

One Night Surprise Chapter 36

Chapter 36 Why Doesn't She Have the Right to Do That?

Once they arrived at the hospital, Tina dragged Courtney all the way into the wards. "Slow down, Tina. You're about to break my arm." Courtney helplessly allowed her daughter to drag her out of the hospital lift. She only believed her daughter's words after she saw Jordan lying on the hospital bed.

"What happened to Jordan?" Courtney asked as she entered the room. Scott was the only one who was sitting by the bed. When he saw Courtney, his face lit up with joy and he quickly got to his feet. "Who are you?" he asked, although he already knew the answer.

She quickly introduced herself. "I'm Courtney Hunter, a hotel manager in Sunhill Hotel. My daughter attends the same kindergarten as Jordan. And you are?"

Her sentences are clear and simple while her tone is respectful and polite; just the way one should speak to an elderly. She even looks a little bit like Jordan! I really like this woman, the old man thought as he glanced at Courtney. He sneakily gave Tina a silly face before he beamed toward Courtney. "I'm Jordan's great-grandfather."

"You're Mr. Duncan? The chairperson of Sunhill Enterprise?" Courtney quickly straightened her posture. "I'm sorry if I was being rude earlier," she quickly said.

"No worries. Take a seat. Jordan has mentioned you in the past; he really likes you a lot. I remember this because you saved Jordan's life previously," Scott uttered as he gestured for Courtney to sit down. She quickly heaved a sigh of relief when she realized that Scott wasn't as haughty and mean as the rumors had made him to be. She then sat down on a chair beside him before she glanced toward Jordan worriedly. "How did Jordan get so badly injured?"

"I don't know the details, but he hurt himself in Alexander's home. I heard that he rolled off the stairs from the 2nd floor down to the 1st. He just got out of surgery, and the doctors

said that he fractured his right forearm and dislocated his left. He has a few cuts and bruises too. Ah, this young boy has suffered so many illnesses and injuries as he didn't have a mother to care for him since he was a baby."

Courtney felt her heart aching for the young boy when she heard the old man's words. Although she hadn't spent a lot of time with Jordan, he was the same age as Tina, and she had a missing son who was the same as him. I always think of my missing son whenever I look at Jordan. I wonder if he has a mother by his side. If he doesn't, perhaps he's just like Jordan now. "Fortunately, kids heal really quickly. He should drink some snakehead fish soup to replenish the calcium in his body since he fractured his bone," she said.

The look on Scott's face turned uneasy as he glanced at her. "Really? But Alexander just fired all of his maids after this incident. I'm rather worried as well; these maids are simply too careless with their jobs nowadays."

She quickly understood what he meant. "No worries. I'm not working this weekend, so I can make some soup and bring it over."

"That would be amazing. Thank you for going through the trouble of doing this, Miss Hunter," he said happily.

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"No worries. I feel like Jordan and I get along really well, so it's no big deal for me to make him some soup," she replied. Right then, the doors to the ward were flung open before Alexander and Britney walked in one after another. Alexander's eyes widened the moment he saw Courtney. "What are you doing here?"

"I came over to visit Jordan because I heard that he got into an accident," Courtney explained.

"You heard that he got into an accident?" Alexander was already in a bad mood after Jordan's accident, 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 behind her mother's back as she glanced up and blinked at Britney innocently.

"How dare you..." Britney was too furious to say anything. Right as Tina was standing behind her mother, Scott sneakily gave her a high five while they both wore solemn, calm expressions on their faces.

"That's enough. What's there to fight about? Jordan needs to rest." Alexander frowned and glanced at Britney. "It's late, so you should leave now. I can stay here by myself." His voice was clearly filled with annoyance, and Britney knew better than to go against his will. Furthermore, she had other matters to handle, so she left the room without hesitation. However, her footsteps slowed down along the corridor of the hospital as she then wondered why Courtney and Tina were allowed to stay back when she was asked to leave.

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

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Chapter 37 A Pro Bono Chef

However, what Britney hadn't expected was for Scott to challenge Alexander's orders after the latter attempted to get Courtney to leave. "I think it's more likely for Jordan to not need you right now," Scott uttered in a cold tone as he glanced at Alexander disdainfully. He was hinting Alexander to take his words back.

"I think what Miss Hunter said was perfectly correct. Look at yourself—do you think you look like his father? You drank so much; where were you when Jordan fell off the stairs? You were probably fast asleep on your bed after getting drunk, right? How careless of you." Scott didn't hesitate to lecture him in front of Courtney.

Alexander felt guilty to begin with, and he only felt worse upon hearing Scott's words. He no longer mentioned anything about sending Courtney away. "She can stay if she wants; you can stay if you want too." He frowned annoyedly.

"Why should I stay here? I'm old now; I don't have the time to clean up all the messes that you make. I want to live a long life," the old man scoffed before he called for his butler to send him home. Before he walked out, he sneakily gave an 'okay' hand sign to Tina, who winked her eye furiously in return. Now, Mommy can spend some quality time with my future dad!

Once Scott had left, Courtney pulled her chair closer to Jordan's bed before she gently touched his forehead to measure his temperature. Alexander frowned at this. "He doesn't even have a fever. What are you touching his forehead for?"

Courtney simply rolled her eyes; she no longer concealed the contempt she felt for the man. "Kids are more prone to getting high fevers when they aren't feeling well. Furthermore, he might get a fever if he got an infection from the surgery, and things would get worse if he gets pneumonia or other infectious diseases. What do you know?"

His face turned stiff for a moment before he sat himself down on the couch. "You're saying all that as if you're a doctor," he mumbled in a softer tone.

"Mommy was supposed to be a doctor." Out of nowhere, Tina popped up beside Alexander before she used both her arms and legs to climb up onto his thighs. He didn't feel repulsed by the young girl's acts; if anything, he found himself enjoying her company. He lifted her up and positioned her on his thighs as he replied without thinking much of it, "Why didn't she become a doctor in the end?"

"Because she didn't have the time to take care of other children after she had me. That was why she gave up on her career as a doctor," Tina explained. She's such an adorable and innocent girl; I'm sure Courtney must have been lying and bragging about her own career in front of her daughter. It's time for me to embarrass her this time, he thought as he scoffed. "Well, if I remember correctly, doctors have to formally graduate from a medical school after 7 years of studying there. You can't become a doctor just because you want to." Courtney had been exposed for faking her academic qualifications 3 months ago during their interview. She didn't even graduate from university; how could she dream of becoming a doctor? She's probably just learnt some nursing skills in one of her courses and used it to impress her daughter.

Although the look on Courtney's face darkened a little, she didn't say anything in response. She might have even looked rather dejected. Alexander felt his heart clenching at the sight of this; he no longer found this fun and he quickly swallowed the remaining insults that he had prepared for her. Throughout the night, Courtney stayed by Jordan's side and made sure that he was comfortable in his sleep. Soon, as her eyelids gradually felt heavier and heavier, she eventually fell asleep by the edge of the bed. By the time she woke up, the sun was pouring in from the window, and her back was aching from the posture she fell asleep in.

Right then, the scene before her eyes gave her a mixture of complicated feelings. Tina was sitting on top of Alexander's lap as the both of them played games on their phones. Tina seemed to have gotten into some trouble in the game, for she looked up and glanced at Alexander pleadingly. "I can't get past this stage, Mr. Alexander. What am I supposed to do here?"

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He took her phone into his hands before curling her closer toward his chest as he patiently showed her how the game worked. "You have to do this. Then you have to speed up at this part..." Alexander only noticed Courtney watching them after they gamed for a long while. The gentle smile he had on his face quickly disappeared as he looked at her. "You're awake?"

Courtney snapped back into reality then and began to stand up as she massaged her back and complained. "Yeah. I'm so tired. I have to go; I need to head back to the office and prepare the plans for the centennial celebration."

"I can give you the day off if you're too tired." Alexander was in a good mood after he spent the morning playing games with Tina. All the terrible feelings he had the night before had disappeared into thin air.

"It's fine. I've already been suspected of having ulterior motives even though I didn't do anything; I'm afraid someone might think I'm trying to rely on the power and position of others to get a promotion if I don't do my work properly. By the way, President Duncan, let me clarify myself again—I'm working purely for the sake of working, and I came to visit purely because Jordan is a good friend of Tina's. You aren't that attractive and wonderful; I'm not trying to impress you or anything."

The good mood that Alexander had been in quickly switched into a terrible one as he glared at Courtney with his brows knitted. All the gratitude that he had for the woman disappeared instantly. Upon that sight, Tina hurriedly interrupted their conversation before they could start a fight. "You can go back and do your work, Mommy. I'll be here with Jordan."

Courtney frowned at this. "You're not coming with me?"

"Why should I? Aren't you going to make some snakehead fish soup for Jordan in the afternoon? It'd be too tiring for me to follow you around, and today's a Sunday anyway." Tina barely looked up as she spoke to her mother. She remained seated on Alexander, as if he was her personal couch.

This girl still remembers about the snakehead fish soup, huh? Courtney felt rather speechless then. She was afraid that Alexander would further suspect her intentions if she were to do such kind acts without asking for anything in return.

"I'm not going back to the company today, and I've cleared all my plans, so I can take care of Tina here at the hospital. It'll be fine. You can go do your work," he said calmly.

"What?" Courtney was surprised by his sudden kind gesture. Is he offering to look after my daughter for me?

"But you have to remember to pack lunch for all 3 of us later," Alexander added. She felt like her heart fell instantly upon hearing that. That sounds more like Alexander. He'd never do

something without getting some sort of benefit out of it—it's pretty worth it to spend time with Tina in exchange for getting a pro bono chef to prepare his meals for him.

Cameron had specially offered to set Courtney up with a few of her friends in the advertising industry so that Courtney could ask them for details regarding event planning and management that she needed for the company's centennial celebration. Courtney was in a rush then, so she didn't bother to argue any longer before she left Tina behind and stepped out of the hospital. Throughout her conversations with Cameron's friends, she couldn't stop herself from yawning. She even had to drink a few cups of coffee that day.

After the meetings were over, Courtney rushed to the market at noon to buy the snakehead fish needed for the soup. She also prepared two other side dishes and packed them in a stacked lunch box before bringing it to the hospital. When she arrived, Jordan was awake. One of his arms was in a cast while the other arm still seemed rather stiff since it was just relocated the night before. He glanced pathetically as the dishes were laid out in front of his eyes. "I'll feed you." Alexander held a spoonful of soup over to Jordan's lips.

But Jordan didn't hesitate to embarrass his father in front of everyone else. He didn't even glance at Alexander; instead, he shifted his gaze firmly toward Courtney. What Scott mentioned the night before was true—Alexander wasn't needed as much as Courtney was.

"Let me do it, then." Courtney reached her hands out to Alexander and asked for his bowl and spoon. Indeed, Jordan's mouth cracked into a grin the moment Courtney tried to feed him, and he quickly finished a big bowl of the snakehead fish soup.

Alexander seemed a little jealous upon seeing this. "Jordan, you need to know that I'm your father," he uttered with a straight face. The young boy glanced at Alexander for a moment before he reached his leg out from underneath the sheets and fiercely sent a kick toward Alexander's thigh, his small face scrunched up into a look of fury.

"What are you doing?" Although Jordan's kick didn't hurt, Alexander still found himself getting angry at his son's actions.

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Chapter 38 Was It Intentional, or Was It an Accident?

"You're scaring him." Courtney reminded Alexander with a frown. In no time, Jordan pulled his leg away and leaned his body closer toward Courtney. Alexander quickly felt a pang of regret when he saw his son's pale little face glaring at him resentfully. He then took a deep breath before he tried to talk to his son again. "Are you blaming me because I didn't take good care of you?"

Jordan didn't seem interested in responding to Alexander; he turned his head and pressed himself into Courtney's arms, his left arm gripping firmly onto the collar of her shirt. Courtney couldn't help but feel sorry for Alexander when she saw the look of disappointment on his face. "Perhaps he's still in shock after what happened last night. Just give him a little more time," she said in an attempt to comfort Alexander. You're so careless toward your own son; it's no wonder that your son's closer to others than he is to you. What else do you expect?

The atmosphere in the room turned rather chilly. Tina's gaze flickered from one end of the room to the other before she quickly tugged on Alexander's sleeve and spoke to him in a childish tone. "Mr. Alexander, can you please help me with this level? I'm stuck here." Only then did Alexander's tightly knit brows relax as the young girl had successfully diverted his attention. "Which level is this?" he asked as he turned toward Tina. "This! This one. I can never beat this evil boss," she uttered.

As the tense atmosphere gradually dissolved, Courtney gently stroked the young boy's hair as he lay in her arms. "Jordan, do you blame your father for your accident?" she whispered.

The boy shook his head in her arms before he looked up to meet Courtney's eyes, his gaze filled with sorrow. "What is it?" Courtney was rather confused. Jordan's arm—the one that had been dislocated—could barely move, and he only managed feeble attempts of shifting his arm up and down. Tears began to form in his eyes as he was frustrated by this.

“Do you want to write something?” Courtney quickly asked, upon which Jordan immediately nodded. “Calm down.” Courtney comforted him before she pulled a notebook and pen out of her bag and handed it to him. He held onto the pen with his left hand, and his words were all crooked and messy. Courtney barely managed to decipher his scrawls. ‘I don’t want Daddy to get married to another woman.’

Courtney unconsciously glanced toward Tina—who was sitting on the couch while playing mobile games with Alexander—once she read what Jordan wrote. She frowned a little. I think it’s inevitable for children to feel rather conflicted or displeased when their parents are getting remarried to another person. Furthermore, judging by how inconsiderate of a father Alexander is, he probably never thought about Jordan’s feelings. It must be harder for Jordan since he can’t speak. It’s depressing to think about this, but I don’t think I’m in any position to comment about their situation since I’m just an outsider. “Your father loves you a lot. Even if he gets married to another woman, he’ll still treat you well.” Courtney couldn’t do much apart from gently comforting Jordan in a hushed tone.

However, Jordan merely shook his head sadly in response to her words. “What is it? Do you not like Miss Price?” she asked as he placed her hands on his shoulders. Jordan seemed to hesitate a little before he then nodded his head firmly, as if he had just come to a decision. He hastily scribbled onto the piece of paper. ‘I want you to be my mommy.’

Courtney didn’t know whether to laugh or cry upon reading what he wrote. She had no idea how she could explain herself to a young boy. Being an adult and getting married isn’t as simple as it sounds; you can’t determine who you want your mother to be just because you like someone. Right then, Alexander got up from the couch after he finished a round of the mobile game he had been playing with Tina. “What did Jordan write?” he asked.

Flustered, Courtney immediately tore the piece of paper out of her notebook before she stuffed it into her bag. “It’s nothing. He told me what he wanted to eat for dinner; I noted it down so that I can prepare it for him later,” she replied in an uneasy tone. Alexander immediately eyed her suspiciously when he noticed how flustered she seemed. But before he could ask her any more questions, she hopped up onto her feet. “Well, I have to go back and work on the plan for the centennial celebration. I have to leave now. I’ll come back a little later; you guys can get some snacks to fill your tummies if you guys get hungry before I come back,” she said hastily. She practically charged out of the ward after that, leaving Alexander in the ward with the two kids the moment she shut the door behind her.

Tina was curled up on the couch. She was so immersed in the game that she didn’t even care that her mother had left her there. Meanwhile, Jordan stared at the door longingly, as if he was hoping for Courtney to come back. Alexander felt a sense of guilt building up in his

chest when he saw the way Jordan looked. Maybe what Courtney said earlier was true. How terrible of a father must I be to have my own son being so dependent on a woman that he's met only a while ago? How many mistakes must I have made to have my son dislike his own biological father so badly?

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"Jordan." Alexander calmly called out for his son. Once Jordan realized that Courtney wasn't about to return to the room, he began to doodle in the notebook that Courtney had left behind without paying any attention to his father. Alexander groaned before he noticed Tina's figure from the corner of his eye. He then recalled how Jordan had pestered him to invite Courtney and Tina over to their house in the past. "How about this, Jordan? We can have a small party at home once you get better, and we can invite Miss Hunter and Tina over, okay?" He was attempting to see if this would please the young boy.

As expected, Jordan immediately lifted his head up to look at Alexander with eyes full of joy. "Are you going to talk to me now?" Alexander stroked his son's head. Jordan then wrote something in his notebook before handing it over to his father. 'You have to apologize to me, Daddy.'

Alexander froze for a moment as he recalled how he had been too drunk the night before. I didn't even hear Jordan falling off the stairs when it happened right outside my room. He's right; it's my fault for being so careless. "Alright. I'll apologize. I'm sorry, Jordan; I'll make sure that this never happens again in the future." However, what Jordan had been asking an apology for was actually Alexander's act of bringing Britney back to his house. Although they had been thinking of different things, Jordan assumed that Alexander had now promised him to never bring Britney back to the house. He therefore looked much happier than before.

Children were forgetful beings; Jordan quickly forgot about everything else as he began to play with Tina. Although he didn't play any mobile games, he seemed entertained just by watching Tina, who was hopping around excitedly as she played her games.

Scott got up early that morning, right when his butler, Harry, had gotten back to the Duncans' ancestral home. Scott had sent Harry over to the villa at Royal Park earlier to investigate the situation there. "Did you manage to find anything? Was Jordan's fall from the 2nd floor an accident, or did someone intentionally attempt to harm him?" Scott asked.

"It looks like it was an accident. I've asked every single one of the maids there. The maid that was on duty to care for Jordan during that hour had gone to make him milk, so there

wasn't anyone else on the 2nd floor during that time," Harry explained with a stern expression.

"No one at all?" Scott still felt rather suspicious. There are more than 10 maids working in the Royal Park villa; how can there not be a single witness to Jordan's fall? His fall must have created a huge commotion then, yet no one realized anything until he landed at the end of the stairs on the 1st floor.

"Miss Price was there that night. She brought presents over, so the maids were distributing them at the time," Harry continued.

"Britney?" Scott furrowed his brows as his face turned grim. "Where was she when Jordan fell down?" If someone had planned for this incident to occur, Scott couldn't think of a person that had greater motives than Britney.

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Chapter 39 Would You Like to Consider My Mother?

"Old Master Duncan, I don't think this has got anything to do with Miss Price." The housekeeper frowned uncomfortably.

"Why? How are you sure that she has got nothing to do with it?" Scott knitted his brows.

"Miss Price was in Young Master's room when Little Master got into an accident. When the maids rushed into the room, she saw the two of them on the bed together." The housekeeper tried his best to explain the situation without feeling embarrassed.

Scott was furious to hear this, and he slammed his palm against the rosewood table. “How shameless,” he hissed coldly. He had never liked Britney; even if he were to disregard her other flaws, just the number of scandals and gossip that she had been involved in throughout the years gave him enough reason to dislike her. Furthermore, he had run a background check on Britney when Alexander first brought her home six years ago—he found out that she had been a waitress serving alcohol in a club before she managed to squeeze her way up to the top of the entertainment industry. She couldn’t have managed to achieve so much if she was simply given some opportunities in the field; she must have been greedy enough to work her way up there.

“Should I continue looking into this matter, Old Master Duncan?” the housekeeper asked. Scott took a long, deep breath as he gazed at the housekeeper thoughtfully. “No. There’s something else I need you to do.”

That night, Tina wouldn’t stop talking on the way home after Courtney picked her up from the hospital. Courtney was getting a headache from all the noise. “Mr. Alexander is handsome, rich and funny. You’ve got yourself a keeper this time, Mommy!”

“Shut up.” Courtney pulled her house keys out to open the door as she rolled her eyes at her daughter. She dragged Tina into the house and took her shoes off as she continued to disagree with Tina’s statement. “He’s decent-looking, but he isn’t stunningly handsome, right? He’s not as handsome as Shay, is he?”

Tina frowned and widened her eyes upon hearing her mother’s words. “Of course not. Shay is a superstar; he’s the most handsome man in the world. I’m going to marry him.”

“There you have it.” Courtney grinned sneakily before she corrected her daughter. “Shay’s your uncle; you won’t be able to get married to him. He can’t wait for you for that long.”

“No way. He said that he’ll wait for me to grow up!” Tina insisted.

“Well, he was lying to you. How could you believe that?” Courtney rolled her eyes.

“I don’t care. He belongs to me.”

“Sure, sure—you can have him.” Courtney wasn’t in the mood to argue about this; she simply wanted to use Shay as a distraction so that Tina would stop talking about Alexander. “By the way, Shay called me two days ago and mentioned that he’ll be returning to the country to host a concert soon. Do you want to go watch it?”

"Of course!" Tina cried excitedly! "Shay is returning to the country?!"

"Not yet, but he's coming back soon. You should behave yourself if you want to go to his concert." Courtney lowered herself and patted Tina on the shoulder as she spoke in a threatening voice. "If you continue to daydream about any nonsense, I'm not going to bring you to the concert."

"You can't do that!" Tina shouted as if Courtney was her greatest enemy right then.

"In that case, you'll have to be a good girl by showering before you sleep." Once Courtney employed Shay—her ultimate weapon against Tina—the young girl was as obedient as a soldier in the army. She went to bed without mentioning Alexander's name at all. Similarly, Courtney fell asleep quickly after the long day she had.

The weather was good the next day, and Courtney went to the market to purchase some ingredients early in the morning. She cooked a full meal and packed it up before heading to the hospital with Tina. After some contemplation, she decided to bring the amended draft of her event proposal along.

"I made some black-bone chicken soup today. I thought it would be boring for Jordan to drink the same snakehead fish soup every day, so I made something different instead. This soup is pretty good for his recovery too." Courtney took off the lid on the thermos that she had brought over, and the delicious smell of the soup spread across the entire room. She passed a bowl of soup to Tina before she brought another bowl over and began to feed Jordan.

Alexander was eating a packet of rice in a corner, but he stole glances at the soup in the thermos every now and then. Has Courtney forgotten about me? Did she not prepare any soup for me in the first place? She doesn't look like she's about to offer me a bowl. I can't just shamelessly walk over to pour some for myself, can I? This soup smells amazing, though.

Tina was extremely perceptive; she quickly brought a spoonful of soup toward Alexander's lips. "My mom made this chicken soup herself, Mr. Alexander. It's great—you should try some." Alexander froze for a moment; he had no option but to accept the offer since the spoon was already in front of his face. A series of mixed emotions surfaced in his gaze the moment he took a sip of the soup. This chicken soup tastes so good! It has exceeded my expectations. This woman is really talented in cooking.

"Is it good, Mr. Alexander?" Tina glanced at him with a hopeful look in her eyes. "Yeah." He nodded faintly. Tina then shouted across the room for her mother. "Mommy, Mr. Alexander said that the soup tastes good! Hurry up and get him a bowl of it!"

Courtney only realized that Alexander hadn't gotten any soup then. He's an adult; doesn't he have hands? Why does he need me to get a bowl for him?

Soon enough, Alexander sipped on his bowl of soup as he gazed at Courtney. "You're really good at cooking. Did you steal some tips from the head chef while working at the hotel?"

"It's not stealing; I simply got the opportunity to observe their talents up close. I come in contact with a lot of chefs since I work in a hotel. They aren't usually generous with their own personal recipes, and I only managed to learn a thing or two because I'm a skillful cook myself," Courtney explained casually. Alexander didn't comment any further.

"By the way, President Duncan, I've made some changes to the proposal based on the comments that you gave me previously. Do take a look at it again." Courtney lowered her bowl of soup and pulled the proposal out from her bag before handing it over to him.

Alexander was a little reluctant to read through the proposal when he hadn't even finished eating his meal, but he felt the need to be an encouraging boss since his employee was being so enthusiastic with her work. Therefore, he put his food down and took the proposal into his hands before reading through it carefully. However, he could smell the delicious scent of the chicken soup as he buried his face in the dry, boring documents. Even a man like Alexander couldn't bring himself to fully focus on the documents before him right then. Soon, he slapped the proposal shut after glancing through it briefly. "It looks fine to me. We can proceed with this for now. You can ask the rest of the workers for their opinions during the meeting at the headquarters next Monday."

Courtney's eyes lit up with joy. "Really? Is it really fine?" It was a shocking event for Alexander to be satisfied with his employee's proposal. The first time Courtney went for a meeting at the headquarters, she witnessed Alexander's brutal act of criticizing a worker who was responsible for the company's marketing and advertising duties. Although Alexander remained calm throughout the process, the worker's face was drained of all color—he looked like he was about to get a heart attack before fainting right there and then.

Therefore, 'It looks fine to me' was a huge compliment when it came from a man like Alexander. Courtney began to speak in a nicer tone as she felt her insides bursting with joy. "You should have some more soup, President Duncan. There's more here; I can give you

some if you haven't had enough." The edge of Alexander's brows twitched with excitement as he continued to sip on his bowl of soup.

That afternoon, Tina continued to pester Alexander after Courtney left the hospital. "Mr. Alexander, my mom's a pretty decent woman, right? She cooks good meals, she's good at taking care of others, and Jordan likes her a lot. You can't find anyone else like my mom in this world. She's definitely better than some superstar, right?"

Alexander chuckled helplessly upon hearing the young girl's words. "Yeah. Your mom's a pretty nice woman." He found her statement understandable as it was only normal for every child to see their own mother as the most perfect person. However, that wasn't exactly what Tina meant with her words.

Her eyes lit up the moment she heard Alexander's compliment toward her mother. "Well, Mr. Alexander, would you like to consider making my mother your wife then?" Alexander froze in surprise.

One Night Surprise Chapter 40

Chapter 40 She Is Your Sister?

Although he knew that Tina liked to be close to him, Alexander never thought that the little girl intended to set him up with her mother. He froze for a few seconds before coming back to his senses and silently stroked the little girl's head.

"Jordan also likes my mommy very much."

Tina pulled out her killer move and winked. "If you don't believe me, you can ask Jordan. He really wants my mommy to be his mommy too."

Alexander's gaze fell onto the hospital bed as he asked hesitantly, "Is that right, Jordan?"

Jordan nodded solemnly.

Alexander frowned as Tina's voice came from beside him. "Mr. Alexander, Jordan doesn't like that big star at all. If you want to look for a wife, shouldn't you ask for his opinion? My mommy said that she would definitely ask for my opinion if she ever finds a stepfather for me."

She was trying to implicate that as long as Alexander agreed, there wouldn't be a problem from Courtney's side.

Looking somewhat puzzled, Alexander asked, "Tina, don't you already have a father?"

"I do, but ever since I was a kid, I hardly see my father twice a year." Tina sighed in an adult-like manner with a sad face. "Isn't it pitiful?"

After that, she quietly peeked at Alexander's reaction.

Realization dawned upon Alexander. No wonder Tina has Courtney's last name; they probably didn't last well and had separated a long time ago. How dare she criticize me—she doesn't know what Tina wants because she doesn't have enough time to care for her daughter as well.

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While Alexander was busy analyzing Courtney's relationship, Tina and Jordan secretly exchanged a triumphant look.

"Are you sure no one saw what happened that night?"

In the cafe at the golf course, Britney was dressed casually as she drank some coffee and waved at the producer from the window with a bright smile.

However, her expression darkened when she turned to look at her manager across the table.

"Don't worry about it, Britney," replied the manager coolly.

"I've already tried asking around; the housekeepers were so busy with the gifts you brought over the other day that none of them were at the scene. By the time they arrived, the little boy had been lying on the ground for a while."

"Deceiving those fools isn't a difficult task—even if someone had seen it, we can just pay them with money. Are you sure nothing was uncovered by the old man's men who went over to check things out? That old man is quite smart."

"I'm sure he didn't find anything. Do you know what the maids said when I got someone to go over and ask?"

"What?"

"They said that they have never seen their young master bring a woman home, let alone stay overnight. Since they saw you on his bed, why would you be a suspect?"

As the matter came up, Britney had a smug look on her face. "Indeed, such improvisation skills are my specialty. Did they really think that the last six years with Alexander was all for show?"

Everyone in Melrose City knew that Alexander wasn't interested in women, for he never got himself involved with other ladies. People barely associated him with Britney, and many of them were suspicious of his sexual orientation.

Even Britney's manager had his own suspicions, but it didn't matter to Britney.

"I don't care if he likes men or women. I don't need him to like me; all I want is the title of the Young Mistress of the Duncan Family."

As they were chatting, a figure paused for a few seconds and came over enthusiastically when she realized it was Britney. "What a coincidence, Britney! You're here too?"

When she heard the familiar voice, Britney raised her head with a surprised look. "Anna? Why are you here?"

Anna wore a beige colored chic suit with a limited edition Chanel clutch bag. She took off her sunglasses and revealed a glammed up face with a big smile as Britney's manager gave her his seat.

"I just arrived." Anna put down her bag. "I was supposed to meet my friends here, but as soon as I arrived, my friends called to cancel. I was about to leave; I didn't expect to bump into you here, though."

"We haven't seen each other in over a year, right?"

"That's right. Unlike me, you're so busy shooting every day."

"How can I compare myself to you? You're the Young Lady of the Hunter Family; you don't have to run around for a living like we do in the entertainment industry."

They met at a business reception a few years ago and got along well, but they hadn't been in touch for a while.

After they exchanged pleasantries, Britney asked about Anna's wellbeing as the latter sighed in frustration.

"Everything was fine, but I've recently encountered some problems."

"Problems?"

"Do you remember that I have a half-sister? Ever since she returned to the country, my father's attention has been all over her again. He initially promised my mother to let me join the company, but he's been having second thoughts again—apparently, he needs more time to think about it. Isn't it obvious? He's actually considering someone else."

"Your sister?" Britney was a little surprised. "Since when did you have a sister? I've never heard about it before. Is she your father's illegitimate daughter?"

Anna shook her head and explained vaguely. "I do, and her name is Courtney. She never fit in with the rest of the family ever since she was a kid and never really hung out with us. After that, she went to college to study medicine and lived in school all year round. She has never participated in any of our circle's activities, so it's normal for others not to know her."

Britney's face changed when she heard the name.

Anna Hunter? Courtney Hunter? Why didn't I think of that?

"I really hate her." Anna's face darkened. "If it wasn't for her, me and my mother's lives would have been easy and nice. With her around, my father is so afraid of treating her poorly that he is always thinking about her—just thinking about it is driving me crazy."

"Anyway, it's not like she is your own sister." Britney asked tentatively, "Not only is she an illegitimate daughter that can't be known publicly, both you and your mother hate her as well. Why don't you just find a way to get rid of her? Isn't that kind of thing quite common?"

Anna didn't go into much detail about the 'illegitimate daughter', but she felt happy when she heard Britney's comment about Courtney, so she blurted out the things that happened back then.

"It's not like I haven't tried. Six years ago, I came up with a plan to disgrace her in front of the Hunter Family so that my father would definitely not consider her to inherit the family business, but I couldn't find her at the critical time and missed my chance. She was quite capable—she disappeared for six months before leaving the country without a word for five years."

All of a sudden, Britney's heart sank. Something just doesn't feel right.

Anna was still chattering away across the table. "Since she already left, she should just stay where she was; why is she back after five years? What does she want? Is she back to fight against me for the family's fortune once she's done hiding her talents?"

The young girl beside Courtney flashed through Britney's mind. She pondered for a moment and asked, "Is your sister married?"