two out marriage certificates from nowhere and smilingly said, “We registered our marriage the second day Alexander was discharged. So, none of you need to push us for it now; we’re legally married.”

Everyone at the table then started passing the certificates around and inspecting them. Cameron exhaled a sigh of relief after a round of passing and said sentimentally, “At long last. After so many years, finally the both of you are married now. We don’t have to worry about it anymore.”

Gale immediately followed. “That’s right. My wife no longer needs to assist Courtney in hiding anything from me in the future.”

“So it appears that there is another person to be rushed for marriage.” Courtney then gave Oliver and Tess a contemplative look.

They both exchanged glances in response. Have we just created trouble for ourselves? they wondered.

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Despite Courtney’s belief that the marriage registration was sufficient, Scott insisted on holding a wedding ceremony after learning of their registration. Not only that, but he promised that he would take care of everything and that Courtney and Alexander would not have to do anything except to show up on the day of the ceremony.

“You both have nothing to be concerned about. Harry will arrange everything.”

Scott was so energized by this joyous occasion that he looked even better than before.

Courtney exchanged glances with everyone in the Duncan family before saying, “Grandpa, it all depends on you whether our wedding ceremony can go on.”

“Why?”

“Have you decided on the surgery?”

Hearing that, Scott was stunned and the smile on his face froze.

"I spoke with your attending doctor, Grandpa. Your condition does not allow for further delay and you really need the surgery now."

Her words made Scott frown. After a brief pause, Scott, with a solemn expression, replied. "Fine. I'll only go for the surgery after the wedding ceremony."

All of them who were present looked at each other, unsure of what to say.

Just as Courtney was about to convince him further, Scott raised one hand and stopped her from speaking.

"I know that every surgery carries risk. Don't tell me that the risk for mine is minimal; the risks remain. I don't want to die before seeing Alexander marry. It has been so long, Courtney, that I feel tired seeing the two of you not settling down yet. I can only rest my mind after seeing you both married. After that, I'll be able to go ahead with my surgery at ease. If something goes wrong with the surgery, at least I can rest in peace knowing that you both are together, and if it goes well, every day after that is what God bestows on me."

All the younger generations in the room had their eyes welled up with tears after hearing Scott's words.

"We'll do as you wish, Grandpa." Courtney said with her voice choked with sobs while wiping her tears.

Alexander, who was standing beside, pulled her into his arms. Though he couldn't really remember the past, his heart ached seeing her in this manner.

Due to the urgency of Scott's surgery, the wedding preparation began in full swing.

Courtney had to work, and the hospital was so busy all the time that she didn't have the time to do anything else. Hence, Alexander was in charge of the preparation.

When she said she didn't have the time to try on the wedding gown, he brought the designer straight to her office in the hospital and made use of her ten-minute lunch break for the designer to take her measurements as well as for her to choose the style that she wanted. Seeing that, all of the nurses blushed with envy.

And no matter what time it was, he would always get her to and from the hospital on time.

In the early morning of a thunderstorm day, she had a sudden night shift. As she walked out from the hospital after her night shift, she saw his car parked at the entrance. Doubtfully, she opened the door and found him sleeping inside. "Oh my, why are you still here?"

Drowsy-eyed, he answered, "You've knocked off?"

"Didn't I tell you I had an unexpected night shift and couldn't leave until the next person on shift arrive in the morning? You were here for the entire night?"

"It's not a big deal. Come on, get in the car." He adjusted his posture and yawned. "I'm afraid that you'll be too tired to drive after working for the whole night."

Hearing that, she had no idea what to say. "I really take my hat off to you. You have a meeting in the morning, right?"

“Yes. I’ll go to the company after sending you home.”

Sitting in the passenger seat, Courtney felt touched and her heart warmed.

Throughout the journey home, Alexander found that she was staring at him. Smilingly, he asked, “Why are you staring at me? Is there anything on my face?”

“I’m just wondering if you’d be the same person you are now after you regained your memory.”

“Why? I wasn’t like this in the past?”

“Yeah.” Leaning on the seat, she continued teasing him, “You weren’t this adorable in the past.”

Adorable?

He frowned at that, seemingly resistant to her description of himself.

She then laughed. “Focus on your driving. Let the driver fetch you to the company later. You hadn’t had a good rest for the entire night, so don’t drive while you’re tired.

The sun had just risen and the breakfast stalls by the roadside had opened.

He stopped and bought breakfast for her as they passed by. “Grab something first, so you can sleep longer later,” he said as he handed her the soymilk.

“Okay.”

“I may not be home for lunch later. The designer will be bringing the wedding gown around one o’clock in the afternoon for you to try on and check if there are any modifications needed.”

“Okay.”

While he was nagging all the way home, she had already fallen into deep sleep by the time they reached.

The servant who opened the door for them wanted to wake her up but was stopped by him.

He carefully removed her safety belt before picking her up in his arms and carrying her to the bedroom, where he covered her with a blanket and pulled the curtains closed.

In the dark room, she turned around on the bed after the door was closed and smiled sweetly to herself while staring at the door.

Two weeks later, Courtney and Alexander’s wedding ceremony was held in a private manor in the outskirts of Melrose.

The guests included all of Melrose’s nobles in both political and business circles, as well as many upper-class women.

The vast lawn appeared endless, and with a green lake in the background, the red carpet stretched as far as the eyes could see. Courtney walked slowly on it, dressed in a pure white gown and holding William’s arms. Jordan, Tina, Josephine, and Ethan were the four flower girls and boys who trailed her.

Alexander was at the other end of the red carpet, dressed in a white suit. He stood upright by the stage where they would exchange vows. Looking at his bride as she approached, he extended his hand.

"Please come on stage, the groom and bride, and bow as you thank all your friends and families who are here today."

The vow was then read aloud by the clergy. "Mr. Duncan, in God's name, are you willing to take Ms. Hunter as your wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, in your riches and in your poverty, in sickness and in health, until death make you part?"

"I do."

"Ms. Hunter, in God's name, are you willing to take Mr. Duncan as your husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, in your riches and in your poverty, in sickness and in health, until death make you part?"

"I do."

Both of them looked at each other, and at this moment, they needed no words between them.

Alexander looked at the woman standing before him, and suddenly, all the blurry images in the back of his mind became clear, and their past played out in his mind like a movie.

He was stunned, and his eyes gradually turned reddish.

"....."

"The groom and the bride, you may exchange rings now."

"....."

"It's time to throw the wedding bouquet!"

One Night Surprise Chapter 473 Only You Treat Me Like a Child

All the unmarried ladies in the hall started to snatch for the wedding bouquet.

As all her close friends, including Cameron and Natasha, were married with kids, Courtney had no target to throw the wedding banquet to. Hence, she simply turned her back and threw it casually.

Behind her, all the ladies swarmed up the moment she threw it. One of them may have stepped on the other, with the other may also have pushed another, and all of them got into a mess and fell on the lawn together. It was an amusing scene and everyone laughed. The ambience was extremely lively.

"Where's the wedding banquet?" someone asked.

Courtney turned around to see a familiar figure from the crowd holding the white wedding banquet in her hands and looking doubtful at the ladies around her, while chewing her chewing gum. "Who tossed this at me?" Angie, dressed to the knees, asked.

She had a matured appearance to begin with, and with her European-style makeup today, no one could tell she was still young. Everyone was stunned because they only knew she was Courtney's adoptive daughter and had no idea how old she was.

The mother throwing the wedding banquet to her daughter? This is ridiculous!

"Why not throw it again?"

She continued to chew her gum while passing the bouquet to a lady nearby. "I'm not even of the minimum age for marriage yet. It's pointless for me to get it."

Everyone regained their composure after her words, and the lady closest to her grabbed the wedding bouquet from her grasp and yelled, "I got it!"

All of the others burst into laughter. "This is not counted. The bride should throw it again."

As the crowd rushed back to Courtney, Angie was knocked down and nearly fell. Fortunately, someone held her from behind.

"Thank you."

She regained her balance and raised her head to thank the person who had assisted her. However, her smile froze the moment she saw who it was. "E-Elijah."

Elijah was dressed formally in a coffee-colored suit with a navy blue bow tie. He was staring at her with his deep gaze from behind his gold-rimmed glasses. "Who chose this pair of high-heel for you? It's not suitable for you."

The fearless Angie chickened out at this moment, and her body stiffened. She didn't even dare to continue chewing her gum. Hesitantly, she answered, "Cameron chose it."

"Let's go and change into another pair. Your feet would be injured if you keep on wearing them."

"I'm fine, Elijah. The wedding has not ended yet."

"What's going on later has nothing to do with you anyway. Are you going to snatch for the wedding banquet again? It's meaningless for you, an underage girl, to get that."

Just after his words, she raised her head and said in a serious way, "I'm an adult now, Elijah. Today is my eighteen-year-old birthday."

Coincidentally, today was also Courtney's wedding. Thus, she did not expect anyone to remember her birthday.

She was half a head shorter than him, and even in high heels, she could only see him with her head raised. As she ended her words, she felt a surge of sadness within her. These formalities never bothered her, but she had no idea why she felt aggrieved when she saw him.

"I'm aware of that." He extended his hand, his large palm appearing clean and bringing a sense of gentleness with it. "That's why I got you a gift. Should we leave now?"

"Really? You're not lying to me?"

“Of course I’m not lying. When did I ever lie to you?”

Hearing that, she gave him a smile.

Since she knew this guy, he indeed never told her a lie. No matter what he promised, he could always abide by it.

In the resting lounge at one corner of the manor, he took out a pair of gray diamond-studded high heels from a box and bent down to wear them for her.

“Do you like it?”

“Yes.” Smiling sweetly, she asked, “But Elijah, why is it high heels? You know I don’t usually wear high heels.”

She was at least five feet and seven inches tall. If she wore high heels, she would really stand out of the crowd. That was why she usually wore sneakers.

“I saw it in a shop and bought it since it looks beautiful.”

She pouted when she heard that. “I see. I thought you would say something romantic, like a comfortable pair of shoes will bring me somewhere better.”

Hearing that, he looked at her and responded indifferently, “If you’ve nothing better to do, think of what to write in your university application. Stop reading those meaningless articles.”

“You guessed correctly, indicating that you’ve read those so-called meaningless things as well, right?”

He was stumped for words. After a brief pause, he said, “You’ve only been back in the country with Courtney for a short time, but you’ve gotten so good with words.”

“Well, I’m a fast-learner.” She was proud of herself. Then, she stared at him for a while, saying, “I thought you would not be here today, Elijah.”

“Why?”

“I heard a rumor a few days ago that you’ve courted Courtney before. Is that true?”

“You heard it only a few days ago?”

Tina addressed him as her dad since young, and anyone who heard that would assume there was something between Courtney and him.”

“That’s not important. I’m just curious if you’ll feel sad seeing Courtney marrying someone else.”

Elijah had asked himself this exact question plenty of times before, but because Courtney had never married anyone, he never had the answer. But today, he finally had an answer after seeing her dressed in a wedding gown and appearing to be blissful by Alexander’s side.

“I’m not sad.” He shook his head and continued, “Courtney and I were friends for many years. You may not understand it now, but sometimes, friendship lasts longer than love. To me, Courtney is my family. At my age, I no longer pursue the romantic relationships that you youngsters like. I prefer a stable and long lasting relationship now.”

“Just like your relationship with Lilian?”

His gaze dimmed after hearing her words. She went on, “You don’t love her anymore, and she was always hysterical toward you. Are you really planning to spend the rest of your life with her just for the sake of your so-called stable relationship?”

“This is a matter for adults to consider. You’re just a child, so don’t ask about it.”

“I am no longer a child.”

Angie rose to her feet angrily. “I know you’ve always treated me like a child, Elijah. But I am not one anymore. I, too, have many admirers at school. If I intend to get into a relationship, the number of my boyfriends could form a circle around this manor. You are the only person who always treats me like a child.”

Seeing her behaving in this manner, he was stupefied. He felt like he was experiencing the same thing he had six years ago.

When he saved her six years back, she was also acting in this manner when she woke up, behaving like a wild beast and biting his elbows harshly.

With that, he looked at her silently and replied, “Lilian and I have divorced.”

Chapter 475 The Blonde and Depressed Teen

Cameron and Gale finally, with much difficulty, made it to the third day of their trip.

In the afternoon, Cameron, with her dark eye circles, was standing at the stairs of the duplex apartment. Her eyes darted across the room, from the stairs to the living room, and then to the kitchen, looking as if she were about to meet her doom.

At last, she gave up the stupid idea of going downstairs for a cup of water.

In the living room on the first floor, Angie and Jordan each sat in an armchair situated at both ends of the sofa, each with a laptop on their laps. They appeared stern, as if they had cut themselves off from the rest of the world.

The long sofa in the center of the living room, on the other hand, was in a completely different scene. For unknown reasons, Ethan and Josephine were fighting. With Hannah between them, they were making threatening gestures and exchanging blows against each other for half an hour before Hannah blew up. Hannah had taken a long time getting ready to meet some blonde dashing guy on the beach, but everything she had planned was ruined by the two of them.

With her hair looking as if a bomb had just exploded on it, she grabbed both of them down the sofa and gave each of them a slap on their heads. With that, what was originally a war between Ethan and Josephine became a war between all three of them.

Tina, who was sitting quietly by the side, watching Shay's concert, became involved too, and the scale of the war expanded.

Jordan, who was originally by the side studying the stock market, got a hit on his head unexpectedly. A white pillow rolled to his feet as his head hummed. At the same time, the entire living room was raining with feathers.

He raised his head, revealing a murderous gaze beneath his gold-rimmed spectacles. He clearly did not want to get involved in the fight, so he brushed off the feathers on his shoulders and returned his gaze to the computer screen.

Bang.

Bang.

After three consecutive provocations, the guy who was pretending to be calm began to twitch the corners of his mouth.

The fourth pillow that Hannah threw to him was quick-wittedly caught by him, and he immediately threw it back to her. She did not expect this from him and was almost hurt.

"How dare you smash me!"

Angie raised her head, as if she had just realized what was going on, and for a split second, she thought she was in a slaughterhouse.

She closed her laptop the second before she was attacked by Tina's pillow, with the chat interface on the laptop's screen showing two words, 'I've regretted this.'

"You all have nothing better to do," she said, while turning around and heading to her bedroom.

Seeing all this, Cameron, who had not even gotten a sip of water since moments ago, was furious. She went back to her room and kicked Gale, who was still sleeping soundly. He was terrified by what she did, and under his gaze, she exclaimed, "We'll go back now!"

Her dark circles were barely covered by three layers of foundation. She was furious at how Courtney and Alexander had duped her and muttered, "I'll deal with the both of you when you get back!"

Later in the day, she walked quickly through the airport in her twelve-centimeter-high heels. She turned her head as they exited the airport and impatiently asked Gale, "Can you hurry up?"

Gale broke out in cold sweats. He had one child tied to him, holding another two with his hands, one hand each, and the rest were mindlessly following him. Hearing his wife's rushing, he didn't dare to argue with her and could only abide by what she said.

Josephine yanked her hands away from his and exclaimed, "Uncle Gale, you'd better pacify her first. She appears to be on the verge of exploding."

After finishing her words, she adjusted her bag stripes and slipped her hand into another warm and soft palm near her.

Jordan was surprised by that. He felt his palm start to sweat.

The Summerfields were aware of their impending return and had someone waiting for them outside the airport. After Josephine left, Jordan still felt the tenderness in his palm.

“I’m following Great-Aunt Alicia back too.”

Angie was also irritated by all the ruckus these few days. As an eighteen-year-old adolescent with a lot in her heart, she chose to follow the quieter group.

The rest of them followed Cameron and got in her car.

She started speeding the moment she came out from the airport’s basement carpark. No one in the car dared to even say a word. Plucking his courage, Gale asked, “Cameron, why don’t I drive?”

“Why don’t you get out of the car?”

“Okay, you drive.”

The car kept speeding down the road. Not long after, there was a minor traffic jam that forced her to slow down, and everyone in the car felt relieved.

Tina turned her head and looked outside the windows. “There are reporters here.”

“There aren’t a lot of people. Perhaps it’s some unknown artist...”

Hannah wanted to continue, but the car suddenly accelerated, and its speed made her decide to stop whatever she was about to say. Her unexpected expression was amusing.

“What happened?”

“Nothing. I just bit my tongue...”

...

Three days later, Courtney and Alexander returned from their honeymoon.

The date for Old Master Duncan’s surgery had been set, but the butler said he hadn’t been eating and sleeping well recently. Hence, Courtney and Alexander decided to end their honeymoon earlier so that they could spend more time with Scott before his surgery, making him happier.

When they stepped off the plane, it was already late at night. Even though it wasn’t as busy as it was during the day, the noises they heard as they exited the airport reflected the prosperity that could only be found in this city.

Courtney was the first to leave the airport, while Alexander waited for their luggage inside. A wave of heat hit her legs, waving the dark blue jumpsuit’s trousers and looming over her fair ankles.

She took a few steps around in her high heels and saw Eric, half of his body outside the car window, waving aggressively at her. She was about to approach him when she heard a dry voice. “Miss...”

Her steps came to a halt. She turned around but couldn’t see who was calling her, so she assumed it was her imagination. A young figure squatting at the corner, however, caught her eye.

A guy was there, with his short blonde hair pressing against his ears, and a pair of pale blue eyes underneath his thick brows. That gaze of him was filled with feigned calmness and unconcealed tiredness.

He appeared to be younger than twenty, but the stubbles on his face made him look older as if he had been through a lot in life.

After meeting his eyes, she pointed at herself. "Are you talking to me?"

The blonde haired guy squatting against the wall, one hand on his knees and the other holding a half-burger, nodded and pointed to her legs.

"Your purse dropped," he said, with great difficulty. He was not fluent in Otharian and his voice was still dry.

Hearing that, she lowered her head and suddenly understood what he meant.

"Thank you."

He waved his hand and said nothing more before biting into his burger and drinking his mineral water by his legs.

Courtney felt heavy seeing that and walked toward him. The sound of her high heels attracted his attention, making him look up. When he noticed her taking some money out, his gaze dimmed.

"I am not a beggar."

He explained incoherently. When she noticed his defense and resistance in his gaze, she awkwardly stopped whatever she was doing.

"I am sorry to have offended you."

He didn't say anything else to her.

For Alex, who had only recently begun learning Otharian, the word 'offend' was too unfamiliar to him.

One Night Surprise Chapter 474 My Wish Came True

After the wedding ceremony, Courtney went to the dressing room to change out of her wedding gown.

Cameron happily followed behind her, her hands full of red packets. While walking, she nagged about the bridal procession. "We should have stopped them longer! I thought your Aunt Alicia would make it fun, but who knew she couldn't even stand what we were doing and asked us to play moderately. It seems like she had been wanting to marry you off even though she didn't say it!"

"If you haven't had enough fun, I don't mind fulfilling your wish when you remarry."

"Good. I have always wanted to have a new husband! It's annoying to see Gale every day."

Hearing that, Courtney immediately looked behind Cameron and said, "Oh Gale, how come you're here?"

Cameron's grip on Courtney's elbows tightened at that moment, and she immediately changed her demeanor. "I was joking earlier, Gale. This is simply a new way for us to show our affection in public. I wanted to express how loving we are..."

Before she could even finish her words, Courtney burst into laughter.

Turning around, Cameron did not see Gale at all. The entire hallway was empty.

Courtney imitated her tone and said, "Loving..."

"How dare you trick me!"

Cameron was irritated and wanted to smack her. While chasing and playing with each other, they both entered the dressing room.

"That's enough. Stop fooling around. Don't hold up my honeymoon."

Honeymoon, you say? You're not going anywhere today unless you bring me along!"

"Fine. I'll bring you along."

Courtney thought that Cameron was just kidding. However, in the lobby of Melrose International Airport, Cameron arrived with a group two hours later, including her children, as well as Hannah, Angie, Jordan, Tina and Josephine. They were all lining up with their own luggage with shade hats which obviously were for vacation use. The entire group looked like they were about to cause a commotion in the airport.

"Hey Courtney, how can you go on a holiday by yourself and leave the children at home?" Cameron said with a teasing tone. "So, I brought all of them here for you."

When Courtney saw this, she couldn't help but grip Alexander's elbow tightly and sulkily ask, "Hubby, is this still our honeymoon?"

He responded with a smile and a deep voice sounded beside her ears, "Don't worry."

Fifteen hours later, both of them got off the plane and were enjoying the Mauritius breeze. Then, her phone started to ring non-stop.

"Courtney, where are you? We have arrived, and we are all in the hotel now."

Cameron's voice sounded agitated, and the background noises suggested that all of the children were playing around in a mess.

"We've just got off the plane," Courtney replied ignorantly.

"How could that be? Melrose to Seiban Island is only about four hours away. Our flight had already arrived last night. Yours is merely half an hour later than ours; how is it possible that you've just arrived?"

"Seiban Island?" Courtney exchanged glances with Alexander and continued, "We didn't say we're going to Seiban Island."

"What?"

“We’re now in Mauritius. Did you buy the wrong flight tickets?”

Knowing that, Cameron almost fainted over the phone. “Don’t frighten me, Courtney. I’ve two kids of my own and four of yours here. How are we going to handle them?”

“Hello? The signal is not very strong here.” Courtney raised her phone over her head and yelled. “I’ll talk to you next time!”

The call ended immediately. She then turned around and looked at Alexander. “Hubby, how did you come up with that?”

‘The night before the wedding, Gale got himself drunk and blurted out that Cameron wanted to join us for our honeymoon. With that, I decided to change our flight tickets and destination. Looks like it was a good move.’

“It’s absolutely brilliant!”

How could she allow her friends and children to join her once-in-a-lifetime honeymoon?

The moon was hanging along the coastline. In front of their hotel suite, Alexander was standing at the beach, admiring the moonlight from a distance.

Behind him was a swimming pool, which Courtney was swimming in. The splashing of water subsided and she, dressed in a hot red bikini, walked up from it. While wiping her hair, she saw a group of beauties on the beach whistling at him.

But he was completely unmoved.

Suddenly, a bright whistle sound resonated behind him. “Handsome guy, are you waiting for someone?”

Hearing this familiar voice, he smiled and turned around intending to tease her. However, he was stunned the moment she entered his sight.

Courtney was a little helpless seeing his burning gaze. “Why? Is there anything on my face?”

“No.” He shook his head and continued staring firmly at her. With a hoarse voice with a sense of eroticism, he continued, “You’re stunning today.”

Her face was flushed with redness when she heard that, but she stubbornly replied, “Am I? I’m already the mother to three children who can’t be compared with the beauties who whistled to you earlier.”

Alexander smiled dotingly. “Are you jealous?”

“Jealous? Of course not!”

She was so shy by his stare that even her ears turned red. Suddenly, she was carried into his arms and she reflexively wrapped her arms around his neck and exclaimed, “What are you doing? Put me down!”

He did not do so. Instead, he carried her all the way to their room, passing by the courtyard, and placed her on the bed. While kissing her arms, he replied hoarsely, “Sure. I’ll put you down now.”

She was rendered powerless by his kisses, and with great difficulty, she mumbled, “Aren’t we going to the bonfire party?”

“We’ll go there tomorrow. Now, we have more important things to do.”

“Wait, hubby.” She struggled with whatever rationality she had left. “The curtains. They’re not closed.”

“There’s no need for that. Let them know that my wife is prettier than any of them.”

All his romantic words made her head spin, but she remained conscious enough to pull the curtains, which she only barely closed after a while.

The moonlight shone on the wall through the gaps in the curtains, and the shadows revealed the couple intertwined. Their intense breathing sound filled the entire room, with the water bed they were laying on shaking vigorously.

They had no idea how much time had passed before he lay on the side of the bed, satisfied.

After their excitement was over, she cuddled in his embrace while both of them gazed out the window at the sea.

“What’s your biggest wish, hubby?”

Alexander took a brief pause and answered, “My wish had been fulfilled just now.”

Courtney blushed when she heard that. Giving him a pinch, she said, “Can you answer in a more decent way?”

To that, he laughed without saying anything.

She then continued gently, “I wish that the children can live their lives happily. Go through everything, such as dating, getting married and giving birth, just like everyone else.”

“They will,” he patronized her. Obviously, he did not want to discuss the children.

But she did not realize that and insisted on going on. “I heard that Elijah and Lilian are divorced. He told me that he intends to bring Angie back to Milley.”

“Let him do that then.”

“But Angie seems to be unwilling now.”

“Let her stay then.”

“But...”

“Stop it.” He suddenly flipped onto her. “Wifey, we’re on our honeymoon now,” he said, his face stern but filled with jealousy.

That stunned her for a moment before sweetness gradually filled her eyes.

One Night Surprise Chapter 476 The Fight for the Duncans’ ‘King of Chess’ Throne

Eric obediently followed after Alexander, who was carrying his luggage, as soon as Alexander’s figure, which covered half the door, had gone out. While carrying and pulling the luggage all by himself, Eric didn’t forget to fawn.

“As long as you take good care of the Young Mistress.”

Upon hearing that, Alexander quickly clasped his fingers around Courtney’s slender ones. He had a loving look in his eyes as he lowered his gaze to look at her.

“Let’s go home, my wife,” he cooed sweetly.

Her expression remained impassive as she was used to hearing him say things like this. However, this was the first time Eric had heard the young master he had served for years speak in such a mushy tone. He was so surprised that he lost his footing. He then pushed the luggage wheels off the ground, and the luggage fell with a loud thud.

“Did you not have dinner?” a gloomy voice rang out from behind, obviously displeased. Despite the darkness of the dawn, it was easy to see the nervous sweat on Eric’s light blue shirt as the clumsy man hurried to pick up the fallen luggage.

Courtney couldn’t help but pity him as she watched him frightfully stuff the luggage into the trunk of the vehicle.

After the couple had gotten into the car, Alexander leaned against Courtney’s shoulders. At that moment, he looked somewhat exhausted with a frown on his face.

Eric tried his absolute best to keep the drive smooth, and when he saw the couple asleep through the rearview mirror, he finally heaved a breath of relief. However, the ringing of a phone at that moment immediately broke the peaceful silence in the car.

Alexander took out his phone from the pocket of his shirt.

At the same time, Courtney, too, reached into her bag and fished for her phone with her eyes closed.

The two unconsciously exchange looks after getting calls at the same time. They each then leaned to the windows of the car.

“What is the matter, Gale?”

“Hello? Cameron?”

“You are calling because your wife told you to? Do you not have your pride as a man?”

“Did you force Gale into this again? Okay, okay. I will treat you to a meal to make up for it someday, alright?”

“...”

— —

The following day, Courtney set up the breakfast party at the Duncans’ ancestral home after getting permission from Old Master Duncan.

With Gale and Ethan on one team and Alexander with Josephine on another, they started a game of war, where they formed different groups amongst themselves. As they had their fun ‘killing’ each other

off, Cameron had her hand on her forehead while looking at them. She was so unhappy about the fact that Gale had changed sides that the container of the beverage she was holding had deformed from her tight grip.

Seeing that, Courtney put on a naive face and brought her a plate of desserts.

“An international chef made these. Give it a try.”

Cameron only grumpily rolled her eyes as she complained, “No wonder you and your husband are business geniuses. You promised to treat me to a meal, but you’re fulfilling the promise through this party at Duncan’s ancestral home—which was pre-planned! You know that we have to be mindful not to embarrass Old Master Duncan. It wasn’t such a bad move for you lot to use those ideas on Gale, but do you really think you can get rid of me that easily?”

Her tone would have been even more aggressive if it wasn’t because she was munching on desserts as she spoke. Her hand eventually stopped moving when she caught the sly gaze in Courtney’s eyes.

“GV’s latest limited edition handbag. There are only 100 of them in the world,” Courtney said.

“...”

“2 of it.”

Cameron immediately let out a hearty laugh after hearing her words. “Good job, Courtney,” she cheerfully replied. “Oh, this dessert tastes pretty good! I will go get you some.”

Courtney looked on at Cameron’s hastily retreating back as she plopped her forehead in her palm. Despite the heartache from doing such a generous thing, she turned to show an “okay” sign at the man on the sofa who was busy conquering lands.

Their plan had succeeded, but it really did take them a lot of money to get there.

Cameron was on her way back with the desserts when she heard Gale’s pained howl from the sofa. Josephine was holding a sticker in her hand as she tried with all her might to slap it onto Ethan’s plump, rosy cheeks.

“Papa, you dummy! There is no space left on my face to stick that on!” Ethan cried.

His big, watery eyes were filled with shame for being in such an embarrassing state in front of Josephine. Papa is too much! the young boy thought as he turned his head in the other direction while pouting.

“Alex, don’t go so hard on me—”

Gale looked even more pitiful than his son did. He had come here today to get what he wanted, and yet, it only took so long for their relationship to fall apart again.

Alexander was playing with the braids on Josephine’s head then. He had the expression of a loving father, but the words that left his mouth next sounded grumpy. “Shall we play a different game?” he asked.

Cameron had been watching them before she angrily shoved the plate in her hands to Courtney. Rolling her sleeves up, she chased Gale off the sofa. She was motivated to win from head to toe.

“How dare you bully my husband and son! Let me have a go!” she confidently announced.

“Wifey—”

“Momma—”

The man and the boy both had a similar glint in their eyes as they cheered, “Our savior is here!”

The ongoing ‘war’ was too fervent for Courtney to stay there unscathed. She quickly left the room by walking through a winding corridor to another living room. When she arrived there, Old Master Duncan and Jordan were having a game of chess, with both of them in their respective wooden armchairs. The older man seemed rather energetic, while the younger one had a frown on his face, making him appear more mature than he was.

“Jordan, listen to me!”

Tina, who was standing behind Jordan, had her eyes widened urgently as she urged her brother to pay attention to her. She quickly made a decision on her brother’s behalf.

Jordan’s solemn expression instantly had an additional trace of resignation when he saw one of the chess pieces being placed on the chess board.

He turned to Tina and scolded, “I just told you that—”

—“That those who watch a chess match without commenting anything are noble,” she unhesitatingly took over her brother’s words. “Hurry up, then. I have something to tell you.”

“Great-grandpa, this one doesn’t count.”

Unable to talk some sense into Tina, Jordan turned toward the chess board again to take back the chess piece Tina had put without his permission. However, the older man reached out with his fan to stop Jordan, and he chuckled, “Isn’t there a saying that goes, ‘it is no use crying over spilled water?’”

A child-like smile appeared on Old Master Duncan’s face then as he leaned back into the backrest of the chair. Even though he was feeble and his movements were fairly slow, he still had a young and energetic mind. He had finally caught young Jordan making a bad move, and he took his time capturing 7 of Jordan’s pieces.

The outcome of the match was already determined then. Tina blinked and shook her head. “One rotten apple spoils the whole barrel,” she sighed.

Hearing that, Jordan stood up and corrected her, “It is supposed to be ‘a boneheaded team-mate can do you more harm than a strong opponent’.”

The smile on Old Man Duncan’s face deepened as he happily waved his hands to prove the legitimacy of his title as the Duncans’ King of Chess. “Little girl,” he called out to Angie who was sitting at a side. “It is your turn now,” he said and motioned for her to take Jordan’s seat.

Angie raised her head from the laptop screen, and her frown seemed to dissipate at that moment. Closing the laptop, she let out a robotic smile that made her face look stiff.

“Promise you will make me a ‘Duncans’ King of Chess’ championship gold belt within 3 days if I win!” she exclaimed.

Old Master Duncan laughed at that, and he turned to wink at the butler. “Did you hear that?” he teasingly asked.

The butler quickly nodded and replied, “We will even have your name carved on it, Miss Angie!” It had been a long time since he last saw Old Master Duncan this excited, so he was naturally happy for him.

Angie nodded after hearing his words, and she began to do some simple stretches. “Elijah was the one who taught me how to play chess,” she warned.

Courtney’s expression changed a little as she watched the ongoing chess match. She then called over little Tina, who had been cold-heartedly chased off by Angie.

“Angie seems like she is in a bad mood. Did something happen on Seiban Island?”

Upon hearing that, Tina shuffled closer to her mother with a crafty look in her eyes.

“Mommy, you asked the right person! Other people may not know about this, but I do.”

After saying that, Tina pulled Courtney to the second living room. She shrunk into a ball on the sofa as she dug, and she finally brandished a phone, which she then passed to Courtney.

One Night Surprise Chapter 477 He Has Been Taken Away

The phone was showing Melrose City’s trending news. The more Courtney swiped upward on the screen, the gloomier her expression became. She began to meticulously look for any important messages in the similar-looking news.

‘The City’s Search for Miss Grant’

‘A Romantic Man Looking for Love in Melrose City: Where in the World Is the Mysterious Miss Grant?’

‘Valentine’s Day Is Coming; We Need a Blondie Like This!’

Amongst the numerous headlines, there was one that was on top of the trending list.

‘Blond haired, blue-eyed Alex of mixed descent has been waiting at the airport for 2 whole days. Now that Valentine’s Day is closing in, the whole city has been in a fervent search for a ‘Miss Grant’, the heroine of the story who, to date, still has not shown herself. Does anyone know an 18-year-old Angie Grant? Please share this news to light up a bulb. We will be holding a mystery lottery event on Valentine’s Day. If you managed to light up all 7 colored bulbs, we have prepa—’

Courtney continued to scroll down, only to realize that it was a promotional event done by a jewelry store.

Massaging the midpoint of her eyebrows, she raised her eyes to look at Tina with a disgruntled face.

“You can’t possibly tell me that this ‘Miss Angie Grant’ in the article is talking about is the one killing at chess with your Great-Grandpa. Do you know how many Angie Grants there are in Melrose City? It could

also be a promotional stunt done in order to create hype for Valentine's Day." From her skeptical tone, it was obvious that Courtney didn't believe Tina.

Tina was unhappy that her mother was suspicious of her words, and so she snatched the phone out of Courtney's hand.

"I saw Angie looking through the trending topics the other day, and boy, was her face as dark as coal! You should at least trust Mr. Oliver if you don't trust me. Even Mr. Oliver has been suspecting that—"

Courtney couldn't help but freeze when she heard her daughter's words. Her temples seemed to throb, and she suddenly recalled the pale face of a young man with blond hair and blue eyes. The stubble on his chin only added age to his face, but there was no way for him to hide the clear, brilliant gaze he had.

Courtney was sure she had seen this person at the airport before.

The reporters who took his photos professionally captured images of him that easily touched the hearts of everyone who had seen them. He was a strong and good-looking young man who looked lonely as he waited for his 'Angie Grant'. The captions and articles detailing his situation only made him more pitiful. Courtney could only imagine how many young and older women's hearts he had melted with just the articles alone.

It was finally time for lunch after the chaotic morning had passed. However, the atmosphere at the dining table seemed to be a lot more gloomy than it was just hours ago.

Courtney perked her ears up to catch wind of how the war game had gone. Apparently, Cameron and Alexander were neck-to-neck with each other during the game. Gale, who was watching from the sidelines, had to replace Ethan as the young boy's face was already covered in stickers. Cameron lost the battle after that, and soon, an internal dispute arose amongst the Langley army. The 'war' finally ended with Gale, who had a face full of stickers, and Cameron complaining about each other being spies.

Cameron was more concerned about the situation on the other side of the dining table. Old Master Duncan wasn't in his best mood, as he had lost 3 rounds in chess to Angie, which subsequently made him lose his title as the Duncans' King of Chess.

The butler gingerly placed some dishes Old Master Duncan could eat into his bowl, which he quietly ate. He finally stubbornly said, "Invite that Mr. Elijah over some day. I would like to have 1 or 2 chess matches with him."

"Got it."

"I was letting you off easy. I will still be the Duncans' King of Chess after I beat your teacher," he boasted.

"Alright." Angie paused momentarily. "But Elijah already won first place in the National Chess Championship 20 years ago."

Hearing that, Old Master Duncan was rendered speechless.

Sensing the drop in temperature in the room, the butler quickly brought a mouthful of food to Old Master Duncan's mouth and urged, "Try this, Old Master Duncan. This is your favorite." The clinking sounds of cutlery could be heard throughout the dining room then as everyone else dropped their

heads and gobbled up their food like they hadn't heard a thing. Even Alexander was taking bigger mouthfuls of soup because of the change in the atmosphere.

After they were done with lunch, Courtney pulled Angie aside to talk to her about winning Old Master Duncan. Instead, she pulled out the phone in her pocket and shoved the news page in Angie's face.

Angie's eyes immediately darted away from Courtney's probing eyes, and she sniffled, "There are so many Angie Grants in Melrose City! You can't possibly be doubting me, can you?"

"I can help you if you spill now. If you don't, I will have to call Elijah and tell him to check," Courtney said.

"No! I will tell you—"

Courtney was the best at capturing others by their weaknesses. She had only just mentioned Elijah, and Angie's eyes had widened in shock as she motioned for Courtney to stop. She then dragged Courtney to take a seat on the sofa.

Angie had undone her colorful dreadlocks at some point, and she now had a smooth high ponytail at the back of her head. The new hairstyle gave her a gentle and sweet look. She then started telling Courtney about the whole story as she twirled her hair around her fingers.

"So what you are telling me is... Alex, is not in a relationship with you, and he is the one pursuing you?"

Courtney turned to look at Angie and her calm gaze seemed to be testing the waters. Courtney couldn't help but recall what had happened before after seeing Angie nod. Her eyes seemed to darken when thoughts started to enter her head.

"Angie." Courtney continued, "You are already an adult. Neither Elijah nor I will intervene if you fancy the boy. Why don't you go see him?"

Angie raised her head once again, only this time, her eyes had turned slightly red. Courtney's heart seemed to quiver at the sight of Angie being vulnerable. Courtney then held her by the hands, where she was jolted back to reality by the coldness of the fingertips in her hands.

Even though Angie had grown up, she was still new to matters about relationships. However, the persistent thought that she couldn't convince herself was as difficult to overcome as getting through a mental blockage.

Angie had tried to overcome it before, but just as she thought that she had succeeded, Elijah appeared to tell her about the divorce. In that split second, Angie felt as though all her hard work had come to naught.

An understanding look appeared on Courtney's face then. She gripped Angie's hands tighter before pulling her into a hug, and she promised, "I got it. I will handle it for you."

Courtney began to feel warmth on her shoulder—it seemed that Angie had been trying her best to suppress her emotions to the point of suffering from it. Courtney suddenly softly spoke again, "Can you please hold back a little if your Great-Grandpa requests for another chess match with you? I will make you a gold belt if you want, okay?"

As Courtney had expected, Old Master Duncan sent out his butler to search for Angie. On the other hand, the Langley couple didn't seem like they would be letting Alexander off anytime soon. So, Courtney took the chance when the family was happily mingling to leave the Duncans' ancestral home, but not before she bid farewell to Tina.

She drove all the way to the airport, but despite circling around the airport once and getting out of her car to look around, she saw no traces of the blond man named Alex.

She went to a fast-food restaurant beside the airport to ask an employee about Alex. However, the beautiful restaurant worker's face began to flush as she fell into a trance.

"You're too late! I heard that he has already found his 'Angie Grant'. Alex has also already been taken away. This 'Angie Grant' really is a mysterious person. There were 7 or 8 black sedans that stopped by earlier, and Mr. Housekeeper picked Alex up. Everyone is fangirling over that suit-clad Mr. Housekeeper now."

"Mr. Housekeeper?" Courtney repeated questionably.

Completely lost in her imagination, the woman dreamily blinked her eyes and sighed, "He was such a gentleman! We don't really know if he is a housekeeper, but that is what everyone says he is!"

After hearing her words, Courtney had to plop her forehead in her palm. She could feel her goosebumps crawling after she had organized her thoughts. She then took her phone out and gave Elijah a call.

It didn't take long before the call connected, and his low voice came through, "What is the matter, Courtney?"

In response, she went in straight to the point. "Is that Alex boy in your car now?"

"I will handle this. You don't have to bother with it anymore."

Elijah's voice sounded tired when he spoke. Without giving any further explanation, he hurriedly hung up the call.

One Night Surprise Chapter 478 Do You Plan On Getting Married

The exhausted young man couldn't help but look around his surroundings of the huge manor in Westwind District. The air in the spacious living room felt oddly cold, and it was so piercingly chilly that he couldn't hide the discomfort on his face.

Alex's body sunk into the soft yet firm cushion of the leather sofa, and even though it felt extremely comforting against his fatigued body, he didn't dare let down his guard in front of the man in a gray suit. At that moment, Alex put all his attention on the latter.

The man had a long, slender figure, and his pretty fingers were flipping through a set of documents. The frown on his face only made him look arrogant and unapproachable.

Alex continued to wait for the man to be done with his business. However, he couldn't hold himself back after he had repeatedly counted the number of golden yellow lights on the chandelier above his head. He suddenly recalled a word that he had learned last night, and he gave it a go.

"Pardon me for asking," he started. "May I know for what reason have you brought me here?"

Coincidentally, Elijah flipped to the last page of the document when Alex asked that. Then, Elijah leaned back into his seat while his cold gaze seemed to have traces of humor in it.

"Alex Ruben. Your mother is French, and she works as a doctor."

After saying that, Elijah tossed a part of the document on the coffee table.

"Your father is an American who works as a professor in Colombia. You have 2 older sisters. One of them is married to an Alaskan, whereas the other is a doctor like your mother—"

Elijah continued to throw bits of the document in front of Alex. The calm Alex faked could be seen disappearing bit by bit until he eventually jumped up from the sofa in rage and fear.

"What are you doing?" Alex cut him off.

His fists were clenched so tightly that his whole body was shaking. The friendly expression on his face that he forced on, too, had been replaced by anger that looked as though he was ready to strike anytime.

"Well, aren't you a young and spirited one?" Elijah mused. "I know that you took up boxing for 2 years, but I advise you not to throw a straw against the wind."

Elijah looked over to the security guards lined up in the room as his scornful gaze seemed to be stepping on Alex's bottom line.

Even though Alex was still enraged, he decided to keep his calm by loosening his fists and sitting back on the sofa. The humor on Elijah's face was gone in that instant as well. With both elbows on his knees, Elijah leaned forward, and his scrutinizing eyes studied Alex.

"I am Angie's father," he announced.

The air suddenly fell silent at that.

"I don't know what you mean."

"I won't stop you from dating my daughter, but your actions so far have really caused her trouble. It doesn't seem to me like she has any intention to see you. If you are the type that pesters people to make them concede, I promise that I will do everything in my power to make life easy for my daughter," Elijah hissed.

Those words were spoken fluently in Alex's mother tongue. Seeing how pale the young man had gotten after that, Elijah switched back to warning him in Otharian.

"Don't you dare try those dirty tactics you pick up from abroad on Angie. I want you to go back where you came from before tomorrow comes."

As Alex felt wronged, his handsome face began to be filled with disappointment as he lowered his head. At that moment, his knuckles had turned white from the clenching of his fists.

“But it is Valentine’s Day tomorrow,” he muttered sadly before he turned his head to look at Elijah with pleading eyes. “Can I stay another day?”

Elijah stood up and his tall figure cast a gloomy shadow on Alex. The shadow seemed to seep into Alex’s chest when the older man growled in a low voice, “No.”

Elijah then instructed his guards to send Alex to the airport.

Following that, Elijah left the living room after tossing that sentence behind, but his authoritative voice seemed to reverberate in the room.

An hour later, a black sedan inconspicuously came to a stop by the roadside of a business hotel. Just by sitting in the backseat, the expressionless man’s very presence seemed to make the air too thick to breathe in comfortably. The man’s assistant in the front seat turned to look at him and asked, “Should I arrange for our men to escort him to the plane?”

Elijah’s expression further fell at that. With a wave of his hand, he looked out the window and muttered, “No need. Let’s go back.”

Even though Alex was chaperoned by a group of men to the airport, he managed to slip away when they were squeezing through the crowd in the airport hallway. He then hurriedly checked in to a nearby hotel. He was secretly happy he managed to escape, but what he wasn’t aware of at all was that everything, even his escape, was within Elijah’s control.

Angie hadn’t replied to any of his messages, and she even went as far as to delete him on social media. The last thing that Alex had told her was that he would be waiting for her at the airport. That was the reason why he didn’t dare leave the airport—he didn’t want them to miss each other.

However, it was impossible for him to continue waiting at the airport. His only hope now was to unceasingly send a friend request on social media.

He knew that it wasn’t hard for Elijah to check his record since the latter even managed to get all the information about Alex’s family members. Hence, Alex, who frequented police stations since the age of 14 was definitely not a favorable dating candidate.

He might still stand a chance to show a better side of himself if he had a better, more prided-worthy past. Thinking about how he had heard that Otharians were strict with choosing an in-law, Alex’s mood only continued to drop.

As he lay in bed, dazedly staring at the ceiling, his head began to be filled with the stubborn face Angie always had on. He remembered how eye-catching she was in her loose riveted denim top and colorful dirty braids. Subsequently, he gradually fell asleep soon after.

After that, he woke up to aches all over his body. As he moved his stiff limbs, the computer screen in front suddenly lit up. Seeing the notification that popped out, he had to rub his eyes to make sure that he wasn’t dreaming.

— —

After the commotion at the Duncans' ancestral home, Courtney and Alexander took their chance to stay there temporarily with the excuse that it was easier for them to work, when their true intention was to keep Old Master Duncan company.

The Somerfield Family came to bring Josephine back home when evening came. Alicia held her hand as they stepped out of the Duncans' place, and she started looking around before her eyes eventually fell on Angie.

"Come back with me," she said. "Accompany Jossie for me tomorrow."

Even though Angie was unwilling, she still automatically walked toward them when her Great-Aunt waved her over.

Alicia had been relatively unoccupied after her retirement, but because she was an influential figure in Melrose City, she had gradually accepted invitations to charity events. It was World Vision Orphanage's summer break cultural activity day tomorrow, and the organization had sent her an invitation. She wanted to bring Josephine and Angie along with her.

At night, Josephine watched the television in the living room while Angie cooped herself up on the other side of the sofa and did her research on her college application. Josephine's eyebrows knitted into a frown when the female lead of the show she was watching angrily yelled, "You cold-blooded, heartless, unreasonable prick!"

"Angie, do you plan on getting married?" she asked.

Angie's aggressive typing on her keyboard immediately stopped after Josephine asked her question. She lifted her gaze to look at Josephine, only to see that she had her full attention on the television screen. She didn't seem to mean anything by her question.

"I pity Ethan for having parents who are always arguing with each other," the young girl continued.

Josephine finally turned off the television when the male lead of the show rebutted, "There is no one more cold-blooded, heartless and unreasonable than you are!" She then turned to Angie with a pitiful look in her eyes.

Angie couldn't help but be entertained by Josephine.

"You are only 5. There are a lot of things that you don't know about," she said while standing up to go to the washroom. The disappointed little girl was then left alone when her eyes fell on the computer screen, and the sneaky glint in them disappeared as abruptly as it appeared.

One Night Surprise Chapter 479 A Little Fairy Once Told Me

The next morning, the workers and children of World Vision Orphanage in the northern suburbs all lined up in 2 rows near the orphanage's entrance. Amidst the warm welcome from both sides, Alicia slowly walked toward the entrance of the orphanage after getting out of the car.

As Angie and Josephine followed closely after her, the endless applause from the crowd started to make Angie's temples throb. She had been having a bad feeling about today since last night.

Even though their welcome seemed hearty, she knew that none of them were applauding for their arrival. After Alicia was guided by the orphanage director to his office, Angie held Josephine's hand as they walked around the compound. It wasn't long after when the orphanage's workers started talking in hushed voices amongst themselves that Angie finally understood the star of today's activities.

A mysterious wealthy person in Melrose City was willing to donate a huge amount of operational funds to World Vision Orphanage. If the donation proceeded as planned, that would mean that the orphanage had a chance to change its facilities into new ones, which would, in turn, bring about positive changes to the children's living conditions. The other thing that they were most happy about was that the workers' quarterly bonuses might double.

A plump woman waving a little red flag instructed the crowd who was cozy and sleepy from being under the warm sun, "They are here! Everyone, get ready!"

Angie stood by the entrance, and she craned her neck to peek at the silver sedan parked outside the orphanage's gate. She caught sight of a middle-aged man with a balding head sitting in the sedan. With his sunglasses on, and a briefcase in his hand, he got out of the sedan and walked past the cheering crowd toward the director's office.

"Is that the mysterious rich person?"

"Dummy, why would a mysterious person show themselves so easily? He is a lawyer who has work to do here."

"Does this mean that our double bonus is confirmed? Haha—"

Josephine was tired from hearing the chatter going on, so she clasped her hand around Angie's mouth and started dragging her along into the orphanage.

Alicia would usually bring Josephine along to attend these charity events. Under the older woman's constant influence, it became a habit for the young girl to lend a hand whenever she could. However, she did seem tired today. She even looked like she was anxious.

She pushed open a wonky wood-colored door that made a loud creaking noise, and she was immediately greeted by the sight of a skinny figure shaking behind the door. The person's big eyes immediately shot up to look at the figures of a young girl and a young adult still standing outside the door.

Seeing him, Josephine couldn't help but wonder why there was a boy hiding in the corner when everyone at the orphanage was supposed to be welcoming their guests at the entrance.

The dark-skinned boy had black, curly locks. He had a flat nose and there was a piece of gauze on his forehead. He was a strange sight to behold.

Josephine waved and politely greeted him. "Hello," she said.

The boy was making a clay man before the girls had abruptly interrupted him. He was now holding the piece of clay that wasn't shaped well in one hand, and a knife in the other. On closer look, the tip of the knife was stained with fresh blood that seemed to have come from an injury in the back of his left hand.

Josephine then took 2 steps closer toward the boy, but when she was still some distance away from him, the boy suddenly let out a grunt that sounded too annoyed not to be a rejection of her approach.

“I don’t think he wants to be disturbed. Let’s go to a different place.”

Josephine stopped moving forward then. She understood why the boy had reacted that way to her. Alicia had told her that children living in orphanages had gone through unhappy times and that she should be caring and tolerant toward those children.

Thinking about that, she took out a box of chocolate from her bag and put it on a table at the side.

The boy only let out an angrier grunt when he saw the chocolate. As his gaze showed an aggression impossible for a person his age, he ran over to her, and the next thing Josephine heard as she stood in the same spot was the sound of something falling.

The carefully packaged chocolate box went flying before it hit the leg of a table, and its content was all over the floor the next moment.

She was caught off guard as she stared at the boy’s fierce face. Immediately after that, he swung the knife at her, but Angie managed to pull Josephine back just in time.

In order to further defend themselves, Angie shoved the boy, making him fall to the floor with a thud. He continued to thrash around and howl even when he had fallen down. It was at that moment that Angie frowned from the sharp pain in her arm.

“Angie, you are hurt!” Josephine’s meek voice rang out from behind.

At this moment, the workers of the orphanage arrived as the girls helplessly watched the boy getting back on his feet just to stomp on those chocolates.

“Jackie, calm down!”

“Who gave him the knife?”

Even though the adults had arrived, no one dared to approach the boy. As they continued to play their game of Hawk and Chicken, Angie took the chance to bring Josephine out of the room, only for her to be pulled by the younger to go to the infirmary.

Josephine looked at the gash on Angie’s arm at her eye level, and a frown appeared on her gloomy face.

“Please disinfect and dress the wound, madam,” Josephine said to the doctor in the infirmary before turning to Angie. “It might get a little painful so hold on. I have something to do, so I will be stepping out for a bit.”

After she solemnly informed Angie, she went straight out of the infirmary. Angie couldn’t help but start to feel worried when the young girl still hadn’t returned after the wound had been dressed.

She quickly flung the curtain open and called out, “Jose— Owwwwwww!”

Right after she opened the curtain, she bumped straight into what felt like a solid wall. It was so painful that tears started coming out of her eyes and she thought her nose was broken because of it.

“A-Angie...”

Hearing that choked-up voice utter her name, Angie immediately stepped away from the warm chest she had bumped into. After she raised her head to look at the person, her pupils dilated, and the look on her face hardened.

“A—Alex,” she stuttered.

He could hardly recognize the Angie that had reappeared in front of him. She was dressed in a simple white dress with no other accessories on her. Her dreadlocks, too, had been replaced with a neat ponytail. However, he knew that he still liked her from the bottom of his heart when she lifted her chin to look at him.

Seeing the unexpected flush on her cheeks made her feel like his hardships the past few days had been worth it.

Her embarrassment and inner conflict that first appeared were instantly swallowed up because of the shock.

“A little fairy told me. I like Otharian fairies. They are very hospitable,” Alex told her.

Angie instantly understood who this ‘little fairy’ was when Alex passed the phone in his hand to her. It turned out that Alex and Josephine had been in contact since yesterday! It was no wonder why Josephine hadn’t once left her phone today and didn’t even allow Angie to look at her phone.

‘Angie has a bad temper. She doesn’t like playing with us little fairies.’

‘It is fine. I like her.’

‘What if she is cold-blooded, heartless and unreasonable?’

‘I like that too.’

‘Okay, then. I will send you our location tomorrow.’

Angie’s face began to twitch after she read the exchange between Alex and Josephine.

Just as she bit her teeth and grumbled the young girl’s name in frustration, the phone made a short noise, and the darkened screen lit up again.

‘Please inform Angie that I will be heading home with Great-Aunt Alicia first.’

After Angie sent the message, she pulled Alicia, who had just left the director’s office, into the craft room. A few people had subdued the hysterical boy and tied him to a chair. There were tear stains and clay all over his face.

Alicia couldn’t help but frown at the heart-wrenching sight. He looks younger than Josie, she thought. He had struggled so much that his eyes had turned red, and he didn’t even attempt to hide the fear and despair on his dark face.

“Is this an orphanage or a slaughterhouse? How could you tie him up without consulting a professional first? Isn’t it odd how you showed such professionalism when we were discussing the donation—”

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Seeing how Alicia was going to leave with Josephine, the director of the orphanage immediately rushed after them and explained, "There is nothing wrong with the boy, but we do have trouble communicating with him because he is of Otharian and Vietnamese descent. From our sources, he used to be raised in Vietnam. He must have reacted so aggressively because he couldn't mentally cope after changing a location and being abandoned."

"How did he get all the injuries on his body?" Alicia questioned.

The director hesitantly replied, "He has been showing subtle tendencies to self-harm after he came here."

Alicia's eyes seemed to darken after she heard the director's words. Seeing that, the director looked resigned as he sighed, "We have been trying to treat his self-harming tendencies, but it will take time to get rid of psychological issues. The woman who sent the boy here has requested us to continue treating him, or—or else she will have the promised donation sent to some other orphanage—"

The director's words were cut off by the sound of a car door being slammed shut. Watching the gray sedan leave, the man slowly straightened his torso as his gaze turned cold.

—

The air in Melrose City on Valentine's Day was thick with an unexplainable feeling of romance when evening came. Most of the people sauntering about on the street were walking hand-in-hand in pairs, and yet Angie looked as though she had a tail following closely behind her. Alex was always a few steps away as he maintained his distance from her. Angie couldn't get rid of him even if she wanted to, and he didn't have the courage to get closer to her.

"Pretty sir, did you make your girlfriend angry? Would you like some flowers to cheer her up?"

An adorable young girl suddenly grasped onto the leg of Alex's pants. Blinking her eyes, she shoved some flowers in Alex's face.

"I am sorry, I—" A sneeze erupted as he hurriedly explained himself. "I am allergic—" He sneezed again. "To pollen!" As he pushed the flowers away from his face, Angie took the opportunity to make her escape. Alex immediately followed after her when he realized what she had done.

The little girl who had been left behind could only shake her head and sigh, "What a stingy person. You can't possibly get a girl with a handsome face alone."

Alex showed no signs of giving up even as he went a distance to chase after her. He tried to maintain a distance of 3 meters away from her as he smiled and asked loudly, "Are you hungry? Why don't I buy you a meal? You can continue running off after that."

Angie rested her hands on her waist while gasping for air. Alex's words suddenly made her realize that the man had no idea that she was running away from him. He even seemed entertained by this whole game of cat and mouse they were having.

“Fine.” Angie combed through her hair with her fingers before putting on a tough front. “Let me buy you a meal. We can have a talk.”

Angie proceeded to choose an affordable Otharian restaurant whose business seemed rather slow today. Along with a few dishes, she also ordered a bottle of vodka for Alex.

The waiter first served them a plate of peanuts, and he then opened the vodka bottle. He poured Alex a glass, but when he turned to look at Angie, the young woman wordlessly refused to be served the alcohol.

The sharp scent of alcohol hit Alex’s nostrils before the vodka even touched his mouth. He instinctively reacted by sucking in a deep breath before taking a sip. Immediately, his face began to contort because of the spicy sensation in his mouth. “我不喜欢不能喝酒的人。”

“I don’t like people who can’t drink.”

Angie suddenly coldly threw that sentence when Alex was about to put down his glass. A frown immediately appeared on his face after that, and he gulped down the remaining content in the glass. Seeing that, Angie let out a satisfied smile and poured him another glass.

“I have to leave tomorrow.”

His voice came out tired and disappointed after he drank his second glass of vodka. The alcohol was making his face red, but he looked just like a sad child when he lowered his gaze.

“I know that your father is unsatisfied with me. I admit that I wasn’t a good person before.”

After the third glass went down his throat, his head began to feel heavy. The waiter who was serving them a bowl of sliced pork kindly reminded him, “This alcohol is potent. Please drink it slowly.”

Angie’s long lashes seemed to tremble under the dim light after she heard the words.

“My father?” she carefully asked.

Alex leaned back into the dark-colored backrest of his seat and nodded. He couldn’t help but feel somewhat disgusted looking at the shiny gloss of the dish. He then took another shot to wash off the distaste in his mouth.

“Your father is amazing. He did an in-depth background check on my whole family. He even found out about the time I got into a fight and got detained. That was my friend, Enrique. We aren’t friends anymore—”

His gentle voice started to quiver, and he had to bury his face in his palms to calm himself down before he lifted his gaze again. He poured a fifth glass for himself. Unexpectedly, Angie took the bottle over and poured herself one before she shot the whole thing down.

“What else did he say?”

Angie could feel the blood flowing urgently like boiling water in her head. The tipsy Alex didn’t notice how calm Angie’s voice had gotten at this point.

“He said that he isn’t against us dating, but he isn’t very satisfied with me—” His words faltered as he began to sway left and right.

The waiter continued to serve grilled duck, braised pork belly, pork innards, fried pork, and vegetables to the table. He was caught by surprise when his eyes landed on the blond-haired, blue-eyed young foreigner.

“Lady,” he exclaimed. “He can’t keep drinking like this. He will get alcohol poisoning!”

Alex was in the midst of reaching for the vodka bottle and pouring himself another glass with his eyes closed when Angie snatched it away from him and indulged the throat-burning drink herself. Her face had gradually turned pink after her second glass of vodka.

Alex was already spewing random English words now, scaring the waiter who was serving them. Angie drank her last glass of vodka and wiped her mouth before she slurred, “Please get me a taxi, thank you.”

Her swaying body took a while to become still as she stood up. She frowned and looked at Alex, who was lying on the couch with his face toward the ceiling. Half of his body had already slipped underneath the table.

“Hey, get up,” she said as she lightly slapped him on his cheeks.

The man drunkenly lifted his hand to block her advances, but just then, he lost his hold on the seat, and he slid right under the chair.

Angie made a few attempts to pull him back up, but she was no match for the man over 5 feet 10. She continued trying before she eventually became too weak to continue.

Angie patted the helpless waiter on his shoulder and suggested, “Can you call a few people to help me out? I will pay you.”

However, the waiter’s eyes had gotten as wide as saucers as he let out intelligible noises and pointed behind Angie.

Her hand was still on the waiter’s shoulder when a voice rang out, “Take him to the car.” As Angie heard that, her grip unconsciously tightened, making the frail-looking waiter’s face twist in pain. He managed to struggle out of her grasp, and when he did, he scurried away and hid behind the counter.

“What is wrong? Scared to look at me?”

The crisp and gentle voice sounded behind her. She didn’t even need to turn to look at the man to know the haughty expression on his face. He would most probably have a form-fitting suit on without the necktie, and the first button of his dress shirt would be undone, giving him a carefree air. He would probably also have his hands in the pockets of his suit pants as his usually-gentle eyes coldly gazed at her.

Angie tried her best to look calm on the surface, and when she turned around and scrutinized the man, a smile immediately appeared on her face. He didn’t look much different from how she imagined him to be.

“Elijah,” she greeted.

“Let’s get in the car first.”

He then moved to hold her hand, only for her to duck. However, he didn’t seem embarrassed by the rejection and merely waved to his assistant standing behind him.

“Bring him to the hospital. I will drive back myself,” he told the assistant.

“I will come along,” Angie announced as she followed after the assistant.

She had already gotten into the van the assistant was going to drive when Elijah removed her from the vehicle.

“You will be coming home with me.”