

One Night Surprise Chapter 31

Chapter 31

but his face now darkened as he continued to interrogate the unexpected visitor. "Where did you hear the news about Jordan at 2.00AM? The surgery just ended half an hour ago, yet you're here at the hospital already? What are your intentions?"

Courtney felt her chest burning with rage upon listening to Alexander's pressing questions. She stood up angrily once she recalled how Scott had told her about Jordan falling off the stairs. "Is this the right time for you to be asking about how I heard of Jordan's accident? Your son's lying on the hospital bed right now; how could you have the energy to even suspect that I have ulterior motives?" she asked rudely.

"This has to do with my personal matters. Don't forget that you're just a mere hotel manager in one of the hotels under Sunhill Enterprise," he hissed.

"Of course I've got no right to ask about your family matters, President Duncan. You have so much power that you could fire me just by uttering a single sentence. However, we're not at work now. I'm here to visit my daughter's classmate. I initially thought that it was just a minor injury that he got while playing, but I was shocked to hear that he had to be hospitalized because of how bad his injuries were. Aren't you worried after hearing that he rolled down the stairs? If he had hit his head, you could have lost your son. Do you know that?" Courtney lost all control of her temper, perhaps because she had been suppressing her emotions and experiencing a great deal of stress at work recently. She also felt furious whenever she thought about how Jordan's past two accidents were always because there weren't any adults watching over him. "Do you know why Jordan doesn't speak up and call you his dad? It's because you simply don't care about him enough. Ask yourself-do you think you're a dependable father? Do you make your son feel safe? He's your biological son; why did you allow him to be born if you weren't planning on loving and caring for him wholeheartedly?"

Her words struck Alexander where it hurt the most, and his gaze fell onto the floor while he frowned deeply as he didn't know how to respond to her words. In the past, Jordan was born

only because he wanted to satisfy his grandfather's pressing demands, so that he would be able to obtain the rights to take over Sunhill Enterprise. Right then, Alexander hung his head low as Courtney's words had been spot on.

"Miss Hunter, aren't you being a little too much of a busybody right now? This has to do with his personal family matters; how are you a part of this at all? Who are you to point fingers and place the blame on him?" Britney spoke up with a tone of irritation.

"Why doesn't she have the right to do that? She's using her perspective as a mother to teach Alexander how he should act as a father. She has the right to do that because she's brought her daughter up so well. Alexander, on the other hand, should really do some self-reflection." Scott's old and calm voice echoed off the walls as he interrupted their conversation. "You're doing a great job with the company, but you really have to think about your role as a father. Are you really doing your best in that aspect?" he asked Alexander.

Britney's eyes were wide, her hands trembling. *I can't believe that this old man's speaking up for Courtney. This woman is really showing up everywhere we go. First, she managed to get that stupid brat, Jordan, to be attached to her; now, she even succeeded in getting Old Master Duncan to support her.* "Even if that is the case, she's still not a part of the Duncan Family. Why did she show up in the middle of the night?"

Tina, who had been silent all along, finally spoke up. "Well, you're not part of the Duncan Family either, Miss Price. What are you doing here?"

Britney nearly lost her temper upon hearing the young girl's words. "What nonsense are you saying, you brat? I'm Alexander's fiancée, of course I'm a part of the Duncan Family."

"A fiancée means that you haven't gotten married to him, right?" Tina shrunk away from Britney and hid

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behind her mother's back as she glanced up and blinked at Britney na my

"How dare you..." Britney was too furious to say anything Right a Tina ma armasta ting mother, Scott sneakily gave her a high five while they both wore solemn, calme et grassing faces.

"That's enough. What's there to fight about? Jordan needs to rest" Alexander fronrecard Britney. "It's late, so you should leave now. I can stay here by myself." His voice was clear

annoyance, and Britney knew better than to go against his will. Furthermore, she had ot! *handle*, so she left the room without hesitation. However, her footsteps slowed down a *corridor* of the hospital as she then wondered why Courtney and Tina were allowed to s *she* was asked to leave.

She then heard a voice coming from the room. "You can leave as well. I don't need yo *did* Britney heave a sign of relief and walk out calmly.

Rate the *Translation* to Get 2 Pearls.

Wait! I Have Something to Say!

Send a *Gift* to the *Writer!*

Britney flashed Jordan a gentle smile, but that smile was the same one that appeared in the countless childhood memories and nightmares Jordan had. "Come here-give me your hand" Britney reached her pale hand out. She had skinny fingers, pink nail polish, and a diamond ring that glinted at certain angles. The sharp reflection of the light against the diamond shot directly into Jordan's eyes; it seemed like a warning that something was about to happen.

The young boy held his shaking hand out, and Britney grabbed onto him tightly before she led him out of the room. "Maybe he's afraid that you won't have the time to play with him once we get married," Britney said pitifully as she brought Jordan over to Alexander. "I told him that I'd stop acting in many films; I'd take care of him and bring him to theme parks with you. He calmed down after that." Her gaze was warm and kind as she spoke.

Alexander felt relieved to see Jordan with his head lowered and his temper under control; he had no reason to question Britney's words. He simply felt like the wedding was happening too soon.

Like every other Friday, Courtney got off work and routinely went to the mailbox downstairs to collect the magazines and newsletters that she had subscribed to. She flipped through the pages of a magazine as she let herself into the house and walked toward the couch. Meanwhile, Tina ran out of her bedroom and plopped herself down on the couch to show her mother some new bracelet-braiding techniques that she had just learnt.

"Sapphire Bilingual Kindergarten?" Courtney exclaimed all of a sudden as she glared at a thick set of documents that was sandwiched between a stack of magazines.

"What is it, Mommy?" Tina put her braided strings aside and edged over as she didn't know what was going on. Courtney hastily tore the packet of documents open to reveal a bunch of papers in it. "An enrollment letter?!" Her shouts were even louder than before.

"What's that?" Tina had a limited vocabulary, and she frowned in confusion.

"All of your fees have been paid for?" Courtney's voice was so loud, she could practically blow the entire roof off the place.

"You're scaring me, Mommy! What is it?" Tina clamped her palms over her ears annoyed. Courtney continued to mumble to herself in disbelief. "How did you get enrolled in Sapphire Kindergarten? Have you heard of this place?"

Tina shook her head dumbfoundedly. Courtney then smacked herself lightly on her forehead as if she had just snapped back into reality. "Of course. How could you possibly have heard of this?" she muttered to herself.

Courtney grew up in Melrose City, so she was extremely familiar with all of the names of the famous kindergartens in the area. Sapphire Kindergarten was known to be one of the best and most exclusive preschools in Melrose-commoners could never dream of getting into such a place. It was known as the Hermes of preschools; the King of all royalties. Their school fees were about 400,000 excluding food, uniforms and other extracurricular activities. Combining all of that, a family would need to spare at least one million per year if they wanted to send their kids to this school.

"This school sounds nice. Why would they let me attend without having to pay for anything?" Tina's eyes bulged wide as she couldn't comprehend the situation.

"More importantly, we didn't even apply to this place. How did they get your personal details?" Courtney knitted her eyebrows together as she realized how odd the situation was. "Did your godmother do this?"

Cameron had a lot of connections, and she had even offered to pay for the miscellaneous fees to send

Tina off to a better private kindergarten previously. *I rejected her offer back then, though. Could she have gone ahead with it anyway?* Thinking about that, Courtney quickly gave Cameron a call.

"Sapphire Kindergarten? Do you think I'd dare to force you into paying such a fortune? You think too highly of me, Courtney. Sure, I could find ways to smuggle Tina into that place, but you won't allow me to pay for anything. Also, I don't think you'd be able to handle all her school fees by yourself!" Cameron was just as shocked at the other end of the call.

Courtney explained the rest of the situation to Cameron. "What?! All the fees have been paid for? Did I hear you correctly? How did you get so lucky?!" Courtney had to move her ear away from the phone as Cameron's shouts were too loud.

"Alright. I'm going to end the call since you weren't the one who did this. I'll think about it for a while more," Courtney said.

"Hey, did you find yourself a new man who's willing to splurge on you recently?" Cameron teased just before she ended the call. However, her words rang a bell in Courtney's mind. *Could it be...? There can't be anyone else who is both capable and willing to help me with this other than that person.* After some contemplation, Courtney finally decided to dial the number on her phone.

"Hello? President Duncan... I'm sorry for disturbing you at this time of the night." Alexander was the only person Courtney could think of that would spare a few million without even batting an eyelid.

"What is it?" His tone of voice was rather chilly on the other end of the call.

"This is really sudden, but I can't think of anyone else who might've done this. I received an enrollment package from Sapphire Bilingual Kindergarten, and I was wondering if you were the one who helped me with it," she said.

"Yup," he uttered.

Yup? That's it? Courtney was a little confused. "What? Why?"

"You saved Jordan, so I thought I should help you out in return," he explained.

"This favor is way too expensive. I can't accept it."

"I just made a phone call, that's all."

"But..." Courtney stumbled over her words as she didn't know how to explain the reason why she felt conflicted and hesitant. She was afraid that others would think that she was taking advantage of Alexander.

"Is there anything else?" He began to sound a little annoyed.

"No."

"Well, I have other matters to handle. Goodbye." Courtney stared at her phone frustratedly after he ended the call. *I don't mind him helping me out, but can't he ask me what I need at the very least? I would've been extremely thankful if he offered to help me with the government applications for that private kindergarten that I was looking at; why did he have to pick Sapphire Kindergarten? Even if he could handle all the bills, would Tina be able to handle being in an environment filled with rich second generations?*

One Night Surprise Chapter 32

Chapter 32

Alexander continued to gaze out of the window, but he was no longer in the mood to enjoy the view outside. What Britney said earlier made him reflect on his recent actions. *It's true; I've really been treating Courtney especially well. Is it just because she saved Jordan? But if that's all it is, I've already arranged for Josh and the housekeeper to show her my appreciation previously. Yet, I ended up sending her daughter to Sapphire Kindergarten; / even allowed Jordan to attend classes with Tina—all of this wasn't part of my plan.* He felt overwhelmed by all the confusing emotions as he thought about this.

There was a slight jam on the way to the hotel, so they only arrived around noon. The hotel managers and staff on duty were all positioned in two straight lines as they greeted Alexander. He walked down the pathway in the middle and glanced at all the staff to see Courtney standing at the very end of the line. He couldn't stop himself from taking a longer look at her. *They're all wearing the same uniforms, but why does she look more elegant than the rest of them? Did she add that silk scarf to her uniform? That plain, green colored scarf is tied around her neck so beautifully.*

Courtney couldn't help but realize how Alexander slowed himself down to stare at her. "What is it, President Duncan?" she asked.

He frowned the moment he came back to his senses. "Your badge is crooked." He then strode off, taking large steps as he entered the hotel. Courtney lowered her head to stare at the perfectly straight badge on her chest. "But it's not crooked," she mumbled as she looked at it puzzledly.

Once Alexander arrived, he gathered all of the hotel managers for a meeting on the second floor to discuss the company's annual celebration that was happening at the end of next month. They had already decided to host the annual celebration in that hotel itself, but they hadn't come up with a proper plan. The Sunhill Hotel was a business endeavor that Alexander started after he took over the Sunhill Enterprise at the age of 20. Although he had only been developing the business for 10 years, the results were amazing-the Sunhill Hotel was now a chain hotel that had various branches all over the country. The hotel that Courtney was working in was the first branch of the Sunhill Hotel that Alexander had designed and built personally. The place held great value and meaning to him; it therefore made sense for the company's centennial celebration to be hosted in that very branch.

"This centennial celebration is also a good opportunity to promote the company..." While the higher ups were all engaged in the discussion during the meeting, Courtney found herself nodding off. She was simply a trainee, so she sat at the very end of the table. She had been pretending to take notes in her notebook, but all she did was doodle a pageful of turtles on it.

"These solutions are too outdated. Does anyone else have any other suggestions?" Alexander's voice echoed throughout the room. Courtney pressed her lips together before she lowered her head to hide the fact that she was yawning. *When is this going to end? I'm starving.* "What do you think, Miss Hunter?"

"What?" Courtney lifted her head in surprise. She only jumped onto her feet once she saw that everyone was staring at her. "Yes? Did you ask for me, President Duncan?"

He glanced at her with his usual emotionless expression. "Everyone expressed their opinions earlier. Don't you have anything to add on to that, Miss Hunter? We're talking about the centennial celebration here."

She took a deep, thoughtful breath before she began to speak. "Well, I do have an idea, but I need a little more time to think about it. I didn't expect the rest of the managers to have established such detailed plans. I'll work on mine soon."

"What is this idea of yours?" Alexander squinted as he glanced toward the notebook in her hands. "I saw you scribbling a lot of things into your notebook earlier, so I'm sure you must have a lot of ideas."

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"I-It's nothing." Courtney hastily slammed a palm over her notebook.

"Bring it to me." Alexander's tone was firm; he didn't allow any space for her to reject his order. She immediately felt the color draining out of her face as her hands went stiff. She couldn't embarrass her own boss in front of the whole crowd in the room, so she had no choice but to shamelessly hand the notebook over to Alexander. Before she gave it to him, she sneakily flipped through the pages and mumbled a silent prayer.

He took the notebook and flipped through it. His expression changed a little as he then frowned and glanced at her. *The notebook is just filled with meeting minutes.* She heaved a sigh of relief before she beamed happily. "Like I said, there's nothing-these are all just meeting minutes. I didn't write any ideas in the book."

However, he still seemed a little suspicious of her. Right then, he ran his index finger through the notebook and found a page that had been folded. Courtney watched in shock as he flipped the notebook precisely to the page that was filled with turtles. She immediately pressed her palm against her forehead as she cursed underneath her breath. *It's just a few turtles; I didn't commit some horrible*

crime, did I? I saved Jordan, after all. He'll probably just think that I wasn't paying attention during the meeting, right?

“Well, it seems like I’ve failed to notice your talents in the past, Miss Hunter.” Alexander was being sarcastic, and his words had a hidden meaning to it, but the rest of the crowd in the meeting room only nodded in agreement as they assumed that he was praising her. Courtney, on the other hand, was losing her mind as it sounded more like a death warrant to her.

First, I offended him early in the morning by forcing him onto the swing. Now, I’m caught doodling turtles during the meeting. Am I just especially unlucky today?

“This combination of traditional Chinese and Western cultures is a great idea. It fits well with the Sunhill Hotel’s core intentions. It looks like you’ve put in some effort, Miss Hunter.” Alexander’s deep voice filled the meeting room.

Courtney was utterly stunned. *What combination of traditional Chinese and Western cultures is he talking about? What did I write in the notebook?*

“Since no one else has any decent ideas or plans for now, I’ll hand this project for the centennial celebration over to Miss Hunter.” Alexander slapped the notebook shut and handed it back to her.

His words erupted like a landmine in Courtney’s head. *What is going on? What ideas did I have? What plans did I make?*

“I-I don’t think that’s a good idea. I don’t have sufficient experience to handle this, so I don’t think I’m a good fit for the job,” she muttered.

“You can train yourself to become experienced in this job, but you can’t train yourself to come up with good ideas. I think everyone else agrees with my decision, right?” Alexander glanced up to see everyone nodding. Most of the participants of the meeting didn’t have much to say, for it was rare for Alexander to praise anyone for coming up with a decent plan. They were all impressed by Courtney’s abilities, and her mentor even flashed her a proud grin, as if he had played a role in her success.

Once the meeting was over and everyone had left the room, Courtney hurried behind Alexander as he stepped out of the hotel. “Hold on, President Duncan.”

“What is it?”

"Well... why did you assign me to handle the planning for the company's centennial celebration?" she asked with a frown.

He raised an eyebrow upon hearing her question. "Didn't I explain myself during the meeting earlier? Is there something wrong with your hearing? Your notes were good, and I think they fit the topic of this event perfectly."

"But my notes,"

"What else did you write in your notes? Do you think you can still secure your job if those managers found out that you had just been drawing them as turtles throughout the entire meeting?" Alexander flashed her a playful glare. In other words, he was reminding her to be careful with what she would say.

"... I recorded all the meeting minutes, of course." She bit on her lower lip.

"That's great, then. I hope to see the initial draft of the plan on my office table by the end of tomorrow." he uttered.

"Tomorrow?"

"Isn't that enough time? Or do you work as slow as a turtle?" He teased her.

"Okay... alright." she muttered.

After Courtney left, Josh followed closely behind Alexander as they got into the car and headed back to the headquarters. "President Duncan, why did you make the sudden decision to hand this anniversary project over to Miss Hunter? She's still under probation, so she's probably busy gaining more job achievements..." Josh stopped himself mid-sentence as he seemed to have realized something. *Job achievements? The centennial celebration?* "Are you trying to help Miss Hunter, President Duncan?"

Josh felt Alexander's darkened gaze lingering on him the moment he finished his sentence, so he quickly swallowed the rest of his words; he then quietly ignited the car engine and wore his seatbelt *Everything is pretty obvious, anyway. Courtney made a bet with the boss—she promised to pack up and leave if she didn't fulfil the job achievements that she had agreed to by the end of her 3-month probation, All of the interviewers witnessed this agreement. Although the hotel's performance has been improving ever since Courtney took over the job, she's still far from achieving her targeted goals. It has been 2 months, and she*

even had to be hospitalized for a while during that period, so it seems like she might not be able to succeed. That's probably why Alexander put her in charge of the centennial celebration! Firstly,

it gives her an additional two months to work here; also, she can take credit for all the achievements obtained as she handles the centennial celebration. But there was one thing that Josh still didn't understand. Why is Alexander being so caring toward Courtney? Is it just because she saved Jordan?

"By the way, President Duncan, didn't you say that Eddie's driving skills were pretty good? Why did you fire him all of a sudden?" Josh asked.

"He talked too much," Alexander muttered.

Josh felt his muscles tensing in fright. He no longer dared to say anything as he was pretty talkative himself

Edward Burton, the mentor who guided Courtney in her job, quickly handed the rest of her projects and duties over to other employees once Courtney took on the project of planning the centennial celebration. She was surprised to see that he did this to allow more time for her to handle her current project

"Courtney, there were so many people from the planning team during that meeting, yet President Duncan wasn't interested in any of their ideas. You have to do a good job since your abilities caught his eye. It helps to improve our hotel's reputation as well." Edward rarely ever guided her in work, but he seemed to have changed his attitude toward her after that meeting. She was flattered. "I'll work hard!"

The whole week after that, she spent most of her time traveling around town. As she had never planned an anniversary event in the past, she wanted to take a look at how other companies or businesses planned their events just to get an idea of what it would look like.

"May I help you, miss?" Courtney spun around to see a worker from the mall staring at her. He appeared to be polite and nice, but there was a hint of alertness in his gaze. Courtney had been snapping a large number of pictures of the mall with the phone in her hand, so he probably assumed she was some competitor within their industry, or a worker from the Bureau of Commerce. She hurriedly put her phone away before she spoke in a calm tone. "I'm just shopping. Can I know where your jewelry store is?"

The worker hesitated for a moment before he pointed in a direction. “Over there.” She thanked the worker and ignored his odd glances as she walked directly toward the jewelry store. She had expected her photographing acts to attract unwanted attention, so she already had a backup plan to deal with

this matter.

The manager in the jewelry store wore her gloves before she lifted up the necklace that Courtney had passed to her. It was a silver rope chain necklace that had a clear emerald stone hanging on it, with small diamonds surrounding the stone. It was a special and stunning piece of jewelry.

“It’s from our store indeed.” The manager confirmed.

“Really? You guys were the ones that sold this?” Courtney tried her best to contain her excitement.

“This rope chain is a classic collection in our store. Also, look at this. Every piece of jewelry made in our store has a small logo of our brand here. It’s tiny, so most people don’t realize it,” the manager

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Chapter 33 Don’t Come Back if You’re That Great

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"This rope chain is a classic collection in our store. Also, look at this. Every piece of jewelry made in our store has a small logo of our brand here. It's tiny, so most people don't realize it," the manager explained as she pointed her finger toward a part of the chain.

"Are there a lot of people that purchased this necklace in your store?" Courtney asked.

The manager shook her head as she beamed. "This is a valuable piece of emerald; it's dated and priceless. We don't have such designs in the store, so this client probably brought the emerald in and asked for us to customize it."

"Can you check the details of the customer that customized it?" Courtney's face lit up in joy.

"This was probably sold a long time ago, so it might take some time for me to find the records. But we'll try our best to help," the manager uttered, upon which Courtney expressed her gratitude immediately. "No worries. You can keep the necklace for now. Honestly, this is the first time I've seen an emerald as pretty as this after working here for so many years. There's probably a record of it somewhere," the manager said.

Courtney couldn't contain the excitement that she felt even after she stepped out of the jewelry store. When she gave birth to her two children in Melrose City 5 years ago, she

brought Tina home after the doctor took her other baby. After all these years, she still longed to see her other child; this necklace was the only clue that connected her to the child because she tore the necklace away from the man's neck that night. Courtney felt chills running down her spine whenever she thought of that incident 6 years ago.

She felt the shadow of another person's figure standing in her way just as she was recalling her past memories. "Courtney." The person's voice was thin and a little menacing. The look on Courtney's face changed the moment she lifted her head up to see the person who stood before her eyes.

"It really is you. I was worried that I had gotten the wrong person." The edge of the woman's lips curled up into a smirk as she wrapped her arms in front of her chest. "You haven't been home in 5 years, and you haven't contacted anyone from home recently. We all thought you had died on the streets."

Anna Hunter snickered. She was Courtney's half-sister as they had the same father, and she still had the same arrogant and domineering personality even though they hadn't met one another in years. In fact, Courtney felt that she might even be more malicious and sharper with her words than before. She quickly regained her composure and glared at her sister coldly. "You seem pretty disappointed that I didn't die on the streets, Anna."

"What's there to be disappointed about? Have you been back in the country for a long while? Dad would be so heartbroken to learn that you returned without even informing your own family of it. He spent years taking care of you, yet you leave and return to the country as you please. You really think our home is just a motel, huh?" Anna didn't play along with Courtney's snide remarks and lectured her in a sour tone instead.

"That's between Dad and I; it has got nothing to do with you," Courtney muttered.

"I'm the eldest daughter of the Hunter Family, so of course it has something to do with me. Who knows what sort of people you've been messing around with all these years? You claimed that you traveled overseas to further your studies when you didn't even graduate from your university here. You were just lying to Dad, weren't you?" Anna lifted her chin and looked downward upon Courtney.

In response to her sister's harsh words, Courtney simply clenched her fists and smirked. "Wouldn't it be good news for you if I didn't further my studies and messed around with other men instead? That way, you'd have one less person as your competition for the family's inheritance; you and your mom can probably smile even in your sleep then, huh?"

“Don’t make unfounded accusations like that,” Anna hissed as her face turned pale.

“Well, you know how true my words are deep down. Anyway, it’s none of your business whether I go home or not. Since we don’t share the same mother, you should stop bossing me around as if you were actually my elder sister.

“I’m not a kid anymore, so you can’t bully me even if you have your mother’s support.” Courtney’s face was stone cold as she gave the other woman a warning. Her final sentence sounded like she was criticizing her sister.

“W-Who are you criticizing now? You...” Anna’s face was as pale as a sheet.

“Good dogs don’t stand in the way of others,” Courtney mumbled before she stepped to her side and walked past her sister. She intentionally bumped her shoulder against Anna as she left. “Just you wait, Courtney. You should just never come home if you’re that great,” Anna hissed as furiously stomped her foot.

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Chapter 34 You’ll Be the One Who Suffers

Courtney looked back and sneered once she got on the escalator. “I have other things to do with my day. I’m not like you—the princess of the Hunter Family—who has nothing better to do apart from scheming to get the family’s inheritance and find yourself a rich man.” Her words left Anna digging her nails into her palms as she fumed with rage.

6 years ago, Anna invested all of her effort into staging an incident that would ruin Courtney’s reputation once and for all. She wanted her father to despise Courtney so that she would lose the rights to inherit any of their family’s wealth. However, Anna hadn’t expected Courtney to escape that night, much less for her to disappear for 6 whole years. I’d been enjoying myself for the past 6 years since her disappearance, but why is she back now? What is she trying to do?

After work that day, Courtney went home and prepared a meal for Tina in the kitchen. Right then, her phone rang in her pocket. She rubbed her palms against her apron before pulling it out and glanced at the screen, but her face fell when she saw the caller ID. It was her father.

“Dad.” She greeted him.

“I heard you were back.” Her father’s voice was deep and quiet from the other end; he sounded a little more worn out since the last time she contacted him years ago.

“Yeah,” she replied softly as she ran her fingers back and forth across the home screen of her phone. She was certain that Anna was the one who had told her father about it, but she didn’t know what Anna had said about her. It’s probably nothing good.

“Why don’t you move home since you’re back here? How can you live alone for such a long time?” he asked.

She frowned upon hearing this. “It’s fine, Dad. I like living outside by myself.”

“I know you’ve always had your opinions against me after what happened with your mother, Courtney. We’re still family regardless; it worries me to imagine a girl like you living alone out there. You should—” But Courtney interrupted him before he could go on. “Dad. I’m doing really well now. I... I have a job, and I live really close to the company. Alright, I have to end the call now as I have other stuff to handle. I’ll visit you when I’m free,” she uttered.

Her father had no option but to end the call after sending her his regards. Courtney had always been a stubborn girl since she was a child. Unlike Anna, she had never been one to act in a sweet and adorable manner in front of adults. Conversely, she was seen as the ‘unlucky’ child since she lost her mother soon after birth; most of the adults at home didn’t like her as they thought that she was a loner.

Courtney stood in the kitchen for a long time after she ended the call. “Mommy.” A sweet, child-like voice brought Courtney back from the depths of her own mind, and she quickly forced a smile onto her face once she saw her daughter. “What is it? Are you hungry? Dinner’s almost ready.”

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Tina walked in and pointed at the phone. “Was that my grandfather?”

"Yeah." Courtney nodded and stroked Tina's hair gently. "Would you like to meet your grandfather, Tina?"

The young girl obediently blinked at her mother. "Do you want to meet him, Mommy? I'll go back with you if you want to meet him. I'll follow you wherever you go, Mommy. I'm your little sweetheart wherever we go, anyway." Her words flowed through Courtney's chest like a stream of warmth. "That's right. You're my little sweetheart no matter where we go, Tina," Courtney muttered as she pulled her daughter into her arms.

In the past, Courtney brought her baby overseas all by herself, mainly because she wanted to run away from the man who forcefully took her other baby from her. Furthermore, she wasn't on good terms with her family, and she was afraid that they would all judge and criticize her if she were to bring a child home on her own.

She therefore decided to avoid all of them. It's been 5 years now. I can't hide the truth about Tina for much longer, can I? Even if I don't seek them out myself, it's only a matter of time before someone finds me. Melrose isn't exactly a huge place; Anna will probably find out about the truth sooner or later, so I have to be prepared for that.

Later that night, Britney had her arms around Alexander as she flashed him a concerned gaze. "You've had a lot to drink, Alexander. Let me send you home." She then glanced at an inconspicuous van that was parked a distance away from them. A number of high-quality cameras recorded their every move as Britney helped Alexander out of the hotel.

She tightened her grip around Alexander as she leaned her body toward him. Her breasts, covered by her fitting evening gown, were losing its shape as it was pressed tightly against his arm.

Alexander seemed rather tipsy as it took him a while to feel her leaning against him. He frowned as he pulled his hand away. "I'm fine. I can walk by myself."

"Alexander." Britney lifted the hem of her dress up as she ran after him. "I don't think it's a good idea for you to go home alone so late at night. Let me send you home before I leave," she said. The sound of the camera shutter came from the van as they took a few more images of Alexander and Britney getting into the car together.

Alexander stayed in a villa in Royal Park at the East Side of Melrose City. He felt as if the alcohol he drank that day was a lot stronger than usual, as his footsteps were light and

wobbly when he got out of the car. Britney had to call for his maids to help him in, all the way up into his own bedroom.

“How much did he drink? Anyway, thank you for sending him back, Miss Price,” the maid said.

“No worries. We’re about to be family now, so it’s my job to take care of him.” Britney sat herself down on the side of his bed as she ran her long fingers across the edge of Alexander’s shoulder. “You can leave now; I’ll take care of him.” She spoke while glancing at the maid.

“What? Are you not going home, Miss Price?” The maid was a little surprised.

“Didn’t you hear what I just said? This place is going to be my house soon; where do you want me to go home to?” Agitation flashed across Britney’s face. The maid quickly shook her head after realizing how she might have said the wrong thing. “That’s not what I meant, Miss Price. Please go ahead and take care of Young Master. I’ll leave now; you can call me if you need anything.”

Britney simply scoffed arrogantly, as if she was already the owner of the house. Her eyes began to sparkle with victory the moment the maid went out and shut the door. The room was dimly lit as she slowly turned around and laid both her palms against Alexander’s chest.

“Alexander...” He was extremely drunk, and he seemed irritated as he struggled to loosen his tie. “It’s hot,” he muttered in a hoarse voice.

“Is it? Let me take your shirt off,” Britney whispered by the side of his ear before her fingers swiftly moved to unbutton the top of his shirt. Once she made her way down, she pulled his shirt open to reveal his tan, well-built chest. Britney felt her cheeks flushing with excitement as she took her own shoes off and kneeled over his body while her hands began to move down his body.

All of a sudden, there was a loud, distinct noise that came from the door as someone fumbled with the doorknob. Creak. The noise was clearer in the middle of the night, and light spilled in from outside the room as the door opened to reveal a tiny shadow—it was Jordan. Britney felt her pent-up rage rising in her chest when she saw who it was. “Who allowed you in here? Get out,” she hissed.

On a regular day, Jordan would have definitely run off the moment he caught a glimpse of Britney. But right then, he forced himself to stay still, his teeth gritted and his face pale as he thought of what he had just heard the maids say.

An expression of anger and hatred flashed across Britney's face as she had no option but to stop what she was doing and get off the bed. She pulled Jordan out of the room and quickly wrapped her hands around his neck once she saw that there wasn't anyone else around. "Do you remember what I've warned you about, Jordan? Don't you dare ruin my plans. You'd be the one who suffers if that happens."

The young boy began to wrestle away from her as she was hurting him. "Behave yourself," Britney hissed as she was afraid the noise would attract the attention of others. She then let go of him and shoved him away angrily. However, the moment he pulled himself away from her, the young boy felt his feet slipping on the ground before he fell backward directly toward the stairs.

One Night Surprise Chapter 35

Chapter 35 Mommy, Jordan Had an Accident!

The loud crash echoed off the walls of the villa. By the time Britney came to her senses, Jordan was already lying in a pool of his own blood at the end of the stairs, fully passed out. Britney's face was drained of color as she anxiously circled at her own spot. Before any of the maids appeared, she quickly ran into the bedroom to pretend as if she didn't know what happened. She took her clothes off as she hurried over to the bed.

Soon enough, the maids' loud cries filled the villa. "Little Master fell down the stairs!" one said. "Hurry up and call the ambulance. Where's Young Master?" another asked. "Hurry up and get Young Master!" Boom. The door to the master bedroom was flung open as the maid rushed in to see the man and woman lying on the bed. The maid's face was pale; she could barely get her words out of her throat.

Britney screamed at the top of her lungs before she quickly covered her body with the sheets. Alexander was startled by this, and he frowned before opening his eyes and turning toward the woman beside him. His face darkened the moment he saw Britney, with her bare shoulders, lying beside him. "What are you doing here?" he asked in an annoyed tone of voice. He was much more sober than he was earlier.

Britney looked sorry for herself as she began to tear up. "Y-You drank too much, Alexander. You insisted that I... I..." Her face was red as she stuttered. He pressed a palm against his forehead as he felt a pounding ache in his head. He couldn't seem to recall anything that had happened before he got drunk. "What are you doing here, then?" He agitatedly turned toward the maid.

The maid finally snapped back into reality as she hastily explained herself. "L-Little Master fell off the stairs. There's blood everywhere."

"What?" Alexander lifted his head up immediately, his face terrifyingly grim. He threw the sheets off him and stormed out of the room without even putting his shoes on. Britney then began to fumble around and put her clothes on before she got out of bed and followed behind him.

Jordan, who had passed out and wouldn't wake up, was immediately sent by Alexander to the hospital in the middle of the night. Soon enough, Scott was informed of this incident. "What happened?" Scott's face was filled with anxiety as he stood outside the operation theater. "How did Jordan just fall down the stairs all of a sudden? There were so many maids at home; weren't they taking care of him?" he asked as he turned around to glare at Alexander.

Alexander didn't answer Scott's question. From where he sat on the sofa, Scott could instantly smell the strong scent of alcohol on his body. "How much did you drink? Look at you; do you have the right to be Jordan's father?" Scott was furious.

"Old Master Duncan, Young Master was just socializing with others. The party tonight was hosted by Melrose's Chamber of Commerce; he had to be there." The butler immediately spoke up on behalf of Alexander.

Right after he finished his sentence, the doors to the operation theater opened, and a doctor walked out. Upon that, Alexander quickly got onto his feet. "How's Jordan, doctor?"

“He fractured his right forearm and dislocated his left arm. The rest of his injuries are just minor grazes, and he didn’t hurt his head. There isn’t much to worry about; kids heal really fast.” Although the doctor’s words sounded reassuring, Scott still felt his heart aching for the young boy. He let out a long sigh once they arrived at the ward that the doctors and nurses had shifted Jordan into. “Poor Jordan has met with so many problems at such a young age. It must hurt to have a fracture when he’s still so young.”

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Alexander knitted his brows together and only felt himself calming down once he saw Jordan sleeping soundly. He then turned toward his butler, who worked at the Royal Park villa. “What happened earlier? How exactly did Jordan fall off the stairs?” He’s usually in bed by this time of the night, Alexander thought.

The butler didn’t know what happened either. “I was checking the doors outside when I heard the maids screaming from inside the house. By the time I ran into the living room, Little Master was already on the floor in a pool of his own blood. I asked everyone there; none of them were by his side when the accident happened. I guess he must’ve slipped and fell.”

Alexander’s expression darkened upon hearing this. “I want all of the maids that were working tonight to be fired. Get me a new batch of maids. I can’t have this same incident occurring again.”

“Alright.” The butler nodded.

Meanwhile, Courtney was fast asleep when she heard her bedroom door being opened. Tina rushed over to her, making loud thumps as she ran to Courtney’s bed and pulled her sheets away. “Mommy! Mommy! Something’s happened!”

“What is it?” Courtney was still half-asleep as she forced her eyes open to look at her daughter. “Aren’t you just fine?”

“I’m not talking about me. It’s my brother. My brother had an accident!” Tina cried.

“What brother? Since when did you get yourself a brother?” Courtney was stunned for a moment, but she then shut her eyes slowly before she pulled her sheets over her face. “You must have been dreaming,” she mumbled.

Tina was so anxious that she began to jump on the spot before she grabbed onto Courtney's arm and attempted to pull her out of bed. "It's Jordan. Jordan fell off the stairs, and he's in the hospital now!"

"Nonsense." Courtney could barely open her eyes as she weakly pushed Tina's arm away. "I'm really tired. Please let me sleep. You were just dreaming, Tina." She sounded like she was begging her daughter. How could Jordan possibly fall off a flight of stairs at this time of the night? What is this brat thinking?

Tina furiously stomped her foot on the ground when she saw that her mother still refused to believe her. "I'm going to go out myself if you're not coming. There are a lot of bad people out at this time of night; you can continue sleeping if you really don't care about me." Tina then ran back to her own room.

Initially, Courtney thought that her daughter was just kidding. However, she then got out of bed as she wasn't certain if Tina was serious. Gosh, this brat is really changing her clothes and packing her bag in her room. "Are you really going out? What time is it?" Courtney combed her fingers through her messy hair as she checked the time. "Oh, my God. It's 2.00AM. Where are you going?"

"The hospital." Tina was still fuming as she put her socks on. "You're so heartless, Mommy. Hmph. I don't want to talk to you anymore."

Courtney was utterly speechless as she rested one arm on her hip and another against the door. "What do you mean by that? You're the weirdo who's trying to get me to go to the hospital in the middle of the night after you've had a bad dream."

"I wasn't dreaming. Jordan really fell off the stairs. It's real." Tina insisted.

"Fine. Why are you getting all worried just because he fell off the stairs? He's not even your actual brother; why are you so worried?" Courtney didn't know whether to laugh or cry at this point.

"Excuse me, Mommy. I'm heading out." Tina was dressed neatly, her backpack slung over her shoulders as she pushed her mother's hand away to step out of her bedroom.

"Hey, are you really leaving?" Courtney began to treat things seriously once she saw Tina putting on her shoes at the doorway. "Alright, missy. Give me a minute. Let me change before I take you there."

"Which hospital is it?" Courtney only realized that she hadn't asked the question earlier once they finally hailed a cab. "Melrose Medical Center." The childish yet stern voice echoed in the cab. She sounds like she knows what she's talking about, huh. Courtney was rather puzzled as she further questioned her daughter. "Wasn't it just a dream? How did you know that Jordan was admitted to the hospital? Who told you about it?"

Tina pouted. "I just know."

"What? Ugh, I'm losing my mind." Courtney was utterly speechless. I must be crazy to follow my daughter out at this time of night.