

One Night Surprise Chapter 56

Chapter 56 The Child Is Congenitally Deformed

One after another, people toasted with her. Courtney's steps were now wobbly from all the drinks she had. When a vaguely-shaped shadow suddenly appeared before her, she toppled over, but someone's arm reached out and caught her.

"Here, have another drink."

Britney stopped the car by the entrance to Royal Park Manor. Without waiting for the driver to help her with the door, she was already out of the car, tottering over to the house in her 12 centimeter heels.

"Why are you here, Miss Price? The Young Master isn't home." The butler blocked her entry into the house itself.

"He's not here?" Britney's brows furrowed as she looked into the house. She could clearly hear the sound of children laughing. "Impossible!"

How could Alexander leave Jordan alone at home while he did his errands?

As long as Jordan was at home, he was supposed to be there too.

Having said that, she shoved the butler out of the way and put on some house slippers before heading up to the second floor, following the laughter all the way to the playroom upstairs. When she pulled open the door, the scene before Britney made her expression darken. "Who are you?"

Cameron was currently sitting cross-legged among a pile of toys when a sharp woman's voice reached her ears, making her shiver momentarily in surprise. A moment later, she finally regained her senses and followed the voice to look at the door, catching sight of

Britney in her furious state. Cameron's expression immediately shifted. "Do you need to know who I am? You gave me a fright there," she said, disgruntled.

"I..." Britney's face was now green. "What's with that attitude? Don't you know who I am?"

"Yeah, I do." Cameron got up by supporting her weight on a chair, pulling the two clearly frightened children behind her before she crossed her arms over her chest. "Who doesn't know who you are? You're Britney, famous celebrity. However, what are you planning since you came crashing into someone else's home all bad-tempered?"

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"Someone else's home?" Britney clenched her fists tightly. "I am Alexander's fiancée, and this is my home in the future. On the other hand, where did you come from, you wild animal? How dare you break in here and give me that cheek?"

Cameron was born beautiful, and she had never hidden her good looks. Today, she was dressed in a blouse that revealed her shoulders and a pair of hot pants. Whenever women saw another woman with a hot body, they would feel threatened and defensive. Britney had been with Alexander for a while now, and she was especially wary of the women around him.

She hadn't noticed that the girl hiding behind Cameron was Tina.

"Wild animal?" Cameron smoothed out her sleeves, sweeping her gaze over Britney contemptuously. "No wonder Alexander doesn't want to marry you even though it's been five or six years. Your mouth's so filthy that no one can stand it."

As he watched the fight break out on the second floor, the butler hastily called Alexander.

"Young Master, something is happening at home now. Miss Price is here, and she has run into Miss Miller. They look like they're about to get into a physical fight."

Alexander's brows furrowed upon hearing those words as he stood on the balcony. He then ordered the butler, "Take the children somewhere else. Don't let them get hurt."

"All right, I understand. What about Miss Price and Miss Miller?"

"Leave them."

With that, Alexander ended the call.

He had seen Cameron's physical prowess with the number she did on Gale; she wouldn't lose the fight. However, Britney was a different case. He had already told her earlier over the phone that he was busy, yet she still went over to his house to look for him. That was crossing the line, and she should be taught a lesson.

When he returned to the banquet hall after talking to his butler, Alexander surveyed the place before seeing a group of people crowding around Courtney as they clinked glasses with her. She was horrendously drunk already, and a man was helping her to stand up. Yet, the people around her kept funneling drinks to her. There were so many different people there that she was already confused.

His expression darkened, and he immediately stalked over with large steps before he parted the crowd to pull the drunken Courtney into his arms. He leveled a chilly stare at the man who was fidgeting before him.

"If you don't want to continue having hands, you can keep standing there."

The man jumped in fright at his words, and he promptly skedaddled.

The crowd hadn't thought that Alexander would return so quickly, so they guiltily scattered as well, leaving Courtney to lean back in Alexander's arms with a wine glass in her hand.

"Hey, I remember you. Let's drink."

"What are you talking about?" Alexander grumbled as he snatched the glass away and flung it on a nearby table. With one arm around her waist, he smacked her face lightly. "Courtney, are you still there?"

He had only been away for a short while, but she had already drank herself into this current mess.

Does she have any brains?

"I'm not drunk. Come on, drink!" Courtney stretched her arms out and attempted to break free, but she had only wriggled around for a bit before completely sinking limply into his arms.

Alexander's anger dissipated slightly as he looked at the red face in his embrace. Nonetheless, he was still angry and a little exasperated. He scooped her up into a princess carry and immediately brought her away from the banquet hall under the attendees' watchful eyes.

Seeing this, Isaac couldn't stand it and chased after them. However, he had only taken a few steps when Vanessa stopped him.

"What are you doing, Isaac?"

"I'm going to check on Courtney. She had too much to drink."

"Why do you need to check on her?" Vanessa's expression turned stony. "Didn't you see Alexander carrying her drunk self off? She's his fiancée, and Alexander has said so himself. What are you going to do even if you follow them?"

Isaac also had plenty to drink. He was already irate, but when he heard that, he shook Vanessa's grip off roughly. "Yeah, what am I going to do? I know very well about them. Do you need to keep reminding me every second?" Isaac spat out in annoyance.

Vanessa lost her footing, and a moment later, she toppled backward into the table behind her while screaming. The champagne tower collapsed, and she ended up sitting in a mix of champagne and glass shards as the sound of spilling champagne and crashing glasses rang out, causing a ruckus.

Alexander had carried Courtney all the way to the entrance. Despite the sheer commotion behind him, he never once looked back. All he could hear was the chaotic screams and shouts coming from the banquet hall.

"Blood! Vanessa, you're bleeding. Oh God, why is there so much blood?"

"There's blood..."

"Vanessa? Vanessa, don't scare me."

At last, a frail voice somehow floated over the cacophony and made its way into Alexander's ears.

"My baby..."

The corners of his eyes crinkled a little into a mocking look.

After he had gotten into his car and had Courtney settled, the chauffeur drove away from the hotel.

“How did the investigation go?”

The chauffeur nodded. “I have looked into everything. The one called Vanessa had indeed gone to that private hospital three days ago for a prenatal exam. The child is congenitally deformed, so the doctors suggested that she abort it.”

Alexander’s expression darkened even more at those words.

On the way to the engagement party, he had gotten a call from Cameron. Cameron told him over the phone that she had run into Vanessa at the hospital while accompanying a friend for a prenatal examination. It just so happened that the husband of Cameron’s friend was also a doctor at that private hospital. She simply asked him about it, and she found out that Vanessa was in such a rush to get engaged because she had gotten pregnant out of wedlock, but the child was deformed.

“I can’t exactly say there’s anything fishy about this, but my friend’s husband told me that Vanessa wanted him to keep the news of her baby’s deformity a secret. She wasn’t willing to let Isaac know either. Then, I remembered that Vanessa kept cajoling and insisting for Courtney to come to her engagement party in that invitation she sent. I’m worried that something would happen since she has asked her to go. I’m just really worried about the worst possible outcome.”

Cameron had spilled her worries to Alexander over the call; that was the primary reason she wanted Alexander to go to the party to help Courtney.

The events that had occurred showed that Cameron was right to worry.

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Chapter 57 You Look so Handsome

Even a baby that was supposed to be aborted could be weaponized by Vanessa as an opportunity to seal the marriage. Her plan was airtight; even if it failed, she still had a backup plan. If Alexander hadn't known about all this earlier, Courtney would've probably been blamed for the entire brouhaha; she wouldn't have been able to escape the accusations once she was pinned as the scapegoat.

Alexander looked back to gaze at Courtney, who was currently blackout drunk and completely unaware of anything. He mentally heaved a sigh of relief for her.

She was usually very smart; why did she drop her guard during a situation like this? Was she supposed to just take every drink tossed her way?

As he thought things over, Courtney suddenly lifted a leg and spread it across Alexander's legs.

His expression shifted, but before he could push her leg away, her arm smacked onto him, wrapping itself around his shoulders. She ended up sitting on him, having hauled herself into his lap. She had his face in her hands as she asked drunkenly, "Who are you?"

The corners of Alexander's mouth twitched, and he forced some words through his clenched teeth. "Courtney, let go of me."

Clearly, trying to talk sense into a drunk person was not a wide decision. As soon as he spoke, Courtney smacked his face; her alcohol-scented breath blew directly on him.

"Oh, it speaks too!"

Alexander was so sick of the scent of alcohol that he was tempted to roll down the window and hurl her out of the car. However, she ramped up her antics. As she sucked in a breath, she flung her arms around his neck and wriggled.

“It’s so hot!”

All Alexander could feel as she squirmed around was a tightening sensation below his belt. His body was reacting to her.

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“Courtney.” His voice now had a deep raspiness to it as he pinned her, stopping her from moving. “Stop wriggling.”

However, she didn’t think she was doing anything inappropriate. She bent lower and pressed her neck against Alexander’s face; it was as though this was the only way the fire burning in her body could be extinguished.

With them now touching skin-to-skin, Alexander’s expression tightened. The hands around her waist, which had been supporting her weight, now had a stiffness to them. He had no idea where he should put his hands.

The driver looked at the backseat through his rearview mirror. Shock entered his eyes, and he didn’t dare to continue peeking.

Alexander’s hushed voice sounded out from the backseat.

“Take us straight to Royal Park Manor.”

The chauffeur got the hint and promptly slammed on the gas, zooming toward their destination.

The moment they reached home, Alexander’s butler and domestic servants surged over.

“Where’s Cameron?” Alexander asked.

“Young Master, Miss Miller said that it was getting late. She left with Tina not long ago.”

Alexander nodded his head lightly, not even bothering to ask about Britney at all.

When the domestic servants saw Courtney passed out on the backseat, they hurried over and attempted to help her, but Alexander waved them away. He picked Courtney up in a princess carry and brought her to the bedroom that she had stayed in before on the second floor.

All of them were surprised by this, and their gazes were odd.

The butler swept his gaze over them. "What are you looking at? I've told you that you are here to work. Sometimes, you have to pretend that you didn't see something even if you actually did. Do you understand?"

The servants then scattered. The butler looked at the locked door on the second floor and silently took out his phone.

"Sir, the Young Master brought Miss Hunter home. Both of them are heavily drunk. Yes, they're in the same room. They still haven't come out yet."

After Alexander placed Courtney down on the bed in the guest bedroom, he went to look for a servant to help freshen her up. Just as he was about to leave, he felt a tug on his sleeve. He lost his balance from the pull and ended up toppling once again onto her. He could sense the softness of her chest pressing against his own chest through the thin material of their clothes, rendering him immobile.

"Water," Courtney croaked as she tugged on his sleeve. "Thirsty."

Alexander frowned. He weathered through the discomfort he was feeling and lowered his voice. "Courtney, you have to let go of me first if you want some water."

He didn't know whether she understood him or not. A moment after he said that, she finally released her grip on him.

There was a tumbler and some cups on the desk in the room. Alexander picked up the tumbler and poured some water into a cup. He then brought the cup over and placed it right by the bedside table.

"It's on the table next to the bed. You can drink once you're awake."

With that, he turned and left.

He had only taken a few steps when he heard some shuffling sounds behind him. When he looked back, he saw Courtney's hand groping around the bedside table before landing on the rim of the cup.

"Watch o—"

Before he could finish his words, the cup toppled on its side on top of the bedside table with a clang. The cup rolled onto the bed, splashing Courtney with its contents.

"Oh no!" she cried out as she suddenly began struggling on the bed and screaming. "I can't swim—"

Alexander's brow furrowed. He found the situation infuriating yet amusing.

"Help..."

However, Alexander couldn't laugh at those screams. What if the people outside heard her?

He hastily walked over and covered her mouth, saying to her in a hushed voice, "That's enough. You're not in a pool or something. Why do you need to swim?"

Courtney's eyes were glazed over; it looked like the mist of spring was clouding them. She looked up at him innocently like a frightened fawn.

Alexander could feel his heart pound erratically, and it was beating faster than it normally did.

"I'm hot."

She felt uncomfortable from being pinned down. Suddenly, she began to wriggle around. The top of her sleeveless dress was already on the verge of falling down, but with the way she was squirming now, there was the real threat of her breasts escaping their confines.

"Don't move."

Alexander's voice was so raspy that his throat was nearly on fire. He had his hands on her bare shoulders, but that wasn't able to stop the friction between their lower halves.

She suddenly reached out and wrapped her arms around his neck, flipping him so that he was the one pinned under her instead. She held his face in her hands as she drunkenly mumbled, "You look... so handsome."

Alexander clearly hadn't expected her to do that to him. He was stunned too; he hadn't been on alert for this. He watched as her face got closer and closer to his, and her burning hot lips pressed themselves against his. They had a hint of sweetness from the red wine she drank, and they were very moist.

Alexander had been forcing himself to stamp down on the fire inside, but right now, he could no longer hold himself back. His passiveness gave way to dominance as his hands slid down her waist and began to undo their clothes.

Courtney's skin was smooth and soft; it was like he was touching a bolt of silk. Meanwhile, she was enjoying herself as she moaned. Alexander lifted one of her legs and aimed himself at her entrance. With a thrust, he was inside her. When he first entered her, she felt incredibly tight—it even seemed like it was her first time. He then gave a low grunt.

Meanwhile, the woman beneath him couldn't restrain the yell that escaped her. Her neck arched off the bed, drenched in sweat. There was some agony on her face, but pleasure overtook the pain.

The bed creaked as they moved. As Alexander's thrusts grew stronger and stronger, Courtney's moans grew lovelier and lovelier.

Perhaps it was because he had been holding his desires for far too long, or perhaps it was the alcohol's effects, but Alexander felt like he couldn't stop. He had to have her.

After coupling with her countless times, Alexander played with her body, his large hands sweeping over her own soft hands. He even pinned her hands down on the pillow. At the same time, he felt that this feeling was familiar; the same could be said for the sensations he felt in bed. It was like her body molded well to his own.

A clear scene suddenly flashed in his mind.

"Ah, ah..." Despite the woman's protests, there was still pleasure in her moans. Those moans kept reverberating clearly around his ears, and they sounded exactly like the moans coming from the woman below him now.

The scene in his mind was from that fateful night six years ago, where they were in a dark room.

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Chapter 58 Did Something Happen?

“Ah...”

The loud moan let out by the woman beneath Alexander brought him back to reality.

At the sight of her smoking hot figure and her legs—which were wrapped around his waist like a pair of snakes—the flames of lust within him leaped up again, dispelling other thoughts in his mind. He lifted her waist and passionately put himself in and out of her several times, making her moan repeatedly before she reached her climax.

They made out endlessly that night.

When Courtney woke up the next morning, she felt so worn out as if her body had been crushed under a truck. Even the simple movement of turning over made her feel like all her limbs were out of joint.

The ache made her open her eyes slowly, and what came in sight were splendid furnishings that seemed familiar to her. After staring at these furnishings for a while, she recalled that this room seemed to be the guest room at Alexander’s place.

She threw back the covers and was about to get out of bed when she suddenly touched her smooth and bare skin. When she lowered her head and saw what had happened, her eyes instantly widened, and she screamed, “Ahh!”

Her scream was drowned by the sound of someone showering in the bathroom.

Looking at the bathroom in panic, Courtney could see the blurry outline of a strong and muscular man inside the bathroom through the frosted glass door.

No way!

She yanked the bed sheet to cover her chest. What the hell did I do last night?

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The sound of water in the bathroom stopped abruptly. A while later, a slightly wet hand pulled the door open, and Alexander—with a bath towel wrapped around his waist—came out while toweling his hair dry as if nothing had happened. After walking a few steps as though he didn't hear the scream just now, he finally saw Courtney sitting up on his bed. As their eyes met, the memory of how they had spent the night before with all-consuming passion instantly came to mind.

Courtney curled her lips to give an awkward smile. "S-Something happened between you and I last night... right?"

"Can't you sense that yourself?" replied Alexander as he hung the towel over his shoulder. The neatly packed abs on his abdomen visibly contracted and relaxed as he moved about.

"Don't come over here." Courtney covered her eyes. She couldn't stand looking at him any longer lest the bath towel on his waist would fall off the next second.

"What are you afraid of?" Alexander looked very calm while standing by the bed. "We have done whatever we should and shouldn't have last night. Don't tell me you have zero memory of that."

Courtney hung her head with her face as red as a tomato; she was so nervous that she couldn't utter a word for a long time.

Naturally, she knew what had happened last night. Judging from the ache in her body right now, she had either been beaten up or made out with someone all night. Considering the swelling ache in her lower body, she must have gone to bed with Alexander yesterday.

"I-I-I don't remember anything." Putting up a bold front, she decided to deny it no matter what.

Then, she heard a chuckle above her head that seemed to sound a bit teasing. Courtney thought she had heard it wrong, but when she looked up, Alexander had taken his bathrobe out of the closet and turned around to walk to the door.

“The maid will bring in some clothes and medicine for you later. Come out and eat after you get changed.”

“Medicine?” Courtney was startled for a moment. “What medicine?”

The medicine won’t be something like birth control pills, right?

As she was letting her imagination run wild, she heard a meaningful voice coming from outside the door. “Healing cream.”

At first, Courtney didn’t understand what he meant. However, when she threw back the covers to get out of bed and shower, she saw the bloodstains on the bed sheet. Coupled with the pain she felt while moving her feet slightly, it made her go red in the face at once.

She instantly figured out where she should apply the healing cream.

Oh my God! Just how passionate was the lovemaking session last night? I even grazed myself and bled!

After getting changed, Courtney spent as much as over ten minutes preparing herself mentally in the room. Then, she pulled the door open and went out. When she met the maid—who was about to enter the room to tidy it up—she looked calm and at ease. Not only did she brazen it out and pretended as if nothing had happened, she even greeted the maid by saying, “Good morning.”

The maid’s face was beaming with joy. “It’s not morning anymore, Miss Hunter. It’s already noon.”

Courtney’s originally forced smile looked even more unnatural.

When she came downstairs, Alexander wasn’t in the living room.

“The Young Master is working in the study. He told us to call him when you come downstairs so that you two can have lunch together.”

“Don’t do that.” Courtney quickly raised her hand in a refusing gesture. “There’s no need to call him because I’ll be leaving right away. I-I have something else to attend to, so I won’t be eating lunch here.”

“Huh? This is not good, Miss Hunter. This—”

Fearing that the maid would stop her, Courtney hurriedly went out without even changing her shoes.

However, the sound of a car’s engine turning off outside made her pause in her tracks.

After a black sedan stopped at the entrance to the courtyard, the familiar old butler got out of the sedan and opened the car door for Scott, who then got out of the sedan.

“Miss Hunter?” Scott eyed her up and down expressively. “What a coincidence! I’m here to visit Alex, and you’re here as well.”

“Hi, Mr. Duncan.” The corners of Courtney’s mouth twitched; she felt so guilty that she wished she could bury herself in a hole on the ground. At this instant, she no longer thought that the awkward situation just now was embarrassing, for the awkward situation right now was the most embarrassing moment in the century for her.

It was apparent that Scott’s car had deliberately blocked the entrance to the courtyard to prevent her from leaving.

When Alexander went downstairs from his study two minutes later, Courtney had been arranged to sit at the dining table. The way she straightened out her clothes and sat bold upright made her look as edgy as a criminal awaiting their trial.

“Grandpa?” Alexander came over with a frown. “Why are you here?”

Scott had fondness written all over his face. “You hadn’t gone back to visit me for such a long time, so I decided to drop by and see you. I didn’t expect a surprise, though.”

Drop by and visit me? Isn’t this too much of a coincidence?

Not blowing his grandfather’s cover, Alexander walked to the seat across from Courtney. However, when he was about to sit down, the maid pulled out the chair next to hers. “Please have a seat here, Young Master.”

Courtney cleared her throat and shook her head vigorously at him.

She looked as guilty as a teenage girl who was caught having fun away from home all night by her elders.

Turning a blind eye at her hopeless expression, Alexander walked straight over and sat down next to her. "Let's have lunch together since you're here, Grandpa."

Scott nodded slightly. He told Courtney to eat more, but he didn't move his cutlery.

Bracing herself to eat lunch, Courtney felt so ill at ease that she found little taste in the food.

"I have learned about everything that happened last night."

Upon hearing Scott's words, Courtney instantly choked on the red braised pork belly that she hadn't finished chewing up, her face turning crimson. She wanted to say something, but she couldn't utter a word. Hence, she could only keep downing the glass of water in her hand.

"Alex isn't an irresponsible person, so I'll make sure that he doesn't let you down," Scott said while giving Alexander a fierce glare. "Do my words still carry weight?"

"You learned of this so quickly, Grandpa." Alexander shot an emotionless glance at his mansion's butler, who was standing aside.

Not only did Scott get the news so quickly, he even hurried here early in the morning. It was clear at a glance who had tipped him off.

Courtney, who had finally swallowed that chunk of red braised pork belly, wanted to wave her hand and say that this wasn't necessary.

However, before she could say so, Scott said to Alexander, "By the way, since your marriage with Courtney has been finalized, you should hurry up and deal with the matter between you and Britney. Those tabloid news reports circulating around are giving me a headache."

Finalized?

Courtney looked up with a flushed face as it turned pale by turns. What had been finalized while I was choking on a chunk of braised pork belly?

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Chapter 59 Tearing Up Her Mouth

“All right, I shall stop disturbing you guys.” Scott suddenly got up, producing some sound as his chair rubbed against the floor. Looking at Courtney with a smile, he said, “You’re welcome to have fun at my place when you have the time, Courtney. I’ll get someone to arrange for the wedding. If there’s anything, you can just contact me directly.”

Courtney had a lot to say, but she couldn’t utter a word at this moment. She watched as Scott left, leaving her and Alexander as they looked at each other helplessly.

“Let me send you home.”

After finishing their lunch, Alexander offered to send Courtney home. Courtney wanted to turn him down, but it occurred to her that they should clear the air about what had happened on this day. It would be better to talk in the car since it wasn’t convenient for them to speak at Alexander’s home with the housekeepers walking around, so she didn’t refuse his offer.

The atmosphere in the car was quite stuffy as it drove out of the villa area.

Courtney looked at her cell phone and scrolled her Facebook with her head down, but in reality, she was reading nothing.

Suddenly, Alexander’s voice rang. He asked her naturally, “Should I turn right at the intersection ahead?”

Courtney was startled for a few seconds before she nodded. “Uh, yeah.”

The car pulled up at the traffic lights before turning at the intersection, and there were 60 seconds to go before the lights changed to green. Grabbing the steering wheel with his long

and thin fingers, Alexander tapped his index finger on the steering wheel every once in a while.

He suddenly asked, "I'd like to ask you something about last night."

The feel of Courtney's skin seemed to be still lingering in his hand, compelling him to spend the entire morning comparing her with the lady he encountered six years ago. Such a feeling was so familiar to him that he couldn't forget it.

"Last night..." Courtney straightened up abruptly and clenched her fists. She continued stiffly, "You don't have to take what happened last night to heart."

Alexander stopped tapping his index finger on the steering wheel.

"Well." Courtney sniffed and pretended to be unconcerned. "We were drunk, and we're both adults, so we don't have to take this too seriously. I know you're going to marry Britney, so you don't have to think there's something because of this accident. I-I won't ask you to take responsibility; I'm not that kind of person."

Alexander tightened his grip on the steering wheel, forming an indentation on its genuine leather cover in the shape of his fingers. He looked unmoved, but his tone of voice suddenly turned chilly. "Get out of the car."

"Huh?"

"Didn't you say that you don't need me to take responsibility? You may get out of the car now so that we don't get misunderstood." His chilly voice reverberated in the car with a barely perceptible hint of anger.

Courtney finally came to her senses.

Standing at the intersection, she held her handbag and watched as Alexander's car sped off. At last, she could no longer assume the feigned unconcerned expression on her face, and she sat down on a corner of the raised flower bed as if she had lost heart.

Just what the hell is going on?

"What? Did she spend the night at Royal Park Manor?"

All of a sudden, Britney turned around to look at the assistant behind her with a look of disbelief in the backstage dressing room of a show.

Her sudden movements startled the makeup artist; as her hands trembled, the lip brush left a blood-red lipstick mark on the corner of Britney's mouth. The makeup artist hurriedly apologized and said, "I'm sorry! I didn't mean it..."

Britney snatched the lip brush out of the makeup artist's hand and threw it to the floor roughly. She snapped, "Where did you find this person? She doesn't even know how to apply makeup! Do you want to be fired?"

At the sight of the scene, Jason—her talent agent—immediately apologized to Britney while shooting a glance at the makeup artist, who then gritted her teeth and left the dressing room with a look of grievance.

"Britney, you have to appear on the show in a while, so please control your temper a little. Let's hurry up and get your makeup done."

"Who cares about the show?" Filled with anger, Britney glared at Jason. "Didn't you hear what Millie said just now? The woman named Courtney spent the night at Royal Park Manor shortly after I left. Furthermore, Alexander carried her back himself! There were only the two of them in the villa—do you think I'd believe you when you say that nothing happened?"

"Didn't you go there yesterday as well?" Jason was puzzled at the mention of this. "Why did you come back afterward?"

"Speaking of this, I wish I could have torn that d*mn woman into pieces!" Britney slammed the dressing table, her face darkening. "The woman in Alex's home yesterday was simply arrogant. She knew who I was, yet she had the nerve to boast shamelessly by saying that Alex was just playing around with me! I will tear up her mouth if I meet her again!"

Confused by her repeated mentions of 'the woman', Jason couldn't distinguish whether the woman Britney was referring to was the same person. After glancing at his wristwatch, he hastily urged, "You should sit down and have your makeup fixed no matter which woman stands in your way again. It's time to appear on the show; we've made so many apologies when you left the show abruptly yesterday."

Britney clenched her fists, but she knew as well that it was useless to be angry; what had been done couldn't be undone. It was pointless for her to go back right now, so she could only get her job done first before slowly finding a way to deal with Courtney.

I was right to be alarmed at the beginning. This woman already has a daughter, yet she's so capable of seducing a man. She isn't as simple as she seems, she thought to herself.

Meanwhile, Alexander went back to the CEO's office at Sunhill Enterprise's headquarters after a briefing in the morning.

Josh gave a report on the 100th-anniversary celebrations before asking, "The decorations can officially begin next Monday, but Miss Hunter mentioned that decorating the event hall during the day would surely cause a drop in Sunhill Hotel's recent performance, and there might be lots of complaints from the guests by then. Do you want to consider telling Miss Hunter to do the decorations during the night instead?"

"There's no need for that." Alexander raised his left hand slightly before shaking his fingers. "There will be more complaints if the decorations are done at night since the guests will be disturbed by the noise. Her time allocation is right, plus the lobby's decoration will be carried out in different areas during the daytime, so the impact won't be huge. There's no need to be worried, so just let her do it. You just have to report the progress on time."

"Yes, President Duncan." Only then did Josh realize Courtney's purpose in doing the decorations during the daytime, so he admired her a little from the bottom of his heart.

"By the way, I'd like to ask you something."

"Please ask, President Duncan."

Alexander's eyes darkened. "Where is the lady who acted as the surrogate mother six years ago right now?"

"Surrogate mother?" Josh was startled for a moment; he didn't understand why Alexander had suddenly brought up such an old story. After a moment's hesitation, he responded reverently, "She's in Austria. Her father died of cancer shortly after she took the money back then, so she was sent to the airport to further her studies in Austria according to the instructions of Louis, the butler. She married a local there three years ago after finishing her Master's degree."

“Why are you so clear about it?”

“She’s Little Master’s birth mother, after all. I have been keeping an eye on her all the time in case you ask about her one day, Young Master.”

Josh was a little nervous. Alexander never instructed him to do this, but he had grown accustomed to taking more details into consideration while doing things after working for Alexander for seven years.

Alexander didn’t suspect that there was something wrong with Josh’s answer. Josh had been his close aide since he took over Sunhill Enterprise. Josh and Louis, who used to be his butler, were in charge of having the surrogate mother arranged back then. If there was something wrong with the lady who acted as the surrogate mother back then, Josh wouldn’t have kept it secret from him.

Josh wouldn’t have hid such a secret if anything went wrong, so it meant that Josh probably had no idea about this.

In other words, Louis was the only person who knew the inside story.

Therefore, Louis’s sudden resignation and retirement after sending Jordan to Alexander’s side back then seemed increasingly abrupt and suspicious to Alexander.

“Go to Armskirk Town to look for Louis and bring him to me. I have something to ask him.”

One Night Surprise Chapter 60

Chapter 60 Our Fates Really Are Intertwined

Courtney received a warm welcome from Tina when she returned home.

"You're home at last, Mommy! Were you happy last night?"

Courtney knew that Tina couldn't possibly be aware of the stuff between men and women at such a young age, but she couldn't help giving the latter a noogie. "Why should I be happy? Who told you to egg Jordan's dad on to look for me at the engagement party?"

Rubbing her head in pain, Tina pouted her lips and argued, "It wasn't me who proposed that; Jordan and Godmother were the ones responsible. Godmother even said that Mr. Alexander would be a hero saving a damsel in distress by doing so!"

"Are you putting the blame on whoever is absent?" Courtney shot her a glance while pouring herself some water to drink by the table. She asked casually, "What else did your Godmother say?"

"Godmother said that the story of a hero saving a damsel in distress always ends with the heroine pledging to marry the hero out of gratitude."

"Pfft!" Courtney spat a mouthful of water all over the table. After coughing a few times, she went to slap the door to the main bedroom in exasperation. "Come out, Cameron! How could you teach her these things instead of the good stuff?"

It was the weekend, which Cameron usually spent resting at home and sleeping soundly to her heart's content. However, nobody answered the door even after Courtney knocked on it for a long time. When Courtney opened the door, she found the room as messy as a doghouse, but Cameron was nowhere to be seen.

“My Godmother left this morning on a business trip.” Tina trotted up to her. “She also said that you are free to invite Mr. Alexander over while she’s away—she doesn’t mind it at all.”

“Who wants to invite him?” Looking guilty, Courtney raised her voice and covered her blushing face. “All right, that’s enough. I’m dog-tired, so I want to sleep. Don’t make trouble for me here; go play on your own somewhere else.”

Tina was chased back into her room, but she covered her mouth and tittered while peeping through the door crack.

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It seems that Godmother’s plan of having a hero save a damsel in distress works wonders! As expected, I should let Godmother take action since she can do the job of two!

Courtney kept tossing and turning in bed that afternoon, but she couldn’t fall asleep due to her sore waist and aching back. When she turned over, she recalled what had happened last night. Blushing with embarrassment, she covered herself under the blanket, only to push back the blanket and pant heavily a while later because she couldn’t breathe. After being restless for some time, she went into a sulk.

If Cameron did not pressure me into attending the engagement party, such a thing wouldn’t have happened. This incident wouldn’t be possible if she didn’t speak out of turn by persuading Alexander to appear at the banquet.

In conclusion, this lady is the culprit!

Thinking about this, Courtney’s mind suddenly cleared a little. She increasingly felt that Cameron was likely to be the mastermind behind the incident!

Meanwhile, Cameron was bored stiff while waiting for her delayed flight in the airport lounge when she received a voice message on her cell phone’s Messenger. When she saw the sender ID of the voice message, her fidgety expression instantly cleared. After unlocking her cell phone by slowly swiping her finger across the screen, she pleasantly listened to Courtney’s accusation.

“Confess to me—did you plan in advance to urge me to attend the wedding and notify Alexander about it?”

Pressing the recording button on her cell phone, Cameron moved closer to the microphone. She argued, "How could that be possible? Did something happen last night, though? Why didn't you come back all night yesterday?"

"Nothing happened."

"You sound so flustered and exasperated that I don't believe nothing has happened."

Her message was met with silence. For a long time, there was no answer from the other end of the conversation.

However, Cameron could imagine Courtney's blushing face in front of the screen. What a shame that I can't see her blushing face with my own eyes.

Just then, the airport's broadcasting system announced that her flight had arrived. Cameron picked up her handbag leisurely and boarded the plane before finding her seat. After seating herself, she lowered her voice and spoke into her cell phone. "I'm on the plane, so I won't discuss the details with you. Share your passionate night yesterday with me when I come back later!"

With that, she switched off her cell phone.

Just then, she heard a man's deep voice speaking above her head against the background of the safety warning broadcast. "Babe, may I ask if I can move your stuff in the overhead compartment to the side a little bit?"

Cameron didn't even raise her head. "It's not mine, so move it as you please."

"Thank you," replied the man politely. As he was moving the bags around, he suddenly stopped.

Cameron, who found the voice familiar to her, put down the tablet in her hand and looked up.

Their eyes met in an instant.

"It's you!"

Cameron and Gale's voices overlapped.

After confirming that the seat number on his plane ticket was correct, Gale seated himself next to Cameron and extended his hand to her politely. "What a coincidence! We meet again, Miss Miller."

Cameron rolled her eyes before raising her hand to beckon the flight attendant to come over.

"Do you need any help, miss?"

"I'd like to switch seats."

Gale's expression changed as his hand stretched out awkwardly in midair.

Sensing the subtle atmosphere between them, the flight attendant gave an awkward smile. "Miss Miller, all the seats of this flight are filled, so there's no way of switching seats."

Cameron's expression changed at once. She shot a disdainful look at Gale next to her and asked, "Are the economy class seats filled as well? I can switch to an economy class seat as long as I'm not seated next to him. I have no problem sitting on a jump seat with you guys."

"What do you mean by that?" Gale stared at her with a frown. He said in displeasure, "Why are you making a fuss—even I haven't made a request to switch seats!"

Cameron's expression was very cold. "I simply can't stand the sight of some ill-mannered person who takes his liberties with women!"

"I'm sorry, but there really aren't any empty seats anymore." The flight attendant looked troubled.

Gale's face fell as well. He answered back sarcastically, "Have you ever found anyone easy on the eyes? In my opinion, you're just hostile to society. The flight will take off very soon, yet you've made things difficult for the flight attendant here and accused me of lacking manners. I don't think you have good manners either."

"You!" Cameron knitted her brows. After giving the flight attendant an understanding look to motion her to leave first, she glared at Gale and continued, "I'm not in the mood to talk nonsense with you. I'm warning you—this flight will take only four hours, so don't speak to me. We shall pretend that we have never met."

"I..."

Surprisingly, Gale didn't get angry after being dissed so many times. Instead, he started to get curious.

Just what the hell is it about me that this lady can't stand the sight of? Why does she behave like a grouch every time we meet?

Then, his eyes suddenly lit up when he saw the staff ID card on Cameron's table from the corner of his eye.

The words 'Twilight LLC's cultural media exchange program' were printed on it very clearly. Is she going to attend Twilight's cultural media exchange program as well? If that's the case, our fates are really intertwined.

Gale's mouth curved into a meaningful smile.

The next day was a Monday.

Setting aside all the 'accidents' that happened over the weekend, Courtney immediately began the preparations to decorate the event hall for Sunhill Enterprise's 100th-anniversary celebration. She spent the entire day overseeing the partitioning of different areas in the lobby.

"The posters on the board aren't good; make them prettier. We can't let others think that there's some sort of construction going on here, and try not to inconvenience the hotel's guests as much as possible. Don't pile things up right here—put everything in the storeroom and take them out only when needed. It's okay to make a few more trips."

While she was busy in the afternoon, she heard the receptionist calling her from the front desk nearby. "Miss Hunter, a gentleman here wants to see you."

Upon hearing this, Courtney—who was looking up while directing the workers to install the new chandelier—looked back to see a familiar figure standing at the front desk. Surprisingly, the stooping figure had become much older than she remembered since they last met many years ago.