

One Night Surprise Chapter 121

Chapter 121 The Word 'Pervert' Should Be Used Here

Her face instantly flushed red. "I-I didn't think of it that way."

The corner of his lips curled up into a smirk as he stared at her. "Really? But it doesn't seem like that."

What she had in mind was pretty obvious when she hugged herself while staying on guard.

Seeing that he was staring at her, she subconsciously lowered her head and glanced at herself. Then, she hesitantly lowered her arms and she forced herself to ask, "What I was thinking doesn't matter. However, what's the purpose of you bringing me here? I am willing to apologize to you for the matter earlier, but you have to open the door and let me out."

Alexander, who did not seem to have any plans to make any move, turned and leaned his back against the pillow at the side of the bathtub. His low, husky voice sounded inexplicably suggestive amidst the humid air in the bathroom. "I'm not interested in the empty words of an apology."

Courtney was flustered. "What do you want me to do then?"

"Scrub my back." The three brief yet strong words echoed in the bathroom, causing her to freeze on the spot for some time without her being able to move a muscle. Her eyes widened as she stared at his back and her words were incoherent. "A-Are you serious?"

"You are welcome to take it as a joke. That is if you want to stay with me in the bathroom for the whole afternoon."

"You—" While looking at Alexander's back view, Courtney wished that she could press his head underwater. Why does this petty and shameless yet bold man exist? He is actually confident that he is in the right! I was merely joking around, so is there a need to hold

grudges against me and use this method to take it out on me? He really doesn't let anything slide easily.

The gradually rising temperature in the bathroom is causing my white t-shirt to be drenched in my sweat. If I were to continue to be in a stand-off with him, I would either pass out from the heat or his attitude, which is pissing me off!

After weighing her options, she walked to the bathtub with gritted teeth and snorted in a small voice, "How do you want me to scrub your back?"

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Alexander raised his head and glanced at her. "Scrub properly."

Isn't that stating the obvious? Courtney rolled her eyes at him in her heart. Without bothering to ask further, she took a towel from the side. She perfunctorily moisten it with water and squeezed it dry before scrubbing his shoulder with it.

The water in the bathtub was crystal clear. When she was rinsing the towel, she casually caught a glimpse of the member in between his legs and it caused her heart to skip a beat. She immediately turned away, but her heart continued to pound wildly, which caused her scrubbing action to be slightly out of control before it became as stiff as mechanical movements.

On the other hand, Alexander did not fare any better. His initial intention was to tease the daring woman, but as she was scrubbing his back, his body unexpectedly started to lose control—there were signs that he was going to get an erection, which made his expression change. "That's enough."

Just when she was going to scrub his chest, he suddenly caught her hands, which frightened her. "What's the matter? I'm not done yet. Didn't you tell me to scrub properly?"

He avoided her gaze and moved her hands away from his body. "You may leave now," he spoke in a horse and restrained voice.

"What's wrong with you?" Courtney frowned as she leaned closer to him to check the spot where she had scrubbed earlier and asked in puzzlement. "I didn't use much strength." As she was speaking, she reached out with her hand to touch him.

The breath that landed on Alexander's neck aroused a tingling sensation that pushed him to his limits. He pressed on her fumbling hands with a rough movement and uttered in a low voice, "Stop touching."

His burning temperature engulfed her hands. Raising her head, she saw the gleam of lust in his eyes. As a mature woman who had s*xual experience, she instantly understood the situation and her body froze on the spot as she lost all the courage to even budge.

"Leave." He retracted his hands with deeply furrowed brows.

His words made her come to her senses. With her reddened face, she did not dare to reply a word to him and stood up by supporting the edge of the bathtub in an attempt to leave. However, the bathroom floor was slippery and she was also restless. Before she could even move forward, she stepped on bubbles and slipped, which caused her to fall backward into the bathtub.

Splash!

The sound of water splashing from the bathtub echoed in the confined space along with her high-pitched shriek. She floundered in fear for a while and drank a few mouthfuls of water before finally getting up by holding on to the only 'support' in the bathtub. She then vigorously coughed and nearly caused her lungs to come out of her mouth.

The moment she opened her eyes, her coughs were caught in her throat—the only support in the bathtub was none other than the naked man.

Courtney's arms were currently wrapped around Alexander's broad shoulders as she clung onto him in an incredibly suggestive posture. Her white t-shirt had been completely soaked and it clearly revealed her pink brassiere underneath—the scene would definitely ignite the imaginations of all observers.

What was even more embarrassing was that she clearly felt a strange firmness between her legs.

"Pervert!" she scolded as her eyes widened in anger while she glared with her head raised. She then struggled to get back up by using his shoulders as a support.

Nevertheless, Alexander was pissed by her scolding him as a pervert. He placed his hands on her waist and pressed her toward his chest. The smooth inner wall of the bathtub had complimented his movement well as it caused her to slip and fall into his embrace.

“That’s not how you use the word ‘pervert’.”

His husky voice was the last voice that she heard with her clear mind. Right after that, a large palm pressed on the back of her head, which caused her to lose her balance and she leaned closer to his face. Their passionate lips mingled with each other, messing up their reasoning and halted all of her struggles.

Under the glimmering water in the bathtub, a sculptured large hand caressed the sexy body before it trailed along her back down to her plump buttocks before vigorously squeezing them.

“Ah—” An insuppressible moan escaped their intertwining kiss. Courtney seemed to have found a moment of clarity, but in the next second, the fleeting consciousness was washed away by the passion between them as it disappeared without a trace.

Alexander’s great kissing techniques caused her to lose all of her self-control under his domineering attacks.

Her hotpants slid down her legs to her ankle without her knowledge. The firmness in the water rubbed against her most tender complexion over a thin layer of cloth and instantly aroused her sensitive nerves. A gush of heat swept over her, resulting in her body accommodating to his every movement without any control.

His large hands held onto her waist while passionate lust tainted his cold eyes. He then burrowed his head in her neck as he gently nibbled on her earlobe to distract her attention.

“Ah—” At her most unprepared moment, her body was penetrated and filled by him.

Water overflowed from the bathtub with a loud splash. Amidst the contradicting feelings of pain and pleasure, she pushed her head backward with a crimson flushed face. Beads of sweat trickled down from her forehead into the bathtub, blending into the water that was mixed with some unknown liquid.

Gazing at Courtney’s stunning face, Alexander approached her ear and exhaled on it while he murmured in his throaty voice, “This is where you should use the word ‘pervert’.”

Her face was crimson as she bit on her lips. Before she managed to react, he thrust hard into her, causing her to react with a high-pitched moan that was mixed with vague curses as she wrapped her arms around his neck. "Pervert!"

"Ah—" Along with the woman's moan, the sound of splashing water became more frequent. Streams of water overflowed from the edge of the bathtub and flooded the entire bathroom.

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Chapter 122 To Put Up a Bold Front

Courtney's body rose and fell in the water, as if all her senses embarked on a roller coaster ride with her body's motion. When she reached another climax, her eyes widened while her pupils lost focus and her entire body uncontrollably trembled before slumping into Alexander's embrace.

She had actually passed out.

When she was in a befuddled state, she seemed to feel like there was someone who dried her body in his arms before he placed her on a clean, comfortable, large bed and covered a blanket over her. As she was incredibly exhausted, she fell into a deep sleep with some wild dreams.

In her dreams, she arrived at the Melrose City Center, the most prosperous part of the city, and the sky was dyed red by the evening sunset. She was walking alone on the street when she suddenly felt lost and confused.

"Courtney..." A familiar voice rang by her ear. She raised her head and found that she was holding Alexander's arm.

She was stunned and intended to retract her hands but he had caught hold of her before speaking in a gentle voice, "We are going home to have dinner. Let's hurry up and pick up our two kids."

"Going home?" She looked at him in puzzlement. "Whose home? We—"

"Have you lost your mind?" In her dream, Alexander's eyes reflected his extreme love for her as he resignedly looked at her. "We have been married for over a year, yet you still ask me whose home we are returning to?"

"Are we already married?" Courtney followed him from behind in a daze.

"Daddy, Mommy." Two children ran up toward them from a distance and threw themselves at her while their crisp laughter echoed by her ears.

Alexander picked Tina up and let her sit on his shoulder—the beautiful scene before her eyes eliminated some of her vague concerns.

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The scene then turned to the Duncan Family's gathering, where Scott was full of praise for her. "You really treat Jordan well like he's your biological son. Alexander is lucky to have been able to marry you. I was right about you."

Many unfamiliar faces appeared before her and agreed with his words. "Yes, yes, Alexander is a lucky man."

Her two children—each of them held one of her hands—had love and trust toward her dancing in their eyes.

All of a sudden, a slender figure pushed his way through the crowd and on his palm was a necklace in an emerald hue. He then coldly asked, "What is this?"

The emerald-colored necklace had belonged to him, but it was in her possession for many years. When their belongings were kept together after they became married, he had unexpectedly discovered the necklace.

"What's the matter with Jordan and Tina's background?"

The sudden question made Courtney freeze as she was unable to answer the question.

"You knew about everything from the beginning. Is this why you approached me? You are disgusting, Courtney." Alexander's expression no longer had any trace of gentleness. His tone was cold and it resembled a wintry night. From this day on, you won't ever see your two children again."

Fear swept over her like rising tides and she closely hugged her two children. "No, the children are mine—"

"Someone, take the children away!"

"No!" Courtney screamed and the voice that escaped her throat smashed her dream into pieces. She woke up with a start from her dreams and gasped for air like she was drowning, as she clenched the blanket.

The lights were not switched on in the room and the ash-blue curtains hid the sky outside the window. It was already evening time, with a scenery similar to that in her dreams. She had cold sweat all over her while her heart raced as she recalled her dream.

Knock, knock, knock.

The sound of someone knocking on the door rang before the maid's voice was heard from outside the door. "Miss Hunter, are you awake?"

Only then did Courtney come to her senses. Just when she was about to respond to the maid, she suddenly realized that she was sleeping in Alexander's room, so all the maids in the villa could have learned about the incident that happened earlier.

Her face instantly flushed red as she stuttered. "Yeah."

The maid, who seemed to realize that Courtney felt embarrassed, did not open the door and spoke to her through the closed door. "I've placed your clothes at the door. Please rest for a little longer."

The sound of the footsteps leaving outside the door made Courtney heave a sigh of relief. She lifted the blanket and took a look at herself—she was wearing a loose man's pajamas, which could have been worn by Alexander since the clothes carried his unique scent.

She went downstairs after changing into her clothes. A few maids were busy working in the kitchen as the fragrant smell of food came from the dining hall and only the maid, who gave her the clothes earlier, was arranging the toys on the couch.

Upon seeing Courtney downstairs, the maid respectfully greeted her, "Miss Hunter."

Courtney's face blushed and she coughed to conceal her awkwardness. "Where's your Young Master?"

"Young Master has ordered us to prepare dinner as he will be returning to have dinner with you. If you are hungry, I will prepare some snacks for you first."

"There's no need for that. It's fine since I'm leaving." Courtney felt a little awkward.

"However, Young Master has gone out to pick Little Master and Tina up. They should be back in a while."

Upon hearing that, she had no choice but to take a seat.

"Please sit. I'll go and get some snacks for you."

Although Courtney repeatedly refused the young maid's offer, the latter insisted on getting some snacks for her.

The maids of the Duncan Family had also been recently replaced, so all of them knew Courtney. As she had visited the villa quite frequently, it would only be natural for the maids to think that she was the future mistress of the Duncan Family, so they treated her with full respect.

After waiting for a while, the sound of a car engine came from the yard. The maid then opened the door and Alexander entered the house together with two kids.

Upon seeing Courtney, the two children threw themselves at her. "Mommy, Mr. Alexander said that we are having hot pot tonight."

The dining table had been set as vapor rose from the boiling pork bone broth and the busy maids were entering and exiting the dining room—all those inexplicably gave her the feeling that they were having a reunion dinner.

Courtney raised her head and looked at Alexander. Her face was as red as a ripe tomato as she forced herself to say, "I think that it would be better for me to take Tina home. It would be difficult to grab a cab if it's too late after this."

"I will send you guys home after dinner." Looking at her, Alexander calmly removed his suit and handed it to the maid before he changed into his slippers and entered the house. He was incredibly calm, as if nothing had happened in the afternoon.

She had always understood the importance of putting up a bold front. Therefore, when she saw him with his nonchalant act, she forced herself to sit upright and hesitated for a moment before she nodded in agreement. It's just having dinner together. If I insist on leaving now, it will make me look like I am feeling guilty.

The two little kids were the happiest when Courtney decided to stay. They exchanged glances and gave each other a high five, as if they were sharing a secret that was only known by the two of them. When they were about to take their seats, Tina took the initiative to give the position next to Courtney to Jordan while she herself climbed onto Alexander's lap.

Courtney immediately reprimanded in a small voice, "Tina, sit at your place."

Tina pouted as she explained, "The chair is too short, so I can't reach the table to eat."

Just as Courtney was about to say something, Alexander casually interrupted her, "It's fine. Let's just eat like this."

As he spoke, he took Tina closer into his embrace and gently asked her what she wanted to eat—they looked like a pair of loving father and filial daughter.

For some reason, the scene reminded Courtney about the dream she had in the afternoon, which made her feel overwhelmed with mixed feelings. If Alexander learns that the girl in his arms is his biological daughter, I wonder how he will feel.

One Night Surprise Chapter 123

Chapter 123 Don't Make Me Wait Too Long

"We are here." Alexander's low, husky voice resounded in the car, causing Courtney to regain her senses. She turned and glanced outside the window at the familiar environment of the neighborhood before she fell into a slight daze. It felt like it was moments ago that they dined together.

"Thank you." She thanked him before turning to shake Tina's shoulder. "Tina..."

The little girl mumbled something and continued to sleep like a pig who was unable to be woken up, no matter how hard Courtney tried.

"Let me handle this." The sound of him unbuckling the safety belt came from the driver seat. Before she could even reject his offer, he had already exited the car and yanked open the car door at the other side before he gently carried Tina in his arms. "Let's go. I will follow you upstairs."

Courtney was stunned, but she returned to her senses and nodded while leading him from the front.

Cameron's apartment was on the twentieth floor. In the slowly-rising elevator, the space was so cramped that they were almost able to clearly hear each other's breaths.

Tina meekly leaned on Alexander's shoulder and slept soundly, as if the person carrying her was someone whom she truly trusted. Glancing at them, Courtney thought to herself, Perhaps this is the special bond shared between people related by blood, which also explains why this girl is especially close to Alexander and so is Jordan to me.

"Didn't you tell me that you have taken your house back? Why are you still staying here?" His voice brought her out of her reverie.

She turned away before she replied, "The house is located at Golden Water Park. It is an old villa with a rather large area. I once brought Tina along with me to spend a night there, but the place was so cold and quiet that it was frightening, so I ended up staying with Cameron instead."

Her initial idea was to take Oliver, who had yet to regain his memory about his identity, to stay with them since the more the merrier, but Alexander unexpectedly offered for him to stay in the hotel. As she was not used to hiring a nanny, her plan to move into the villa together with Tina was momentarily placed on the backburner.

"Did the reporters come here again after that?" Alexander recalled the incident where Shay's stay there had attracted the reporters to come.

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"They came a few times." Upon that incident being brought up, Courtney suddenly chuckled. "After Cameron returned from her business trip, she gave them a good scolding and they did not dare to come again after that."

As they were speaking, the elevator door slid open with a ding. It was late at night, so it was quiet in the corridor. Courtney fished out her keys and opened the door before throwing a quick glance in the direction of the master bedroom with the corner of her eye. Her movements then became even lighter.

Carrying Tina in his arms, the cooperative Alexander placed her in her room with gentle movements.

After shutting Tina's room door, Courtney thanked, "Thank you for sending me home so late at night and for even carrying her up here."

"This is the second time."

"Huh?"

He looked at her while his expression was cold as usual. "This is the second time that I heard the word 'thank you' from you after we alighted from the car. Are you someone who loves to say 'thank you'?"

She looked down in an attempt to avoid his gaze. "It's polite to say 'thank you'. If I don't, it will make me look like I am uncivilized."

“Perhaps I can take it that you are being... courteous?”

A stunned Courtney raised her head and answered in a slightly hesitant tone. “Is it wrong to be... courteous?”

Alexander’s gaze abruptly darkened as he asked, “Regarding the incident that happened in the afternoon, are you planning to mask it with the excuse that we are both adults?”

Her throat tightened as she was overwhelmed by panic, as if she was caught after hiding for the whole day, despite knowing that he would not allow the incident that happened in the afternoon to slide easily.

However, she indeed was not able to provide any explanation this time as she was unsure of her feelings for him. She had no idea whether it happened because she could not help it at that point in time or because her feelings for him had reached its peak. Nevertheless, it was not something that could be easily explained.

“I—” She found it hard to form words, as if she suffered from a speech disorder. In the end, she mustered the courage and raised her head before asking in a serious manner. “I want to know what you think about it.” She threw the question back to him.

The lights in the living room were not switched on. Everything looked vague under the dim light in the foyer and even their expressions and emotions seemed hazy and fuzzy, as if their reasonings started to fade away.

Alexander had already left for some time. Courtney sat on the couch and looked in the direction of the main door in a daze before she glanced at the wall clock and did the math. Right now, Alexander should have exited the elevator and he is walking out of the building.

His unique masculine scent still lingered in the room as well as his words, which he uttered in his husky voice and it continued to echo in her ears, Among all of the women I have met, you are the only one who makes me feel like marriage isn’t a bad idea.

It was something that she did not reply to.

Lastly, he added, “Whether it is a relationship or work, I’m used to being efficient. I know that women think differently than men, so I’m willing to give you some time to think about it, but don’t take too long.”

Just when she was in a daze, the door to the master room suddenly opened as dim light poured into the living room through the tiny gap.

A startled Courtney raised her head and looked in that direction.

She found Cameron, who was in striped pajamas, leaning against the door frame with her arms folded across her chest. There was a suggestive smug look on her face as she teased, "I heard everything, loud and clear. So, what are your plans?"

Courtney's face instantly flushed red as she avoided Cameron's gaze. "What plan? I don't have any plans."

"Still not going to admit it? Roar!" She pounced at Courtney in a dramatic movement before pressing the latter on the couch. "Spill it. What was that about 'afternoon' and 'adults'? Let an adult like me know what the two of you have done in the afternoon!"

Cameron tickled Courtney until the latter laughed so hard that she could not stop. Courtney finally begged for forgiveness while curling up on the couch. "I will tell you... I will definitely tell you... Let me go... Hahaha... Let me go..."

There were no secrets between the best friends. After chatting for some time, there was a pile of sunflower seed shells on the coffee table.

While eating sunflower seeds, Cameron asked as she slurred her words, "You have done everything that needs to be done, so why don't you agree to his offer? Since he has made himself clear, what are you waiting for? You shouldn't play hard to enter into relationships..."

"I know." Courtney frowned. "I am just worried..."

"Worried about what?"

"Worried about Tina and Jordan..."

"Aren't you worrying for nothing? You gave birth to both Tina and Jordan, so isn't being together with Alexander the right choice? Just tell me if you like him."

"I—"

"Do you like him? Yes or no? There is no third answer."

Courtney pursed her lips and after a while, she replied, "I like him."

"That's good, then. Liking him is good enough. Besides, from what I saw earlier, judging from his attitude toward you, you totally don't have to worry that he will snatch your child away from you after telling him the truth—since both of you will be married, what belongs to him will be yours too, so the issue of child custody will be automatically solved.

Cameron had always been straightforward and never done things half-heartedly. What she said was right, but it would be easier said than done.

As it was now rather late, Courtney gave half-hearted replies before urging Cameron to return to bed. Courtney then brushed her teeth and went to bed as well, but she kept tossing and turning while being unable to sleep. It was as if her brain was stuffed with a messy woolen ball and there was a knot that could not seem to be untangled.

She admitted that she fancied Alexander, but her fondness for him was mixed with something else.

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Chapter 124 Let Me Go

The following afternoon, Cameron drove Courtney to the hotel.

"Do you want me to go in with you?" Cameron asked teasingly, wagging her eyebrows. "We might bump into Alexander, and if it gets awkward for you, I could give him an answer on your behalf."

"Would it kill you to shut up about this?" Courtney rolled her eyes in exasperation. "Pop the trunk. I'll leave Tina in your capable hands for now."

“Got it,” Cameron answered, leaning into her seat. She winked at Courtney mischievously and said, “Instead of worrying about everything else, you ought to think about how you could work things out on your end, like finding a step-dad for Tina or something.”

At this, Courtney could muster no comeback. Ever since this morning, all Cameron could talk about was Alexander Duncan, which made Courtney wonder if the man had bribed her into bringing his name into every conversation.

Courtney’s mind was finally at ease after she had taken her suitcase and waved Cameron off. She went into the hotel and made her way to the room that had been arranged for her, then swiped the key card to unlock the door.

“Why am I given a suite?” she muttered in surprise. Pulling her suitcase behind her, Courtney headed toward the bedroom. She hadn’t paid much attention to the text message when she first received it, and she had been under the impression that she would be staying in a regular executive room. However, upon her arrival at the door, Courtney had wondered why she was staying on a floor that was designated for suites only.

The suite that she stood in now was a spacious one, and a partition ran between the bedroom and the living area. Just as Courtney entered the bedroom with her suitcase, she heard the sound of a door opening, followed by what could only be described as a scene that made her want to jump into a cold shower.

Alexander had emerged from the attached bathroom with only a large, white towel slung low on his hips. His hair was still dripping with water, the droplets running down his sun-kissed chest before disappearing into the groove between the towel and his skin. The sight of him sent Courtney’s thoughts running wild.

“Like what you see?” Alexander teased, regarding her with a wicked grin.

Courtney hastily tore her gaze away from him before snapping, “What are you doing here?”

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Alexander took a step toward her and drawled, “You mean, you didn’t know that I’ve been staying in this suite?”

"I-I didn't know," Courtney stammered, swallowing convulsively. "I must have made a mistake..." Her voice trailed off as she dragged her suitcase and began to turn toward the way she came.

But before she could make it past the partition, she heard the clear, unmistakable electronic 'beep' of the door being unlocked, followed by the sound of the room service attendants conversing.

Courtney felt her stomach drop. She turned around and quickly got onto her tiptoes as she clamped a hand over Alexander's mouth. Her eyes swept the room frantically before she dragged Alexander toward the balcony outside the bedroom, thereafter shielding the both of them behind the curtain. She knew she would have a hard time clearing things up if the both of them were caught in the bedroom in their current state.

Now that they were hidden from sight, Courtney let out a breath of relief until a strong grip clasped around her wrist and pushed her hand away. "What the hell are you doing?" Alexander demanded through gritted teeth.

Courtney clenched her jaw and looked up to meet his dark gaze, pleading, "Just bear with me for a while, okay? For the sake of my job."

Seeing her like this, Alexander smirked as a mischievous gleam flashed in his eyes. He bent his knees ever so slightly, and took one step toward her. Courtney faltered at this and stepped back. However, Alexander took another step forward.

Courtney found herself helpless as her back pressed against the cool glass. She could take no further step backward, and Alexander was still closing in what little was left of the space between them. His hands gripped her shoulders, and he pinned her against the glass. He leaned forward, his broad frame eclipsing the sun.

"Let me go," Courtney protested in a low voice, her eyes wide with horror.

How could she forget that Alexander had no respect for boundaries when she was left alone with him? And why did she even bother dragging him out here in the first place? She could have left him in the room to deal with the room service! Where's your brain, Courtney?

Alexander was simply teasing Courtney and had no other intentions, but seeing her outraged like this made him realize how adorable she was when anger got the better of her. In fact, she looked very much like a defensive kitten; it was obvious she wanted to kill him,

but there was little she could do in these circumstances. Her frustration amused Alexander to no end.

“Why is there a suitcase here?” The voice that came from the bedroom seemed to cut through the tension between them.

Courtney paled, feeling like her heart was pounding out of her chest. She clenched her teeth while she glared at Alexander, as if warning him that she would not hesitate to bite him if he were to attempt anything funny.

“It must be President Duncan’s since he arrived at noon. He’s meeting important guests tomorrow, and seeing as he’s going to be with them most of the time, he’s staying here in the hotel.”

“Oh, but where is he now?”

“I guess he went out. Oh, right, make sure you put that suitcase back where you found it. We aren’t supposed to move his things around, so maybe it’s best if we clean up the rest of the suite first.”

“I almost forgot about that! Thanks for the heads up.”

When it was silent once again in the bedroom, Courtney let out a breath of relief and leaned against the glass. However, before she could think that the coast was clear, the staff began to speak again, but this time in hushed tones.

“Ellie, are President Duncan and Miss Hunter seeing each other?”

“So, you’ve heard about it too. The whole hotel’s talking about it. President Duncan was seen carrying Miss Hunter down the other day when Penelope tried to jump off the building. Everyone could tell there was something going on—it’s not as if he’s being discreet about it.”

“But how about his engagement to Britney Price? Is it over?”

“Who knows? The thing is, Miss Hunter has a family of her own, and her daughter’s already in school. How shameless can she be to do such things? I used to think better of her, but now I think she probably became a manager by sleeping her way up the ladder.”

"I think so too! I heard that her husband bought her a house full of roses, but I was surprised when I found out that she's been seeing President Duncan instead. It takes skills, doesn't it, to even so much as approach President Duncan? Tons of other women have tried and failed, so what's her secret?"

"There's no secret to it, but you're right in saying that it takes skills to do it. Very specific ones, to be exact."

The other person made no response to that remark, but Courtney had heard enough. She clenched her fists, and her brows knitted together. She looked like she was about to burst into tears. She knew that there had been rumors going around the hotel after the incident with Penelope, and she had been ready to face the aftermath, but as reality would have it, nothing could have prepared her for when she actually heard the vicious things that were being said about her.

Alexander was staring down at Courtney. He had seen the way her expression gradually shifted from looking outraged to looking hurt. She was trying so hard to hide her grievances, which only seemed more prominent as his shadow loomed over her, and it made him feel as though someone was wrenching his gut out. He let go of her shoulders and opened the door with furious haste. The sun bore down on the both of them, casting their shadows on the floor of the bedroom.

The attendants in the room jumped. "President Duncan!" they exclaimed in unison, flustered.

Alexander's voice was icy. "You both seem to have so much to say, so why don't you tell us right now? Who's been spreading these rumors, and how?"

The attendants simply gaped at him, having gone into shock upon seeing both him and Courtney standing before them.

Finally, one of them spoke. "We only heard about it from others, sir, and we didn't know what we were saying. We're sorry. We weren't there at the scene and we didn't see anything—we shouldn't have insinuated that there was anything going on between you and Miss Hunter. We're sorry."

"Is that right?" Alexander gave them both a withering look, his expression stone-cold. "The person did a pretty good job spreading those rumors, and for your information, there's more going on between Miss Hunter and myself than the both of you may think."

At this, Courtney turned to look at Alexander with wide eyes, but before she could protest, she felt the warmth of his hand clasping around her cold one. He held up their intertwined hands and barked at the two attendants, "Take a long, hard look for yourselves."

One Night Surprise Chapter 125

Chapter 125 You Were Tight

With their jaws dropped, the room service attendants exchanged a look of surprise.

Courtney, on the other hand, had recovered from the initial shock and was now trying to pull her hand away, but Alexander merely tightened his grip.

His voice was deep as it reverberated throughout the bedroom. "Do you see for yourselves now? She's mine. You're both fired, and on your way to Human Resources, make sure to tell everyone what you've seen today."

The two attendants had turned as white as sheets, and one of them had broken into a cold sweat. She would even have buckled over if it weren't for her colleague holding her up.

If looks could kill, they would have been dead. They dared not even ask Alexander for mercy before leaving resentfully.

The door fell shut, and once again, all was quiet in the bedroom.

Courtney rubbed her wrist. There was a long pause before she asked with her head hung low, "Why did you say that?"

"What?"

“That I’m your f-fiancée.”

Alexander closed the distance between them and gently tipped her chin up, forcing her to look into his eyes. “I think I’ve made myself very clear last night.”

She would like to run, but she was caught between Alexander and the bed. Frowning, Courtney argued, “You said you’d give me time—”

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Courtney let out a cry before she could finish her sentence. Alexander had nudged her, causing her to lose her balance. She fell backward, and just as the softness of the bed caught her, Alexander moved to cover her with his body.

“And I also said I didn’t want to wait that long.” His arms were on either side of her as he hovered above her. He was staring at her unrelentingly, and she could tell he was not going to take ‘no’ for an answer.

Courtney felt her breath hitch and she swallowed helplessly as she countered, “What if I’m married?”

She had a daughter, and everyone in the hotel assumed that she was married. She didn’t believe that Alexander wouldn’t have given this some thought.

Instead, he retorted with light humor, “You’re single. I’ve known that since the first time I entered you.”

At this, Courtney stiffened. Tried as she might to force out some kind of expression, she was unable to overcome this sudden paralysis that seized her entire being.

She felt as though she had dug her own grave, and more often than not, she found that most of her arguments with Alexander landed her in similar predicaments. At this rate, she might as well be buried six feet under.

How could he even say something like that?

More to the point, how could he be so wickedly blatant about it?

As if proving a point, he grinned roguishly and added, “You were tight.”

The next moment, blood rushed to Courtney's face as she struggled to escape from beneath him. "Let me go, you rascal!"

He was weightless when she pushed him away this time. As he rolled away on his side and allowed her to escape, she sat up, then drew deep breaths like she had almost drowned. Her chest rose and fell with each angry breath as she glowered at him mutinously. "You have some nerve," she grumbled.

Alexander, on the other hand, stretched out on the bed in a leisurely manner. His arms were behind his head, and his eyes regarded her playfully as he chuckled, "I believe it was only yesterday when you hinted at me like this."

Upon realizing what he was talking about, Courtney felt her blood boil. She grabbed a pillow and tried to hit him with it as she snapped, "Shut up!"

Alexander lifted his hand and deftly blocked the pillow, then reached upward to wrap his arm around Courtney's neck. She toppled onto him, and the pillow fell onto the carpet. At this very moment, it was as though time had gone still.

"So," Alexander began quietly, "what do you think?"

The sound of her breathing stirred something deep within him, stroking his senses and awakening them. Courtney was having difficulty catching her breath, and while her rationale was telling her to think before she answered, she hummed in agreement without conscious volition. As soon as that happened, Alexander's lips found hers, sealing off anything else she might have to say.

It was as though the world was spinning, and Courtney's mind went blank. All she could hear were the rustling sound of her clothes being discarded and the staccato of her heartbeat.

Whatever inhibitions she had melted away at this moment, and all that lingered on her mind was how brazen Alexander was to ravish her in daylight without even bothering to draw the curtains.

The next morning, those who had been dispatched to the airport alongside the ambassador had arrived back at the hotel with the foreign guests. As representative of the hotel, Courtney stood with the entourage and supervised the check-in process.

The main purpose of the visit was for promoting trade and commerce. There were about fifteen foreign guests who were now checking into the hotel, all of whom were led by a man named Hans and his plump wife, Jennifer. Hans was in his fifties, and he had grey hair and piercing blue eyes.

The ambassador knew Alexander, so he promptly introduced him to Hans. "This is Alexander Duncan, the president of Sunhill Enterprise."

Hans nodded with a smile and shook Alexander's hand jovially.

Alexander then glanced over at Courtney, directing Hans' attention toward her. "This is Miss Hunter. She'll be in charge of your stay here and show you around Melrose City. We hope you'll have a pleasant time here."

"Oh, she's a beautiful young lady," Hans praised. Then, he tilted his head and, with as much mischief as his age would allow, asked playfully, "Is she your wife?"

Alexander smiled pleasantly. "She will be soon."

The hotel staff who heard this all exchanged meaningful looks, as though they had just been vindicated of some private truth that only they knew, and the air rippled with barely-suppressed frenzy; even the ambassador couldn't help but look at Courtney in astonishment.

However, Hans and Jennifer were oblivious to the reason behind the shift in the atmosphere. They perked up at the mention of an upcoming marriage, and they were ecstatic as they congratulated both Alexander and Courtney. Jennifer, in particular, was overjoyed as she pulled Courtney into her arms, quipping excitedly, "Let me know when you've got a date for the wedding! I have a friend who makes the most exquisite wedding gowns!"

When Jennifer released her from the embrace after saying this, Courtney flushed, which warranted another round of teasing from Hans.

Thankfully, the ambassador stepped in to steer the conversation back on track, relieving Courtney of the sudden and overwhelming attention she had received. Regaining composure, she assigned the hotel staff to bring the guests to their rooms.

Seeing as the guests would be down with jetlag for the first day, nothing had been arranged on the itinerary. The guests would have lunch in their rooms, and in order to make sure that everything went off without a hitch, Courtney supervised the entire process, unwilling to let her guard down until the last of the food had been sent up to the designated rooms.

Once she had done that, Courtney returned to her own room to catch a breather. She slipped off her high heels and padded across the carpet, then plopped down onto the couch. Stretching, she allowed a full-bodied yawn to escape her.

She was exhausted. She had woken up early that morning and girded herself for the arrival of the guests, which hadn't happened until close to noon time.

Courtney had only just laid down when a tall figure came around from behind the partition and made his way toward her.

"You'll catch a cold if you sleep here. Go to the room where it's warmer," Alexander pointed out gently.

"I'm tired. The couch will do." Courtney could barely keep her eyes open, and she lifted her arm to weakly dismiss Alexander's concern. "Just get me a blanket."

Watching as her slender arm made a lazy circle above her head before she let it fall onto the back of the sofa, Alexander shook his head in resignation, then walked over to her.

"Huh?" Courtney gasped as she was lifted off the couch before being cradled in Alexander's arms. Her eyes fluttered open briefly, and for a moment there she looked as if she was awake, but almost instantaneously she shut her eyes once more and mumbled drowsily, "You don't have to carry me to the bed. Just let me sleep on the couch."

So much for gratitude, Alexander thought dryly. He ought to leave her on the carpet.

However, his eyes softened as he gazed down at her sleeping form, and he gently tucked her into bed. Then, he drew the curtains and switched on the night light.

He adjusted the temperature of the air-conditioner in the room before leaving. As he closed the door behind him, he took in the warm ambience that was now present in the suite, and he realized that he was doing things he never would have done before.

One Night Surprise Chapter 126

Chapter 126 This Is Between You and Me

Alexander had never wasted time pondering the idea of a soulmate until he met Courtney Hunter.

He had been the type to believe that a dog offered more reliable companionship than marriage ever could, and he had never been lonely in all the time he was single. In fact, he had enjoyed his bachelorhood very much. He had thought that Jordan was the only one capable of turning his life upside down, but then he met Courtney and realized he had been very wrong.

That said, the only difference between Jordan and Courtney had been the way in which they had shown up in Alexander's life. Where Alexander had felt conflicted when he first met Jordan, he had felt the complete opposite with Courtney—if anything, his fondness and affection for her had only grown since their first meeting.

Presently, the sound of the door clicking shut seemed to reverberate throughout the suite, but it was soft enough to not stir Courtney from her slumber.

As Alexander emerged from the suite, Josh, who had been waiting by the door, greeted, "President Duncan."

Alexander nodded in acknowledgement, then said, "Right. I need you to take care of the rumors that have been going around the hotel for the past couple of days. I don't want to hear any more of these groundless accusations."

He was getting irritated just talking about this. Everyone in the hotel was under the impression that Courtney was married, and instead of clarifying on this matter, she had chosen to keep her mouth shut for the sake of convenience. Now, Alexander was left with no choice but to resolve the issue himself.

"I'll have it taken care of by tomorrow morning," Josh promised. "By the way, I've looked into the incident with Louis; his neighbor said that a young man had dropped by Louis's house before the fire broke out."

At this, Alexander stopped in his tracks and raised a brow. "A young man?"

"Eye witnesses claimed that the young man was a college student who couldn't be more than 20, and that he had delicate features. He was seen staying with Louis the last time he visited the old town, and half a month had passed before he dropped by again the other day. That same night, a fire broke out in Louis' home. Here's a picture of the young man in question."

As he said this, Josh produced the said picture from the brown paper bag he was carrying and handed it over to Alexander. "The picture was drawn up on the spot based on the description given by the neighbor, but it should be pretty close to the real thing."

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Alexander held the picture between his long fingers. There was something familiar about the young man's features, but Alexander couldn't quite say what it was.

Just as Alexander was deep in thought, the sound of footsteps came from down the hallway, and the corridor lights cast a long shadow of an approaching figure who mused in a youthful baritone when he reached them, "Oh, you guys are here, too?"

Alexander lifted his head and shoved the picture back into the paper bag, frowning as he registered Oliver's presence. "What are you doing here?"

Oliver was dressed casually in white, the very picture of athleisure-chic. "I'm here to see Courtney. I've recalled a couple of places in the past two days, and I think they may have something to do with my memory. I was hoping she could check them out with me."

"She's sleeping. I'm afraid she won't have time for you, seeing as she'll be kept on her feet for the next few days." Alexander paused as he eyed Oliver with discreet wariness, then said tersely, "If you remember anything else, you can look for my assistant."

Oliver crossed his arms as his gaze lingered briefly on Alexander. "I wouldn't trouble you with it as this is between Courtney and me."

Alexander's expression darkened as he shot Oliver an icy look.

For the past couple of years, Alexander hadn't met many who dared rebuke him, and this was not the first time he had felt Oliver's immense hostility toward him.

"Sunhill Enterprise has taken responsibility for the accident, and from the very moment you were discharged from the hospital, there was no longer anything between you and Courtney," Alexander countered, regarding Oliver with a withering gaze before he emphasized, "This is between you and me."

A contemptuous smirk tugged at Oliver's lips and he drawled, "Is that what you think?"

The air around them seemed to have gone very still.

Just then, the sound of a phone ringing cut through the rising tension that was threatening to freeze the hallway over, and Josh hastily answered the call. When he hung up, he turned to address Alexander. "President Duncan, the front desk says that Miss Price is here to see you. There's something she would like to talk to you about."

Alexander nodded curtly. "Let's go."

Oliver frowned, the scorn in his bright eyes ever-so-subtle as he watched Alexander leave.

Meanwhile, after bringing in the tea, the secretary sneaked a couple of curious glances at Britney Price before leaving the office.

The entire hotel was already buzzing with the announcement of Alexander and Courtney's relationship, so what could have brought Britney here? The fact that the announcement was made was further proof that Britney's previous engagement to Alexander had fallen through, but her presence here today could indicate that something dramatic was about to happen. After all, hell hath no fury like an ex-fiancée scorned.

Alexander wasted no time on small talk as he asked, "Josh told me that you've managed to get a hold of a doctor from Germany who specializes in child psychology. Is that true?"

Britney looked pleased at this and answered, "Yes. While I was in Germany, I got to know this professor whose work on child psychology is centralized on how childhood trauma caused by illnesses could lead to speech impediments and antisocial tendencies. I thought of Jordan immediately."

"That's nice of you," Alexander said pensively with his brows drawn together.

“Of course. After all, I did watch Jordan grow up, and I want nothing more than to see him talk like how other children could. When you have the time, I’ll get in touch with the doctor and have him take a look at Jordan.”

Alexander nodded. “We’ll arrange a time for it—after the foreign guests leave, perhaps.”

Jordan’s speech impediment, or rather his refusal to speak, had been something that Alexander found difficult to deal with. There had been no breakthrough despite visiting countless doctors over the years. On the two occasions when Jordan did speak, he had called out for ‘Mommy’, which only made Alexander feel an insurmountable sense of guilt. He could not shake the thought that perhaps it was his failure in providing Jordan with a happy family that led to the boy’s current condition.

Britney bent her head as she took a sip of tea, effectively hiding the glee in her eyes.

She knew that the more time she spent with Alexander, the more likely she could get him back.

“I’ll probably get in touch with the doctor in the next few days to ask him about his schedule,” she said softly. As a sudden thought came over her, she mused with a self-deprecating smile, “Now that I think about it, I met this doctor while I was shooting a movie in Germany. I was picking up my wedding gown at the bridal shop, and he was there too.”

Alexander made no effort to respond to this. Instead, he kept his head down while going through the paperwork before him.

Seeing this, Britney clenched her fists and demanded, “Alexander, I know you don’t have the highest regard for actors, but you and I go way back—you know how I feel about you, but till now, you still haven’t given me a reason as to why you canceled our engagement.”

She had been on her way to attend an award show when Alexander’s assistant had called to inform her that the wedding was off. Britney had been infuriated that he had canceled the wedding—over the phone, no less—and because he had asked his assistant to do it, she hadn’t even been given the chance to retaliate.

“As compensation, President Duncan has contacted the Ivory Bear Awards committee, and they’ve agreed to let you win the award of Best Lead Actress,” the assistant had said briskly

before hanging up the call, and Britney had watched as all her hard work was reduced to nothing. She hadn't been able to live that down.

Now, upon hearing her questioning him, Alexander looked up slowly from his paperwork and regarded her impassively. His gaze was distant, almost apathetic, as he said, "I think I made myself very clear when I told you back then that I wasn't getting married because I needed a wife, but because Jordan needed a mother."

One Night Surprise Chapter 127

Chapter 127 There's Someone I Like

"And what about Courtney?" Britney was heartbroken, and her voice trembled as she pressed on, "Do you think she would be a better mother to Jordan than I would?"

Alexander's brows furrowed. After a moment of thought, he let out a hum and nodded. "Yes."

Efficiency was key when it came to solving problems, and Alexander knew this principle well. He also knew that the answer he just gave Britney would bring a swift end to their conversation, and seeing as he owed her no obligation to elaborate further on his deepest thoughts or feelings, his monosyllabic response sufficed.

As expected, and this was clearly much to Britney's dismay, she pressed no further.

Britney's fists were clenched as she marched her way from Alexander's office to the elevator. As far as she was concerned, she would have been Alexander's top choice for marriage if it weren't for Courtney.

The elevator doors were closing when a clear, youthful voice called out, "Wait!"

She reached out instinctively and pressed on the button to hold the doors open. Her mind tried to work out why the voice sounded familiar, and when she looked up, she saw the towering figure of a young man saunter into the elevator. He turned and nodded at her. "Thanks."

Upon seeing his face, Britney faltered. Her panic would have been obvious to the man if she weren't presently wearing shades.

"You..." she gasped.

"Yes?" He looked at her questioningly. "Do you know me?"

Britney's fists tightened at her sides. With her hat and shades in place, her face was almost entirely hidden from view, hence she denied it. "No, I don't know you at all."

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She was well aware of the existence of doppelgangers, but the person who was currently in the elevator with her looked exactly like the missing Benjamin Ford.

But from the looks of it, he didn't seem to recognize her.

The elevator doors slowly opened with a 'ding', and Britney watched as the young man left without even turning back to look at her. She snapped out of her thoughts and walked toward the front desk, whereupon she asked, "Who was that guy? I thought the hotel was not receiving any more guests at the moment."

Penelope was working at the front desk today, and having heard Britney's question, she glanced over at the man who had just left. "Do you mean Oliver? He's a friend of Miss Hunter's, and President Duncan arranged for his stay here. He's not really a guest."

As far as the Sunhill Hotel staff were concerned, Oliver was staying at the hotel as a friend of President Duncan's, who had made the arrangements personally. They had no idea who Oliver really was, and given that he was usually incognito, there weren't more than a handful of people who knew about his memory loss.

Britney's frown deepened.

How could he be a friend of Courtney's? He was clearly Benjamin Ford!

What if he had told Alexander about all the sleuthing he had done on Louis?

Britney paled at the thought of this and hastily made a call. "Jason," she said anxiously into her phone, "I think we may have a problem. I just saw Benjamin Ford."

Courtney slept through the entire day, and it was dark outside by the time she woke up. The light that came from behind the partition basked the bedroom in a warm glow. Her eyes fluttered open, and she was still drowsy with sleep when the faint smell of cooking wafted through the air.

She shuffled out from behind the partition and saw that Alexander was eating alone at the dining table. Her eyes fell on the spread laid out before him, which comprised three dishes, a large bowl of soup, a fruit platter and two dessert choices. "Why didn't you wake me up?" she asked accusingly.

"You woke up anyway," Alexander said as he lifted his gaze, an impish grin playing on his lips. "Much like how puppies and kittens do when they smell food."

"I can't believe you just compared me to puppies and kittens," Courtney grumbled, glaring at him as she pulled out a chair for herself. "You know, humans wake up on their own too when they smell food."

Alexander offered no argument. Instead, he ladled out a small bowl of soup and placed it in front of her. "Try this. It's chicken soup."

"Did you make this?"

"Sort of."

Courtney gaped at him. She had only asked as a matter of courtesy, and she certainly had not expected for a person like him, who had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, to make soup for her.

Seeing her astonishment, Alexander gave her a lopsided smile and clarified, "I had the kitchen make it."

At this, Courtney rolled her eyes. "If you think that means you've 'sort of' made soup, then you might as well rebrand the entire restaurant menu as 'the President's Special' the next time you decide to advertise the hotel. I'm sure all the women in Melrose City would line up at our doors just to cheer you on in your culinary endeavors."

Alexander smiled pleasantly, then asked, "Are you saying you're jealous?"

"J-Jealous?" Courtney stuttered, then flushed as she realized what she had just told him. She scoffed in awkward denial before retorting, "Do you really think there are women out there who would line up for you? Don't flatter yourself. I was only exaggerating. I have nothing to be jealous of!"

"I certainly have no idea how many women would line up for me." Alexander looked at her in bemusement. "You, on the other hand, have plenty of men lining up for you. Don't you think you should explain yourself?"

He switched topics so abruptly that Courtney couldn't catch up with him. She blinked. "What are you talking about?"

He crossed his arms and stared at her assessingly. "Fifteen years old, then twenty-five. Do you have a thing about bringing a man home every ten years?"

Courtney's eyes widened when she finally made sense of what he was saying, and she sputtered, "I don't have a 'thing' for bringing men home. You know as well as I do that those were accidents!"

"Oh no, I'm well aware that the punk staying in my hotel was an accident, but how about the other guy? He's been getting on my nerves recently."

"Shay? Why is he getting on your nerves? The man's on a variety show!"

"Seems like you've been really busy these days. Take a look." Alexander's expression was bland as he clicked into a video on his phone and propped it up in front of her. If he was upset, he certainly didn't show it.

Confused, Courtney fixed her eyes on the screen and saw that it was a video clip taken from the variety show in which Shay was starring. It was a clip of his interview, and he was sitting in front of the camera wearing blue-and-white checkered pajamas.

The reporter asked, "You're only in your twenties. In light of your agency's public announcement that you are currently single and your recent clarifications on the dating rumors, would you mind sharing with us the qualities you look for in a woman?"

"I'm not really looking for anything in anyone right now," Shay answered in all seriousness. "There's someone I like."

"Is there?" The reporter grew excited and pressed on eagerly, "Who is it? Is she someone in the industry?"

"No, she's not. She took me in when I was a kid."

"She took you in? Is she your adoptive mother?" The reporter did not bother hiding his astonishment.

"No, of course no. She's only three years older than me, so she's more like a sister. We're not related."

Nothing more was said after that.

Courtney shrugged, then drank her soup nonchalantly as she explained, "It's no big deal. He's probably joking, as always. Even as a kid, he would tell others that I was his fiancée. I mean, you can't take him seriously—I'm practically an older sister to him!"

"Are you?" Seeing how unaffected she was, Alexander clicked on the return key and suggested plainly, "Why don't you read the caption for this news clip?"

Courtney swallowed another mouthful of soup and glanced at him curiously.

On his phone was a three-minute news clip with a caption that read: 'Shay Spencer reveals that he's been groomed since young, and that he's in love with his adoptive mother!'

Soup sputtered out of her mouth as she began to choke. In between coughs, she demanded incredulously, "Who is this reporter? This is ridiculous! Adoptive mother? Groomed since young? Who—"

"Do you still think this isn't a big deal?" Alexander asked dryly as he handed her a tissue.

Still coughing, Courtney took the tissue and hastily wiped her mouth. She looked up at Alexander sheepishly. "So, what do we do about it?"

"I've had all relevant clips and articles removed from all trending searches before I came over," he replied, his deep voice echoing off the walls.

Courtney stared at him in surprise. Slowly, she let out the breath she had been holding and finally said, "Thank you, and I apologize on Shay's behalf."

Seeing as Shay was signed under Alexander's agency, Courtney grimaced inwardly at the thought of how much resources had gone into putting out this fire that he had started.

However, Alexander's eyes darkened as he mused, "I find your apology and your word of thanks to be rather insincere."

One Night Surprise Chapter 128

Chapter 128 I Thought You Wanted Me to Stop

"Well, what do you think passes for sincerity?"

"I believe I should be asking you that question," Alexander countered easily, his eyes sparkling deviously.

Courtney blushed and looked down, muttering, "The things that go on in your mind—and right in the middle of dinner, too."

But before she could say anything else, she looked up to see Alexander standing up from his seat and leaving the table. "What are you doing?" she asked, her brows furrowing.

He strode toward the couch, picked up a huge purple gift box, then returned to the dining table. He undid the bow that was around the box and lifted the cover to reveal the teal-colored cheongsam within. The dress was exquisitely made, with a high neckline that featured the fine embroidery of a dark red flower.

"Since you're going to show Hans and the others around Melrose City tomorrow, I figured you could dress for the occasion," Alexander explained.

Realizing that she had made a mistake, Courtney secretly winced and wished that the ground would open up and swallow her. To make matters worse, Alexander had caught what she said and was now looking at her with wicked amusement. "So, what were you saying about the things that went on in my mind?"

Courtney avoided his gaze. "I said nothing. I'm going to try this on now," she blurted as she hurriedly picked up the dress and darted around the partition to go into the bedroom.

Alexander smiled, clearly entertained. His eyes lit up as he heard the faint rustling of fabric coming from the bedroom, which indicated that Courtney was in the middle of trying on the dress, and he decided to walk in.

Courtney had her back turned toward him. She had pulled on the cheongsam and was now working on the clasp at the neckline. When she heard him come into the bedroom, she bent her head and continued busying herself with the clasp while grumbling, "I can't quite manage to button this up. Is it supposed to be this difficult?"

As she grew agitated, a hand slid along her shoulder and gently pulled her hair back against her nape. Courtney began to turn around.

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"Don't move," Alexander instructed quietly. Courtney went still as her breath hitched. She could feel her hair being tugged out from beneath the collar of her dress, followed by the sensation of the neckline loosening.

"Oh, thanks." Her lips were pressed in a straight line as she tried to look unbothered, but her fingers remained useless as they fumbled clumsily at the clasp.

"Here, let me," Alexander offered from where he stood behind her. He wrapped his arms around her shoulders, and as she looked down, she could see his fingers expertly clasping up the neckline. He made it look so easy.

She could feel his warm breath stirring her hair. No longer able to keep her gaze away, Courtney lifted her eyes and saw their reflection in the full-length mirror. The teal-colored cheongsam was closely fitted against her petite frame, accentuating her curves with a sophisticated vintage flair. Alexander was embracing her from behind. They looked as though they had traveled back in time to the last century, and words could not describe the passion and the tension that lay in their proximity.

Courtney swallowed nervously. "How do I look?"

She saw in the mirror as Alexander tilted his head to look at her. His right hand fell away from her left shoulder, travelled across her collarbone before resting below her chin. Gently, he turned her face toward him, and their noses touched as he whispered, "You look beautiful."

His voice was hoarse despite the short answer, and Courtney could feel the heat that radiated from his palm as he cupped one side of her face. She felt warm all over.

As the clasp came halfway undone, Alexander seemed to have lost his patience. His hand ran along her thigh, which was exposed beneath the high slit of the dress, and he nibbled on her earlobe. She could tell he was mildly irritated as he grumbled, "If I had known it would take this much work to undress you, I never would have let you wear it in the first place."

Courtney flushed. She could feel her blood rushing toward her core, heating her up from within. As her breathing grew erratic, the embroidered flower near the neckline of her dress seemed to move as though it was drifting across a tempestuous sea.

Seeing her like this when he cast a sideways glance at the mirror, Alexander could restrain himself no longer. He pushed her up against the mirror, and Courtney reached out to brace herself against the glass, the heat from her palms leaving marks on the clear surface.

The back of the dress was scrunched up, leaving the lower half of her body exposed. Alexander's hand was quick to remove the last piece of clothing that came between them, and before long, the sound of the belt buckle hitting the ground echoed off the walls like an erotic prelude. He grabbed onto her waist as he pushed himself into her.

“Ah—” Courtney let out a sharp gasp when she felt him fill up her core, her breath fogging up the mirror and effectively blurring the reflection of their entwined bodies.

“Does it hurt?” Alexander’s voice was strained and rough, like he was suppressing a growl.

Courtney’s legs trembled, and she reached behind her to grab onto his wrist. Her face was flushed as she panted, “Stop—”

“Stop what?”

“Stop talking to me,” she forced through gritted teeth as she tried to keep her body from shaking.

Why did he have to talk to her now of all times?

Alexander’s eyes burned with humor as he drawled, “I thought you were asking me to stop.”

Courtney knew he was teasing her on purpose, but she blushed nonetheless, clenching her jaw as she kept quiet.

“Do you want this?” Alexander asked hoarsely as his girth slowly stroked against her core, eliciting another moan from her. She let out an impatient groan when he stopped abruptly, desperate for him to continue.

“If you want this, say my name.”

Courtney felt herself unraveling as he teased her. Her body wanted him so badly that it seemed to ache with desperation. “Alexander...” she cried out in a pleading tone.

The way she called out his name—a raspy whimper heavily interlaced with desire—coupled with how tousled and disheveled she looked in the mirror stirred something almost animalistic within Alexander. He made a noise in the back of his throat, and as an overwhelming sense of urgency seized him, he grabbed her waist, then began thrusting into her warmth. Courtney’s moans escalated as his movements grew rough; she could feel herself coming undone.

She was drained. Her legs were trembling as she begged and moaned, but Alexander showed no sign of slowing down. He pinned her up against the wall, unrelenting, and she

felt him thrust into her with greater urgency, penetrating deep into her core. Courtney swore she felt the earth shake.

They had navigated their way to the bed at some point, losing all sense of time. With one final thrust of Alexander's hips, Courtney came undone around him. She craned her neck, and her back arched as she felt the intensity of the climax wash over her; Alexander watched as the light played across the curves of her naked body. Her skin was as flawless as porcelain—erotic and beautiful all the same.

The expensive handmade cheongsam had been discarded and now lay crumpled on the floor next to the bed. The delicate neckline had been torn beyond repair, which served only as proof of how rough and passionate the both of them had been.

Alexander picked her up from the bed. She softened into his arms, weak after the ordeal. "No more. I'm exhausted," she mumbled softly in protest, patting his chest.

He kissed her forehead, his voice hoarse as he said, "You have to shower before you sleep, my love."

Courtney hummed in relief, then shifted in his arms so that she could rest comfortably while he carried her into the bathroom. She was completely spent, and she kept her eyes closed as Alexander bathed her.

Alexander held her in his arms that night, and he watched her sleep. There was a reassuring sense of comfort that seemed to wrap itself around his once-empty heart. There had been a time when he was convinced that life was meant to be lonely, and that he would leave the world alone, just as he came. He had thought of love as an intangible and meaningless illusion, one that was untethered by any real sense of responsibility or practicality.

But when he found love, he felt like he was the luckiest man in the world.

Courtney, on the other hand, was frowning in her sleep. She appeared to be dreaming, and she seemed distressed about it. "Jordan..." she mumbled, eyes still closed.

Alexander stirred at the sound of her voice, and snapping out of his reverie, he tightened his arms around her. As he pulled her closer, he heard her say, "Come over here to Mommy..."

His eyes widened in surprise, and his gaze darkened as it fell upon her.

One Night Surprise Chapter 129

Chapter 129 A Memento of Last Night

"Are you sure it's Benjamin? Could you have been mistaken?"

"That's impossible! I clearly saw him."

Late at night in an upscale villa in Westpark, Jason had a look of uncertainty on his face as he grabbed Britney's wine glass from her. "That's enough drinking. Even if it was him, the fact that Alexander is still willing to see you must mean that he hasn't said anything yet. There's still room for discussion."

"Are you saying that he went to Alexander on purpose?" Britney asked as she was jolted back to reality. Her delicate face was tinged with drunkenness as she turned to her manager and murmured, "Just so he could use it to threaten me?"

"There's an eighty percent chance that that's the case. After all, money is his favorite thing, isn't it? Who knows if he intends to use this to blackmail us? Then again, he doesn't have any proof of what happened that night."

"What should we do now?"

"Instead of hiding, why don't we just negotiate with him? There's nothing that money can't solve."

Her manager's confident composure eased the hard expression on Britney's face.

He's right. Benjamin loves money so much, there's no way he will turn away from it.

The next morning, Courtney was awoken by the ringing of an alarm clock. When she got up and saw the time, she nearly jumped out of bed. "It's already eight thirty!"

Alexander came out of the living room that was hidden behind the screen, dressed in a white shirt and dress pants. With a mug of coffee in his hands, he looked calmly at her. "You have another twenty-five minutes to get ready."

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Courtney grabbed at her hair frantically, stumbling out of bed and searching for a change of clothes as she chided, "It's all your fault..."

"My fault?" Alexander sipped his coffee, his tone enigmatic.

Courtney fished out a suit from the cupboard and shot him a fierce glare. "Because you didn't wake me even though you're up."

"As your boyfriend, there's nothing wrong with wanting my girlfriend to get a little more rest."

"Then if I'm late, don't reprimand me. Not a single word." Courtney rolled her eyes at him as she went to the bathroom with her clothes in her arms.

Alexander's voice sounded from outside the door. "As a boss, it's only right that I'm strict with my employees."

From across the bathroom, Courtney shot back angrily, "Switching between roles when you get off work seems easy enough for you."

"You're welcome."

That wasn't a compliment! Courtney was speechless. She muttered silently to herself as she looked in the mirror and put on some light makeup.

When she came out, she accidentally stepped on the cheongsam from the night before and she frowned. "What should we do with this?"

"Someone will come by later to clean up the place. Just have them send it to the store to get it mended."

"Can it be mended?" Courtney seriously doubted the feasibility of this matter. After all, the slit at the side of the dress had been torn up to the underarm section, causing it to be destroyed beyond recognition.

“Whether or not it can be mended well isn’t important. You can just keep it as a memento.”

Courtney was confused to hear this. “A memento of what?”

“A memento of last night.”

For several seconds, Courtney was stuck in place. Then, she fled red-faced from the door. She was highly suspicious that Alexander had suppressed his desires for too long, so much so that his physiological needs were rushing out like savage beasts now that the brakes were released, unable to be contained any longer. They had only just started their relationship but they were already advancing really quickly.

The day’s itinerary included leading the foreign guests around the garden, which was roughly two kilometers away from Sunhill Hotel, not far at all. Courtney was responsible for the English explanations throughout their tour and her fluent translations rendered the accompanying interpreter useless.

Hans and Jennifer liked Courtney very much and they were even more impressed to learn that she had spent five years alone with her daughter in America.

“It must’ve been tough living alone in a foreign country with your daughter. You are amazing!” Jennifer grasped Courtney’s hand with a look of admiration.

“It was alright; it wasn’t that miserable. We came back not because we couldn’t bear living abroad but because my daughter and I preferred the environment here.”

“I like your country’s environment too.” Jennifer tilted her head and smiled like a mischievous little girl. “And you’re right—you weren’t miserable at all. Look at you; you came back and met Mr. Duncan. True love is hard to come by.”

“Yes; it is.” Courtney gazed into the distance and saw that Alexander was discussing the construction process of the stone bridge with Hans. She couldn’t help but smile.

As night fell, Sunhill Hotel had specially arranged an open-air music reception—which was held on the large lawn in front of the hotel—to welcome the foreign guests.

Jennifer wore a floor-length lavender evening gown, looking elegant and graceful even in her fifties. “Mr. Duncan and Miss Hunter, I’d like to introduce you to a friend of mine. She’s also from Otharia but we met in America.”

“Oh—you have other friends from Otharia?”

“Here she is.” Jennifer grinned and waved in the direction of the entrance.

A dark figure dressed in a pure black silk dress inlaid with black sequins walked leisurely toward them. Under the glow of the light, the figure seemed to shine like a black mermaid.

Upon seeing her, Courtney froze. “Cameron?”

“You two know each other?” Jennifer was surprised.

Cameron, on the other hand, was unperturbed. She smiled and explained, “Jennifer is a friend of mine whom I met in America and she’s also a big fan of my store. Courtney here is my best friend, so I knew when Jennifer told me the address of the party.”

Cameron was a fashion designer so she had many foreign friends, but it still took Courtney by surprise that she knew Jennifer as it was such a coincidence.

After they made small talk for a while with wine glasses in hand, Jennifer excused herself.

“Oh and Cameron, Gale will be coming tonight.” Courtney suddenly thought of this and looked to Alexander for confirmation. “Yes?”

On the side, Alexander gave a slight nod.

Although it was a private reception, Gale was a company shareholder so it was only natural for him to drop by.

Cameron rolled her eyes then said airily, “It’s none of my business whether or not he comes.”

“Another fight?” Courtney sighed helplessly. “Everything was fine two days ago. How did it end up like this?”

“It’s not just a fight this time. We’ve gone our separate ways.”

“You’ve broken up?” Courtney asked hesitantly.

Cameron raised her eyebrows. “That’s right.”

Hearing this, Courtney and Alexander exchanged a look, mutual understanding in their expressions.

Ever since Cameron and Gale got together, they would break up seven or eight times a month. Hence, they no longer bothered to determine which time was a real breakup and which was not.

At this moment, a familiar figure entered and started walking toward them upon catching sight of them.

Courtney tugged on Alexander's sleeve when she saw him. "Cameron, Alexander and I have to go over and entertain the guests first. I trust you'll be okay by yourself?"

"I'll be fine." Cameron waved her hand, unconcerned. "You guys go ahead. I didn't come alone anyway."

Courtney was stunned once again upon hearing that. "Who else is here?"

One Night Surprise Chapter 130

Chapter 130 Missed the Return of the Prodigal Son

As they were speaking, Gale had reached them. Standing at 1.85 meters with a model's figure, he looked like he belonged on a runway and was dressed in a white suit that showed off his gentlemanly demeanor.

"Why are you here?" Gale directed his question at Cameron as soon as he arrived.

"Why? I can't be here because your family owns the place?"

"You know that's not what I meant." Gale rubbed his nose and smiled before he continued teasingly, "It's just that last night, someone said that we should go our separate ways and stay out of each other's lives. It's only been a short while—"

"I'm afraid what I said last night is still valid." Cameron threw him a disdainful glare. All of a sudden, she waved to someone behind him and called out sweetly, "Honey, over here!"

The person that came over was the youngest of the foreign guests—a blue-eyed man with blond hair. The man had broad shoulders and his muscular physique was obviously bigger than Gale's, causing him to appear more imposing. As soon as he walked over, Cameron affectionately hooked her arm with his.

"Allow me to introduce my boyfriend, Spence."

After exchanging pleasantries, Courtney was speechless so she hurriedly pulled Alexander away from the awkward scene.

Both Cameron and Gale were both unwilling to admit defeat and they would rather suffer than lose their sense of pride. They were constantly going against each other, so Courtney and Alexander were used to this kind of incident. However, Courtney had the distinct feeling that Cameron had gone overboard this time. Even Gale's expression had changed.

Sure enough, as soon as Courtney and Alexander left, Gale dropped his pleasant expression and gritted out, "Cameron, if I'm not mistaken, we've only just broken up yesterday. It sure took you a short amount of time to move on."

"Do you have a problem with that?" Cameron shot him a look. "At least I found someone new after the breakup, unlike someone who got together with several others when we were still together."

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"I already told you that she's my friend's sister."

"Then your friend must have a lot of sisters."

Meanwhile, Courtney was drinking red wine with the guests, her arm hooked with Alexander's. It didn't take long before her face was flushed red and she had to lean on him.

Music started to play and several foreign men enthusiastically invited Courtney to dance.

She graciously accepted their invitation and entered the dance floor.

She wore a burgundy slip dress and when she spun, her dress flared out in a burst of color. The interplay of light created an amorous atmosphere; no one could look away and an increasing number of men had their eyes on her.

Gale walked to Alexander with a glass of wine in his hand, and the crisp clink of their glasses was drowned out by the loud music. Watching the figure on the dance floor, Gale teased, "So many men are staring at her. Aren't you jealous?"

"Shouldn't they be the ones that are jealous?" Alexander's face was calm as he took a sip of wine. "Such a beautiful woman, yet they can only look at her because she belongs to me."

"That's a good way to look at things. I used to be like that too." Gale shrugged. "Perhaps it's because I'm older now, so my mindset isn't that great."

Alexander cast him a sideways glance before he corrected in a deep voice, "Your mentality wasn't good before. You just didn't care."

Gale went through women faster than he changed clothes. Sometimes, he couldn't even remember the names of the women who were in bed with him the night before. It wasn't a good mentality—he was just being rash and thoughtless. All he cared about was fulfilling his physiological needs.

"Does that mean that I care now?"

"I have a feeling that you're starting to care now but you're just pretending to be indifferent." Alexander looked thoughtfully into the distance. "If you continue to pretend, I'm afraid she won't be yours anymore."

Gale frowned. "What do you mean?"

"See for yourself."

Following Alexander's gaze, Gale saw two figures standing together in an intimate manner on the opposite side of the dance floor. Cameron held her new boyfriend in one hand while feeding him fruit with the other.

Gale's expression turned thunderous as he took in the scene.

It was bad enough that Cameron had found a new man to anger him, yet now she was even trying to pretend to be infatuated with the new guy?

Gale tossed his head back and downed the rest of the wine before he set it down heavily and strode off.

When the dance was over, another man came up to ask for a dance but Courtney simply shook her head and tactfully held her forehead, saying that she had a headache from drinking too much. After getting through multiple obstacles, she finally managed to return to Alexander's side.

"Wasn't Gale here?" Courtney asked casually as she drank a mouthful of the water that Alexander handed to her.

"He just left."

She nodded then sighed. "How long do you think it'll take before they get back together again this time?"

"After the party, I reckon." Alexander's nonchalant voice came from beside her.

"What?" Courtney's head shot up in surprise. "Why would you say so?"

Alexander looked into the distance and Courtney followed his gaze. On the opposite end of the dance floor, Gale had tugged Cameron out of her new boyfriend's grasp and was wordlessly pulling her into the nearest lounge. When the door shut behind them, it seemed as if it were closing off a room filled with passion and ambiguity.

"Did I miss something?" Courtney asked, her eyes wide.

From the side, Alexander held her by the shoulders and murmured, "You've missed the return of the prodigal son."

The reception finally ended at ten o'clock. Besides Cameron and Gale, everyone else was staying in the hotel, which made matters a lot more convenient. As there was nothing much to do afterward, Courtney gave instructions for the venue to be cleaned up overnight before going back to her room to rest.

The following week, Courtney was busy entertaining the foreign guests. Alexander accompanied her during the first few days but on the third day, he disappeared early in the morning.

“President Duncan has some business to attend to so you’ll have to take care of the foreign guests for the next two days, Miss Hunter.” When asked about it at night, Josh kept dodging her gaze, making him look highly suspicious.

“What business?” she pressed.

Josh let out a dry cough before he answered awkwardly, “I don’t know everything that goes on with the boss. It seems to be a private matter.”

Courtney’s brows furrowed. Alexander was not someone who didn’t know how to differentiate between public and private matters. Why would he run off to handle something private when handling the foreign guests was such an important affair? Unless, of course, it was a really urgent matter.

In the end, Alexander only returned in the early hours of the morning.

Courtney was already asleep but the sound of the door opening startled her. She sat up groggily and asked in a hoarse voice, “What time is it? Why are you just coming back now?”

Alexander walked over to hug her. “It’s still early. Go back to sleep.”

Courtney put her arms around his waist and rubbed against his chest like a cat.

“Go to sleep.”

Alexander stroked her back, his eyes full of affection.

The splashing sounds of water came from the bathroom and Courtney closed her eyes again, only to be jolted awake by the chime of a message alert next to her ear. Still in a daze, she reached for the phone on her bedside and glanced at it.

“Don’t forget the time tomorrow. I’ll be waiting for you at the airport.”

She frowned, thinking that someone had mistakenly sent the wrong message. However, when she saw the name of the sender, she realized that she had taken the wrong phone instead.

The name 'Britney Price' that was being shown on the screen made Courtney inexplicably uncomfortable.