

One Night Surprise chapter 11

Chapter 11 Little Master Has Gone Missing

“So what happened today was an accident too, where you used me as a cover?”

Alexander helped her simply because he didn't allow her—his employee and one of his people—to be challenged and provoked by outsiders. He bent over to get close to her ear before speaking in a voice as cold as an ice lake. “I hope that what happened today will not happen again. If you throw yourself at me again, I don't mind ending your three-month probation ahead of time.”

Alexander stared at Courtney until she felt a chill running down her spine. The latter was choked with anger, but she couldn't get rid of the anger inside her.

Just as Alexander finished his sentence, the elevator door opened with a crisp ding! No longer desiring to continue fighting, he turned around and left. Only then did Courtney's tensed body go limp.

I can't have a good opinion of this big boss for more than three seconds! she thought to herself.

When she arrived at the department, her assistant, Vivienne, stopped her with a panic-stricken expression. “Miss Hunter.”

“What's wrong? What happened?”

Vivienne looked troubled. “The little guest in the VIP suite on the 20th floor is kicking up a fuss. He refuses to eat anything and has thrown many out of his room. His room is in a mess right now, and our hotel will be held accountable if he falls and hurts himself.”

“A little guest in the VIP suite on the 20th floor?” Courtney had never seen such a guest being recorded in her guest list. “Is he a new guest?”

Vivienne nodded quickly. "You may say so. He's only five years old, but he's got quite a temper despite his young age, and no one can calm him down. He is smashing things in anger since his family is absent at this moment."

"What? His family is absent? Is this proper?" Courtney asked. Upon making a prompt decision, she said, "Let's go and take a look."

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Her words were exactly what Vivienne had been waiting for. Vivienne caught up to her, saying, "He hasn't eaten for a day. If he still refuses to eat, we're afraid that something might happen, and we won't be able to bear the responsibility."

"It's normal for a kid to feel insecure when his parents aren't around," Courtney uttered while pressing the elevator button. "Are there parents who left their child alone in the hotel? Is this even proper?"

Vivienne bowed her head next to Courtney and nodded with an unnatural expression.

When they reached the door to the suite, they heard the clatter of porcelains shattering into pieces, which was followed by exclamations from the hotel attendant. Many staff members were standing outside the door.

"Miss Hunter is here!"

Amid the noise, everyone made way for Courtney, who then entered the room to find the living room in a mess so chaotic that one could scarcely find a place to get a foothold. The sofa covers and cushions were thrown all over the floor, whereas the glass containing fruit juice was turned over and mixed together with the spaghetti and the shattered plates and mugs. Furthermore, the floor lamp beside the sofa had fallen onto the floor.

Courtney gave a gasp of shock. Can a five-year-old boy really destroy the scene to such an extent? "Where's the kid?" she asked in a whisper.

Another manager behind her pointed at the bedroom. "He has just shut himself in. What do you think we should do, Miss Hunter?"

The seemingly more than ten people outside the door—ranging from attendants to receptionists to hotel managers—were at a loss for what to do.

Courtney frowned. "Have you guys contacted the boy's parents?"

"We can't get through to them yet." Those behind her looked at each other, as if trying to communicate something by exchanging glances.

"Never mind." Courtney rolled up her sleeves. "Tell the kitchen to make an egg custard and prepare a bowl of poached meatballs that are a bit less salty. Also, have someone tidy up this place." With that, she stepped over the mess on the floor and headed for the bedroom.

"Should we let her go there just like that?"

"Or else? Should you go instead?"

"I'm not going. I'd lose my job if I pissed off the little prince."

Courtney didn't hear the whispers behind her. The bedroom door was half-opened, enabling her to see the situation inside the room. The covers and pillows were thrown all over the place, and the little figure, dressed in a set of brown-checked pajamas, was sitting on the icy floor like a statue with his back toward the bedroom door.

"Hello there..." Courtney tried to greet the kid, but he didn't show any intention of responding to her. She then tried to get close to him, but after she made a few steps, the figure suddenly moved and hurled something in his hand right in her face.

One Night Surprise chapter 13

Chapter 13 I Hate Him

Courtney had no choice but to put down the plates for the time being. She looked back and caressed the little boy's head, asking, "You want me to stay here and keep you company, is it?"

The little boy nodded.

“Alright, I’ll stay.”

The little boy was stunned for a moment, as if he never expected her to comply so readily.

“But we can’t sit on the floor any longer. The floor is cold, so you’ll get sick. Let’s sit on the sofa, okay?”

The little boy nodded obediently at once.

Courtney smiled with satisfaction before bending down to carry him to the sofa and sit down.

Turning a blind eye at the mess on the floor, she told the little boy several jokes in a row until his gloomy expression was replaced by a smile. In the end, he giggled continuously.

However, this kid never spoke.

When his mood lightened, Courtney sounded him out by asking, “Can you tell me why you were so upset? Was it because nobody was playing with you?”

Her questions seemed to hit the little boy’s sore spot, and he made gestures for a long time before Courtney finally figured out that he wanted some papers and a pen. When she looked back, she happened to see a pen and a stack of papers on the nightstand. They seemed to have been prepared long ago since many words were written on the papers.

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She immediately took the pen and papers and handed them to the little boy.

The little boy then wrote a line on the paper that read, ‘Daddy is bad. Promised to take me outside for fun but didn’t.’

Courtney was surprised that such a little kid could write so many words. After being stunned for a long time, she came to her senses and figured that his parents must have taught him so on purpose, for it seemed that this kid really couldn’t speak.

“Do you mean that you were angry because your Dad didn’t take you to have fun outside after promising to do so?”

The little boy nodded angrily with a frown of indignation.

Courtney let out a sigh before stroking his hair and comforted him. "Perhaps your Dad is really very busy. He wants you to live a better life, so he gets so busy that he has no time to rest or play with you."

The little boy didn't buy her excuse, though. He let out a snort and wrote on the paper, 'Didn't see Daddy for many days. He didn't come back. I hate him.'

How could he leave a kid behind in the hotel for so many days?

Courtney frowned as well. This parent of his sounds so careless!

"I'll help you talk to your Dad when he comes back." Courtney held the little boy's hand. "How could he let a child stay alone at home? Moreover, this is not your home; it's a hotel. What if something happens?"

The little boy nodded repeatedly.

"Have you been staying alone in the room these days?"

The little boy nodded again.

At the sight of his response, Courtney pondered for a while. "Would you like me to take you out for a walk so that you can get some fresh air?"

The little boy nodded at once.

It is indeed in a kid's nature to be playful and active. The hotel suite is large, but even adults couldn't stand staying in the room all day long like this, let alone a kid. Upon that thought, Courtney immediately decided to take him outside.

"By the way, what's your name?" Courtney asked before they left. Then, recalling that he couldn't speak, she paused in her tracks in the living room. "Wait a minute while I take a pen and some papers so that we can talk to each other while we're outside."

With that, she left the little boy in the living room and went back to the bedroom to take the pen and papers.

Most of the crowd that gathered outside the door had dispersed at this moment, leaving two attendants on standby and Courtney's assistant, who hadn't left as well. Those behind them were about to leave.

Suddenly, a clatter was heard, and someone among the crowd screamed, "The chandelier!"

Upon hearing the scream, Courtney—who had just left the bedroom with the pen and papers—looked at the chandelier. To her horror, she saw the crystal chandelier clattering right above the little boy. The sound of the chains rubbing against and knocking into each other caused the crystal chandelier to shake vigorously.

"Aaaah!"

Those outside the door turned pale with fright, but they could only watch helplessly as the chandelier fell with a clatter!

One Night Surprise chapter 14

Chapter 14 You Don't Have to Persuade Me on His Behalf

"Little Master!"

"Miss Hunter!"

The exclamations of the panic-stricken crowd outside the door could be heard amid the clatter of the shattering crystal chandelier.

At this moment, the crystal chandelier had shattered into countless pieces at the center of the living room, leaving the floor in a mess. Courtney shielded the little boy with one hand while her other hand was badly mangled under the chandelier. She then fainted on the spot from the pain.

Just when everyone was panicky and hesitant just now, Courtney dashed from the bedroom door right away without thinking, shielding the little boy who was at the risk of being smashed by the chandelier.

The scene was chaotic. Before losing consciousness, Courtney vaguely heard the little boy in her arms uttering a word with a choke in his voice.

The word sounded like 'Mommy'.

The scene was in a state of chaos.

"Hurry up and call the ambulance to rush Miss Hunter to the hospital!"

"Little Master is clutching Miss Hunter's clothes and unwilling to let go of her. What should we do?"

"Take them there together. Who'd look after him if we leave him here? Who can bear the responsibility if something happens to him?"

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"Alright, alright. Let's call President Duncan."

The conversation went on.

Meanwhile, Alexander, who had just finished signing a contract, was drinking tea alone in a private room in a high-end private clubhouse in Melrose City. He was waiting for his assistant, who was seeing off the company director with whom Alexander had held a discussion on a collaboration.

Such a day was the norm in his life.

"Alexander." A lady's sweet voice rang.

Upon hearing this voice, Alexander looked back with an unnoticeable frown.

A tall lady, who had just lifted the private room's curtain, looked pleasantly surprised at the sight of him. She walked inside, saying, "It really is you. It so happened that I have just finished having a meeting about an endorsement deal. Jason saw your assistant sending people out just now, so I wondered if you were here."

"Uh-huh," mumbled Alexander nonchalantly as a reply.

"I have just visited Grandpa a few days ago." Britney Price sat down across from him while carefully studying his expression. Seeing that he didn't respond to the word 'Grandpa', she continued speaking. "Grandpa said that there'd always be instances where you can't look after Jordan seeing that you're raising him all by yourself. He's worried that the maids aren't dutiful enough, so it seems that he wants to ask if you'd like to consider sending Jordan back to him."

Alexander's expression darkened at her words. "I'm afraid that it's more dangerous to send Jordan back than to keep him by my side. You don't have to persuade me on his behalf."

"I'm not here to persuade you on his behalf. I was just bringing it up casually, but that also happened to be what Grandpa was thinking." Britney smiled. Then, she explained calmly, "Actually, Grandpa also said he hoped that you could find someone who would do her utmost to look after Jordan and attend to him as soon as possible. This way, you can have peace of mind when you're away from home."

Alexander refrained from commenting on her words. As they were conversing, his assistant hurriedly walked inside. "President Duncan..."

Seeing that Britney was also present, he was startled for a while.

"What's the matter?" asked Alexander.

"Oh!" The assistant came to his senses. He uttered urgently, "The hotel has called just now to say that Little Master has met with an accident. The crystal chandelier in the suite has fallen down."

A venomous look flashed across Britney's eyes when she heard this, but the look vanished soon after that.

On the other hand, Alexander's expression clouded over, and a trace of anxiety flashed across his usually emotionless eyes. He immediately got up from his seat before asking in a cold voice, "How is Jordan?"

"Don't worry, President Duncan," Josh replied. "A staff member of the hotel rescued Little Master in time, so he wasn't injured. I was told that he insisted on going to the hospital along with the staff member."

Upon hearing his words, Alexander immediately got ready to leave.

Glancing at Alexander's suit jacket on the clothes stand, Britney hurriedly picked it up and caught up with him. "I'll go with you, Alex."

One Night Surprise chapter 15

Chapter 15 He Was Probably Frightened

The person lying on the sickbed hadn't regained consciousness when Alexander reached the hospital. As he walked in, he saw his dear son leaning on the edge of the bed in his pajamas without even changing his clothes.

Alexander was astounded at the sight of the scene.

"Jordan?"

Jordan looked back upon hearing the noise. At the sight of Alexander, his expression relaxed a little, and he held up the paintings in his hand.

These were crayon paintings that Jordan often made. He couldn't speak and had a limited vocabulary, so there were many instances where he needed to express complicated messages through his drawings.

The first painting showed a lady feeding a kid, whose happiness was evident from the smile on his face.

The second painting showed a lady holding the kid's hand as they were about to go outdoors happily. A castle in an amusement park was drawn inside a cloud-shaped circle next to their heads.

The third painting illustrated a golden chandelier which had dropped from the ceiling and smashed into the floor. The lady was holding the kid to her bosom, and her hand was bleeding under the chandelier.

“Uh...” Jordan dragged Alexander to the bedside. Then, he pointed at the lady on the sickbed and the lady he had drawn to imply that they were the same person.

Alexander hesitantly looked at the person on the sickbed, but his expression froze at the sight of the pale face.

It's her? This woman had the courage to risk her life and save Jordan!

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The look on Alexander's face grew a bit more complicated as he recalled his bad attitude toward her previously.

Jordan looked as though he wanted to convey something else, but his face turned pale at the sight of Britney as she walked in after Alexander. He broke free from Alexander's hand and cowered near the hospital bed.

“What's wrong, Jordan?” Not noticing the peculiar look in Jordan's eyes, Alexander thought that Jordan was putting the blame on him—after all, he ended up in the accident only because his father hadn't taken him to the amusement park. Alexander softened his voice a little and said, “I'm sorry for what happened today. I'll be sure to keep my promise next time, alright?”

Nonetheless, Jordan still looked hesitant and refused to approach Alexander.

Feeling helpless, Alexander turned around and called the mansion's butler, who had been standing outside the door the whole time. “Mr. Harry, please take Jordan home first. It's already late, so he should get some rest.”

However, Jordan kept shaking his head and clutched the sickbed's bed sheets, refusing to let go of them.

Alexander was puzzled at the sight of the scene. “What's wrong with you, Jordan?”

“Let me do it—perhaps he’s quite shaken up from today,” said Britney as she spoke from behind him. She crouched down and stroked Jordan’s head. “Would you like to have dinner with me, Jordan?”

Jordan trembled, and his eyes were full of fear. Running away from Britney at once, he hid behind Alexander and clutched the latter’s pants.

“He’s probably traumatized from the incident,” explained Britney calmly. Then, she continued with a sigh, “Alex, why don’t you leave the matters at the hospital to the butler while you and I take Jordan back first? It’s too late, so the kid should get some rest.”

Alexander hesitated before taking a look at Courtney, who was still lying unconsciously on the sickbed. Before he left, he instructed the others and said, “Tell the hospital to take good care of her.”

Back at home, Alexander didn’t walk out of the bedroom until the nanny had coaxed Jordan into sleep. It was apparent from the trace of steeliness in his eyes that his mind was still preoccupied with what had happened during the day.

Meanwhile, Britney was still in the living room. “Has he fallen asleep yet?”

“Yeah.” Alexander nodded. He then glanced at the time and said curtly, “It’s late. I’ll get the chauffeur to send you home.”

“It’s alright. My chauffeur will pick me up in a while.” Britney glanced at the bedroom on the second floor. “It’s just that it’s improper to have Jordan follow you around when he’s so little; just look at the heart-stopping accident today. Grandpa is right—you should find a person to take care of him.”

Alexander glanced at her, seeming as though he was considering this suggestion seriously.