

Surprise 256

Chapter 256 Looking Like a Hooligan

“What are you talking about?” Courtney was slightly anxious.

“Stop asking the obvious.” Alexander scowled. “Mikayla and I never planned to get engaged. We are merely together because Grandpa has been keeping an eye on us. Besides, I said that during lunch because I was worried that he would make things difficult for you.”

Courtney let out a sigh of relief and she picked up the carrot from the basin to continue peeling it. “That’s none of my business; it’s between you two.”

Upon witnessing her cold and distant attitude, Alexander’s gaze turned dark. “I have now explained the misunderstanding from before, so I don’t think it’s necessary for us to act like strangers.”

Agitated, Courtney tossed the vegetables in her hands when she heard that. “Do you think I’d allow a stranger to stay the night in my home for no good reason?” She turned around to ask him and her reaction was slightly intense, likely due to the excessive psychological pressure she had been experiencing lately. Hence, she lost her temper when he questioned her.

Alexander was stunned into silence for a moment.

“I’m sorry.” Courtney frowned and she turned around to pick up the carrot. “You should go back to the living room and have a seat. Dinner will be ready soon.”

Alexander stared at her back as he asked persistently, “Why are you so forgiving toward Jordan but not me?”

Courtney tightened her grip around the carrot while answering vaguely, “Jordan is just a child. Are you comparing yourself to your own son?”

Alexander was rendered speechless by her response. Since Courtney ignored him, he insisted on staying in the kitchen to wash the vegetables.

After he hung around shamelessly in the kitchen for the longest time, Courtney finally lost her patience. “You don’t have to wash every stalk of the enoki mushroom. Can you please go out if you haven’t a clue what to do?”

After dinner, Courtney urged the two children to shower in her bathroom, whereas the other two men were assigned to the bathroom outside.

After bathing the two little ones and carrying them to her room, she saw Alexander standing tall at the entrance of her room when she returned.

“I don’t have any clothes with me.”

Courtney pressed her palm to her forehead when she heard that. Apart from him, I don’t think that I would ever meet another person who would make such a righteous claim when they don’t even have their own clothes. “Borrow a set of clothes from Oliver.”

“I do not wear clothes that have been worn by others,” Alexander announced calmly and naturally.

At that moment, Oliver's voice rang out from behind him as well. "I do not have the habit of lending my clothes to other people too."

"Well then; what should I do?"

Courtney stared at Alexander and she commented, "You can't be planning on buying a set of clothes now, can you? What time is it? There is a supermarket downstairs but they only sell T-shirts that go for 30. Do you wear those?"

"Let's have a look," Alexander answered simply. "It's ten o'clock now and I believe the supermarket is still open."

"Oh—it seems like you know what time a supermarket closes." Courtney shot him a surprised look as she teased, "I assumed that the mighty Mr. Alexander Duncan wouldn't be aware of such trivial matters."

Alexander stared at her. "Sunhill is a shareholder of the supermarket downstairs."

Courtney was at a loss for words when she heard that. She couldn't come up with a response, so she only glared at him. "Come on; let's visit the supermarket where your company is a shareholder."

The supermarket within the residential area was a national chain store; it was relatively huge, occupying three floors. Courtney would usually buy vegetables from this supermarket too. They had a separate area on the third floor for the clothing section. Clothes sold here were at reduced prices with year-round discounts, with most of the tags missing.

"Well, this is it." Courtney pointed at the men's clothing section. There was a clearance sale of 30 on clothes with yellow tags. "Pick one. They are all the same price."

Alexander stood rooted to the spot. "You should pick one for me. I am not particular about clothes."

"Are you sure? Will you wear anything I pick for you?" Courtney gave him a meaningful sideways glance.

Alexander hummed and nodded without even looking at the pile of clothes.

Courtney cocked an eyebrow and she made her way swiftly toward the packed and narrow clothing section. She selected five to six colorful shirts and T-shirts without even looking at them closely. Then, she returned to brandish them triumphantly in front of Alexander. "Why don't you try these on?"

Alexander glanced at the pile of shirts which had exceptionally vibrant colors. He nodded despite the shop assistant's astonished gaze. "Sure. Where is the fitting room?"

"Here." The shop assistant snapped back to her senses and she led him to the fitting room. She stared in a trance when Courtney shoved the pile of clothes at Alexander for him to try on.

"Miss, are you vacationing at Southern Bay? Why are you buying such garish shirts?"

"No, we aren't. He likes this type of clothes."

"Really?" The shop assistant looked shocked. "Only hooligans wear clothes like this. They usually look tacky while wearing thick gold chains around their necks—such poor taste! Your boyfriend doesn't look like that at all!"

“He truly likes them. Why don’t you ask him later if you don’t believe me?” Courtney held back a giggle but she was ready with her camera phone. She couldn’t wait to see Alexander making a fool of himself in those colorful shirts.

Just as they were chatting, the fitting room door opened with a creak and Alexander stepped out.

Courtney started snapping away frantically with her phone and she commented, “This time, I have to send these photos to Cameron and Gale. They will—” Nevertheless, before she could complete her sentence, Courtney swallowed silently when she saw the man on her phone screen.

What was the shop assistant’s comment earlier? She mentioned that everybody looks like a hooligan wearing those shirts, right? What a load of nonsense! With Alexander standing at over six feet, the colorful shirt clings loosely onto his body. The unbuttoned shirt exposes his collarbones and the centerline of his chest muscles. Besides, his tanned chest is partly hidden, whereas his long legs look especially long and strong like pillars. This looks more like a modeling photoshoot; what happened to being a hooligan?

“Whoa—you look so good! Young man, you sure are looking very elegant in that shirt; you look just like a model that stepped out from a fashion magazine! I am sure the shirts will start flying off the racks if our supermarket’s boss placed some pictures of you right here.”

Excuse me Miss, but that’s not what you said earlier. Courtney put her phone away while giving Alexander a once-over. But I can’t deny that what she said is true.

“What do you think?” Alexander took a couple steps toward Courtney. He raised his arms while asking, “How is the fit?”

Courtney grunted and nodded reluctantly. It isn’t just fitted. In fact, it looks like a tailored shirt. If he were to go out on the streets now, he’d be like a butterfly and girls would most probably chase after him, asking for his phone number.

“Should I try on the rest of the shirts?” he asked.

“There’s no need for that.” Courtney stopped him. She glanced at the shop assistant and murmured while sounding especially generous, “Miss, please pack the rest of those. We’ll take them all.”

After buying the shirts, Courtney picked two pairs of casual, loose-fitting long pants for Alexander. This time, she did not make fun of him; instead, she selected two pairs of cream-colored pants which were suitable both as pajamas and for going out.

After paying the bill and walking out of the supermarket, they noticed a stage at the entrance; it turned out they were having a promotional activity there.

Alexander glanced at the platform while commenting, “Jordan and Tina like those chocolates.”

Initially, Courtney wasn’t paying attention but she realized what he was referring to when she looked up.

‘A couples game. The person with the highest score is eligible for a free box’. The rules of the game were printed across the blue roll-up banner. Courtney was staring at the words ‘free box’, whereas Alexander was staring at the word ‘couples’.

Chapter 257 Which Prize Do You Want?

It so happened to be the busiest time of the night. Residents nearby had just had their dinner and they were out for a stroll. Soon, a large crowd surrounded the stage at the entrance of the supermarket.

“Our supermarket is having an activity today. The first prize is a Giante bicycle; the second prize is a box of chocolates and the third prize is a huge teddy plush toy! There are also various kinds of participation awards. The competition is open to everyone as long as you are teamed up with the opposite gender—it doesn’t matter whether you are a couple or not, all are eligible to take part in this activity! Ladies and gentlemen, do come and join the fun!” The host, who had heavy makeup on, held a megaphone as he announced to the crowd. He was wearing a suit with chicken feathers sticking out, which made him look like a last minute option whom the company hired on a whim for a village fair.

“We are short of a pair here. Is there anyone else?”

“Should we go?” Alexander lowered his head and asked Courtney.

After weighing her options, she shook her head. “No, we should head home now. We can buy the chocolates on our own.” The supermarket has strange activities for participants each time they have certain activities. I can’t even begin to imagine what they have in mind this time. It’s best to dodge it to decrease the risk of embarrassing ourselves.

However, before they could turn around, a light voice rang out from behind them. “Handsome, are you alone? Me too! Why not partner up and take part in the activity with me? We’ll split the prize!”

Courtney’s heart sank. She turned around to come face-to-face with a girl, whose hair was tied up in a bun. She looked like she was in her early twenties and she was staring at Alexander in anticipation. If he were to help her, the passion and sparks of love in her eyes would most probably come gushing out.

“I...” Alexander scowled because he seemed unsure of how to reject her.

“Handsome, you look especially friendly and helpful, so come on, help a girl out! Please, I really want the bicycle; I’m attending classes at Campus City nearby. If I were to receive the first prize, I’ll transfer half of the bicycle money to you.” The young girl was very persuasive. She was pouting while swinging her hips, looking much like a vixen.

“Sorry, but I’m afraid we are taking part too. We were just putting our things down.” Courtney shoved herself between the two of them unabashedly. She then handed Alexander the bags from the supermarket while commenting deliberately, “Please take these. I can’t carry them anymore.”

The young woman’s smile froze on her face and she cleared her throat to hide her humiliation. “I see. In that case, I’m sorry; I didn’t see you, madam. I’ll go look for someone else.”

Madam? Courtney felt anger burning within her. She addressed Alexander, who is in his thirties, ‘handsome’ but she’s addressing me as ‘madam’? Girl, are you insane?

Courtney was about to give her a piece of her mind but the young woman vanished into the crowd in the blink of an eye. Soon, they heard the host asking again, “We are short of a pair. Is there anyone else?”

“Here!” Alexander raised his hand. It was easy to spot him, with him being more than six feet tall.

And so, Courtney was dragged onto the stage before she could respond. While they were waiting for the activity to start, she asked him quietly, “How old do you think I look?”

Alexander turned to her. “Twenty-five.”

“I’m not asking you about my age. I am asking how old you think I look.” Courtney seemed annoyed. “Why did that young woman call you ‘handsome’ but address me as ‘madam’? Does she look much younger than me?”

“She attends university nearby, so she must be younger than you.”

“Alexander, how dare you—” Courtney almost fainted out of anger. I feel like I can’t continue this conversation with him. Was I blinded by love in the past? Why did I even date him?

“Here we go.” The host interrupted their conversation between two people who weren’t on the same page. The speakers on both sides of the stage were especially loud and it was almost deafening. “Here are the rules—each pair will begin by standing next to each other, but the ladies aren’t allowed to touch the ground. All five pairs will then take turns to strike a pose without repeating the same pose as the groups before you. The group who fails to come up with a new pose will be eliminated and the pair making it to the end will receive the first prize.”

Once they heard the announcement of the game rules, Courtney’s expression changed drastically and she turned to look at Alexander. He appeared calm when he regarded her. “What is it?”

Courtney cleared her throat and said to him softly, “I think we should give up.”

Before Alexander could ask her for a reason, the host had approached them. “Right; let’s start with the first group—Handsome and Beautiful.”

Courtney didn’t have the chance to run because she was whisked off the ground by Alexander, who had lifted her into his arms.

At the sight, the crowd roared below the stage. Courtney struggled instinctively but realized that Alexander held her securely. In fact, it occurred to her that she might look like a flopping fish in his arms when she struggled. Hence, she could only glare at him angrily.

Alexander looked down at her, his eyes shining brilliantly with an alluring and subdued light. Courtney immediately turned away her blushing face. She highly suspected Alexander had known about the rules of the game early on because he was exceptionally calm.

Soon, the other four couples did the same thing swiftly. One of them carried their partner on their back, whereas another carried their partner over their shoulder, while one of the especially short female participants sat on her boyfriend’s shoulder. The last pair looked especially ridiculous. They must have run out of ideas for their position because the man picked the woman up from behind by the back of her knees, carrying her up face down.

The crowd erupted into a roar of laughter. “That’s the way one coaxes a child to pee—”

The woman was utterly embarrassed and she struggled to get down. She then hit her boyfriend hard before running away while covering her face.

“Well, that’s a voluntary forfeit,” the host commented. He chuckled loudly and added, “Alright. We will maintain this position for one minute. Then, there will be a change in the pose. There’s 40 seconds left.”

The host started counting down, whereas Courtney looked up at Alexander’s chin. “What comes after? I can’t think of a new pose. Why don’t we forfeit?”

On the other hand, the host had completed the countdown. Courtney was still in a daze when Alexander put her down. However, before she could snap back to reality, he held her by her waist to lift her up directly. She instinctively reached out to wrap her hands around his neck and her legs squeezed his waist to prevent herself from sliding downward. Their position caused an uproar among the crowd.

Courtney blushed furiously and she hissed menacingly at him, “Alexander Duncan, let go of me.”

“Which prize do you want?” Alexander asked without answering her question.

“I don’t want any of the prizes... Let go of me! I don’t want anything anymore. Let’s go.”

“In that case, let’s get the first prize.” He smirked openly but his smile was hidden from the crowd, thanks to the shadows. Courtney was embarrassed and annoyed, but she was completely helpless.

Later on, another group was eliminated, which left three pairs to compete for the three prizes. Initially, Courtney assumed that they would have to change to a different pose but the host announced in a booming voice, “Alright; there’s a change in the rules now. Next, our three pairs have to strike a kissing pose. It’s going to be a competition of perseverance to maintain the pose for the longest time.”

The crowd below the stage cheered loudly. “Kiss! Kiss! Kiss! Kiss...”

Immediately, Courtney paled. “Alexander, put me down. I don’t want the prize anymore.”

“Now, I will start the countdown and the three pairs of couples will have to start the challenge.” The host’s voice reverberated through the night.

“Alexander Duncan, let go of me!” Courtney started struggling against his grip.

“Three!”

“I don’t want the prize anymore. If you dare do it, you’ll end up sleeping on the streets tonight—”

“Two!”

“One!”

Chapter 258 Haven’t You Two Kissed Enough?

“Start!” the host thundered. The crowd was already buzzing in excitement.

Aside from Courtney and Alexander, the other two pairs already started kissing long ago. Courtney stared at Alexander, who was keeping a respectful distance from her, and she felt relieved. “At least

you're sensi—" Before she could even complete the word 'sensible', Alexander sealed her lips firmly with his. She stared at him wide-eyed, not believing that he was actually kissing her.

It was useless to struggle because he was holding onto her waist tightly. The two of them were stuck together and she was struggling in vain. In fact, she exhausted all her strength as he kissed her deeply.

The host's voice was like the night breeze as he did the countdown—he did not register in Courtney's mind; instead, his voice vanished into nothing. Her mind was focused on the sound they made while kissing and the stubbornness in Alexander's gaze.

Aside from feeling shy, a ray of light seemed to have finally pierced through the fort which she had put up over time. It shone through the wall and a sweet feeling bubbled in her heart, spreading all over her body.

Courtney closed her eyes slowly while throwing rationality out of the window; she couldn't help but enjoy the sweet kiss.

It felt like a long century had passed and the two of them were breathing rather heavily. They seemed to be sweating too when the host finally yelled, "Stop! Well, it seems like these two are not done kissing. I've recorded it for you—13 minutes and 14 seconds non-stop."

Courtney opened her eyes abruptly and she realized with a start that the other two couples were already on their feet. They were standing together with the host to observe her and Alexander. Upon seeing that, Courtney really wished the ground would open up and swallow her.

This is so embarrassing...

"Congratulations to the both of you! You won the first prize today—a bicycle."

Amidst the cheering from the crowd, Courtney buried her face in her jacket. She then followed Alexander to retrieve the pink bicycle.

When they received the bicycle, she mumbled softly, "I thought we wanted chocolates."

Alexander turned around to look at her. "In that case, we'll exchange it with the couple who received the second prize."

"No." Courtney's eyes shone underneath the hoodie of her jacket. "A bicycle is worth much more."

I've completely embarrassed myself. I'd be taking the hit if I were to take two boxes of chocolates home! I have to take the bicycle!

Alexander regarded her while smiling at her lovingly. "Sure."

The two of them pushed the bicycle home together. Upon entering the house, they saw Oliver, who was wearing dark green pyjamas, snuggled on the couch as he watched television.

"Where did you guys get the bicycle from?" Oliver put down the box of chips and he stared suspiciously at the two of them.

"It's a free gift that came with a purchase." Courtney answered before Alexander could respond, avoiding Oliver's gaze.

“How much did you have to spend?” Oliver frowned deeply as he focused on her lips and questioned, “Courtney, why are your lips swollen?”

“Huh?” Courtney immediately covered her lips. “Nothing; my lipstick is smeared because I was eating just now.”

“What were you eating? What did you two have outside?”

Courtney couldn’t come up with an answer, so she covered her mouth as she made her way back into her bedroom. “It’s late; I’m going to sleep.”

And so, Oliver and Alexander were the only ones left in the living room.

Alexander placed the bicycle at the corner of the large hallway. After that, he took the bags from the supermarket out from the bicycle basket, seemingly calm as he walked toward the bathroom.

Oliver dropped his expression as a naïve and wide-eyed boy. Instead, he squinted at Alexander menacingly. “Can you please restrain yourself? I am staying here with two other children as well.”

Alexander didn’t bother to turn to look at him. “Feel free to move out if you don’t like what you see.”

“Why should I?” Oliver was leaning against the couch while glaring at Alexander coldly. “First come, first served—I stayed here before you did. Sharing half of my bedroom is already considered a special offer for my customer.”

“I don’t mind sleeping on the couch.” Alexander was standing at the entrance of the bathroom. He stared meaningfully at the couch that Oliver was seated on.

“Don’t you think I know what you have in mind? No way.” Oliver burst out laughing. He changed positions lazily and lay on the pillow. “Courtney is well aware about it too, which is why you should drop that idea and behave by sleeping in my bedroom tonight.”

As Alexander observed Oliver’s relaxed expression, it was clear that the latter was well-adapted to the situation here. Hence, Alexander scowled unhappily.

Suddenly, the master bedroom door opened with a whoosh and Courtney poked her head out. “Oliver, come here for a moment! I need to talk to you.”

Oliver leaped up from the couch and responded immediately, “Sure! I’m coming.”

“Why can’t you speak in the living room?” Alexander countered, expression dark.

Courtney gave him a onceover before enunciating, “It. Is. Inconvenient.”

Well, as for what’s inconvenient, feel free to figure it out yourself.

Oliver shot Alexander a scornful look. Then, he vanished into Courtney’s bedroom swiftly while closing the door behind him.

Alexander’s expression soured and he stood rooted to the spot, staring at the closed bedroom door for the longest time.

Courtney summoned Oliver because she wanted to discuss Britney with him.

“Previously, you mentioned that Alexander was behind the incident three years ago where Jordan was drugged. However, Jordan has been through all sorts in the past three years too; I have come across such incidents three times in the past few months alone. Theoretically, Alexander would have gotten what he wanted, which means the accidents in the last three years can’t possibly be associated with him.”

This is all very confusing. Even if Alexander did that three years ago for the sake of power, it would mean that he doesn’t have a motive anymore after James left Sunhill Enterprise.

“Hypothetically speaking, whatever happened after should not be associated with him. Courtney, what have you found out?”

“Britney Pierce.” Courtney’s expression darkened at this point. “Vivienne told me that Britney was behind the fire accident. That is why I suspect most of Jordan’s accidents for the past three years stem from her.”

“However, she wouldn’t benefit at all from Jordan’s accident.” Oliver analyzed carefully. “Everybody knows that Alexander loves Jordan dearly. He most probably allowed Britney to hang around him over the years because Jordan listens to her sometimes. If Jordan were to be in an accident, it wouldn’t help her case to become the Duncan Family’s daughter-in-law.”

“Well, how would you explain the fire?” This is not my first time suspecting Britney. It is similar to when I met Jordan for the first time and the crystal chandelier from the hotel came crashing down. It so happened that Britney had just checked into the hotel when that accident happened. That’s too much of a coincidence.

Oliver wore a complicated expression and he hesitated for a moment. He then answered Courtney seriously, “Britney wouldn’t be bold enough to harm Alexander’s son. If it’s true that she’s the culprit, I would suspect that these accidents, or at least somebody else, is instigating her to do so.”

“Who could it be?”

“Somebody from the Duncan Family,” Oliver announced firmly. “The whole Duncan Family wants Mr. Duncan to lose his heir so that they’d have a chance to take over the company. They all have that motive and the prime suspect is none other than James.”

“Do you think that Britney and James are working together?” Courtney looked anxious instantly as this theory was way out of her expectations.

Chapter 259 Who Can’t Forget You?

“It’s just a guess but the probability is very high,” Oliver spoke carefully.

In Melrose City, Alexander was known for being completely uninterested in women. However, the fact that Britney stayed beside him for around six years showed that apart from being smart, someone else must have given her some pointers. Otherwise, based on her position as a celebrity, Scott would not have allowed her to enter the Duncan Family as she liked.

After thinking this through, a chill ran down Courtney’s spine.

I'm afraid that even Alexander doesn't know about this.

Oliver smiled relaxedly after seeing Courtney's worried expression.

"Stop brooding about it. I'll look into it when I'm free. If something like this has really happened, you just have to remind him to be careful of Britney."

Courtney returned to her senses and her expression changed slightly.

"Why should I remind him?"

Oliver ignored her comment and looked at the bedroom door meaningfully. Then, his gaze traveled down to the slit between the door and the floor; there seemed to be a shadow there.

"It's getting pretty late. Courtney, I believe I should get going. If it gets any later, I'm afraid someone might destroy the door."

Courtney froze upon hearing Oliver's reply, not understanding what he was referring to.

"Sure; see you later."

After he left, Courtney was thinking about this incident in her room.

If Britney really hooked up with James, does she really like Alexander? As for James' return to the Sunhill Enterprise this time, how much does she play a part in it?

As Courtney was deep in her thoughts, she did not realize a figure had entered the room.

It was only when she heard the sound of the door closing that she returned to her senses and lifted her head blankly. She then noticed Alexander standing in the bedroom with his newly-bought flowery T-shirt and beige pants; his hair was still wet and he smelled of jasmine.

Without waiting for Courtney to say anything, he started the conversation first.

"I couldn't find a hairdryer."

"Oh." Courtney froze for a moment. "It's right next to my bed; I'll go get it for you. Give me a moment."

"Not to worry; I'll get it. You just stay seated."

With that, Alexander walked to her bed.

When he walked past her, the slight breeze that blew past him made the jasmine aroma stronger.

Courtney's mind seemed to stop functioning at that instant.

If he's just here for the hairdryer, why did he close the door?

"It's in the drawer on top of the bed," Courtney reminded him.

Sitting by the bed, Alexander pulled the drawer open. Instead of taking the hairdryer out, he looked at the drawer for a long time without moving.

"What's wrong? Isn't it there?" Courtney walked over, feeling perplexed. "Let me have a look."

The lamp by the bed lit the drawer up. As she reached the edge of the bed, she froze when she saw the blue box that was opened. Then, her entire face promptly flushed red.

The blue rectangle box clearly showed the words 'Durex'.

What the f*ck? Why didn't I throw this?

Alexander raised his head to look at her calmly. "This is the box that we didn't finish last time?"

What kind of question is that?

Courtney's lips twitched slightly as her expression became even more cold. "Or else? What are you trying to imply?"

You thought I used this with another man after breaking up with you?

Alexander stopped looking confused. "That's not what I meant," he murmured. "I just remembered that we could finish the entire box every time, so this is rather odd."

At that moment, Courtney's face was as red as a tomato. As she took out the hairdryer, she said flusteredly, "Can you stop talking and get out as soon as you take the hairdryer?"

The more she panicked, the more mishaps she seemed to make. When she took the hairdryer, the cord moved the Durex box and it fell out of the drawer onto the ground.

Courtney's expression changed and she did not know whether to pick it up or not.

She quietly appraised Alexander from the corner of her eyes. Without any particular reason, she suddenly remembered the deep kiss in front of the supermarket. Something within her itched, as if a thousand ants were crawling all over her.

How is it possible that he doesn't even flush, nor does his heart beat speed up after kissing me for more than ten minutes? Then, he even came to my room and asked for a hairdryer from me. On top of that, he's so calm after seeing the condoms that we didn't finish!

Is he crazy?

Compared to Courtney's panic, Alexander's calm had reached its peak. He crouched naturally and picked the box of Durex up. Then, he passed it to Courtney while stretching his other hand out.

"What do you want?"

Courtney took a step back as though she was facing her arch enemy.

Without any change in his expression, Alexander replied curtly, "The hairdryer."

The air between them froze for a few seconds. Feeling beyond embarrassed, Courtney quickly handed the hairdryer to him.

"Don't forget about this." Alexander seemed to be teasing her by insisting on giving the box of Durex to her stubbornly. "This is yours, after all."

At that instant, Courtney felt that it was a miracle that she did not break down.

Initially, she planned to just relent and take the box from him. However, when her fingertips touched it, she suddenly could not suppress her emotions and she grabbed the box and threw it at Alexander.

“Do you think it’s fun to toy with me like this? Are you nuts?”

Courtney’s temper suddenly flared up fiercely. As anger bubbled up within her, she roared out all the frustrations she had faced over the past few days. In fact, she was so angry that her body was trembling.

“You play the pity card using Jordan so that I will go to your place to cook for you. Fine! Seeing as it was him, I went over. Then, you kept showing off your love with your dear fiancée while mocking me, saying that I’m not good enough for your family. You see, I can’t afford to keep in touch with you but I can avoid you. Now, however, you directly come over to my place. Even after I allowed you to stay here, you humiliated me again and again! Aren’t you just trying to prove how capable you are and how all women can’t seem to forget you after you leave them?”

Alexander looked at her coldly with an expression of disagreement, but he did not object to her allegations.

Seeing his demeanour, Courtney thought that he had acquiesced to her statements and became even angrier. She directly took the pillow beside her and threw it at him. “You psychopath! Get out!”

The pillows and blanket hit Alexander but it did not bring him any pain at all.

After everything around her had been thrown at him, Courtney panted heavily and pointed at Alexander with trembling fingers.

While still sitting on the edge of the bed, Alexander pushed the pillows and blankets away from him and looked at her seriously. “So what you’re saying is that you still can’t forget me?” He was not affected by her fury at all, yet Courtney hated his calm composure when she saw him.

“No! Those who can’t forget you are idiots!” Courtney denied loudly.

“Then what are you doing now?” Alexander asked.

Courtney was still wearing the casual clothes that she went out in—a pair of baggy trousers and a light blue sweater with flimsy sleeves. As she was too agitated just now, the sweater revealed half her shoulder and when she panted, her chest also heaved along as she took in quick breaths.

If I can’t forget him and if I don’t care about what he says to me, what am I doing right now?

Courtney had been deceiving herself for too long, so she thought that she was rational enough. However, to an outsider—or even to Alexander himself—everything was clear as day.

Chapter 260 You Psychopath

“Get out.”

Courtney lowered her head and stepped aside so that Alexander could leave through the small passage between the bed and the wall.

However, Alexander remained immobile while he kept his cold gaze on her.

“Fine. If you don’t leave, I will.”

Courtney took a deep breath as she tried to calm herself down. Then, she walked to the door.

However, before she could take a few more steps, a strong force grabbed her wrist and pulled her backward, causing her to lose her balance and land on the bed face-up. Before Courtney could return to her senses, her body was pinned by Alexander.

“What are you doing?” Courtney tried to push his chest back. “Let me go! Have you forgotten about what happened before? If you do this, I’ll... I’ll call the police.”

“Go ahead.”

Alexander looked at her firmly. “If you need a lawyer, I can find one for you. You can sue me until I go to jail; no matter what you say, I’ll work with you.”

“You’re nuts!” Courtney hit him as she struggled against him. “You’re a psychopath!”

Alexander grabbed both her wrists and pinned them beside her. The distance between them was separated only by the tips of their noses, and his low voice and shallow breaths penetrated Courtney’s eardrums and her rationality.

“After falling in love with you, I’ve gone nuts.”

With shock in her eyes, Courtney looked at him incredulously.

Alexander had always been a person of few words, especially romantic ones. He would flirt and tease but he rarely confessed his feelings in such a direct way. On top of that, this was Courtney’s first time witnessing his loving and adoring expression.

She could not control her thoughts and actions rationally anymore. With her mouth open, Courtney seemed to have lost her voice, so she could only look at Alexander helplessly.

Unbeknownst to her, her innocent eyes aroused Alexander even more.

When he kissed her, her eyes flickered. Even though she resisted him slightly, she decided to follow his pace docilely. In fact, she yearned for him; even though she rejected the pain that this would bring her in the future, she yearned for Alexander’s warmth.

Although she knew that it was temporary, she could not bring herself to reject his short-lived love right now.

Undeniably, apart from blood relatives, the man in front of her was an important existence that she simply could not tear herself away from.

To Alexander, her slight resistance aroused him even more.

His breathing quickened as his kisses went from her lips to her slender neck. With a harsh tug, her loose sweater slid off her, revealing her fair shoulders.

Courtney yelped, unable to help herself.

As his kisses fell all over her body, they seemed to light a fire within her.

Alexander could not wait to unite with her as a whole. Under the flowery T-shirt, his tanned chest had an alluring shine to it. His beige pants were on the ground and his black underwear soon lay on top of it.

Courtney's light blue sweater chafed her chin as it was removed. The tingling sensation slowly permeated her skin, making her entire body become even more heated.

"Ah... No..." Courtney could not help hugging Alexander's head as she yelped in embarrassment.

As the teasing of his tongue became even more intense, Courtney's logic was completely overpowered. Having no intention of stopping, Alexander ventured even deeper, as if he had decided to show her that there was no barrier in his love for her and that they could unite as one.

It was like the poem 'How Does Love Speak':

How does Love speak? In the wild words that uttered seem so weak

They shrink ashamed in silence; in the fire

Glance strikes with glance, swift flashing high and higher,

Like lightnings that precede the mighty storm,

And in the convulsive rapture of a kiss—

Thus doth Love speak.

As she lay on the bed, Courtney's slender waist was arched, like a tensed spring about to be released. Alexander's passionate attacks made her delirious, as if she had entered into a heavenly realm. Her hands gripped the bed beneath as she felt the waves of arousal rising—something of the likes that she had never felt before.

However, this was clearly not enough for her. She wanted more.

Alexander raised his head and parted her legs with his hands, revealing her completely under the dim, yellow lights from the ceiling. Her allure and attractiveness almost made Alexander see stars. As his lower abdomen tensed, his manhood proudly stood at attention.

"Courtney." His voice, full of yearning, came from above her.

Courtney squinted her eyes. As soon as she opened her mouth, she moaned immediately.

"Give it to me."

He needed her to be at least as proactive as him to confirm that she treated him as importantly as he treated her.

Biting her lips, Courtney blushed shyly. After a moment's hesitation, she nodded gently.

A few moments later, Alexander's low grunts could be heard in the room and he was not holding himself back anymore. It was the sound of pleasure that had been suppressed for a long time, yet he had not reached the climax.

Back when she was together with him, Courtney seldom did anything like this, so she did not have much technique. However, this aroused him even more. Alexander's face was also flushed red and in no time, he could not hold himself back any longer. He pulled Courtney up to flip her around and entered her from behind.

Courtney yelped immediately. After the initial pain wore off, waves of pleasure rolled within her.

Alexander's actions became increasingly rough with their current position and his frequency had definitely increased.

Meanwhile, the bed creaked continuously, as though it was about to break any moment.

Courtney buried her face into the pillow. Before she reached the climax, she was still thinking, I didn't drink anything tonight, but why do I feel drunk?

Alexander had his way with her for the entire night, using the entire box of Durex. It was only when the first ray of sunlight entered the room that he finally parted with her body.

Courtney was so tired that she immediately fell unconscious.

Alexander hugged her in his arms tightly and continued kissing her as if she was an invaluable treasure.

Finally, he had confirmed Courtney's feelings toward him. Hence, no matter for what reason she rejected him, or if it was because of some grudges, Alexander was confident they could overcome it.

He had already filled the bathtub with warm water. After placing Courtney in it, he came out to look for a new set of pyjamas.

The alarm clock by the bed showed that it was half past seven right now—morning had arrived.

Suddenly, the phone rang. Alexander turned around from the wardrobe and looked to the bed.

"Hello?"

"Mr. Duncan?"

"Yes."

"Good morning, I'm the branch manager of DAY Jewelry Store of the Melrose Branch. You and your friend Mr. Langley ordered a diamond ring at our store. Do you still remember?"

"Yes."

"Thing is, we've found the relevant records about the necklace you asked about back then. Around six months ago, a lady brought the necklace over and asked about it."

"Have you found out who she is?"

"She only left her phone number. Her last name is Hunter."