

One Night Surprise Chapter 103

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The lights were not switched on in the room. After Courtney opened the door, she could only identify a figure sitting on the couch with a ray of light peeking through the crack of the door. Alexander had a long cigarette between his fingers, which brightly burned each time he inhaled the nicotine. The cigarette smoke faded in the dark as soon as it was formed.

After a moment of hesitation, she closed the door before making her way to the couch. "Why did you suddenly stop eating? Is the dumpling soup not up to your liking?"

"Yeah," he answered simply and brushed away Courtney's question with a simple grunt.

Courtney lightly waved her arm in an attempt to disperse the cigarette smoke as she had ended up choking on the smoke despite holding her breath.

Alexander was stunned when he saw that, causing his movements to freeze mid-air for a few seconds. Then, he stubbed his cigarette butt in the ashtray. After getting up from the couch, he went over to open the windows to allow the chilly air to circulate the room. They could hear the sound of rain splattering while the suffocating atmosphere started to gradually disperse.

"We will leave first thing in the morning tomorrow. As for the fellow whom you crashed into, arrange for a hospital transfer. We will return to Melrose City together tomorrow." His voice sounded gloomy amidst the noisy rain.

Nevertheless, Courtney let out a sigh of relief while nodding her head. She suddenly realized that his back was facing her and he could not possibly notice her response. Hence, she answered after a while, "Okay, sure. After all, I've completed my work here. Our return would not have been delayed if there was no warning for the rainstorm."

Alexander went into the bathroom after nodding in response. Soon, Courtney heard the water being splashed from there. She stood rooted in the room for a while before walking out and she headed downstairs after closing the door behind her.

Most of the guests there had returned to their rooms in groups, causing the rest area to be quiet again. On the other hand, the staff was in the midst of tidying the table when she saw Courtney walking down the stairs. "Why didn't you and your boyfriend have your dumpling soup? Is it not up to your liking?" she asked.

Courtney shook her head hastily, but she did not clarify her relationship with Alexander either. Instead, she shifted the focus of the topic by responding, "He isn't feeling well, which is why he went back to the room for some rest. My apologies."

"Hey, why are you apologizing for that? No worries at all. Did he catch a cold after today's heavy rain? We have some medication for flu at the counter."

"No worries." Courtney smiled faintly. "I'd like to borrow your kitchen to cook a bowl of noodles. Is that alright?"

"Huh?" The staff was dumbfounded and she seemed embarrassed.

"Sure," a gentle voice answered Courtney from the kitchen.

Courtney turned to see the madam wearing a plain cotton dress. The madam lifted up the tie-dyed curtain at the kitchen entrance before a trace of elusive friendliness flashed through her cold and distant gaze.

"In that case, thanks a lot." Courtney followed the madam into the kitchen after thanking her.

The madam was in her fifties, but her gaze was clear, which made her seem innocent and docile. Previously, Courtney thought that she seemed especially familiar, but it was difficult to connect the dots with regards to his relationship with the madam after his earlier reaction. When he was 13 years old, his father passed away and his mother left the Duncan Family. It became an ugly incident. Although Alexander has not openly talked about it, I've heard rumors about it. The woman in front of me has an elegant temperament and she doesn't

seem like the kind of promiscuous woman described in the scandalous rumors.

The madam's voice interrupted Courtney's train of thoughts. "What do you need?"

Upon hearing the question, Courtney snapped back to reality. "I just need to cook a bowl of noodles. Do you have any flour? I'll knead them."

"I'll help you."

Courtney hastily rejected, "That's not necessary."

Upon noticing the disappointment in the madam's gaze, Courtney frowned slightly. "Madam, please do not misunderstand,"

"I understand what you mean." The Madam gave a self-deprecating chuckle as she removed her hands from the bag of flour. "You must be worried that he's unwilling to eat the food that I prepared."

An embarrassed Courtney pressed her lips together. After all, it is a family issue and I can't be asking too many questions. In all honesty, I don't think I should know a lot either way. "I just wanted to do it myself because I did not want to trouble you since I'm free." She had phrased it in such a nice manner that it relieved the madam's uneasiness.

"In that case, help yourself. Just let me know if and when you need help." The madam turned to leave after saying that

"Madam," Courtney called for her. "If you are free, can you please teach me how you usually prepare your noodles?"

The madam was astounded, but she seemed to have realized something because she nodded in delight. Then, she pulled a chair over to sit beside Courtney.

Courtney started to roll the dough while the madam gave her detailed instructions, like when to add water into the dough and such. Soon, the dough took its shape and Courtney kneaded it into long strands. After that, she cut them and stretched them into thin, long strands. Next, she poured some hot water into the pot

The Madam gazed at Courtney. "I knew earlier that you were a staff member from Sunhill Enterprise, but I didn't expect you to be so close to him." It goes without saying who this 'him' she is referring to.

"In the beginning, I thought that you were merely asking about him out of curiosity."

The madam was stunned into silence when she heard that, but she suddenly asked, "Has he asked you about

me?"

"Madam, what are you referring to?" Courtney did not answer. President Duncan wouldn't hate his biological mother without a valid reason. It's best that I don't comment too much since I'm an outsider.

"Please stop addressing me as madam." The madam regarded Courtney. "My name is Fiona Duncan. Feel free to address me as Miss Duncan."

Courtney felt slightly confused. "Is Duncan your last name?"

The madam looked rather surprised. "Didn't anyone tell you that?"

Courtney seriously shook her head while giving it a careful thought. Madam is Alexander's mother, but it should not be strange for her last name to be Duncan too.

The madam seemed to have realized something because she gave a self-deprecating chuckle. "Well, it makes sense, I guess, since I left many years ago. Why would anyone talk about me for no reason?"

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She looked up at Courtney-her gaze was as clear as a youthful teenage girl and her tone was calm. "I am the adoptive daughter of the Duncan Family. In fact, I

got married before I graduated university. It has been many years and I am sure Dad has never mentioned this to you. By the way, is Dad keeping well?"

Courtney hesitated for a moment before she realized with a start that the madam was referring to Scott as her 'dad'. "I've only met Old Master Duncan once, but he is still fit and healthy. In any case, madam, I think you have misunderstood the whole situation. Actually, President Duncan and I-

However, when her words were half-spoken, Courtney realized that she was about to clarify their relationship. In any case, at this point, it will seem even stranger that we are sharing a room, especially in front of Alexander's biological mother. However, she stopped herself from revealing the truth. "In all honesty, I haven't been with him for too long. Hence, I'm not quite sure about the things that you are asking me."

After hearing that, the madam no longer looked suspicious. "Ah, I see."

Courtney nodded sheepishly while avoiding the madam's gaze. Instead, she continued to fish the noodles from the pot. "The noodles are almost ready. Thank you for lending me the kitchen."

"No worries. I should be the one thanking you." She is obviously treating me as Alexander's girlfriend at this point.

Courtney suddenly felt goosebumps all over her body.

"Would it be possible for you to give me your contact details?" Madam persisted.