

Surprise 296

Chapter 296 Taking Care of This First

Immediately, Courtney furrowed her brows and she didn't even bother to turn her head around.

It isn't difficult to guess why James is here.

Behind her, James' voice could be heard. "Since I'm going to talk about the same thing as President Hunter, there is nothing wrong with us discussing it together so as to not waste Mr. Vinsmoke's time. Am I right, Mr. Vinsmoke?"

Sitting opposite Courtney, Mr. Vinsmoke frowned his brows slightly as he revealed an intriguing expression.

Logically, there isn't a business relationship between the Sakura Group and Sunhill Enterprise. Even if Mr. Vinsmoke and James are friends with similar interests, Mr. Vinsmoke is still his senior so James should show more respect toward him. However, listening to James' tone, he seems to be a level higher than Mr. Vinsmoke.

Courtney was confused deep down but she didn't have the time to ponder about it.

Behind her, James' voice came again. "If my guess is correct, President Hunter is here to talk about the order that the Sakura Group gave the Hunter Group previously, right?"

"President Duncan, did you come here because of this?" Courtney turned around and glanced at him casually. "On a smaller scale, this is between Mr. Vinsmoke and me and on a larger scale, this is between Citron and the Sakura Group. President Duncan, I don't seem to recall that it has anything to do with you, am I right?"

James walked right up to them and stood half a meter away from her as he looked at Mr. Vinsmoke. "Seeing how desperate President Hunter wants me to leave, I guess she hasn't gotten around to telling her main point, Mr. Vinsmoke."

Hearing that, Mr. Vinsmoke was startled for a moment. "What do you mean, President Duncan?"

"She really hasn't mentioned it?" James pretended to be surprised as he looked at Courtney with his eyes full of mockery. "President Hunter, are you too embarrassed to say it? I happen have a good relationship with Mr. Vinsmoke, so he will make an exception to you for my sake."

However, Courtney remained silent while she frowned.

"Mr. Vinsmoke, don't you know? A week ago, a fire took place in a warehouse on the outskirts of the city. It was all over the news."

"I've heard about that." Mr. Vinsmoke nodded but he was still confused. "But what does this have to do with what you're going to tell me?"

"It has everything to do with that." James then glanced at Courtney profoundly. "President Hunter, do you want me to explain the situation to him or will you do it?"

With cold eyes, Courtney clenched her fists. "President Duncan, if you have something to say, just say it. How do I know what you are going to say?"

James chuckled. "President Hunter, are you still trying to be stubborn at this point?"

Meanwhile, Mr. Vinsmoke was confused and he was dissatisfied with James' attitude, but he had to suppress his temper as he asked, "What happened?"

James looked at him and explained, "The warehouse that was burned down a week ago contained your shipment. If my sources are correct, more than half of Sakura Group's staff uniforms were destroyed by the fire. I'm afraid that President Hunter came to see you today because she wants to discuss the delay of the shipment."

Listening to him, Mr. Vinsmoke was startled as he turned to Courtney. "Is he telling the truth?"

At the moment, Courtney remained silent while clenching her fists but when he heard Mr. Vinsmoke, she glanced at him and nodded. "President Duncan is right. The fire a week ago burned down the warehouse containing your shipment and it's true that half of the shipment was destroyed. It is a huge loss. President Duncan, your sources are quite accurate."

Mr Vinsmoke's expression changed as James looked at her with contempt. "I heard that you've asked your staff to find all the factories in Melrose City so that they can finish the order for you with a high price. I wonder how that is coming along?"

"President Duncan, how can you not know about that since you are so well-informed?" Courtney glanced at him. "All of the factories in Melrose City that are capable of accepting huge orders are now occupied by someone. Therefore, they can't accept any other offers for the next two months. At first, I wondered which fashion company would make so many orders and I was surprised to find out that it was your Sunhill Enterprise. What's going on? Are you now planning to give up your hotels and take over the fashion industry?"

"I have my own plans and I think you should worry about yourself for the moment." Then, James pulled the conversation back on track by asking, "Mr. Vinsmoke, what do you think about the delay?"

Looking at the two of them arguing for a while, Mr. Vinsmoke connected the situation to the rumors he heard in his social circle recently.

It's not hard to guess that James is doing all he can to bring down the Hunter Group from the inside. It's inhumane for me to help him at this moment but if I choose to help Courtney, it will put me in trouble. Right now, the best way is to protect myself and do what's necessary.

"If that's true, we can only follow the contract." He looked at Courtney seriously. "If there is a delay, Citron is required to pay the compensation fee and according to the contract, the fee is 50%."

The order was worth 200 million, which meant that the compensation would cost 100 million. Not only that, Courtney's company still had to bear the production, material and labor costs, as well as the extra losses from the fire. After adding it all up, not only would this be a non-profitable order, the company still needed to bear a 100 million loss.

Even the Hunter Group, which had just recovered, wouldn't have such a huge amount of liquid assets to pay for the compensation fee, let alone a small enterprise like Citron. They couldn't afford to withstand such a huge blow.

Just like that, it all went along James' plan.

Looking at the disdain in James' eyes, Courtney suddenly chuckled. "Don't worry, Mr. Vinsmoke. If we don't hand in the shipment in time, we will pay as much compensation as required. However, we haven't reached the deadline yet, have we?"

"Even if the deadline is midnight, you still won't be able to hand in the shipment." James smiled coldly. "You really think you are a fairy who can magically finish the products all of a sudden?"

"I'm not a fairy but I have a good designer under me. He might be a fairy, so we can hand in the shipment." Courtney's words immediately shut James' mouth. "Mr. Vinsmoke, this is the shipment list." She then handed the document over to Mr. Vinsmoke. "I came here just now to tell you this but someone has been interrupting me up till now. The production of this batch of products was a bit hurried, so I need you to inspect it personally just to make sure it's all fine. That is why I personally came here to see you."

Not only was James and Mr. Vinsmoke shocked, even Courtney herself was astonished when Bill told her this morning that all the shipment had been completed. At first, she thought that it was all an illusion.

There wasn't a single factory in the entire Melrose City that was able to accept the Sakura Group's order because they were all rented by James in advance. He was willing to pay a high price for these factories to do nothing just so he could cut off Citron's only solution. In short, he was determined to make Courtney beg him.

However, Bill had the capability to finish the job.

Looking at the type and quantity of products on the list, Mr. Vinsmoke inexplicably let out a sigh of relief. "Is that so? Then, let's go. I just so happen to have the time right now to go to the warehouse to have a look. If there isn't a problem with the shipment, I'll ask the finance department to transfer the rest of the payment to you."

He knew that Courtney had the backing of a member of the Duncans, who was also the only son of the Duncan Family. In fact, he couldn't afford to offend the two people in front of him, so the best way was to secure the shipment so that he could back away from this safely.

"How is this possible?" James suddenly came to his senses and asked, "It is practically impossible for you to produce this many clothes in a week. There aren't any factories in Melrose City that will accept your order—"

## Chapter 297 Why Don't You Report Him?

Courtney looked calm as she stood up from the chair unhurriedly and straightened her clothes. As she looked at James, she lifted her chin slightly, showing a little arrogance. "If you don't believe me, you can follow me and Mr. Vinsmoke to the Sakura Group's warehouse for the inspection. Once you see it for

yourself, you'll believe it. By that time, I'm afraid that the factories you rented for a high price will all go to waste."

The warehouse of the Sakura Group was located in the southern suburbs but James obviously did not believe her, so he actually followed her from behind.

At the scene, Bill was now personally instructing the workers to move the shipment. "This goes here and that goes over there. We need to separate the women's clothes from the men's clothes so that it'll be easier for them to pick up the goods later on. Don't mix it up."

A few designers under Bill's command—whom he was close with—also came here to help personally. After inspecting the shipment, Mr. Vinsmoke handed the list over to his secretary, who stood beside him. In front of Courtney, he smiled. "There aren't any problems. Give this to the finance department and ask them to transfer the rest of the payment to Citron quickly."

Courtney gave him a faint smile as she shook his hand. "Thank you, Mr. Vinsmoke. I hope we will have a chance to work together in future."

"President Hunter, you are a very trustworthy person, so there'll definitely be a lot of opportunities for us to collaborate." Mr. Vinsmoke stopped smiling and he glanced at James from the corner of his eye before changing the subject. "President Hunter, I still have matters to attend to in my company so I can't stay much longer. Next time, let's have dinner together as a celebration."

"I'm flattered, Mr. Vinsmoke."

Meanwhile, James was speechless. After Mr. Vinsmoke left, he was still standing at the entrance of the warehouse as though he was glued to the spot. With a dark expression, he questioned her, "How did you do it? Which factory did you find to produce the rest of the shipment?"

"What? Should I tell you so that you'll rent the place later on?" Courtney crossed her arms as she stared at James, trying to provoke him with her smile. "However, it seems useless for you to rent it now, so why don't you save the money?"

James clenched his fists so hard that the sound of bones cracking could be heard. As he held back his rage, he growled, "Courtney, it's only a matter of time before the Hunter Group is acquired by Sunhill Enterprise, so why are you feeling so happy just because of a lucky escape?"

"I've never thought of escaping. You are welcome to bring it on, President Duncan."

At the moment, James' eyes were filled with hatred as he looked at her carefree expression. Clenching his fists, he strode out of the warehouse. Britney was right. This woman really has much more to her than meets the eye. It won't be easy to deal with her, let alone with Alexander coming up with the plans for her. I was too careless this time.

After he left, Courtney turned around and called out to Bill. "Alright. You should stop working. Don't we have enough staff for that? Tonight, take the whole team out for dinner. Everyone has worked especially hard during this period."

Bill clapped his hands but then, his expression turned dark as he looked toward James' direction. "Since we have found evidence of him causing the fire on purpose, who don't we report him?"

Following his gaze, Courtney looked and saw that James had already gone into his car before leaving. Slowly, the car became a black dot that disappeared into the skyline.

“Alexander said that we’ll even the score in the end. No need to worry.”

The fire broke out in the warehouse at a coincidental time. Even though many sources confirmed that it was caused by aging eclectic circuits and the hot weather, Courtney didn’t believe it at all—her instinct told her that it had something to do with James.

Oliver had found a few classmates in school that specialized in network data, and they found the hotel address of the person in charge of the warehouse who escaped, so they captured him right away. Not only did they obtain the video and audio evidence, they also confiscated the cash that James gave to him as evidence.

Just as the two of them were talking, a large truck suddenly stopped in front of the transporter. The driver, whose hat was pulled down, popped his head out from the window. With a cigarette in his mouth, he asked in a displeased tone, “What are you doing? Who opened the warehouse door?”

The workers responsible for moving the products simply replied, “How do we know who opened the warehouse door? We only know that we need to move these inside.”

That drew Courtney and Bill’s attention. And so, Bill went over to ask him a few questions. Just like that, the two of them, one in the truck and other on the ground, talked for a long while before the driver decided to drive the truck away.

“What’s wrong?” Courtney asked.

“He came to the wrong warehouse,” Bill explained. “He came here to deliver some shipment, but he remembered the location of the warehouse incorrectly. The place he is going is a few rows away from us. It’s not here.”

“Oh.” Courtney nodded understandably.

However, it was difficult for the driver to back the truck and his driving skills didn’t seem to be good. With a bang, Courtney could see the back of that truck collide with her own transporter.

“Goodness; what kind of driving skills does he have?” Her company’s driver was standing off to one side and as soon as he heard the commotion, his face immediately darkened as he turned around, wanting to go argue with the other driver.

Courtney was afraid that this might cause a ruckus so she tried to block him while Bill brought two men with him to take a look.

The accident wasn’t that serious. The truck driver wasn’t that good at backing the truck, so it rammed against the surface of the transporter. Luckily, the transporter was much bigger than the truck and it only caused a dent on the outer shell, so it wasn’t a big deal. However, the truck was in a worse situation as it seemed to have been overloaded with cargo. With just a shake, a cardboard box fell off the truck and hit the concrete floor.

Before the driver could come down, Courtney and Bill went over to help but just as they were about to touch the box, someone shouted, “Hey! Who told you to touch my stuff?”

Both Courtney and Bill, who were about to squat down, were startled and paused in the act. The driver rushed over and quickly carried the box up before giving Courtney a vicious glare. Soon after, he drove the truck away without even giving an apology.

It was only after a few beats that Courtney came back to her senses and said resignedly, "There are so many strange people these days." However, beside her, Bill remained motionless, so she asked curiously, "Bill, what are you looking at?"

"What do you think this is?"

Following his gaze, Courtney saw a pile of white powder on the concrete floor. At first, she was startled but when she connected the situation with the driver's nervousness just now, her eyes suddenly focused.

At night in the living room of Courtney's apartment, Alexander and Courtney sat side by side on the two-seater while Oliver and Bill sat on a sofa each, which were on two ends of the coffee table. On said table, there was a piece of A4 paper with white powder on it. However, the powder wasn't clean as it was mixed with some gray particles.

After staring at the paper for a while, Oliver said, "I'll take this back for my classmate to examine in the laboratory so we can identify it. We don't know what it is just by looking at it but from your description, it's probably that."

Courtney furrowed her brows. Even though it was a long time since she first discovered the powder, she was still in disbelief. "If it really is, how much of it has to do with the Sakura Group? Bill and I asked their staff and they said that the warehouses are not rented out, so they are only used by the Sakura Group."

## Chapter 298 Puppies and Wolves

"The Sakura Group wouldn't take such a risk to do this kind of thing in their own warehouse." Alexander's voice was firm. "The annual profit of an airline company far exceeds selling these things. If it really has something to do with them, it must be the actions of someone under them."

"Are you saying that someone is using their warehouse to smuggle drugs?" Courtney frowned even harder. "This is crazy!"

"You said just now that the driver went to the wrong warehouse," Oliver suddenly interrupted them. "Is this his first time?"

Courtney was startled for a moment. "I think so."

"I still need to take this back for examination. Maybe it isn't what you think it is." Oliver put away the paper on the coffee table. "If it really is, they wouldn't do it so openly and they didn't even ask someone to guide the driver even though it's his first time. It's too risky for them."

This really is strange.

Courtney and Bill thought about it in the warehouse but they weren't sure if it was the real thing, so they didn't dare to follow the driver and see what the shipment really was.

They discussed it for a while but they couldn't come up with any answers. After Bill left, Oliver said that he had classes the next morning, so he went back to sleep in the school. Suddenly, the apartment became deserted.

Courtney took away the cups on the coffee table and just as she was about to clean them, Alexander said to her, "I'll do it."

With that, the beige rubber gloves in her hands went to him.

With someone helping her, she didn't refuse and she leaned on the marble table instead. Courtney then started to play with her phone while casually talking with Alexander.

"It seems like Oliver is about to take his final exam in the next two days, so he's always away from home. Suddenly, the whole place feels pretty lonely to me."

Listening to her, Alexander stopped washing the cups. He looked at her and asked, "You want the place to be more lively?"

"Yes." Courtney nodded absently and answered simply, "Who doesn't like a lively place? A home is warm when it's lively."

Alexander nodded, seemingly lost in his own thoughts. "We can have a few more children after we get married."

Then, he kept on washing the cups.

Courtney was busy playing with her phone but upon hearing his words, she was stunned and she even though she had heard him wrongly. Her hands were still swiping on the phone screen instinctively as she asked, "What did you just say?"

After washing the cups, Alexander placed them upside down on the rack to dry. Taking off the rubber gloves, he repeated, "I'm asking you if you like a lively place."

"I do," she replied to him, feeling slightly confused.

Why does this question feel familiar to me? I'm sure that I answered him just now.

She was too invested in the game so basically, she was answering Alexander's questions instinctively. The moment his words went into her left ear, it immediately came out the other end.

Alexander had already cleaned up everything so he gently pinched her cheeks with his cool fingers. Lowering his head, he planted a kiss on her forehead and murmured, "It's late. Time to go to sleep."

Courtney's face couldn't help but flush as she followed him from behind to her room.

In her mind, she somehow felt that she had heard him mention something about marriage just now.

"Alright; I understand. All's good as the shipment is fine."

Deep in the valley, the voice speaking into the phone was particularly clear on the balcony of a three-story villa.

After hanging up, James went back to the room. Britney had just come out from her bath and she was now sitting on the dressing table, applying a mud mask on her face.

“Who called?” she asked simply.

“It’s none of your business.” James stared at her tender neck while feeling restless inside. “You only need to know that I’ve decided to follow your plan to deal with that thorn in your side.”

“Have you thought about it?” She turned around and looked at him in surprise.

“Yes; I’ve thought about it and you’re right. Courtney has Alexander helping her from behind the scenes and she isn’t that stupid. The possibility of defeating her with ordinary means is too low, so I’m now forced to use extreme measures.”

“What do you plan to do?” Britney seemed to be worried, so she asked, “Why don’t I—”

“I know what you mean. I’ve already arranged everything.” James cut her off and he seemed to be really confident about it. “Isn’t the plan to separate her and Alexander? How hard is it to deal with a relationship between a man and a woman?”

In the night, James’ tone was a little more menacing. His belittling attitude toward women was a bit disgusting to Britney but in front of him, she didn’t even furrow her brows in the slightest. Instead, she revealed a smile and agreed with him.

The next day, everyone was discussing the matter about the brand spokesperson at the morning

The director of the advertisement department gave Courtney a long list of names. “In this list, we’ve ranked all the celebrities based on cost-effectiveness, popularity, reliability and image suitability. The top three are basically the same but they have some small advantages and disadvantages respectively. President Hunter, the final decision is in your hands.”

“We’ll follow the list. Didn’t you already rank all of them? We’ll just go with the first one.” She glanced at it and yawned.

To be honest, she wasn’t familiar with the current celebrities. If Shay didn’t tag along with Casey to Bali for a holiday, she didn’t even think that they needed a spokesperson because she felt that Shay would be the most reliable.

The main product of the Hunter Group was tourism products. Lucian first started a travel company with only one bus during the early years. With the bus, he started a tourism company, which later developed into the tourism enterprise today.

Three days later, Natasha dragged Courtney to the shooting scene to have a look around; truth was, a sleepy Courtney was reluctant to come. “Natasha, this is the advertisement department’s business; we’ll just leave it to them. Why do you have to drag me here?”

“Your work requires you to do this. You have to know what kind of a person our company’s spokesperson is, right? Otherwise, there’ll be problems when we realize that the advertisement is not suitable for our company.”

“When did you start paying attention to these trivial things?” Courtney glanced at her. “Are you telling the truth?”

Hearing that, Natasha pursed her lips awkwardly. “The spokesperson that the advertisement department chose this time is a mixed-race male model. He is handsome and is internationally famous, so my colleagues asked me to get two signed photographs.”

“Is he really that handsome?” Courtney muttered and she disagreed. “I’m not interested in the young hunks that have made their debut recently. Their looks are fine but they are not as good as my...”

“Not as good as who?” Natasha pressed but Courtney shut her mouth and refused to say a thing. “They are not as good as your boyfriend, right?” Natasha finished for her. “You’re right. No one can compare to Mr. Duncan. A few years ago, the cold and handsome type was all the rage but his type has become less popular recently.”

“Is that so?” Courtney felt that her beauty standards were different from the current trend, so she enquired, “Then what is popular recently?”

“It’s either puppies or wolves.”

Chapter 299 He’s Quite the Follower

“What?” Courtney thought she had misheard. “What dogs?”

“Oh my—not dogs.” Natasha quickly explained, “It’s a metaphor for young men.”

“Young men?” Courtney was still at loss.

“It means men that are younger than you.” Natasha then spent a lot of time explaining the current beauty standards and the personality characteristics of puppies and wolves. Hearing her explanation, Courtney’s eyes were wide. “Overall, puppies are more considerate and obedient to you. They will often pleasantly surprise you and give you warmth. As for wolves, they are more dominant and masculine but they won’t let you do any work, which shows that they care for you.”

“According to your explanation, it really sounds quite nice,” Courtney said thoughtfully. “No wonder these types are so popular recently.”

“This time, the spokesperson that the company hired is very young.”

“Really?” Courtney couldn’t imagine what a 20-year-old man would look like.

A while later, they arrived at the booth where the advertisement was shot.

Although Natasha acted like a fangirl on the way, she didn’t forget her professionalism when they arrived at the scene. She asked the two assistants, who came to help, to give everyone the cake and Starbucks coffee that they bought. Then, she looked at Courtney, seeking permission before she went to ask for a signed photograph.

As for Courtney, she didn't follow Natasha as she wasn't interested in the entertainment industry. Every day, Shay would call her to complain what an awful mess the industry was, so she always tried to avoid it.

Seeing Natasha taking photos with the male model from afar, she could see that the model was roughly two heads taller than Natasha. The lighting was too bright so she couldn't see his face clearly.

After a quick glance, she withdrew her gaze and talked to the producer next to her while holding her coffee.

A while later, Natasha came back.

"President Hunter, this is the model for the commercial—Leon."

"Leon?" Courtney lifted her head in surprise. This was the first time she saw the male model, who had millions of fans. He stood behind Natasha and she saw that he had prominent facial features; his brown eyes were very deep, much like clear spring water.

He had fair skin, bright eyes and white teeth. Along with his brown curly hair, Courtney felt that he looked like a real life teddy bear. In her mind, she just couldn't connect the feminine-looking young hunk in front of her with the killer in the movie 'The Professional'.

"Hello." She reluctantly quirked up the corners of her lips and revealed a smile that she thought was polite enough.

Leon shook her hand and immediately smiled, revealing his teeth.

"You look much younger than me. You are so pretty."

The voice of the young man was clear and youthful, giving others a sense of clarity.

For a moment, Courtney was startled but she quickly came back around.

"Thank you. Are young people usually so sweet now?"

"You look like you are 20 years old, Miss." Leon blinked as he corrected her. "You are also one of us young people too."

"Ha!" As Courtney laughed, she couldn't help but glance at Natasha.

I finally understand what she meant by puppies. His mouth is really sweet.

"I brought some cakes and coffee. Have a rest and eat some before the next shoot," Courtney politely reminded him. "I have something else to attend to, so I'll make a move first. See you next time."

Just as she was about to leave, Leon grabbed her sleeve. She turned around and met his serious eyes. "When will the next time be?"

Courtney's brows furrowed slightly. It was only a turn of phrase. If the shooting of the commercial goes smoothly, it will be wrapped up today. How can there be a next time?

However, upon facing Leon's question, she could only reluctantly continue, "I'll treat you to a meal after the shooting."

Leon immediately revealed a smile. “The shooting will be finished today evening. It’s settled then—we’ll have dinner together tonight.”

He really is quite the follower.

Courtney was startled for a moment but when she came back to her senses, Leon had already turned around and went back to the shoot. From a distance away, he even looked back and raised his brows at her.

“Natasha, is this the puppy you mentioned? Why does he feel so cheesy to me?”

However, Natasha didn’t feel this way at all as she secretly took a lot of photos on her phone. Listening to her, she refuted, “President Hunter, you are quite young but why do you sound so old? This is the current trend. How is it cheesy? Don’t you think Leon’s words make others really happy?”

“What’s there to be happy about?”

“He praised you for being pretty, young and nice. Men these days basically won’t even open their mouths.”

Come to think of it, it’s true.

Courtney sorted through her memories and realized that Alexander never seemed to have praised her beauty or personality before.

Then, she asked Natasha, “What do you usually call these men who don’t praise others?”

“He’s in his thirties.”

Without lifting her head, Natasha said, “We call them old dogs.”

Courtney smirked. That’s quite accurate.

At this moment, someone in the Hunter Group sneezed twice in a row while looking through the financial account.

Achoo!

Alexander frowned as he held a cup of hot tea in his hand, taking a sip. Then, he turned on his phone to take a look at the weather report.

It must be because of the cold weather.

While thinking about it, his phone rang and a message appeared.

‘I’m busy so I’ll be back late.’

After staring at the name ‘Courtney Hunter’ for a while, he went back to change her name on his phone before replying to her text.

‘Alright.’

It feels much better looking at the name ‘Courtney’ instead.

When the finance assistant knocked on the door and came in, she was shocked to see him smiling while holding his phone. Carefully, she knocked on the door again.

“What is it?” Alexander looked toward the source of the sound.

“Mr. Duncan, President Hunter’s brother is here.”

When the finance assistant mentioned Courtney’s little brother, Alexander didn’t give much reaction because he thought it was Shay. When Oliver came in instead, Alexander finally came back to his senses and sneered, “Looks like everyone is your relative these days.”

Oliver was wearing a pair of jeans and a black sweater, and he even put on a white baseball jacket. Setting aside his backpack, he sat on the couch casually.

“I’ve already taken a step back. If someone didn’t get to her first, I might introduce myself as something other than a brother.”

“Is that so?” Alexander glared at him. “If you aren’t her brother, who do you plan to be?”

His quick glance was filled with murderous intent and Oliver could feel the atmosphere of the room getting cold, so he awkwardly changed the subject. “I took the package back to school for inspection last night. It’s K Powder.”

Alexander’s eyes darkened. “Are you sure?”

“Positive.” Oliver had a firm expression while his tone became serious. “It is usually used in nightclubs. Lately, several bars in Melrose City were found to have these things, but the dealer behind the scenes has not been found. I suspect that they are the same person.”

“We can start the investigation from the Sakura Group.” Alexander suggested.

“No; I suspect that this has something to do with James.”

### Chapter 300 Miss, Do You Think I’m Cute?

“Do you still remember what I said to you before?” There was a sense of maturity exuding from Oliver. Back then, he held it back in front of Courtney but now, it was all revealed for all to see.

The 20-year-old young man was now looking very stern, like a well-groomed statue.

“James has about 20 various nightclubs in Melrose City operating under him. Even though the two nightclubs found in the investigation have nothing to do with him, after my research on the police’s checklist, none of his nightclubs were chosen for inspection.”

Oliver then turned toward Alexander. Although he was vague with his words, the latter could already understand where he was going.

There is no such coincidence. How could none of James’ 20 nightclubs be chosen during an inspection of the entire Melrose City? There’s surely some higher-ups protecting him.

“What do you plan to do?” Alexander furrowed his brows.

Although he didn't say it out loud, he was still worried about Oliver.

After all, Oliver was just a 20-year-old kid, and the situation was too overwhelming for him.

If that really is a whole warehouse of K Powder, the severity of this situation is enough to put us all in trouble.

"I don't plan to report this to the anti-narcotics team. Next month, our school will have actual combat training at the eighth military camp and the base of the Blue Eagle Program is located in Melrose City. It's more reliable to leave this in their hands than the anti-narcotics team. Now, I'm only worried about one thing—the truck driver Courtney met that day." At this point, Oliver paused for a beat. "Most people in this line of work are very suspicious of everyone."

I'm afraid that they'll suspect her of finding out something that day and try to kill her.

Listening to him, Alexander's face slowly darkened.

From Oliver's expression, he could see the severity of what he was worried about.

At night, just as Courtney was done signing a contract with her client, her phone kept on vibrating in her pocket. With a glance, she noticed that she had received hundreds of messages.

All of it was sent by Leon.

As soon as she left the commercial booth, there was already a friend request notification on her Messenger account.

Where the hell did Leon get my Messenger account handle?

The moment she opened his messages, there were countless emojis without any words and most of them were of the adorable kind. The most annoying part was that all the emojis were actually pictures of Leon himself, and every picture came with pink text.

'Miss, what are you doing?'

'Miss, do you think I'm adorable?'

'If you ignore me, I'm going to be angry.'

'I'm hungry.'

Courtney was rendered speechless.

She quickly read through all of it and in the end, she didn't have the patience, so she scrolled right to the very bottom. Finally, she saw a text.

'Don't forget about our dinner tonight. I'm waiting for you in the commercial booth.'

It was only then that Courtney remembered she promised to treat him to a meal.

"Natasha, what time is it?"

In the passenger seat, Natasha turned her head around and took a look at her watch. "It's seven thirty, President Hunter. What's wrong?"

“Has the commercial shooting finished?”

“Oh—I’ve asked them just now. I received news from the producer saying that it ended not long ago. They are now clearing out everything in the booth and preparing to leave.”

“Ask them not to leave first. Tell them that I’m treating them to dinner tonight. You can choose the place.”

“Alright. Are you going?”

“No.” Courtney waved her hand. “You can attend the dinner for me.”

“Hello?” After making the call to inform the people at the commercial booth, Natasha ordered the driver. “Mr. Morgan, can you please drop me off at that traffic light in front? I’ll call a cab for myself. Please send President Hunter home.”

At night, Melrose City was a lively sight.

When passing by the Pinnacle Shopping Center, Courtney could see the electronic screen projecting Sunhill Enterprise’s commercial and their new spokesperson—Britney Price. In the commercial, her innocent eyes were completely different from the woman Courtney knew.

She is responsible for Jordan’s constant suffering all these years. Time reveals every person’s true colors; now, she and James are finally showing their real selves. If it weren’t for Alexander holding me back, I would have sued the two of them in court right away.

In the car, a rapid ringtone suddenly rang, pulling her back from her rage.

With a glance, she noticed that it was a stranger’s number. Hesitating, she answered the call.

“Hello?”

“Miss, why aren’t you here yet?”

Listening to the voice of an aggrieved young man, Courtney was startled. “Leon?”

“It’s me.” The young man sniffed very loudly, as if he was about to cry. “It’s very cold outside and I’ve been waiting for you for a long time.”

“Didn’t my assistant inform the people at the commercial booth? She booked a place for a meal; did no one tell you?”

“No,” he said aggrievedly. “I left the moment the shooting was over. I’m now waiting for you at the fountain square of Swallow Street.”

“Why are you waiting for me?” Courtney furrowed her brows. “Natasha already informed everyone to have dinner together. Why don’t I give your number to her and I’ll ask her to contact you?”

“Wait!” Before Courtney could hang up the phone, Leon’s anxious voice came from the other end.

“Miss, are you saying that there are other people coming for dinner tonight?”

“Of course.” Courtney didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. “Of course I’m inviting the whole production crew over.”

“You aren’t coming?”

“No; I’m not. There are many of you and it’s lively enough. Plus, my assistant will be there on my behalf.”

“But that’s not what you said this evening.” Leon was suddenly nervous. “I’ve waited for you for so long. I didn’t plan to eat with them.”

At the moment, Courtney felt a headache come on as she was now having an illusion that she was communicating with a child.

Leon isn’t even that much younger than me.

“I really am busy.”

On the other end, he sounded as though he was about to cry. “It’s too cold here in Melrose City. Did you know that I flew here from Melbourne? It is still summer there so I didn’t bring a jacket along. Achool!”

Hearing the word ‘miss’, Courtney felt as though she was seeing Shay back then in the underground boxing arena while he was holding her hand. At that time, Shay was still a young boy who wasn’t as lively as he was now. Even after surviving in a place like that, he still had a pair of clear eyes.

Back then, she was just 15 years old and she said to him, “If you call me ‘miss’, I’ll get you out of here.”

Half an hour later, the driver arrived at Swallow Street. As soon as Courtney got down from the car, she went to the fountain square. From far away, she could see a skinny and tall figure curled up beside the fountain.

In the cold weather, he didn’t have a jacket on and he was only wearing a knitted pullover. With half of his face covered, he squatted on the ground pitifully while drawing circles with his finger.

“Oh my goodness, are you planning to be on the news by freezing to death here?” The moment Courtney saw Leon, she felt inexplicably distressed, so she took off her jacket to wrap him in it. “Even if you were waiting to have dinner with me, you could’ve just gone to a mall to warm yourself up while you waited.”

Leon sniffed. “There are too many people in the mall. I don’t want them to recognize me.”

There were many worries about being a celebrity. Although Courtney could understand, she was still baffled about him squatting here and waiting for her in the cold. “You told me on the phone that you want to eat here but at the same time, you are also afraid of being recognized by your fans?” she asked.

Is this kid an imbecile?