

Surprise 125

Chapter 125 You Were Tight

With their jaws dropped, the room service attendants exchanged a look of surprise.

Courtney, on the other hand, had recovered from the initial shock and was now trying to pull her hand away, but Alexander merely tightened his grip.

His voice was deep as it reverberated throughout the bedroom. "Do you see for yourselves now? She's mine. You're both fired, and on your way to Human Resources, make sure to tell everyone what you've seen today."

The two attendants had turned as white as sheets, and one of them had broken into a cold sweat. She would even have buckled over if it weren't for her colleague holding her up.

If looks could kill, they would have been dead. They dared not even ask Alexander for mercy before leaving resentfully.

The door fell shut, and once again, all was quiet in the bedroom.

Courtney rubbed her wrist. There was a long pause before she asked with her head hung low, "Why did you say that?"

"What?"

"That I'm your f-fiancée."

Alexander closed the distance between them and gently tipped her chin up, forcing her to look into his eyes. "I think I've made myself very clear last night."

She would like to run, but she was caught between Alexander and the bed. Frowning, Courtney argued, "You said you'd give me time—"

Courtney let out a cry before she could finish her sentence. Alexander had nudged her, causing her to lose her balance. She fell backward, and just as the softness of the bed caught her, Alexander moved to cover her with his body.

"And I also said I didn't want to wait that long." His arms were on either side of her as he hovered above her. He was staring at her unrelentingly, and she could tell he was not going to take 'no' for an answer.

Courtney felt her breath hitch and she swallowed helplessly as she countered, "What if I'm married?"

She had a daughter, and everyone in the hotel assumed that she was married. She didn't believe that Alexander wouldn't have given this some thought.

Instead, he retorted with light humor, "You're single. I've known that since the first time I entered you."

At this, Courtney stiffened. Tried as she might to force out some kind of expression, she was unable to overcome this sudden paralysis that seized her entire being.

She felt as though she had dug her own grave, and more often than not, she found that most of her arguments with Alexander landed her in similar predicaments. At this rate, she might as well be buried six feet under.

How could he even say something like that?

More to the point, how could he be so wickedly blatant about it?

As if proving a point, he grinned roguishly and added, "You were tight."

The next moment, blood rushed to Courtney's face as she struggled to escape from beneath him. "Let me go, you rascal!"

He was weightless when she pushed him away this time. As he rolled away on his side and allowed her to escape, she sat up, then drew deep breaths like she had almost drowned. Her chest rose and fell with each angry breath as she glowered at him mutinously. "You have some nerve," she grumbled.

Alexander, on the other hand, stretched out on the bed in a leisurely manner. His arms were behind his head, and his eyes regarded her playfully as he chuckled, "I believe it was only yesterday when you hinted at me like this."

Upon realizing what he was talking about, Courtney felt her blood boil. She grabbed a pillow and tried to hit him with it as she snapped, "Shut up!"

Alexander lifted his hand and deftly blocked the pillow, then reached upward to wrap his arm around Courtney's neck. She toppled onto him, and the pillow fell onto the carpet. At this very moment, it was as though time had gone still.

"So," Alexander began quietly, "what do you think?"

The sound of her breathing stirred something deep within him, stroking his senses and awakening them. Courtney was having difficulty catching her breath, and while her rationale was telling her to think before she answered, she hummed in agreement without conscious volition. As soon as that happened, Alexander's lips found hers, sealing off anything else she might have to say.

It was as though the world was spinning, and Courtney's mind went blank. All she could hear were the rustling sound of her clothes being discarded and the staccato of her heartbeat.

Whatever inhibitions she had melted away at this moment, and all that lingered on her mind was how brazen Alexander was to ravish her in daylight without even bothering to draw the curtains.

The next morning, those who had been dispatched to the airport alongside the ambassador had arrived back at the hotel with the foreign guests. As representative of the hotel, Courtney stood with the entourage and supervised the check-in process.

The main purpose of the visit was for promoting trade and commerce. There were about fifteen foreign guests who were now checking into the hotel, all of whom were led by a man named Hans and his plump wife, Jennifer. Hans was in his fifties, and he had grey hair and piercing blue eyes.

The ambassador knew Alexander, so he promptly introduced him to Hans. "This is Alexander Duncan, the president of Sunhill Enterprise."

Hans nodded with a smile and shook Alexander's hand jovially.

Alexander then glanced over at Courtney, directing Hans' attention toward her. "This is Miss Hunter. She'll be in charge of your stay here and show you around Melrose City. We hope you'll have a pleasant time here."

"Oh, she's a beautiful young lady," Hans praised. Then, he tilted his head and, with as much mischief as his age would allow, asked playfully, "Is she your wife?"

Alexander smiled pleasantly. "She will be soon."

The hotel staff who heard this all exchanged meaningful looks, as though they had just been vindicated of some private truth that only they knew, and the air rippled with barely-suppressed frenzy; even the ambassador couldn't help but look at Courtney in astonishment.

However, Hans and Jennifer were oblivious to the reason behind the shift in the atmosphere. They perked up at the mention of an upcoming marriage, and they were ecstatic as they congratulated both Alexander and Courtney. Jennifer, in particular, was overjoyed as she pulled Courtney into her arms, quipping excitedly, "Let me know when you've got a date for the wedding! I have a friend who makes the most exquisite wedding gowns!"

When Jennifer released her from the embrace after saying this, Courtney flushed, which warranted another round of teasing from Hans.

Thankfully, the ambassador stepped in to steer the conversation back on track, relieving Courtney of the sudden and overwhelming attention she had received. Regaining composure, she assigned the hotel staff to bring the guests to their rooms.

Seeing as the guests would be down with jetlag for the first day, nothing had been arranged on the itinerary. The guests would have lunch in their rooms, and in order to make sure that everything went off without a hitch, Courtney supervised the entire process, unwilling to let her guard down until the last of the food had been sent up to the designated rooms.

Once she had done that, Courtney returned to her own room to catch a breather. She slipped off her high heels and padded across the carpet, then plopped down onto the couch. Stretching, she allowed a full-bodied yawn to escape her.

She was exhausted. She had woken up early that morning and girded herself for the arrival of the guests, which hadn't happened until close to noon time.

Courtney had only just laid down when a tall figure came around from behind the partition and made his way toward her.

"You'll catch a cold if you sleep here. Go to the room where it's warmer," Alexander pointed out gently.

"I'm tired. The couch will do." Courtney could barely keep her eyes open, and she lifted her arm to weakly dismiss Alexander's concern. "Just get me a blanket."

Watching as her slender arm made a lazy circle above her head before she let it fall onto the back of the sofa, Alexander shook his head in resignation, then walked over to her.

“Huh?” Courtney gasped as she was lifted off the couch before being cradled in Alexander’s arms. Her eyes fluttered open briefly, and for a moment there she looked as if she was awake, but almost instantaneously she shut her eyes once more and mumbled drowsily, “You don’t have to carry me to the bed. Just let me sleep on the couch.”

So much for gratitude, Alexander thought dryly. He ought to leave her on the carpet.

However, his eyes softened as he gazed down at her sleeping form, and he gently tucked her into bed. Then, he drew the curtains and switched on the night light.

He adjusted the temperature of the air-conditioner in the room before leaving. As he closed the door behind him, he took in the warm ambience that was now present in the suite, and he realized that he was doing things he never would have done before.