

Surprise 481

One Night Surprise Chapter 481 You're Not My Dad

After a few struggles, Angie felt as though her head would explode and her subconscious took over soon after the vodka's after-effects hit her.

She flailed her arms around like a madman inside the steadily moving vehicle and even violently ripped Elijah's shirt open while he was driving. After leaving a few blood streaks on his lean torso, she began to spew gibberish uncontrollably.

"Why did you eat my cookie, you nincompoop?"

"Give me back my head!"

"Where's my head?" Angie suddenly bawled. "Where's my head?"

On the other hand, Elijah felt utterly speechless and frustrated. However, she gradually began sobbing aggrievedly for a long time, and it seemed rather genuine. It was no exaggeration to say that she looked like a weeping beauty when she raised her head again.

With that, she sniffled and smeared her nose against the back of her hand. She hesitated for a few seconds, but she still wiped her snotty hand on the man's suit jacket.

"Angie Grant!"

Elijah's face turned beyond grim upon realizing what she had done, and his face was all bunched up. However, before he could hit the roof, the young girl fell asleep with her head slumped aside.

Later, the car arrived at the manor. As Elijah killed the engine, Mrs. Robins, who had heard the noise, immediately opened the main door and found him slamming the car door shut.

His hair was slightly ruffled, and his white dress shirt had been ripped apart, revealing half of his torso. He even removed the suit jacket he wore in frustration while he headed out and chucked it to the ground.

Mrs. Robins bent over to pick up the jacket, having no clue what had happened. "Mr. Grant..."

Elijah looked back at her in response and ordered with a complicated gaze while waving his hand, "Just throw it away."

What a shame it was to throw away such fine fabric. However, judging from Elijah's mood, Mrs. Robins knew it wasn't a good time to speak up despite her hesitation. By the time she came back from throwing the jacket away, he had already carried Angie out of the car.

With that, he strode steadily upstairs. He suddenly stopped upon reaching the staircase on the second floor, for he felt a warm and wet sensation trickling down his back. His face gradually turned grim while his pupils shook.

“Mr. Grant...” What was happening before Mrs. Robin’s eyes had rendered her stupefied.

“D-Drive slowly... I get seasick... Blergh—”

At last, Elijah’s last bit of reasoning turned to dust following Angie’s mumble, and after putting her in bed, he soaked in the bathtub for a solid two hours.

When he came out, the maid named Tanya happened to come out from Angie’s room with a tray in her hand. Tanya turned the other way hurriedly upon seeing Elijah, and she was obviously in a panic. As a result, the glass of water on the tray tipped and smashed onto the floor.

“Why are you running away?”

Elijah frowned and reflexively lifted his snow-white bathrobe in self-doubt. He gave it a sniff, and the furrow on his brow eased a little after he was sure he didn’t smell of vomit.

Meanwhile, Tanya squatted down in two shakes to pick up the glass shards as she mumbled, “Miss Angie refuses to take the hangover pill or go to sleep no matter what after her shower. She hasn’t stopped fussing, and I came out to get a new glass of water after seeing that it had turned cold.”

Tanya’s face was flushed, but since she had been squatting all this while, Elijah didn’t notice it. After cleaning up all the glass shards, she brought a new glass of warm water to Angie’s room. However, who would have thought that she would witness a salacious scene?! She backed up and bumped her back on the doorframe in a shock, causing the glass to tip and spin a couple of times before smashing onto the floor once again.

While Tanya was fetching a new glass of water, Elijah had gone in to check on Angie. Meanwhile, she had changed into a nightgown with Tanya’s help. The alcohol was burning inside her right then, and in her drunken stupor, she felt a foreign yet cooling sensation on her forehead. Instinctively, she grabbed it and brought it to where her body felt warmest.

“Hot,” she muttered with a hint of grievance.

Elijah’s expression changed as he watched Angie bring his hand down to her fair chest, which rose and fell following her erratic breathing beneath the thin silk garment. Five years was enough to change the once tanned and scrawny girl into the mature maiden that Angie was now.

His gaze darkened upon that, and he was looking somewhat grim.

While he attempted to pull his hand out of her grip, her indignant ‘I’m already an adult’ during Courtney’s wedding popped into his head.

Meanwhile, Angie whimpered like a child who had been robbed of their precious treasure after the cold sensation was gone. “You’re not my dad. I don’t have a dad.”

Her dull, hoarse voice reverberated in Elijah’s ear continuously.

“Why do you have to adopt me? Must we be father and daughter?”

Warm tears streamed down Angie’s face as she whined, staining her light gray sheets with circles of teardrops.

Chaos surged within Elijah as he looked at Angie. I shouldn't have come, he thought, and he quickly got up following that. However, a force tugged at his fingers as he took a step and he fell backward before landing on the edge of the bed.

The next second, a head of hair brushed against his shoulder. A pair of soft and warm lips accompanied by a faint alcoholic scent inched toward him.

It was a déjà vu moment for Elijah, but what was more appalling to him was that an indescribable—but certainly not repulsive—sensation was pouring out of him.

However, he forced himself to stay sane as he warned coldly, "Angie."

Despite his evasion, Angie's approaching lips brushed past his ears and her head landed on his shoulder. She wrapped her arms around him in passing, causing the top half of his bathrobe to loosen and expose half of his torso. Now, the only thing separating their beating hearts was Angie's thin silk garment.

Right at that moment, the impenetrable defense he thought he had within him wavered. It only happened for a moment nonetheless, for he heard a drinking glass shatter the next second. This saved him from his nearly collapsing reasoning.

The sound awoke Angie a little as well, and she looked toward the door with narrowed eyes to find a lean figure curled up not far away. However, sleep was creeping up on her as she mumbled under her breath, "Water."

With that, Elijah settled her back in bed, and by the time he turned back to Tanya, his fathomless gaze was overflowing with great displeasure. "Tell Mrs. Robins to bring another glass of water."

Tanya scurried away in fear upon hearing that, but it also seemed as though she had received amnesty.

Mrs. Robins entered moments later, and Elijah left Angie's room after giving a couple of orders. Meanwhile, his phone kept ringing, but he hung up on all of them in a vexed manner. As such, Lilian had no choice but to text him, 'President Grant, the guys at Manhattan have been waiting for your video conference for a long time to discuss the funds for the project.'

With that, he went to his study. Fatigue was written all over his face when he sat down at his desk. After a moment's exhaustion, he reluctantly connected the video conference. However, he suddenly called off the meeting midway and postponed it to a later date.

After disconnecting it, he lit a cigarette in the dark. As the intense smell of tobacco dispersed, the uneasiness beneath his fathomless gaze was also gradually tucked away.

Tanya had been in constant fear after she returned to her room. It was her turn to be on duty that day, but thanks to her uneasy pacing, she woke Marianne up by accident, who had finally fallen asleep.

Marianne opened her bleary eyes at that and rolled over in exasperation as she snapped, "Go outside if you don't want to sleep. Don't you think you're being a bother by pacing around the room like this?"

As she drifted back to sleep later on, she thought she heard the door opening and closing as well as the sound of footsteps drifting away.

One Night Surprise Chapter 482 Someone Pushed Me

The following day, Marianne found the bed opposite her empty when she got up for her morning shift, and she couldn't help feeling baffled. When noon had approached, she still didn't see Tanya anywhere. She went to Mrs. Robins only to learn that Tanya had resigned and left first thing in the morning.

Of course, Marianne couldn't help feeling vexed upon hearing the news.

Elijah's manor was massive, but he rarely stayed in the country for long. Apart from the maids who would come to clean the place regularly, she, Tanya, and Mrs. Robins were the only ones who lived there permanently. Now that Tanya had left, Marianne would have much to do.

Meanwhile, Angie only woke up at noon due to her hangover. Mrs. Robins brought her lunch not long after, but she only took a couple of absent-minded bites before falling back asleep until night came.

She had a vague memory of what happened the night before, and the broken pieces kept tyrannizing her mind. Before Elijah returned to the manor, she resolutely snuck back to Courtney's place.

In the latter days, Elijah proposed to take Angie with him to Manhattan several times, but the woman refused to see him no matter what. Thus, Courtney rejected him on her behalf.

Meanwhile, at Citron Apparel, Natasha was due to give birth anytime soon. Bill wished he could flatten all the roads and paths for his wife as they commuted to and from work every single day. It hadn't gone unnoticed by Courtney, so she let Natasha take early maternity leave.

With her right-hand man down, Courtney had to stick her head in both companies. She had barely managed to shove an order negotiation for Citron Apparel in her hectic schedule during lunch hour, but just as she was heading for the appointment, she received a call from Bill saying that Natasha had gotten into an accident.

With heavy footsteps, Courtney slowly approached the middle-aged man squatting in the corridor right opposite the operating room door. His forehead was pressed against his folded hands, and his eyes were shut tight while his teeth rattled. His arched back made him look as though he had aged a decade.

"Bill?"

Bill looked up in response. His eyes were bloodshot, showing just how tired and worried he was.

"You're here," he said in a raspy voice. He then mumbled, "She said that she wanted to eat the éclair sold in front of the hospital. I told her we'd get it after we were done with the check-up, but she told me to get it first and wait for her to finish her check-up. It was just a few minutes, but she..."

Bill buried his head in his palms upon saying that, and he sobbed while struggling to say another word.

Courtney's heart wrenched, for she had never seen him like this.

Just then, a doctor came out of the operating room. "Who is the patient's family?"

It took Bill a second to register what was going on, but he immediately shot up and answered frantically, "Me! I'm her husband!"

"She has lost a lot of blood. The situation's critical now. We need you to sign this paper."

“Sign? Okay, I’ll sign it!”

Bill hesitated for a second, and Courtney noticed that his hands were shaking when he signed the paper.

Never had Bill thought time could pass so slowly. By the time the operating room door opened again, he had already lost the courage to stand right up as he did earlier. All he could do was fix his bloodshot and desperate eyes at the doctors and nurses coming out of the operating room.

At that, Courtney stood in between him and the medical staff. After all, her professionalism as a doctor had gotten her to remain calm somewhat.

“The mother and daughter are safe. However, the mother needs to be hospitalized for observation since she is rather weak. The child isn’t doing too good as well, so we’ll transfer her to NICU for a three-day observation.”

What a relief! After hearing all the doctor had to say, Bill sobbed uncontrollably. He didn’t care that Courtney was right next to him, and it seemed as though all of his strength had been drained out of him.

Fortunately, baby Luna was able to leave the NICU after her three-day observation, so Bill didn’t need to look at this baby girl through the incubator glass any longer. Nonetheless, his happy but sad face got Josephine pursing her lips. “Relax, Mr. Bill. My mommy has given birth to three children, but she’s never freaked out like what you’re doing right now.”

Courtney happened to be pouring some chicken soup she had made as she sat next to the bed-ridden Natasha. Upon hearing Josephine’s words, she couldn’t help but tease, “You were just as old as Luna when I gave birth to you. How would you know if I freaked out or not?”

“Well, did you?”

Courtney recalled with a quirked brow and answered, “Not really.”

Compared to her first heart-stopping birth, Josephine’s was a far calmer experience.

Natasha choked a little after taking a sip of the soup, and when she coughed, her muscles ached. Moreover, her incision hurt so much that a layer of sweat formed on her back, and she no longer had the appetite to drink.

On the other hand, Bill was on edge. He had shed a lot of weight, and he hadn’t slept in days. The dark circles around his eyes were there to prove it as well. Though he was anxious, he couldn’t bear the pain for his beloved wife, so he spun around like a freaked-out headless chicken.

Once Natasha felt better, she gave him something to focus on. “Doctor Miller has prescribed some new medication for me. Why don’t you go and get it on my behalf?”

Bill finally relaxed a little after hearing that there were still some errands to run. With that, he scrambled out. Meanwhile, Natasha’s gaze gradually dimmed, and her lips pursed a little as she watched her husband disappear out of the ward.

Courtney sensed something, so she put the bowl of soup down and turned to Josephine. “Josie, please close the door for me.”

“Okay.” Josephine looked up from her mobile game, closed the door, and sat back down at the nearest seat.

“Someone pushed me,” Natasha said right after the door closed. Finally, she could say what she had been keeping to herself all this time. She clenched the snow-white covers so tightly that they got out of shape, and her nails dug into her palms at that. Her body was even trembling from inexplicable fear.

The narrow staircase, the chubby woman and her disfigured face beneath the baseball cap, the black jacket, and the extremely sinister words ‘Let’s die together’ came to her mind.

Over the past few days, these images had repeatedly haunted her in her sleep, and she would constantly wake up in fright. After waking up, her face would be ghastly pale, and a sense of frostiness would seep into her bones.

“She did it on purpose, Courtney. I’m telling you that she did it on purpose.” Natasha forced herself to recall the scene, but it was a traumatic process for her. “I was going upstairs to get my check-up done, and we bumped into each other at the staircase. We shifted a few times to let the other pass, but it didn’t work. I stopped to let her move, but she suddenly glared at me and even shoved me down the stairs.”

Courtney furrowed her brows deeply in response. Natasha’s words sent a chill down her spine, and she pulled her phone out at that. “Why are you only saying it now? Why didn’t you call the police?”

However, Natasha snatched her phone away after Courtney had only managed to key in two numbers. “No, I can’t let Bill know when he’s in this mental state. His body will collapse, and I’m worried that he’ll do something he might regret.”

Courtney mulled it over and thought that Natasha’s worry was within reason. Although Bill was a calm person most of the time, his stubbornness would cause him to do the extreme. After all, it wouldn’t be unimaginable for him to kill when it involved his beloved wife and daughter.

After leaving the ward, Courtney went to the Safety and Security Department of the hospital and successfully obtained a copy of the surveillance footage when the incident happened.

That night, while Courtney was looking through the footage, Alexander hugged her from behind. The fresh scent of his body wash distracted her for a moment, but she regained her senses quickly and pulled out his slithering arm beneath her shirt.

However, it wouldn’t be Alexander if he yielded.

“Baby, let’s go to bed,” he said as he rested his head on her lap and messed with her. Since Courtney felt ticklish, she kicked blindly and hit his package by accident, causing him to roll down the couch in dire pain.

Alexander clambered up with a grim face, and his eyes were filled with malice. On the other hand, Courtney quirked a brow while trying her best not to laugh. “Is it a gone case, Dear?”

“I don’t know. Why don’t we find out?”

Alexander then pounced on her like a ravenous beast. He successfully caught Courtney, the puny rabbit.

“You’re pressing on my hair...”

“S-Slow down...”

One Night Surprise Chapter 483 A Fight Broke Out

Bill had not been himself ever since Natasha was involved in that situation. Therefore, Courtney gave him extended leave so that he could focus his attention on his wife and kids. As a result, she had to spend more time and energy in Citrus Apparel. Not only that, she had to visit the hospital often, so she lost a lot of weight lately.

On this day, Courtney was organizing the latest negotiation terms when it was almost time to get off work. Just then, Ruby Hill, Courtney’s new assistant, suddenly knocked on Courtney’s door and entered her office.

“Bad news, Miss Hunter. A fight broke out at the workshop.”

Upon hearing that, Courtney immediately rushed over there. The buzzy workshop was full of cheering and jeering from the crowd. At an open space near the quality inspection area, a group of people had gathered together, surrounding a dozen men who were wrestling one another at the center. The floor was scattered with clothes that had been torn into pieces and crumpled from all the stepping.

“Who’s the workshop manager? Please step forward!” Courtney roared. Everyone stopped what they were doing and turned to her, while the group of people who had been fighting gradually pulled back from each other reluctantly.

Then, a middle-aged man in his fifties slowly stepped out from the crowd. “I’m the manager of the workshop,” he said while raising his hand.

What surprised Courtney the most was that the manager of the workshop was actually the fiercest fighter among the crowd earlier. He had a burly build, but he seemed to have injured himself in the melee because he was limping as he walked up to Courtney.

Courtney’s expression sank when she saw that.

“Are you the workshop manager? I heard from Bill that you are a hardworking and responsible employee; you were even promoted to a manager thanks to his strong recommendation. I wonder if you are only willing to work for him, which might explain why you’ve lost the motivation to work while he is on leave.”

Guilt and helplessness crept onto his face when he heard her words. He let out a sigh as if he was having a hard time searching for the right words to explain his situation.

“It wasn’t Mr. Dale’s fault. They were the ones who took things too far!”

At that moment, a crisp voice was heard from the crowd. In fact, it sounded rather childish. Courtney looked in the direction of the voice, only to see a youthful-looking teenage boy stepping out from the group of men that had been involved in the fights earlier. He had a slender figure, and the bruises on his face undoubtedly revealed that he had been at a disadvantage in the melee earlier.

“Go back, Zeke!” Jerry bellowed at him, which successfully stopped the boy and made him return to the crowd.

Upon seeing that, Courtney realized that the situation probably wasn't as simple as it seemed. She calmed down and waved at Zeke. “I believe in Billy's judgment, so I'm giving you a chance to explain the situation right now. You mentioned that Mr. Dale was innocent. In that case, who was in the wrong?”

Zeke was hesitant. He had worked in Citrus Apparel for five years, but he never met Courtney before this. However, the current situation forced him to muster the courage to stand up for what he believed was right.

“It was them!” He turned around, extending his arm and pointing at the other group of people involved in the melee.

One of the men, who was being faced with the sudden accusation, snapped in displeasure, “Stop spewing nonsense, brat. Do you want to get beaten again?” He balled his fists, looking as though he was ready to throw himself into another fight.

An anguished Zeke retreated. Then, he bent over and picked up the pieces of fabric on the floor before walking up to Courtney.

“I'm one of the quality inspectors in the workshop. Meanwhile, this is the collar of the school uniforms they made today. The agreed work procedure is to sew a double-stitched hem to prevent the unraveling of fabric, but not only did they sew a single-stitched hem, they even skipped a few stitches. As you can see, the stitches are messy and the collars are obviously unusable. When I asked them to redo the work, they went rough and hit me.”

When Zeke showed her the so-called evidence, there were apparent bruises on both his arms.

Courtney took the fabric and examined it before she threw the collar that was covered in footprints into the trash can. She surveyed the place with cold eyes and questioned, “Who are those people?”

Zeke stood beside her and pointed them out.

Thereafter, Courtney brushed away the dust on her hands before she announced in a cold, determined voice, “Ruby, these few employees are fired. Get the finance department to settle their wages. They don't need to come in tomorrow.”

“Who are you to fire us based on nothing but this brat's side of the story? Are you Citrus Apparel's boss who only knows how to bully honest people like us?”

The self-proclaimed honest woman was skinny with prominent cheekbones and sunken eyes, but she was loud and energetic when she spoke. Yet, she looked nothing like an honest, simple folk in Courtney's impression especially when she shouted like a shrew.

When she saw the woman's reaction, Courtney, who was going to leave the scene, turned back. She raised a brow at them with a thoughtful look on her face.

“Ah, I nearly forgot. Please remind the finance department to calculate our loss for the delay in work progress and facility downtime. Be sure to deduct the loss from their salaries.”

There was a commotion in the crowd, but she gazed at them and continued, "I know that the quality inspection department offends people easily, but if you guys are unhappy with them, please leave and find a job elsewhere. If something like this happens again, I won't be as kind as today. I'm letting things slide without taking any legal action—"

Before she could finish her sentence, a high-pitched voice rang through the air. "You b*tch!"

All of a sudden, a plump woman, who had a dark complexion and spoke with an accent, suddenly appeared from behind the thin woman earlier and lunged at Courtney.

When she looked at the gleaming scissors in the woman's hands quickly approaching her by the second, Courtney seemed to have lost the ability to react. At that moment, she began to suspect if she had said anything unforgivable.

A second before the scissors stabbed her, a lean figure suddenly dashed at Courtney and pushed her to the side. Meanwhile, Courtney was caught off guard and fell to the ground. She twisted her ankle in the process, which caused her ankle to swell up almost immediately.

The scene started to get out of control. The woman, whose first attack had failed, attempted to charge at Courtney once more, but Zeke threw himself at Courtney while Jerry snatched the scissors away from her. Amidst the chaos, the teenage boy groaned as cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

"Courtney!"

Courtney looked in the direction of the voice, only to see Angie running at her with large strides. There were a dozen young bodyguards who showed up together with her as they tried to keep the scene under control.

Amid the chaotic scene where the crowd was restless and most of them were targeting Courtney, the group of young bodyguards in uniform, who easily had the situation under control, resembled divine warriors that descended from the heavens. Needless to say, their sudden appearance was simply touching.

Angie, who seemed to be in shock, helped Courtney to her feet.

When she arrived at the scene, she witnessed a plump woman charging at Courtney in an attempt to stab her with the scissors in her hands. If Courtney hadn't tripped and fallen, the consequences would've been petrifying.

"Let me take you to the hospital. I'll tell Great-Aunt Alicia that you can't come because you have to work overtime."

At the mention of the hospital, Courtney suddenly recalled something. She turned around and saw Zeke's blanched face. His light blue uniform was stained red whereas blood flowed out from his sleeve and coursed along his arm before dripping onto the floor. Meanwhile, Jerry was beside him as he searched for a clean piece of cloth to stop his bleeding. When Jerry tightened the cloth that was wrapped around Zeke's shoulder, green veins appeared on the boy's pale face.

"Thank you, Zeke." Courtney was moved by his actions.

Zeke, who was grimacing in pain, growled through gritted teeth, "No worries. I'm fine."

However, the grimace on his face made his words sound less convincing.

“Mr. Dale, the assistant is getting the car. Zeke should come along with me to the hospital. He is injured because of me, so I should take responsibility for this.”

One Night Surprise Chapter 484 A Little Terrified

Courtney was taking a bath when she suddenly heard a creak at the door. Subconsciously, she covered her chest and looked in the direction of the door, only to see a figure sneaking into the bathroom from the slowly widening gap.

Alexander was wearing a white shirt while holding the suit that he had just taken off in one hand. His other hand was placed on the door handle while his forehead was covered in sweat, and his chest was heaving rapidly as he panted.

“Are you injured?” He peered at the woman lying in the bathtub; his gaze deepened before he slowly felt relieved.

At that moment, Courtney was lying naked in the bathtub with a face mask on her face and a bottle of red wine beside her. Other than a bandaged foot that was hanging over the edge of the bathtub, all the cells in her body seemed to indulge in the pleasurable hot bath. She didn’t seem like a patient at all.

“What are you doing here?” Courtney asked, casually tossing her towel at him. Since Alexander had lost his memories, she had been tolerating his wayward attitude for a long time.

The towel landed on his chest before it fell to his feet. He bent over and picked it up before slowly walking up to her.

“Let me help you,” he said, his tone adamant.

After his company meeting had ended, Eric reported to him that Courtney had been involved in an accident while she was at work. He sped to the hospital upon hearing that, only to be told that Courtney had just left the hospital. Thereafter, he drove all the way back again. The anxiety he felt when he was on his way home nearly burnt a hole in his chest, and the extreme eagerness to see her was unstoppable.

Alexander couldn’t explain why he was so irrational at that moment when he had always been a calm and composed person. However, he was able to sense that his dormant subconscious was vaguely dominating his actions deep down.

Therefore, although Courtney refused to tell him about his lost memories, he was able to sense something.

Upon hearing his request, Courtney leaned back. It revealed her unwillingness, but Alexander caught her arm as the towel started traveling along her snow-white skin. He carefully rubbed her arm, shoulder, and her back...

“Alexander.” Courtney was in a daze. In the past, Alexander would uncontrollably give in to his carnal desire whenever he saw her body. However, he was different today. He remained quiet with furrowed

brows, and after rubbing her back, he started to help Courtney clean her injured leg without uttering a word.

“What’s with you today?” she asked in curiosity. His service made her feel so comfortable that it sent a tingling sensation all over her body.

“When Eric told me that you had an accident, I started to panic. I was even a little terrified.”

He had lost her for five years because of some mistakes, and the melancholy that came with the endless waiting would enter his dreams every night along with the night breeze. Although he couldn’t remember the past, he was able to remember how it had felt back then—it felt excruciatingly painful.

He lowered his gaze. He had never been someone who would easily reveal his weakness to others. His voice was hoarse, which suggested that it had been difficult for him to say that.

Courtney suddenly felt moved. The tingling sensation seeped through her complexion and into her heart, overwhelming her very much.

“I’ll always stay by your side.” She leaned forward, cradling the man’s chiseled face, and bit his lips swiftly and accurately.

The air around them was passionate and intimate. With both arms wrapped around the man, she took the opportunity to undress his shirt, revealing his muscular, burning chest.

Alexander, who was beginning to lose all reason, took control of the situation by slowly sliding his hands downward. The woman below him moaned in response, which continued to drown his rationale.

After the brief foreplay, Alexander reached both his hands down and carried Courtney out of the bathtub, exposing her unconcealed body under the bright light. Her face was slightly flushed, but she immediately caught his lips with hers to divert his gaze.

The scent that came with physical intimacy filled the tiny space.

Alexander was walking toward the bathroom door while relying on his instincts, but someone knocked on the bedroom door just then.

The knocking sound resembled a bucket of cold water that poured over the both of them. Alexander and Courtney opened their eyes simultaneously and met each other’s eyes. The woman was clinging onto the man while naked, and that realization made both of them flush. They were so passionate with each other a second ago, but once their intimacy had been interrupted, the air started to feel a little awkward.

Knock. Knock. Knock. Their sudden visitor was rather persistent, so they had no choice but to answer the door.

“Who’s there?” Courtney cleared her throat and shouted at the door. After that, she stared unblinkingly at the door so that she didn’t need to meet the man’s eyes.

“It’s me, Tina.”

At that instant, Alexander's expression was as dark as night. He had an insuppressible desire burning inside him, yet there was a creature called his 'daughter' standing outside the room.

"What's the matter, Tina? It's late, so let's talk about it tomorrow." Courtney sounded sincere, and she even yawned.

"No. Great-Grandpa promised me during dinner that he will go to the hospital tomorrow to prepare himself for the operation, but he has changed his mind again. He's sulking right now, and he's refusing to budge; even Jordan is unable to persuade him otherwise."

Upon hearing that, Courtney patted Alexander on his shoulder and said, "It sounds serious. I have to go over to check him out, so put me down."

He stubbornly kept both hands on her thighs and refused to let her go. Meanwhile, a helpless and anguished expression remained on his face.

"Let's go over together to persuade him. We will talk about other stuff when we get back." As she spoke, she wriggled her body in an attempt to break free from his embrace. Alexander, who was worried that she might injure her foot, gave in and slowly put her down by letting her land on her uninjured foot first.

When Courtney safely left Alexander's embrace, she stepped on a slipper and tried to reach for the towel on the rack not far from her. The next second, she slipped as her weight was forced on her injured foot, and the sudden sharp pain caused her to fall backward.

"Ah—" In a panic, she reached out to grab onto something. Coincidentally, she grabbed the man's belt. As they yelled loudly, both Courtney and Alexander fell into the bathtub before producing a huge splash.

Knock. Knock. Knock. Upon hearing the loud sound in the bathroom, Tina knocked on the door with a frown and asked, "Are you guys alright?"

"We're fine." Their strained voices were heard from the bathroom.

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The next morning, Courtney managed to send Scott to the hospital and confirmed the previously scheduled operation appointment after coaxing and pestering him despite his reluctance.

Before the surgery, Scott had to stay in the hospital for some time for observation and to undergo some sort of physical examination. Although his health indicators were all normal, he kept telling the doctor that he had a headache and that he couldn't get out of bed. Everyone that took in the scene knew what he was up to, but there was nothing they could do.

One weekend, Alicia brought Josephine over to visit Scott. After some time, the former left the room to look for Courtney, leaving Josephine in the ward to keep Scott company.

Scott was lying on the bed. Although he was tired, he seemed to be in fine health. When he saw Josephine sitting beside him while having a great time playing video games, he asked, "Since you are here, aren't you going to talk to me?"

"What do you want to talk about, Great-Grandpa?" she responded without lifting her head.

“What are you playing?”

“I’m playing a game about doctors and nurses. When I grow up, I want to be a doctor like Mommy. I want to invent a treatment that you won’t be afraid of,” Josephine answered in a childish but adamant tone, though she didn’t stop playing.

“Me? Afraid?”

She nodded. “Great-Aunt Alicia told me that. She said that you are afraid to undergo the operation, but I hope that you will be braver. Mommy said that the operation has a high success rate. After the surgery, you can live longer and watch me become a doctor.”

His expression changed when he heard that. Then, he cleared his throat before he declared, “I’m not afraid to do the surgery!”

One Night Surprise Chapter 485 Thank You, Courtney

The afternoon after Josephine left, Scott suddenly acted uncharacteristically as he became cooperative when the doctor came to confirm his indicators and conditions were correct before the surgery. He even asked the doctor if they could bring forward the surgery because he wanted to go back home earlier and keep his great-grandson company.

When Linda told Courtney about this, the latter had been registering some details about a particular medicine. She was stunned for a moment before she smiled.

On the day of the surgery, the doctor helped Scott change into a surgical gown before getting everything ready. Courtney was watching silently when Scott suddenly grabbed her hand.

He rubbed his old fingers against her palm, giving her a faint sense of warmth.

“Courtney, I don’t want to embarrass myself, but I wasn’t this scared when I was young. After so many years, I can’t believe I’m finally afraid of dying at an old age.”

The old man’s voice was hoarse with a hint of trembling. Upon listening to his words, Courtney felt her eyes turn red as she held his hands. “Grandpa, I promise you that the surgery will be a success. You still have to watch Jordan, Tina, and Josie grow up.”

Her words instantly touched the softest parts of his heart. The reason why he had fallen in love with this world today was because he had watched his broken family slowly coming back together over the years.

Now, people from four generations of his family were living in the same house, which was a rare joy for anyone. Although he felt happy, he was sad at the same time because he always felt that it wouldn’t last long. One day, he would have to say goodbye to all of this.

“Thank you, Courtney.”

She accompanied him to the entrance of the operation room. Before the door closed, the old man's hand slowly detached from hers, and right at that moment, she could hear him thanking her with his hoarse voice.

For a moment, it felt as though a huge stone was placed above her heart. As she stared at the light that lit up in front of the operating room door, images of memories overlapped in her mind, causing her to lose her footing.

Suddenly, her icy palms were filled with warmth as she felt the familiar breath of a man next to her, slowly giving a sense of relief to her anxious heart. She tightened her hand, greedily drawing on the sense of security brought to her by Alexander.

"Grandpa believes that without you, the Duncan Family wouldn't be where they are today."

Though he sounded slightly tired, he gave a pertinent dissection of the gratitude that Scott had expressed to her before entering the operation room.

The waiting time outside the operating room was particularly long, so Courtney leaned against Alexander's shoulder as they messily recounted everything that they went through in the past.

"When I was in the elevator at that time, my hair accidentally got entangled with your button, so Josh accused me of seducing you for my own intentions... Afterward, Tina and Shay got so close with each other that you became jealous and signed him to your company..."

She always picked a funny or wholesome story to talk about. As he listened to her, Alexander couldn't help but smile.

Amid this intermittent narrative, the door to the operating room suddenly swung open.

Harry was already walking around in circles before the door opened, so he was the first to run forward and grab the doctor's arm.

"Is Old Master Duncan alright?"

The doctor took off his face mask to reveal a smile on his face. "The operation is a success. The patient is still in a coma, but as long as there are no complications over the next few days, he can be discharged from the hospital. There will be some precautions after the operation, which the other doctors will tell you all in detail later on."

The moment the operating room door opened, Courtney abruptly sunk her hands into Alexander's arm, leaving a deep mark under his suit. After listening to the doctor, she calmed down a little and breathed a sigh of relief.

"It's alright now, Alexander."

She got up and quickly followed Scott's bed, ignoring her leg injury.

After all, Scott was now at an old age, so it would take him a relatively longer time to recover after the surgery. In the meantime, the doctor came to confirm his situation, saying that he was not fully awake and would experience indirect respiratory distress during his coma. As such, he should remain sedated.

After school, both Tina and Jordan came to the hospital and accompanied Scott for a long time. Only when Tina fell asleep on Jordan's shoulder did Courtney ask Alexander to bring them back home.

Then, she continued to accompany the old man past midnight. It was because of Harry's constant urges that she finally went back home.

Alexander was already asleep by the time she returned, and he looked to be sleeping peacefully as his brows were relaxed. After sitting on the edge of the bed, she reached out to brush his eyebrows.

After all, he had not gotten enough sleep for the past few days. Even though he didn't say it out loud, she knew that he was worried about Scott deep down.

"Darling, you're back..."

She suddenly felt a force on her waist as Alexander's hands peeked out from the blanket. With a gentle pull, she fell into his arms while a hoarse and hazy voice melted next to her ears.

She slept peacefully in his arms, but a while later, she was woken up by the sudden ringing of her phone. She answered the call in a daze, but as soon as she heard the voice on the other end, it felt as though the blood in her body was boiling in an instant and rushing toward her head.

"Something happened to Old Master Duncan..."

The air at dawn was thin and cool while the streets were sparse with vehicles. However, a white car whistled past the roadside, waking up the sleeping Melrose City to a brand new day.

Right now, Courtney had many thoughts appearing in her head while she sat in the passenger seat. Meanwhile, Alexander seemed calm as he drove the car, but the clear fingerprints on the steering wheel showed another story.

"The patient's brain has been deprived of oxygen for too long, which led him into a complete coma. Fortunately, the problem was discovered just in time. Had we discovered this later, he would've lost his life."

In less than 24 hours, Courtney stood in front of the hospital's corridor twice in a daze. As she pulled the hem of Alexander's coat with her pale fingers, she heard a hasty voice ringing next to her.

"How is he now?"

"A part of his brain tissue was damaged, but we've done everything possible to save him. He is no longer in danger at the moment, but we don't know when he will wake up again."

"Which means..."

"He is now in a vegetative state."

The doctor's professional judgment and response blew up inside Alexander's ears, turning his last piece of sanity into rubble. He could no longer control the pain in his eyes.

Behind him, Harry barely stood while holding onto the wall, but the moment he heard the doctor's verdict, he instantly fell onto his knees and cried out in a broken voice, "Old Master Duncan... I'm sorry. I was sleepy, and I allowed someone to harm you!"

The old man couldn't help himself as he wailed in a deep, husky voice. However, Alexander seemed to have caught something from his words, so he looked at Harry with his bloody eyes and asked, "What do you mean? Who harmed him?"

"It was a middle-aged man, but he was wearing a face mask and a cap, so we couldn't see his face clearly. He snuck into the ward at 3.20AM, so we suspect that he must have pulled off Old Master Duncan's oxygen tube at that time. I have copied the surveillance video for the police." Linda's voice was heard from behind. There was a hint of coldness in her serious tone, and it was followed by her light footsteps.

With that, she placed the flash drive in her hand into Courtney's palm and shook her hand hard.

She had been a doctor for many years and was used to death, so there was a rare sense of blandness and cold to her body. Without saying any words of comfort, she left after finishing her words.

One Night Surprise Chapter 486 It's Not a Coincidence

Before reporting it to the police, Courtney first sent the surveillance video to Oliver along with the information gathered from the previous incident with Natasha.

She had a vague, uneasy feeling that the recent events were too strange and frequent for her to call it all a coincidence.

There was that strange woman who pushed Natasha down the stairs, and now, there was an unknown man who unplugged Scott's oxygen tube.

There was also what happened at Citron Apparel that day. Although she didn't mention the details to anyone, she felt that those fierce women that day were going after her, and it seemed as though they couldn't wait to kill her themselves.

As she thought about this, she felt something throbbing inside her head; it seemed as though something was about to happen.

At that moment, Angie came out of the pantry and placed a bowl of instant noodles on her desk.

"You can't sleep at the office every day just because you can't finish your work. There's still a lot going on at the hospital, which means that you have to work the night shifts sometimes. Your body won't be able to handle it."

Courtney opened the lid of the instant noodles, and a rich aroma immediately filled the air. She couldn't help but eat a large mouthful of the noodles while looking through the documents.

When she saw that Courtney wasn't moved by her words, Angie furrowed her brows again with a face full of sorrow.

"Why don't you quit your hospital—"

"Never."

Courtney instantly rejected the idea because she had sacrificed too much to gain this internship. At this point, the price of giving up was too great. Besides, she felt that the situation wasn't that severe yet.

"I have another idea."

"What is it?"

Angie sat across from her with her arms supporting her chin, looking sleepy. After eating her last bite of noodles, Courtney suddenly approached her and said, "You can come and help me at Citron Apparel."

"What?"

The sleepy Angie was awake all of a sudden.

— —

A few days later, Angie brought a pile of documents to Courtney at the Duncans' ancestral home.

"These are the onboarding details of the dozen employees who have been fired. I got Ruby to obtain these documents, so you can take a look."

As she listened to her, Courtney lifted her head from the computer screen. After she read the documents one by one, her face suddenly darkened. "Most of them are foreigners, and they only entered the company a month ago."

She soon realized that problem as Angie nodded her head in agreement and added, "Most of the employees in the clothing production workshop should be local people because there are more women in the nearby counties; they probably go back to take care of their families during their weekly shifts. I also checked the records of employees recruited by Citron Apparel in the past, and the total number of foreigners over the years is not as many as the number recruited just this month."

Courtney's eyes grew darker. "Who is responsible for recruitment?"

"Walter Church. He is an old employee of the company. Natasha told me that you agreed to recruit him from the start. When he was just laid off at that time, he had a sick mother to take care of, so you decided to keep him after seeing how hardworking and honest he was."

Courtney seemed to have remembered it as she didn't have much memory of what happened in the past, but since he was an old employee, she had a bad feeling inside her heart.

"Where is he now?"

Angie pouted her lips and answered, "He left. The day after the incident, he left without saying anything, but he did inform the director of the HR department. However, since he has a grudge against the director, the director allowed him to leave without saying a word."

All of Angie's answers were within Courtney's expectations. As she furrowed her brows, her messy thoughts turned her already chaotic brain into mush.

"Tell the HR department director to meet me in my office at 12.30PM tomorrow."

"Alright, Courtney."

Angie closed all the documents while her face looked a little gloomy; the more she looked into the matter, the more worried she became. At the same time, Courtney could see the worries on her face, so she put on a proud smile and patted her shoulders.

“Even though you are just coming of age, I’m pleasantly surprised by how sharp and level-headed you are. With you around, I instantly feel a whole lot more relaxed.”

As she listened to her, Angie shrugged her shoulders and replied resignedly, “Don’t think you can get away with this easily by praising me. If you weren’t so busy as of late, I wouldn’t have agreed to help you. In short, you owe me a huge favor.”

— —

The next day at 12.30PM, the director of the HR department, Alan Fraser, knocked on the door of Courtney’s office. Alan was a middle-aged man in his thirties who spotted a pair of black-framed glasses. He also had a tall body and a slightly hunched back, giving him a nerdy look.

Then, Courtney slammed Walter’s personal file in front of him and said, “Why didn’t you report to us about Walter’s resignation? You are in charge of the company’s personnel, so you should be alert to the unusual loss of employees.”

Alan pushed back his black-framed glasses, looking very helpless. Whenever he thought about Walter’s resignation, he felt there was something fishy about it. In fact, it seemed like he had bumped into a ghost.

“I was also confused when he called and told me that he won’t be coming to the company anymore. Then, I requested him to follow the company’s procedures for his resignation to take effect, but I was surprised to find out afterward that he had submitted his resignation a month ago. Later on, I checked my mailbox and found that he had indeed applied to leave long ago...” With that, he murmured, “I never saw his resignation letter before, though. Just as I was about to ask him again, he ended the call immediately, and I was unable to reach him afterward.”

At this point, Courtney was even more certain that Walter knew exactly what was going on.

She calmed herself down and softened her tone.

“I heard that you have a grudge with Walter. What’s the reason?”

When he heard her question, Alan quickly pushed back his black-framed glasses again. After observing her expression, he simply decided to tell her everything in the end. “Walter used to be an old employee of the company, and he always said that he was handpicked by you to be the recruitment director of the workshop back then. Since I only joined the company two years ago and was able to command a higher position than him, he wasn’t convinced and tried to make my job hard. Because of that, I didn’t get along with him very well.”

“How did he make your job hard?”

“Originally, I was only responsible for the internal staff of the company, so the staff at the workshop didn’t fall under my control. However, Walter recruited a lot of his relatives into the workshop over the

years. Those people didn't know much, but they were able to enjoy all sorts of benefits. Because of this, I had to deal with a lot of staff complaints."

At this point, Courtney suddenly had a vague impression of Walter. Back when she was eating in a restaurant, she saw a married couple sitting next to her arguing because they had been laid off. She didn't care about them initially, but when she lost her wallet after exiting the restaurant, it was the man sitting next to her who returned her wallet to her.

That man was Walter. At that time, she gave him her name card, saying that he could come to Citron Apparel and give it a shot if he couldn't find a job elsewhere.

Upon thinking about it, she couldn't help but reveal a chilling smile. Back then, Walter was slightly chubby and had a weathered look from his harsh life, but he still returned the wallet filled with cash to her.

Her impression of that honest man was much different from the person described by Alan.

Just as she thought about it, the office door was suddenly pushed open as Ruby came rushing in anxiously. She stuttered for a while, but Courtney understood what must have happened again.

"Where is it?"

She got up instantly and walked out of the office with Ruby's hasty footsteps following behind her.

"They are downstairs..."

One Night Surprise Chapter 487 Blood for Blood

On the way downstairs, Ruby gave Courtney a basic rundown of the situation.

"A dozen or so employees who were fired before are now bringing a bunch of people downstairs to cause trouble. They are holding banners while shouting that Citron Apparel is heartlessly profiteering and treating human life as a child's play..."

At the moment, the building was surrounded by a group of strangers, some of whom were holding wooden signs and banners while others had bandanas tied around their heads with three large bloody letters written on it—blood for blood.

When Courtney rushed downstairs, she could see Angie trying to calm everything down. Her slender body looked particularly helpless among the restless crowd, and her shouts were all swallowed by the clamor of noise.

"Angie!" Courtney yelled to call back Angie as the latter moved forward. When Angie retreated behind her, she already had a clear sight of the entire situation.

"Citron Apparel doesn't care about human lives!"

"They are heartless and only care about their profits. Give me back my health!"

“They are the scum of society and Melrose City. Citron Apparel, I want you to pay me back blood for blood!”

The group of people held banners and wooden signs with different slogans written on them. In front, there was a middle-aged man with a megaphone shouting, “Citron Apparel! I want you to pay me back blood for blood!” The people behind him would follow his chant, creating a formidable atmosphere.

In the meantime, Ruby hid behind Angie as she bit her lips unknowingly due to nervousness.

Courtney stopped for a while and realized that these people weren’t planning to stop, so she simply walked toward the middle-aged man in front and snatched the megaphone from his hands. Before the man could react, she stood back in her original position.

She held the megaphone and shouted, “If you want to settle the matter, send someone out to speak!”

Then, she smashed the megaphone in her hand. The megaphone was smashed into pieces on the ground, producing an ear-splitting murmur in the ear.

The noisy chants finally stopped as a chatter among the crowd began. In the middle of the crowd, a middle-aged man was wearing a blue t-shirt. His face was rugged and his skin was tanned. Even though he was tall, his body was muscular. After a short discussion, he stood out from the crowd.

“I’ll talk to you.”

The man strode and stood in front of Courtney with a pair of fierce eyes staring at her. After giving the man a thorough look, she asked, “Are you a local?”

Although he only spoke a few words, she could still hear his deliberately maintained accent. He wasn’t speaking a standard level of the local language, nor did he have the accent of someone living near Melrose City.

The man obviously didn’t expect her to ask something like that, so he was left startled without knowing how to answer her. However, she was able to get an answer from his brief hesitation.

She smiled faintly and ignored this issue. Then, she continued, “I believe that you are all here because of the company’s layoff some time ago. May I ask if you are a former employee of Citron Apparel or a family member of a former employee?”

The man initially prepared a bunch of speeches so that he could gain a dominant position during this negotiation, but unexpectedly, Courtney cleared up a lot of problems with just a few words, making it difficult for him to speak. He was stunned for a moment before he answered, “I’m Rosalie Wallace’s husband.”

“Rosalie Wallace?”

Courtney pondered for a moment before she nodded. She had previously checked the onboarding information of all the dismissed employees in this incident, and Rosalie was a person she had a strong impression of.

“I remember that she was the first person to pull out a pair of scissors and threaten to kill me at that time. I remember her very well.” She paused for a moment to deliberately aggravate her voice. When

she saw the change of expression on the man's face, she became more serious as she cut to the chase. "Rosalie and the others were dismissed for not following the company's rules and provoking trouble. All decisions were carried out in full compliance with the company's procedures, so you shouldn't have any doubts about this matter. Also, as far as I know, the ones causing the trouble should have just come out of detention, right?"

"Provoking trouble? We are just honest people who heard about Citron Apparel's benefits, so we quit our previous jobs to come work for you. However, we didn't expect that this is an illegal business. The materials you use are toxic, and now that it has affected all the staff, you are trying to blame others. This is outrageous!"

With that, the man threw a pile of medical documents at her.

She read through the medical records the man had thrown at her and confirmed that the time of diagnosis was coincidentally two days before she fired those employees. She had a feeling that the situation was sailing in a direction of chaos.

Angie could see the worry in her eyes, so she tiptoed and glanced at the medical reports. When she saw that the word 'leukemia' was written on the reports, her eyes began to darken. At that instant, it seemed like her face had exploded. She snatched over the medical reports and slammed them on the man's face.

"To think I was wondering why you all were gathered here. Now, it's clear to me that you were just waiting to show us this nasty thing!"

After all, Angie was still young, so she had a burning rage inside her. As she shouted, she stepped forward as if she wanted to get into a fight with them, so Ruby had to hold her back from behind in fear.

Angie's reaction seemed to be within the man's expectation as he chuckled and said, "I knew that you wouldn't admit it, but it is a fact that they were diagnosed with leukemia a month after joining Citron Apparel. Now, I have the medical reports of the other employees in my hand. You're finished!"

The man revealed a chilling smile as if he had nothing to fear. If there was news about the person in charge of Citron Apparel not admitting to their crimes and even assaulting the victim, it would make their case more convincing.

"Sc*mbag!" Courtney remained calm, but Ruby wasn't able to hold Angie back. Just like that, she flung the bag in her hand and scratched a bloodied mark on the man's face.

The moment Angie flung her hand, the shoving crowd was instantly agitated. They were patiently waiting for a chance to riot from the start, and now, the chance was here. At that moment, someone threw their wooden sign, and it grazed Courtney's shoulder before colliding with the ground behind her.

When the second wooden sign was about to hit her head, she felt a sudden force pulling her from behind, causing her to fall on her back. Instinctively, she turned around as the white figure spun in front of her.

"Angie!"

When Courtney wanted to push away the people in front of her, everything was already too late. Therefore, she could only hold Angie tightly to protect her while her mind turned blank at that moment.

Bang!

When the wooden sign hit a body, a muffled sound was heard. Due to the massive impact, the wood chips scattered around, but Courtney kept her eyes closed because she didn't dare to face the situation.

However, Angie didn't feel the pain that she expected even though the muffled sound was heard long ago. She was so terrified that a layer of sweat formed on her back.

Afterward, a heavy force suddenly pressed on her shoulders. She opened her eyes and saw a young man in a white T-shirt trying to support his body. After a few struggles, he gave in and collapsed.

"Zeke..."

Angie reached out and touched his head in panic. As soon as she touched him, she could feel warm liquid flowing through her fingers.

One Night Surprise Chapter 488 Nightmare Tattoo

After Zeke was sent to the hospital, every major media outlet released fresh reports on Citron Apparel. As Courtney stood in the hospital corridor, she read through the reports one by one with her back against the wall as her face unconsciously expressed her fatigue.

'Horrible! Today, a large number of people marched in front of Citron Apparel to hold a demonstration. People in the know revealed shocking secrets that the black-hearted manufacturer, Citron Apparel, used toxic fabrics for profiteering, and now, more than ten employees have been diagnosed with leukemia...'

Courtney felt a little annoyed halfway through reading the article, so she put her phone back in her pocket.

Just then, Linda showed up and handed her a can of coffee before leaning against the wall with her. Her face also showed a sense of tiredness.

"If you have any legal problems, you can ask Caleb for help."

Courtney nodded and poured the entire can of coffee down her throat.

Meanwhile, Zeke was left in Angie's care while Courtney visited the ICU to accompany Scott for a while. At the same time, her phone did not seem to stop ringing, so she quickly went back to Citron Apparel in frustration.

"Mr. Chapman, we can dissolve our collaboration right away if you have any concerns. After all, it is our company's reputation that has gone haywire, so we won't pursue legal action for any breach of contract."

In the evening, Courtney canceled all the orders that she previously worked hard to obtain. After hanging up her phone, she pinched her eyes to release some stress. However, her phone started ringing again after several moments.

“Hello?” Someone spoke on the other end.

“Oliver?”

...

Inside the quiet Japanese restaurant, Courtney sat across from Oliver. After he finished ordering their food, she almost fell asleep as she lay against the couch with her eyes barely open.

“If you want to eat Japanese food, we could’ve gone to the one near my company. Why did we have to travel so far?”

With that, she looked around her surroundings. When Courtney took in the dim lights, slightly greasy door curtains, and the not so elaborate open cooktop, she found it hard to see what attracted Oliver here.

“The portions are bigger here,” Oliver said faintly before taking out a pile of documents from the briefcase he was carrying. He cut to the chase and said, “These are documents of the two surveillance videos you sent me before. I have picked out several suspicious elements.”

“What do you mean?”

She looked through the thick pile of video screenshots, but she couldn’t see anything suspicious. However, when she saw that some of these photos weren’t taken from the videos she had sent, she realized that the situation wasn’t as simple as it seemed. At that moment, her eyes darkened.

Oliver first picked out some photos and placed them in front of her. “These are from the video of Natasha falling down the stairs, and we found something based on the recording. Take a look here.”

She followed the direction of his fingers that were pointing at the third photo, and she realized that it was a magnified image. It was so enlarged that she couldn’t point out which body part it was.

“This is the back of the woman’s hand. After zooming in, we refined the photo and saw that she has a tattoo on the back of her hand—just like this one.”

Then, he pointed at another photo. It was an image of a young plant with two leaves and a crescent moon clearly imprinted on the hand.

“It’s just a tattoo. What could it mean?”

She still couldn’t understand the situation. When she looked up, she saw that Oliver’s eyes had gradually darkened.

“A year ago, the Vietnamese police uncovered a major drug trafficking case. This drug trafficking gang uses religious beliefs to enlist the hearts of people, and the organization has gradually formed its own massive operation. Their so-called religion is called Crescent Church, and this tattoo is their symbol.”

Courtney was shocked. "Are you saying that she is a member of Crescent Church? Does that mean she is Vietnamese?"

He did not deny her speculations as he spread out another set of photos, which had been taken from the hospital's surveillance video. At that moment, Courtney's eyes lit up as she felt a chilling sensation lingering inside her body.

"What's the problem with these?"

"The hospital's surveillance cameras were too far away, and we couldn't get a clear view since the incident happened at midnight too. As such, I looked through all the hospital's surveillance footage that night and finally found this man in front of the washroom on the second floor."

From the last photo, she could tell that it wasn't taken from the surveillance videos she had given him, but it was enough to send shivers down her spine. Her trembling eyes could no longer restrain her shock.

"He's from Crescent Church as well, isn't he?"

Oliver nodded.

In the photo, there was a man with a face mask and a baseball cap; he had just come out of the washroom. He was squatting on the floor while tying his shoelaces, but from the image of him lowering his head, Courtney could clearly see the symbol of the 'Crescent Church' tattooed on the back of his neck.

Oliver's investigation further confirmed her suspicions, but when all the facts were now laid out in front of her, it still felt a little overwhelming.

When Oliver saw how her face slowly turned pale, he lowered his eyes and pursed his lips. In fact, he looked as though he was considering something.

"Actually, there's one more thing..."

His hand was holding the last photo.

At the moment, she felt as though the world in front of her was shaking while tiny sweat drops quietly dripped down her back and forehead. She felt a pain in her stomach, but she resisted it by gritting her teeth.

"Say it."

The last photo Oliver placed in front of her was a photo of the demonstration in front of Citron Apparel today evening. It was the same photo that all the media outlets had used for their report this evening, but the angle was rather weird. From the looks of it, it had been taken from the windowsill of Citron Apparel's building. As for who took the photo, Courtney also had her doubts.

However, this wasn't the problem Oliver was trying to point out.

He then moved his finger toward a man in the middle of the photo. Even though it wasn't particularly clear, she could immediately recognize the tattoo on the back of the man's neck who happened to lower his head.

Again, it was the Crescent Church.

However, she was no longer shocked as her eyes radiated calmness, but the obvious pain in her body forced her to hold onto the tablecloth, turning the flat green tablecloth into disarray.

"I'm tired, Oliver. Send me back home." Her voice was hoarse.

She got up after finishing her sentence. Oliver could sense that something was wrong, so he quickly followed her. The second her foot was about to step out of the restaurant, she halted and hesitated for a while before turning back. When her eyes were fixed on the decorative wall next to the bar, her entire body began to tremble.

She turned her head around and met Oliver's eyes, and he nodded in response to her pleading look.

"He works the night shift every day, but he hasn't clocked in yet."

The moment Oliver's words came out, Courtney suddenly felt as though something had exploded next to her ears. With that, the world around her seemed to be spinning while Oliver's worried expression gradually became blurry in her eyes.

"I think I'm—"

Her words were cut off abruptly before she collapsed completely.

Immediately, Oliver carried her to the car. As they drove away, there was a photo of a middle-aged man wearing a face mask and uniform serving the customers some wine on the decorative wall of the restaurant. The man in the photo had a unique tattoo on his neck that was more eye-catching than his muscular body.

One Night Surprise Chapter 489 The Man Who Barged into the Press Conference

Courtney had a dream where she lay on a vast expanse of greenery. The skies were blue; there was a clear stream by the side; and there was also a light, floral fragrance in the air.

"Courtney."

Courtney heard someone call out her name, so she got up and saw that Natasha was waving at her as the latter made her way over. Courtney waved back and was about to run toward Nathasha, but all of a sudden, the latter's initially distinct profile became distorted, and her entire being disappeared from the scene.

Soon after that, everyone close to her started to disappear the same way one after the other as well—her grandpa, her aunt Alicia, and Cameron slowly disappeared. All of a sudden, she grabbed the hand next to her and ran for her life frantically.

As she ran, she turned back to look behind her and saw that the face next to her was slowly disappearing too, and the originally cheery world that she was in suddenly descended into a sea of red. There was a strong bloody scent that embodied her as a loud voice rang out in the air. "Let's descend into hell together!"

"Alexander!"

Suddenly, Courtney was jolted awake. As she sat up in bed, the uneasy look that flashed across her panicked eyes was caught by Alexander. Thus, he grabbed her hand to pull her into his arms.

"I'm here." His firm and warm voice managed to calm her terrified heart slightly.

"I had a bad dream."

Courtney shut her eyes and leaned against his chest as she greedily took in his distinct scent, for the familiar smell could calm her spirits.

When Oliver called Alexander, the latter was actually at the office to help Courtney deal with the backlash online. As soon as Alexander heard that Courtney was unconscious, he instantly rushed over without even changing into some fresh clothes; he even sat by her bedside the entire night.

"Leave the issue with Citron Apparel aside for now—I'll settle that for you."

Alexander helped Courtney to lean back on the bed before he took a wet towel to wipe her sweaty body all over again. Meanwhile, she sat there and stared at him silently as she looked at him intently maneuvering his fingers; he even wiped the gaps between her fingers twice before stopping.

"I just encountered a minor accident during this critical period. I'll be fine in two days."

After he had wiped her clean, she toyed with her own fingers and saw that he was slowly inching closer toward her. Then, he took both of her hands into his and held them in place before stretching out his hand and reaching into her nightgown to help wipe her lower back.

"I won't allow any accidents to befall you, even if it's just a minor accident during this critical period!" Alexander's voice was firm, and he didn't stop what he was doing as he spoke. He leaned his head against the tip of her ears, and the warm breath he exhaled caused Courtney to shudder slightly.

Suddenly, something dawned upon her as her expression darkened. Unconsciously, she lowered her voice and asked, "Did Oliver tell you everything?"

"Yeah, he did."

"Natasha and Grandpa suffered because of them; they are also the ones behind this incident with Citron Apparel. I don't know what's their motive for doing all this, though. I'm not sure to what extent they'll take things to—"

"Yeah."

Alexander's reply remained quite nonchalant, and there weren't too many emotions in his voice. After a brief bout of silence, he slowly said, "Please trust your husband."

She was momentarily stunned. At that point, Alexander wrapped his hands around her head and delivered a loud kiss on her forehead. Meanwhile, she couldn't help but burst into laughter at his sudden gesture.

"Okay." She nodded. At that moment, she suddenly realized that the Courtney from before, who used to be invincible, had become rather feeble.

Alexander took another towel with the intention of wiping Courtney's thighs, but as soon as he uncovered the blanket, his expression darkened. Shortly after that, his features scrunched up slightly.

"Honey—"

He seemed quite lost as he tugged at Courtney's arm. As soon as Courtney heard that, she looked down and was significantly shocked by the bloody scene that she saw beneath her. How could I have forgotten about this!

"How long was I unconscious?"

"About twelve hours."

At that point, she was at a loss for words.

However, before Alexander could react, she had already gotten out of bed in a haste and ran toward the direction of the washroom. Meanwhile, he was left standing there as he stared at the pool of blood on the bedsheets, and he secretly felt quite taken aback by everything.

—

Alexander no longer wanted Courtney to worry about the matters related to Citron Apparel, so he took over everything related to the company and handled them alongside his work for Sunhill Enterprise. The work he took over included the press conference too, so he assigned the matter to the personal relations manager at Sunhill Enterprise. Two days later, the proposal was ready, and Courtney merely attended Citron Apparel's press conference under the arrangements made by Alexander.

"We are open to the investigations by the relevant authorities, and there are records of us purchasing our materials. Essentially, we can't be involved in the so-called contaminated fabric issue that's currently spreading like wildfire on the internet. Besides, we have ongoing collaborations with many large-scale businesses and schools, and they have never had an issue with the quality of fabric we use."

At that moment, Courtney made her stance clear according to the preparations she had made, denying that there were such issues with Citron Apparel.

"In that case, how would you explain the scandal of more than ten workers at Citron Apparel being diagnosed with acute leukemia in a span of one month? Could you also explain why they were wrongfully dismissed after their diagnosis?"

Courtney sat in a ramrod straight position as her expression gradually darkened. Subsequently, she slammed a stack of documents that had been prepared in advance on the table.

“After the incident happened, we instantly organized all staff members to go through body checkups, and these are the official medical reports released by the hospital. Every single staff member is perfectly healthy, so the rumors about acute leukemia are lies!”

She lifted a report in her hand, and soon enough, she heard the camera shutters clicking away repeatedly in her ears. The flashing lights of the cameras momentarily blinded her as she subsequently took out the second document.

“This is the security camera footage from our production line, and you can clearly tell from the recordings why I had to fire some of the staff. We have always strongly upheld the quality of our products during the production process, so we would take stringent actions according to our company policy against those staff members who refuse to comply with our instructions and sneakily try to find an easy way out.”

Subsequently, Courtney took out the final part of the documents.

“We have reason to suspect that this incident was a malicious plot by some of our peers to eliminate competition. I have the personal details of all the staff members that have been dismissed here; all of them were newly recruited staff from the last month. All of our existing staff members, who have been working for us for a long time, are in perfect health, but every single one of these newly recruited staff has been diagnosed with acute leukemia, so don’t you all find this quite suspicious?”

Soon after Courtney slammed the final document on the table, there was a loud commotion that broke out among the crowd below. The members of the press started to whisper amongst themselves as Courtney observed the unfolding scene coldly. She had a calm expression on her face, but her hands, which were hidden underneath the table, felt icy cold at the moment.

“If this is indeed a malicious attempt by someone else in the same industry, do you know which company it might be?”

The topic of interest in the press conference seemed to change at the mention of the second question, and Courtney silently heaved a sigh of relief. At the same time, she calmly replied, “We’re not going to speculate unnecessarily on this. After all, the incident is still under investigation, and we haven’t gotten hold of any substantial evidence as of yet. Besides, Citron Apparel has always maintained the goal of achieving the best we can, and we firmly believe that our success is based on consumer preference. Needless to say, we won’t follow the footsteps of those despicable people.”

“What about the outcome of the investigation? Will you be revealing the investigation outcome to the public?”

“Of course. All of the evidence I’ve brought with me today will be released through our official portal shortly. We fully welcome the members of the public to verify the information.”

Courtney’s attitude was very straightforward and no-nonsense. Besides, she didn’t attempt to hide anything, so her speech had basically succeeded in salvaging the situation. Not too far from the stage, Alexander looked at the woman as she spoke eloquently with an admiring expression on his face.

There was a slight smile on his face, but all of a sudden, there was an interruption as a sudden noise rang out. The noise of clamoring footsteps could be heard in the large hall, and everyone turned to look in unison in the direction of the noise, Courtney included.

“This is nonsense! Citron Apparel is unscrupulous!”

The crowd saw that amongst the loud, angry yells, there was a tall and skinny middle-aged man there. He was dressed in a light gray, old-fashioned suit, and he had a tattered briefcase in his hand. Just then, he made his way into the crowd in a rush.

As soon as Courtney saw him, her eyes narrowed slightly. She recognized this person.

He was the director of World Vision Orphanage in Melrose City—Mr. Raymond Newman.

One Night Surprise Chapter 490 Buy a Present

The situation inside the living room was pretty quiet. An exhausted Courtney burrowed herself into the couch and supported her head with one hand. At the same time, her eyes remained fixated on the near-empty glass of red wine on the coffee table.

There was a slight breeze in the room, and the fragrance of the newly blossomed roses in the backyard filled the room. Courtney wrapped the throw that was around her shoulders tighter as she felt a slight coldness that came from within her.

At the press conference that ended an hour ago, the director of World Vision Orphanage, Mr. Raymond Newman, had brought with him a stack of evaluation reports as he angrily barged into Citron Apparel all of a sudden. The originally calm situation had descended into chaos from then on.

“Three months ago, our orphanage ordered a batch of summer attire from Citron Apparel for the children. Back then, our staff members felt that the clothes smelled strange, but we chose to trust Citron’s well-maintained good reputation. However, we’ve finally caught on to things now that it’s been revealed in public this time. Miss Hunter, is this the way Citron Apparel claims to behave conscientiously?!”

As Raymond spoke, he took out a light blue T-shirt from his briefcase, and the T-shirt was all scrunched up. However, the label that hadn’t been removed clearly showed Citron Apparel’s logo on it. At that point, he angrily flung the T-shirt onto the ground.

Several agile reporters managed to swiftly point their cameras to the ground, and they managed to take plenty of pictures as their shutters flashed repeatedly. Subsequently, Raymond also flung the evaluation report to the ground.

“This is the evaluation report on this batch of clothes we received, and the results are horrifying. Right now, there are two children from our orphanage who have shown abnormalities in their health reports, yet here you are still trying to find excuses for your staff members’ illness—”

His expression darkened significantly at the mention of that, and there was a pained look in his eyes as he clutched his chest and left the scene with reddened eyes after saying, “I trust that justice will prevail, and you’ll definitely receive the punishment that you deserve.”

At that moment, Alexander came out of the kitchen with a glass of warm water in his hands, and he replaced the wine glass in front of Courtney with the water. Suddenly, the clank of the glass hitting the marble table disrupted her thoughts.

In response, she looked up and revealed a forced smile.

“Why didn’t you switch on the lights in the courtyard? The path is windy, so wouldn’t your servants lose their ways here?”

All of a sudden, Alicia’s voice rang out from the backyard. Before Courtney could get up to greet her, a tiny figure in pink bounded over toward her and hugged her thighs.

“Mommy.”

Josephine rubbed her plump little face against the back of Courtney’s hand as she complained to the woman with an aggrieved expression, “Great-Aunt Alicia didn’t know the way, and she circled the garden several times. I suggested asking a servant to lead the way, but she got upset with me. Great-Uncle William was right!”

“What did he say?”

“Josephine!”

Suddenly, Courtney’s interest was piqued as she took Josephine into her arms. As for Alicia, she trailed along behind and had just entered the living room too, so she heard Josephine’s words as well. Instantly, Alicia called out and stopped Josephine from saying anything else.

As for Josephine, she beckoned for Courtney to move closer to her with a cunning look in her eyes.

“Hahaha! Did Great-uncle William actually say that?!”

Meanwhile, not too far from them, Alicia had a resigned expression on her face as she reached out to point a finger warningly at Josephine, who was currently pulling faces at her. Josephine blinked several times and frantically signaled to Alexander by the side. “Daddy, Great-aunt Alicia wants to talk to you about something.”

At that point, Alexander was slightly shocked. He glanced at Alicia and nodded his head before pointing to the staircase by the side. “Let’s talk upstairs.”

Courtney kept her eyes on Alexander and Alicia as they walked off to the study room on the second floor. Her expression changed slightly, but before she could actually figure out the flash of suspicion in her mind, a pair of soft little hands cupped her face and disrupted her thoughts suddenly.

Josephine took a seat on Courtney’s lap with her legs wide open, and the former shifted the latter’s face in her direction before staring at her with a pair of troubled eyes. “Mommy, I’ve sent Daddy and Great-Aunt Alicia away because I want to tell you something important.”

Courtney blinked in response, and she was unconsciously taken aback by Josephine’s serious look. Suddenly, she had a bad feeling about this and hurriedly took out her cell phone to turn it off.

“Did you hit Ethan again?”

“That’s not it, Mommy!” Josephine’s expression was disdainful. “Can you believe that Ethan actually told me that he likes Fiona?! I’ve stopped playing with him ages ago.”

“Who’s Fiona?”

“She’s a crybaby who only eats strawberry-flavored candy and dresses up in pink.”

Josephine blinked her eyes, and Fiona’s adorable face with a curly mop of hair appeared in the little girl’s mind. Subsequently, the former frowned.

Soon after that, Courtney heaved a sigh of relief. “It’s a good thing that you didn’t hurt anyone. Otherwise, Aunt Cameron would definitely call me relentlessly. Well, what exactly is it that you want to say to me?”

“I would like you to go shopping with me tomorrow. It’s Great-Aunt Alicia’s birthday two days later, so I want to buy her a birthday present.”

As Josephine spoke, she took out a wallet from her kitty backpack. Inside her wallet, there were three cards and some coins. Subsequently, she placed the cards one by one into Courtney’s hands. “As long as it’s something that Great-Aunt Alicia likes and the amount it costs is less than the money here, it should be fine.”

Josephine blinked her eyes, and Courtney couldn’t help kissing Josephine on her pinkish, plump cheeks as soon as she saw the serious, matured look in the little girl’s eyes. Josephine had turned up at the right time, and she even managed to dispel all of the bad emotions in Courtney’s mind.

“Mommy, you’re drooling too much.”

In response, Josephine grabbed Courtney’s shawl with a disgusted expression and wiped the latter’s face with it.

Suddenly, Josephine recalled that episode of Ethan secretly trying to kiss Fiona during naptime before he failed. After he had realized that she had seen it, he lost his temper and turned to kiss her on her cheeks instead. At that point, Josephine’s face was flushed.

Meanwhile, Alicia and Alexander remained in discussion for quite some time. After they came down from the second floor, Josephine had already secretly made her way into Courtney’s bed and was currently deep in slumber.

“Let Josie stay over for the night and I’ll send her home tomorrow.”

Courtney clutched her shawl tightly with both hands as she leaned against the bedroom door. As soon as Alicia heard that, she looked into the room and coincidentally saw Josephine turn on her back. Subsequently, Josephine shifted from one end of the six-foot bed to the other end.

“Alright.” Alicia nodded and left the Duncan’s ancestral home with a solemn expression.

Alexander took a few steps forward and leaned against the other side of the door to the bedroom. By then, Josephine had already tumbled over and shifted back to her original position. Suddenly, she yelled out, “Ethan, you’ve wet the bed!”

He massaged the spot in between his brows and asked, "Well, what should we do then?"

"I'll keep Josie company, and you can stay in the guest room."

— —

Early the next day, Courtney jolted awake after hearing some rustling noises. She forced herself to open her eyes and saw that Josephine had already changed her clothes, and the latter was now looking into the mirror as she tried to braid her hair.

"Mommy, it's time to wake up!"

After Josephine had tied her hair up in two uneven braids, she went to wake Courtney, who was pretending to be asleep.

"It's only 6.30AM. Josie, I need to give you some important advice. Sleeping in during the weekend is the least one could do during the weekends."

At that point, Courtney tapped on her phone to check the time and was nearly hysterical upon realizing how early it was. She burrowed her head back into the blanket as her voice sounded muffled.

"Great-Aunt Alicia and Great-uncle William wake up at 5.00AM every single day, though."

As Josephine spoke, she used all four of her limbs and forcefully dragged Courtney's adult-sized body toward the edge of the bed. Next, she took out some clothes that she thought suited Courtney and flung them at the latter.

Meanwhile, Courtney couldn't help doubting herself as she changed her clothes with her eyes shut.

"Josie, did I make the right decision by sending you to stay with Great-Aunt Alicia?"

In response, Josephine blinked. "By looking at the star signs, I am indeed much compatible with Great-Aunt Alicia."