

One Night Surprise Chapter 111

Chapter 111 You Can't Hate My Mommy

"Jordan, what did you hear just now?"

Although Britney's voice was soft, it carried a ghoulish and sinister sense, as if it was the manifestation of Jordan's deepest fears. His face paled while his body started to perspire intensely to a point where he almost passed out.

In the end, he shook his head.

"Good boy." She raised her hand to caress the back of his head. "That's good. You didn't hear anything earlier. If I find out that you have been talking nonsense in front of your father, you know that I will be angry. If that happens, the consequences will be severe."

The moment her hand swept across his head, he trembled with fear as his tears almost rolled down his face. At that moment, he seemed to remember something in the past, causing him to open his eyes and mouth wide, but he could not make a sound.

However, Britney seemed to be satisfied by the fear in his eyes while hers were filled with disdain toward the weak. She then gave a cold smile. "Don't worry, Jordan. Once I'm your mommy, I will treat you well. Don't be scared."

That evening, after Alexander was done with his work, he went through the procedures at the hospital to discharge Jordan before sending him home. Britney, who stayed in the hospital, also entered the car.

Her voice echoed in the car as she spoke, "The doctor said that Jordan has a bad stomach, so he can't simply eat at a food stall from now on."

Meanwhile, Jordan snuggled inside Alexander's arms while secretly clenching his tiny fists, but he did not dare to say a word.

Alexander politely nodded his head. "I see. Thank you for today."

"It's nothing. I've been watching over him ever since he was a baby, so I'll definitely feel bad whenever he is sick."

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However, he was not paying attention to her words as his eyes kept gazing outside the window. After I said those hurtful words to Courtney this morning, she never returned to the hospital. Maybe I was too harsh with my words?

Two days later, it was Saturday and Alexander stayed at home to accompany Jordan while he recovered from his sickness. Although he did not vomit since coming back from the hospital, he still suffered from a slight fever. Therefore, Alexander did not allow him to head outside so that he could stay at home and recover.

Even so, the kid still had the energy to continue annoying him and demanding that he wanted to see Courtney and Tina. Alexander ignored him for the first few times, but after his son's many attempts, he found it hard to sleep at night, causing him to lose sleep for a few days.

In the morning, just when he was coaxing Jordan to eat his breakfast, the doorbell rang and the sound echoed in the house.

A maid quickly opened the door and not long after, her shock could be heard from the entrance. "Tina?"

"Hello, Miss." Tina politely greeted before she followed the maid into the house.

"Young Master Alexander, Little Master, Tina is here."

"Good morning, Mr. Alexander." She tilted her head and glanced at Jordan behind Alexander. "Good morning to you too, Jordan."

Alexander nodded his head while his expression warmed a little.

The maid quickly helped Tina to look for shoes that she could change to, but the latter waved her hands and said no. Then, she carried a huge lunch box and placed it on the steps before sitting down to take a deep breath. "It's burning hot outside. I'm close to dying."

Jordan immediately stood up from his chair and rushed toward Tina before making gestures to her.

She blinked and thought for a while before she understood what he said, so she explained, "Mommy is at home, but last night and this morning, she made lots of snacks and she has asked me to bring them over here, so I'm here."

After that, she opened the lunch box while sitting on the floor. There were four layers inside with each one containing a kind of pastry. Not only did it look delicious, it also smelled wonderful."

"Okay. Now that I've delivered the snacks, I'll leave now."

With that, she stood and was about to leave.

However, he quickly grabbed her and turned his head to anxiously look at Alexander.

Alexander approached and condescendingly gazed at Tina before asking, "Did you come here by yourself?"

Tina felt a little guilty for lying, but she stiffened her neck and nodded. "Yes."

"Then, I'll ask someone to send you back. It's not safe for you to go back alone."

"No need for that. I can go home by myself." She stared at him in a daze, but suddenly, her expressions became serious. "But before I leave, I would like to explain something to you."

"You can say it."

"That day, when we ate at the night market, I ate a lot while Jordan only ate a little, but in the end, I turned out fine. You can't hate my mommy because of that. If you hate my mommy just because she brought us to the night market, you are no longer my favorite Mr. Alexander."

For a moment, Alexander was startled. Although it was a kid's childish words, for some reason, he felt empty after hearing it, as if he was about to lose someone in the next second.

After Tina left, Jordan shot him a fierce look before angrily taking the box of snacks away and he refused to leave a piece for his father.

Outside the villa, she pretended to look gloomy as she took a long walk before she looked around and rushed toward a car a while later.

In the car, she high-fived a young man.

A crisp voice echoed in the car along with her childish voice. "Mission accomplished, Mr. Oliver."

The young man in the car raised his brows. "You are brilliant, Tina."

"But, will my mommy be happy just like that?"

"As long as your favorite Mr. Alexander isn't as stupid as he seems. A forgiving man will definitely apologize to your mommy. By then, your mommy won't be that upset. Don't you think so?"

"What if Mr. Alexander still refuses to apologize?"

"Then, do you still want a stubborn man to be your daddy?"

Upon facing that kind of question, Tina shook her head without any hesitation. "Nope." If that's the case, won't Mommy be constantly bullied in the future?

"Then, you have your answer." Oliver patted her shoulder. "If Courtney hadn't been depressed for the last couple of days because of this, I wouldn't have bothered to give Alexander a chance to make amends. There are many men in the world for her to choose from."

"Mommy isn't upset because of that man. It's because of Jordan."

Upon hearing the real reason behind Courtney's sadness, Oliver was dumbfounded. "Do you know why your mommy is so concerned about that little brat? He isn't even her own son. Even if she is in love with Alexander, there's no need for her to please that little kid this much, right?"

"It's because Jordan is at the same age as my elder brother, so she isn't doing this to please him."

Immediately, Tina realized that she had spilled the beans, so she quickly covered her mouth and stared at Oliver while her eyes widened. She then said in a muffled voice, "I didn't say anything."

After staring at her for a while, he murmured, "I heard you mentioned that you have another brother, right?"

"Nope."

"Fine. In that case, I'll just ask Courtney myself. Also, I'm going to tell her that it was you who told me."

"You cannot do that!" Tina pouted her lips and quickly grabbed Oliver's sleeves while looking extremely nervous, as if she was afraid that he would ask her mother at any second.

"Everytime I mentioned my brother, she would always cry. You can't ask her."

"So, do you really have another brother?"

Against a cunning fox like him, a naive little rabbit like her could only surrender to her fate. Although her eyes were young, they were now full of sorrow. "It's complicated."

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Chapter 112 The Roses Arrived on Time

The car drove under the burning July sun and a young lolita's voice was heard inside while Tina explained the situation for a whole 10 minutes.

"That was what happened. Mommy is always sad about this, so please don't bring this up in front of her."

At that moment, Oliver rested his elbow on the window frame of the car and he supported his chin with one hand, as if he was lost in his own thoughts. "You said that your brother went missing not long after you were born, right? And it was here that he went missing from? Weren't you born in America?"

"Yes." Tina blinked while answering firmly. "Why can't my brother be missing here if I'm born and bred in America?"

"That's possible." Oliver tried to suppress his laughter. "What about your dad? Didn't anyone try to find your brother?"

"I don't know about that. I rarely see my daddy." She shrugged her shoulders with an innocent face.

"You rarely see your daddy?"

"Yes. My daddy is so busy that I can even count the number of times that I've seen him with my fingers. However, I haven't seen him this year and I'm quickly forgetting how he looks."

"Do you know why your daddy divorced your mommy? Is it because he doesn't like you?" Oliver suddenly approached her with curiosity as he tried to engage in gossip.

"Who told you that my parents are divorced?" Tina waved her hand resignedly. "Daddy likes me a lot. Everytime he sees me, he brings a lot of gifts for me. Even though they are not the ones that I like, they are still expensive."

"Your mommy isn't divorced?!" Oliver seemed to have heard a breaking news as his eyes widened. "Then, why do you keep pushing your mommy toward Alexander?"

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"That's because I like Mr. Alexander and I want him to be my daddy." Tina went straight to the point. "Besides, my mommy only gets to see my daddy a few times a year. It's more fun to see my mommy with Mr. Alexander."

This reason... Oliver's lips twitched. I completely salute her.

On the other side, Alexander knocked on Jordan's door and entered his room. Before his dad entered, Jordan was sitting alone on his bed and he held the box of snacks in a daze, but when he saw his father coming in, he immediately wore a resentful look.

The indifferent Alexander could only helplessly sit down to speak sincerely, "Jordan, she stole your heart with only a box of snacks. Have you forgotten how many snacks I've bought for you since you were a baby? Don't you think that this is a bit unfair?"

However, Jordan pouted his lips and still looked angry as he wrote on his drawing board, 'Her snacks are delicious and the ones you bought aren't. She is good to me, but because of you, she won't come and see me now.'

Upon seeing his son's reaction, Alexander furrowed his brows. "That's because I told her not to come to you. Not only did she not take good care of you, she even sent you to the hospital. Jordan, this is why she isn't suitable to be your mom. If you want a mom, I can find another one for you."

The moment Jordan heard those words, he almost burst into flames as he glared at Alexander angrily while his tiny face started to redden. A while later, he wrote a line of words while trembling.

'It wasn't her. I was sent to the hospital not because of food poisoning.'

However, Alexander only took it as a child throwing tantrums. "Alright, you should stop speaking up for her. I'll let you eat the snacks, but from now on, I won't allow you to meet her alone."

Jordan furiously gritted his teeth and grabbed Alexander's hand before biting him.

Alexander yelped, but he did not dare to injure his son by pushing his hand away, so he growled instead, "Jordan, what are you doing?"

After that, Jordan released his bite and furiously pointed at the words he wrote on the drawing board.

Yet, Alexander did not think much when he saw Jordan's reaction as he only felt that his son needed to properly control his temperament.

"Tomorrow, I'll ask the butler to search for talent classes that you can choose from so that we can remove that nonsense in your head."

At that moment, Jordan's face had already reddened due to his rage while he threw a pillow angrily at Alexander. With a loud grunt, he buried himself in his blanket.

During the entire weekend, Tina continued to observe Courtney's emotions.

Whenever Courtney's phone rang, her ears would prick up, but the weekend ended after two days and not one of the calls was from Alexander.

On Sunday night, Tina could not bear to see her mother in that situation any longer, so she hid in her bedroom and made a call. As soon as the other person answered the call, she explained anxiously, "Grandpa Scott, the situation between my mommy and Mr. Alexander is getting worse."

After a while of silence, an old and firm voice was heard at the other end. "Alright, leave this to me."

The next morning, Courtney could sense that something was wrong in the atmosphere the moment she arrived at the hotel.

"Good morning, Miss Hunter."

"Good morning."

On the way to her office, it seemed like countless eyes were sweeping across her body.

I don't think I was that attractive when I usually come to work, right?

At first, she thought that she could have worn the wrong shoes or that there was something on her face.

"Miss Hunter, you're here." Addie welcomed her.

"Morning." When Courtney saw him, her brows instantly tightened. "What is that expression for?"

"Of course I'm happy for you." He smiled joyfully as he stood in front of her office. "You don't know what has happened yet. Don't be too surprised. Come and see for yourself."

After that, he opened the door to her office.

Instantly, she could see that her office was filled with roses of all colors as the fragrant scent entered her nose. Every inch of her office from the desk to the corner of the wall was filled with flowers. Some would have even mistaken the place for a florist.

Courtney's eyes were wide open. "What is this?"

"Can't you see?" Addie smiled. "This is definitely a surprise from your husband. Hmm... Isn't Valentine's Day approaching? He sent the roses just in time."

However, Courtney furrowed her brows as she was even more confused. Everyone in the hotel knew that she had a child, so they naturally assumed that she also had a husband. To prevent any misunderstandings, she never tried to correct them. Therefore, it was reasonable for everyone to mistakenly think that it was her husband who filled her whole office with roses as a gift. But, I'm the only one who knows about this. Where did I get myself a husband? Even if he and I are married in name only, he would never order a bunch of flowers from a thousand miles away for me.

After Addie's reminder, she saw a card on her desk—"To my dearest Miss Hunter."

"Miss Hunter, you and your husband have unique ways of addressing each other. I can't believe he still calls you 'Miss' after your marriage!"

Upon looking at his annoying face, she angrily hid the card away. "Go and do your work. What are you looking at? Don't you have anything to do?"

"Fine, I don't want to be the only singleton here anyway."

His head shrunk before he cheerfully ran off.

In the end, Courtney was the only one left in the office. So, she slowly opened the card and she saw a line of words that were firmly written with a pen—"I apologize for my recklessness a few days ago."

At first, she was startled, but after much thought, she seemed to realize something. For a moment, the mist hovering above her head for the past few days was now slowly disintegrating. The corners of her eyes were raised upward while a strange warmth spread across her heart.

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Chapter 113 Where Have I Offended Him?

The roses in the room and the apology card slightly cleared the depressive mood that troubled Courtney for the past two days. However, after she calmed herself down, she still felt gloomy. Alexander doesn't seem like the cold man that he always portrays to be. What I understood after interacting with him for a long time is that he is responsible toward the women and children around him, but this isn't the reason why I should be relieved to leave Jordan by his side.

Due to her concern for Jordan's situation, she was continuously in touch with the hospital and she was notified that his vomiting was not caused by food poisoning but a fever. However, she did not feel relieved and was instead more upset after hearing the reason.

In her eyes, even though Alexander loved Jordan with all his heart, he still was not careful enough to take care of his son. Judging from the fact that a chandelier almost dropped on Jordan's head when they first met combined with the occasional sickness he endured afterward, it was clear to her that Alexander had not been taking good care of him for the past few years. I should find an opportunity to talk to him about the kid.

Just as she thought about it, her assistant, Addie, returned after knocking on the door.

“Miss Hunter, we just received a call from headquarters saying that there will be a provisional inspection. President Duncan and a few senior members from the board of directors will arrive here in a while to inspect the hotel. Should we prepare to welcome them?”

Courtney came around and answered, “No need for any special preparations. Just act normal like we usually do. When are they arriving?”

“The headquarters informed that President Duncan has already left and he should probably be arriving in 15 minutes.”

“Alright. Inform Mr. Webb, who is in charge of the lobby today, to choose a few supervisors to follow me and welcome them. The others can just go on with their usual work.”

After a few instructions, Courtney tidied up her uniform and calmly walked out of her office. Alexander isn't the kind of person who likes to show off. If he and the board of directors are coming here for an inspection, they will usually want to see how the hotel operates. A person with confidence naturally won't panic in this situation.

Not long after she headed downstairs, three black luxurious cars parked in front of the hotel entrance one after another. Subsequently, several men in suits and leather shoes alighted from the car and walked into the hotel shoulder to shoulder with Alexander. They were all in their 40s to 50s and they were all members of the board of directors without question.

As Courtney glanced at Alexander, she thought about the flowers in her office, which caused her eyes to fill with joy. Then, she nodded her head at him. “Hello, President Duncan.”

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After greeting the others one by one, Mr. Webb introduced them to Courtney. “I don't think President Duncan needs much introduction. These two gentlemen are Mr. Morris and Mr. Woods of the board of directors. I assume you haven't met them before, Miss Hunter.”

Courtney bowed slightly and took the initiative to shake their hands.

The two board members wore a stern expression and did not smile or say anything along the way. They only stated that they wanted to check the hotel's environment, so she arranged for two supervisors to lead them around while she followed behind with confusion and nervousness.

When the two board members visited the rooms, they kept on pointing and mentioning the colors of the curtains while Alexander listened and nodded his head from time to time.

As for Courtney, she held onto her notebook and continued to record what they were saying. Even though she did not know what they were doing, she wanted to record it just to be on the safe side

After being busy for a while, the two board members proposed to have the senior officials of the hotel gather at the meeting room to have an ad hoc meeting ten minutes later.

Therefore, Mr. Webb went to organize the meeting while she returned to her office to gather some documents. The moment she arrived at the door, she ran into Alexander who had returned from the washroom.

“President Duncan.” She greeted politely and hesitated for a second before asking, “I’ve never heard of directors coming here to observe the hotel’s environment, so why are the two board members suddenly coming here to inspect? Is there something going on?”

Alexander glanced at her with a faint surprise in his eyes as he explained solemnly, “There will be important guests coming to the city for a meeting in two days. If I’m not mistaken, they’ll be staying here. To prevent any accidents from happening, the board members decided to come here first to check out the surroundings.”

Ever since he said those harsh words to her in the hospital that day, they never contacted each other again, so he was surprised that she was able to pretend that nothing had ever happened, as if she never took that incident to heart.

“There will be important guests staying here?” Her expression became stern, so she did not realize the change of emotions in his eyes. “By then, do we need to ask the other occupants staying in the hotel to leave? Should we increase the security too?”

“About that... That is what we’ll discuss in the meeting later on.”

Courtney nodded and opened her office door. “Then, I’ll take my documents to the meeting now.”

The moment the door was opened, a strong fragrant scent of roses entered their noses. Just as Alexander was about to leave, he halted his steps and instinctively glanced inside the door before seeing a bunch of dazzling roses that filled up the whole office.

Immediately, his brows tightened to form deep lines on his forehead. No wonder she doesn't care about what happened in the hospital that day. Looks like she has been busy lately.

"About security—" Courtney came out with her documents, but before she could finish her words, she realized that he did not wait for her at the door. Suddenly, she felt a little awkward, but fortunately, no one was around to see it, so she let out a few dry coughs before heading toward the meeting room.

The content discussed during the meeting was exactly as what Alexander mentioned. The two board members had arrived to discuss the impending reception of the important guests in a few days' time. The points they brought up were indeed security and the service aspect of the hotel while also emphasizing on the menu.

"When will the important guests check into the hotel?"

"Three days later."

"It's too rushed. What about the guests staying in the hotel during this period?" Courtney furrowed her brows. "We can handle the ones who have made their reservations, but what about the ones who are already staying here?"

Everyone at the meeting table looked at each other. This is really a problem. If we cancel all reservations and ask the guests who are staying here to check out within three days, they will definitely criticize us. After all, nobody wants to spontaneously change hotels for no reason.

Amidst everyone's discussion, a cold and stern voice stood out among the others. "If you need to ask us for a solution because of a small matter like this, what is the point of hiring you to be in charge of the hotel?"

His words were direct without any use of euphemism. For a moment, everyone in the meeting room was startled as they held onto their breath and stared at her with sympathetic eyes.

Courtney was also dumbfounded while she pursed her lips. "I see; I'll try my best to settle the problem."

"I don't want you to try your best because this is a must. When I first hired you as the hotel's manager, you should clearly know that I chose you not because of your fake qualifications."

Alexander ruthlessly rectified her and his eyes grew cold, as if they were wrapped in the frost of winter, making others afraid to look directly at him.

At first, it was reasonable for him to be dissatisfied with her work, but his words now clearly indicated that he was intentionally targeting her and even tried to bring up her previous incident with the fake resume.

On the other hand, Courtney looked extremely embarrassed.

After the meeting, everyone quickly dispersed and Alexander left the hotel without turning his head to have a word with her.

Everyone stood at the hotel's entrance and watched while he and the two board members drove away. Finally, all of them let out a collective sigh of relief.

Standing beside Courtney, Addie whispered, "Miss Hunter, did you do something to offend President Duncan?"

At the moment, her brows had deeply tightened as she glared at him angrily. "Who knows? He's crazy." Isn't this weird? He just sent me flowers this morning, so why did he completely change this evening?

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Chapter 114 Don't Mention Him to Me

When Courtney returned home at night, she wrapped an apron around her waist and cooked some noodles in the kitchen for Tina.

Then, Tina ran toward her with a smile and asked, "Mommy, are you in a good mood today?"

“What is it? Why are you asking?”

“I’m just asking!” Tina sniffed with her nose. “Mommy, did you receive flowers? I can smell the scent of it all over you.”

Upon hearing her daughter, Courtney immediately furrowed her brows.

However, Tina had not noticed it, so she continued to ask with expectation. “Is it Mr. Alexander? It smells like roses and is fragrant!”

The moment she spoke those words, a loud ‘clang’ was heard as Courtney immediately stabbed her knife on the cutting board and growled, “Do not mention his name to me!”

Instantly, Tina trembled as she felt a shiver down her neck. When she lifted her head, she saw Courtney’s gloomy face, causing her tiny heart to race while she quickly fled the scene. What happened? I thought sending her flowers would definitely win her over.

As the chopping sound of meat continued to ring in the kitchen, Tina hid in her bedroom and secretly made a call. “Grandpa Scott, Mommy seems to be angrier than before—no, she was merely unhappy before, but she’s really angry now!”

After a while of silence, he replied, “We’ll think of another way.”

In the dining room of the Duncans’ ancestral home, Scott looked gloomy as he hung up on the call. This makes no sense. I thought women are usually happy to receive flowers. Why is she angry instead?

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Courtney seemed to have calmed down during dinner after chopping all those pork ribs, so she grabbed some ribs for Tina. “You should eat more. When I’m not at home during the day, you can heat up the ribs in the microwave yourself. You shouldn’t eat a lot of junk food.”

Tina bit her ribs and murmured, “Mommy, it’s boring to stay at home alone everyday. Why don’t you sign me up for extra-curricular activities?”

“Extra-curricular activities?” Courtney was slightly startled. “What do you want to learn?”

"Swimming!" Tina ran to her room before returning with a laptop that showed an admission advertisement for a summer swimming class. "I've already found a class. The kids can attend classes by themselves from Monday to Sunday whereas you can accompany me there on the weekends."

"I don't even know how to swim." Courtney furrowed her brows. "Why should I even go there?"

"That's fine. I've asked them and they told me that there will be a free class for adults on Saturday, so you can learn with me."

"When did you ask?" Courtney looked confused.

"I called them earlier." Tina wore an innocent expression. "Mommy, aren't you always worried that I don't eat well while staying at home alone? As long as you send me to the swimming class in the morning, they'll even provide lunch!"

"Lunch?" Courtney scanned through the advertisement and mumbled. "It sounds too good to be true. I bet it isn't cheap."

"I've asked them about that too. There is a 50% discount on their opening day."

"That means..." Courtney quietly counted the price before letting out a sigh of relief. "That's alright. I'll sign you up tomorrow."

Tina blinked her eyes. "Mommy, you're the best. Then, you are coming with me to the swimming pool this Saturday, right?"

"No problem."

The next day, after Courtney sent Tina to the swimming pool, she received a call from her assistant, saying that the hotel's receptionist came into conflict with one of the guests. She immediately hung up the phone and hurried over.

"What happened?"

The moment she arrived at the hotel, she was met with Addie's gloomy face. "Aren't we supposed to clear out the entire hotel to welcome the important guests? However, the

filming crew that previously stayed here is a huge problem. I don't know how they communicated with each other, but the crew's second female lead was somehow offended."

"Someone from the crew?" Courtney's brows tightened. "Second female lead? Is she the one who is staying in room 1213—Brenda Clark?"

"Yes, that's her. Initially, we've discussed with the person in charge of the crew by arranging a nearby hotel for them to stay in. We are responsible for the luggage transportation and their loss of time, but Brenda claimed that she lost a diamond necklace. The surveillance video showed that only the receptionist, Penelope, has been to her room this morning to inform her about the time to move..."

"Are you saying Penelope stole it?" Courtney's brows tightened. I know everyone in the hotel and Penelope is even someone who I hired myself. She doesn't seem like someone who would steal.

"Am I not? Brenda is now clamoring to call the police. We are supposed to welcome the important guests, but if we alarm the police and let everyone know that someone from our hotel is a thief, it'll definitely cause a negative outcome."

Courtney nodded. "We can't call the police. By the way, where's Penelope? Tell her to come to me first so that I can ask her what happened."

"Alright." Addie quickly nodded before heading off to look for her.

On the other hand, she went straight to the surveillance room, but as soon as she arrived there, she saw a familiar figure.

"Why are you here?" She looked at Oliver with surprise.

Oliver blinked at her and answered, "Something has happened in the hotel, so my first reaction is to come and check the surveillance video. I have nothing to do anyway, so why don't I help you out? I have already asked them to cut the recording that you want, so you can just watch it right away."

Courtney praised him. "Good on you."

The surveillance video showed the door outside room 1213 and the operator quickly fast forwarded it at eight times the speed. As soon as the video arrived to last night's timeline, she was suddenly alert. "Stop."

The operator quickly pressed the pause button. "Is there any problem, Miss Hunter?"

Courtney raised her hand to inform him not to speak while she focused on the frame on the screen. It was only a while later that she murmured, "Rewind by about five minutes."

The operator quickly rewinded the video.

"Stop." While looking at the door, Courtney could see Penelope's panic. As she took a deep breath, her face grew gloomier. "Just like what Addie told me. Last night at 9PM, Penelope went into room 1213 and there's probably no one in Brenda's room at that time."

However, as Oliver touched his chin and held the glasses on his nose, a trace of wisdom seemed to constantly flicker in his eyes. "It doesn't look that simple."

Then, a series of hurried footsteps were heard rushing outside the door and what transpired was Addie panting. "Miss Hunter, something has happened. Penelope is now on the rooftop. She wants to jump off the roof."

"What?" Courtney's face suddenly turned pale as she rushed out of the room in her 12cm heels.

On the rooftop of Sunhill Hotel, a slim figure trembled outside the rusty railings. The scorching sun was so bright that it was hard for anyone to keep one's eyes open while the hot wind blowing on the roof made people feel that they were about to be melted at any time. "Don't come here. Don't you guys come here."

"Penelope, calm down."

When Courtney arrived at the rooftop, there was already a circle of hotel staff gathering outside. All of them looked nervous with a pale face as they gazed at the shaky figure outside the railings. If something happens to the hotel before the important guests arrive, the hotel and even the entire Sunhill Enterprise will be doomed.

"Move aside. I need all of you to move aside first." Courtney pushed aside the crowd and walked to the front. The moment she saw the scene in front of her, she was almost

frightened to death, but after she calmed down, she raised both her hands and panted. "Penelope, it's me. You need to calm down. We can talk about it after you step down from there."

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Chapter 115 An Unexpected Kiss

As soon as Penelope saw Courtney, tears started to stream down her eyes as she cried, "Miss Hunter, I didn't take any necklace at all. She is slandering me."

"I know. I know you didn't take it. We still haven't finished investigating the situation. Please come down first."

"You're lying to me." Penelope held on to the railing with one hand while wiping her tears with the other. Everyone was terrified as they looked at her while she screamed loudly, "You are all lying to me. That's not what happened. You all heard what that little celebrity said—she wants you all to fire me from the hotel. I heard it all."

Upon hearing Penelope, Courtney's face suddenly turned pale as she glared at Addie. "What happened?"

Addie furrowed his brows and answered, "Mr. Webb felt that we needed to move the entire crew out immediately, so—"

Suddenly, Mr. Webb interrupted from the crowd. "I'm just thinking about the hotel's sake."

"Even if you are thinking about the hotel's sake, you still can't simply fire someone." Courtney glared at him with cold eyes, causing him to shiver in fear. He instantly did not dare to say

another word. Then, she turned toward Penelope and shouted. "Don't worry. I promise that I'll thoroughly look into this situation. If you didn't take the necklace, I can assure you that no one will fire you."

There was no trace of blood on Penelope's delicate face as it was filled with despair and sorrow. She repeatedly shook her head while tears rolled down her face. "That's impossible. You'll definitely fire me."

After that, the old railing on the rooftop, which was in need of repair, suddenly made a cracking sound. As the rusty steel railing connected with the cement pier to make a screeching sound, it caused everyone to scream in fear.

Courtney clenched her fists and said, "This is not working. Addie, I want you to distract her by talking to her. Talk to her about her grandma and I'll think of a way to get her down."

Then, she suppressed her racing heart and waited for him to start talking to Penelope about her grandma so that she herself could quietly approach her from the side.

On the rooftop, Addie's trembling voice echoed. "Penelope, your grandma isn't in the best shape and she is still waiting for you to mail her money every month. You can't just give up on your life like this."

However, Penelope remained silent.

Under the scorching sun, Courtney's every step caused her body to perspire and it was quickly evaporated by the sun. Through the gaps of the railings, she could see the fire brigade positioning themselves downstairs as they quickly pumped the safety cushion. If she falls down from such a height, I'm afraid she will still suffer from concussion even if there's a safety cushion to break the fall.

However, Penelope seemed to be moved by Addie's words as she could not help crying. "If I don't have a job, I can't send money to my grandma at all. I'm different from all of you—you guys can kill someone with just a command and still feel nothing about it."

As her emotions intensified, her hand kept on tightening around the railing. The constant screeching sound of the railings caused a sudden thump in everyone's heart.

Suddenly, a loud crack was heard and amidst the constant screams, the already unstable railing finally collapsed, causing Penelope's scream to pierce the air.

Everyone at the scene gasped, but they did not dare to look.

“Help!! Someone...” Courtney’s muffled shout instantly brought everyone back to their senses.

At that moment, she was hanging on the edge of the roof with one hand tightly holding the stone pier while the other held onto Penelope’s hand in the nick of time.

Courtney’s wrist suddenly felt like it weighed a thousand pounds as every second became a struggle for her. While gritting her teeth, she used her last strength to force three words between her teeth. “Quickly help us.”

Everyone who had recovered from the shock quickly came forward to help Penelope, who had already passed out. As Courtney turned, she immediately sat on the ground, but her wrist seemed to be dislocated since it was numb from the pain and she even found it difficult to raise her hand.

“Can you still stand up?” A familiar voice was heard above her.

She was startled as she lifted her head under the bright sun, but she was still able to make out Alexander’s dashing face. Then, a clean hand with round nails and slim fingers reached out in front of her.

“Why are you here?”

“The reporters are all broadcasting this live downstairs. Can I not be here? The firemen have positioned themselves downstairs, so why do you have to act as a heroine? Do you think the hotel isn’t infamous enough?” Alexander’s voice was firm and ruthless as ever. “Can you at least stand up?”

The feeling of escaping death was still wandering in her mind, so she did not notice the concern and love in his tone at all as she took a deep breath. “I’ll try.”

The moment she finished speaking, her whole body was suddenly lifted to the air. In a sudden turn, her body completely changed direction and she was finally able to clearly see his face with the sunlight behind him. Not only that, she could lucidly hear his deep cold voice.

“No need to try.”

For a moment, her scream was stuck in her throat as she subconsciously wrapped her arms around his neck. Under everyone's gaze, she was carried away from the rooftop by him. Is he crazy?

He carried her all the way to her office through the stairs and elevator while ignoring the shock in everyone's eyes along the way.

The moment they returned to her office, her face had already turned beet red all the way to her neck. "W-What are you doing?"

He threw her on the office couch before violently grabbing her struggling arm with a gloomy face. "Have you ever considered the consequences if you didn't catch her at that moment, or if you fell down along with her?"

Under his questioning eyes, Courtney suddenly felt something blocking her throat as she was only able to speak after a while. "D-Didn't you say that the firemen were already prepared downstairs?" At most... At most, the both of us would fall down together and land on the safety cushion.

"We are talking about the 20th floor." Alexander's face grew darker. How useful can the safety cushion be? Even if you don't die after falling on it, you will still be severely injured.

Under his staring gaze, she began to feel an invisible pressure and an inexplicable guilt, as if she had done something wrong. She did not dare to look straight into his eyes, so she tried to change the subject. "Am I not alright now? I'm just contributing to the hotel. If I really sacrificed myself in honor, you all have to take care of my daughter... Um—"

Before Courtney could finish her words, her lips were suddenly sealed by another pair of cold lips. As her eyes widened, she stared at the suddenly enlarged face in front of her in disbelief while her pupils began to lose their focus. Due to the close distance between them, she could clearly feel the firm heartbeat inside Alexander's chest.

This kiss was completely unexpected as she actually forgot to push him away or maybe it was because her consciousness never wanted to push him away in the first place. After just escaping death, she was frightened to the core, but a kiss like that was gradually calming her down.

Slowly, she started to pander to the kiss after experiencing panic at the start.

Her body sunk into the couch as she let his imposing body apply its pressure on her and he completely engulfed her in his arms. She allowed him to hold the back of her head so that he could deepen the kiss in a way that she could not deny. As she allowed his intense breathing to merge with her pants, the ambiguous atmosphere around the entire room was suddenly ignited like a flame.

“Um...”

The air gradually thinned while their heartbeat accelerated as if their hearts were about to pop out of their chests at any time.

One Night Surprise Chapter 116

Chapter 116 Pettiness

As their body temperatures increased at an accelerating rate, the whole room was starting to burn. The intimate kiss spread all the way to Courtney’s chin, neck and her chest while a huge pair of hands swept through her body. However, she did not resist him at all since her mind was completely blank.

Knock! Knock! Knock! The rapid knocks on the door tried to halt the man’s advancement.

“Miss Hunter, Penelope has woken up. What should we do? The police are also here.”

Suddenly, she returned to her senses and pushed Alexander away as she sat up in panic.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

“Miss Hunter, are you there?”

On the other side of the office door, Addie's voice was filled with confusion.

After taking a deep breath, she tried her best to compose herself. "I'm here. I didn't hear you the first time because I'm a little busy. I'll be there in 5 minutes. You can head there first."

"What is it? Do you need my help?"

Upon hearing his words, she suddenly felt frustrated, so she anxiously replied, "No, I-I'm changing my clothes. My clothes became dirty while I was saving Penelope."

Luckily, Addie left, so Courtney let out a sigh of relief. As she turned, she saw Alexander smiling at her with his narrowed eyes. "Don't you blink when you lie?"

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Suddenly, she could feel her face flushing as she stared at him. "It's all because of you."

"Actually, your lie isn't convincing enough." He held his arms and spoke teasingly. "Many people saw me carrying you here. How likely is it that your assistant doesn't know that I'm in here?"

Upon hearing his explanation, Courtney's expression changed as she could not say anything for a while. Am I not shooting myself in the leg?

"Then, why did you do that if you clearly knew about this?" She gritted her teeth. "You did this on purpose."

"Yes, I did it on purpose." Alexander remained calm. "An eye for an eye."

Instantly, her brows tightened. "What do you mean? Where have I offended you again?"

Alexander profoundly gazed at her and reminded, "You seem to have quickly forgotten about the unspoken rule in the Ancient City."

Courtney suddenly came around while her face became hotter. "That is because..."

For a while, she tried to follow up on the word 'because', but she just could not find the excuse. She immediately became upset, so she changed the subject. "So, because of that, you took it to heart and always targeted me until today. Not only that, you even purposely tried to embarrass me in front of everyone today..."

Alexander's eyes flickered as he murmured, "Do you really think I would go against you because of that?"

"What else could it be?" Courtney looked angry as she mumbled quietly. "You exposed me in front of many people at the meeting, which shows how petty you are to abuse your power."

"What are you saying?"

"I said nothing." She avoided her gaze and moved aside.

After glancing at her, Alexander's eyes landed on a large bouquet of roses in the corner. Slowly, the tease in his eyes disappeared as he pretended to be indifferent. "That scent is too strong. Please don't put it in your office from now on. It has such a poor taste."

Upon hearing his disgusted tone, Courtney furrowed her brows and uttered, "Poor taste? Then, why did you send it to me?"

Alexander was startled while traces of confusion flashed through his eyes.

"Fine. I have a poor taste, so I deserve lousy flowers." She glared at him before angrily standing up to let out a dry cough. "I'm leaving now. Please wait until no one is outside before you leave."

With that, she left with a red face. Even though she pretended to be composed, in his eyes, her back was obviously anxious.

The moment she left, he rose to his full height and went to the front of the vase containing the roses. After looking at it for a while, he noticed the card under the vase, so he picked it up and saw the writing inside. Immediately, his mouth could not stop twitching. It all makes sense now. Looks like Grandpa has a lot of free time these days!

In the lounge, Penelope had just regained consciousness with a weak and pale face while her colleague, who was usually very close with her, stayed by her side to comfort her.

"Penelope." Courtney pushed aside the crowd and walked to the bed before speaking in a soft voice. "Are you alright? Are you still feeling uncomfortable?"

Penelope shook her head with all her strength while bean-like tears fell on her blanket.

"I'll look into this situation thoroughly. From now on, I don't want you to give up on your life ever again. Do you know how sad your grandma will feel if she knows about this?"

Courtney held Penelope's cold hands while feeling a little upset for her.

Courtney had hired Penelope a month ago as the receptionist. Even though Penelope dropped out of high school to work and she was introverted without having other abilities, she was still a focused and hardworking kid from the countryside who only wanted to take care of her sick grandma at home. On the other hand, Courtney once personally experienced the same background as her.

Although there was no clear evidence that pointed to Penelope stealing the necklace, Courtney was sure that she would not do something like that.

As she comforted Penelope, a ruckus was heard outside.

Courtney furrowed her brows and asked, "What happened?"

"It's Brenda," the crowd whispered as they discussed the situation.

The moment they heard the name 'Brenda', Courtney could clearly feel that Penelope's hand was tightly holding onto hers, as if she was extremely scared.

"Don't worry, I'll get to the bottom of this." She patted Penelope's hand before walking out. "Everyone should leave too. Let Penelope rest for now."

"Have a rest?" The moment Courtney closed the door, a sharp voice was heard. "If every thief uses suicide to gain sympathy, then I think all murderers in prison should climb a building and jump off its roof."

Courtney focused her eyes toward the source of the voice and saw that it was Brenda folding both arms while staring at her. Her innocent face was filled with disdain as she wore a casual retro dark green sports shorts along with her black boyfriend-style loose shirt, which made her look adorable.

She was the little celebrity who was in the limelight recently after she debuted with the image of a pure, innocent girl, but behind the scenes, she had a bad temper. During her stay in the hotel, rumors were circulating that she openly and secretly had several conflicts with the female lead, Britney Price, due to her lack of screentime.

“Miss Clark, we are not trying to protect one of our own. The matter has not been investigated thoroughly, so we can’t simply make conclusions.”

“From last night until today, she was the only one who went into my room. It’s all captured in the surveillance video. Do you really think I’m framing her?” Brenda furrowed her brows with a gloomy face. “I think you are purposely shielding her. Didn’t you just risk your life to save her earlier? What is it? Are you two relatives?”

Upon hearing her assumptions, Courtney could only roll her eyes in her heart, but she still outwardly maintained a friendly expression on her face. “About that—”

“It’s simple. I don’t need an investigation and I’m certainly not short of a necklace, but I hate thieves the most. That’s why I only have one request—if you fire her, all of this ends here, but if you disagree, I will start to believe that you’re jointly responsible for this matter too.” Brenda interrupted and arrogantly raised her chin. “After all, that thief is your subordinate, right? If I choose to pursue this matter further, you can also leave this place along with her.”

At that moment, Courtney was clenching her fists.

“You should be the one leaving here, Miss Clark.” The cold voice of a man echoed in the corridor, drawing the heads of the surrounding onlookers.

One Night Surprise Chapter 117

Chapter 117 Can Money Resolve Everything?

The 1.83-meter young man walked toward them from the other end of the hallway; his young immature face adopted an inexplicably steady aura of a middle-aged man, causing the crowd to automatically give way to him.

Courtney was momentarily stunned before returning to her senses. She then stopped him and asked in a small voice, “Why are you here?”

Oliver cast a glance to comfort her before patting the back of her hand. "I'm here to watch the show of a culprit accusing the innocent of a sin that was committed by herself—I wonder why you insisted on accusing a young lady of stealing. Miss Clark, if this incident is exposed to the media, I think the entertainment industry will no longer welcome you in the future."

Brenda's face paled. "What nonsense are you spewing? Where do you come from? Don't you guys have anyone else in the Sunhill Hotel?"

"It doesn't matter who I am. What matters is that Miss Clark, you claimed that Penelope stole your necklace, but what is your basis for making such an adamant accusation?"

"The security footage showed that she was the only person who entered my room at 10.00PM last night."

"Weren't you there when Penelope entered your room?"

Upon hearing that, everyone looked at one another in shock. Ever since the filming crew checked in, it was widely known that the actors had a habit of having a meeting to discuss the script at around 10.00PM. The actors' rooms were mostly empty at that time, so when the security cameras caught Penelope entering the room and exiting it in panic, it aroused their suspicion.

"What do you mean? I returned to my room at 11.00PM." Brenda's expression suddenly changed and she scolded, "You should come up with a smarter excuse if you wish to protect her."

"A better excuse?" Oliver scoffed as his handsome face filled with disdain. "Miss Clark, this is exactly what I want to tell you—if you want to hook up with a man, you should have found a smarter way. Don't think that you can hide it from everyone by taking advantage of the shared balcony that connects both rooms and taking a preemptive move to stop the witness of your deeds from exposing your doings."

Upon hearing his words, everyone at the scene was stunned. Brenda and a man?

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As if something dawned on Courtney, she instantly came to her senses and made a sudden realization. Britney and Brenda had argued with each other before the alleged theft, which

Courtney had overheard when she passed by the room. Britney seemed to be reprimanding Brenda for not being professional as the latter disappeared when they all had a meeting to discuss the script.

Upon hearing Oliver's words, she suddenly understood the situation. Brenda's disappearance was merely because she took advantage of the fact that some of the rooms in the floor occupied by the filming crew had balconies that connected the neighboring rooms. She then sneaked out when the others were discussing the script. As for the reason why she did so, it was pretty obvious by now.

Her face paled as she nervously refuted, "What nonsense did you just say? You have to take responsibility for saying this kind of thing. Be careful because I may sue you for defamation."

"Suing me for defamation is not exactly an urgent matter now. I happened to be free earlier, so I casually asked some of the crew members about your whereabouts at that time. Coincidentally, during the period that you claimed that your necklace went missing, you were not discussing the script with the other actors in the director's room. What was more coincidental was that the producer was absent too."

Upon hearing the word 'producer', the discussion among the crowd became even louder and more looks of dismay landed on Brenda—they were filled with contemptuousness and disgust. The film producer was a renowned professional actor, who retired to work behind the scenes a few years ago. As he had long been married, that revelation made Brenda a mistress.

"Y-You should shut up!" Brenda's face paled with a dark expression.

The corners of Oliver's lips curved upward. "There are more coincidences—the hotel's system database showed that the water of your bathtub in the bathroom of your room was left flowing at 9.00PM."

More evidence was revealed—and it was more solid and concrete than the one given by Brenda to support her unfounded one-sided accusation that Penelope had stolen her necklace. There were even people who secretly took videos of the situation. Courtney glanced at the hotel employees who were watching the commotion and frowned. "Keep your phones away. Stop taking videos."

The crowd felt a little embarrassed and kept their phones away before they dispersed.

Courtney then turned to Brenda, who had lost all of the confidence she had earlier, and asked, "Miss Clark, can we have a word in private now?"

Brenda gritted her teeth; she nodded and agreed, even though she was reluctant to do so.

"I won't be joining you guys, then. Everything has been resolved, right?" Oliver returned to his innocent facade. His childish, immature features gave off a vibe of a young teenage boy, making it difficult for people to associate him with the logical, meticulous, and solemn look he had earlier—it was as if they were completely different people.

Although Courtney was a little puzzled, she nodded without asking further since she had to deal with Brenda's matter now. "Okay, you don't have to come. Thank you for this."

"You are welcome. It's just a small matter. Go ahead with your matters. I will explain the situation to Penelope later."

"Okay."

After Courtney left, it was only Oliver and the remaining hotel employees left in the hallway. Most of them were waiters and some receptionists who were quite close with Penelope. Upon seeing that Courtney had left, they joyfully approached him. "You are amazing. How did you manage to find out about those things?"

"Brenda's expression fell earlier. I have long noticed that she had been having suspicious eye-contacts with the film producer, but you were actually able to think of this. You are simply brilliant!"

The couple of girls who stayed behind were all young—their eyes were filled with admiration, treating the young boy who was 18 to 19 years old as a god in deduction and continued to praise him.

Meanwhile, at the end of the hallway, a slender figure stood still at the corner for a long time and thoughtfully stared at the young boy. A shred of wariness appeared in his calm cold eyes...

The matter was much easier to deal with after that. Courtney had a frank and open conversation with Brenda while explaining the whole situation—the incident today was indeed the latter's self-orchestrated farce.

Penelope happened to run into Brenda when the latter was in the midst of hooking up with the producer in the bathroom. As Brenda was afraid that the matter would be exposed, she framed Penelope for stealing her necklace—on one hand, she could take advantage of the situation and force her out of the hotel. On the other hand, if Penelope exposed the matter in the future, Brenda could claim that the accusation was merely a revenge tactic on her.

After understanding the whole situation, Courtney felt cold in her heart. “Miss Clark, did you realize that your wild accusation nearly caused someone to take their own life?”

Brenda seemed embarrassed, but she put up a strong front. “I never thought that she would really attempt to jump from the building. Since things have come to this stage, I... Go ahead and name your price and I will accept whatever figure as long as the hotel can keep your employees’ mouths shut.”

Courtney was pissed by her words. “Do you really think that money is able to resolve everything?”

Brenda was also maddened. “What should I do, then? I said that I will pay, so what else do you want? Anyway, if footage of this incident is uploaded online, it will be the hotel’s responsibility. I will definitely file a lawsuit for the loss that it will cause me.”

Upon seeing her attitude that did not have any sense of remorse, Courtney clenched her fist, took a deep breath, and raised her head to look at Brenda’s eyes before she scoffed, “I’m afraid that if this incident is uploaded online, you will be busy dealing with the reporters’ inquiries and handling the producer’s wife. I don’t think that you will have the time to sue us.”

Brenda’s face immediately paled.

One Night Surprise Chapter 118

Chapter 118 Announce It to the Whole World

Brenda growled through gritted teeth, "What are you going to do? What's the point of us ruining each other? My reputation will be destroyed, but what good will it bring to your hotel? Are you going to give up on your job for the sake of a mere receptionist?"

Courtney's expression was cold as she scoffed, "To have a clear conscience, but I have no plans to have a life and death struggle with you either."

Brenda detected a silver lining in her words and she frowned as she looked at Courtney.

"You don't want this incident to be known by everyone, do you? The hotel will protect a client's secret, so I will delete everything that the hotel employees have recorded with their phones earlier and I can ensure that they won't spread this incident online, but with one condition."

"Name it."

"Apologize to Penelope."

Upon hearing it, Brenda was stunned. After she hesitated for some time, she finally nodded with reluctance with her brows furrowed.

With several hotel executives as the witnesses, Brenda personally apologized to Penelope in the lounge. As a result, Penelope seemed a little uneasy and she stopped Courtney with anxiety after Brenda and everyone else left. "Miss Hunter, will I-I still be fired?"

Courtney smiled. "The matter has been thoroughly investigated, so why would we fire you? Don't make hasty decisions like this in the future since your life matters the most."

It was only then that Penelope heaved a sigh of relief. Tears swam in her eyes as she solemnly nodded. "Okay. Thank you, Miss Hunter."

"Don't thank me for this matter. It was Oliver who helped you to look into this matter, so you should thank him instead."

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"Oliver?" Penelope was stunned and her face suddenly blushed. "Where is he now?"

"Right now? I think he should be at the cafe downstairs."

"Let me go and look for him now."

While looking at Penelope's lively figure, Courtney helplessly smiled while she folded her arms across her chest.

Ever since Oliver started to stay in the hotel, many ladies there came to her with all sorts of reasons to inquire about him. Even a patient who lost his memory had such great attraction, which showed how much the society cared about one's look.

Just when Courtney was about to leave, a figure paused next to her before she heard Alexander's voice. "You are only older than that kid by a couple of years, yet your smile makes you look like you are his mother. Are you addicted to being his mother?"

She immediately turned and snapped, "Who are you talking about? President Duncan, this kind of joke is not funny in a work setting."

Raising his eyebrow, he had a smug look on his face. "I don't crack jokes. I am merely curious as to how the kid will react if he finds out that you passionately arranged a girl to look for him."

His words left her puzzled. "What sort of reaction?"

As she spoke, two waiters passed by them. One of them attempted to greet them but was stopped and dragged away by the other. Their conversation could be vaguely heard from a distance.

"Idiot. You know the relationship between President Duncan and Miss Hunter, yet you tried to approach them."

The other waiter was rendered speechless.

“You just have to pretend that you didn’t see anything.”

Courtney was at a loss for words and her face instantly flushed red.

“Courtney...”

Before Alexander’s raised hand could land on her shoulder, she suddenly took two steps backward and she muttered through gritted teeth, “President Duncan, please have some self-respect.”

He had once carried her down from the rooftop in front of many people, and after taking advantage of her, he deliberately mentioned about the time when she badmouthed about him in Oreus. There should be a limit as to how far he can abuse his power to settle his personal grudges by placing me in unfavorable situations. I don’t need to be in situations like this for the rest of my life.

Alexander felt helpless. “I just wanted to ask whether you would like to join me for a meal.”

After the news was under control, he had lost his purpose of coming over to the hotel. However, he still gained something—he at least learned the identity of the person who sent her the roses that filled her entire office.

Courtney frowned and asked warily, “What are you planning now? Are you unsatisfied with the number of rumors about us spreading around?”

“You don’t look like someone who is afraid of rumors.” He placed both his hands in his pockets with a smirk on his cold face. “Besides, I’m your superior. You can’t simply avoid me to stop those rumors, can you?”

Upon hearing that, Courtney pondered for a moment with furrowed brows before turning her gaze away to avoid his eyes. “I’m not like you, a president who can eat whatever and whenever you want—I have some aftermaths to deal with. I will ask my assistant to grab me a fast-food meal at the convenience store after this. I really don’t have the time to eat now.”

While looking at her as she gave him a slick reply, a cryptic curve appeared at the corner of his lips. “You were mincing your words. If I’m not wrong, you are still shy, aren’t you?”

"Who?" Her eyes widened as her words became incoherent. "Who are you talking about? I-I have no time to talk to you as I have loads of things to do." After saying that, she escaped the scene in a state of panic.

As Alexander observed her leaving back, the smile in his eyes deepened and the gloominess that hovered above him for the past few days disappeared without a trace at that moment.

After he left the Sunhill hotel, he sat at the back seat of the MPV while listening to Josh's report about the outcome after Brenda's incident had been handled.

"The news online has been removed. We didn't manage to do anything with the news about Brenda because her agency's actions were faster than mine. The incident didn't arouse much public opinion either, so it shouldn't affect the reception of the important guests on the day after tomorrow."

"Alright." Alexander nodded as he looked a little distracted.

"Speaking of which, President Duncan, the important guests will be arriving next Monday. When are you going to check in at the hotel? I will inform the person-in-charge in advance."

He pondered for a moment. "This is not very urgent. There is something else that I would like you to do."

"Please tell me."

"During the stay of the important guests in the hotel, the hotel manager, who is responsible for welcoming them, will have to accompany them throughout the period. So, the manager has to check in at the hotel as well tomorrow night."

Josh was stunned. The manager who is responsible for receiving the guests? Isn't that Courtney?

He immediately started to rack his brain as he tentatively asked Alexander, "The employees' rooms have all been cleared as per your request, so where should the person-in-charge stay this time?"

"The vacant penthouse suite."

Upon hearing that, Josh was again stunned. The penthouse suite? Isn't that the suite he usually stays in? This is such an obvious arrangement. Is he planning to announce their relationship to the whole world? Looks like I will have to be smart and act according to the future president's wife's preference after this.

On the other hand, after Courtney had completed all the tasks at hand and she returned to her office, her feet felt sore to the point where she slumped on the office chair as she sighed deeply.

Just when she stared into space, she suddenly caught a glimpse of the pile of boxes at the corner of her eyes, which made her instantly return to her senses and straighten her posture.

It was a black lunch box with a transparent cover on top, which allowed her to clearly see the content inside—a fried drumstick, seasonal vegetable, stir-fried bell pepper with shredded pork, and purple sweet potato rice, which were all neatly arranged with matching colors that were pleasing to the eye.

When she lifted the lunch box, she saw a note under it—'The president doesn't have that much time to eat whatever and whenever he wants as well, so fast food is indeed a good choice to save time.'

His handwriting was sharp and powerful, as if it was able to slice through the paper.

"Nobody would believe that you will eat fast food. You are so stingy when you treat someone to a meal," she muttered, but warmth slowly crept into her eyes as her hands were busy opening the lunch box.

It was certainly the taste that she was used to, but it tasted slightly sweeter this time.

One Night Surprise Chapter 119

Chapter 119 It Won't Go Well if There Are Too Many People Around!

At night, the hotel employees had already completed their cleaning duties before they got off work. After giving instructions to the janitors to have a final clean of the area, Courtney packed her stuff and clocked out of work. While she drove home, she received a notification from the hotel's general manager.

The traffic was awful during the peak hour, so she decided that she should take a look at the message. Upon reading the content, she frowned and gave him a call. "Mr. Webb, why is there a sudden request for me to stay in the hotel?"

Mr. Webb's helpless voice came from the other side of the phone. "It was an order given by the headquarters. I'm not sure about it as well. Maybe it is because they are afraid that something may happen when the important guests are here, so they need you there to handle them if anything urgent comes up. What's the matter? Is there any problem from your side?"

"The thing is that my daughter is having her summer holidays, so she is now at home. The notice came at a sudden to me and I haven't figured out where she should stay. Can I bring her along with me to stay in the hotel?"

"What do you think?"

Upon noticing the displeasure in his tone, she felt awkward. "I understand. I was just asking. It's fine if I can't. I will figure out a way."

After hanging up her phone, she stared at the screen. Sigh, the ones with authority surely can do anything they like. I am going to obey the last-minute arrangement without any complaints, yet I am not allowed to bring along my daughter to stay in the hotel. Looks like I will have to put her under Cameron's care.

Fortunately, Cameron was on holiday, so she would be home the whole day and night.

"I initially thought not to occupy your time, but this time is really something unexpected."

"You don't need to be courteous around me. I am, after all, Tina's godmother, so this is my responsibility. Just leave her with me and I will take proper care of her." Cameron adamantly agreed. "Speaking of which, tomorrow is a Saturday, right? It's your day off, so let's head out shopping."

Courtney explained, "I need to first send Tina to her swimming class. I was told that they are having parent-child classes this weekend, which are classes that need the parents' involvement. I will take a look at it first, and if I don't need to be there, I will give you a call."

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"Parent-child class? It is not even a kindergarten." Cameron was puzzled.

When Courtney went to the washroom, she lay on the couch and poked Tina's shoulder. "Tina, be honest and tell me—why are you suddenly interested in learning how to swim? What are you scheming?"

Tina, who was sitting on the carpet while watching the cartoon, was suddenly questioned. She shrank backward as she chuckled. "Godmother, what are you saying? I don't understand."

Cameron pinched her cheek. "Stop pretending. Your mother is not a swimmer, but you are no better. You used to cry your eyes out during shower time when you were younger, but now you are taking the initiative to learn how to swim?"

Seeing that she could not continue to hide it from Cameron, Tina pouted and pleaded, "This is for Mommy's lifelong happiness. Godmother, if you are my mommy's best friend, you have to help me. You have to get her to come with me to the swimming pool tomorrow."

"Lifelong happiness?" Cameron shot Tina a glance. "Why is that so? Have you arranged a blind date for her at the swimming pool?"

"Not exactly, but it's close."

"I want to watch."

“No!” Tina immediately rejected the idea. “Things won’t develop well if there are many people around!”

“Sneaky brat, you are just full of tricks. I bet that your mother won’t even realize that you are the culprit after falling into your traps!”

The two of them whispered to each other in the living room while Courtney hummed a song to herself as she brushed her teeth and was totally ignorant to their conversation.

After a night, Courtney took her time to pack her things after having breakfast at home the next morning before bringing Tina to the swimming pool.

“We are leaving.” Before Courtney departed, she glanced in the direction of the couch. She could not help but to shake her head at Cameron, who was leisurely lounging on the couch while eating chips and watching Korean drama with a face mask on her face despite it being early in the morning.

Most people would be traveling during the holidays, but it was not the case for her—she preferred to laze at home without going anywhere during her holidays as she hoped to lie on the couch and dig a hole in it.

“I will wait for your news.”

Before the door was closed, Courtney heard Cameron saying those words in a weak tone and it made her frown. After contemplating for a moment, she thought, Maybe she means going shopping?

Upon arriving at the swimming pool, the morning class had already started. A lot of parents came—they were mostly young mothers who chatted and laughed with each other in the changing room.

When Courtney changed into her swimsuit, she realized that the mothers who attended the parent-child class knew one another as they were chatting in groups of three or five. Eavesdropping on their conversation gave her a little headache.

“Jenny’s mom, why is Tom’s mom absent today?”

“She’s pregnant. She found out about it last week, so she has to stay at home to rest. I have always said this—it’s better to give birth to more children when you are still young to safeguard your life when you are old.”

“What brand of milk powder is your second child drinking?”

“They are imported brands...”

The mothers were engaged in a conversation with one another.

Courtney was removing her long sleeves when she overheard the conversations. In fact, they were in a large changing room, but she felt suffocated upon listening to the topics about milk powder and second child, as if she and the mothers were living in two different worlds.

It made her realize that those mothers, who came to accompany their children on a Saturday morning, were mostly jobless housewives, who invested all their energy and time on their husbands, children, and families. That thought gave her a sense of foreboding, which was proven true ten minutes later.

After the coach taught them a few simple moves, the pool was packed with all sorts of colorful and stunning swimsuits and the mothers took care of their children while chatting with one another.

Their conversation revolved around schools, results, tuition teachers, and those who taught extra-curricular activities.

After being repetitively inundated with questions like how many kids she had and where her child studied, Courtney used the excuse of heading to the washroom to escape. I would rather continuously work overtime for a whole month than to listen to someone urging me to give birth to another child. What the hell is wrong with this parent-child class?

After she changed her attire and she exited the changing room, she immediately gave Cameron a call to invite her to go shopping.

“Aren’t you accompanying Tina for her swimming lessons?”

“Just forget it. The air is too weird here and I would rather be shopping. They are providing lunch here, so I can just come to pick Tina up in the afternoon after class.”

“Alright, then. Let me pack my things. Wait for me for a while.”

Courtney hung up on her phone and she was lounging on the couch in the lobby to leisurely rest when her pair of half-opened eyes caught sight of two figures—one tall and the other short—slowly walking toward her. This dream—

“Why are you here?” The low, husky voice of a man echoed in the lobby, causing her to snap out of her drowsiness and to open her eyes. This isn’t a dream!

Alexander was wearing a white t-shirt with beige casual pants while curiously looking at her.

While she was still in a daze, Jordan hugged her leg. The little guy was delighted to see her as his eyes formed two lines as he beamed at her.

“Why are you guys here?” She had a look of puzzlement on her face and her eyes were still sleepy.

“Jordan is here for a swimming lesson.”

“Tina is here for a swimming lesson as well.” Her eyes widened. “Such a coincidence!”

Coincidence? With a thoughtful look, he stared at the little guy, who was climbing onto her with both his arms and legs.

Jordan had received a flyer from somewhere and insisted on coming to that particular swimming pool. In fact, he begged and pleaded with Alexander for quite a long time, which made the situation now seem like it was not a coincidence.

Since he had already arrived, he did not bother to find out the true reason. “Aren’t you here to accompany Tina? Why are you outside here?” he asked.

Upon hearing that, a gleam flashed across her eyes—it was a hint of slyness that was hidden deep within.

One Night Surprise Chapter 120

Chapter 120 Where Are You Taking Me To?

"I was a little tired so I came out to rest for a while. I'm going in now. Let's go."

Alexander slightly nodded as he pulled Jordan by his collar and reminded, "You can't enter the female changing room. Let her go if you want to go swimming."

It was only then did Jordan reluctantly free his arms that wrapped around Courtney's neck and allowed Alexander to bring him to the male changing room.

After confirming that Alexander had entered the room, she headed in the opposite direction and passed by the female changing room before arriving at the exit. She squatted at a spot with a clear view and tapped open the recording interface. Then, she aimed the lens at the door of the male changing room while resisting her laughter.

Alexander soon exited while holding Jordan's hand.

The two of them were wearing black swimming trunks and Alexander had a white towel hanging around his neck.

After taking barely two steps, a young woman stopped him. "Coach, do you have new swimsuits here? My swimsuit is a little tight, but I didn't bring any extra set."

He frowned. "You have made a mistake. I'm not the coach."

She was stunned. "Huh? You are not a coach? Who are you then?"

"I am—" Just when Alexander was about to answer the lady, he noticed the situation in the swimming pool—other than kids and a male coach, who was teaching a little girl swimming at the opposite pool, the rest were women—mothers of all ages, to be exact.

At that moment, he felt a throbbing sensation in his temple.

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“Hey, coach, come over here and check out whether my son’s swimming posture is correct.”

“Look at my kid first.”

“My daughter...”

Everyone tried to get him over to teach their kids.

Upon seeing the mothers in the pool swarming toward him and surrounding him, Courtney laughed so hard that she could not stand straight—even her phone trembled along with her hand.

The major difference between a swimming pool and a gym was that the latter usually had sufficient coaches, so all of the students could receive equal attention from the coaches. However, a swimming pool, which usually had less coaches for the students, had a first come, first serve basis. The wealthy wives naturally did not dare to spend their husbands’ money to find men in clubs, but taking advantage of the coaches in places like a gym or a swimming pool was nothing uncommon.

Courtney, who laughed so hard that her tummy ached, sent the video that she recorded to Cameron and attached it with a voice message. “I don’t think Alexander has ever come to a place like this before. Or else, why would he have chosen such a weird swimming lesson, which requires him to have lessons with a bunch of young and middle-aged wives? Did you see how dark his expression was? It’s just too comical.”

Cameron soon replied, “I don’t get why it was funny at all. Anyway, I’m curious about the fate that you two share—you guys actually met in a swimming class. It’s practically a fate blessed by God.”

“What do you mean by a blessed fate? It’s more like a cursed fate. Have you left the house yet? I’m waiting for you at the entrance of the swimming pool. It’s burning hot here.”

After replying to her, she tapped open the video to rewatch it. Seeing how uneasy he felt as he was being surrounded by the mothers, she burst into a guffaw at the lobby.

Cameron, who had only met Alexander a couple of times, had never seen his usual cold, distant and sharp-tongued self. Only those who saw how he was normally like would find the stark contrast entertaining.

As she was unable to receive any reply from Cameron despite having waited for a long time, she decided that it was better for her to return to the lobby to enjoy the air-conditioning. Right after she opened the door, she bumped into a solid chest.

“Ouch!” Courtney covered her nose and exclaimed. Raising her head, she found Alexander’s dark expression, which made her heart skip a beat. Such bad luck! Why did I forget about him? “H-How did you manage to come out?” Her tone reflected her awkwardness.

Alexander’s eyes burned with fury as he glared at her. “You are asking how I managed to come out? Didn’t you say that you will be heading in after taking a short rest? Why didn’t I see you there but here you are instead?”

She let out an awkward chuckle. “Haha... I-I still felt tired. I regretted my decision as soon as I entered the changing room, so I came out again.”

“Is that so?” He raised his phone and showed her his messages on Messenger. “You immediately came out after going in, so how did you manage to take this video?”

Upon seeing the name ‘Gale’, she could instantly confirm that it was Cameron who betrayed her. She closed her eyes at once, feeling disheartened. A God-like enemy is nothing to be afraid of compared to a hopeless team mate.

“What’s the matter? Aren’t you going to explain?” Alexander kept his phone away with a gloomy expression. “You deliberately sent me in to face that bunch of people? Do you think that it was funny?”

The corners of Courtney’s lips twitched. “Even if I hadn’t said anything, you would have gone in as well, right? Also, what’s up with that bunch of people? Do you look down on housewives? I think that they are fine.”

She is just so stubborn. Feeling pissed, Alexander immediately grabbed her hand and dragged her out of the premises.

“Hey, where are you bringing me to?”

No matter how hard she struggled, Alexander's grip was tight on Courtney as he did not say anything. He held her wrist and pushed her into the passenger seat of his car. Then, he stomped the pedal before the car sped off.

Ever since he was born, he had never been made into a fool to such an extent or even encountered such an awkward situation like earlier. If it had not been for Tina, who squeezed her way through the crowd and called 'Mr. Alexander', that bunch of desperate women would have touched all over his body.

"Where are you taking me to?" Clutching on the safety belt, Courtney's face paled at the frightening speed. If I knew that he can't take a joke, I wouldn't have done it. If he gets so mad that he does something irrational, the game would not be worth the candle.

"Going home to take a shower."

Upon hearing that, Courtney immediately recalled Gale's final reply in the chat room that she had seen earlier—'A final-stage clean freak like you will surely have to scrub off a layer of skin when you arrive home.'

"Why are you bringing me along if you are going home to take a shower?" She was a little flustered.

Alexander cast her a glance with his dark eyes. "Since it was you who caused this to happen, you will have to clean up the mess."

His car arrived at the entrance of Duncan's villa and she was yanked all the way into the house. While pulling her to the bathroom, he then gestured to the maids to leave.

"What are you doing? Open the door and let me out." Courtney anxiously pulled the door handle but she was unable to open the door no matter how hard she tried. She had no idea how he had locked the both of them in the bathroom.

He ignored her as she tried to open the door while he opened the tap of the bathtub to fill it with water. Then, he removed his t-shirt and tossed it on the floor to reveal his muscular build.

Click! The sound of the belt's metal buckle being opened echoed in the bathroom.

"Ahhh! What are you doing?" Courtney screamed as she covered her eyes. "Don't take any rash actions. I was merely joking with you and they didn't really do anything to you. Let me tell you that this is a crime. Alexander, don't think that you are my boss..."

Wildly waving her hands in panic, incoherent words were escaping her lips. Suddenly, the sound of someone entering the water echoed in the bathroom and there was nothing else except that.

She hesitantly opened her eyes and saw his clothes on the floor as well as his broad shoulder while he sat in the bathtub with his back facing her. His voice was low and husky, resounding in the humid air of the bathroom. "Aren't you thinking too much?"

Alexander slowly turned and casually propped his muscular arms at the edge of the marble bathtub while water droplets trickled down his complexion. "You allowed me to be taken advantage of by so many women and you expected me to do the same to you?" A shadow of a smug look was on his face.