

One Night Surprise Chapter 98

Chapter 98

“Does anyone else know about this?”

After calming herself, Britney tightly clenched her fists.

Her manager frowned while confidently replying, “The people from the black market always have their way in settling their scores. On top of that, they have killed the man and burned down his entire house, so they won’t dare to say anything aloud. Only Benjamin knows about this and it is all their fault. They have already promised to fix this by finding him, but we are worried that we might not be quick enough.”

“It’s alright.” Britney’s face darkened. “If the detective is safe, he might have already reported this to the police. However, since there is no news until now, something might have happened to him too. Remind them to look for nearby hospitals or homes.” The fire was huge, causing the nearby houses to be burned down as well. Apart from that, he was drugged and unconscious, so how could he have possibly made it out alive?

With that logic, she slowly convinced herself and loosened her fists. Her palm was reddened due to her fingernails, which were dug in it.

The next morning, Courtney started her journey to the first youth hostel plan that she was about to research on-it was at Oreus, which was around 200 kilometers away from Melrose City.

The first Airbnb that she researched was called ‘Hostel D’Amour’ as it was the first one in the recommended list online,

“The paperwork for your check-in is ready. Your room is the first one to your right on the second floor.”

After they registered all her information, the receptionist handed Courtney’s identity card back to her. “I’ll show you the way.”

“Thanks.”

The receptionist was a young girl who looked like she was younger than 20 years of age. Wearing a green T shirt and a pair of shorts, her demeanor gave people the feeling of their youth once again.

“Are you the only one taking care of this hostel? Can you manage it?”

“I’m not the only one. Our boss went out some time ago, but he hasn’t been back for two months.”

Upon hearing that, Courtney frowned in slight disappointment.

The first thing to do in her market research was to look at the decoration of the entire place and she noticed it as soon as she arrived-it was better than what she had imagined. Hence, she was even more determined with her original plan to ask the boss of the hostel to work for Sunhill Hotel so that he would be involved in the plan to build a series of youth hostels. This is better than me accumulating experience over time.

"I see. When is your boss coming back?"

"No idea. He's usually quite unpredictable and mysterious. This hotel is managed by our madam. Why? Do you have something to discuss with our boss?"

"Nothing." Courtney smiled. "I'm just curious about the person who designed this unique hostel and I would like to meet him. That's all."

"In that case, it's the same if you talk to the madam. The entire design was done by her and our boss. In fact, many of the decorations are based on her ideas."

"Is that so?" Her eyes lit up. "This hostel is not managed by your boss, but her?"

"Yeah, this entire hostel is the product of her hard work."

After chatting with each other for a while, the receptionist went downstairs to serve other guests. Courtney was delighted to find out about that as it was usually much easier to convince women compared to men.

In the evening, as the entire Oreus was enshrouded in the warm glow of sunset, a middle-aged woman was brewing tea with a clay teapot in the corner of Hostel D'Amour. Since her hair was tied up in a bun with a hair pin, it was difficult to determine her age. To be more precise, the range of her possible age was quite wide-it would be believable if one claimed that she was in her thirties or in her fifties.

Courtney walked to her and initiated a conversation."The tea smells delicious. Is it jasmine tea?"

The woman lifted her head and kindly smiled. "Indeed. Would you like to give it a try? It's going to be ready soon."

Courtney.nodded and thanked her as she sat down.

"Are you comfortable with your stay here?" she asked while she was still focused on brewing the tea.

"Yeah, it's amazing here. I can see the rooftop of the entire ancient city. It's really beautiful."

"Here, have some tea."

The woman passed a tea cup to her. After thanking her, Courtney took a sip of it-it indeed left a strong fragrance in her mouth.

"You don't seem like you are here to travel," the woman stated.

Courtney's expression slightly froze. "How did you know?"

"People who are traveling here won't be staying in their room all day like you."

Courtney smiled. "Even though you don't come downstairs, you seem to understand all the customers here. You are quite caring indeed, madam."

The woman merely smiled without saying another word.

"Aren't you curious about what I'm doing here, madam?"

"I'm not curious since curiosity kills the cat. There are too many stories that kill curious people, but if you are willing to tell me, I would gladly listen."

Courtney was stunned for a moment as she had never met anyone like that woman, who seemed ethereal. After a moment of silence, she decided to tell her about herself. "Let me introduce myself first-I'm Courtney Hunter, a branch manager of Sunhill Hotel under the umbrella of Sunhill Enterprise."

With that, she passed her business card over.

As soon as the woman heard the words 'Sunhill Enterprise', her relaxed demeanour suddenly tensed as she looked at Courtney in shock. "Sunhill?"

"Yes, Sunhill." Courtney heaved a sigh of relief. Even though Oreus was far and deserted, the madam seemed to know about Sunhill Enterprise. This definitely made my work easier.

"I heard that you were personally involved in the design and management of this hostel. Hence, I would like to ask whether you have the intention to work for our group, particularly managing a new business of a chain of hostels?"

The woman frowned deeply as she looked at the business card while being deep in her thoughts.

After a while, she asked, "Whose arrangement is this-asking me to work at the enterprise?"

"Of course, it's a plan from the proposal team. Our president signed it off himself."

"Your president, Alexander Duncan?"

"Do you know President Duncan?" Courtney tentatively asked.

Suddenly, she felt that the madam's reaction was rather peculiar.

"I've heard of him before." The woman looked at her. "A-Are you well-acquainted with your president?"

Courtney froze again. What question is this? "I-I guess so."

"How is his health? I heard that he has a son. Is he married?"

"He has been fairly healthy. As for his son, yes, he does have a son, but he is not married yet. Soon, perhaps." At the mention of Alexander's son, Courtney's face slightly darkened as her thoughts wandered elsewhere.

"Yeah? What about the old Master Duncan, Scott Duncan? Is he doing alright? Have you met him?"

After Courtney returned to her senses, she was slightly confused. "Madam, you seem to be quite concerned about President Duncan's family matters..."

The woman had an unnatural expression on her face. "Is that so? I'm merely curious. After all, there are many rumors about their family. Even though I'm old, I'm still quite into gossip."

Is that so? Courtney felt even more confused. The first question I asked her was whether she was curious about my plans here. From her nonchalant reply, she doesn't seem to care even if the world is ending tomorrow. Yet she's saying that she's curious about the Duncan Family now? Weird.

"I heard that you sent Courtney on a business trip?"

At the Duncans' ancestral home, Scott suddenly asked Alexander about Courtney when they had dinner together.

Alexander froze as he was about to take the vegetables before shooting a glance at Jordan, who sat next to Scott. Jordan tightened his grip on Scott's clothes and looked at Alexander indignantly, as if to say, That's right. I told him! What can you do about it?.