

One Night Surprise Chapter 58

"Ah..

The loud moan let out by the woman beneath Alexander brought him back to reality.

At the sight of her smoking hot figure and her legs-which were wrapped around his waist like a pair of snakes-the flames of lust within him leaped up again, dispelling other thoughts in his mind. He lifted her waist and passionately put himself in and out of her several times, making her moan repeatedly before she reached her climax.

They made out endlessly that night.

When Courtney woke up the next morning, she felt so worn out as if her body had been crushed under a truck. Even the simple movement of turning over made her feel like all her limbs were out of joint.

The ache made her open her eyes slowly, and what came in sight were splendid furnishings that seemed familiar to her. After staring at these furnishings for a while, she recalled that this room seemed to be the guest room at Alexander's place.

She threw back the covers and was about to get out of bed when she suddenly touched her smooth and bare skin. When she lowered her head and saw what had happened, her eyes instantly widened, and she screamed, "Ahh!"

Her scream was drowned by the sound of someone showering in the bathroom.

Looking at the bathroom in panic, Courtney could see the blurry outline of a strong and muscular man inside the bathroom through the frosted glass door.

No way!

She yanked the bed sheet to cover her chest. *What the hell did I do last night?*

The sound of water in the bathroom stopped abruptly. A while later, a slightly wet hand pulled the door open, and Alexander-with a bath towel wrapped around his waist-came out while toweling his hair dry as if nothing had happened. After walking a few steps as though he didn't hear the scream just now, he finally saw Courtney sitting up on his bed. As their eyes met, the memory of how they had spent the night before with all-consuming passion instantly came to mind.

Courtney curled her lips to give an awkward smile. "S-Something happened between you and I last night... right?"

"Can't you sense that yourself?" replied Alexander as he hung the towel over his shoulder. The neatly packed abs on his abdomen visibly contracted and relaxed as he moved about.

"Don't come over here." Courtney covered her eyes. She couldn't stand looking at him any longer lest the bath towel on his waist would fall off the next second.

"What are you afraid of?" Alexander looked very calm while standing by the bed. "We have done whatever we should and shouldn't have last night. Don't tell me you have zero memory of that."

Courtney hung her head with her face as red as a tomato; she was so nervous that she couldn't utter a word for a long time.

Naturally, she knew what had happened last night. Judging from the ache in her body right now, she had either been beaten up or made out with someone all night. Considering the lower body, she must have gone to bed with Alexander yesterday.

"1-4-1 don't remember anything." Putting up a bold front, she decided to deny it no matter what.

Then, she heard a chuckle above her head that seemed to sound a bit teasing. Courtney thought she had heard it wrong, but when she looked up, Alexander had taken his bathrobe out of the closet and turned around to walk to the door.

"The maid will bring in some clothes and medicine for you later. Come out and eat after you get changed."

"Medicine?" Courtney was startled for a moment. "What medicine?"

The medicine won't be something like birth control pills, right?

As she was letting her imagination run wild, she heard a meaningful voice coming from outside the door. "Healing cream."

At first, Courtney didn't understand what he meant. However, when she threw back the covers to get out of bed and shower, she saw the bloodstains on the bed sheet. Coupled with the pain she felt while moving her feet slightly, it made her go red in the face at once.

She instantly figured out where she should apply the healing cream.

Oh my God! Just how passionate was the lovemaking session last night? I even grazed myself and bled!

After getting changed, Courtney spent as much as over ten minutes preparing herself mentally in the room. Then, she pulled the door open and went out. When she met the maid—who was about to enter the room to tidy it up—she looked calm

and at ease. Not only did she brazen it out and pretended as if nothing had happened, she even greeted the maid by saying, "Good morning."

The maid's face was beaming with joy. "It's not morning anymore, Miss Hunter. It's already noon."

Courtney's originally forced smile looked even more unnatural.

When she came downstairs, Alexander wasn't in the living room.

"The Young Master is working in the study. He told us to call him when you come downstairs so that you two can have lunch together."

"Don't do that." Courtney quickly raised her hand in a refusing gesture. "There's no need to call him because I'll be leaving right away. I-I have something else to attend to, so I won't be eating lunch here."

"Huh? This is not good, Miss Hunter. This

Fearing that the maid would stop her, Courtney hurriedly went out without even changing her shoes.

However, the sound of a car's engine turning off outside made her pause in her tracks,

After a black sedan stopped at the entrance to the courtyard, the familiar old butler got out of the sedan and opened the car door for Scott, who then got out of the sedan.

"Miss Hunter?" Scott eyed her up and down expressively. "What a coincidence! I'm here to visit Alex, and you're here as well."

"Hi, Mr. Duncan." The corners of Courtney's mouth twitched; she felt so guilty that she wished she could bury herself in a hole on the ground. At this instant, she no longer thought that the awkward situation just now was embarrassing, for the awkward situation right now was the most embarrassing moment in the century for her.

It was apparent that Scott's car had deliberately blocked the entrance to the courtyard to prevent her from leaving

When Alexander went downstairs from his study two minutes later, Courtney had been arranged to sit at the dining table. The way she straightened out her clothes and sat hold upright made her look as edgy as a criminal awaiting their trial.

"Grandpa?" Alexander came over with a frown. "Why are you here?"

Scott had fondness written all over his face. "You hadn't gone back to visit me for such a long time, so I decided to drop by and see you. I didn't expect a surprise, though."

Drop by and visit me? Isn't this too much of a coincidence?

Not blowing his grandfather's cover, Alexander walked to the seat across from Courtney. However, when he was about to sit down, the maid pulled out the chair next to hers. "Please have a seat here, Young Master."

Courtney cleared her throat and shook her head vigorously at him.

She looked as guilty as a teenage girl who was caught having fun away from home all night by her elders,

Turning a blind eye at her hopeless expression, Alexander walked straight over and sat down next to her. "Let's have lunch together since you're here, Grandpa."

Scott nodded slightly. He told Courtney to eat more, but he didn't move his cutlery.

Bracing herself to eat lunch, Courtney felt so ill at ease that she found little taste in the food.

"I have learned about everything that happened last night."

Upon hearing Scott's words, Courtney instantly choked on the red braised pork belly that she hadn't finished chewing up, her face turning crimson. She wanted to say something, but she couldn't utter a word. Hence, she could only keep downing the glass of water in her hand.

"Alex isn't an irresponsible person, so I'll make sure that he doesn't let you down," Scott said while giving Alexander a fierce glare. "Do my words still carry weight?"

"You learned of this so quickly, Grandpa." Alexander shot an emotionless glance at his mansion's butler, who was standing aside.

Not only did Scott get the news so quickly, he even hurried here early in the morning. It was clear at a

glance who had tipped him off.

Courtney, who had finally swallowed that chunk of red braised pork belly, wanted to wave her hand and say that this wasn't necessary.

However, before she could say so, Scott said to Alexander, "By the way, since your marriage with Courtney has been finalized, you should hurry up and deal with the matter between you and Britney. Those tabloid news reports circulating around are giving me a headache."

Finalized?

Courtney looked up with a flushed face as it turned pale by turns. *What had been finalized while I was choking on a chunk of braised pork belly?*

"All right, I shall stop disturbing you guys." Scott suddenly got up, producing some sound as his chair rubbed against the floor. Looking at Courtney with a smile, he said, "You're welcome here when you have the time, Courtney. I'll get someone to arrange for the wedding. If there's anything, you can just contact me directly."

Courtney had a lot to say, but she couldn't utter a word at this moment. She watched as Scott left, leaving her and Alexander as they looked at each other helplessly.

"Let me send you home."

After finishing their lunch, Alexander offered to send Courtney home. Courtney wanted to turn him down, but it occurred to her that they should clear the air about what had happened on this day. It would be better to talk in the car since it wasn't convenient for them to speak at Alexander's home with the housekeepers walking around, so she didn't refuse his offer.

The atmosphere in the car was quite stuffy as it drove out of the villa area.

Courtney looked at her cell phone and scrolled her Facebook with her head down, but in reality, she was reading nothing.

Suddenly, Alexander's voice rang. He asked her naturally, "Should I turn right at the intersection ahead?"

Courtney was startled for a few seconds before she nodded. "Uh, yeah."

The car pulled up at the traffic lights before turning at the intersection, and there were 60 seconds to go before the lights changed to green. Grabbing the steering wheel with his long and thin fingers, Alexander tapped his index finger on the steering wheel every once in a while.

He suddenly asked, "I'd like to ask you something about last night."

The feel of Courtney's skin seemed to be still lingering in his hand, compelling him to spend the entire morning comparing her with the lady he encountered six years ago. Such a feeling was so familiar to him that he couldn't forget it.

"Last night..." Courtney straightened up abruptly and clenched her fists. She continued stiffly, "You don't have to take what happened last night to heart."

Alexander stopped tapping his index finger on the steering wheel.

"Well." Courtney sniffed and pretended to be unconcerned. "We were drunk, and we're both adults, so we don't have to take this too seriously. I know you're going to marry Britney, so you don't have to think there's something because of this accident. I-I won't ask you to take responsibility; I'm not that kind of person."

Alexander tightened his grip on the steering wheel, forming an indentation on its genuine leather cover in the shape of his fingers. He looked unmoved, but his tone of voice suddenly turned chilly. "Get out of the car."

"Huh?"

"Didn't you say that you don't need me to take responsibility? You may get out of the car now so that we don't get misunderstood." His chilly voice reverberated in the car with a barely perceptible hint of anger

Courtney finally came to her senses.

Standing at the intersection, she held her handbag and watched as Alexander's car sped off. At last,

she could no longer assume the feigned unconcerned expression on her face, and she sat down on a corner of the raised flower bed as if she had lost heart.

Just what the hell is going on?

"What? Did she spend the night at Royal Park Manor?"

All of a sudden, Britney turned around to look at the assistant behind her with a look of disbelief in the backstage dressing room of a show.

Her sudden movements startled the makeup artist; as her hands trembled, the lip brush left a blood red lipstick mark on the corner of Britney's mouth. The makeup artist hurriedly apologized and said, "I'm sorry! I didn't mean it..."

Britney snatched the lip brush out of the makeup artist's hand and threw it to the floor roughly. She snapped, "Where did you find this person? She doesn't even know how to apply makeup! Do you want to be fired?"

At the sight of the scene, Jason-her talent agent-immediately apologized to Britney while shooting a glance at the makeup artist, who then gritted her teeth and left the dressing room with a look of grievance.

"Britney, you have to appear on the show in a while, so please control your temper a little. Let's hurry up and get your makeup done."

"Who cares about the show?" Filled with anger, Britney glared at Jason. "Didn't you hear what Millie said just now? The woman named Courtney spent the night at Royal Park Manor shortly after I left. Furthermore, Alexander carried her back himself! There were only the two of them in the villa-do you think I'd believe you when you say that nothing happened?"

“Didn’t you go there yesterday as well?” Jason was puzzled at the mention of this. “Why did you come back afterward?”

“Speaking of this, I wish I could have torn that damn woman into pieces!” Britney slammed the dressing table, her face darkening. “The woman in Alex’s home yesterday was simply arrogant. She knew who I was, yet she had the nerve to boast shamelessly by saying that Alex was just playing around with me! I will tear up her mouth if I meet her again!”

Confused by her repeated mentions of ‘the woman’, Jason couldn’t distinguish whether the woman Britney was referring to was the same person. After glancing at his wristwatch, he hastily urged, “You should sit down and have your makeup fixed no matter which woman stands in your way again. It’s time to appear on the show, *we’ve* made so many apologies when you left the show abruptly yesterday.”

Britney clenched her fists, but she knew as well that it was useless to be angry; what had been done couldn’t be undone. It was pointless for her to go back right now, so she could only get her job done first before slowly finding a way to deal with Courtney

I was right to be alarmed at the beginning. This woman already has a daughter, yet she’s so capable of seducing a man. She isn’t as simple as she seems, she thought to herself.

Meanwhile, Alexander went back to the CEO’s office at Sunhill Enterprise’s headquarters after a briefing in the morning.

Josh gave a report on the 100th-anniversary celebrations before asking, “The decorations can officially begin next Monday, but Miss Hunter mentioned that decorating the event hall during the day would

surely cause a drop in Sunhill Hotel’s recent performance, and there might be lots of complaints from the guests by then. Do you want to consider telling Miss Hunter to do the decorations during the night