

## One Night Surprise Chapter 11

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**Missing** “So what happened today was an accident too, where you used me as a cover?” Alexander helped her simply because he didn’t allow her—his employee and one of his people—to be challenged and provoked by outsiders. He bent over to get close to her ear before speaking in a voice as cold as an ice lake. “I hope that what happened today will not happen again. If you throw yourself at me again, I don’t mind ending your three-month probation ahead of time.”

Alexander stared at Courtney until she felt a chill running down her spine. The latter was choked with anger, but she couldn’t get rid of the anger inside her.

Just as Alexander finished his sentence, the elevator door opened with a crisp ding! No longer desiring to continue fighting, he turned around and left. Only then did Courtney’s tensed body go limp.

I can’t have a good opinion of this big boss for more than three seconds! she thought to herself.

When she arrived at the department, her assistant, Vivienne, stopped her with a panic-stricken expression. “Miss Hunter.”

“What’s wrong? What happened?”

Vivienne looked troubled. “The little guest in the VIP suite on the 20th floor is kicking up a fuss. He refuses to eat anything and has thrown many out of his room. His room is in a mess right now,

and our hotel will be held accountable if he falls and hurts himself.”

“A little guest in the VIP suite on the 20th floor?” Courtney had never seen such a guest being recorded in her guest list. “Is he a new guest?”

Vivienne nodded quickly. “You may say so. He’s only five years old, but he’s got quite a temper despite his young age, and no one can calm him down. He is smashing things in anger since his family is absent at this moment.”

“What? His family is absent? Is this proper?” Courtney asked. Upon making a prompt decision, she said, “Let’s go and take a look.”

Her words were exactly what Vivienne had been waiting for. Vivienne caught up to her, saying, “He hasn’t eaten for a day. If he still refuses to eat, we’re afraid that something might happen, and we won’t be able to bear the responsibility.”

“It’s normal for a kid to feel insecure when his parents aren’t around,” Courtney uttered while pressing the elevator button. “Are there parents who left their child alone in the hotel? Is this even proper?”

Vivienne bowed her head next to Courtney and nodded with an unnatural expression.

When they reached the door to the suite, they heard the clatter of porcelains shattering into pieces, which was followed by exclamations from the hotel attendant. Many staff members were standing outside the door.

“Miss Hunter is here!”

Amid the noise, everyone made way for Courtney, who then entered the room to find the living room in a mess so chaotic that one could scarcely find a place to get a foothold. The sofa covers and cushions were thrown all over the floor, whereas the glass containing fruit juice was turned over and mixed together with the spaghetti and the shattered plates and mugs. Furthermore, the floor lamp beside the sofa had fallen onto the floor.

Courtney gave a gasp of shock. Can a five-year-old boy really destroy the scene to such an extent? “Where’s the kid?” she asked in a whisper.

Another manager behind her pointed at the bedroom. “He has just shut himself in. What do you think we should do, Miss Hunter?”

The seemingly more than ten people outside the door—ranging from attendants to receptionists to hotel managers—were at a loss for what to do.

Courtney frowned. “Have you guys contacted the boy’s parents?”

“We can’t get through to them yet.” Those behind her looked at each other, as if trying to communicate something by exchanging glances.

“Never mind.” Courtney rolled up her sleeves. “Tell the kitchen to make an egg custard and prepare a bowl of poached meatballs that are a bit less salty. Also, have someone tidy up this place.”

With that, she stepped over the mess on the floor and headed for the bedroom.

“Should we let her go there just like that?”

“Or else? Should you go instead?”

“I’m not going. I’d lose my job if I pissed off the little prince.”

Courtney didn’t hear the whispers behind her. The bedroom door was half-opened, enabling her to see the situation inside the room. The covers and pillows were thrown all over the place, and the little figure, dressed in a set of brown-checked pajamas, was sitting on the icy floor like a statue with his back toward the bedroom door.

“Hello there...” Courtney tried to greet the kid, but he didn’t show any intention of responding to her. She then tried to get close to him, but after she made a few steps, the figure suddenly moved and hurled something in his hand right in her face.