

One Night Surprise Chapter 15

One Night Surprise Chapter 15 He Was Probably Frightened The person lying on the sickbed hadn't regained consciousness when Alexander reached the hospital. As he walked in, he saw his dear son leaning on the edge of the bed in his pajamas without even changing his clothes. Alexander was astounded at the sight of the scene. "Jordan?" Jordan looked back upon hearing the noise. At the sight of Alexander, his expression relaxed a little, and he held up the paintings in his hand.

These were crayon paintings that Jordan often made. He couldn't speak and had a limited vocabulary, so there were many instances where he needed to express complicated messages through his drawings.

The first painting showed a lady feeding a kid, whose happiness was evident from the smile on his face.

The second painting showed a lady holding the kid's hand as they were about to go outdoors happily. A castle in an amusement park was drawn inside a cloud-shaped circle next to their heads.

The third painting illustrated a golden chandelier which had dropped from the ceiling and smashed into the floor. The lady was holding the kid to her bosom, and her hand was bleeding under the chandelier.

"Uh..." Jordan dragged Alexander to the bedside. Then, he pointed at the lady on the sickbed and the lady he had drawn to imply that they were the same person.

Alexander hesitantly looked at the person on the sickbed, but his expression froze at the sight of the pale face.

It's her? This woman had the courage to risk her life and save Jordan!

The look on Alexander's face grew a bit more complicated as he recalled his bad attitude toward her previously.

Jordan looked as though he wanted to convey something else, but his face turned pale at the sight of Britney as she walked in after Alexander. He broke free from Alexander's hand and cowered near the hospital bed.

“What's wrong, Jordan?” Not noticing the peculiar look in Jordan's eyes, Alexander thought that Jordan was putting the blame on him—after all, he ended up in the accident only because his father hadn't taken him to the amusement park. Alexander softened his voice a little and said, “I'm sorry for what happened today. I'll be sure to keep my promise next time, alright?”

Nonetheless, Jordan still looked hesitant and refused to approach Alexander.

Feeling helpless, Alexander turned around and called the mansion's butler, who had been standing outside the door the whole time. “Mr. Harry, please take Jordan home first. It's already late, so he should get some rest.”

However, Jordan kept shaking his head and clutched the sickbed's bed sheets, refusing to let go of them.

Alexander was puzzled at the sight of the scene. “What’s wrong with you, Jordan?”

“Let me do it—perhaps he’s quite shaken up from today,” said Britney as she spoke from behind him. She crouched down and stroked Jordan’s head. “Would you like to have dinner with me, Jordan?”

Jordan trembled, and his eyes were full of fear. Running away from Britney at once, he hid behind Alexander and clutched the latter’s pants.

“He’s probably traumatized from the incident,” explained Britney calmly. Then, she continued with a sigh, “Alex, why don’t you leave the matters at the hospital to the butler while you and I take Jordan back first? It’s too late, so the kid should get some rest.”

Alexander hesitated before taking a look at Courtney, who was still lying unconsciously on the sickbed. Before he left, he instructed the others and said, “Tell the hospital to take good care of her.”

Back at home, Alexander didn’t walk out of the bedroom until the nanny had coaxed Jordan into sleep. It was apparent from the trace of steeliness in his eyes that his mind was still preoccupied with what had happened during the day.

Meanwhile, Britney was still in the living room. “Has he fallen asleep yet?”

“Yeah.” Alexander nodded. He then glanced at the time and said curtly, “It’s late. I’ll get the chauffeur to send you home.”

“It’s alright. My chauffeur will pick me up in a while.” Britney glanced at the bedroom on the second floor. “It’s just that it’s improper to have Jordan follow you around when he’s so little; just look at the heart-stopping accident today. Grandpa is right—you should find a person to take care of him.”

Alexander glanced at her, seeming as though he was considering this suggestion seriously.