

Surprise 301

### Chapter 301 A Sub Took My Coat

Leon thoroughly froze at Courtney's questioning. After dwelling in bafflement for a while, as he was gritting his teeth while noises pierced his ears, he blurted, "Right."

Right, he said? Perturbed, Courtney stated, "Never mind. You're freezing, so let's just put the dinner on hold. Tell me, where do you live? I'll send you home."

Without any resistance, Leon quietly followed Courtney into her car.

Since the hotel Leon lived in wasn't that far away, Courtney sent him right to the doorsteps of the hotel. "Keep the clothes, or you might catch a cold."

After all, Leon was an ambassador for the Hunter Group. If he were to get sick after his promotional shoot in Melrose City, it would definitely stir up a severe outrage in his devoted online fan base.

Somehow, Leon seemed delighted. "I'll return them after I have them washed."

"Whenever you're in Melrose City again." Courtney smiled as she waved him goodbye. She heaved a sigh of relief right as the vehicle door was shut.

"Let's head home, Mr. Morgan."

Thanks to the fact that exposure and engagement played a crucial role in businesses, it was no easy task to satisfy celebrities who were hired to represent the company.

Soon, as the vehicle entered the neighborhood, Courtney saw a hazy figure at the entrance of the apartment. Thrilled, she hopped out of the vehicle right when it stopped and ran into Alexander's arms. She raised her head. "How did you know that I'm back?"

Seeing she didn't have her coat on, Alexander frowned as he pulled her into his giant coat, replying, "Natasha told me."

"Ah, so now you'd even plant a mole on me. What did she say?"

"That you should've come home half an hour ago." He was visibly moody. "In other words, I've been waiting for you for over forty minutes. Seems like my insider's info wasn't dependable at all."

"Haha!" Courtney burst out laughing. "Do you think she actually locks her eyes on me twenty-four seven? She's helping me to tend to the guests. So, next time, instead of troubling her, you can just ask me yourself."

Seeing her continuously sniffing, Alexander wrapped his arm around her as they walked into the apartment. "As if you have the time."

Courtney countered, "You were much busier than I am before. At least I still come home every day, whereas you, mister, would disappear for months every time you left for a business trip."

Once they entered the apartment, Alexander pressed the elevator button. However, since the elevator was taking its time, he took off his coat and covered Courtney with it, rebuking, "Is your coat invisible now?"

"Forget it." She let out a sigh. "It's a pain in the \*ss."

"How come?"

"Do you know about 'dom' and 'sub' males?" Courtney suddenly quizzed, to which the man revealed a skeptical look.

"It's kind of a trend where the women would classify men into the two. 'Dom' would mean a dominant man while 'sub'—a submissive man."

Seemingly uninterested, Alexander questioned the relevance. "What has it got to do with you wearing your coat?"

"A sub took my coat."

Courtney curled up in his huge coat. Thanks to its enormous size, and the fact that its shoulders were tailored with a firm material, it appeared as if she was hiding in a wardrobe. It was a fascinating sight.

As she nestled in the coat, she attempted to read his expression, and was ready to be entertained by his jealous face. But it wasn't until after a while that he replied with a question, "Who's the sub?"

Immediately, Courtney helplessly ranted, "Did you not hear what I said? When I say 'sub,' I'm referring to Leon—Hunter Group's ambassador. Everyone at work calls him a pretty boy now, and I lost my jacket to him."

Alexander was stunned.

When the elevator finally arrived, Courtney walked into it without turning back, as if she had no intention to speak any further. The man, too, entered the elevator, scowling. "Leon's a man?"

"You know any woman named 'Leon'?" She glanced at his face from the corner of her eyes and continued to tease him. "Leon's my fav."

Instantly, Alexander's face turned gloomy, and so did his tone. "What?"

"I said Leon's my fav! Well, you know I'm not into celebs, but Leon's my bias."

She could see his expression getting more fascinating from the reflection of the mirror as he responded in dissatisfaction. "I've never heard you talk about liking any celebrities."

"Who'd actually tell everyone whom they love? It's all kept in the heart." Courtney frowned. Seeing that the elevator was almost reaching their floor, she was getting ready to get out.

Ding! Right as the elevator door opened, her wrist was gripped and her entire body was pulled back by tremendous strength. She let out a shocked yell, and by the time she regained her senses, she realized she had been pressed against the elevator wall.

Pinning one of her arms against the wall, Alexander lowered his head to look at her, angrily questioning, "So you went to see Leon?"

"Why are you this worked up?" Despite her struggle, she couldn't shake him off. Thus, she chuckled. "Ah, someone's getting jealous..."

"Quit laughing. Answer me." Alexander grew even angrier.

Since she couldn't do a thing, she simply leaned against the elevator wall as she stared at him with a victimized look. "Yes, I went to look for Leon. He invited me to dinner at Swallow Street. He was dressed rather lightly, so I took my coat off and lent it to him."

Hearing that, he gazed at his own coat that Courtney was wearing and became absolutely vexed, grasping her wrist even tighter.

In response, she tensed her brows. "Hey, you're hurting me!"

Right when she blurted those words, she felt a freezing breeze brushing against her body. Before she realized it, Alexander had pulled his coat off her, unwilling to give it back to her.

Ambushed by the cold, she grabbed his arm. "Hey, what are you doing? I'm freezing here!"

"Well, you gave your coat to Leon, so go take it back from him."

Of course, Alexander knew very clearly that Courtney would never betray him, and being star-struck wasn't actually incomprehensible. Sadly, he was taken over by jealousy and felt the need to vent, and the coat allowed him the opportunity for sweet revenge.

Seeing his jealous, angry face, Courtney felt exhilarated. If it weren't for the cold, she would have pushed him even further to see what his limit was. Nonetheless, she was done with teasing him, so she clarified, "I meant Leon from my favorite movie, not Leon the model from work. You're overthinking it!"

At once, he turned around and looked at her face, only to find out that he had been fooled. Immediately, he seized her arms and pushed her back against the wall.

"Ah, stop tickling me! Hahaha! I'm sorry. I said I'm sorry!"

Alexander attacked exactly the parts of her body that she felt ticklish the most. Her face reddened from all the laughing as she begged for him to stop. Seeing her panting and her face reddening, he stopped tickling her. All at once, he started breathing heavily.

### Chapter 302 You Said You Weren't Playing, Great-Grandpa

As the lights across the hallway flickered, figures of a couple were snuggling against each other, affectionately embracing each other.

After several times of inputting the wrong password, countless beeps echoed in the empty elevator lobby.

Eventually, the password was entered correctly, and the couple barged into the darkness of their unit.

Currently, Jordan and Tina were staying at the Duncans' ancestral home while Oliver stayed in the school dorm to prepare for his finals as well as his military training at school.

Meanwhile, Alexander and Courtney kissed from the door to the couch. Before they even returned to their room, the woman's skirt was tugged off, leaving her underwear hanging on her ankle. Then, a clear, metallic sound sourced from the frame of a belt disrupted the air.

He held her shoulder and let out a moan before going into her.

Soon, treble pants filled the entire house.

Underneath the moonlight, a cloudy shadow of oscillating movements was cast on the wall.

Ultimately, Alexander didn't get to discover the identity of Leon, and didn't care to do so as long as it wasn't the sub model she mentioned or he'd get ridiculed by his partner once again.

Under the passionate sensation wafting in the air, Courtney, exhausted, cuddled in his arms as the couple shut their eyes lying on the couch with a sheet covering their intimate parts.

"So it was your assistant that told you about doms and subs?"

Courtney perfunctorily nodded.

"If those two are for young men, what about older men?"

At his questions, she was stupefied as her drowsiness suddenly dispersed. She peered at him and asked, "You sure you wanna know?"

Alexander nodded, bearing an intuition that nothing good would result from his curiosity.

"Natasha said that young boys are classified into doms and subs. Older men, on the other hand, are more uptight, especially those with bad tempers and those that never compliment others."

Hearing that, he scowled in disagreement. "Not complimenting others is uptight?"

"Of course, just like how you've never complimented me."

After gawking at him for a while, she felt that he would still behave the same, so she decided to close off the discussion.

"Well, whatever. Words don't mean much anyway."

However, Alexander grew interested. "So what did she say about their nickname?"

Seeing him thirsting for knowledge, Courtney pursed her lips before blurting her answer, which reverberated across the spacious house for quite some time.

Alexander's face gradually fell. "Time for a new assistant."

Holding back her laugh, Courtney replied, "You just allowed her a raise two days ago. You, the head of finance, approved it yourself."

The man was speechless.

She felt Natasha deserved another raise for allowing her a glimpse at his rare, speechless face. Perhaps some occasional web-surfing for fads can be quite important after all.

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During the weekend, Courtney went to visit her kids at the Duncans' ancestral home. Although Alexander told her that she could bring them back, after considering that she wouldn't have the time to look after them, and that their absence at the ancestral home would leave Scott alone, she did not agree to it.

When they reached the ancestral home, they saw Harry and two maids awaiting their arrival.

"Welcome back, Young Master, Miss Hunter."

"Where's Grandpa?" Alexander held Courtney's hand as they alighted the vehicle.

"Two days ago, Little Master said that he wanted to build a snowman, so Master had someone construct a snowmaker at the back of the hill. Since it was rather cold last night, the snowmaker was able to make some snow, and Master is now bringing the kids to some snowman-building."

"Why'd he ask for that out of nowhere?" Alexander frowned in confusion.

After remaining silent for some time, Courtney answered, "It might have been Tina's idea. Girl always wanted to play with snow whenever it was winter, and I'd bring her to ski during this time. Oh, this little girl! It's just a matter of days from now until the news' report of snowfall in Melrose."

Typically, it always snowed at the beginning of December in Melrose City. Strangely, this year, snow was nowhere to be seen despite it being mid-December already.

Since Scott and the kids weren't at home, Courtney and Alexander could only head to the back of the hill to look for them.

The snowmaker had been turned off since some time ago, and the back of the hill was beautifully covered in white.

Evidently, two kids donning meatball costumes—one in red; one in yellow—were dashing on the snowfield, forcefully throwing snowballs at a person hiding behind a tree. Judging from the person's shout, it was most definitely Hannah.

Far away was another person squatting on the ground. Although he was getting on in years, he was still full of spirit. He wasn't on the battlefield, but he had a lot of snowy, weighty ammunition prepared by his feet.

As if Courtney had made a discovery, she dragged Alexander's arm, signaling him to see the old man.

When he turned to look at the target, he was instantly dumbfounded.

In his impression, his grandfather was an ever-stern man who would never involve himself in snowball fights.

“I bet I can make Grandpa play with us.”

“Not a chance,” Alexander replied faintly. “He never liked these things.”

“And what if I did?”

“I’ll do the dishes for one whole month.”

“Deal.” Having said that, Courtney started walking toward the snowfield, only to stop all of a sudden.

“Wait a second. But you’ve always been doing them!”

Alexander subtly beamed as he calmly looked at her with his arms crossed.

Since the gamble no longer had any meaning, she glowered at him before jogging to the old man.

“Grandpa.”

Surprised by her presence, Scott awkwardly stood up and attempted to hide the snowballs by his feet.

“You’re here, Courtney.”

“Don’t step on them, Grandpa! They look great!” Courtney hastily grabbed a pair of snowballs before pressing them firm. “Now, these are perfect balls.” As she said so, she aimed at the frenzied red meatball and threw the snowball.

“Ah! Who hit me!” Tina’s soprano voice sounded from the snowfield as she fell to the ground upon the strike on her head. When she turned around, there was only her great-grandfather standing still outside the snowfield. “You said you weren’t playing, Great-Grandpa!”

Stupefied, Scott replied, “N-No, it wasn’t me...”

At that moment, Courtney was hiding her petite body behind Scott. Since the latter had a big black coat on, the woman successfully concealed her entire body behind him.

While Tina was still distracted, she tossed another snowball at her—a direct hit on the back of her head!

“Jordan, Great-Grandpa’s hitting me!” Tilted, Tina pulled Jordan as she screamed. And so, the two little ones started charging toward the old man with snowballs in their hands.

Meanwhile, Hannah, who was behind the giant tree, sensed the end of the danger upon her and immediately joined in.

“I’m coming to save you, Dad!”

Dragged into the rumble, Scott couldn’t dodge in time and got attacked by a relentless assault of snowballs. In that instant, Courtney sneaked a snowball into his hand and encouraged, “Go, Grandpa! Fight back!”

A snowball as big as a fist traveled in a graceful arc after Scott’s toss. And so, the war grew even more intense as battle cries thundered across the snowfield. There was nothing but merriness!

As the battlefield got intense, Alexander, who stood very far away and became a casualty, eventually joined in and became a force in the field. With snowballs flying in the sky, it ultimately turned into a mess of a brawl.

When it was finally afternoon, Harry shouted numerous times for them to come for lunch before they, at long last, reluctantly ended their fight. With the brightest smiles on their faces, they held Scott as they headed back home.

“Harry said that Tina loved skiing. Is that right?”

When they were dining, Scott suddenly brought up skiing. “Perhaps we could invest in building a ski site somewhere near Melrose City.”

Hearing that, Courtney almost spit out the soup in her mouth.

A ski site just because the girl likes skiing? Is he going to build a space station if she likes stargazing? Man, is his wealth really endless?

Meanwhile, Alexander, who was unaffected at all, nodded. “Sure, you decide.”

Although Melrose City had snow every year, it was located in the southern part of the country, so it had less snow compared to the northern cities. Thus, there could only be man-made ski sites. Since a ski site was unprecedented in Melrose City, building one appeared to be quite an excellent idea.

Though, Scott was only using the topic as a segue to another.

“My decision means nothing. You’re still the one investing and controlling. I’m already this old. Do you expect me to travel all over the world for the business’ developments?”

That was when Courtney realized that Scott was only taking advantage of the investment discussions to persuade Alexander back into Sunhill Enterprise.

“I don’t have the time lately, Grandpa.” Without establishing eye contact with his grandfather, Alexander put a piece of meat onto Courtney’s plate as he perfunctorily replied, “We’ll talk about it when I’m done with everything on my plate.”

“And what’s on your plate?” Scott was visibly annoyed. “Heck, you’d pick being the head of finance of some medium-sized enterprise over the president of Sunhill?”

His words left Courtney somewhat embarrassed.

After all, Hunter Group belonged to her, so none could blame her for feeling ashamed when her company was looked down on right in front of her.

She turned to Alexander, who was silently pondering. He then revealed a scowl. “What’s wrong with being the head of finance? It’s much more stable than being a president who could get sacked any time.”

His counter rendered the old man speechless.

Initially, Scott had misunderstood that Alexander might have some personality issues, and that led to conflicts. Although the latter called it quits, it was technically the former who fired him.

It was fine for anyone to take up the mantle of president. However, out of all capable men in the world, it just had to be James, who Alexander disdained the most. And that was certainly a sting in the eye.

Seeing the old man's glare, Courtney hastily interrupted, "Grandpa, it's not that Alexander doesn't want to go back. It's just that our preparation has yet to be finished. Just treat it as doing me a favor, okay? I promise you that he'll surely return once he's done balancing the books by the end of this year." At the very least, her words saved the old man some pride.

"Ahem." Scott let out a dry cough. "Well, there shouldn't be any loose ends. Fine then, we'll talk about it again next year when he's done helping you."

In fact, it was quite obvious to Courtney that Scott felt insecure handing the fate of Sunhill Enterprise to James. After all, James' traits were nothing but questionable, so none could tell what would happen soon if he were to remain the president of Sunhill Enterprise.

The calmer Alexander appeared, the uneasier Scott grew.

It was as if they were destined to oppose each other.

In order to soothe the mood, Courtney racked her brain and came up with something else to talk about. "Anyway, Grandpa, it's your birthday next week. Actually, not only is Alexander busy with work in my company, but he's also preparing for your birthday celebration."

"I don't really mind it." Scott waved his hand, adding, "I've never liked things to be merrier than it should be."

"How could you not? It's your eightieth birthday! Mr. Harry said that the house phone's been bombarded by calls from people asking about your birthday. Besides, the reservation at the hotel is already done, so all you need to do is attend it!"

At Courtney's persuasion, Scott forcefully nodded his head.

Despite claiming that he didn't like merriness, he was actually gleeful. And Courtney was made aware of that thanks to Alicia. As a person grew older, they tended to find themselves craving for company. In Scott's case, that meant great-grandchildren!

After wondering for a while, Scott suddenly quizzed, "Is the guest list finalized for the celebration?"

At that, Courtney turned to Alexander, knowing she had no rights in deciding who—family, relatives, or friends—got to be invited to the party. Hence, it should all be referred to Alexander.

"Not yet." The latter raised his head. "I was going to ask Mr. Harry about it. Perhaps I'll have to trouble him with the guest list and invitation cards."

Since the Duncans' circle of company was gigantic, he could barely recognize a few of them.

Hearing his answer, Scott nodded his head before turning to Courtney, questioning, "Courtney, what do you think? Should I send an invitation to your uncle and aunt?"



Courtney was taken aback by the sudden question. Before she could regain her senses, the old man added, "Besides, it's time we discuss your marriage with Alexander. From what I can tell, there aren't many people in your family, but Tina told me that you're closest with your uncle and aunt."

At once, Scott's messages overwhelmed Courtney, who swiftly turned to Alexander, wordlessly requesting for help. Why'd he suddenly bring up marriage?

"It's still kinda early for that, Grandpa. Plus, Courtney's uncle and aunt aren't that amiable."

Hearing that, Scott glowered and turned to Courtney. "Courtney, they don't really like businesspeople, do they?"

In fact, Courtney's uncle was a member of politics. Although he had originally resigned, he was rehired and delegated to Kyoto for a crucial position. Furthermore, after having witnessed Courtney's mother being dumped by her father, indeed, William and Alicia no longer had the stomach to accept any kind of businessman as their own.

Thus, Scott's concern wasn't baseless. After all, Courtney once tested her aunt, which the latter seemed to bear some dislike against Alexander.

"I'm not too sure about that, but I wouldn't think so. What year is it already? I don't think anyone's that uptight." Courtney laughed, attempting to steer away from the topic. "There's plenty of opportunities to talk ahead of us."

Nevertheless, the old man frowned as uneasiness filled his eyes.

Perhaps it isn't a very good idea for a granddaughter-in-law to possess such a deep family background. It shouldn't take this much effort to see my own grandson get married. How many years have I been waiting for this? Bearing that, he helplessly let out a sigh. "When I was Alexander's age, both my children were almost graduating elementary school."

"Both?" Courtney mindlessly inquired.

Scott was momentarily stunned. As if he was thinking about something, his eyes appeared darkened. "Never mind. Let's dig in."

Sneakily, she pinched herself, regretting speaking without thinking beforehand.

Back when she was in Hostel D'Amour in Ancient City, she heard about it from Fiona. However, so much time had passed that she had forgotten about the fact that Alexander's mother was adopted by Scott. In other words, the two kids Scott mentioned were referring to both Alexander's parents.

Unfortunately, her witless question triggered some saddening memories within the old man's mind.

## Chapter 304 Complications

Warily, Courtney read Alexander's face from the corner of her eyes. Despite her insensitiveness, he remained uninfluenced as if he heard nothing, to which she felt relieved.

After lunch, the kids requested to go to the snowfield once again, but Scott seemed rather indifferent. Seeing that, Courtney felt somewhat guilty, wondering whether it was her words that offended him. As such, she persuaded Tina and Jordan to accompany their great-grandfather in the study room.

“Great-Grandpa’s not feeling so good. Why don’t the two of you be a good kid and go comfort him?”

Confused, Tina loudly interrogated, “Why is he sad? Is it because you didn’t agree to marry Mr. Alexander?”

Courtney then gave her head a knock. “Nonsense! Do you remember what I just said?”

“Ugh, fine.” Rubbing her head, Tina unhappily pouted her tiny lips. “Stop hitting my head, Mommy, or I’ll grow stupid.”

Accordingly, Courtney caressed the little girl’s head. “Okay, I’ll stop. Now, with your brother, go.”

Although the little girl could sometimes be cunning and slothful, she was always optimistic when it came to cheering up others. At the order of her mother, she immediately dragged Jordan up the staircase. As she was running away, she mischievously pulled a funny face at Courtney.

“The mission shall be completed!”

Meanwhile, Alexander was reading on the couch. Having heard the little girl’s clear timbre, he couldn’t help but turn around, only to see Courtney standing at the staircase, telling the kids not to dash too recklessly.

At that moment, a ray of sunlight shone through the window, landing on her back. It was a sight for sore eyes. In that instant, everything felt radiant. Even the ancient, stationary furnishings he grew up with seemed to have been instilled with life.

“It’s about time you set a date.” Scott’s words echoed in his mind. Although they carried some kind of pressure within them, they appeared to be somewhat of a musical tune to his ears. A married life, huh... There’ll always be a company—someone to miss and someone that’ll miss me. It’s so, so much more wonderful than living life alone. How have I only realized it now?

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Over at Hunter Group, after shooting the advertisement, the board of directors decided to hold a conference to discuss the statistics before and after the broadcast of the advertisement. Thanks to Leon’s great influence, the company was able to double their previous figures.

“It was a one-year contract. We’ll review it once a year has passed. If the result proves to be beneficial, perhaps we can consider extending the contract. But if...”

While Courtney was discussing the matters of ambassadorship with the advertising manager, someone knocked on the door.

Knock, knock—

“Come in.”

“President Hunter.” Natasha pushed the door open. “Leon’s assistant just sent something over. Where should I put them?”

Courtney was baffled. “What did he send?”

“He said he stained the coat you lent him during dinner that day, so he bought you a new one.”

When Natasha said that, she seemed somewhat perturbed.

Swiftly, the advertising manager chimed in, “I didn’t know you were that close with Leon, President Hunter.”

“We’re not.” Courtney glanced at him before turning to Natasha. “Just place it on the couch. It’s just a coat. Couldn’t you have handled it?”

Natasha anxiously replied, “I don’t think I could have, President Hunter.”

While Courtney was still confused, Natasha went and opened the other door, revealing two young men carrying bags of items and stuffing the corner of the office with them.

At once, Courtney glared at her. “You said a coat. What the hell are all these?”

Natasha then grabbed one of the young men. “Wait. Please explain yourself to our president.”

The young man scratched his head. “Mr. Leon said that the coat you owned is no longer attainable. In order to express his apology, he purchased every new release the brand made—accessories included—based on your measurements and sent them over.”

At the side, Natasha and the advertising manager were peering at each other, shocked.

In fact, the brand was no cheap brand. And it was too generous of Leon to acquire every new piece the brand released. He might’ve even spent his ambassador revenue on those items.

Frowning, Courtney stated, “There’s no need for so many things. Here, take all these back and have Leon return them. I’ll take only the coat.”

Hastily, the young man waved his hands. “We were ordered to only deliver stuff over, and not to take them back. If you do not wish to accept them, please talk it over with Mr. Leon. We’re only doing this as instructed.”

Having said that, the young man, along with his partner, dashed away before anyone could stop them.

“So, President Hunter...” Natasha gawked at Courtney with a troubled face.

“We’ll keep them for now.” Courtney glowered as she was getting irritated. “I’ll talk to Leon after work.”

As such, Natasha felt relieved as she feared that her president might send her to return those items.

For the past couple of days, Leon had been interrogating her about Courtney’s likes and hobbies. Although she was originally excited about cooperating, as time went on, she was quickly overwhelmed by his enthusiasm. For the sub to force his submission upon others...

With the items cramping up the room, Courtney couldn't help but feel distraught and failed to reach a result from her discussion with the advertising manager. Therefore, she let him off early.

Staring at the bags of goods in the corner, she summoned Natasha. "Calculate how much all of these cost."

Natasha was stunned. "What? Now?"

"Mhm." Courtney then pulled a tag out of one of the bags and had a brief read. "The price tags are still intact. Just add them up based on the price."

Although Natasha was slightly perplexed, she didn't question her president. And so, she obediently grabbed a calculator, squatted before the goods, and started doing the math. After about ten minutes, she finally gave Courtney an answer. "Around this much."

"Thanks." Courtney nodded and took a look at the time. "It's getting late. Why don't you get off first?"

"Alright."

After Natasha left, Courtney pulled out the financial records and looked for Leon's bank account details. Accordingly, she transferred a tremendous sum to his account based on Natasha's calculation.

After making the transfer, she heaved a sigh of relief as she sat down. What a drag!

If she had known this would happen, she wouldn't have lent him her coat.

For some reason, the transfer was experiencing some delays, but Courtney didn't read too much into it and collected her things before going home.

The next morning, Courtney was having breakfast. As Alexander was fetching her some food, her phone suddenly rang.

"Excuse me." She lowered her head and took a peek and found that it was a call from Natasha. Natasha? But it's not even close to work time.

She accepted the call. "Hello, Natasha."

"President Hunter, are you out yet?" Natasha sounded rather hasty.

"Not yet. Why?" Sitting by the dining table, she was slowly putting food into her mouth. "What's wrong?"

"You should take the underground route when you come. There are some... complications online."

"What is it?" Courtney was bewildered.

Through the phone, Natasha helplessly replied, "Someone took a photo of the items Leon sent to the company yesterday, and they uploaded it online. Right now, his fans are expressing their rage on the internet."

“Are they nuts?”

Courtney put down her cutlery and glared at Alexander angrily. “Do I look like I can afford to be someone’s sugar mommy? My heart is still aching after transferring 600,000 to Leon yesterday.”

Alexander’s nonchalant expression slowly took a darker turn when he heard her mention the money. He put down his cutlery as well. “You transferred 600,000 to Leon’s bank account?”

If netizens found out about this, it would definitely confirm the rumors at once!

Courtney realized that her words had given him the wrong idea. She hastily explained herself, “It’s not what you think. Leon sent me a pile of clothes yesterday. I had Natasha calculate how much they cost in total so I could return the money to him.”

“He sent you a pile of clothes?” The look on his face wasn’t getting any better.

Courtney took a deep breath and grabbed her coat as she prepared to leave. “I’ve only met Leon twice. It’s on you to believe it or not.”

Alexander calmly placed another pancake onto her plate. “Finish your breakfast first. Then we’ll head over to the company together.”

Courtney looked down toward him. When she locked eyes with him and saw the warmth in his eyes which were filled with affection and unbending trust, her troubles from earlier disappeared without a trace. She sat down at the table without a second thought.

“Is this funny to you? Were you teasing me?”

“It is pretty amusing, actually.”

Courtney lowered her head and finished the bowl of oats in a few gulps.

“Let’s hurry now. We still don’t know if the company’s stocks will be affected by this issue. Those old geezers on the board will start nagging again if there’s a fluctuation.”

On the way to the company, Courtney went online just to get herself updated on what was going on.

It all started when a Facebook fan page called Leon’s Harbor posted a photo of him shopping at the mall. The caption read, ‘An unexpected encounter with Leon in Pinnacle. It seems like he’s in a relationship—he’s buying his girlfriend gifts! He booked the entire store and bought everything from the winter collection. What a lavish spender! It makes me want to marry him.’

The post proceeded to go viral online. Subsequently, someone commented with a photo that was taken in front of Courtney’s office, which showed Leon’s assistants carrying shopping bags of all sizes into her office.

The caption read, ‘It’s canon—Leon’s girlfriend is our company’s boss. But she already has a boyfriend, so Leon’s probably just one of our boss’ boyfriends.’

It was that particular comment that stirred up the drama online

Various fake accounts started commenting threats, and soon, 'Leon Got Himself a Sugar Mommy' became a popular subject of discussion on the internet.

Since the Hunter Group had become viral in the past due to the migrant worker suicide incident, netizens quickly picked up on the familiar location in the photo. Before long, Courtney became the spotlight of this issue, and there were all sorts of opinions online.

'Isn't this the Hunter Group?'

'The boss is the second young lady of the Hunter Family, isn't it? She's been viral on Facebook before.'

'I knew this young man was up to no good.'

'Is the Hunter Group a premium member of viral topics or what? They're really something, huh?'

'There's nothing to say about this. I'd be his sugar mommy too if I were rich.'

The comments went on and on.

After scrolling on Facebook, Courtney was surprised to find that not many people were pointing fingers at her. Aside from a few of Leon's fans roasting her for breaking the unspoken rule of celebrities, the internet was more focused on criticizing the young celebrity.

It seemed like this matter wasn't as serious as she thought. However, the Hunter Group's stocks had indeed experienced a minor fluctuation, but it was all within a normal range.

"Natasha, tell the PR department to come up with a solution to resolve this at once." Courtney put down her phone and said with a serious tone, "One more thing—get in touch with Leon's manager. It's better if we work together on this problem."

"Alright." Natasha nodded and said, "I'll let them know right away."

However, it hadn't been two minutes since she left when she returned again. "President Hunter, it seems like we don't have to worry about it anymore."

"Why not?"

"Leon's management company has already issued an official statement." As Natasha spoke, she showed Courtney her phone.

Leon had just made a statement on his Facebook page. The attached photo was a bank statement in which the personal information had been blurred out. There was a red line underneath the time of the transfer, which was way before the topic had gone viral.

'I would like to clear up the confusion regarding some false rumors on the internet today. Back when I'd just returned from Melbourne for an advertisement shoot, I forgot to take any winter attire with me. The lady in question, who'd unintentionally gotten involved with this rumor, lent me all her winter jackets on a short notice. I simply helped her to purchase those clothes yesterday, and she's already returned me the money. She's a great person, so please believe me. I hope you guys will stop talking about this. Don't argue with people who stir up unnecessary trouble, okay?'

In the meantime, Leon's management company had also put out an announcement, stating that they had already taken legal action against the people who took the lead in slandering Leon for being a sugar baby.

The moment these statements were released, the fans online immediately quietened down and stopped firing insults.

Courtney passed Natasha's phone back to her after taking a look at the latest news.

"Tell the PR department to take their company as an example. Take a look at how efficient they are and think about ourselves. Isn't it too much of a difference?"

Natasha let out a breath of relief as well. "At least all is well now. I was so scared; this probably wouldn't have happened if I hadn't dragged you to the advertising booth the other day."

"It's fine." Courtney waved a dismissive hand. "They weren't exactly coming for me anyway. This was obviously a feud within the entertainment industry and has nothing to do with me."

"Should I still get in contact with Leon's manager, then?"

"No need."

Courtney flipped open a document on her desk and continued calmly, "Let's avoid unnecessary trouble. Since they're able to maintain the image of their people, we have nothing else to say."

Even though she'd put it that way, Courtney's decision was due to another personal reason in mind. She thought that it was best if she interacted with Leon as little as possible. Leon and his one-track mind. Who knows if he's gonna pull something like this again in the future?

By noon, the inappropriate viral topics had died down.

Once the matter was thoroughly settled, Courtney took the initiative to give Alexander a call.

"Do you want to eat out tonight? I'm craving Japanese food."

Alexander's voice sounded quite helpless on the phone. "I'm still not done looking through the financial reports, though. There are problems with some of the dividends. But if you allow me to ignore these, I'll be able to have dinner with you."

"Keep looking at your reports, then." She sighed before continuing, "If you don't put my finance department back in order soon, I'd be too worried to let you return to Grandpa's side. I'll just go home and order some takeout. Should I leave some for you?"

"It's fine. I'll be late tonight."

"Wow, what a busy man." As chairman, Courtney suddenly felt like she wasn't even as busy as the head of finance.

After hanging up, she silently tapped into the takeout app. If I order now, my food should arrive by the time I reach home.

Just as she entered the page of a Japanese restaurant, her screen flickered. An incoming call popped up and her phone rang with a melodious ringtone.

Courtney glanced at the caller ID. She only answered the call after a brief hesitation.

“Hello?”

“It’s Leon.”

“Is anything the matter?”

“I’d like to apologize about what happened on Facebook earlier. It’s my fault for not thinking it through and causing you trouble in the end. I didn’t think buying you clothes would trigger such a huge issue. I’m sorry.”

“It’s alright. I didn’t take it personally.”

“To apologize, I’d like to treat you to dinner. I’m right in front of your office now, Miss.”