

# One Night Surprise Chapter 29

## Chapter 29

She simply

glanced around at the playground before she began to walk away. However, she then slowed down as she heard a voice behind her. "There aren't any safety precautions taken for the swings here." Alexander's voice was deep as he glanced at the helper who had been following them around. "Are you sure that these are safe?"

Nora, the pretty helper, seemed a little stunned upon hearing Alexander's question. "The swing isn't that high, and the ground beneath it is cushioned. Plus, we've never had any accidents with the swings in school," she answered.

But Alexander continued to point at the railing of the swings with a look of contempt on his face. "Just because there has never been an accident doesn't mean that there won't be one in the future. Do you think a child would be able to balance and keep themselves on the swing if they were to loosen their grip while they're high up in the air?" He then turned around to glance at the rainbow-colored tartan track nearby. "I took a look at the tartan track just now. Its corners aren't fully covered with rubberized material, and it's clear that you guys do not pay enough attention to the untrimmed weeds around the area. Some naughty kids might hide in the bushes without you realizing; what happens if a poisonous snake shows up then?"

The helper's face was drained of color. She didn't know how to respond to the man's words. *What kind of kid is going to let go of their grip on the swing for no good reason? Also, the gardeners might have slacked off a little with their work in the field recently, but the grass is barely at the height of my ankles! I've never seen a parent as harsh and demanding as Alexander in Sapphire Kindergarten!*

"It looks okay to me." A pleasant and firm voice broke the silence as Courtney walked toward them. "I think you're too worried about Jordan, President Duncan. Tina fell off a swing when she was younger. She sprained her arm and had a few cuts on her face, but I don't think that it's necessarily a bad thing." She gazed at him gently, as if she was recalling a heartwarming memory. "After that incident, she always remembered to hold onto the sides of the swing tightly; she never fell off again after that. She would even remind me to hold on tightly whenever I rode the swing with her."

Her words seemed to have relieved the tension in his facial muscles. His gaze was filled with mixed

emotions as he glanced at her. Nora, who had been watching from the side, carefully spoke up then.

"I think Miss Hunter's right, President Duncan. However, if you truly feel worried about this, we can just take the swing sets down. We'll also make sure to cover up all the tracks so that there won't be any weeds left."

He fell silent for a moment as he contemplated their words. "Forget it. Just leave it the way it is. You just have to call me immediately if anything happens to Jordan," he said quietly.

Nora heaved a sigh of relief as she flashed Courtney a thankful glance. "Alright! Well, if there isn't anything else that you'd like to ask, I'll have to excuse myself to send these reports over to the headmaster."

It was still rather early in the morning. Courtney took a deep breath before she sat herself down on one of the swings, her eyes squinting as she grinned at the man in front of her. "I didn't know you were willing to listen to the opinions of others, President Duncan."

When Alexander lifted his head to look at her, the sunlight spilled across her face and lit up her sparkling pupils. He noticed a hint of playful teasing underneath her crescent-shaped eyes, but surprisingly, he didn't seem annoyed by her words. "Do I look like a lone wolf who'd reject everyone else's opinions?" he asked.

"No way! Everyone knows how you achieved success at a young age, President Duncan. How would anyone take you as a tyrant who only trusts in his own opinions?" Courtney denied his accusations in an excessively flattering manner as she swayed herself on the swing.

"A tyrant?" He narrowed his eyes.

"Really?" Complicated emotions flashed across his face. Courtney assumed that he didn't agree to her point, so she continued to explain herself. "I don't think there's anything wrong with a child getting hurt sometimes. Us humans can't stay at home forever just because we're scared of the world outside, can we? Likewise, you can't treat Jordan like a plant cooped up in a greenhouse forever, he has to expose himself to the sunlight outdoors to understand the sort of life that he's looking for. Each of us has to learn to live our lives for the sake of ourselves, don't you think?"

Her words seemed to have made an impact on him, as the sentence, 'each of us has to learn to live our lives for the sake of ourselves', echoed in his mind for a long while. Once Courtney noticed the odd look on his face, she carefully proceeded with a question. "Are you only so nervous because Jordan can't speak?"

Alexander snapped back into reality then, his gaze as cold and dark as the bottom of a lake when he glared at her. "I'm sorry." She quickly bit on her lower lip. "I forgot that you mentioned that I shouldn't ask about that. I'm sorry. You can just pretend I never said that." She then glanced at her watch as she stood up from the swing. "Well, it's late, and I have to go to work. I'll have to make a move soon," she said in an attempt to change the topic of conversation.

"Jordan wouldn't have stopped talking if it weren't for my carelessness." Courtney's footsteps came to a halt when she heard a deep, self-critical voice from behind. She turned around, st

unned. *I can't believe my ears. He doesn't seem like the type to talk about his private life. I even got lectured by him the last time I asked about Jordan's condition!* "Are you saying that Jordan doesn't talk only because he refuses to speak?" she asked cautiously.

He nodded lightly as a mixture of emotions surfaced within him. "Jordan was already a talkative boy by the age of 2, but he stopped speaking after he had a high fever. The doctor was certain that there wasn't any damage to his nerves and vocal cords, so his refusal to speak is entirely a psychological

issue."

"A psychological issue? What did he go through?" A hint of sympathy flickered across Courtney's gaze.

Alexander heaved a long sigh; he was always flooded with guilt upon the mention of this topic. "I don't know." He felt more guilty precisely because he didn't know. The high fever that plagued Jordan appeared out of nowhere; no one knew what Jordan went through that night. The maids at the Duncans' ancestral house didn't have the answers to anything, and that was one of the reasons why Alexander no longer wanted to leave Jordan with his grandfather. Alexander also came to another realization only after Jordan nearly lost his life due to that high fever—*a father's duty is beyond just visiting his child whenever he has the spare time. It's more than just getting his son to call him 'Daddy'. Being a father is a lifelong responsibility.*

Right then, Alexander's brows were knitted tightly as he was extremely upset. Courtney was surprised to hear what he just said.

"Well, it explains why you're so worried about Jordan now. But you shouldn't dwell on the past; it's in the past after all." Her attempts to comfort him were feeble, and he still looked rather gloomy. Upon that, she immediately felt a pang of uneasiness. *I shouldn't have brought up such a sensitive topic. He's not going to burst into tears after telling me about his story, right?!* Courtney's eyes then lit up as she saw the swing set that she had played with from the corner of her eyes. "Have you tried going on a swing, President Duncan?"

Her sudden, silly question got Alexander to glare at her curiously. Before he could get a full grasp of the situation, Courtney grabbed onto his arm and tugged him toward the swing. "Going on a swing can help you forget all of the problems that you have in life. Sit here, President Duncan. I'll push you from the back."

"I don't need you to push me," he grunted.

"Oh, don't worry, President Duncan; I know it was my fault that I brought up some sad memories of