

Surprise 461

One Night Surprise Chapter 461 Be Brazen-Faced

Moments after she was done with her sentence, the grievance on the other end of the call seemed to disappear instantly and it was replaced by a warm reassurance. “Don’t worry! The real filming will take only half a day. However, they will be there earlier to install the cameras in your house, and that will take up to two days. The devices team should be arriving at your house by tomorrow afternoon.”

“What? Tomorrow?” Courtney was stumped. “You’re so certain that I will agree to it?”

Ever since Shay was spoiled by Casey, Shay had mastered the trick of behaving pitifully to get what he wanted—even Tina could not compete with him.

“I’ll send you my flight details. Remember to pick me up the day after tomorrow.”

Shay did not respond to Courtney’s question and focused on the trivial things he wanted to say instead. He then patronized her by saying he didn’t want to disturb her sleep and abruptly hung up the phone.

Courtney was irritated, but she found him amusing at the same time. In the end, she couldn’t do anything but place her phone down and sleep.

A notification sound rang just as she set her phone down. She figured it was Shay sending her his flight information, so she wasn’t bothered by it and fell asleep right away.

It was noisy outside the next morning.

She had initially assumed that some renovation was being done upstairs. However, as the sound continued, she found it weird, as if it resonated from outside her door. She then heard a man’s voice, which caused her to immediately jump out of her bed. Feeling fearful, she took the golf club beside her bed, walked carefully toward her room door, and opened it.

Outside, there were about seven to eight men crowding at almost every corner of the house. As if they were really doing renovations, they were all busy doing something, if not giving instructions.

Angie, Tina and Josephine were standing in a line in ascending order. Josephine appeared as if she wasn’t awake at all as she kept nodding off while obstinately standing.

Angie was the first to see Courtney standing by her door. Upon seeing her, Angie greeted, “You’re finally awake, Courtney. These men said they’re here to install the cameras for Shay’s show.”

“I see; just to install the cameras.” Courtney then secretly threw the golf club behind her and went out of the room after tidying up her hair.

Shay’s assistant, who knew Courtney and the other three children, was the one who brought the men over.

Being Shay's top fan, Tina was ecstatic to know that Shay would be coming for a shoot. And now that she knew that, she ran to the house in excitement.

"Is Shay coming to stay with me when he comes? Does my room need to have cameras installed too?"

Courtney took a glance at her and replied on behalf of the assistant, who was already bombarded with Tina's questions, "No. You're already eleven. Shay will be in trouble if he stays with you."

"No, that won't happen. I won't kick the blanket anymore."

Josephine, who was standing beside them, acted as a small adult and explained, "The trouble that Mommy is referring to is that girls over the age of five need to have gender awareness."

Hearing that, Tina was dejected. "But we don't have any guest rooms anymore! Where would Shay sleep then?"

"Who told you that he is going to stay here?" Courtney didn't want to continue hearing her ramble on, so she tried to explain everything patiently, "He's only coming to film a program. The longest he'll be here is until dinner, and he'll leave thereafter. Of course he wouldn't stay here. Stop thinking too much, Tina."

Tina was not comforted by her words, but she instead became more depressed.

Even if it were a toy, she wouldn't like it for this long. Nobody has said anything yet, but she has started worrying about him for no apparent reason. Oh, how will she be when she grows up?

A helpless Courtney sighed.

When she went to work in the afternoon, she took a day off specifically for Shay's filming. As it was unusual for Courtney to do so, her superior gladly granted her two days off.

Getting two days off from the hospital was a huge accomplishment worth celebrating.

Meanwhile, Alexander was in the CEO's office of Sunhill Enterprise.

He had just ended a meeting when Eric suddenly knocked on the door and walked in, deliberately tilting his head to reveal the person behind him—Josh.

"President Duncan, I'm back."

Upon hearing Josh's voice, Alexander immediately raised his head from the piles of documents he was reading.

Eric had previously messed important things up. To prevent the same thing from repeating, Alexander decided to call Josh back from Australia. He was so reliable and efficient enough that he flew back almost immediately after Alexander's call.

Seeing that Alexander wasn't overjoyed about Josh's return and even appeared to be more indifferent than usual, Eric was happy in his heart. However, after signing the last contract he was going through, Alexander stood up and instructed, "Send these documents to their respective departments, Eric. I need to talk to Josh about something and I don't want anyone else in the room. So, when you leave, close the door."

Eric was stunned at first when he heard Alexander's words and since there was nothing he could do but agree, he left unwillingly.

Isn't it obvious that they're leaving me out? What is so important that they have to exclude me, the chief assistant of the President? he pondered.

On the coffee table in the room, two cups of scented tea were bubbling hot with steam.

"Courtney is in the hospital now and she has met Grandpa..."

"That's not important now." Josh then turned on his tablet and pushed it to Alexander. "President Duncan, look at today's headlines."

The moment he opened Facebook, he saw the top few topics in the trending lists were all about Shay, and worse still, it wasn't only about him.

'Shay's fans have associated him and his adoptive sister as a couple.'

Almost the entire half of the trending list was about similar things. Surprisingly, even the netizens' comments were in agreement.

'All the fans are begging for Shay to be together with his sister. No one treats him better than her.'

'They are childhood sweethearts. It's just so wonderful. Shay, just be with your sister.'

And there were more similar comments.

Seeing that all the netizens were trying to match Shay and Courtney, Alexander was at a loss for words.

"Are all of them blind? They can't even notice the relationship between Shay and Casey." He was so furious that he almost smashed the tablet so that he would not have to see the news anymore.

"The trending list was published last night. When the PR team saw it, it was already too late to remove it. So, they can only leave it be for now."

"Remove it." Alexander's face was ashen with rage. "By hook or by crook, take this trending list off."

"Yes, sir," Josh replied swiftly. From his understanding of Alexander, he would be Alexander's next target if he did not agree with what Alexander said. He then quickly changed the subject. "Eric is still young. He was merely being childish in the previous matter and did not give it much consideration."

To this, Alexander said nothing.

"Regarding the ways to court your ex, I believe there's only one trick." After Josh said this, Alexander immediately focused his gaze on him. "What trick?"

He knew that people always said to persevere or be determined, but for him, all these were useless and couldn't be of any practical help at all.

In response, Josh gave him a light smile. With an indecent expression on his face, he uttered, "Be brazen-faced."

One Night Surprise Chapter 462 Chase Him Out Unconditionally

At Melrose International Airport, Courtney estimated Shay's arrival time and parked her car just outside the arrival building. Soon after she parked her car, she noticed a large crowd of fans rushing out of the arrival building's entrance, holding brightly lit boards and banners.

Shay was wearing a pair of sunglasses and was surrounded by five to six bodyguards. He was dressed simply in a white t-shirt and casual pants, but his superstar aura could not be hidden.

At that moment, the fans even blocked the view from the car's window. The moment Shay got in, Courtney started the car immediately without even greeting him. She could even see from the rearview mirror that some fans were chasing her car.

On the co-driver seat was the photographer who had been following Shay for the entire show. Fortunately, the photographer was focusing his attention on Shay and not on her, so she was at ease. She only managed to leave all those insane fans behind after she got to the airport highway.

"You're punctual this time. I didn't wait for long."

She looked at Shay through the rearview mirror and asked, "Have you eaten? I have a sandwich here if you're hungry."

"Where?"

"In the fridge under the seat."

Hearing that, Shay bent his waist to find the fridge, and he took out a sandwich in a glass container. Courtney had prepared it this morning just in case he did not eat anything on the flight.

"When Tina found out she'd be on the show with you, she asked Angie to go shopping with her yesterday and even bought new clothes."

"Claim the expenses from me." While eating the sandwich, he laughed. "Courtney, you don't need to deliberately find something to talk to me about. They'll edit the videos later. Just focus on driving and don't do anything on purpose."

His words made her blush and she gave him a glare through the rearview mirror.

In recent years, his career in showbiz has progressed rapidly. He was no longer the Cello Prince who transformed into a singer a few years ago. Now, all his concerts were always sold out with no seats untaken. Of course, he worked hard for it, but it would not have been possible without Casey's help.

She wasn't very optimistic a few years back when she knew about him and Casey as the road ahead was difficult. However, five years had passed now, and Casey had protected him well. She was no longer worried about them.

The entire car fell into silence after Courtney stopped talking. Feeling helpless, the photographer tried hard to signal to her, using his eye contact, so she could find something to talk about, but she deliberately did not do so. Instead, she asked him what had happened to his eyes, which frustrated him so much that he almost suffered internally as a result.

Behind them, Shay had already fallen asleep after having the sandwich. She then drove for more than one hour before they reached her place.

By then, even the corridors of her house were installed with cameras.

The moment they opened the door, they heard a loud bang, followed by many pieces of colorful shredded paper falling and covering their faces. Both of them were shocked by it and luckily for Courtney, Shay managed to catch her before she fell down from shock.

“Shay!” Tina rushed into his embrace just like the way an insane fan would do.

Courtney was so surprised at the crowd that welcomed them at the door that she forgot to remind Tina to address Shay properly. Angie was the first one by the door, followed by Josephine, then Tina, all of whom were having small celebration firecrackers in their hands. What was even more surprising was that Hannah was here too.

“Hannah? You’re here too?”

Though her appearance changed throughout the past five years, Courtney could still recognize her.

“I called her over, Courtney.” Angie took a side glance at the camera and explained the situation before Tina did, “I met her that day when u fetched me from the airport.”

As there were cameras around, Courtney could not probe further even though she was still perplexed.

“Let’s head in first.”

Shay was being pushed into the house by the girls, especially Hannah and Tina. They were both staring at him with such agitation that their eyes seemed to shine.

Tina then preoccupied herself with showing him her video games. The living room was very lively as a result of their presence.

Thereafter, Courtney took this opportunity to pull Angie into her room.

Apart from the washroom, only her and Josephine’s rooms did not have cameras in them.

“Why is Hannah here?”

She asked straightforwardly right after she closed the door.

Angie immediately gave her an innocent expression, holding up her hand, and answered, “I swear I’m not the one who asked her over.”

She said so earlier just to prevent Tina from saying anything inappropriate. Tina yearned for Courtney to reconcile with her biological father. Hence, she might disclose the messy relationship between Hannah and Courtney in front of the cameras. So, to prevent such trouble, she did what she had previously done.

“Hannah came just after you left this morning. She said she followed Shay’s schedule here. I refused to let her enter at first, but Tina was so friendly that she invited her straight into our house. What can I do?”

Courtney frowned hearing this. "This girl..."

It wouldn't be a big deal if Hannah was here because of Shay. But Courtney was afraid that this wasn't her purpose of coming over.

"How did you tell the crew of the show then?"

"I said she's my friend. Not related to you at all."

Courtney heaved a sigh of relief.

"Would it bother you? If yes, let me think of some ways to ask her to leave," Angie suggested.

"It's all right." After a brief pause, Courtney continued, "This shouldn't be a big problem. It's getting late and I need to prepare lunch. Help me to keep an eye on her. Hannah was a timid girl; it's unlikely that she would come here just to chase after her idol. Perhaps..."

Perhaps someone asked Hannah to do so.

She wouldn't be surprised if Alexander showed up in front of her door later to look for this aunt of his.

"What if Tina's biological dad really comes later?"

"I'll chase him out regardless of what happens."

"But the cameras are shooting."

"Don't worry. That father of Tina's is not an easily-bullied person either. He would never allow such embarrassing moments of him to be broadcasted out. That scene will definitely be cut."

Based on her understanding of him, this was definitely what he would do.

While she was preparing lunch, Shay entered the kitchen and offered to help. However, he only managed to pluck some vegetables before she chased him out, saying that he wasn't fast and nimble enough.

And the camera managed to record such a scene. This scene could be the highlight of the show appearing in the trailer.

Their meal was simple; all of the dishes were typical home-cooked food. Since Hannah showed herself up shamelessly, it would not look good to chase her out, hence all of them sat by the dining table. A glance around the table would show that Shay was the only guy here, but he wasn't awkward at all.

While they were eating, they talked about relationship issues for the purpose of the show.

Angie and Hannah, as young ladies approaching the age of young adults, joined the conversation at the director's suggestion.

"Dating and getting married are totally different things altogether. Don't you think so?"

Shay, who was mindlessly poking the beef in front of him, voiced his opinion, "Dating is all about sharing your joys and sorrows. But marriage seemed to be more about shouldering life's burdens together, with no apparent connection to the feelings involved. I'm not interested in getting married."

Following that, Courtney said, “You can date forever, and you will realize that the sharing during the relationship will eventually turn into shouldering burdens. Both of them are not mutually exclusive.”

One Night Surprise Chapter 463 I Don’t Want to Get Married

“I don’t want to get married,” Shay spoke openly about his true feelings. He appeared to be more relaxed than Courtney in front of the cameras and could ignore them as if they didn’t exist—possibly due to his many years of experience in front of the cameras.

But Courtney had no idea whether what he said was true or if he was simply taking advantage of the opportunity to explain himself in front of the cameras.

For the past five years, there were always constant rumors about him. As he was a public figure as well as a hot celebrity, there were many female celebrities who wanted to get close to him to take advantage of his popularity, and he did not stand firm in rejecting them. This was a big change from his personality when he first debuted, and it raised a lot of questions among his fans.

Only she knew that he was hiding his fear deep within his heart behind such an attitude.

Whatever prompted him to say such words, she could tell he was worried that his relationship with Casey would be revealed. Hence, she comforted him, “Don’t get married then. Many people nowadays share the same thought.”

“Marriage is just a formality. Eternity is in your heart if you truly love someone.” Courtney and Shay were both surprised to hear this and cast a doubtful gaze at Angie.

Shay had no idea about Angie’s relationship, but Courtney did, and that was exactly what she had been worried about recently. When she heard what Angie said, she felt as if her headache was returning.

Angie was just a seventeen-year-old girl who had not yet reached adulthood. Girls of her age pursue their love with no second thoughts; even if they knew what lay ahead of them was an abyss, they would still jump right in and no one would be able to talk them out of it.

Because of what she said, Courtney wasn’t in the mood to continue on the topic anymore and they ended it hastily.

Angie seemed to notice her bad mood as well. As a result, Angie went straight to her room after dinner to play video games, completely ignoring the lively shooting outside.

The show must go on. In order to create a relaxing atmosphere, the photographer seemed to be playing the role of an invisible man, quietly hiding in the tent at the corner as well as the store room.

Courtney, on the other hand, was using her day off to clean the entire house, followed by the dishes. She would occasionally talk to Shay so that the crew would have something to edit on, and as time passed, she forgot about the cameras and began communicating naturally.

When it was time for dinner, Casey appeared at the door uninvited.

While Courtney was preparing the ingredients for their steamboat dinner later that night, the doorbell rang.

It rang for quite some time, but no one paid any attention to it. She stuck out half of her face from the kitchen window, her hands covered in the blood of the fish she had just handled, and shouted toward the living room, "Can someone open the door please?"

Shay and Tina were playing video games together, each with one controller, and completely ignored her.

"Porridge for tonight if no one answers the door. None of you can have the fried fish I made."

Right after she ended her sentence, both Shay and Tina dropped the controller in their hands and dashed toward the door.

Shay, who had longer legs, reached the door sooner than Tina. However, upon opening the door and seeing the one standing in front of him, his expression changed. His original smile was replaced by a solemn expression.

Casey, dressed in a slim-fit dark suit, was standing upright before him. His height, which almost reached the door frame, gave him an authoritative air.

"What brings you here?" Shay tried to dodge his gaze.

Casey looked back at him with his deep gaze. Then, with an intriguing voice, he replied, "I've just heard from your manager that you're having a shoot in Melrose, so I dropped by to see if there's anything I can be of help."

To that, Shay immediately replied, with his face looking embarrassed, "Everything is fine here and there's nothing that needs your help. Go back first. I'll look for you when I'm free."

After he finished his words, he pushed Casey outside.

They hadn't seen each other since their fight about a month ago. Casey had no idea when the current show began filming because even Shay's manager kept it from him.

"Who's that?" Courtney came out of the kitchen and saw Shay blocking the door.

Seeing her hands filled with blood, Casey was stunned. But as an experienced mature man, he regained his senses within seconds and greeted her calmly, "Hi, Courtney. It has been a long time since we last met."

"That's right. It's been a long time, President Lewis." Courtney took a few moments to realize what was happening. "Come in and have a seat. Dinner time is approaching; do join us for dinner as well."

Shay did not want her to worry about their matters. Thus, despite his unwillingness, he did not oppose her offer directly and allowed Casey to enter the house.

"Enjoy your conversation. I'll prepare some tea."

And immediately after saying that, Courtney went back into the kitchen to wash her hands.

Tina, on the other hand, wasn't familiar with Casey. Seeing that Casey had already entered the house, she pestered Shay to continue playing the video game with her.

But Shay wasn't in the mood to do so. "Let's get some rest and continue later. You can watch some cartoons first, Tina."

"I don't want to. That's for small children."

Tina was someone who was easily pumped up. Coupled with the fact that Shay had been spoiling her since she was small, she relentlessly pestered him despite what he said.

Casey found himself a seat on the sofa behind both of them.

"What's the game? I'll play with you," Casey spoke up.

Hearing that, Shay was taken aback and looked at Casey with skepticism.

"Do you know how?" Tina looked at Casey with disbelief.

"I can try." Casey took a controller and continued, "Let's try this out, shall we? If I lose, I'll buy you chocolates."

"Really?" Tina's eyes brightened up and she immediately picked her controller up.

Shay understood Casey well. He knew that Casey wasn't someone who would lose out. He would not even have any pity for young children. This was his nature of being a businessman—always trying to gain some advantages over the others, no matter who they were.

With this thought in his mind, Shay immediately interrupted and asked, "Wait. You've only mentioned what you will do if you lose. But what if Tina loses?"

Casey looked up when he heard his question. His gaze, seemingly filled with some deeper meanings, met Shay's. After a brief silence, he looked at Tina again and said, "If you lose, could you please lend me Shay for ten minutes? One box of chocolate for Shay's ten minutes; this is worthwhile, right?"

Just as he finished his sentence, Shay smiled confidently.

Tina was his die-hard fan; it was impossible for her to agree to such a condition. She wouldn't agree to it even if she were offered an entire basket of chocolate, let alone a box of it now. Hence, he mockingly said, "It's impossible for her to..."

But before he could finish his words, Tina's clear voice resonated from behind. "No problem."

One Night Surprise Chapter 464 I'm Already Downstairs

Shay had never expected a reply as such from his ardent fan. How was he comparable to a box of chocolate?

Tina and Casey began the game, the winner being the one who won two out of three rounds. The first round was easily taken by Tina.

But it was obvious to Shay that Casey threw the game.

Others may not have realized it, but he knew Casey far too well. Outside of work, Casey spent most of his time collecting antiques and playing video games. He didn't even travel frequently. Anything that could be done at home became his hobby, and he was an expert in it.

Thus, he could easily win against a ten-year-old girl.

The second and third rounds were, without doubt, won by him. Just after they ended the third round, Tina threw the game controller in her hand and sighed. "Why are you so good at this?"

"I can teach you in the future."

Casey smiled and his normally emotionless face tinged with gentleness. "But you have to keep your promise now and lend Shay to me for ten minutes."

"Fine." She nodded and walked toward Angie's room obediently.

After she entered the room, the sound of her speaking to Hannah could be heard from the outside, praising Casey for his game skills. Hannah wasn't impressed by what she said and wanted to have a game with him, but Tina stopped her.

"I lost, so I have to lend Shay to him for ten minutes. Don't go out for the moment."

"Lend Shay to him for ten minutes?" Hannah's tone sounded weird, even revealing a shady sense. "So lovely."

"What is so lovely?" Tina didn't understand what Hannah meant.

"You're still young so you can't understand. This is something about relationships that is different from what you currently believe. You haven't reached the age of breaking through your inherent mindset yet."

Hannah waved her hand at the same time she spoke as if she was unwilling to elaborate further to such a young child. She then exchanged glances with Angie, and they both laughed simultaneously. They were both around the same age and had studied abroad, so they shared liberal values.

Angie's room was poorly insulated. As a result, Shay heard all of their laughter and blushed immediately.

"What do you want?"

Hearing his question, Casey frowned and replied, "I didn't even do anything."

"Why are you here? I'm shooting a show here."

"My presence here will not disrupt your shooting. You're the one who should explain why you've been avoiding me for the past two weeks."

When Shay heard this, his brow furrowed, and he turned to the photographer hiding in the tent at the corner and said, "Stop recording, and delete the earlier part."

The photographer was taken aback and hesitatingly stuck his head out from the tent and looked at Casey.

Casey was the biggest investor of this show and thus, it was for him to decide whether to continue shooting.

It was understandable for the photographer to do so, as he had his own considerations and it was necessary to avoid upsetting the investor. But such action offended Shay instead. He stood up from the sofa and said, "Are my words now meaningless? I'm not continuing with this show anymore."

Right after he finished his words, he removed the microphone clipped on him and walked outside.

The director immediately ran out from the store room to chase after him, but was stopped by Casey's firm and stern gaze.

Everyone stood there motionless while Casey went after Shay and left Courtney's house.

Now, only the cameras remained silently standing in the house.

Courtney then came out with a pot of tea in her hand. Seeing that both of them had left, she helplessly placed the teapot on the coffee table and let out a sigh.

She deliberately stayed inside earlier as facing them would only make things more awkward.

Then, she heard a heated argument reverberating from the balcony outside the house, and she vaguely heard them mentioning the wedding ceremony. However, it was quickly drowned out by the sound of them arguing again, so she wasn't sure if she had heard it right.

Nevertheless, she thought that was illogical too. Same-sex marriages weren't recognized by the country and were not legally protected. For both of them, a wedding ceremony was merely a meaningless formality that added nothing but worries to their lives.

Though she knew that eavesdropping wasn't a good thing, she couldn't help but focus on their conversation and continue eavesdropping. However, both of them seemed to have quieted down and she could see them smoking at opposite ends of the balcony through the curtains.

Seeing that, she silently heaved a sigh and went to the kitchen to continue her preparation for dinner.

She initially thought that since things had gone awry, Casey would not be staying any longer, but when everything was ready and served, they both walked out from the balcony and sat at the dining table. Sitting at the opposite ends of the dining table, they were facing, and glaring, at each other.

She didn't want to ask why they were arguing because she knew it would be about their relationship. All she wanted was to get through the night as soon as possible so that the shooting could end.

Shay had never intended to spend the night at her house. Thus, after the dinner, they merely had a brief conversation before he left, and Casey left shortly after him. It appeared that they would be having a huge fight later on.

It was already late at night when the photographer took off all the cameras. Courtney wanted to send Hannah home as it wasn't safe for a seventeen-year-old girl to go home alone this late, but Hannah shamelessly refused to leave.

“I had a fight with that useless nephew of mine two days ago and I’ve no other friends here. Can I stay here for a couple of days? Such a pretty and kind lady like you won’t decline my request, right?”

Useless nephew. What a good choice of words, Courtney thought.

With that, she had no choice but to get Hannah some clothes to change into and allow her to sleep in Angie’s room.

After Courtney took her shower, it was already past midnight, and the entire house was quiet.

When she returned to her room, she noticed two missed calls on her phone. Though she did not save the number that called, she remembered the number by heart that knew instantly who the caller was. After some hesitation, she texted him.

‘Why did you call me at this hour?’

Given the time now, she assumed she would not receive a response. However, to her surprise, her phone rang within minutes after she sent the message, its echo filling up the house, notifying her that she had a new message incoming.

‘Hannah quarreled with the family. She told me that she was at your place, so I wanted to confirm that.’

‘She’s indeed here now. I’ll send her back tomorrow. Don’t worry.’

‘It’s not appropriate to trouble you for this. I’ll pick her up now.’

‘Isn’t it too late now?’

‘It’s fine. I’m already downstairs.’

Courtney was taken aback when she read this, and immediately walked to the window and pulled her curtains.

The street lights shone dimly on the roadside below the apartment. A black car could be seen parked along the road, and a man stood upright beside it, looking at his phone.

Five minutes later, she casually put on a coat to cover her pajamas and walked out of the apartment’s door.

Seeing her, Alexander then bent his waist and took a paper bag out from his car.

“I remember that you loved this in the past, so I bought it on my way here.”

She took the paper bag over and saw that it was filled with fried chestnut.

This was her and Cameron’s favorite snack in the past. She knew it was purchased from the most well-known shop in Melrose, where there was always a queue at any time of the day and usually, it would be sold out by five in the afternoon. She, of course, did not believe that he bought it on his way here.

One Night Surprise Chapter 465 Such a Trick Is Outdated

“My calls to you were not answered earlier, so I came over straight away.”

His face was expressionless, and his usual cold-looking eyes appeared unusually tired today.

“Shay came over for a shoot today and I didn’t have the time to check my phone.” Hugging the bag of fried chestnuts, she proceeded to thank him, “Thanks for the chestnuts. But Hannah is asleep now. It is windy tonight so don’t bother to wake her up. I’ll send her back home tomorrow morning.”

Alexander frowned after he heard that. “If that’s the case, let me pick her up tomorrow morning.”

The Duncan Family had so many servants that it would never be necessary for him, the young master himself, to pick Hannah up personally. Furthermore, he had never been close to Hannah in the first place.

Thus, Courtney, being cautious, thought of a saying—when the weasel paid his respects to the hen, it bore no good intentions.

“Fine.” She wanted to end their conversation quickly. “It’s late. You should go back now.”

He appeared to be disappointed by what she said, and he held the door handle with his head slightly raised, preparing to leave.

At that moment, he began coughing intensely in the cold wind.

Hearing the unexpected sounds, Courtney halted her steps.

There was a thunderstorm alert these few days and the drop in temperature caused a lot of residents in Melrose to catch a cold. Melrose City Hospital also had a high number of flu patients.

“Are you okay?”

“I am.” He clenched his fists tightly and pursed his lips, as if he was trying hard to suppress his cough, despite his expression indicating that there was something wrong with him.

“Wait.”

With her brows furrowed, she said, “Since you’re here, go up with me so I can take your temperature.”

It had better be a common cold. If he developed a fever, he would have to go to the hospital for a check-up. The flu that has been going around these last few days was no laughing matter.

Due to the shooting earlier, all the lights in the house were still on.

It wasn’t Alexander’s first time here. When he saw the shoes on the shoe rack containing ladies’ shoes from different age groups, he had mixed feelings.

Courtney then brought the thermometer to him.

“Don’t move.”

Since she was a doctor, she habitually pressed his head and took the thermometer near his ears. The scent of the body shampoo on her filled his nose, causing him to space out for a moment.

“You have a slight fever.”

Looking at the thermometer, she frowned.

“Have a seat here first. I’ll get you some medicine.”

She remembered having some fever medicine stored in the house. However, because Angie and Tina were both messy and never put things back in their places, it took her some time to find the medicine. By the time she found the medicine, he had already fallen asleep in the living room, with a bolster in his hands.

The sofa wasn’t large, and it appeared even smaller in comparison to his body build, and it wasn’t a comfortable place for him to sleep. However, he appeared to have fallen into a deep sleep and snored lightly.

She stared at him for a while, unsure of what to do, but she couldn’t bear to wake him up. Thus, she went to the bedroom and brought a blanket out for him, then turned off the lights in the living room before returning to her room.

In the early hours, there was a thunderstorm, with loud thunder and lightning, but everyone in the house was sleeping soundly.

One of them could sleep soundly despite any noises, another was too tired from playing video games until late at night, and yet another had finally found his cure after years of insomnia.

The next morning, the early sun rays shone into the house.

When Alexander opened his eyes, he saw a small figure leaning at the coffee table across him. She was dressed in pink pajamas, her long black hair was all over her shoulders, and she was looking at him cautiously with one of her hands supporting her chin. The other hand of hers was knocking on the coffee table every now and then, showing her impatience.

Courtney, on the other hand, appeared to be preparing breakfast, with some frying sounds emanating from the kitchen.

“You’re awake?” Josephine’s voice pulled his attention back.

He immediately sat up and said, “Josie? You’re Josie, right?” His sound was full of his love toward this daughter of his.

Josephine, on the other hand, gave him a frown. “Why are you here?”

“I came to pick Hannah up last night, but it was too late and I fell asleep on the sofa.”

Hearing that, she sat up straight. After staring at him for a while, she gave him a dismissive look and said, “Such a trick was already outdated. You would never successfully court my mom if you keep on using such ways.”

He didn’t think her words were sarcastic; instead, he thought she was too adorable. In response, he asked patiently, “What ways do you think I should do then?”

“It’s impossible. Nothing is going to work.” She gave him a look of disgust and continued, “Getting married is a very troublesome thing and my mom is not someone who would bring trouble upon herself. You better stop looking for my mom from now on.”

Her words stunned him, but he remained calm and asked, "So you don't find me annoying, but simply find getting married a hassle?"

"No," she denied what he said and replied in a cute tone, "I hate both."

He let out a helpless sigh. "Why did you feel this way when you've never gotten married before?"

"If being married is a good thing, my mom would have long married you."

Josephine was always a candid person, similar to Courtney's Aunt Alicia. Clearly, Josephine was brought up by her and that shaped her straightforward personality.

Previously he had always attributed her negative attitude toward him to the fact that he had not been by her side for all these years and Alicia, who had brought Josephine up, never liked him, so it was understandable for Josephine to feel the same way. It was only now that he realized, after listening to her words, that this five-year-old girl understood everything.

When Courtney came out of the kitchen after preparing breakfast, Alexander was already nowhere to be seen.

As if nothing had happened, she looked at Josephine and said, "Go and wake the others up."

On the dining table, she had only prepared four sets of breakfast; there was none for Alexander.

She was well aware of Josephine's aversion to her biological father. One reason for this was Alicia's influence on her, but another reason was that she was a mature girl. Despite knowing a lot, she had very little experiences, and thus her character wasn't a peaceful one. As Angie said, Josephine was too disgruntled.

Nevertheless, that was also a good thing. Alexander should know that what came between them wasn't only the time that had passed, but also the hatred his biological daughter had toward him. In light of these difficulties, she hoped that he could give up on her.

It was raining outside, and the news reporter appearing on the television was reporting on a thunderstorm alert.

The drizzling raindrops were falling on the windows of the car.

Alexander sat dejectedly behind the wheel while his thoughts returned to Josephine's words. "The world would be so unfair if everyone who did wrong could be easily forgiven."

This immature young girl acted like an adult, feeling indignant for her mother, and confronted him as to what rights he had to ask for atonement and reconciliation.

The rain was getting heavier, and the windshield was becoming hazier.

Suddenly, there was a sharp braking sound on the street, followed by a loud crash. His entire car was forced to come to a halt due to a violent collision. Before he could react, he saw everything before him swaying, and his airbag sprung out.

One Night Surprise Chapter 466 It Reeked of Blood

"In today's morning news, multiple accounts of car accidents have been recorded happening in and out of the city caused by obstructed vision due to heavy rain. A multiple-vehicle collision had occurred on Stoughton Overpass at 8:05AM. A truck driver who was driving under the influence of alcohol had caused the accident that left 12 victims injured. A few ambulances from the nearest hospital, Melrose City Hospital, have already arrived at the scene."

"..."

Courtney had just finished cleaning the dirty dishes when she heard the voice coming from the television. Feeling her heart skip a beat, she quickly took off her apron and wiped her hands dry. That was when her phone rang.

"Hello? Chief Kenell?" she greeted after picking up the call.

"..."

"Yes, I know. I saw it on the news. I am going to the hospital now."

"..."

"Understood. I will head straight to the emergency room."

"..."

After hanging up the phone, Courtney reminded Angie to take care of her sister before heading to the hospital hastily.

Accidents caused by bad weather like this often left the hospital so overloaded that all the hospital personnel who were in Melrose City had to be there to lend a hand. That was why she had to hurry to the hospital even though she still had a half-day break.

The first batches of ambulances were already at the hospital's entrance when Courtney arrived. Without even changing into the proper attire, she immediately stepped forward and pushed a patient into the emergency room.

"A steel bar punctured the left chest. Prepare an x-ray to check the extent of the damage. And inform Chief Lawson from the thoracic department to come here."

"..."

"Please take a look at this patient, Dr. Hunter. He is in shock, but he doesn't have any physical wounds," one of the interns urged.

"I am not a professional at this. Chief Cheryl from neurology should arrive by now. Just take the patient for a CT scan in the meantime."

Courtney had been knowledgeable in clinical medicine when she was still in university, and on top of that, she had more experience than the other interns because of the time she volunteered. She might only be a pediatrician, but she was always the first person the surgical interns in the emergency room consulted in case of an emergency.

However, she didn't waste her time on these patients when she already knew that she wasn't qualified enough to diagnose them.

The intern then pushed the patient's bed past her. Even though the man in the bed had his eyes tightly shut and his white blouse dirtied by rainwater and mud, none of that affected how handsome his features were. His hand abruptly jolted right as he was beside Courtney, but all he managed to do was grabbing the hem of her white coat before his hand fell back onto the bed again in a split second.

Melrose City Hospital's wards were already fully occupied because of the influenza and the aftermath of the accident that seemed to continue spreading. Ambulances were still continuously bringing in victims of the crash to the hospital.

"This won't do," Linda concluded with a frown on her face. Her white robe had been stained by blood. "There are too many people here. It is easy for the patients to cross-infect if we keep so many of them here."

Courtney's eyes were full of worries as well as she looked at how chaotic the emergency room was.

"What else can we do? Close the door and don't let them in? We can't possibly do that," she sighed.

Now that the doctor-patient relationship in the hospital was so tense, it would definitely result in an uproar in Melrose if the hospital were to close its doors on patients and someone were to start a rumor about it. There was no doubt the Health Bureau and Central Commission for Discipline Inspection would immediately come and pay their visit. The one who would have to deal with the backlash later would be the president.

Linda's expression was dim. "Nothing is impossible. I will go to the president."

She then swiftly dumped the patients' information sheet she was holding to Courtney before walking away.

The hospital's doors were officially closed after 30 minutes. After letting in the last ambulance to arrive, they locked the wailing family members of the victims outside the hospital.

Courtney was on the second floor when she watched all of this happen. Her emotions were getting more conflicted by the second.

A few interns behind her started discussing in hushed voices.

"Won't things get bad if this continues?"

"Didn't the hospital close their doors too when SARS hit? Even so, some patients and family members managed to push their way in, and 2 doctors and 1 nurse were hacked to death."

"I know about this! Isn't it scary? I wonder why Chief Hass is doing this."

The interns had always been displeased with how stern Linda was to begin with. Now that they knew that it was her who insisted on closing the doors, their doubt about her only went up another notch. The tension between patients and doctors had already put the industry's reputation in jeopardy. The doctors and nurses would be the ones in danger if anything were to happen.

But Linda made the decision for the good of the patients and hospital, Courtney thought. She isn't getting anything out of this.

Unable to continue listening to those words, she reproached them.

"That SARS incident was from years ago. The security measures of the hospital have already been heightened after that. Let us all do what each of us are responsible for. Don't go out if you don't have to. Even if something really were to happen, it will all be because of you, who keep spewing nonsense and going where you shouldn't go. You can't blame anyone else when that happens."

She was considered a person of authority for the interns. As soon as she spoke up, everyone instantly shut their mouths, and they soon dispersed.

She took one last look at the swarm of civilians and reporters outside the hospital door, and eventually sucked in a deep breath before letting it out. She then turned and headed toward the staircase. Her phone began to ring before she even reached the first floor.

It was a call from an unknown number, but it somehow looked familiar to her.

"Hello?" She hesitantly spoke into her phone after accepting the call.

"Miss Hunter. It is me."

She momentarily froze when she heard the person's voice. "Mr. Reynolds?"

From what she knew, Sunhill Enterprise had sent Josh to Australia three years ago.

"Is there something wrong?" With the mountain of duties waiting for her, she immediately asked him without beating around the bush. "I am preoccupied with work at the hospital now. You—"

"Have you seen President Duncan?" he cut her off mid-sentence. His voice sounded anxious as he asked the question.

"He left my house this morning. Did something happen?"

"We can't get through to him." As soon as the assistant said that, Courtney was hit by a feeling of impending doom.

He then continued somewhat incoherently, "President Duncan called to inform us to prepare for a meeting this morning, but he still hasn't appeared even after everyone else was in attendance. I received news a while ago that an accident has occurred on Stoughton Overpass. That is the road the president was using. I found his car when I rushed over to the scene, but the bumper was in terrible condition when I found it. They told me that he has been brought to Melrose City Hospital. No one can go in now that the hospital doors have been closed. Madam Fiona has been on edge since earlier. I can only call you because there is nothing else I can do."

Courtney could also hear Fiona's voice coming from the other side of the phone.

However, all she felt then was the buzzing in her head.

"I...I didn't see him. I..."

Without finishing her sentence, she hung up and ran downstairs at the speed of light. She was hit by the thick scent of blood drifting through the air in the emergency room as soon as she stepped in. She went on and pulled each curtain open, but still she didn't see Alexander anywhere.

She then went and asked the other medical personnel in the room. "Have you seen a tall man in suit pants and a white shirt sent in? He is around 30 years old."

"I haven't."

"Have you seen—"

She had almost finished circling the ward when a nurse's voice called out to her from behind.

"Dr. Hunter, is the person you are looking for someone who wears a Vacheron Constantin wristwatch?"

The colors on her face immediately drained when she heard the nurse's words.

"Yes! Have you seen him?" she urgently asked.

"He was sent in before the crowd came, and he was already in shock at that time. He was the one that Dr. Kenell asked you what should be done to him. Didn't you ask to send him straight to the neurologist?"

Upon hearing that, she suddenly recalled the feeling of the familiar touch on her wrist as panic overtook her. Without saying thank you, she turned around and ran straight to the neurology department.

One Night Surprise Chapter 467 Time of Death

Courtney was stopped by a nurse when she arrived at the neurosurgical operating room. The red light that showed an operation going on was still turned on then.

"Dr. Hunter, do you want to go in and observe the surgery?" the nurse asked, making Courtney stop in her tracks for a moment.

"Who is inside? How long has the operation been going on?"

"It has been 30 minutes." The nurse pointed at the clock on the wall. "The patient might be someone rather influential. I heard that Vice President Zayn personally came to operate on the patient after receiving a call. I wonder if it is because the hospital doors are closed that the patient's family is not here yet."

Courtney's heart was thundering in her chest then. "I will go in and have a look," she told the nurse.

"Oh my, Dr. Hunter. Have you forgotten that you need to scrub your hands and change into a surgical gown? Vice President Zayn is going to have your head if you go in like this!" the nurse reminded Courtney, her gaze somewhat baffled as she looked at her.

Hearing that, Courtney quickly collected herself and rushed to the changing room to get herself ready. As she was still feeling slightly restless, she called the intern in the surgical room by the wrong name when she went in.

There were a handful of doctors surrounding the operating table. Not being able to squeeze her way in and not daring enough to even attempt that, she only stood aside as she watched the doctors at work. She was beginning to sweat from the warm and humid surgery gown she was in.

“Why are you here?” a voice came from beside her. Through the mask and surgical gown that person was wearing, Courtney could barely recognize Quella Earth’s clear voice. She was an intern from the Department of Cardiac Surgery.

Having her attention fully on what was happening at the operating table, Courtney only absent-mindedly said, “I’m just taking a look.”

“What a coincidence. Me too.” Standing side to side with Courtney, she nonchalantly continued, “It has been crazy in the emergency room. At least I can blatantly take a rest on the excuse that I am here to observe the operation. But what luck. Things aren’t going so well for this patient. I am afraid we will have to deliver our apology to his family after the surgery.”

Courtney’s face instantly paled at that. “What do you mean?”

Quella was one of the best students Linda was proud to have. She would never say something like this as a joke.

“Yup. He seemed fine when he was brought in here, but we found that he had intracranial hypertension. The chief of neurology has been in a meeting about this for hours. The success rate isn’t high, but the chief is still holding onto the last ray of hope. The patient will be dead for sure if we don’t operate on him. We gave his family a call and started with the operation after they gave us the green light.”

“How low is the success rate?” Courtney faltered.

“Less than 10 percent. We even have the death notice ready to be sent out in case the operation fails.”

Courtney’s limbs suddenly turned cold.

In that instant, the electrocardiographic heart monitor started beeping quickly. Her head shot up, but her sight was still blocked by the doctors swarming around the patient. All she could hear then was the noise that filled the room.

“Oxygen mask!”

“The patient’s heart rate is too low!”

“Prepare the cardiac pacemaker.”

“...”

Beep—

The spikes showing the heart rate on the pacemaker gradually flattened into a straight line that seemed to extend to infinity.

Other than the sound from the machine, the rest of the noises in the room went dead silent.

“Time of death...”

“Sign the notice and give it to the deceased’s family.”

“...”

The silence was suddenly broken by a surprised yelp from Quella. “Dr. Hunter! What is wrong?!” She was holding Courtney who had passed out.

Courtney had a long dream after that.

It was spring in her dreams, where rape flowers could be seen yellowing the field. The sunlight and warmth only further beautified the view.

Tina was holding her hand as she pulled her along.

“Mommy, Josie, hurry up! Jordan is waiting for us!”

“Where are we going?” Courtney asked, in which the child grumbled, “Mommy! Did you forget that we are having a picnic with Jordan today?”

She only recalled that promise after hearing her daughter’s words.

“Let’s go! Jordan is waiting for us by himself. I am sure he is worried about us!”

They soon met Jordan standing alone in the flower field. He was already a teenager then. Courtney couldn’t help but notice the aloof expression on his face as he waited for them.

She subconsciously took a peek behind him and asked, “Why are you here by yourself? Where is Daddy?”

The children suddenly gave her an odd look after they heard her question.

Tugging on her hand, Tina asked, “Mommy, what are you talking about? We don’t have a father!”

Josephine had an equally confused expression as well.

“This isn’t right...” Courtney’s face had fallen then as thoughts began to flood her head. “Why wouldn’t you have a father?”

Jordan, who had been quiet this whole time, lifted his head to look at her. His face looked exactly like Alexander’s. Even the coldness in his gaze reminded her of the children’s father.

“We used to have one, but we don’t now. You won’t be with Daddy anyway. What difference does it make whether or not we have a father? We are still your children no matter what.”

She could feel her chest tighten after hearing his words. Taking two steps backward, she muttered, “No. You are not Jordan. Jordan would never say something like this.”

“Mommy, what are you talking about?” the children exclaimed to her.

“You are not my children, and none of this is real...”

As she continued to step backward, she suddenly remembered that Jordan was only an 11-year-old boy who didn’t look like how he appeared to be now. The scene in front of her seemed to swirl and twist as the view disappeared into the background, leaving only a blank, white canvas.

“Ah!” she finally woke up with a scream.

“Dr. Hunter, are you alright? Did you have a bad dream?”

Hearing the caring voice, she turned to look at the person, only to see that it was Linda sitting by her side. She also noticed that they were in the interns’ lounge.

“I am fine.” Courtney’s hand went to her forehead. She still hadn’t grasped reality after abruptly waking up from her dream. “Why am I here?”

Linda passed her a glass of sugar water and scolded, “Don’t you remember? You suddenly fainted when you were in the neurosurgery operating room. You almost scared Quella to death! Did you not eat breakfast? Why didn’t you watch out when you knew you have low blood sugar?”

Courtney came to a halt, and her face began to turn pale. The only color left on her face was the redness in her eyes. Her body was gradually turning stiff. Even though the tip of her nose felt like it was burning, her tears wouldn’t come out no matter what.

“I don’t even know what to say about you. I can’t believe you passed out from observing an operation. People might even think that you have haloemia!”

She then turned her head to look at Courtney, only to see that she had gotten out of bed. “Hey!” she called out, worried. “What are you doing? Look at how pale you are. Why don’t you rest for a little longer?”

“I am alright, Chief Hass.” Despite being stopped by Linda, she made her way to the hospital’s mortuary.

Due to the fact that unrelated people were not allowed inside the hospital, those who had passed away from failed operations were temporarily placed in the mortuary before their family and friends could come and see them one last time.

Linda quickly followed after Courtney. “Where are you going, Courtney?”

Her eyebrows crinkled when she noticed the direction Courtney was heading to, and when they reached the mortuary, she hastened her pace and blocked the entrance to the room.

“Courtney, why are you going into the mortuary?”

It was only then that she realized how red Courtney’s eyes had gotten. She looked like she was holding her emotions back.

Her voice, too, came out hoarse. “Don’t stop me. I am going inside to look for someone.”

Linda was caught by surprise when she saw a side of Courtney she hadn’t seen before. “What is wrong? Talk to me. Who are you trying to look for?”

“Patients who died during operations were all sent here, weren’t they?”

“Since their friends and families aren’t allowed in for now, yes, that should be the case,” Linda replied with a frown after Courtney didn’t answer her question. “What is it? There aren’t any failed operations today. Who are you looking for?”

Courtney then said rather incoherently, "There is! I saw it with my own eyes before I passed out. The craniotomy was a failure. His operation failed. I didn't even get to see him for the last time."

One Night Surprise Chapter 468 Because of One Injection

Linda had a baffled look on her face after hearing Courtney's words. She then asked, "Are you talking about the surgery you were observing before you fainted?"

Courtney nodded with great difficulty. Upon seeing that, Linda let out a breath of relief. Linda then looked at her with a helpless gaze and said, "Come with me."

Linda brought her to the ICU, where they changed into asepsis clothes. The automated door swiftly opened for them after it detected their presence.

"You are talking about him, right?" Linda pointed at a man with multiple tubes connected to his body. "We already had his death notice prepared to be sent out, but Vice President Hass must have been unwilling to let the man go, since it is rare for him to personally perform an operation. None of us had much hope when the vice president gave the patient one last injection. Who would have thought that it was because of this one injection that the man came back to life! He sure is one lucky man."

The man had his head shaven and wrapped in bandages because of the craniotomy. With the oxygen mask covering half his face, he was barely recognizable.

Courtney slowly walked toward him. Her every step felt like there were weights of thousands of kilograms tied to them.

"Who is he to you?" Linda curiously asked as she stood behind Courtney.

As Courtney stood there in the quiet and dim room, her voice seemed to reverberate in the cool air of the ward.

"Lover," she choked.

After saying the word she had kept to herself for the past 5 years, her tears started rolling down her cheeks uncontrollably. She had finally admitted to herself that she couldn't forget about him even after all this time. Despite how she didn't want to admit it, she still couldn't control her true feelings from bursting out and experiencing heartache in the face of death.

She realized that there was no point for her to cling on to the past and make breaking up the only option they had.

Vice President Zayn was there in the room when they entered. He quickly reassured Courtney, "We still don't know when the patient will wake up, but he is no longer in critical condition. The craniotomy was a success. All that is left is proper aftercare."

"Thank you so much, Vice President Zayn."

She could finally feel at ease after expressing her gratitude to Alexander's attending doctor.

Alexander continued to show no signs of waking up. Courtney waited by the door for a little longer, but due to the staff shortage in the emergency room, she had to leave him and go back to work. Though, she didn't forget to give Josh a call before that.

"He is alright now. The operation was a success, but he is still in the ICU. We will be observing him for 2 more days before we transfer him to the normal ward," she informed the assistant.

"That is great. Sorry for the trouble, Miss Hunter."

"It is fine," she answered before she began to worry again. "How is Jordan? Does he know about this?"

"We hid it from him. Oh, right. Old Master Duncan is still hospitalized. Please don't let him hear about this," Josh reminded.

"Got it."

"Miss Hunter," the man added, "Madam Fiona would like to have a word with you. Could you spare her a moment?"

Courtney paused for a moment and eventually said yes.

The other side of the phone was quiet for the next few seconds before a familiar woman's voice rang out. "Courtney, it is me."

"I know, madam."

"I never thought there would come a day we would get in contact again because of something like this. I will be needing your help with Alexander." Courtney couldn't help but notice how feeble Fiona's voice sounded. She could only imagine how worried Fiona was about not being able to enter the hospital premises.

"It is something I should do. Please don't worry, madam. The operation was a success."

Not only for Fiona's sake, Courtney emphasized the word 'success' to give herself reassurance.

"I can now be at peace knowing that he is in your safe hands. Why don't you come over and spend some time with us after Alexander's discharge? Everyone misses you."

Courtney hesitated but still agreed in the end.

Melrose City Hospital was open to take in patients and visitors again the next morning, after the scene of the accident had been cleaned up.

Courtney had spent the night before in the ICU. She didn't even know when she fell asleep by the bedside, but when she woke up, she was greeted by the sight of Fiona standing by the window, waving at her. Fiona had a simple white dress on, and in the crook of her elbow were a black handbag and a thermal lunch box.

"You haven't had breakfast, have you? I brought you your favorite seafood porridge."

Now that they were in the office, the older woman opened the lid of the container and passed a ladle to Courtney, for which Courtney thanked her.

“You don’t have to be so polite to me. I am the one who should be thanking you. I would have kept on worrying if it wasn’t for the fact that you are here to take care of Alexander and Grandpa,” Fiona sighed.

Hearing that, Courtney reassured her again, “Mr. Duncan has been regaining his health. He will soon be strong enough to undergo surgery.”

“And it is all thanks to you for breaking his walls down.”

It was probably because it had been some time since they last met that Fiona seemed slightly uncomfortable. Instead of asking about Alexander’s condition, she was more curious about how Courtney’s life had been.

“None of us knew that you were pregnant when you left us. We wouldn’t have let you do that if we knew. We made it difficult for you.”

She began to choke up when she said that, but still continued, “I am sure it has been hard for a young lady like you to raise two children by yourself.”

“Madam, please don’t feel bad about it.” She hurriedly put down the ladle and passed some tissue to the older woman. “It was nothing. Tina has been with Elijah all this while. I also had my Aunt Alicia to take care of me after I gave birth to Josie. She brought Josie back to our home country after she turned 1 year old. So, it wasn’t that hard on me.”

Fiona wiped her tears and only spoke after she had calmed down. “All in all, it was the Duncans who owe you. You lost so many years of your life because of us. You and Alexander, too...”

She stopped before she finished her words. “Let’s not talk about this. Courtney, I have a presumptuous request I would like to ask of you.”

“Do tell.”

“If you aren’t against it,” Fiona suggested, “I would like you to be my daughter. I will treat you like my own. This is also a chance for me to make it up to you.”

Courtney froze as she didn’t expect to hear those words. She didn’t know what to say in return.

Fiona then continued, “I know that you don’t want to be with Alexander anymore, but you and him can’t possibly stop being in each other’s lives altogether. You have 3 children together, after all. That is why I came up with a way for everyone to compromise. I don’t have a daughter either. Can you let me treat you like one?”

Fiona had a sincere expression on her face as she spoke. She didn’t seem like she had any hidden intentions of suggesting so.

“Madam...” Courtney meekly called out, but she stopped talking as she hesitated.

“Do you not want that?” Fiona’s eyes seemed to dim in that instant. “Do you still hold a grudge against Alexander? Even if it is for Jordan’s sake, are you still unwilling to—

“That is not it,” Courtney quickly explained. “Let’s talk about this after Alexander regains consciousness. My head is a mess now. I honestly don’t know what I should say. But I really have no intention of holding grudges against anyone.”

Upon hearing that, Fiona sighed with relief, “That is good, then.”

“I’ll bring you to pay Alexander a visit,” Courtney offered after the conversation had come to an end.

“Oh, sure.”

Knowing that Courtney would be there in the hospital, Fiona paid her son a short visit at the ICU he was in before she left. She dropped by again in the afternoon, along with Jordan. Cameron and Gale, who had also come to see Alexander, had brought Tina and Josephine along as well.

The corridor outside the ICU suddenly became crowded that afternoon.

Even though Jordan looked like he usually did, his grip on his mother’s hand was tight.

“It is alright.” Courtney gently caressed his hand. “He can be transferred to the normal ward after he wakes up. It won’t be long before he is discharged from the hospital. Don’t worry, Jordan.”

Josephine was the youngest among the crowd, and naturally, she didn’t stand out much as she mingled with the rest of them. Her palms were pressed against the window of the ward as she peered at the man who had tubes all over his body inside the ICU. A concerned expression began to make its way across her face then.

One Night Surprise Chapter 469 Why Go to the Bureau of Civil Affairs

“Will he ever wake up?”

Josephine might be a young child, and even though she was wise for her age, she didn’t fully understand life and death.

Tina’s eyes began to turn red as she listened from the side. “That won’t happen. Daddy will definitely wake up.”

“I told him that I don’t like him that morning,” Josephine confessed abruptly.

Upon hearing that, Tina froze before turning her head to cast an odd look at her sister.

The younger of the two continued, “He wouldn’t have left if I didn’t say that I don’t like him. There was heavy rain that morning.”

Josephine blamed herself. Even though her words were always blunt when she spoke, and she would often make her older sisters angry, she had a kind heart. She could not accept the thought that her words had caused damage.

Tina was caught off-guard and didn’t know how to comfort Josephine at that moment because she was clueless about what had happened that morning.

“It is not your fault,” a clear voice spoke from behind.

Turning her little head, she saw that it was her older brother who spoke. "Jordan," she softly called him.

Jordan nodded and caressed her on the head before calming her down, "It is not your fault. It is hard for us to change an adult's mind no matter what we say. This is between the adults. The accident had nothing to do with you."

"Really?" The girl seemed surprised to hear that.

"Relationships are complicated. You are too young to understand it." Jordan looked into the ward, the worry in his eyes seemed to disappear at that moment. "I will be here no matter what happens."

That night, more than 30 hours after the operation, Courtney received news from the ICU that Alexander had regained consciousness.

She rushed over and clumsily stood by the door of the ward as she watched a few doctors going in. It was only until Linda told her that Alexander's transfer to the normal ward had been arranged that she could finally be at ease.

"But I have to tell you something," Linda added. "I need you to be mentally prepared for it."

"What is it?" Courtney urged.

"He has brain damage, and he is showing signs of amnesia."

Courtney's face immediately dropped when she heard that. She repeated, "Amnesia?"

The doctors in the ICU had just finished doing the checkup while Alexander lay in bed the whole time. He only blankly stared at the ceiling as he lay there.

Under Linda's scrutinizing eyes, Courtney took hesitant steps to him.

"Alexander..." she softly called out.

The patient in the bed showed some reaction when he slightly looked at her. However, his dazed gaze seemed to be asking who she was.

The tip of her nose burned at that moment, and she was about to start with the waterworks.

"Do you not remember me?" she asked.

Unexpectedly, Alexander's lips moved, and albeit with great difficulty, he rasped, "Courtney..."

The doctors in the ward were all so surprised that their heads whipped in her direction.

"You remember me?" She hurried over before leaning close to him to hear his words. "Alexander, do you remember me?"

He seemed confused after hearing her words as he asked, "Who is Alexander?"

"..."

"Selective amnesia," Vice President Zayn gave his diagnosis as he pointed at a CT scan image of Alexander's brain when the doctors had gathered in the meeting room.

“We had similar cases before. The blood clot in the patient’s brain hasn’t completely been removed yet. The pressing on the nerves of the brain makes it hard for the brain to function properly, and that is why the patient has forgotten certain things. But it is the body’s conditioned reflex, and not the brain’s functions which causes him to only remember certain important things or people. It is also what we call ‘selective amnesia’ in medical terms.”

“Is there a way we can speed up the healing process?” Courtney worriedly asked.

Vice President Zach only shook his head at that. “We can only wait for the patient to remember it himself in usual cases. Medical treatments can only help to relieve their condition.”

Linda, who was beside her, started to reassure her as well. “Don’t worry too much,” she said. “We have to be grateful that this isn’t irreversible amnesia.”

The frown on Courtney’s face didn’t disappear even after she heard Linda’s words. She couldn’t believe how Alexander, who should have been dead, had come back to life as an amnesiac.

Oliver and Tessa came to visit Alexander 3 days later.

Even though he still had the bandage on his head, he looked much more alive than he did before as he leaned to the bedside and drank water.

With worry written all over his face, Oliver headed straight to his older brother as soon as he came into the ward. “Alex.”

A frown appeared on Alexander’s face then. “Who are you?” he suspiciously asked.

Oliver immediately stopped in his tracks when he heard those words. He then turned to look at Courtney and asked, “Does he really not remember us?”

Without saying a word, she nodded and walked toward Alexander.

“He is your younger brother,” she eventually introduced Oliver to Alexander.

The man furrowed his brows and held his head as he tried to remember, but when nothing came to mind, he shook his head at Courtney and told her honestly, “I don’t remember.”

“Alex, stop playing with me.” Oliver forced himself to say jokingly. “I have faked amnesia before, and no, it doesn’t run in the blood. You can’t fool us.”

“You’re too chatty,” Alexander complained as he coldly glanced at him. He then turned to look at Courtney and said, “Tell them to go back. I would like to rest now.”

Oliver immediately fell silent at that.

Courtney’s eyes were helpless as they glanced at Oliver. The only thing she could do was have them leave the ward for now. She started explaining his condition to them when they were at the door.

“There is nothing wrong with his body now. We can get rid of the bandage in a week’s time. The only problem is the blood clot in his brain. We don’t know when he will get better, but he will eventually get back his memories.”

“Does he really have amnesia? Why does this feel so unbelievable for me?” Oliver had a doubtful look on his face as he asked one question after another. “Could Alex be lying?”

Tessa swiftly jabbed him after he said that. “Stop talking nonsense. Who in the world would lie about something like this?”

“You can’t say that for sure. Just look at how he forgot about us but not Courtney. Isn’t this too much of a coincidence? I don’t believe it. I am going in to prove I am right.”

“That is enough.” Courtney stopped him. “It doesn’t matter if it is true or not. If he is going as far as to fake it, I will accept it and stay with him.”

Hearing that, Oliver’s face seemed to stiffen. “Courtney, you... Have you forgiven Alex?”

“I thought it through,” she replied, her expression conflicted.

Oliver’s joy then could be seen written all over his face, and he confidently said, “I guarantee that Alex will recover his memory if I were to tell him this!”

“How is that possible? Can you not have such wicked thoughts in your head?” Tessa asked in disbelief.

“Try it! There is nothing wrong with giving it a go.”

Courtney had no choice but return to the room after being pressured by Oliver.

Alexander had just lay down when he heard footsteps approaching. Turning to look at Courtney, he asked, “Did they leave?”

Guilt began to consume her when she saw the 2 figures hiding behind the door from the corner of her eyes. “Yup,” she replied.

“Good. I don’t even know them. Don’t bring these strangers to me next time. I don’t want to see them.”

She then hesitantly approached him. “Do you really not remember? That was your younger brother and his fiancée.”

“I don’t remember,” he casually said with his eyes closed. “I get a headache everytime I try to think. I am going to sleep now. I feel a little sleepy.”

“Wait.” Courtney took a deep breath to gather her courage. “Let’s go to the Civil Affairs Bureau after your discharge.”

“What for?” he asked.

“To get our marriage certificate.”

Her tone was slow and steady as she carefully observed Alexander’s expression.

One Night Surprise Chapter 470 You Are Not Wrong at All

Alexander leaned against his pillow, his eyes coldly gazing at Courtney. He seemed to be deep in his thoughts for a moment before he asked, “Are we not married?”

Courtney was slightly caught off guard by the question she didn’t have an answer to.

He really doesn't remember, she thought.

Alexander before and after the memory loss didn't seem all that different other than the fact that he didn't recognize anyone. His behavior and mannerisms were still the same. There was one thing, however, that drove her nuts.

On the day of the discharge, he refused to go back home unless Courtney went back with him.

"You are my wife. Why are we living separately?" Those were his words that left her speechless.

Courtney didn't feel comfortable with talking about what had happened in the past. It wasn't even a simple or straightforward story to tell. Alas, she had no choice but to move in with him so that she could take care of him.

They were in the bedroom when he looked at her organizing her luggage and asked, "Courtney, did we get into an argument before the accident?"

Instead of answering him, she asked, "Why the sudden question?"

"You wouldn't have moved away if we didn't get into an argument." He had an unreadable expression on his face as he looked at the room's wardrobe.

Not knowing what to say to him, she continued to take her clothes out of her luggage. However, just as she opened the wardrobe to put her clothes in, she was stunned to see her old clothes tidily arranged in the wardrobe.

She couldn't believe that Alexander still kept her things from 5 years ago after she had left their home.

"What is wrong?" his voice rang out from behind.

"It is nothing." She sucked a deep breath in and hung her clothes up. "We didn't get into an argument. I was always busy at the hospital, and I thought moving to the hospital would be better since I didn't want to disturb you too much."

Right after she said that, he wrapped his arms around her from behind and plopped his chin on the top of her head. He then scolded her in a low voice, "Don't do that next time, okay? You should live with me because you are my wife. I will drive you to work and pick you up everyday from now on."

She let out a bright laugh at that.

"What are you talking about? You have to go to work! Are you going to neglect such a big company just like that?"

"Don't we have a son?" He lowered his head to press kisses on the shell of her ear. "Let our son handle it."

The soft kisses were starting to distract her then. "Jordan is only 11 years old! You really don't remember anything, do you?" she moaned.

His low voice then purred into her ear. "I don't care. I don't want to go to work."

“What do you want to do, then?”

Instead of answering her, Alexander made it a point to give her a reply with his body.

The sun was still high in the sky then. The sunlight shone in through the open curtain and onto the big bed that shook so violently that it might break. The sound of heavy panting and slapping from the bed could be heard all across the room.

After 30 minutes, Courtney limlessly lay sprawled on her pillow. Even though she was worn out, she didn't forget about the wound on Alexander's head. “Be...Be careful with your injury,” she gasped for air. “You just got rid of the bandage—”

She was cut off when he abruptly drove his member into her lower body. As though there was electricity heightening the senses of every part of her body, her neck immediately arched as she let out a yelp, and what followed after was the uncontrollable trembling of her torso.

Alexander's low voice then rang out from above her head.

“Focus,” he growled.

Her face was flushed as she lay under him. Her biting her lip only made her look more delectable. Just like the first strawberries to grow in spring, Alexander couldn't help but take a bite of the lovely woman.

They had finally consummated after holding back their feelings for each other for 5 years. Now that they were able to express themselves freely to one another, their bodies continued to entangle with each other until the sun went down the horizon.

She might be exhausted, but she was unwilling to step back from these long overdue touches. With one arm around his neck, and the other behind her to support herself, she continued to grind up and down on him.

When they were done, Alexander carried her into the bathroom to clean themselves up.

The sheets had already been changed into clean ones when they came out of the bathroom. She immediately knew that Alexander's servants had come in and changed them when the couple was having their shower.

She turned as red as a tomato after realizing that, and she jumped into bed and hid herself in the blanket.

From the memory he had of her, he didn't recall a time when he had seen her acting this way. Feeling intrigued by this side of her he had never seen before, he was about to throw the blanket off of her and continue with what they were doing.

“I am going to get angry if you keep this up,” she playfully huffed, her palms holding him back by pushing at his chest.

“I just want to sleep with you. I won't do anything else,” he promised her as he gave her an embrace.

She could finally heave a sigh of relief after hearing his words.

However, she wasn't the only one who wasn't sleepy even though the sky had turned dark. Alexander's voice soon rang out near her ear, "You are so perfect, and you even gave birth to 3 of our children. Why didn't I marry you after all those years of knowing you?"

"Because you are a bully," she grumbled.

"Did I treat you badly before?"

Hearing that, she couldn't help but ask, "Why do you think so?"

"Your aunt didn't seem to like me that much when I was discharged," he confessed.

"At least you are self-aware."

"Are you still willing to be with me, then?"

"I am giving you a chance to redeem yourself. Do you not want it?" she teased, in which he hurriedly replied, "Of course I do."

His arms then tightened around her, and he announced, "Courtney, let's get married."

She hesitated for a bit, but she eventually mumbled an "okay".

Just like the dreams she used to have when she was in her younger years, it felt as though life had restarted for her then. There was no more resentment or hatred: all that was left was genuine feelings of love.

When the next afternoon came, they made their way to the Civil Affairs Bureau to register for a marriage certificate.

Alexander's hair still hadn't grown out yet. In order to have their photo taken, Courtney had to buy a wig for him to cover his baldness last-minute. It might look somewhat unnatural, but it was still better than the smooth head with a surgical wound on it.

"Smile!"

"Ma'am, please get closer to your husband."

"..."

Their smiles were exceptionally bright when the shutter of the camera clicked.

Courtney hadn't thought that she and Alexander had to rush to get a marriage certificate, but she eventually understood that some things need to be done on a moment's impulse.

A shower had just cleaned Melrose City by the time the couple left the building with their new certificate. The sunlight was shining perfectly too, and the air wasn't humid.

She was in the midst of absent-mindedly staring at the certificate when he suddenly brought her to the trunk of the car before covering her eyes.

"What are you oh-so-mysteriously doing, huh?" she asked.

“Give me a moment.” He finally dropped his hands after a few seconds had passed, and he said to her, “You can open them now.”

As she slowly opened her eyes, the first thing she saw was the trunk full of red, eye-catching roses that symbolized love. There were cards placed on top of the flowers, and on them were hand-drawn images of stories between a tortoise and a hare.

Starting from the leftmost card, it was an image of a tortoise and a hare sitting across each other at an office desk. They seemed to be having an interview for recruitment.

The tortoise went, “Why should I listen to the words of someone who faked their educational background?”

The hare seemed angered after hearing the tortoise’s words, and it raised its own resumé before yelling, “With the ability and experience I have, I am no worse than someone who has been educated. How can you judge a book by its cover?”

The second card showed an image of the hare shielding the tortoise from a chandelier that came falling from right above the little tortoise’s head.

The third one...

She realized that the images told stories of the time she had got to know him after she returned to the country.

Surprised, she asked, “Did you prepare all of this?”

“I don’t remember it well,” he admitted, “but I asked the people around me. They told me the stories, and I drew them all out. Did I get it right?”

She immediately nodded at that. “It’s perfect. All of this did happen.”

“There are still a lot of things that I don’t remember, but I believe that I will recall everything about us in time.” He had a loving expression on his face then, and he breathed, “Happy marriage, Mrs. Duncan.”