

One Night Surprise Chapter 64

Chapter 64

Courtney's midnight snack looked no less impressive than a regular meal. Soon, three beautiful bowls containing bolognese sauce, cooked spaghetti, and meatballs were served on the table. The most aromatic food among them was the bowl filled with bolognese sauce, which smelled very appetizing.

Courtney served Alexander a big bowl of spaghetti before serving the sauce and the meatballs in front of him. She urged without thinking, "Mix the sauce with the spaghetti yourself. This is especially delicious."

With that, she hastily served herself some spaghetti.

Alexander pressed his palms against the bowl of spaghetti bolognese. As he felt the bowl's warmth, his eyes-which were fixed on the busy woman in front of him-were slowly filled with warmth as well.

Actually, it was rare for someone from a wealthy and powerful family to see a member of their family preparing food for them personally. There were plenty of maids and servants at home, so everyone in the household always lived off other people's labor.

Such was the way Alexander lived ever since he was a child, but the scene before his eyes overlapped with some scenes of his childhood, evoking his memories and reminding him of some long-standing grievances at the same time.

Meanwhile, Courtney ate half a bowl of spaghetti bolognese in just a few bites. Just as she was fully satisfied, she saw Alexander's bowl from the corner of her eye; its contents still looked the same as when she had given it to him earlier.

"Why haven't you eaten it yet?" she asked, puzzled. After pondering for a moment, she asked in a whisper, "Have you not eaten spaghetti bolognese before?"

"Is it weird that I've never eaten spaghetti bolognese before?" Alexander asked her in reply.

Melrose City was located in the south. Spaghetti bolognese, which originated from another country, was common in the area, but it was available mainly as street food. Courtney presumed that the Duncans' cooks wouldn't prepare spaghetti bolognese for Alexander's dinner, and it was even more impossible for Alexander to eat at a food stall.

"Uh, it's not weird. It isn't weird at all." Courtney smiled with embarrassment. She reached out her hand ingratiatingly and offered, "Why don't I mix the sauce with the spaghetti for you?"

"It's not necessary." Holding the fork in his hand, Alexander mixed the sauce and the spaghetti himself. His movements couldn't be considered skillful, but it wasn't clumsy either.

"Actually, I understand your feelings." Courtney desperately looked for words to make up for her lack of manners just now. "Back when I was still the second young lady of the Hunter Family, my family wouldn't let me do the chores whenever I was at home. My stepmother and sister led a pampered life and did nothing since they never had to fend for themselves. I guess Anna won't ever eat something like spaghetti bolognese in her life."

Alexander looked a little surprised upon seeing that Courtney didn't evade talking about her family, but he quickly resumed his usual expression a moment after that. He asked, "Did your stepmother treat you well?"

"What do you think?" Courtney threw him a look to let him figure it out himself.

Would've Anna treated her like that at Isaac and Vanessa's engagement party if her stepmother treated her well? Children always followed their mothers' example, so one could tell at a glance how her stepmother treated her.

Alexander frowned. He then asked, "But you don't seem to be concerned, do you?"

"Yeah, I'm unconcerned." Courtney swallowed a big mouthful of spaghetti. Then, she slurred, "Those who were truly important to me and treated me well have passed away, and those remaining are unimportant, so it's meaningless to dwell on that."

Alexander was startled for a moment. Thinking that he had reminded her of her sorrowful past, he was a little apologetic. "I'm sorry."

"Why should you apologize?" Courtney curled her lips into a self-deprecating smile. "You know what? My dad kept telling me that my mom died of an illness, which was also what everyone in the Hunter Family and even my grandfather said. However, why would Anna be born before her mother married into the Hunter Family if my dad didn't cheat on my mom back then? She's even two months older than I am."

All adults thought that kids were gullible, but kids weren't idiots despite their childishness.

"Do you hate your father?"

Courtney nodded before shaking her head. "I don't know. I'd certainly hate him if he treats me slightly worse, but he has never concealed his preference for me ever since I was little. I figured out later that there is nothing wrong with the way he treats me. In the end, I just can't reconcile myself to what happened to my mom and grandfather."

Courtney's father founded the Hunter Family by starting his business from scratch, but he couldn't have done so back then without the first start-up capital given to him by Courtney's mother, who brought a handsome dowry with her when she married him. Otherwise, how could the Hunter Family become what it was today?

"Simply speaking, you don't hate your father." Alexander found it hard to describe the feelings within him as he stared at Courtney.

"Not really. It's a matter between my parents, so we're not qualified to intervene as children." Courtney raised her brows, trying her best to assume an unconcerned expression. "Moreover, I'm no longer living with them right now. Otherwise, could you do anything if you were me?"

"If I were you," said Alexander as his voice deepened; for some reason, it sounded chilling. "I would make him and his mistress get out of the house together without a single penny."

Stunned, Courtney stared at Alexander in surprise.

"I'm full."

The fork produced a slight noise as it was put down on the table. The noise wasn't loud, but for some reason, Courtney could sense the anger in it.

Courtney was completely baffled as Alexander's figure quickly disappeared at the door to his room on the second floor.

How did I make him angry again?

In the dimly lit main bedroom on the second floor, Alexander opened a book placed on the bedside table to reveal a photo that was torn in half. Half of the photo had been crumpled beyond recognition, whereas the other half showed a little boy who was riding on the shoulders of a handsome man in high spirits

Alexander held the photo, pressing his thumb so hard on its edge that it almost crinkled up. The light cast on his face revealed a hint of touchiness.

So many years had passed since then, yet he never admitted what he had done wrong back then.

It was that woman who betrayed his father, she had an affair with another man behind his father's back, thus killing his father indirectly. Therefore, he didn't consider it wrong to banish her from the family himself even though she was his mother.

Yet, Courtney said that it was a matter between his parents, and he had no right to intervene as a child

When Alexander woke up the next day, Courtney had prepared their breakfast and was having breakfast with the two kids at the dining table.

"Are you awake? Let's eat." Courtney looked at him. She said with a smile. "I made some millet gruel with red dates. It's good for your health."

Alexander pulled out his chair and sat down without answering her. His attitude was obviously colder than before.

Courtney, who also noticed that, felt a little awkward. Nonetheless, she couldn't figure out how she had made him angry. She was only too anxious to stop staying here, but she wouldn't allow that if her job would be affected.

The maid filled a bowl with the gruel and put it in front of Alexander, who lowered his head and tasted it without saying a word. He even finished off the bowl of gruel; only then did Courtney breathe a sigh of relief.

As expected, one must take their cue from somebody else while living under their roof. I'd better finish my job as soon as possible.

Tina had been living in Royal Park Manor ever since that day. Courtney and Alexander would send the two kids to school together in the morning, whereas Alexander would pick them up personally in the evening.

Strangely, Courtney was always in time for dinner no matter when she came home from work, it was as though the cook at Royal Park Manor could predict the time she arrived back at home after work in the evening

The decoration of the event hall for the 100th-anniversary celebration took half a month to complete. When it ended formally on Friday, Courtney had the Finance Department settle accounts with the contract workers.

Just as she was contemplating whether to get off work early and pick Tina up, her cell phone rang suddenly