

# One Night Surprise Chapter 141

## Chapter 141 No One Wants to Do Anything With You

While Courtney was playing with the children, she was slightly distracted. From time to time, she glanced at the silver sedan that was parked at the entrance of the cemetery; she was restless.

After a long moment, she heard the sound of the car door opening. Alicia and Alexander got out of the car one after another. They had the same calm and collected look on their faces—she could not detect any change of emotion from their appearances.

Staring at their expressions, she was depressed.

Alicia waved at Tina. "It's summer break. Do you want to stay at my house for two days?"

Upon hearing that, Tina's eyes darted between Courtney and Alexander. Instantly, she had an idea. "Sure, Great-Aunt Alicia. Can I bring Jordan along with me?"

Alicia looked toward Jordan; uncertainty flashed before her eyes when she saw his features.

People said that birds of different feathers don't flock together. Although Jordan was not Courtney's own child, he looked somewhat similar to Tina and her.

"I can't make the decision." She glanced at Alexander. "I can only bring him along if his father agrees."

Tina turned toward Alexander. Blinking, she began, "Mr. Alexander, you'll agree, right? When you and Mom are married, my great-aunt will become Jordan's great-aunt too."

In response, a faint smile appeared on Alexander's face. Looking at Alicia, he said with respect, "I'll leave my kid to you, then, Aunt Alicia."

The moment Courtney heard him calling 'Aunt Alicia', goosebumps crawled all over her body.

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Later, Alicia led the two children into her car.

When Alexander was staring at the car that was leaving the cemetery, he heard Courtney mumble, "Who's your aunt? Did anyone agree for you to call her that?"

"What did you say?" He turned his head and asked deliberately even though he already heard her.

"Nothing." Throwing him a single glance, Courtney changed the topic casually. "You don't have to worry about Jordan's safety. Although my aunt doesn't have children, she's more careful than anyone else in doing things. Your kid will be safe with her."

However, Alexander did not respond to her words.

"Where are you going? I'll give you a ride."

"It's fine. I've called a taxi. It'll be here in a moment."

"The news is not what you think it is."

"What do you think I've thought, then? Suspecting that you have an affair with Britney? If you're really going out with her, why did you still come to me? I'm not that stupid," Courtney deflected.

Yet, Alexander waited patiently for her to finish her words before he began slowly, "Cameron went to find Gale, and Gale thought I released the news deliberately. He accidentally spilled it to Cameron, and that's why you guys believed it. Isn't that what you assumed?"

As soon as he mentioned that incident, Courtney's expression hardened.

"I know what happened. Isn't it too late for you to confess to me now?"

"What if I said that I didn't even plan to do anything dodgy from the beginning?"

Upon hearing his confession, Courtney was caught off guard. Startled, she stared at Alexander.

“Get into the car.” Taking two steps forward, Alexander pulled open the door to the passenger seat. “I can give you a reasonable explanation about every assumption you have made. And, if you think my explanations are unacceptable, you can leave the car at any time.”

The car went onto the highway, and Alexander’s deep voice echoed inside the vehicle. When he mentioned the ideas Gale had suggested, he sounded unnatural.

“So, Gale was the one who told you to buy those things and ignore me?”

Alexander nodded, and he avoided her gaze.

“Why did you do as he said? Haven’t you ever been in a relationship? How can there be only one standard when it comes to this kind of thing? If he knows so much, he should’ve published a book about tricks in relationships!”

A series of questions went on and on inside the car. Not being able to hold back her anger, Courtney took her phone out. “No way. I have to tell Cameron about this. Ca...”

Her voice trailed off, and her expression changed. As if she had suddenly thought of something, her hand that was holding her phone halted.

“What happened?” Alexander asked.

Ahem. Courtney coughed dryly. “It’s nothing. Now that this matter is over, I don’t think there is anything to tell her. I should just let it be.”

The truth was, Cameron had always suggested stupid ideas like that to her too. It seemed like Cameron and Gale were competing with one another on the tricks they could pull on both of them. They were truly a match made in heaven.

“Where are you taking me to? Aren’t you going to send me home?”

When Courtney looked at the scenery outside the window, she came back to her senses.

“To an interesting place.”

As the sun went down, the car left the highway. Both of them took their lunch and dinner in the rest area.

The view outside the window changed from the scene of skyscrapers to borderless fields. The twilight painted the sky orange and red—the colors deepened as they came closer to the distant hills.

The car finally stopped on a spacious mountain top. At the foot of the mountain was a fast-flowing river and the mountains in the distance seemed endless.

“Wow; The air here is so fresh.”

Spreading her arms open, Courtney looked up at the sky and took a deep breath.

This was the first time she came out after a long time, and she was revitalized.

When the cool breeze hit her collar, she sniffled from the cold.

A pair of hands passed through her underarms and wrapped around her waist. When she finally came back to her senses, Alexander had rested his chin on her shoulder. His magnetic voice rang in her ears. “If you like it here, we can visit more often.”

“Visit more often? You just brought me here without making any plans. Are we going to sleep in the car tonight?” Courtney pouted, and she tried hard to calm her heart from beating too quickly.

“There is no one here. No one will be able to see what we’re doing.”

“No one wants to do anything with you.”

Courtney’s face flushed from the twilight, and her voice was soft.

It was cold on top of the mountain. After standing outside for a while, both of them felt cold. Alexander took Courtney by her hand and pulled her into the car. He poured out a cup of warm milk from the thermos and handed it to her.

Her eyes widened.

“You even brought milk? I thought you left without a plan.”

"If I left without a plan, you would have to stay hungry all night. Only irresponsible men would do that kind of thing." He stared at her as he grabbed a food incubator from under the seat.

"For instance, romantic young men like Shay. Except for poems and dreams, they usually don't guarantee their woman anything."

"Just say what you want to say. Why are you involving Shay again?" protested Courtney. Reaching out, she pointed at the box beside his feet and inquired, "What's in there?"

With a 'click', Alexander opened the lock and was welcomed by a rush of heat.

Inside was a dinner for two which had been kept warm throughout the journey.

Staring at the dinner, Courtney had to give him a thumbs up. "I have to admit that you're indeed a very respectable man."

Alexander was a young master that the Duncan Family brought up with love and affection since he was a child. If he could do things to such an extent for her, she would be too small-minded if she continued to reject him.

Besides, what happened with Britney was the result of the terrible ideas suggested by the two good-for-nothing advisors.

When both of them were enjoying their warm and cozy dinner on top of the mountain, two people—one in the apartment in the city center, and another in the resort hotel in the Maldives—sneezed.

Achoo!

# One Night Surprise Chapter 142

Chapter 142 Don't You Dare to Ruin It

When the night came, the wind at the top of the mountain became harsher.

The pair took a stroll around the mountain with their hands locked together. Noticing that Alexander seemed to be familiar with the mountain, Courtney couldn't help but ask, "Do you come here very often? Why are you so familiar with this place?"

"Sunhill Enterprise holds the development rights of this place. We originally intended to build a resort here, but the plan was left on hold because of some other things. So, this place became a deserted mountain."

"Deserted? It looks like someone has been taking very good care of this place. There are flowers and trees here. And I saw a lot of raspberries over there too."

Studying his expression, Courtney continued, "But, you haven't answered my question."

Alexander's expression froze. After a long moment, he let go of her hand and walked toward the channel alone. The cool breeze on the mountain blew a small bulge in his shirt, and he looked exceptionally lonely.

"I came here very often when I was a child." He looked indifferent. "After my dad passed, I haven't been here since. The plan to build the resort was suspended because of his death."

Alexander's dad passed away in a car accident. Courtney's brows snapped together. "So, Mr. Duncan..."

"Yeah."

He took a deep breath, showing her his rarely-seen sorrow. "My dad passed away on this mountain."

Listening to his words, Courtney's heart flinched. She walked up and grabbed his palm. "I'm sorry."

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"It's nothing. So many years have passed. Moreover, I was the one who brought you here. I'm planning to restart the plan to build the resort. So, this is probably the last time we can enjoy the beautiful scenery here."

He took her palm and pulled her to his side. "The next time we come, there will be a place for you to stay."

A flush crept up Courtney's face in an instant. "How can you relate everything to that thing?"

"What thing?"

All of a sudden, Alexander took her into his embrace. "I didn't think about anything. I just hope that on this same day in the future, what you can think of is not only the anniversary of your mother's death but something happy too."

Leaning against his chest, Courtney's voice was muffled. "For instance?"

"For instance, today is the day you came to this world. Without this day, I wouldn't have met you."

"But, you would've met someone else." Courtney made fun of him deliberately. "Like Britney. If it were not for me, you would have married her, right? You guys would probably have a kid soon."

"What exactly are you trying to say?" Alexander's forehead furrowed.

Why is she bringing this up?

Courtney blinked and with regret, she said, "I'm sorry for messing up your marriage."

As she said that, she looked like a sly little fox. Alexander looked at her as he held his head low. He couldn't see her clearly under the dim light, but he could feel her heart beating through his own heart; their heaving chests leaned closely against one another.

The coil in his lower stomach tightened.

Ahh... Courtney's screams echoed on the top of the mountain. "What are you doing? Let me down, you rascal..."

"You can scream as much as you want. No one will come to your rescue no matter how loud you scream."

Pushing Courtney into the backseat of the car, Alexander pulled the door closed. He pressed her down into the seat and started unbuttoning his shirt. His voice was hoarse, and his breathing was rapid.

"Do you know what the consequence of teasing me is?"

Courtney lay on the backseat fearlessly. Her chest heaved like beating waves while her inky black hair spread underneath her body. As she panted heavily, she wrapped her arms around his neck. Alexander was caught off guard by her action, and he fell on top of her.

A seductive voice rose in his ears.

"Of course, I know."

As a result, Alexander could no longer restrain himself. His large hand tugged at the hem of Courtney's chiffon shirt on her shoulder, tearing it away. Half of her shoulder was exposed and a familiar scent exuded from her curvy figure, alluring him in every way.

"Don't you dare ruin my clothes. I didn't bring an extra set to change into," Courtney muttered with discontent, but her hands were quick to remove his belt.

The intense sound of clothes sliding against one another was heard as the moans of the man and the woman fused into one. The car shook violently under the cover of the trees, startling flocks of birds out from the forest.

On Saturday, Courtney went to her aunt's house to pick up the children.

It was a coincidence that her uncle was at home too. "You're here, Courtney. Just in time for lunch. You should stay."

"It's okay." Courtney rejected quickly. "I'm just here to pick up the kids. I promised to visit Alexander's house this afternoon and have a meal with his grandpa."

Scott called her a day in advance, asking her to bring the children over for a meal. His purpose was obvious; after all, he only had one precious grandson and great-grandson. He needed to know more about her—the rumored wife-to-be of Alexander—in order to put his mind at ease.

“Where’s Aunt Alicia?” She looked around the house, but Alicia was nowhere to be seen.

“You’ll have to wait for a while. Come and take a seat. She brought the kids out for a morning walk.”

“Morning walk?” Courtney’s mouth twitched. The children loved to stay in bed, and it was especially so for Jordan. He had been spoiled since young. He sat and stood whenever he wanted. He even decided when he should sleep depending on his temperament.

However, Alicia had the habit of going on morning walks. She would always wake up at 6 AM. It was probably fine for Tina, but what about Jordan? Could he get up so early?

“Uncle William, the kids didn’t cause you any trouble in the past two days, right?”

“Nah.” William waved his hand. He smiled and gestured for her to sit down.

“It’s just that yesterday your Aunt Maryse visited with her two troublemakers. They broke Alicia’s record player and blamed it on Tina. In the end, although Jordan couldn’t speak, he managed to write down everything that had happened to prove Tina’s innocence. The kid is remarkable.”

Upon hearing that, Courtney couldn’t help but look proud. “He has always been a smart kid.”

“He’s such a smart kid and has his own ideas about how the world works despite being so young. Plus he seems very comfortable around you. It’s like he’s your own son.”

William put a teacup in front of Courtney. His words were meaningful, and they touched something inside Courtney’s heart.

Clenching her fists, Courtney smiled awkwardly. “I think Aunt Alicia will be back soon.”

“Yeah.”

He checked on the time. "It's almost time. By the way, there's something Alicia wanted me to give you."

"What is it?"

"This is the key to a duplex apartment at Blossoms Garden. You can't always live in your friend's house. Move there from now on."

Staring at the key, Courtney was stunned. When she finally caught on to what her uncle said, she quickly rejected, "Uncle William, I can't take this."

"Your aunt's bark is a lot worse than her bite. The apartment has always been under your name. We didn't give it to you before this because we were afraid that that woman from the Hunter Family would target the things your mother had left you. We know Lucian gave you a villa located at Golden Water Park, but that area is too remote, and not many people live there anymore. Take the key and bring the kids there."

William had aged a lot over the years. When Courtney listened to his words, she had mixed feelings. It was not a pleasant feeling. Her nose sniffled, and her tears ran down her cheeks.

## One Night Surprise Chapter 143

Chapter 143 Why Should I Give Up

As they were talking, Alicia came home with the children.

"Mommy!"

The moment Tina saw Courtney, she plunged into her embrace and cheered. On the other hand, Jordan looked exhausted. Dragging his feet, he went straight to the sofa and sank

himself into it. He clung to Courtney's arm, looking as if he was going to fall asleep on the spot.

"This kid is too weak. We only ran for a while. How can he be so tired already? He has been spoiled." Alicia appeared to be disappointed by his performance.

Slightly speechless, Courtney patted Jordan's head and explained, "It's not his fault. He has been weak since young. After that high fever he got when he was younger, he couldn't speak anymore. Ever since, his physique has been particularly weak."

"He couldn't speak because of the high fever?" Alicia put her drinking glass aside and stared at Jordan thoughtfully. "He never spoke after that?"

Courtney knitted her brows. "He didn't stop talking completely. From what I heard from Alexander, he spoke twice this year."

"I think there's more to it." Alicia gave her a long, deep look. "The Duncan Family is prestigious, and Alexander is the only child. If the family becomes extinct after Alexander, many people will benefit from it. I don't think this kid can grow up safely."

Upon hearing that, Courtney was dumbfounded. She looked at her aunt in disbelief.

In the past, her grandfather told her that Alicia had had a child before, but no one knew how she lost it. However, after that incident, William and Stephen, whose families had been close to each other, stopped seeing each other. It was only until Stephen's divorce and remarriage that both families reconnected.

Courtney did not know much when she was young. Nevertheless, when she looked back at what happened back then, it sent chills down her spine.

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Most people would lose their rationale in the face of huge amounts of assets.

She realized that her aunt was trying to warn her that the high fever Jordan had during his childhood might not have been an accident. It was highly likely that this kind of 'accident' would continue to occur more frequently in the future. Instantly, she remembered the first time she met Jordan when a chandelier smashed down on him.

“Take precautions in advance and don’t trust anyone.” Alicia’s voice pulled Courtney back from her thoughts.

She stared at her aunt. Although Alicia was standing in her sportswear drinking coffee in front of the kitchen counter, her posture was upright even though she was in her fifties. Her aura was extraordinary, and the words she said went straight into Courtney’s heart.

After chatting for a while, Courtney left with her two children.

“I’ll leave with the kids, then. I’ll bring them back to see you again when I have the time.”

“Wait a minute.” Alicia came over and handed her a key. “Don’t forget your things.”

“I can’t accept this.”

“You were the one to talk when you came asking for your mother’s inheritance before! This is only a small part of your mother’s inheritance that has been left with me so that you would have a place to live when you came back. Don’t go boasting around like Lucian. Why learn to become a wolf in sheep’s clothing from him? Don’t tell me. The Hunter Family didn’t leave any money for you, so he’s trying to make you inherit his sheep’s clothing?”

Not only was Courtney being scolded by Alicia, but the whole Hunter Family was being criticized as well. Although she did not use any four-letter words, Courtney felt chills on her neck, and her scalp prickled. Alas, she could only take the keys from her aunt.

When they left the Hunter Residence, Jordan was sleeping as he leaned into Courtney’s embrace. However, Tina was wide awake. Curiously, she asked, “Mommy, why does Great-Aunt Alicia hate Grandpa so much?”

“Didn’t she tell you the reason?”

“She did. She said she has a deep-seated grudge toward Grandpa, and she even scolded him in front of me. I didn’t understand what she was saying, but she was quite scary.” Tina blinked. “But, you said we can’t only listen to one person’s words, so I decided to hear it from you too.”

Smiling helplessly, Courtney flicked her forehead softly. “What a kid. What I said was not to listen to only one side of the story. This is an adult problem; kids shouldn’t ask too much. And kids shouldn’t carry too much of the burden too.”

“What is ‘burden’?”

“Burden is...” Courtney was tongue-tied. After a moment of hesitation, she continued solemnly, “Burden is the things in the small school bag you carry to school every day. You need to carry some of the snacks you like to eat and you also need to carry some books. These books are things you don’t like, but you have to carry them anyway. Let’s say that you’re too tired one day, and you have to give up part of the things in your bag; what would you give up?”

Despite her young age, Tina gave the question some serious thought. After thinking for a while, she looked back at Courtney and questioned, “Why do I have to give them up? I can ask Mr. Alexander, Mommy, and Jordan to help me carry some of them!”

Courtney was startled by her answer. In the end, she caressed Tina’s head with a wistful expression.

Tina was right. When one didn’t think that it was difficult to make a choice, or there was even no such choice to be made, it was because there was someone else carrying the burden for them. Courtney did not have much hatred for the way her father had abandoned her mother because no one had ever told her about that when she was young. It was her grandfather, William, and Alicia who were carrying that burden.

It was just after 11 AM when Courtney and the children arrived at the Duncans’ ancestral home.

When Courtney got out of the car, she was amused by the greetings.

There were a total of twenty servants standing in two rows. Ten men and ten women lined up on each side and bowed in unison.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Miss Hunter, Little Master, and Little Miss.”

Courtney tensed up at the sight of them. Holding onto her children, one on each of her sides, she was afraid to take another step.

In the meantime, Alexander came out of the house. The moment he noticed her expression, his face stiffened. Gruffly, he huffed, “What are you guys doing? Don’t you have work to do? What are you doing here?”

The two rows of servants exchanged glances with one another. Like a mouse confronting a cat, they scattered away.

After everyone left, Courtney let out a chuckle. As she walked into the house with Alexander, she asked, "Did your family start their business in the underworld? I thought your family was trying to show me who's the boss from the earlier greetings."

When she mentioned that, Alexander grimaced.

"Those putting up an act at the entrance were the servants picked by Grandpa. They are usually loud and clumsy, and they never do things seriously. They only know how to spread rumors and look for drama every day."

Courtney looked back and her eyes met with a little girl, who was hiding behind the bushes in the garden as she peeked at her. She waved her hand at her. Rather than shying away, the girl waved back.

"Hannah, if you take another peek, I'll have the butler send you back to the orphanage tonight."

The girl behind the bushes shrank back and ran away, vanishing in a flash.

Courtney tugged Alexander's elbow. "You scared her. She was just curious. Why were you so mean to her? She looks like she's only twelve or thirteen."

"Is she scared?" His brows knitted and impatience was evident between his brows.

"Hey, I thought no one is allowed to hire child laborers. That girl is not your servant, right?" Courtney suddenly remembered something, and she looked toward the direction where the girl had run away, but there was no one to be seen.

The butler, who was leading the way in front of them, turned around and explained with a smile, "Miss Hannah is a student from the orphanage sponsored by Mr. Alexander. She came here six years ago and took the Duncans' last name. She's very quirky, and Old Master Scott is very fond of her, so he decided to adopt her. Considering that, Mr. Alexander technically should address her as his aunt."

# One Night Surprise Chapter 144

Chapter 144 Is There No Other Room?

"Aunt?" Courtney was stunned, she couldn't stop herself from laughing out loud.

That girl looked at most twelve or thirteen years old, yet she was more senior than Alexander. Courtney could not imagine what he would look like when he had to call her 'Aunt Hannah'.

Glancing at Alexander from the corner of her eye, she noticed that his expression was ugly. Holding back her laughter, she decided to let him off the hook. "Mr. Harry, she must be his aunt in name only. I don't think Alexander ever called her 'aunt', right?"

However, whether accidentally or intentionally, the butler shook his head. "He still has to address her as his aunt. Although Miss Hannah is only an adopted child, she has been recorded into the Duncans' genealogy record book. When she celebrates her birthday and the Duncan Family visits their ancestral grave every year, Mr. Alexander needs to address her as Aunt Hannah."

Alexander threw the butler a cold glance. "Mr. Harry, you're a lot more talkative the older you get. I think it's time for you to retire and go home."

Courtney held her head down and stifled a laugh. Immediately, the butler shut his mouth and changed the topic with a smile. "There's a doorsill over here. Watch your steps, Little Master and Little Miss."

The Duncans' ancestral home was a protected property in Melrose City. It was a traditional mansion with connecting courtyards. The group passed through the winding corridors and built-in external doors under the butler's lead. It took a while for them to arrive at the dining room.

Although Scott's hair had gone gray, he was still healthy and had a back as straight as an arrow.

"President Duncan," Courtney greeted respectfully.

"There's no need for that. This isn't a work occasion. Besides, I'm already retired. You don't have to call me President Duncan. Just follow Alexander and call me Grandpa. Make yourself comfortable."

Courtney blushed at his words. Hesitating for a while, she uttered, "Grandpa."

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Alas, Scott was satisfied. With a smile, he moved his attention to Tina and Jordan. "Come here, both of you. Come and take a seat here with your great-grandpa."

Not afraid of strangers, Tina grabbed his hand and gave him a peck on his cheek. "Great-Grandpa, I want fried ice cream."

"Okay. The kitchen has prepared it for you. You can eat it later."

Staring at the harmonious interaction between Scott and Tina, Courtney was full of doubt. "When did Tina become so close with you, Grandpa?"

Puzzled, Scott's brain stopped processing for a moment.

Instantly, the butler took over. "After they met once in the hospital, Old Master Scott became very fond of Little Miss. When he heard that Little Master and her play well together, they both exchanged phone numbers. Sometimes, Mr. Scott would call Little Miss to ask her about Little Master's progress at school."

"I see." Courtney did not suspect anything further. "It's Jordan's first time attending school outside and spending time by himself in school. It's normal for you to be worried."

However, Alexander's expression was incomprehensible; his eyes were fixated on Scott for a while.

Scott, who had always been calm and collected, let out a dry cough when he met Alexander's gaze. He pretended to avoid his gaze inadvertently. His unnatural act was an

indication to Alexander that the kids had been keeping a secret with his grandpa. Scott was so close to Tina that it was unlikely because of that one encounter.

“Grandpa, did Tina tell you about the fried ice cream over the phone?” He exposed them without giving face.

Scott was shocked once again. He glanced at the butler through the corner of his eye, but the latter did nothing this time.

Both Scott and Alexander stared at each other for a few seconds, and the former let out a cough nonchalantly.

“I knew Tina was coming, so I asked her what she would want in advance. Did I do something wrong as a great-grandpa? But, look at you. You’ve known Courtney for so long, and what did you tell me when I asked you about her favorite food?” He retaliated.

This time, Alexander’s expression hardened.

“What did you say?” Courtney raised her eyebrows and looked at him. “What’s my favorite food?”

“Ahem.” He tensed up. “I remember that you’re not a picky eater, and you don’t have any food taboos. So…”

“So, you remember nothing.” Scott glared at him. At this moment, he finally regained his face as the elder. “You’re lucky that Courtney is easy-going. If the one sitting here is some little girl outside, she would have broken up with you long ago.”

Alexander frowned at the criticism, but he was at a loss for words.

Contrarily, Courtney observed the confrontation between the pair as if she was watching a fire from the other side of the river. Mr. Scott is probably the only person in this world who can scold Alexander to such an extent without having a valid reason.

The family enjoyed the dinner happily. The children sat on each side of Scott; Courtney and Alexander sat separately facing each other. It was true that the Duncan Family had a great chef. The dishes were not at all worse than those prepared by the best chef at Sunhill Hotel.

After dinner, the children went upstairs and played. Meanwhile, Courtney and Alexander sat in the living room and drank tea with Scott.

“Courtney, tell me when you’re free. We have to pick a date.”

“What date?” Her heart pinched all of a sudden.

“I think we should announce Alexander’s relationship with you to our relatives and friends so that the women out there won’t keep on hanging around him not knowing how the wind blows.”

When Scott was talking to her, he was originally smiling. However, the moment he talked about the ‘women out there’, he threw Alexander a vicious glare. “I told Alexander to cut ties with that actress a long time ago. Look at all the trouble she caused after all this time. If it were not for Courtney’s generosity, it would have been too late for you to regret it.”

Pertaining to the news about Britney, Courtney was a little bit guilty. Therefore, she decided to help Alexander and said, “It’s actually nothing. The media were just scratching fleas on a stuffed dog. Besides, the matter is resolved now. You don’t have to worry about it anymore, Grandpa.”

Scott’s heart bloomed when he heard her calling him ‘Grandpa’.

“You’re indeed a well-educated girl and more generous than the others. All of us agree on this, then. The tenth day of next month is a good day, and I’m celebrating my birthday too. We can take the opportunity to announce your relationship.”

Courtney’s brows knitted unnoticeably; she was flustered.

“Grandpa, you haven’t even met Courtney’s parents yet. It’s not a good idea to set things up on your own,” Alexander spoke up suddenly and spoke on behalf of Courtney.

“Ah, how did I forget about that?” Scott was chagrined. “You’re right. Let’s arrange to meet Courtney’s family first.”

“I’ll handle this.” Knowing the complicated relationship between Courtney and her family, Alexander answered for her again.

“Okay. You better do it as soon as possible.” Scott was worried and reminded him again.

Though Courtney was listening to the conversation between the two, she was distracted. Knowing how quick-witted Alexander was, Courtney knew he must have noticed her hesitation from earlier. She was not sure if he had misunderstood her.

In the evening, Scott made the pair stay at the ancestral home. He simply ignored Courtney's refusal. When the servant told her that the children had fallen asleep, she had no choice but to accept the arrangement since she could no longer leave. She was not sure whether it was the servant or Scott's intention when she found herself being arranged to sleep in Alexander's room.

"Is there no other room?" Standing at the entrance of the room, Courtney felt uncomfortable. After all, the two of them were not married yet. Besides, this house was so quaint that she felt like she had to be more conservative when she was here.

## One Night Surprise Chapter 145

Chapter 145 Do You Think I'll Let You Go?

The servant nodded with a vexed expression.

"Miss Hunter, the guestroom is musty and the air is not ventilated. Mr. Scott has arranged for you to sleep in Mr. Alexander's room, and he will be sleeping in the guestroom. Please rest well. You can call me if anything happens."

As soon as the words were said, the servant ran away at once.

Courtney was clueless. There was no way she could run after the servant now because the mansion was huge. If she wasn't paying attention, she might have lost her way in the courtyard. It was already dark outside, so she would not be able to find her way back. Now that she was already here, it would be better for her to stay.

Similar to the rustic mansion, Alexander's room was very old-fashioned too. The furniture was all made of Chinese rosewood, and the room faced south. It was separated into two rooms at the entrance. The study seemed to be located on the east side. From the half-open door, Courtney could see a desk that was facing the door. A writing brush hung over the desk, and there was rice paper spread across the desk.

He still practices calligraphy? Courtney was surprised by the discovery. Pushing the door open, she headed into the study.

The paperweight pressed the properly-cut rice paper firmly on the desk. After taking a closer look at the contents on the paper, Courtney couldn't help but giggle as she propped herself against the corner of the desk.

The two cursive words 'Extremely Boring' were written on the paper.

The study exuded a serious vibe, and the man that owned this room was meticulous. Who would have thought that a man like him would write something like that on paper?

As a result, Courtney got interested in what she saw. Staring at the paper balls inside the trash can beside the desk, she squatted down and took them out.

One was written with 'This is so annoying'; one was written with 'The weather is bad'; and another one was written with 'I have to get up early tomorrow'.

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After studying the series of nonsensical calligraphy 'masterpieces', Courtney was so overjoyed that she failed to notice Alexander's arrival.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Alexander as he came in.

"You wrote these?" Courtney's face was flushed from holding back her laughter.

Looking at the 'masterpieces', his face turned ashen. With a sullen face, he said, "Is it your habit to go through the trash can?"

"I don't have a habit of going through the trash can. But, now that I've seen your masterpieces, I might want to consider picking up this habit in the future."

"Boring."

"No, it's extremely boring," teased Courtney.

Seeing Alexander's embarrassed expression, she was even more entertained. Failing to pay attention to herself, she lost her balance and fell onto the ground. For a long moment, she couldn't get herself to stand up.

Alexander was in the midst of his own embarrassment, but when he saw her sitting on the ground, he was rendered speechless. Walking forward, he stretched his hand out to her. "Enough. Get up when you're done laughing at me. The floor is cold."

Courtney rested her palm on his hand and blinked. Boldly, she teased, "Do you have to get up early tomorrow?"

This time, her ridicule sent fury surging through Alexander's veins. He tightened his grip around her wrist and pulled her up suddenly.

Without any precaution, Courtney was being lifted from the ground by his force. Due to inertia, the moment she got up, she plunged into his chest. Her smile was still hanging on the corners of her mouth. Suddenly, his huge hand pressed onto her waist from behind, causing her to cling to his chest. Looking up, Courtney stared at Alexander blankly.

"Are you still laughing?" warned Alexander as he looked down at her. His voice was deep, and he sounded dangerous.

Returning back to her senses, Courtney started to struggle. "Let go of me."

"Weren't you laughing at me? You can do that however you want now." Alexander didn't intend to let her go. Instead, his grip on her waist tightened, refusing to let her break free from his embrace.

Courtney was anxious. "Grandpa said you're staying in the guestroom. What are you doing here? I'm going to tell him you bullied me."

"Oh?" He dragged out the end of his question. "I was talking business with Grandpa for half an hour, but he didn't mention anything about me staying in the guestroom."

Upon hearing that, Courtney was puzzled and her eyes widened.

“What do you mean? Are you implying that I’m the one who came into your room on purpose? Are you even in your right mind?”

Looking at Courtney’s silly, yet serious expression, Alexander did not know whether he should laugh or cry. His intention to tease her subsided.

“Don’t you think Grandpa made this arrangement on purpose?”

Courtney was startled at his question, and her face blushed in an instant. “N-No... way.”

“Why isn’t that possible?” Lowering his head, he leaned closer to her face. “This isn’t the first time Grandpa has acted so recklessly. To make sure that I have more children, he would do anything.”

Courtney’s head went down even further. Although both of them had always slept together, this was the Duncans’ ancestral home. The atmosphere here made her feel like she should be more reserved.

But all in all, it was hard for her to restrain herself when Alexander was leaning so close to her!

“Let... let me go.” Her lips pursed; her words came out stuttered. “I’ll go sleep in the guestroom.”

“Now that you’re in my room, do you think I’ll let you go?”

His deliberate words came from the crown of her head.

“What are you doing?”

When Courtney looked up, the grip on her waist tightened before she could recover from her embarrassment. Her world went upside down as Alexander picked her up bridal-style and headed toward his bedroom located on the west side.

She felt slightly painful being thrown onto the smooth brocade quilt. Alexander stood by the side of the bed. He leaned down and hovered above her. Grabbing her hands over her head, he stared straight at her face.

"Don't look at me." Courtney blushed under his stare, and she turned her face away anxiously.

Starting from her earlobe, Alexander kissed her all the way down to her neck. When his lips came to her chest, she couldn't hold her moan back. Her legs that were hanging on the side of the bed retracted in response.

"I'm going on a business trip next week, so I can't be with you for a while. Is it okay if I satisfy your needs two days in advance?"

As he was saying that, he separated her legs with his knees and caressed her inner thighs through his suit pants.

She almost screamed from the friction. Gritting her teeth, she managed to utter, "Can you please shut up?"

After Courtney started a relationship with Alexander, she had truly understood what a beast in human clothing was. Alexander was two different kinds of people in bed and out of bed.

Usually, he looked like an unapproachable and collected man. However, the moment he was in bed, he was simply a beast that was ready to devour her.

Alexander undid his tie with one hand. His slender fingers removed the buttons on his shirt, revealing his tanned torso. His breathing was heavy, and his dark pupils showed a teasing gaze.

"I couldn't make it to stay with you yesterday, and you're already so impatient?"

"Alexander Duncan..." Clenching her fists, Courtney wanted to kick him out of the bed.

Yet, as soon as she spoke, the friction from her lower body hit her sensitive nerves, and she moaned, "Ahh..."

Her sanity shattered just like that, yet Alexander was still hovering above her. As if he was watching a show, he stared at her as he slowly stroked her body.

"What did you call me just now?"

She clenched her jaws. "Alexander Duncan... Ahh..."

He was teasing her but refused to satisfy her desire. Pleasure wandered around the edge, and Courtney was about to lose her mind from the torture. Surrendering, she changed her choice of words. "Alexander..."

"Do you want it?" He leaned down and bit her earlobe. His breath filled her ears.

She panted heavily and nodded hard. "I want..."

"What do you want?"

"You."

"Say my name."

"Alex..." Her fingers gripped the sheets beside her tightly; her pink lips mumbled in ecstasy, "Alex, I want you..."

Courtney's invitation overpowered Alexander's self-restraint. While his eyes were filled with lust, he lifted her waist and pushed himself inside her. His overwhelming desire swept across the entire bedroom.

## One Night Surprise Chapter 146

Chapter 146 Who Gave It; Return It

After a night of passion, Courtney and Alexander fell into a deep sleep. By the time they woke up the next day, it was already late in the morning.

"What time is it?"

Courtney rolled herself over. With her droopy eyes, she looked at the figure at the end of the bed.

Alexander was fastening his watch strap around his wrist. Upon hearing her question, he turned around and looked at her. "11 AM."

"11 AM?"

Courtney was wide awake all of a sudden. Immediately, she sat up from the bed. "Why didn't you wake me up?"

This was her first visit to the Duncans' ancestral home, and she slept for so long. Her image would be ruined if Scott knew about this.

"The servant came and woke you up three times, but you didn't wake up."

"That's impossible." As Courtney put her clothes on, she protested, "I didn't hear anything at all. Stop fooling around."

"That's because you were exhausted from yesterday night. You were deep in sleep."

"Who said I was exhausted?" Color rushed up to her cheeks. Lowering her head, she mumbled, "Don't get cocky."

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"Really? Then, you should have heard what I just said to the servant." Alexander looked at her in a teasing manner. As he turned around and leaned against the table, he slowly said, "I told the servant that you were too tired from last night, so we won't be having lunch with Grandpa today."

Upon hearing that, Courtney looked up immediately. She was so embarrassed that she was frustrated.

"You rascal..."

I wonder how thick his skin is? How can he say something like that without flinching?

"Are you angry?" Alexander looked at her, pretending as if he did not understand the reason behind her wrath. "So, you still want to have lunch with Grandpa?"

Annoyed, Courtney did not say anything. She left the bed and headed straight to the bathroom.

Staring at herself in the mirror, she saw her cheeks painted red and hickeys all the way down her neck. "Alexander Duncan!"

She pulled the door open angrily and yelled, "Look at what you did."

These won't go away for a few days. What am I going to do when I go back to work?

Alexander rested against the chair as he flipped through a magazine. When he heard her, he looked up for a moment. He then tilted his head innocently and shrugged.

"Courtney, this is something out of my control. But, you can hit back and take an eye for an eye."

"You..." Courtney gritted her teeth. For a long moment, she couldn't say a word.

"Bring me my liquid foundation."

"Okay."

A hint of a smile crawled onto the corners of Alexander's eyes. Arching his brows, he fumbled through her purse.

While waiting for Alexander, Courtney stood in front of the bathroom mirror. The collar of her white shirt was buttoned to the very top, but it could not cover up the two obvious hickeys. I wonder if the liquid foundation can conceal them? Well, nothing's dead until it's buried.

After a while, Alexander came to the bathroom door.

"Did you find it?" she asked without turning around.

"What is this?" he asked in return.

Turning her head, Courtney saw him holding a purple satin box. She was startled. "My jewelry. I told you to bring me my liquid foundation. Why did you bring this instead? Someone gave it to me. It's quite expensive, so don't lose it. Put it back quickly."

Looking at her nervous state, Alexander's expression hardened. He continued to question, "Who gave it to you?"

"Jen..." The name almost slipped out from Courtney's lips, but she suddenly sensed jealousy from Alexander's words. Moving her gaze away, she quickly grabbed the liquid foundation from his other hand. She applied the foundation onto her neck as she looked at the mirror.

Casually, she said, "A friend from abroad."

Courtney was trying to annoy Alexander as revenge for the frustration he caused her early in the morning.

Sure enough; the moment Alexander heard her answer, his tone sank. "You seem to have a lot of friends. Is this a teenage boy again?"

Huh! Looks like he's bringing up the past now.

Courtney avoided his gaze intentionally. She kept looking into the mirror and said with an indifferent tone, "Why can't I know someone that is older and more experienced? Don't look down on me."

"Older? More experienced?"

Alexander sounded like he uttered those words through his gritted teeth. Before Courtney could react, he grabbed her arms and turned her around with a strong force. She spun around and was pressed against his chest.

He sounded annoyed. "Courtney Hunter, did you forget that you belong to me?"

"You're hurting me." She looked up and frowned. "Let me go."

"Who gave it? Return it."

Flames were dancing in his eyes, and his attitude seemed intolerable.

However, Courtney was not afraid at all. A trace of cunning was hidden behind her eyes.

"Fine. Call Jennifer on your own and send someone to deliver it abroad. There's no way I'm going to explain why I have to return something I just received from her."

Jennifer?

Alexander's expression froze.

"You don't believe me?" Courtney broke free from his hold and took the jewelry box away. "This pair of earrings is from Jennifer's collection. I even wore it to the farewell banquet. But, someone was putting your tie on for you at the entrance that day, so of course, you didn't notice."

It's not like I don't know how to settle old scores with you.

Alexander looked awkward, which was a rare phenomenon.

Deliberately, Courtney glared at him with an aggressive look. 'Let's see how you're going to explain your way out of this' was written clearly all over her face.

"That was a misunderstanding."

Frowning, Alexander did not know how to explain himself.

At the entrance of the hotel that day, Britney stopped him when she got out of the car. Because they were attending a banquet, she reminded him that his tie was crooked and wanted to straighten it for him. He did not think too much during that time because his servants usually did it for him. Thus, he forgot the occasion they were at and the person who was doing it for him.

"Would you mind explaining it to me?"

Courtney grimaced, but there was mischief in her eyes.

Staring at her for a second, Alexander realized he had been tricked. "Are you trying to mess with me?"

"Who's messing—"

Before she could finish her words, her vision went dark and her mouth was sealed by a kiss.

"You're a rascal."

After a long moment, the pair separated. With her cheeks flushed, Courtney slapped his hands that were touching her away and said, “Stop messing with me. Aren’t you going on a business trip? I need to go home and pack some things too.”

She wanted to move her things away from Cameron’s place to her new place now that it was the weekend. Alicia was right. She couldn’t stay in Cameron’s house all the time. Since there was a suitable place for her to stay now, she had to move out as soon as possible.

The pair came out from the bathroom together. Courtney kept her liquid foundation in her purse and Alexander followed behind her before handing the jewelry box—the source of the earlier conflict—back to her.

“Why don’t you move only after I’m back from the trip?”

“It’s fine. I don’t have many things with me. I can move them by car. Besides, the place is huge. Didn’t you plan to let Jordan stay with me for a while? This will be convenient too.”

Alexander thought for a moment, but he seemed to remember something. His brows furrowed, yet he did not continue asking.

“By the way, if you meet Jennifer on your business trip, greet her on my behalf.”

Opening up the jewelry box, Courtney let out a sigh. “Back then, Jennifer gave me this because I was about the same age as her daughter. She always thought of her daughter every time she saw me.”

“Okay,” Alexander promised. When his eyes swept across the jewelry box, he was startled.

“Jennifer gave you this?”

# One Night Surprise Chapter 147

Chapter 147 Lost It Six Years Ago

“What’s wrong?”

Courtney did not know what had happened when she noticed Alexander’s change of expression.

Alexander took the earrings out from the jewelry box and examined them. After a while, he seemed to be sure of something. He went into the study opposite his room and came back with a black-and-white photo. The photo looked old; its corners had discolored.

There was a young woman in a cheongsam inside the photo. She looked like she was eighteen or nineteen years old, and she exuded a cold aura. She wore an inlaid gold necklace around her neck. The necklace was inlaid with two pieces of jade—one smaller and one bigger. Despite the age of the photo, one could see the smooth outline of the jade through the photo.

“This is...?” Courtney was puzzled.

Alexander compared the earrings with the necklace before he put the photo down.

“This is my grandmother. The necklace she was wearing was her family heirloom. There were two pieces of jade inlaid in the necklace. One was small, and another one was big. They were a matching pair of circular jades. When the country was in total chaos, the Duncans’ ancestral home was occupied by soldiers. The Duncan Family became poor, and she had to sell the smaller one to support the family.”

“The smaller one?” Courtney’s gaze fixated on the earrings in her hand, and she noticed that the jade was indeed similar to the one in the photo. “Is this the one?”

Alexander nodded.

Who would have thought that this jade would go overseas and land in Jennifer's hands?

In the end, it came all the way back to Courtney again.

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"How about the other one?" asked Courtney.

Alexander frowned at her inquiry.

"Grandpa gave the remaining one to me, and I made it into a necklace. Unfortunately, I lost it six years ago."

Courtney was puzzled upon hearing that. She couldn't help but clench her fists; her expression became nervous.

Could it be that the necklace he's talking about is the one I snapped off his neck back then?

"What's wrong? What's on your mind now?"

His voice snapped her back to reality. A little absent-minded, she said, "Nothing. I'm just surprised to hear that. I didn't know these earrings would have something to do with the Duncan Family."

"It's probably fate." There was warmth in his eyes. This was the first time he had ever mentioned 'fate'—it was a trivial concept he had never considered before.

However, Courtney had mixed feelings. When she greeted Scott and left the house with the children, her mind was still occupied by that necklace.

What an ill twist of fate. The existence of that necklace was like a reminder about what happened six years ago. It reminded her about the identity she was still hiding from Alexander. It was originally a clue to search for her son, but now it became a hot potato that she did not want to touch.

When Courtney moved, she locked the earrings and the necklace in a safe. Once the safe was locked—as if her past had been locked inside there—she felt relieved.

"We're going to live here in the future. Do you guys like it?"

After spending an afternoon tidying up the house, Courtney brought the children back from Cameron's place.

Tina was extremely excited as she checked out every room in the house. "Wow! This is so pretty. It's much bigger than Aunt Cameron's house. I love my room."

"Great-Aunt Alicia decorated it for you."

Courtney followed behind her. Staring at the dolls that were carefully placed inside the room, her heart was full of warmth.

Alicia told her that the house had been vacant and no one was taking care of it. Yet, when she stopped by, the house was fully furnished and was beautifully decorated. She had even prepared the daily necessities for her. Tina's room had been painted pink, there were dozens of children's toys piled up, and there were new clothes in her wardrobe.

"Jordan, this is your room."

She pushed open another door and waved at him. "Come and take a look."

Jordan nodded obediently and walked toward her. Standing in front of the room, he observed. He was just like his dad, and Courtney could not tell whether he liked it or not.

"Do you like it?" Courtney could only take the initiative and asked. "The decoration is simple probably because Great-Aunt Alicia didn't know that you're staying over here too. I'll redecorate your room later. You can tell me if there's something that you like."

Jordan ran back to the sofa and picked up his small drawing board. Lowering his head, he wrote something on it and held it up: 'I like being with you and Tina.'

The moment Courtney saw the writing, her heart ached. Squatting down, she pulled him into her embrace.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang.

The sound of the doorbell was followed by someone's loud voice. "Hurry up and open the door, Courtney. My wrist is almost broken. I brought hotpot."

Tina poked her head out from her room and cheered, "Godmom!" She darted to the entrance.

Cameron came into the house with bags of food. With a weird tone, she said, "Wow! This place is good. No wonder you moved out from my little house in such a hurry."

In response, Courtney raised her brows. "Why don't we switch places? After all, I'm used to your house. Since what's yours is mine, what's mine is yours too."

Finally, Cameron flashed her a smile of satisfaction.

"Since you said that, I'm going to cook tonight. Consider it a housewarming gift from me."

If one were to look forward to Cameron's cooking, their lowest expectation was that she would not burn down the kitchen. Fortunately, Cameron knew her limits, so she brought hotpot. However, there was still another problem.

"I don't have a pot for the hotpot."

Courtney shrugged helplessly.

"That's not a problem at all. Wait here." Cameron turned on her phone and dialed a number as she twitched her brows at Courtney.

The call was quickly connected.

"Courtney just moved to a new house, and she wants me to ask if you're free to come and have dinner tonight."

"Okay. Come quickly, then. Buy some things that we might need for the hotpot while you're on the way here."

"Nothing so troublesome. We have everything here. I bought all the food we need." As soon as she said that, she raised her voice. "Courtney, is there anything that you need?"

Courtney's name was suddenly mentioned and reflexively, she responded, "A pot."

"Okay. You heard that, right? Courtney said we don't have a pot. The kind we use for hotpot."

After Cameron hung up the phone, she sank herself into the sofa. "Done."

Courtney's lips twitched.

"Why do I feel like you've dragged me into your evil plan to torture glorified souls?"

"Glorified souls?" Cameron pouted. "Gale has the word 'scumbag' written from the tip of his hair to his toenails. He is far from a glorified soul."

"True."

Courtney nodded approvingly. The negligible feeling of shame in her heart vanished into the air. She then asked Cameron to call Gale again to bring Oliver along with him.

Half an hour later, Gale came with a pot along with Oliver.

As soon as Oliver came, Courtney handed the kitchen and the dining table to him. Even Gale had been instructed to help out in the kitchen. The two women lay on the sofa as they chatted and snacked on sunflower seeds.

When Cameron recalled Oliver's elegant but ruthless attitude from earlier, she spat out the husk of the sunflower seed.

"Why do I feel like Oliver has changed into someone else? Wasn't he a fool when he first woke up in the hospital?"

"Did he?" Courtney was ignorant when it came to reading people. Therefore, she did not notice anything wrong with Oliver. "Perhaps, he has something on his mind? Why? Do you think there's something wrong with him?"

Cameron raised her brows and looked toward the kitchen with a thoughtful expression. "No. What I'm saying is that he looks much more handsome than before. How old is he? Is he twenty yet?"

"Don't tell me you're in love with him."

Courtney stared at her warily.

# One Night Surprise Chapter 148

## Chapter 148 Are You Going to Tell Him?

“Don’t be so rash. Oliver hasn’t even graduated yet, and he still doesn’t remember what happened back then. Who knows? He might already have a girlfriend.”

Based on her understanding of Cameron, Courtney knew that whenever she started paying attention to a man, it most likely meant that she was interested in him.

So much about Gale being a jerk. They’re both equally bad, Courtney mused.

“Why do you sound like my mom?” Cameron scowled at her. “I only asked a question. Why are you acting like I’ve already made a move on him?”

“You were thinking about it.”

Cameron flung a pillow at her. “Don’t you have fantasies, too? What’s so wrong about being attracted to a young man?”

“Whatever. Don’t you think I don’t know you? It’s just a spur of the moment. Go and watch some Korean dramas about older women dating younger men and forget about your feelings. I think Gale treats you really well. He always listens to what you say.”

“He listens to any female person.”

At the mention of Gale, Cameron’s spirits fell, and she slowly looked away from the kitchen. “A tiger never changes its stripes.”

“What happened? Did he flirt with another woman again? Aren’t things going well these days?”

“Just because he doesn’t flirt with them doesn’t mean no one comes up to him first. He’s not like Alexander who has always been a man with integrity. Gale is infamous out there. Do you really expect him to clean up his act and be able to hold himself back? We’re all adults here. If we want to have a peaceful life, we just have to feign ignorance.”

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Seeing how downhearted Cameron was made Courtney upset.

“Cameron, don’t dwell on the past. We have to live life looking ahead. You don’t have to constantly be afraid of looking forward to the future. Don’t try to bear all the burden on your own and pretend like you don’t care about anything. Besides, the things that happened in the past might never happen again.”

With a stiffened expression, Cameron clenched her fists and explained, “I’m not bothered by the past. You saw how I was back then. People’s futures are in their hands, but mine is not. It’s better not to have expectations or expect too much from others. I’m content with just being happy now.”

“What if it doesn’t recur? Hasn’t it been three years already?” Courtney grasped her hand. It felt icy as though there was not a degree of warmth in her body.

“Like you said, it’s only a ‘what if’.”

Cameron looked pale. At that moment, her usually cunning eyes were filled with a myriad of untold stories. Only a handful of people in this world knew about her past—it was an unbearable past that made a lasting impact on the rest of her life.

After being silent for a while, Courtney looked in the direction of the kitchen where Gale was preparing vegetables and turned back around to ask, “Do you plan on telling him?”

Cameron shook her head and blinked. “Why would I tell him? What if we break up again after this meal?”

Courtney let out a sigh. A crease was engraved between her brows.

Not long after, the hotpot was ready.

It was the dog days of summer, so the air conditioner was on full blast while the boiling hotpot continued to exude heat.

Since the age of three, Tina had not been a finicky eater and did not shun spicy food. On the other hand, Jordan started coughing until he teared up after having just one bite of some beef from the spicy hotpot.

Cough! Cough!

When he was coughing uncontrollably, Courtney quickly got him a cup of water and managed to quell the heat. After that, he did not want to eat anymore and grabbed a box of chocolates to bring back to his room. Tina shoved two more spoonfuls into her mouth and also followed after him.

“He can’t eat spicy food, just like his dad,” Gale teased. “When Alex was younger, he always had a stiff expression on his face like an old man. One time on April Fool’s Day, one of his friends gave him a biscuit that was covered in chili sauce. He was clearly in agony, but he still put up with it. Luckily, I noticed in time and rushed him to the emergency room.”

Cameron looked at him. “Why were you the one who noticed it?”

“Well...” he touched his nose, “it must have been fate.”

“Really?” Courtney interrupted. “I heard that when Alex was hospitalized for two days after the incident, you cried by his bedside every day. Was it brotherly affection?”

“Alex even told you about that?” Panic grew in Gale’s eyes.

“So what was the reason?” Cameron pried.

“Don’t say it.”

But, it was too late for him to stop Courtney.

Without hesitation, she revealed, “Because Gale was the one who covered the biscuit in chili sauce. When Alex was in the hospital, he went to see him to apologize in tears every day because his father had spanked him. As long as Alex did not forgive him, he continued to get punished. Even after he apologized for a whole week, Alex did not utter a single word to him.”

“That’s brutal.” Cameron burst into laughter.

"No!" Gale was displeased now. "That's because he hurt his throat from the heat and couldn't speak for that whole week! When his voice returned, he immediately forgave me."

"It's not like he was in a coma. So what if he couldn't speak?" Cameron countered. "Look at Jordan! He can't talk, but does it affect his ability to express himself?"

Gale boiled over with rage.

While Gale was being teased repeatedly, Oliver suddenly remembered that Jordan was unable to talk.

"Was Jordan born mute?"

"No." Courtney shook her head. "After suffering from a high fever when he was younger, he was unable to speak anymore. I don't really know the details either."

The moment Gale found an opportunity to save his pride, he interjected, "When he was around three years old, he was still living with Old Master Duncan. I had gone over to talk to Old Master Duncan about something, but he wasn't home at the time. I thought I'd go see my nephew since I was already there, but when I got to Jordan, I saw that his nanny wasn't with him. He was just lying on the bed and crying all alone inside the room."

"The nanny wasn't around? No one tended to him even though he was crying that badly?" Oliver inquired.

"You've never been to the Duncans' ancestral home before, so you don't know this." Gale glanced at him. "The ancestral home is huge. Jordan and the old master didn't live in the same building. If I hadn't intentionally gone over to see Jordan, I wouldn't have discovered the situation, either."

Courtney felt a tug in her chest.

If Gale hadn't cared to go check on Jordan, he might not have been here today.

"Doesn't the Duncan Family care a lot about Jordan? How could his nanny be that irresponsible?" Oliver was hung up on the nanny's agenda as if he had found a loophole.

Courtney pulled her focus back and was perplexed by the same question.

She had been to the Duncans' ancestral home before, and there were housekeepers all over the house. Even Scott's adopted daughter always had two housekeepers following in her shadow. Considering how much Scott adored and cared about Jordan, it did not make sense that he only had one nanny with him.

Something isn't right here. Oliver's reminder sent chills down her spine.

If it had been someone's doing, then that person must have been familiar with the Duncans' housekeepers' work schedule. They had to know when the house was bustling with people and when it was not. They might have even been able to bribe people off and enter the house when no one was around. These were not things that just anyone could carry out.

This person was definitely familiar with the ancestral home. Perhaps, it was even someone from the Duncan Family.

## One Night Surprise Chapter 149

### Chapter 149 Desires Are Limitless

"After the incident, Alex brought Jordan home and looked him all over, but he didn't find anything. They found out that the nanny had skipped work that day. It wasn't her first time, but Jordan was always obedient so nothing ever happened. During the day before the incident, however, Jordan happened to catch a cold and develop a high fever, then one thing led to another."

Gale remembered what happened that year very clearly. Of all the years he knew Alexander, he had never seen him that angry before. Jordan was his biological son. Scott wanted him to settle down, so he gave him a grandson to deal with. Even though Alexander acted like he did not care, when something happened to Jordan, he was more worried than anyone else.

"What happened to the nanny?" Oliver asked.

“Of course, she got fired. After Alex brought Jordan home, he handpicked every housekeeper they hired. He brought Jordan along on his business trips whenever he could. If he wasn’t around, then Britney would look after Jordan. She was not the only one who wanted to be Jordan’s stepmother, but she was the only one who could reach him. How would she dare to neglect him?”

“That might not be entirely true.” Oliver looked calm. “If Britney could only reach Jordan after the incident, and get to Alexander through him, then she is obviously the biggest beneficiary here.”

“She is.” Gale failed to notice the implication of his words. “Isn’t that what I meant?”

Courtney, however, picked up on it. “Are you saying that what happened to Jordan has something to do with Britney?”

They were stunned.

Oliver’s face was still hard to read, and he spoke in an unhurried manner. “I’m just speculating. Besides, Alexander is famous for his disinterest in women. Britney was the only one who appeared next to him from time to time, but he didn’t treat her any differently. If all of this happened so she could use Jordan for personal gains, then it actually makes sense.”

They felt chills all over from hearing his explanation.

What could someone do by using a child?

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Courtney quickly thought of clinical cases where childhood trauma resulted in mental illnesses.

Some children who suffered severe psychological distress ended up becoming traumatized and refused to interact with people.

“She wouldn’t go that far to do that.” Gale looked baffled. “Don’t you think you’re going overboard with your conspiracy theory? Even if you give Britney all the courage in the world, she still wouldn’t dare to pull this stunt in front of Alex. Two years ago, she was just a small-time actress who was not well-known; who did not have much of a background; and

who knew her place. It was only because of those reasons that Alex let her pretend to be his girlfriend to fool Scott.”

“There is no limit to desire. I believe Alexander played a big part in helping her become who she is today over the past two years,” Oliver commented, then abruptly changed the topic. “Let’s eat. It’s cooked now.”

After dinner, Gale and Oliver were in the kitchen doing the dishes when Gale asked bluntly, “How do you know so much?”

“Is it that hard to find out?” Oliver glanced at him. “You just have to search on the internet. It’s the 21st century, Gale.”

“What was your intention for looking up those things?” Gale had his guard up now.

“I wanted to find my memories.” Oliver shrugged. “Maybe I was a police officer in training; I seem naturally sensitive to my surroundings. But, I was just saying. Why are you so tense?”

Gale pulled his brows together. “I would advise you not to pry any further.”

“Oh?” Oliver shot him a questioning look. “I think I hear various implications in that.”

“It’s nothing like that. If you don’t want trouble, then don’t bring this up again. Do you think people are fools who don’t know anything? It involves tremendous financial benefits and isn’t as simple as you think it is.”

Oliver raised his eyebrows but did not exhibit any intention to reply.

He was well aware that huge financial benefits could drive a person mad.

Gale assumed that his warning was enough to stop Oliver from talking, but before Oliver left, he told Courtney everything without missing a beat.

After closing the door behind her, Courtney did not even know how she made it back to her room. It just felt like her mind was a tangled ball of mess that could not be undone.

Does that mean Alex knew about what happened all along? But, why did he act like he had no clue? He keeps telling people that Jordan lost his ability to speak because of the high fever he developed from being neglected by his nanny.

Could someone really use a child as bait and a bargaining chip for financial gains?

Oliver's words kept replaying in her mind.

"Two years ago, not long after Jordan's incident, Alexander's cousin stepped down from his position as the chief financial officer of Sunhill Enterprise. Scott also legally acquired all the shares he had on hand. When the board of directors was dismissed, the only entity that was capable of going up against Alexander in the Duncan Family was also gone. That was how Alexander secured his position as president at Sunhill Enterprise."

Alexander was the only child in the Duncan Family in his generation, but he had numerous cousins. That year, a number of his cousins were on the board of directors at the company, and many also held important positions in each department.

At the time, Scott said he would not let Alexander be the successor if he did not get married. For the sake of the inheritance, Alexander even gave him a grandchild through surrogacy. During that time, Jordan was only a trivial living being of little importance to Alexander.

The more Courtney thought about it, the more she felt chills in her bones and she dared not to think any further.

Perhaps I'm overthinking this.

Late at night, at an obscure jazz bar, the sounds of chatter in booths blended with the slow music. A woman with a slender body moved through the public space to a private room on the second floor. When she pushed open the door, her face tensed up under her sunglasses.

A lone young man was inside the room, leaning against the window as he looked down at the jazz performance below. A single glass of whisky sat on the industrial-styled table before him.

Looking at his side profile, the woman tightened her grip on her handbag and walked in.

"Are you Benjamin Ford?"

"You're here, aren't you? Why bother asking when you already know?" He scorned. "Sit down. You can order anything you want. Even though I'm going to press charges against you for attempted murder, we still have time for this."

Britney's face went white. Looking around nervously, she mumbled, "I told you. I'll give you as much as you want. This issue ends here."

"I do like money, but I want to change things up a bit this time." He smirked and a menacing look grew in his eyes. "I want to take back what's mine. If you help me, I can pretend like you never inflicted harm on me before or that you cost someone their life."

"What do you want me to help you with?"

"Alexander's son. He's a real eyesore to me—get rid of him."

The expression on her face shifted. "Are you telling me to kill someone?"

"It's not like you've never done it before." He shot her a sidelong glance.

Britney felt an intense shudder.

"Haven't you always yearned to be the Duncans' daughter-in-law? If you get rid of that nuisance, you'll have that chance. As for me, I just happen to have some bad blood with Alexander. It's that simple."

## One Night Surprise Chapter 150

### Chapter 150 Sever Ties With Her

Britney looked up to meet a pair of bleak eyes. Shuddering in fear, she instantly had the feeling that Benjamin was not an average person, and that his connection to Alexander was not an average one, either.

"What happened between the both of you?"

"That is none of your business. You just have to do as you're told."

He was indifferent toward her question. It was clear that he had no intention of engaging in idle talk.

“What should I do?” She put her mind to it and took a deep breath. “You have to give me some instructions.”

It was tough to be in the palm of someone’s hand, but things had already unfolded that way. Benjamin was clearly one step ahead of her. The carelessness of the person Jason hired is to blame. How could he let him get away so easily?

“It’s simple—cause an accident to happen and frame someone else for it.”

“Good morning, Miss Hunter.”

“Good morning.”

Courtney brought the two children along with her to the hotel for work today. As they were making their way in, they were greeted by many employees—some of whom gave them strange looks.

“I told you. Do you still not believe me? Miss Hunter and President Duncan have already started living together. Whenever he goes on a business trip, she looks after his son for him, so that’s why he’s been following her to work every day. I saw them yesterday too.”

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“Oh? Isn’t the little prince the hardest to tend to? The hotel was in chaos the last time he stayed here.”

“Doesn’t that make Miss Hunter capable? Being able to get on the little prince’s good side is basically getting on President Duncan’s good side.”

“If I had known, I would’ve been the first one to rush to Little Master whenever he came to stay at the hotel. I wouldn’t budge even if I got punched or kicked. Wouldn’t I become the daughter-in-law of the Duncan Family, then?”

“You have a wild imagination! If you bother the little prince, you wouldn’t even have this job anymore.”

“That’s right.”

“Oh well, I’ll just wait for an ordinary person. It’s still better to have your feet on the ground. Only a person’s career can change their fate.”

Despite the heated gossip and chatter in the office, Courtney remained oblivious to it all. Since it was not too malicious or far-fetched, she did not bother with it even when it reached her ears.

Alexander was on a business trip for two days. She did not feel at ease leaving the two children at home, so she decided to bring them along with her to work at the hotel. Besides, the people at the hotel already knew who they were. She let them run around the hotel as long as they did not step outside.

“The same rules from yesterday apply today. If you’re hungry, go look for Uncle Oliver. You have to stay inside this hotel. If there’s a problem, come to me or Miss Penelope at the front desk.”

“We know, Mommy. Get to work already.” Tina urged her to leave while Jordan nodded his head obediently and tugged at Tina with a compliant look on his face.

When Courtney arrived at her office, Addie came running over in a frantic state. “We have a problem, Miss Hunter!”

“What is it?”

“A call from the headquarters came just now. They told us to tighten security at the hotel and advised you not to come to work for a couple of days.”

“Why?” Courtney looked up from her computer when she sensed the gravity of the situation. “What happened?”

“Look at the trending searches on the internet today.”

Filled with alarm, Courtney’s hands started flying across the keyboard and quickly brought up the trending news articles on the screen.

‘Popular singer Shay Spencer’s first love and girlfriend exposed at the same time.’

'Rumored adoptive sister and his current girlfriend got into a big fight.'

'Shay Spencer hasn't forgotten about the incestuous headquarters' love affair with his sister.'

Courtney was rendered speechless.

The red and bold headlines were shocking. Most of the pictures included in the articles had the watermark of only one media source.

"The headquarters and Shay's company are rushing to resolve this issue, but the editor-in-chief at the media company seems to have a bit of animosity toward President Duncan. I'm afraid he won't show us mercy. Netizens are currently leaning more toward one side."

Addie was overwhelmed with concern. Very carefully, he said, "Miss Hunter, we don't believe that you are this kind of person, but the pictures might be difficult to justify."

The picture captured what happened backstage on the day of Shay's performance. The person claimed to be his current girlfriend was Anna Hunter while the adoptive older sister he once talked about while on a program was naturally Courtney.

Courtney clenched her fists. "This is nonsense."

"We think it's nonsense too." Addie nodded in agreement. "You're older than him by two to three years, and you're not related by blood. Why is it considered an inappropriate relationship?"

Courtney gave out a side-splitting laugh and rolled her eyes. "Addie, you sure know how to discern a problem."

An unbelievably slow-witted Addie took it as a compliment. "I learn from the best, Miss Hunter."

The news came out in the morning and spread across the internet very quickly. Even though Shay rose to fame recently, he was still building his reputation and fanbase. Since a large portion of his fans were students, the internet blew up with rage in an instant.

As soon as they managed to take down one trending topic, 'Pity Shay's Girlfriend' made it to the top three.

Courtney followed the headquarter's advice and was packing up her things to leave early when she received a call from Alexander.

"I just came out from a meeting." His voice sounded hoarse like he hadn't slept enough. "I saw the news. Stay at the hotel for a couple of days and don't run off anywhere else. It's not safe to go home."

She was rather taken aback. "Aren't you going to ask me about the picture?"

In the picture, Courtney and Shay were seen embracing each other. The paparazzi happened to find a convenient angle where it looked like they were tied up in each other's arms when it was just an endearing hug. There was even a picture of Anna running away in tears with her hands over her face beside it, giving people the wrong idea.

"I don't want you to believe things that you see about me on the news, either. It goes both ways."

Feeling touched by his words, Courtney murmured, "Thank you. When are you coming back?"

Alexander had been gone for a few days, so she figured he must have been swamped with work. It was also their first phone call since he left.

"I won't be returning for the time being. Can you manage on your own?"

"Yes," she answered firmly.

"Okay."

After exchanging a few sentences with each other, the call ended. Alexander was always brief and to the point while Courtney always preferred to deal with her own problems.

Thinking about that phone call, Courtney guessed that it wasn't even a minute long.

If it were a different woman, she would probably have boiled over with anger by now. It was no wonder he stayed single all these years. He did not know how to speak affectionately, but he happened to meet Courtney, who understood how busy he was.

At the thought of that, Courtney felt like she had gotten the short end of the stick. Why am I so good at finding excuses for people?

At the entrance of a five-star hotel in a foreign country, Alexander hung up the call and sat inside the car.

“Who released the news?”

“Storm Media.” Josh furrowed his brows together. “At the moment, people who have voiced their opinions on the internet seem to fall into two categories: Shay’s diehard fans who won’t accept that he has a girlfriend, and those who feel sorry for the said girlfriend. Should we do something about those who keep cursing at Shay and Miss Hunter?”

“No.” Alexander looked firm. “Sever all of Courtney’s ties with Sunhill Enterprise.”

“What?” Josh looked puzzled. “Sever ties? What about—”

Upon seeing Alexander’s indifferent expression, he took back the latter half of his sentence.

Don’t try to guess what Alex is thinking; I won’t get it anyway.