

One Night Surprise Chapter 12

One Night Surprise Chapter 12 She's so Gentle and

Kind Courtney—who had superb reflexes—instantly dodged the item that was hurled at her. The glass smashed into the cupboard behind her and shattered to pieces. Courtney had seen someone with a hot temper, but she had really never seen someone like the little boy before her, who hurled things at people without saying a word. She frowned with a hint of anger in her eyes, but the anger in her eyes vanished when she saw the little boy before her clearly.

Surrounded by the jumbled covers and pillows, the little boy dressed in brown checkered pajamas was staring at her.

His young and tender facial features looked as if they were exquisitely carved; one could even imagine right now how handsome he would be when he grew up in the future.

At this moment, though, his face crumpled with grievance written all over it.

“What’s wrong?”

” Courtney took two steps closer to him and crouched down.

“Who bullied you?”

” A trace of puzzlement flashed across the little boy’s watery eyes as he stared at her.

The next instant, he shoved her hand away in an unwelcoming and defensive posture.

Seeing his response, Courtney didn't touch him again.

She sat on the floor while the two of them looked at each other in speechless dismay.

It didn't take long before the hotel attendant was heard speaking outside the door.

“Miss Hunter, the egg custard and the meatballs have been prepared.

Should we deliver them inside?

” “There's no need for that,” Courtney looked back and said.

“Put them outside first and cover them with a dish cover to keep them warm.

” As the wisps of aroma wafted into the room, the little boy—who had been silent the whole time—stole glances at her from time to time; he seemed to have gulped a few mouthfuls of saliva.

He should indeed be hungry after throwing tantrums for such a long time, thought Courtney to herself.

Courtney waited for another while before pretending to recall something.

“I'm a little hungry, so I'd like to have a meal in your room.

Can I do so?

” The little boy frowned and turned his head away silently with an awkward expression.

Treating his response as tacit consent, Courtney went outside to bring the dishes in.

The egg custard looked appetizing, and the meatballs’ aroma spread out in all directions.

After grabbing an empty bowl, Courtney spooned some of the egg custard into it before adding half a meatball.

After crushing the meatball in the egg custard, she blew on the food, saying, “This smells so tasty.

The meatballs today smell so appetizing.

” Gulp!

She heard the voice of someone audibly gulping from behind.

Holding the bowl with both hands, Courtney looked back with an expression of feigned surprise to see the reluctant-yet-hopeful look in the little boy’s eyes.

She smiled inwardly while assuming a hesitant expression.

“Would you like to do me a favor by taking a taste of this?

This is my favorite food, and it’s quite delicious.

” Sitting on the covers, the little boy nodded hesitantly.

“Alright, then.

” Only then did Courtney move toward him while holding the bowl with her hands.

She spooned the egg custard with crushed meatballs into the little boy’s mouth, asking, “Is it delicious ?

” The little boy chewed two mouthfuls of the food before his eyes brightened.

Then, he nodded.

Courtney didn’t stop.

Instead, she took another spoonful of the food and continued feeding him.

The little boy ate while secretly eyeing the lady before him thoroughly.

This lady seems different from the ladies outside, who fear and hate me at the same time.

She’s so gentle and kind.

It didn’t take long before the egg custard and meatballs in the bowl were finished off.

Taking a tissue to wipe the little boy’s mouth, Courtney then persuaded him half-heartedly.

“Alright.

You'll gain the strength to continue throwing tantrums only by eating your fill like this.

Don't you agree?

” The little boy pouted his lips in displeasure.

Then, he suddenly turned his face away, as if he disliked being teased like this.

Courtney smiled before turning to tidy away the plates and send them out of the room.

But as soon as she got up, someone grabbed her.

She lowered her head to see the little boy pulling at her skirt with a hurt expression, as though he thought she was about to leave just like this.

Seeing that he felt so insecure, Courtney was reminded of her daughter, whose company she didn't have the time to keep back when she was busy with her work.

As she couldn't help feeling sorry for the little boy, she assured him softly, “I'm not leaving.

I'm just sending the plates out of the room, lest we make a mess.

” The little boy still stubbornly clutched the edge of her skirt, unwilling to let go of her.