

One Night Surprise Chapter 47

Chapter 47

Alexander had a calm and composed expression as he nodded in response. "Okay."

Meanwhile, Jordan had drifted off to sleep in his safety seat.

The butler held the steering wheel and glanced at the rearview mirror, looking like a thief as he lowered his voice. "Young Master, I said everything just as you instructed me to."

"Yep." Alexander replied offhandedly. As he gazed out the window, an ominous look-like he had gotten his way-flashed across his eyes briefly.

After casting his thoughts back to that night, he felt that he had come to a breakthrough. However, he needed some time to confirm things for himself. He initially thought that things would proceed smoothly, but Courtney had been clearly evading him after yesterday's events. He realized that he still had to find a good excuse for this, and Jordan was the perfect decoy.

Since that day, Alexander would frequently bring his son over as they came knocking on Courtney's door. He would also bring Courtney and Tina to his place during the weekends. Occasionally, the pair would also have a picnic at the park or visit theme parks for a day of fun. As time went by, they got along better.

Naturally, Courtney thought that her cooking skills were what drew the father and son pair in. On the other hand, Alexander would give her some suggestions for the centennial celebration plans so that Courtney wouldn't have to embarrass herself when her other coworkers shoot her down-it was a fair arrangement

"Sorry for the wait, Miss Price."

In a booth at Verdant Shore Cafe, a young man put his briefcase down before sliding into the seat across from Britney

Britney was already impatient from the wait, her expression darkening even more when she took in the man before her. "You're the private detective that Jason spoke of? Benjamin Ford?"

The man inclined his head. He was still calm even when faced with Britney's skeptical gaze. "Yes, that's me."

Britney was irritated. After surveying him for a while, she grabbed her bag and prepared to leave.

"Jason has really gone nuts. Where did he find you? Are you even an adult? Anyone else would probably think that you're some random makeup artist from the beauty salon. What I have here is not something for little kids to play with."

The man before her looked to be in his early twenties or so; delicate features made up his baby face. While it wasn't possible to mistake him for a minor, he certainly couldn't be any older than 25. No one would have immediately believed that he was the best detective in Melrose City when they saw him.

Benjamin sat politely in his seat. He had no intention of getting up whatsoever as he said flatly, "Once you leave, I will erase all that I have uncovered. You don't have to worry about me leaking anything. That's the principle I follow while working."

Britney froze on the spot upon hearing those words. She frowned as she looked at him. "What did you manage to dig up?"

"Are you now interested in what I have to say?"

Britney's brows knitted together for a brief moment before she finally returned to her seat and sat down.

"Tell me what you have uncovered. I'll only believe that you're capable of helping me with my case if you've managed to dig up something useful."

Benjamin was in no hurry as he pulled out a document and slowly pushed it over to Britney, the slender fingers on his other hand still pressed on the document folder.

"Regarding your request to look into a woman named Courtney Hunter and her child, I've already investigated them in detail. What I know currently is the night of Courtney's 18th birthday-6 years ago -was the last night her social circle saw her before she left the country."

"Six years ago..." Britney stared at the date on the document, the frown lines on her forehead deepening. "How could it be that night?"

"Although you didn't exactly state what you wanted me to look into, I think that you might be interested in this. After being drugged that night, Courtney didn't go to the room that her sister had arranged for her; someone else took her instead. On that same night, Alexander Duncan was there at the same hotel."

"What are you implying?"

"I think I have sufficient evidence to suspect that the surrogate Alexander went to look for back then was Courtney."

Color drained from Britney's face. Her hands quivered as they clutched at the paper.

How could everything line up so perfectly?

She had managed to find out-with much difficulty-that Jordan was born through a surrogate mother when she initially looked into his birth. Since it was meant to be a surrogacy, Alexander couldn't possibly be in contact with the surrogate mother; that was why Britney had been so lax about this all these years. Much to her shock, there was a good chance that the surrogate mother might be Courtney

She was the second daughter of the Hunters; how could she possibly go through something like a surrogate pregnancy?

"Impossible." Britney immediately shot down that notion. "She's the second young lady of the Hunter Family. She has everything she could possibly want. Why would she do something like this?"

"You're the one who said it, Miss Price. Courtney was drugged by her sister that night. Anything could've happened after that, right? I'm just telling you the current direction of my investigation. If you still don't believe me, I can end the investigation right here. I won't continue anymore."

Benjamin leveled a look at Britney, his gaze a little scornful.

Meanwhile, Britney's expression darkened as she clenched her fists.

"Just continue with the investigation. When did I say that you could stop? I must get to the bottom of this."

"All right. My next step would be to find the butler who used to serve the Duncans before. He was probably the one responsible for the surrogacy back then. I'll get in touch with you when I have updates." Benjamin glanced at the paper in Britney's hands. "Keep that document for yourself, and you can call me anytime if you have any questions. By the way, it's not a good habit to judge a book by its cover. A private eye relies on the sharpness of one's perception skills, not age."

Having said that, Benjamin got up and made his exit, a haughty look evident on that baby face of his.

If it wasn't for the fact that the target of his investigation this time was Alexander, he wouldn't have taken this case at all. Just as he thought, behind a female celebrity's sunny disposition was an uglier one; Britney made his hackles rise.