

Surprise 451

One Night Surprise Chapter 451 He's Only My Ex

At Melrose City Hospital, since Courtney returned, she had been standing at the clinical laboratory window conducting blood samples collections and delivering test results.

"Tell me the truth—are you playing with me? What on earth did you tell Caleb for him to tell my mom that I'm his soulmate and only choice for marriage? No, he must be referring to you."

"Has Cardiac Surgery found itself a lot of free time lately for you to be able to come to me at your leisure to discuss private matters, Chief Hass? If our superiors catch you..." Exasperated, Courtney eyed Linda, who was reclining in her chair.

"I don't care if they catch me. I need to clear things up with you by today. If you're truly interested in Caleb, can't you just come clean to him about your identity and start dating him?"

"I swear I'm not interested in him. I'm only doing what you told me to."

"I don't believe you. If you really did as I told you to, why does he still keep having his maid send you lunch every day—"

"His maid?" Courtney suddenly interrupted. "What are you talking about? What maid? I thought the person delivering lunch was—"

"Chief..." Pushing open the lab door with a panicked look on her face, a nurse on duty interrupted before Courtney could finish speaking. "Oh—Chief Hass, you're here as well. Is Chief Kenell here?"

"What's the matter?" Courtney paused for a moment. "Chief Kenell is attending a PTA meeting at her kid's school. She just left."

Chief Kenell was the clinical laboratory chief. Because the clinical laboratory department wasn't as busy receiving patients as other departments, the chief was usually not on-shift in the laboratory.

"Someone outside is throwing a fuss," the nurse explained anxiously. "I don't know if she's a patient, but she wants to see a doctor from the clinical laboratory department. I asked her which doctor it was but she couldn't tell me, so I hurried here to notify Chief Kenell."

"Throwing a fuss?" Linda repeated as she stood up. "This batch of patients must be mad! The incident from two days ago made the news. Come now, I'll help you deal with it."

Seeing that she was saved, the nurse quickly nodded. "Thank you, Chief Hass."

After all, Linda Hass was well-known in the hospital for having a temper that could not be crossed. She had her own method of dealing with patients and as of yet, no patient had been able to outmatch her.

Afraid that things would get blown out of proportion, Courtney hurried after them.

From afar, they could already see a figure being held back by several nurses in the corridor.

“Why are you all holding onto me? Don’t touch me! I already told you that I only want to look for a doctor from the clinical laboratory. The shameless s!t has been seducing my boyfriend! Aren’t I allowed to speak with her?”

“Outsiders aren’t allowed to simply walk into the clinical laboratories, ma’am. If you give us her name, we can have her summoned.”

“Why would I come here if I knew her name? At any rate, it’s the doctor who has been conducting physical examinations at Sunhill Enterprise these few days. She’s so shameless to be seeking an opportunity wherever she finds it!” The woman’s voice was particularly livid, harsh, and shrill.

“Sunhill Enterprise?” Linda stopped in her tracks and glanced over her shoulder.

Naturally, Courtney lifted her head and realized that Linda was staring straight at her. Currently, the former was also startled and her gaze tracked the sound of the voice to see a very familiar figure being surrounded by a crowd of nurses.

Who else could go about constantly toting limited-edition purses and dressing up like a Chanel model who was afraid of being perceived as poor other than her so-called cousin Kelly Yves, the niece of her stepmother Susan?

“Courtney?” The moment Kelly saw Courtney, the anger on her face turned into astonishment. “Why are you here?”

In response, Courtney tried to tug the corners of her mouth upward into a smile, but she quickly gave up when she realized she couldn’t. “There are too many people here. Do you want to talk in my office?”

Perplexed for the moment, Kelly blurted, “But I’m not here for you. I’m here for a doctor. She—” And then, her face suddenly paled as she realized Courtney was wearing a white coat. In disbelief, she asked, “You? Y-You’re the one who’s been going to Sunhill Enterprise every day to change Alexander’s dressings? It’s you?”

“Dr. Hunter has been going to help the President of Sunhill Enterprise change his dressings every day?”

“This is the first I’m hearing of it.”

“I heard a long time ago that she was assigned to Sunhill Enterprise to help their employees conduct medical examinations.”

“Oh my god! She must have some skill. Could you have been assigned to it?”

And it went on and on.

Intrigued, the flock of nurses gathered in the corridor to gossip, looking between Courtney and Kelly from time to time.

It had to be proof that hospital work was too dull, for why else would they watch on as trouble plagued a member of their staff with such great relish?

Of course, Courtney felt so embarrassed that she wished she could disappear into a hole in the ground, but she could only explain to Kelly in front of everyone, “Don’t misunderstand. I don’t have any

relationship with him. I'm only carrying out my job as a doctor for an old friend. Whatever your relationship is with him has nothing to do with me."

Seemingly humiliated by Courtney's response, Kelly huffed. "Don't act innocent in front of me! Other people might not know what your relationship is with him. But I do, and God knows he never got over his ex-wife! He didn't even tell me you came back. It's no wonder your son told me two days ago that he wanted to buy you a birthday present. Who do you husband and wife both think you're trying to fool?"

"Husband and wife?"

"Son?"

The corridor instantly exploded in murmurs.

Helplessly, Courtney rubbed her temples. It didn't take a genius to figure out that all sorts of gossip had to be flying around the various social circles in Melrose City Hospital by now.

Yet, like a lit cannon, Kelly continued to go off. "I don't care whether you get back together with Alexander, Courtney Hunter. I'm in no mood to be strung along by both of you. Goodbye!"

With that, she stormed off without turning back, her heels clicking against the tile of the corridor with sharp, clear force.

All at once, the audience of doctors and nurses turned to stare at Courtney.

In the end, Linda was the one to speak up first and give her a thumbs-up. "Impressive, Dr. Hunter. No wonder you wouldn't tell us what your husband did for a living. Turns out he's the richest man in all of Melrose City. Very impressive indeed."

"I never knew you had so much hidden away, Dr. Hunter."

"You should treat us to dinner tonight."

"Yes, you must! If you don't, I'm withholding the data you wanted and extending your internship."

And so on.

In the midst of all that chatter, the only thing Courtney could sense was the money in her purse growing wings and flying away.

How terrible did her luck have to be for Alexander to be indirectly hurting her so long after they broke up? Why couldn't the women interested in him be more strong-willed? Why did they have to give up the moment they saw her?

"Alright, alright! I'll treat everyone to dinner, but the question is whether or not you're free to attend."

"We can order in and have it delivered to the hospital canteen. And then, we can take turns eating. It can be a banquet!"

"Do you think my money grows on trees?"

"How can you say that? Your husband is the richest man in all of Melrose City! I think you should share your wealth with everyone."

“He’s not my husband; he’s only my ex!”

“I, too, wish to have the richest man in Melrose City as my ex! What kind of luck do you have? I think it might rub off on us if you treat us to dessert and supper as well.”

Upon hearing that, Courtney could only sigh helplessly.

One Night Surprise Chapter 452 You Can Leave Now, Mister

Ever since news of Courtney and Alexander’s relationship came out at the hospital, the former had been experiencing quite a bit of teasing.

Fortunately, partly because no one had that much free time on their hands and partly because Courtney got along well enough with her knowledgeable coworkers, they stuck only to teasing and didn’t try to cause her any trouble.

On this day, upon returning home after finishing up an evening shift, Courtney noticed an unexpected figure leaning against a car at the entrance of her apartment building.

“What are you doing here?” Glancing down at her wristwatch, she noted that it was already past midnight. “It’s in the middle of the night. What are you doing here?”

Accordingly, Alexander stood up straight. “Why haven’t you come to see me these last two days?”

“You’re healed,” Courtney pointed out, matter-of-fact. “The final dressing change was a couple of days ago. The wound has already begun to scab, so it doesn’t require treatment any longer and you can wait for it to naturally fall off.”

“So, now that my wound is healed, you have no intentions of seeing me any longer?”

“Not necessarily. I’m not cursing you or anything, but I think we all fall ill every once in a while. We might see each other again in the future. Still, I hope that’s not the case, since it’s more important for you to be safe and healthy.” With a second glance at him, she added, “It’s getting late and I’m going home. Tina is waiting for me. You should go home as well.”

Unfortunately, before she could take more than a few steps, he asked anxiously behind her, “My wound might be healed, Courtney, but what about my heart?” As she paused in her tracks, he stepped right up behind her and continued, “Aren’t you intending to address the fact that you sent Kelly away and ruined the only beautiful thing I’ve had in my life for the past five years? Now I’ll have to be alone for the rest of my life.”

When Courtney heard that, she turned back in astonishment.

It seems he cares quite a bit about Kelly, after all.

Somewhat unhappily, she told him, “I never intended to send her away. She was the one who came to the hospital to find me out of the blue and spout a bunch of nonsense. Besides, you could’ve urged her to stay.”

"If I was able to urge anyone to stay, I wouldn't have let you leave five years ago," Alexander admitted a little dully as his eyes glimmered. His suddenly regretful expression succeeded in making Courtney's heart clench.

By now, it was deep in the night and there wasn't a single person walking around the neighborhood. All around them was darkness, apart from the dim lights emanating from the street lamp above their heads.

Just like that, the atmosphere changed subtly.

Dodging both his gaze and the charged statement, Courtney told him, "Kelly was the one who went to my hospital. It's good enough that I haven't taken you to task for the fuss she threw, but what do you expect me to do about how things have turned out?"

"I've been waiting here for you for three hours. Won't you invite me upstairs for a drink?"

"Tina is asleep."

"I won't disturb her."

Knowing that Alexander wouldn't leave without a drink and having no other solution, Courtney could only compromise and invite him upstairs.

The moment she entered the door, she pulled a pair of disposable slippers out of the cabinet by the door and tossed it onto the floor for him. "I'll make you some tea. What do you want to drink?"

"Anything will do."

"Jasmine tea, then." She pulled a box of tea out of a cupboard and boiled some water. After making some tea, she carried the two cups to the coffee table in the living room, whereupon she put one in front of him.

Ever the polite guest, Alexander picked up the cup and took a sip before appraising concisely, "It's good."

Upon hearing that, Courtney eyed him and drawled wryly, "As the president of Sunhill Enterprise, you can have any tea you want. Why do you feel the need to come here for cheap tea?"

"Nothing suits my appetite like the tea you make."

"It's all flower tea, anyway. It tastes the same no matter who's making it."

"There is always a difference in the color, warmth, and fragrance."

"I didn't know you were such an expert on tea now," Courtney commented with finality, lowering her head to take a sip.

Alas, Alexander didn't have the intention of dropping the subject. "You know what I'm talking about."

"I don't."

"In that case, allow me to make things clear." He put down his cup. "If you truly didn't still have me in your heart, you wouldn't care whether my dressings got changed or not, let alone coming to Sunhill

Enterprise every day to do it yourself. There is no way that we could have a clean break after all our years together, not when we have two children—Jordan on my side and Tina on yours.”

“And where are you going with this?”

“I’m saying that since we can’t have a clean break anyway, you might as well consider being with me again.”

Before Courtney could say ‘no,’ Alexander interrupted, “If you’re hesitating because I didn’t treat you well, I had a defect in my personality or I was so possessive that I couldn’t give you the freedom you wanted, then I can promise you I have changed.”

Never had Courtney seen him being so sincere.

All those years ago, she would have been hard-pressed to even get an apology from him. Five years later, however, he was speaking to her so gently that it was as if he had all his rough edges sanded off.

“I don’t agree,” a young voice said from behind Courtney, making the both adults in the living room pause.

Turning around, Courtney asked, “Josie? Why are you still awake?”

“Grandma says we must go forward and not back, Mommy. I don’t want a daddy I don’t know.” Wearing cow-patterned pajamas, Josephine walked out of her bedroom and stood next to Courtney in a dignified manner before watching Alexander with some wariness. “You can leave now, mister.”

Stunned, Alexander stared at the adorable little girl before him for a long time. “Who…”

Not knowing how to explain, Courtney rested her forehead against her fingertips.

“Did you just call her ‘Mommy’?” he pressed.

“What else?” Josephine saw through him at a glance. “There’s no need to wonder. My name is Josephine Somerfield, but I’m Mommy’s daughter. If I’m not wrong, you’re my biological daddy.”

As if hit in the head by an unexpected object falling from the sky, Alexander remained dazed for a long time before finally turning numbly to Courtney for confirmation. “So, you were pregnant when you left five years ago? Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Why would I have? With the situation being what it was at the time, my pregnancy would only have complicated matters. There was no point in telling you.” Frowning, Courtney pulled Josephine into her lap and explained as she stroked the little girl’s hair, “If I can raise Tina by myself, then I can raise Josie by myself too. You needn’t overthink it.”

Despite trying his best to suppress his joy, Alexander could not refrain from staring in wonder at the little girl. “So, your name is Josie? And you know I’m your daddy?”

Glaring at him with her mouth tugging into a disdainful frown, the little girl answered, “Tina always talks about how rich and handsome you are. I have no choice but to know.”

“And where is she?”

“Asleep. She sleeps like a pig, so don’t think you can wake her up to help you.” Struggling to sit up in Courtney’s embrace, Josephine continued sternly and maturely, “I know what happened between you and Mommy, mister, so I think you should leave my mommy alone. We just want to lead a quiet life.”

One Night Surprise Chapter 453 The President Is Requesting a Proposal

At this moment, Alexander froze for a second. It wasn’t until then that he realized the daughter that he was meeting for the first time wasn’t joking around with him. “Why? Isn’t it good if I’m there to care for all of you?”

Unmoved and even somewhat contemptuously, Josephine replied, “Grandma says Mommy had you to care for her before I was born, but she was very unhappy.”

Instantly, Alexander became somewhat embarrassed.

Amused by the confrontation between them, Courtney decided not to interfere and only sat back to enjoy their debate until it turned to the virtues of marriage 10 minutes later.

“You’re still young, so I imagine you might not understand that it is actually a blessed thing to get married.”

“You’re so old, mister, but there is something my grandma understands that you don’t. She says many people get married, but many married people are un-blessed and unhappy. She also says unmarried people are happy most of the time. So, I don’t think being married has to do with being blessed. Don’t lie to me because I’m a kid.”

Ever since she could speak, Josephine had spent time by Alicia’s side learning the various philosophies of life. Thus, although she was only kindergarten-aged, she was so well-learned and spoke so much with the logic of an old wise woman that even Courtney was often befuddled by her.

Giving the child a conflicted look now, Alexander asked, “Your grandma told you that? Who’s your grandma?”

“My Aunt Alicia,” Courtney explained helplessly.

Because Josephine was adopted into the Somerfield Family, she called Alicia ‘Grandma’ for convenience’s sake rather than addressing her as ‘Great-Aunt Alicia’ like Tina did.

As Alicia never liked Alexander, it was completely reasonable that Josephine was influenced into also disliking him simply by staying with her extended family.

Yet, despite understanding where she was coming from, Alexander was unwilling to throw in the towel just yet. “Don’t you think it’s bad that other kids at kindergarten have a father but you don’t?”

Unfortunately, Josephine, who grew up being doted upon like a spoiled princess, did not find herself wanting for paternal love. “Other kids don’t have a grandma and grandpa like I do. Why don’t they think it’s bad?”

In all honesty, Alexander had no answer for that.

Meanwhile, Courtney was tickled to see him so thoroughly defeated.

At the end of the day, Tina and Josephine were two very different people, not only in personality but in the environment they grew up in as well. When Tina was younger, she had no one for company apart from her nannies and schoolteachers, as well as no one to dote on her apart from Elijah. That was why she yearned for family life.

In contrast, Josephine grew up surrounded by familial love and thus did not find it something to yearn for. In fact, she was quite the opposite—at her young age, there was nothing she looked forward to more than freedom and independence.

“It’s late, mister. You shouldn’t be here. You should go home,” Josephine said decisively now, rubbing salt into Alexander’s wound after leaving him at a loss for words.

“It is getting late,” Courtney agreed, standing up and ruffling her daughter’s hair. “Let’s see him out, shall we?”

And just like that, they made it clear that Alexander was no longer welcome.

No matter how unwilling he was, he had no choice but to leave.

After shutting the door, Courtney glanced down at her daughter and asked, both in exasperation and amusement, “You don’t like him, do you?”

At that, Josephine shrugged. “I don’t know him. Why should I like him? Not everyone likes handsome men like Tina does.”

As if she could hear herself being referenced, Tina suddenly sneezed from inside the bedroom in the middle of her sleep.

“Alright, go to bed,” Courtney told her youngest daughter in resignation.

After washing up, Courtney went to lie down in her own bed. All these years, she had never thought about getting back in contact with Alexander, partially because she genuinely hadn’t found an opportunity and partially because no one in her life would support her doing so other than Tina.

Even Cameron, who married Alexander’s best friend, said the same thing as Alicia—that men never changed and that Courtney should stop holding out hope for Alexander.

And so, as the years passed, she was influenced to think less and less about him. The strange thing was that even when she no longer thought about him, neither could she commit herself to a new relationship.

Meanwhile, after having an unexpected daughter fall from the sky and directly into his heart, Alexander spent the next few days smiling so stupidly that his employees were starting to think the sun rose from the west. Even the plans that were usually criticized severely and returned were given some leeway and a few more days to improve.

“Here’s the revised annual plan of the Planning Department, President Duncan.”

“Set it aside.”

Seated behind the desk, Alexander was twirling his pen and spacing out, and the document before him had laid untouched for the whole morning.

"I called Josh yesterday, President Duncan. He said the project in Australia is coming to a close and asked me to deliver the good news to you."

Alexander grunted absent-mindedly before suddenly thinking of something a moment later. "Once the project is completed, Josh should be free."

"I suppose so. The system in Australia is perfected, so he doesn't need to do much apart from working on the project."

"Have him come back, then. I have something I need him to do."

"Oh?" Eric instantly paled when he heard that. "Why do you need him? C-Can't I do it?"

After all, Josh and Eric were both assistants in charge of helping Alexander resolve his problems. What kind of issue could have arisen that required the presence of the former assistant?

"You?" Alexander glanced at him. "There are some things you don't know about, so it's best Josh comes back to deal with them."

Naturally, that statement injured Eric so much that he was almost in tears as he asked, "Please tell me what the matter is, President Duncan. Can't we ask him to come back only if I'm unable to handle it?" He left out the part where he thought Alexander didn't trust him enough. "Besides, he has to finish up there before coming back, anyway. If you need something done in a hurry, there's nothing he can do from so far away."

Seemingly hearing the logic in that, Alexander gave a thoughtful nod.

"What do you need me to resolve?" Eric pleaded.

"Have you dated before?"

The question made Eric's eyes widen. "Y-Yes..."

"Got back together with your ex?"

"Uh..." Afraid of misspeaking, Eric contemplated Alexander carefully before saying tentatively, "Uh... Yes."

"What solutions do you have for getting back together with an ex?"

Startled, Eric questioned, "You want to get back together with your ex? Is it Dr. Hunter?"

Alexander inclined his head. "Can you solve this matter?"

"Of course!" Eric instantly promised. "I have to! Give me a day. I'll have a plan written out for you by the end of the day."

Deep down, he vowed, Even if I can't resolve it, I would have to!

He had to make it happen in order to keep his position.

And so, after leaving the office, Eric pulled out his cell phone and sent out a circular to the entire company.

'Urgent News: The president is requesting a proposal to reunite with his ex. All stations and departments may submit a proposal. Raise and promotion are imminent once the plan is accepted.'

One Night Surprise Chapter 454 Success Rate of 99%

Before the end of the workday, Eric marched into Alexander's office with a printed stack of documents and a resolute expression on his face.

"These are the collective ideas of the various departments, President Duncan. Many of our younger employees provided summaries of the plans they used to get back their ex. I chose three of the proposals with success rates of 99%."

Reading through the thick stack of proposals, Alexander nodded thoughtfully. "Implement these, then. The materials we require..."

"I will have them readied beforehand," Eric answered immediately.

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As Courtney entered her neighborhood after finishing her shift, she subconsciously took a look around. It relieved her not to see Alexander's car there, yet her heart suddenly felt empty.

The three children were doing what they usually did—gaming and watching television—when she entered the house. "Does anyone want to go with me to the supermarket? What do you all want to eat for dinner?" she asked them.

Seated in front of the television, Tina took some time to respond, "I can eat anything, Mommy."

Following suit, Josephine nodded. "Me too."

As for Angie, who was in the bedroom, gaming was her life. She didn't care much what she ate as long as she had something to eat.

Somewhat speechlessly, Courtney opened the refrigerator to confirm that there was nothing left to make for dinner before deciding to go on a shopping run by herself. "I'm leaving now."

"Okay, Mommy. Be safe!" Although the response came quicker this time, it was dismissive and its speakers never took their eyes off the television.

Upon hearing that, Courtney could only sigh resignedly. It was rare that she got to come home early from work, yet her children were busy with their own activities and acting like they didn't need her. How frustrating life was!

When she opened the front door, however, a figure in the doorway made her stop in her tracks. "Mr. Menzie? What are you doing here?"

At this moment, Caleb had his hand poised to knock. Upon seeing the door open right before his eyes, he also paused for a moment before putting down his hand. "I need to talk to you about something. Are you free?"

"Uh... yes, but I'm about to go grocery shopping. Would you like to come in first?"

"That's alright. I can go with you. Are you going to the place opposite your neighborhood?"

"Yes," Courtney answered with a small smile.

Before she could say anything else, a small head popped out from behind her back.

"Who's this, Mommy?" Josephine stared at the man in front of her before asking bluntly, "Your boyfriend?"

Caleb's and Courtney's expressions changed simultaneously the minute they heard that. That was especially the case for Courtney, who dragged her daughter out from behind her back before scolding, "What are you saying? This is my friend! You can call him Mr. Menzie." With that, she turned to apologize to Caleb. "I'm sorry. She means no harm. This is my youngest daughter."

"My name is Josephine Somerfield," Josephine added boldly, staring up at Caleb.

Then, another small head popped out from behind Courtney. "I'm Tina Hunter."

Courtney put her hand to her forehead. "My second daughter," she elaborated.

With a small smile, Caleb complimented, "Your daughters are very cute."

"Mommy, why are you making Mr. Menzie stand at the door?" Josephine batted her eyelashes. "Won't you let him enter?"

Knowing what her daughters were up to, Courtney gave up and simply decided to invite him in. "Well, come in then, Mr. Menzie. I'm going to buy some ingredients; you can have dinner with us tonight." With that, she glanced toward the bedroom and shouted, "Come and greet our guest, Angie Grant! Make him some tea."

"Alright! I'll be out after this fight."

Instructions thus delivered, Courtney left the house.

"So, your name is Josephine Somerfield and yours is Tina Hunter. Your sister is Angie Grant. Why do all three of you have different last names?" Caleb was hung up on the details due to occupational habits.

Again, Josephine batted her eyelashes. "Because we have different fathers!"

"That's not true," Tina immediately denied. "Angie and I have the same father, and Josie and I share the same daddy, but we each have two fathers."

Not completely understanding her meaning, Caleb looked at her in puzzlement.

At this moment, the door opened from the bedroom and a tall young woman walked out. Upon seeing Caleb, she immediately let out a warm smile. "Are you Courtney's boyfriend?"

Of course, Caleb's expression only became more bewildered when he heard that. "You call her 'Courtney'?"

"Uh..."

Meanwhile at the supermarket, Courtney bought slightly more fruits and vegetables than usual to make up for the presence of a visitor. As she stared down at the two gigantic shopping bags next to her after checking out, she instantly regretted not asking Caleb to come along with her. At the very least, he would be able to do the hard labor for her.

Toting the two shopping bags out of the supermarket, she realized that the square in front was somewhat noisy. There were many people out and about this evening, from skateboarding youth to children chasing their pets. Across the square, the classical music of buskers and the street music of street dancers clashed fiercely.

As Courtney idly wondered whether there was some kind of event going on, she saw a row of Pikachus waddling their way onto the square and quickly occupying its center. Suddenly, the music changed into her favorite anime theme song and the row of Pikachus began to dance exaggeratedly to the music.

Because the dancers' limbs were confined inside the doll costumes, the waving motions of the short Pikachu arms were extremely cute. In an instant, a gaggle of girls was gathered in the square, oohing and aahing while filming at the same time.

As Courtney became engrossed in the spectacle, she suddenly heard a familiar voice behind her.

"Dr. Hunter."

When she looked over her shoulder, she saw Caleb walking toward her with Josephine holding onto his left hand and Tina holding onto his right. The three of them looked like a happy family.

"What are you doing here?" she asked in surprise. "With the kids, no less."

With a smile, he explained, "I was afraid you'd be unable to carry the items you bought, so I came to help. These two came along because they were tired of waiting at home. Now, give me your bags." With that, Caleb took the two bags from her and carried them with much more ease than she had. "What's going on in the square? It seems busy."

"Maybe there's some kind of event going on." Courtney said as she stared at the team of dancing Pikachus in the distance. "Previously, there'd be an event every month on behalf of the supermarket. Do you want to watch them dance for a bit?"

"I do!" Tina shouted next to her.

"Oh—do you?" Courtney asked with a mock-glare, pinching Tina's nose and wiggling it. "So, you wouldn't come to the supermarket with me but now that Mr. Menzie is here, so are you. What do you mean by that, young lady?"

"It's Josie who wanted to come out. I only came along because I was afraid she would get lost!" Tina protested self-righteously, using her younger sister as a shield.

Calmly, Josephine crossed her arms and retorted, "I only came because I was afraid Mr. Menzie wouldn't know which door Mommy would leave the supermarket from. You came because you wanted to play, Tina. We have different aims."

As he watched the children argue, Caleb couldn't help chuckling. "Kids are very interesting."

Although she did not want to ruin the mood, Courtney still had to glance at him meaningfully and remind him, "I don't think Chief Hass wants children, Mr. Menzie. What are you going to do if you get together and she still refuses to have children?"

"Then we won't have kids."

Because the music was too loud, the two of them had to lean in close to hear what the other person was saying. Since they were so deep in conversation, they failed to notice that the lead Pikachu in the square had suddenly stopped dancing and was staring at them, motionless.

One Night Surprise Chapter 455 That Was How I Always Dressed at Home

"Hey, why did the lead Pikachu suddenly stop dancing?"

The murmurs of the crowd interrupted Caleb and Courtney's conversation.

When Courtney glanced up, she noticed the lead Pikachu abruptly turning and leaving the group. Instantly, the formation of the rest of the Pikachus became scattered.

Since they had only stayed behind for Tina and Josephine's sake and weren't that interested in the childish spectacles, Caleb and Courtney went home as the Pikachus dispersed.

Meanwhile, the crowd continued to whisper behind them.

"What happened?"

"The lead Pikachu suddenly stopped dancing."

"Oh man! I thought I saw roses nearby. They can't have been preparing to propose, could they?"

"Oh my god!"

When Caleb and Courtney arrived home, Angie was seated on the couch with a basket of strawberries. Dressed in a yellow Simpsons tank top and a pair of very short sports shorts, she was lounging cross-legged on the couch with no regard for her image at all.

Upon seeing the group return, she bounced up from the couch and crowed, "You're finally back! I'm starving."

"Aren't you eating right now?" Courtney rolled her eyes. "Go and help get dinner ready if you want to eat as soon as possible."

After Caleb carried the bags into the kitchen, the phone in his pants pocket started vibrating. "I need to answer a call first. I'll be back in a minute to help."

“The balcony is quieter. It’s over there,” Courtney offered, gesturing toward the balcony before snatching the basket of fruit out of Angie’s hands and passing it over to Tina. Thereafter, she led Angie into the kitchen.

Taking measure of Angie’s barely covered body, Courtney started with a frown, “We have guests over and it’s a man, no less. Did you have to dress like this?”

Carelessly, Angie shrugged. “That was how I always dressed in America. Elijah never said anything. Can you not be so conservative in this day and age, Courtney?”

“Elijah never said anything because he’s a man and it wouldn’t have been appropriate for him to talk to you about this. Didn’t Lilian say anything?”

“Would it have mattered if she did? She also wears black lace tank tops at home and they’re the low-cut kind, no less.”

“Don’t give me that kind of nonsense. That’s her home and she’s his wife. You—” Abruptly, Courtney stopped.

She had been about to say that Angie was Elijah’s daughter but in truth, there was nothing harmful about a girl wearing short shorts and tank tops in front of her parents, especially in a place as open-minded as America.

The problem was that Angie wasn’t biologically related to Elijah.

At that thought, Courtney couldn’t help studying the young lady before her once again.

Seventeen years was a good age in terms of one’s physical development. Due to a lack of nutrition since young, Angie wasn’t particularly curvy, but she was tall and well-proportioned. Her skin was fine, her thighs powerful and well-defined. She had the sort of beauty that came with health and vitality.

If Courtney considered her through the lens of womanhood, Angie was no doubt the type of woman who would inspire the envy of many others.

All of a sudden, Courtney had an inkling as to the real reason Lilian wanted Angie to leave. “Tell me something,” she started.

“Go on.” Busy with plucking the leaves off a leafy green, Angie had yet to notice Courtney eyeing her peculiarly.

“What do you think of Mr. Menzie?”

“He’s not bad. It’s obvious to me not only that he’s a local social elite, he’s also good-tempered and good with kids.” Angie lifted her head and smirked teasingly at Courtney. “Tell me honestly—is he your boyfriend?”

“How do you think he is in comparison to Elijah?”

The instant Courtney said that, she could see Angie’s smile freeze at its edges.

Abruptly, the girl averted her eyes and lowered her head to pluck messily at the leaves. “Why are you suddenly bringing him up?”

“I’m simply making small talk. So, what do you think?” Courtney pressed carefully.

Angie was silent for a few moments before admitting dully, “To tell you the truth, I don’t think they’re comparable. Elijah is the kind of man that is rare in the world. He has a successful career and is engaged in a lot of charity work. He also treats others very kindly. However spectacular Mr. Menzie might be, he is still just an ordinary lawyer who isn’t in the same league as Elijah.”

“If it’s as you say, then, does that mean any woman should hang onto Elijah if she gets the opportunity?”

“Of course! Why else would Lilian be so crazed as to risk his wrath by chasing me out of the house if not for the fact that she wanted me farther away from him—”

Just like that, Angie stopped and the whole kitchen fell silent, a stark contrast to the sound of Tina and Josephine squabbling outside.

Finally, she lifted her head to face Courtney’s incredulous look. “I... What I mean is...”

Though Courtney had yet to speak, she had seemingly guessed the truth and was both shocked and stunned by it.

“I’m sorry, Dr. Hunter, but I have some urgent business to take care of. I have to leave now,” Caleb said from the doorway, interrupting the stalemate.

Coming back to her senses, Courtney forced a smile onto her face and saw Caleb off. When she returned to the kitchen, Angie was still standing there, clutching the leafy green vegetable with a pale face.

Upon seeing that, Courtney sighed deeply. “Talk to me, Angie.”

There had to be a reason why Lilian disliked Angie so much. Clearly, the latter’s departure from both America and Elijah’s home was far more complicated than Courtney expected.

Inside the study, separated from the sound of the children squabbling, Angie and Courtney sat down on the couch.

“You never took what Lilian said seriously, yet you’ve moved out now that she wants you to. Why?”

Twisting her fingers, Angie replied with listless eyes, “Because she has something on me. When she wanted me to leave, she showed me a video that she took.”

“What’s the video?”

“Do you have any alcohol?” Angie lifted her head and the panic in her eyes suddenly turned to pleading. “I want some alcohol, Courtney.”

After a moment of silence, Courtney finally pulled a bottle of red out of the wine cooler and poured Angie a glass.

The scarlet liquid slid down the walls of the glass and into the young woman’s mouth, following a path down her throat and into her gullet. As the alcohol muddled her brain, Angie felt her ability to reason ebbing along with it. In truth, she never had a good alcohol tolerance.

“Before the summer break, Lilian held a birthday party for Elijah at home. I got drunk during the party. We kissed when he was sending me back to my room.”

In that instant, Courtney felt like she had been struck by lightning.

After all, Angie and Elijah were nearly 20 years apart and she was legally even his daughter, but now she was telling Courtney that they had kissed.

One Night Surprise Chapter 456 Are You All Crazy?

At this moment, Angie took another violent sip of alcohol before continuing in a low voice, “To be precise, I kissed him.”

Shocked, Courtney stared at the young woman. Her alcohol-drinking motions were already practiced and even somewhat mature in the way that only someone aged between the innocence of girlhood and the sexiness of adulthood could be. It had to be irresistible to men.

“What else did you do with him?” Courtney pressed, forcing herself to keep calm despite the nature of the question.

Angie’s expression twisted up into agony, and it was a long moment before she finally shook her head. “I don’t know. I was drunk.”

That evening was Elijah’s birthday party. Summer break hadn’t even started yet, but Angie had skipped class to give him a present, only to have Lilian pull her into her bedroom and force her to dress up before she could go and greet the guests. They argued for so long that the guests had arrived by the time she left the bedroom and with Elijah caught up in entertaining the guests, Angie was forced to stand in a corner and occupy herself.

And then, Lilian’s friend came over to her to make a toast, saying that she was already old enough to drink.

Young and brash, Angie was incited into getting drunk.

After that, she could only remember the evening in bits and pieces. What she recalled was that Elijah found her drunk and took her upstairs to rest...

“Lilian only showed me the video of Elijah and I kissing. I don’t know what happened after that. She said... she said I wasn’t fit to live at home anymore and that she would take the video to court and accuse Elijah of molesting his adopted daughter if I didn’t leave.” Angie’s voice was tense, revealing her stubborn nature.

“What?” Courtney couldn’t believe her ears. “You were drunk! This was a misunderstanding. Why would she want to take the video to court? Is she mad?!”

“What if something else happened?”

“But that’s impossible!” Courtney denied vehemently. “You were drunk but Elijah wasn’t, and he would never do something so improper to his own daughter.”

“But I’m not his daughter.” Angie stared up at Courtney in trepidation. “I know you can tell that I like him. I have ever since I was young, and I can tell the difference between familial and romantic love. I’ll never love another man apart from him.”

“Are you crazy?” Courtney found it hard to accept the truth. “Are you all crazy?”

“I didn’t leave America because something like this happened and I found it hard to face him. I left because I didn’t want him to end up with a lawsuit because of me. But if he and Lilian divorced—if the adoptive relationship between us was dissolved and I could absolve him of such a moral quandary—I would go for him without hesitation.” Angie was sure and fearlessly stubborn in the way that only very young women could be.

Of course, Courtney was much more affected and found it hard to calm down at the moment. She even wondered if Angie was simply being childish and impulsive. After a long while, Courtney finally struggled into a sitting position and said, “Let me think.”

The only reason she took the then 12-year-old Angie off the desert island five years ago was on behalf of Fatso. Due to issues with nationality, the only way she could have taken Angie abroad was if she adopted the girl. Then, because Courtney had to go to France for her studies, she had to entrust Angie to Elijah.

But how could Courtney have imagined such an outcome at the time? It wasn’t only that Angie and Elijah were 20 years apart but that they were separated by social status, life experience, a marriage, and moral principles that the world could never stand to see transgressed.

Even if Angie and Elijah shared no blood relation, they would find it difficult to escape the condemnation of society.

At the thought of the various ways this could end, Courtney felt a headache coming on.

Meanwhile, as the lights came on throughout the city, Melrose was painted in a layer of apparent prosperity by the darkness of night.

On the floor where Sunhill Enterprise’s president’s office was located, the elevator dinged and Caleb rushed out and strode all the way to Alexander’s office.

A short while ago, he received a call from Alexander personally, telling him that he was urgently needed and that he had to set aside all his business at hand to return to the workplace.

Despite thinking about it along the way, Caleb failed to figure out what urgent business the enterprise had that would require him to rush back after hours.

Behind the spacious desk, Alexander was looking inexplicably gloomier than usual.

“Did you need me for something, President Duncan?”

Glowering at Caleb, Alexander asked, “How’s the lawsuit with Amberport Pharmaceuticals going?”

“Amberport Pharmaceuticals?” Caleb asked in perplexity, considering for a moment before explaining, “You might have forgotten about it, President Duncan, but Amberport Pharmaceuticals was acquired by Olsapine Pharmaceuticals three months ago, so the lawsuit was transferred to Olsapine

Pharmaceuticals' name. During the transfer, you played a round of golf with Olsapine Pharmaceuticals' president and informed us that the lawsuit would be settled out of court with one of their warehouses in the city outskirts. So, we wrote the lawsuit off."

"Wrote it off?" Alexander frowned so hard that an indent appeared on his brow. "You say that like it's no big deal," he snapped. "Am I supposed to sign a contract with them now?"

After a pause, Caleb replied easily, "I'm afraid I'm not sure, as this is handled by the Business Department."

"I'll have you know that I'm not signing the contract. I don't need the warehouse in the city outskirts—I was simply being courteous. The lawsuit must continue."

The gaze Alexander shot Caleb was so furious that the latter felt like he was being consumed alive.

It confused him, but he only frowned before saying, "Alright. I'll get started tomorrow—"

"You'll get started tonight," Alexander interrupted before the other man could finish.

The atmosphere in the office instantly became colder.

All along, Alexander had had an eccentric and inexplicable temper. It was something Caleb admired him for, as Caleb himself was not a businessman and had no mind for such intricacies. As the company lawyer, he only wanted to do his job well.

Thus, he only replied without rebuttal, "Alright. I'll get started now." As he left, a sliver of bright yellow color in the corner caught his attention. He paused in his tracks, and a hint of helpless amusement appeared in his eyes as he confirmed that his eyes were not mistaken. "Rest assured that I'll have the lawsuit resolved as soon as possible, President Duncan."

After Caleb left, Alexander slammed his fist onto the desk. The muffled bang echoed around the office.

Upon hearing the commotion from the next room, Eric rushed out with the Pikachu costume's head in his arms. Because the outfit was difficult to take off, he was still wearing the pants on the lower half of his body and looking extremely bizarre as he waddled his way into the office.

Naturally, Alexander only became more annoyed upon seeing that. "Why are you still wearing that?" he shouted. "Look at the mess you made!"

Shuddering in fear, Eric explained sadly, "It was a miscalculation. We didn't expect Dr. Hunter and Mr. Menzie to be together so late in the evening, either."

"Shut it."

Instantly, Eric clapped a hand over his mouth and studied Alexander's incensed expression. Fearful that Alexander would become overheated from rage, the former couldn't help asking, "Would you like me to bring you a change of clothes, President Duncan? It's so hot in this outfit."

"No. Get out!" Alexander glared at him menacingly.

Hearing that, Eric ran out like he was on skates.

It wasn't until the assistant had fled that Alexander stood up, bracing his arms against the desk, only to reveal a pair of yellow Pikachu pants on the lower half of his body.

One Night Surprise Chapter 457 Old Flames and New Loves

'Romantic Ways to Confess'—that was the first plan Eric selected from the many proposals that he received. It was also the proposal with the highest success rate. It required Alexander to personally put on a Pikachu costume and dance in the square, attracting Courtney's attention, before giving her a rose and taking off the headgear of the costume at the right time.

As the headgear came off, fireworks would have to go off in the distance. Though trite, the plan was popular for being romantic in such a way that no girl could resist.

Who knew that Caleb would appear in the middle to turn the entire plan upside-down?

There was nothing Eric could do but assure Alexander that there was another plan and that it was highly unlikely they would also run into Caleb during the execution of the second plan.

To avoid the mistakes of the previous time, Eric deliberately chose Courtney's workplace as the meeting place and set the time for a workday at noon.

Surely a workaholic like Caleb wouldn't skip work to come out at noon.

During midday the next day at the Melrose City Hospital parking lot, Eric was assuring Alexander confidently as they sat in the car, "Things will definitely work out this time, President Duncan. Women are always nostalgic. As long as you try and wow her back using the things you gave her when you were together, she will be moved and once she is moved, you will be able to win her over." With that, Eric glanced at the backseat. "What have you prepared, though? Can I take a look? I'm afraid our plan will fail if we step on a landmine."

Handing Eric the box that he had prepared a long time ago, Alexander told him, "See for yourself."

It was a black rectangular suede box that looked like the kind to hold a necklace, but Eric gasped upon opening it. "What are these, President Duncan?"

Inside the box was a row of ten diamond rings in various styles—the cheapest of which carried a diamond that was certainly no less than 5 carats—glittering so brightly that they nearly blinded Eric.

"Engagement rings—" Alexander answered calmly, "—for when I proposed. I didn't know what style she liked, so I commissioned ten different ones."

The look in his eyes became complicated at the mention of what happened all those years ago.

If it weren't for what happened back then, the both of them would be married by now and his daughter would have grown up by his side instead of being so unfamiliar and apathetic toward him.

"Ten?!" Eric tried his best to calm down before carefully closing the jewelry box and handing it back to Alexander. "You'd best make your way there quickly."

Eric's jaw would have fallen open in shock at this moment if it weren't for the fact that he had called Josh beforehand to ask about Courtney. After all, the Alexander that Eric knew would never be so utterly smitten with a woman.

In contrast, it would be strange that any woman in the world could remain so unmoved by such an act from a powerful man.

After getting out of the car, Alexander strode directly through the main doors of Melrose City Hospital. His well-built figure struck a particular contrast against the common crowd, and he drew the attention of many onlookers.

At noon, there were fewer people in the clinical laboratory than at other places. The moment Alexander exited the elevator, he saw Courtney leaving the laboratory and going farther down the corridor.

Overjoyed, he strode toward her, only to see her accepting a thermal lunch box from another man. Because Alexander was so far away, he couldn't hear what they were saying, but she was smiling brilliantly in a way that he hadn't seen in five years.

As he clenched the box in his fist, he subconsciously took a step forward, wanting to demand answers only to realize that he didn't have any right to be asking questions at the moment. And so, after some hesitation, he turned around and left.

Currently, Courtney was holding onto a thermal lunch box and asking Caleb curiously, "It's rare to see you outside the office, Mr. Menzie. Why have you personally come here today? Where's your mom?"

"She's a bit busy and I also feel like it's time to have a chat with Linda."

"Why don't you deliver her lunch yourself, then?"

"I'm afraid she won't eat it if I give it to her myself, so I'll have to trouble you one more time. I'll talk to her once she's done with lunch."

"Alright." Teasingly, Courtney asked, "Does that mean I won't have to cover for you from today onward?"

With a warm, gentle smile, Caleb answered, "Yes."

"Good."

And so, still carrying the lunch box, Courtney headed to the Cardiac Surgery chief's office. The moment she stepped through the door, she noticed Linda staring at her phone and sitting as motionless as a monk who was deep in meditation.

"What on earth are you doing, chief?"

Linda's head jerked up. "You scared me!" Upon glancing at Courtney, she continued, "Is that lunch from Caleb's maid?"

"Yup." Courtney set the box down on Linda's desk. "Eat it while it's warm. I'm leaving now."

“Hold on a minute,” Linda stopped her. “It’s been almost half a month since they started delivering food, but you’re always either not in the hospital or not feeling well enough to eat what’s been made. I’m starting to realize I’ve eaten everything they delivered.”

“That’s right.” Courtney batted her eyelashes. “It was always meant for you, anyway, so how could I possibly eat it? Don’t forget you’re the one they’re interested in.”

For a moment, Linda was rendered speechless and it took a while before she pointed out stupidly, “But you’re the one Caleb’s been meeting.”

“We met a total of two times.” Courtney held up two fingers before glancing meaningfully down at the phone on the desk. “Only twice. But you’re the one who has been chatting with him.”

Linda’s face turned red in the blink of an eye. “Chatting? What are you talking about? I-I haven’t said anything to him!”

“Sure.” Courtney snorted. “At any rate, I won’t have to pretend to be you anymore.”

“What?”

“Nothing. I’m leaving now.”

Given Linda’s conflicted expression right now, Courtney was certain the former had fallen for Caleb. While she was deathly curious how Caleb had managed to win the affections of Linda—the woman least interested in dating men in all of Melrose City Hospital—solely by talking to her online, Courtney dared not brazenly ask.

Upon recalling that Caleb would confess to Linda after lunch and that she would no longer have to play pretend in front of Linda once everything was cleared up, Courtney let out an internal sigh of relief.

Meanwhile, Eric was headbanging to some rock music inside the car when he noticed a figure walking toward him from afar. Caught off-guard, he tripped over himself to turn off the music.

With a bang, the car door slammed shut so violently that the whole carriage shook.

“P-President Duncan? Why are you back so soon?”

The box of rings that was still clenched in Alexander’s fist was glaringly obvious through the rearview mirror.

After a pause, Eric continued hesitantly, “Is Dr. Hunter not at the hospital? Last I checked, she’s on duty today.”

Seemingly not hearing his words, Alexander only stared dazedly out of the window. He couldn’t help remembering the two times he had seen Courtney by Caleb’s side, during which both times she was smiling broadly.

To her, Caleb was her new love.

New loves were like fresh fruit—free of any defects.

Alexander, on the other hand, was an old flame. Once the affection was stripped off, there was nothing left but a rotten core.

“Start the car. We’re going back to the company.”

One Night Surprise Chapter 458 Personal Revenge

“Are you having lunch, Dr. Hunter? Come, let’s eat together!”

Inside the cafeteria, as soon as Courtney sat down for lunch, she was interrupted by Eunice Goodman, the most gossipy nurse in the hospital.

From past experience, the former knew that sitting down for lunch with Eunice would ultimately result in a storytelling session where a crowd of people gathered around to talk about various workplace gossip. Those who ranked as chief or higher were particularly liable to be criticized to bits by Eunice.

Meanwhile, the woman in question was settling into the seat beside Courtney as she commented, “I have the newest gossip concerning Chief Hass, Dr. Hunter.”

“Now, hold on, Nurse Goodman,” Courtney interrupted as she tapped against the meat on her plate with her utensils and reminded, “Have you forgotten that the last time you gossiped about Chief Hass? She caught you red-handed and castigated you at the last summary meeting not more than two weeks ago.”

Of all the people to gossip about in the hospital, Linda Hass was one of the worst choices. After all, her father was the executive vice president at the hospital and her mother was the head nurse. The family’s word went virtually unchallenged at the hospital and it was bad enough that Eunice didn’t tread carefully around them, but for her to gossip about them meant she certainly had to be the boldest person in the hospital.

“Well, that was only because I was spreading rumors the previous time! This time, I saw with my very own eyes that Chief Hass with a man—”

“What did you see?”

“Well, she’s with a man!”

“Doing what?” Courtney glared at Eunice expressionlessly. “In general, you talk like that only when you’re trying to suggest something without explicitly saying it.”

Duly chastised, Eunice complained, “You must be the most boring person in the whole hospital, Dr. Hunter. Don’t you find the work here so dull that you need a little bit of stimulating gossip to turn your impression of hospital work around?”

“I don’t find hospital work dull because interesting jobs often come with a high risk.”

“You say that like it’s true. Doctor-patient relationships are so tense right now that we are at risk as well!”

“That’s different.”

The fact was that Courtney's personal experience and state of mind were very different from that of the doctors and nurses who entered the hospital as soon as they graduated. However, because she was usually easy to get along with, didn't argue with anyone and rarely liked to gossip, Eunice was still willing to spend time with her.

"Don't you find this news scandalous? I mean, have you ever seen Chief Hass interact with a man who wasn't her patient? I saw one entering her office as I was leaving Cardiac Surgery just now, and oh my goodness! You should have seen him!"

"Was it a tall, bookish, and fair-skinned man wearing glasses and a black suit?"

"It was! Did you see him? Were you as stunned as I was?"

Calmly, Courtney took a sip of her soup. "That's Chief Hass' boyfriend."

"What?" Eunice's expression morphed into one of seeming disbelief that she was not the first to hear of such news, and she sprung up from her chair as she exclaimed, "What?! Chief Hass has a boyfriend? Why didn't I know that?"

Looking around the cafeteria, Courtney grumbled with embarrassment, "Well, now the whole hospital knows about it."

After lunch, Eunice continued to follow Courtney, asking non-stop about matters such as the man's age, character, occupation, and even family background, sounding for all the world like an immigration officer with how invasive she was being.

Evasively, Courtney only told her, "I don't know. You should ask somebody else."

As Eunice continued to pursue Courtney relentlessly down the corridor, the latter suddenly received a phone call from none other than the target of their gossip herself.

Excusing herself, Courtney stepped aside to answer the call. "Chief Hass..."

Before she could say more than that, a thoroughly indignant voice shouted at her so loudly through the phone that Courtney was forced to hold it away from her ear, "How dare you collude with Caleb to play with my feelings, Courtney Hunter?!"

The question was followed by a violent round of scolding filled with so many swears that Courtney had to wonder where Linda picked them up from.

When Linda was finally done scolding her, Courtney attempted to explain, "I was forced to, Chief Hass. You—"

"Shut up! Who held a gun to your head and forced you to do such a stupid thing?"

"Didn't you put a gun to my head when you forced me to pretend to be you on a blind date?" Courtney couldn't help retorting. "If I'm being honest about it, I think you and Mr. Menzie are two peas in a pod—a match made in heaven, that is."

"F*ck you!" Even through the phone, Courtney felt like Linda was spitting directly on her face. "You don't need to go back to the clinical laboratory this afternoon. Report to the inpatient department

instead. Remember—you're responsible for all health indicator entries of Scott Duncan in Ward 1." With that, Linda hung up.

Speechlessly, Courtney stared down at her phone. What is going on? This is getting personal!

"What were you talking about when you said you pretended to be Chief Hass on a blind date, Dr. Hunter?"

Upon lifting her head and finding Eunice's curious face right in front of her, Courtney grimaced. "Do you find the way Chief Hass reprimanded me to be funny? Go and ask her yourself if you have the guts.

Despite shuddering, Eunice appeared to genuinely consider it for a moment before deciding that her livelihood was still more important than the entertainment gossip brought her. And so, she waved a hand and dismissed with embarrassment, "Forget it. I'd like to keep on living for a few years longer." With that, she made her excuses, saying that she had something else to do.

Conflicted, Courtney glanced down at her phone once more.

When Caleb dropped by in the afternoon, she had no idea things would be linked back to her. Now, she had stuck her foot in it and there was no dodging responsibility even if she wanted to.

...

In the president's office at Sunhill Enterprise, Alexander tossed the documents before him to the ground. Because of all that business with Courtney, he had had several days of documents piled up without having dealt with them. Now that he was looking through the papers, he was unsatisfied with them.

Outside the office stood a row of senior executives waiting to be reprimanded.

As a manager exited the room, the crowd flocked to him to ask questions, only to have him shake his head with a pained and thoroughly defeated expression.

Everyone met each other's gazes and sighed in despair.

"With President Duncan's mood being good one day and bad the next, I'm so stressed out that my hair is going to fall out."

"You don't say! I only rushed to get the department plan ready and delivered now because Holland told me two days ago that President Duncan was in a good mood. But now—"

And it went on and on.

Standing guard by the door, Eric, too, felt quite helpless upon hearing the conversation.

He wondered whether this team of managers would have their families go to the hospital and seek retribution from Courtney if they knew Alexander was approaching his work in this manner only because of her.

At any rate, Eric was wise enough to wait until the scoldings were done and the managers had all left before taking a cup of tea to Alexander.

“Where’s Caleb? Has he still not returned?” Alexander asked, glancing at the time.

Apprehensively, Eric explained, “Perhaps he’s been delayed by something.”

And then, he promptly fell silent at Alexander’s dark look.

Upon returning from the hospital at midday, Alexander had summoned Caleb to his office, only to have the Legal Department tell him that Caleb wasn’t there and that the lawyer’s phone was off. Thus, Eric had sent Caleb a text message hoping he would hurry back as soon as he saw the message.

Presently, Alexander’s expression grew so dark it almost resembled the night.

One Night Surprise Chapter 459 Revealing His Cards by Accident

The employees at Sunhill Enterprise were one hour into their afternoon shift by the time Caleb returned, and the look Eric gave him as he walked into Alexander’s office was full of sympathy.

“Please be patient if President Duncan loses his temper, Mr. Menzie. He’s in a bad mood today,” Eric was kind enough to remind him. “He’s... uh... dealing with a bit of a relationship problem.”

“Alright,” Caleb answered, but the calm expression on his face as he entered gave Eric the impression that he had not understood Eric’s meaning. “Were you looking for me, President Duncan?”

At that moment, Alexander was still livid and his anger had yet to subside even after berating three or four of the departmental heads. “It’s already 3.15 PM. Has the Legal Department found itself with a lot of free time on its hands lately, or do you have an assignment requiring you to leave the office?”

“You had me prepare for a lawsuit last night, President Duncan. This case isn’t very difficult; I researched it throughout the night and only left to gather some required materials.”

“Only to gather some materials?”

“What else would I be doing during working hours?”

Straightening, Alexander began evasively, “Someone saw you at the hospital at 12.30 PM today.”

After a pause, Caleb replied with a frown, “The employee lunch break is at 12.30. I went to deliver lunch to my girlfriend and then left the hospital at 1.30 to look for information at the Bureau of Commerce. Did I need to apply to the company for leave for that?” And then, he paused for a few seconds. “I don’t think anyone with an upstanding character would come to you over such trivial matters, President Duncan. Perhaps you should consider having HR fire them.”

Already low-spirited to hear Caleb say ‘girlfriend’, Alexander became even more grumpier upon hearing the latter half of Caleb’s advice. Impulsively, he blurted, “Your girlfriend?! Has she agreed to date you, then?”

“‘She’?” Caleb asked in surprise. “Do you know her, President Duncan?”

Just like that, Alexander was stunned into stillness.

This was the first time in his life that he had misspoken during a conversation and accidentally revealed his cards at the beginning. It was a portent that he would not win, and he couldn't help being a little annoyed by that fact.

Meanwhile, Caleb only calmly took a sip of the tea that Eric now brought him. "To tell you the truth, I saw someone who looked quite a bit like you at the hospital today, President Duncan, and the person who went with you to the hospital must have been the person who tattled on me. Am I right, Mr. Reynolds?" With that, he even gave Eric a careless glance.

An honest man, Eric instantly denied, "It wasn't me. I was in the parking lot at the time."

Of course, Alexander's glare pierced through him the moment he finished saying that.

"So, you did go to the hospital, President Duncan?" Caleb confirmed, staring intently at Alexander.

And so, the crux of the matter was revealed and there was no point in hiding it any longer.

"That's right. I did go to the hospital." Alexander decided that he might as well admit it boldly. "I even saw you delivering lunch to Courtney, so I called you back for that matter."

"Last night must have been because you saw me with Dr. Hunter as well."

The statement staggered Alexander so much that he nearly slid out of his chair and though he forced himself to keep calm, he had no idea what to say in response.

"It looks like that's true as well," Caleb confirmed to himself with a nod of his head before turning the conversation topic on a dime. "Did you call me here today intending to negotiate with me to stop pursuing Dr. Hunter?"

The question made the frown on Alexander's face deepen and after a moment, he muttered, "You're overthinking it."

"What are your intentions, then?"

"I only wanted to ask you if you're being sincere with your affections toward her. She has three children, one of whom is adopted. Her life doesn't require any more emotional upheaval."

Upon hearing that, Caleb nodded in seeming approval. "Allow me to be so bold as to ask you a question, then—what is your relationship with her?"

Frowning, Alexander spat unwillingly, "Ex."

"I see." Caleb stared at the other man. "It looks like you have very deep feelings for her, but how could you let go of her so easily if your feelings were truly that deep?"

"She doesn't like it when people force her into things; otherwise, you wouldn't stand a chance."

"If it were the woman I loved, I would be hell-bent on finding any means necessary to get back together with her. I don't think you love Dr. Hunter that much after all, President Duncan."

"How dare you?!" Alexander stood up, livid.

Truth was, Caleb was the first person to ever challenge him in this way.

“Have you gone mad, Mr. Menzie?” In a low voice, Eric asked frantically as he eyed Caleb meaningfully, but the office was so large that the scene only became more deadlocked the moment his clear voice rang out.

In response, Caleb smiled affably. “My girlfriend is two years older than me, President Duncan. We were next-door neighbors when we were young and she agreed to marry me when I asked her when we were kids. Unfortunately, my parents divorced when I was ten, and I moved out with my mother. The girl seemingly forgot both me and this incident. However, almost 20 years later, I’ve found her again.”

“You must be out of your mind, Mr. Menzie! President Duncan didn’t ask you here to talk about your love life!” At that point, Eric looked terrified enough to start praying.

Yet, Alexander finally came back to his senses.

There was no way Courtney Hunter could be the person Caleb was talking about.

“What’s your girlfriend’s name?”

“Linda Hass.” Caleb gave Alexander a half-smile. “Chief of Cardiac at Melrose City Hospital. Didn’t you just say you knew her?”

Just like that, all of the grudges Alexander was holding disappeared in an instant.

Everything had turned out to be a misunderstanding after all.

“Now, there are some things I’d like to talk to you about regarding Dr. Hunter, President Duncan, but the Legal Department is a bit busy with the case at the moment—”

“Drop the case and take two days off,” Alexander interrupted tiredly before turning to instruct Eric, “Go make some tea.”

Bewildered, Eric gaped at him.

...

The consequence of angering Linda was that she would make Courtney’s life difficult for a while. However, Courtney had to admit that she had a peculiar way of going about it—the only reason she assigned Courtney to Scott was that she assumed Courtney had some kind of connection to the man.

Standing at the door of the ward now, Courtney took a deep breath to summon her courage before going in.

Because of Scott’s illness, she had already been intending to speak with him but now, thanks to Linda’s push, she couldn’t avoid him even if she wanted to.

The sound of forcefully suppressed coughing echoed inside the hospital room.

Hurriedly, Courtney stepped forward to pour a glass of water. “Have some water, Mr. Duncan.”

Upon hearing her voice, Scott lifted his head and stared at her with cloudy eyes. With some surprise on his weathered face, he noted her presence as she stood in front of him in a large lab coat. “Courtney? What are you doing here?”

"It's a long story." She set the cup down before helping him raise the head of his bed. "The short version is that I'm your primary care physician. Now, drink some water."

Dazed, he took a sip of water to calm down before hesitating for a long time. It seemed there was a lot he wanted to say but in the end, he simply asked, "Where have you disappeared to all these years, child? I haven't heard from you at all."

Settling into the chair next to him, she explained patiently, "I'm a doctor now. As you know, I was studying medicine when I got pregnant with Tina and Jordan. I had to drop out because of that, so I'm only continuing my studies now."

One Night Surprise Chapter 460 Generational Relic

For a long time, Courtney sat there chatting with Scott, telling him about her volunteer work on the battlefield and her study tour experience during these past five years. For his sake, she left out most of the dangerous bits and embellished most of the interesting ones.

As evening approached, a nurse came around with dinner.

"Oh—is it dinner time already? It's so late." Courtney glanced down at her watch before letting out an embarrassed chuckle. "I'm so talkative these days."

Placing the meal on the mobile hospital table, the nurse pushed it up to the bed before asking with familiarity, "Did you know each other previously, Dr. Hunter and Mr. Duncan?"

Before Courtney could speak, Scott nodded. "We've known each other for a long time. She was nearly my granddaughter-in-law."

"Granddaughter-in-law?" The nurse pepped up instantly. "Really?"

"Of course I am." Scott sounded somewhat lamenting as he muttered, "What would be the point in joking with you about this?"

With a thrilled look on her face, the nurse dashed off after leaving him with his meal, no doubt about to gossip with her coworkers.

Although Courtney was somewhat exasperated, now was hardly the time to be chasing after random nurses to offer unneeded explanations. Ultimately, Scott was telling the truth, so she simply decided to leave matters be. "Go on and eat, then. Hospital food is very ordinary." She passed a fork and a spoon to him as she teased, "It will taste worse once it's cold, and then you'll have even more of an excuse not to eat."

Sheepishly, Scott admitted, "I'm so old I don't care much about what I eat. I just don't wish to remain in the hospital."

"Well, you have to see a doctor when you're sick. No one would send you to a hospital if you were healthy, would they?"

"This illness of mine is the same no matter where I have it. They only had to prescribe me some medication to take at home; why throw a fuss about it?"

"It's not a good habit to try and act brave in front of your doctor." Courtney then pushed a bowl of soup up to him. "Have some soup to moisten your throat."

Magnanimously, Scott nodded and commented, "You haven't eaten yet, though. You should go and eat. Don't mind me."

"I'm your primary care physician now. Hospital regulations require me to watch you finish your meal first."

"Is there such a regulation?"

"Of course!"

Likely because he was in a good mood due to Courtney, Scott ate much more than he usually did, surprising the nurse who came to clean up after dinner.

"Now, I've finished eating and I imagine your shift is over. You should go eat."

"It's not time for me to get off work yet. I'm working the night shift today," Courtney clarified with a small smile before continuing, "It's just as well since I have something to discuss with you anyway."

"Go on."

"Won't you consider surgery?"

Though the hospital generally recommended conservative treatment for the elderly, Courtney had read through both his case file and medical certificate to find that he was in a different situation.

There wasn't much Scott's heart could handle now, and he would need to have a cardiac surgeon by his side 24/7 in case of emergencies if he didn't have a bypass surgery as soon as possible even if he continued to take medication. Even then, the odds of him being able to live for longer than three years were extremely slim.

At the mention of the surgery, Scott froze slightly. "You know about all of this?"

"Jordan told me about it. He said there were a lot of things you couldn't let go of and that you wouldn't agree to the surgery because you were afraid the risk would be so great you wouldn't leave the operating table alive."

"You've seen Jordan?" Scott seemingly didn't care about his condition as he pressed, "What about Alexander?"

After a pause, Courtney nodded. "I've seen him as well."

Giving her a conflicted look, Scott continued, "Did he say anything to you when you saw him?"

"It was only a chance encounter, so we simply chatted for a bit before parting ways."

After all, she and Alexander were both the ones to make their elders uneasy all those years ago, and it would be inappropriate for her to reveal the facts that they had kept hidden now. Neither did she feel inclined to overshare—that would surely only add to Scott’s list of worries.

The light in Scott’s eyes dulled, as if he was disappointed by her words.

“You must consider the surgery,” Courtney urged. “If not for yourself, then for your family. Oliver hasn’t married or started a family yet, has he? I have no doubt that when he does, he would want you to be there to meet his children as well.”

Upon hearing that, Scott sighed wistfully. “I’m old. There are some things I can’t wait for any longer.”

And while Courtney didn’t understand what he meant, she did not press.

As the night shift rolled around, she left to assist at the desk outside. However, before she could clock out from her day shift, a nurse brought her something from Scott.

“Mr. Duncan from VIP Ward 1 told me to bring this to you.”

“Oh? Thank you.”

Accepting the box, Courtney said her thanks and went off to busy herself with the patients she had to receive. It wasn’t until her evening shift ended and she returned home that she could rummage through her bag for the item once again.

By now, it was so late in the night that the younger children were asleep. The only sounds in the apartment were the sounds of video gaming and keyboard typing coming from Angie’s room, particularly audible even through the closed door.

Having worked for the whole day, Courtney didn’t even have the energy to turn on the main lights and only curled up on the couch before flicking on the floor lamp beside her. The dim glow lent an especially gentle air to the purple suede box.

The box that Scott gave her was heavy and she didn’t know what it contained. Once she opened it, however, she could not help but widen her eyes.

Inside was the necklace she had had Cameron bring back to the country to return to Alexander five years ago—the only token that she took from Alexander when she left Melrose City eleven years ago.

After all the trips it took, it somehow still ended up in her hands again.

In the middle of a circle of diamonds was an emerald glimmering faintly underneath the dim light. Somehow, it felt warm to the touch. After staring at the necklace for a long time, she finally put it away, intending to return it to Scott at the hospital tomorrow.

Like Alexander, he wasn’t one to be prone to effusiveness, but his meaning in giving her the necklace was evident. It was what he was leaving behind for her—a relic, to be passed down from generation to generation; daughter-in-law to granddaughter-in-law. By giving her this necklace, he was making it clear to her that he hoped she and Alexander could rebuild their relationship.

Later on, as Courtney was almost about to fall asleep, her cell phone suddenly rang by her bedside and startled her awake. At first, she thought it was a hospital emergency, only to be greeted by a lively and familiar voice upon answering the phone.

“I’m coming back to the country and will be reaching Melrose City the day after tomorrow, sis. Will you be free? Can you pick me up at the airport?”

Exhaustedly, Courtney glanced at the caller ID to confirm that it was indeed Shay before lying back down. Shutting her eyes, she muttered with a yawn, “What’s wrong with you? Your manager, your assistant, Casey, and Casey’s assistant could all go and pick you up. Why are you bothering me for this?”

“I’m recording a show and you can be my special guest in this episode.”

“What?” Upon hearing that, Courtney was instantly awake. “Are you kidding me?”

“Nope. I’ve thought about it. The other guests in this episode are all doing a family theme and if I want to do the same theme, I can only do it with your family. I don’t have any other family.”

The words were so pitiful that it sent a pang through Courtney’s heart. “How long will filming take?”