One Night Surprise Chapter 116

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As their body temperatures increased at an accelerating rate, the whole room was starting to burn. The intimate kiss spread all the way to Courtney's chin, neck and her chest while a huge pair of hands swept through her body. However, she did not resist him at all since her mind was completely blank.

Knock! Knock! The rapid knocks on the door tried to halt the man's advancement,

"Miss Hunter, Penelope has woken up. What should we do? The police are also here."

Suddenly, she returned to her senses and pushed Alexander away as she sat up in panic.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

"Miss Hunter, are you there?"

On the other side of the office door, Addie's voice was filled with confusion.

After taking a deep breath, she tried her best to compose herself. "I'm here. I didn't hear you the first time because I'm a little busy. I'll be there in 5 minutes. You can head there first."

"What is it? Do you need my help?"

Upon hearing his words, she suddenly felt frustrated, so she anxiously replied, "No, l-I'm changing my clothes. My clothes became dirty while I was saving Penelope."

Luckily, Addie left, so Courtney let out a sigh of relief. As she turned, she saw Alexander smiling at her with his narrowed eyes. "Don't you blink whe' lie?"

Suddenly, she could feel her face flushing as she stared at him. "It's all because of you."

"Actually, your lie isn't convincing enough." He held his arms and spoke teasingly. "Many people saw me carrying you here. How likely is it that your assistant doesn't know that I'm in here?"

Upon hearing his explanation, Courtney's expression changed as she could not say anything for a while. Am / not shooting myself in the leg?

"Then, why did you do that if you clearly knew about this?" She gritted her teeth. "You did this on purpose."

"Yes, I did it on purpose." Alexander remained calm. "An eye for an eye."

Instantly, her brows tightened. "What do you mean? Where have I offended you again?"

Alexander profoundly gazed at her and reminded, "You seem to have quickly forgotten about the unspoken rule in the Ancient City."

Courtney suddenly came around while her face became hotter, "That is because..."

For a while, she tried to follow up on the word 'because', but she just could not find the excuse. She immediately became upset, so she changed the subject. "So, because of that, you took it to heart and always targeted me until today. Not only that, you even purposely tried to embarrass me in front of everyone today..."

Alexander's eyes flickered as he murmured, "Do you really think I would go against you because of that?"

"What else could it be?" Courtney looked angry as she mumbled quietly. "You exposed me in front of many people at the meeting, which shows how petty you are to abuse your power."

"What are you saying?"

"I said nothing." She avoided her gaze and moved aside.

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After giancing at her, Alexander's eyes landed on a large bouquet of roses in the corner. Slowly, the tease in his eyes disappeared as he pretended to be indifferent. "That scent is too strong. Please don't put it in your office from now on. It has such a poor taste."

Upon hearing his disgusted tone, Courtney furrowed her brows and uttered, "Poor taste? Then, why did you send it to me?"

Alexander was startled while traces of confusion flashed through his eyes.

"Fine. I have a poor taste, so I deserve lousy flowers." She giared at him before angrily standing up to let out a dry cough. "I'm leaving now. Please wait until no one is outside before you leave."

With that, she left with a red face. Even though she pretended to be composed, in his eyes, her back was obviously anxious.

The moment she left, he rose to his full height and went to the front of the vase containing the roses. After looking at it for a while, he noticed the card under the vase, so he picked it up and saw the writing inside. Immediately, his mouth could not stop twitching. It all makes sense now. Looks like Grandpa has a lot of free time these days!

In the lounge, Penelope had just regained consciousness with a weak and pale face while her colleague, who was usually very close with her, stayed by her side to comfort her.

"Penelope." Courtney pushed aside the crowd and walked to the bed before speaking in a soft voice. "Are you alright? Are you still feeling uncomfortable?"

Penelope shook her head with all her strength while bean-like tears fell on her blanket.

"I'll look into this situation thoroughly. From now on, I don't want you to give up on your life ever again. Do you know how sad your grandma will feel if she knows about this?"

Courtney held Penelope's cold hands while feeling a little upset for her.

Courtney had hired Penelope a month ago as the receptionist. Even though Penelope dropped out of high school to work and she was introverted without having other abilities, she was still a focused and hardworking kid from the countryside who only wanted to take care of her sick grandma at home. On the other hand, Courtney once personally experienced the same background as her.

Although there was no clear evidence that pointed to Penelope stealing the necklace, Courtney was sure that she would not do something like that.

As she comforted Penelope, a ruckus was heard outside.

Courtney furrowed her brows and asked, "What happened?"

"It's Brenda," the crowd whispered as they discussed the situation.

The moment they heard the name 'Brenda', Courtney could clearly feel that Penelope's hand was tightly holding onto hers, as if she was extremely scared.

"Don't worry, I'll get to the bottom of this." She patted Penelope's hand before walking out. "Everyone should leave too. Let Penelope rest for now."

"Have a rest?" The moment Courtney closed the door, a sharp voice was heard. "If every thief uses suicide to gain symphathy, then I think all murderers in prison should climb a building and jump off its roof."

Courtney focused her eyes toward the source of the voice and saw that it was Brenda folding both arms while staring at her. Her innocent face was filled with

disdain as she wore a casual retro dark green sports shorts along with her black boyfriend-style loose shirt, which made her look adorable.

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She was the little celebrity who was in the limelight recently after she debuted with the image of a pure, innocent girl, but behind the scenes, she had a bad femper. During her stay in the hotel, rumors were circulating that she openly and secretly had several conflicts with the female lead, Britney Price, due to her lack of screentime.

"Miss Clark, we are not trying to protect one of our own. The matter has not been investigated thoroughly, so we can't simply make conclusions."

"From last night until today, she was the only one who went into my room. It's all captured in the surveillance video. Do you really think I'm framing her?" Brenda furrowed her brows with a gloomy face. "I think you are purposely shielding her. Didn't you just risk your life to save her earlier? What is it? Are you two relatives?"

Upon hearing her assumptions, Courtney could only roll her eyes in her heart, but she still outwardly maintained a friendly expression on her face. "About that,"

"It's simple. I don't need an investigation and I'm certainly not short of a necklace, but I hate thieves the most. That's why I only have one request-if you fire her, all of this ends here, but if you disagree, I will start to believe that you're jointly responsible for this matter too." Brenda interrupted and arrogantly raised her chin. "After all, that thief is your subordinate, right? If I choose to pursue this matter further, you can also leave this place along with her."

At that moment, Courtney was clenching her fists.

"You should be the one leaving here, Miss Clark." The cold voice of a man echoed in the corridor, drawing the heads of the surrounding onlookers.