

# One Night Surprise Chapter 118

## Chapter 118

Brenda growled through gritted teeth, "What are you going to do? What's the point of us ruining each other? My reputation will be destroyed, but what good will it bring to your hotel? Are you going to give up on your job for the sake of a mere receptionist?"

Courtney's expression was cold as she scoffed, "To have a clear conscience, but I have no plans to have a life and death struggle with you either."

Brenda detected a silver lining in her words and she frowned as she looked at Courtney.

"You don't want this incident to be known by everyone, do you? The hotel will protect a client's secret, so I will delete everything that the hotel employees have recorded with their phones earlier and I can ensure that they won't spread this incident online, but with one condition."

"Name it."

"Apologize to Penelope."

Upon hearing it, Brenda was stunned. After she hesitated for some time, she finally nodded with reluctance with her brows furrowed.

With several hotel executives as the witnesses, Brenda personally apologized to Penelope in the lounge. As a result, Penelope seemed a little uneasy and she stopped Courtney with anxiety after Brenda and everyone else left. "Miss Hunter, will I still be fired?"

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Courtney smiled. "The matter has been thoroughly investigated, so why would we fire you? Don't make hasty decisions like this in the future since your life matters the most."

It was only then that Penelope heaved a sign of relief. Tears swam in her eyes as she solemnly nodded. "Okay. Thank you, Miss Hunter."

"Don't thank me for this matter. It was Oliver who helped you to look into this matter, so you should thank him instead."

"Oliver?" Penelope was stunned and her face suddenly blushed. "Where is he now?"

"Right now? I think he should be at the cafe downstairs."

“Let me go and look for him now.”

While looking at Penelope’s lively figure, Courtney helplessly smiled while she folded her arms across her chest.

Ever since Oliver started to stay in the hotel, many ladies there came to her with all sorts of reasons to inquire about him. Even a patient who lost his memory had such great attraction, which showed how much the society cared about one’s look.

Just when Courtney was about to leave, a figure paused next to her before she heard Alexander’s voice. “You are only older than that kid by a couple of years, yet your smile makes you look like you are his mother. Are you addicted to being his mother?”

She immediately turned and snapped, “Who are you talking about? President Duncan, this kind of joke is not funny in a work setting.”

Raising his eyebrow, he had a smug look on his face. “I don’t crack jokes. I am merely curious as to how the kid will react if he finds out that you passionately arranged a girl to look for him.”

His words left her puzzled. “What sort of reaction?”

As she spoke, two waiters passed by them. One of them attempted to greet them but was stopped and

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dragged away by the other. Their conversation could be vaguely heard from a distance.

“Idiot. You know the relationship between President Duncan and Miss Hunter, yet you tried to approach them.”

The other waiter was rendered speechless.

“You just have to pretend that you didn’t see anything.”

Courtney was at a loss for words and her face instantly flushed red.

“Courtney...”

Before Alexander’s raised hand could land on her shoulder, she suddenly took two steps backward and she muttered through gritted teeth, “President Duncan, please have some self-respect.”

He had once carried her down from the rooftop in front of many people, and after taking advantage of her, he deliberately mentioned about the time when

she badmouthed about him in Oreus. There should be a limit as to how far he can abuse his power to settle his personal grudges by placing me in unfavorable situations. I don't need to be in situations like this for the rest of my life.

Alexander felt helpless. "I just wanted to ask whether you would like to join me for a meal."

After the news was under control, he had lost his purpose of coming over to the hotel. However, he still gained something—he at least learned the identity of the person who sent her the roses that filled her entire office.

Courtney frowned and asked warily, "What are you planning now? Are you unsatisfied with the number of rumors about us spreading around?"

"You don't look like someone who is afraid of rumors." He placed both his hands in his pockets with a smirk on his cold face. "Besides, I'm your superior. You can't simply avoid me to stop those rumors, can you?"

Upon hearing that, Courtney pondered for a moment with furrowed brows before turning her gaze away to avoid his eyes. "I'm not like you, a president who can eat whatever and whenever you want—I have some aftermaths to deal with. I will ask my assistant to grab me a fast-food meal at the convenience store after this. I really don't have the time to eat now."

While looking at her as she gave him a slick reply, a cryptic curve appeared at the corner of his lips. "You were mincing your words. If I'm not wrong, you are still shy, aren't you?"

"Who?" Her eyes widened as her words became incoherent. "Who are you talking about? I-I have no time to talk to you as I have loads of things to do." After saying that, she escaped the scene in a state of panic.

As Alexander observed her leaving back, the smile in his eyes deepened and the gloominess that hovered above him for the past few days disappeared without a trace at that moment.

After he left the Sunhill hotel, he sat at the back seat of the MPV while listening to Josh's report about the outcome after Brenda's incident had been handled.

"The news online has been removed. We didn't manage to do anything with the news about Brenda because her agency's actions were faster than mine. The incident didn't arouse much public opinion either, so it shouldn't affect the reception of the important guests on the day after tomorrow."

"Alright." Alexander nodded as he looked a little distracted.

"Speaking of which, President Duncan, the important guests will be arriving next Monday. When are you going to check in at the hotel? I will inform the person-in-charge in advance."

He pondered for a moment. "This is not very urgent. There is something else that I would like you to do."

"Please tell me."

"During the stay of the important guests in the hotel, the hotel manager, who is responsible for welcoming them, will have to accompany them throughout the period. So, the manager has to check in at the hotel as well tomorrow night."

Josh was stunned. The manager who is responsible for receiving the guests? Isn't that Courtney?

He immediately started to rack his brain as he tentatively asked Alexander, "The employees' rooms have all been cleared as per your request, so where should the person-in-charge stay this time?"

"The vacant penthouse suite."

Upon hearing that, Josh was again stunned. The penthouse suite? Isn't that the suite he usually stays in? This is such an obvious arrangement. Is he planning to announce their relationship to the whole world? Looks like! will have to be smart and act according to the future president's wife's preference after this.

On the other hand, after Courtney had completed all the tasks at hand and she returned to her office, her feet felt sore to the point where she slumped on the office chair as she sighed deeply.

Just when she stared into space, she suddenly caught a glimpse of the pile of boxes at the corner of her eyes, which made her instantly return to her senses and straighten her posture.

It was a black lunch box with a transparent cover on top, which allowed her to clearly see the content inside a fried drumstick, seasonal vegetable, stir-fried bell pepper with shredded pork, and purple sweet potato rice, which were all neatly arranged with matching colors that were pleasing to the eye.

When she lifted the lunch box, she saw a note under it-'The president doesn't have that much time to eat whatever and whenever he wants as well, so fast food is indeed a good choice to save time.'

His handwriting was sharp and powerful, as if it was able to slice through the paper.

"Nobody would believe that you will eat fast food. You are so stingy when you treat someone to a meal," she muttered, but warmth slowly crept into her eyes as her hands were busy opening the lunch box.

It was certainly the taste that she was used to, but it tasted slightly sweeter this time.

