

# One Night Surprise Chapter 32

## Chapter 32

Alexander continued to gaze out of the window, but he was no longer in the mood to enjoy the view outside. What Britney said earlier made him reflect on his recent actions. *It's true; I've really been treating Courtney especially well. Is it just because she saved Jordan? But if that's all it is, I've already arranged for Josh and the housekeeper to show her my appreciation previously. Yet, I ended up sending her daughter to Sapphire Kindergarten; / even allowed Jordan to attend classes with Tina—all of this wasn't part of my plan.* He felt overwhelmed by all the confusing emotions as he thought about this.

There was a slight jam on the way to the hotel, so they only arrived around noon. The hotel managers and staff on duty were all positioned in two straight lines as they greeted Alexander. He walked down the pathway in the middle and glanced at all the staff to see Courtney standing at the very end of the line. He couldn't stop himself from taking a longer look at her. *They're all wearing the same uniforms, but why does she look more elegant than the rest of them? Did she add that silk scarf to her uniform? That plain, green colored scarf is tied around her neck so beautifully.*

Courtney couldn't help but realize how Alexander slowed himself down to stare at her. "What is it, President Duncan?" she asked.

He frowned the moment he came back to his senses. "Your badge is crooked." He then strode off, taking large steps as he entered the hotel. Courtney lowered her head to stare at the perfectly straight badge on her chest. "But it's not crooked," she mumbled as she looked at it puzzledly.

Once Alexander arrived, he gathered all of the hotel managers for a meeting on the second floor to discuss the company's annual celebration that was happening at the end of next month. They had already decided to host the annual celebration in that hotel itself, but they hadn't come up with a proper plan. The Sunhill Hotel was a business endeavor that Alexander started after he took over the Sunhill Enterprise at the age of 20. Although he had only been developing the business for 10 years, the results were amazing—the Sunhill Hotel was now a chain hotel that had various branches all over the country. The hotel that Courtney was working in was the first branch of the Sunhill Hotel that Alexander had designed and built personally. The place held great value and meaning to him; it therefore made sense for the company's centennial celebration to be hosted in that very branch.

"This centennial celebration is also a good opportunity to promote the company..." While the higher ups were all engaged in the discussion during the meeting, Courtney found herself nodding off. She was simply a trainee, so she sat at the very end of the table. She had been pretending to take notes in her notebook, but all she did was doodle a pageful of turtles on it.

"These solutions are too outdated. Does anyone else have any other suggestions?" Alexander's voice echoed throughout the room. Courtney pressed her lips together before she lowered her head to hide the fact that she was yawning. *When is this going to end? I'm starving.* "What do you think, Miss Hunter?"

"What?" Courtney lifted her head in surprise. She only jumped onto her feet once she saw that everyone was staring at her. "Yes? Did you ask for me, President Duncan?"

He glanced at her with his usual emotionless expression. "Everyone expressed their opinions earlier. Don't you have anything to add on to that, Miss Hunter? We're talking about the centennial celebration here."

She took a deep, thoughtful breath before she began to speak. "Well, I do have an idea, but I need a little more time to think about it. I didn't expect the rest of the managers to have established such detailed plans. I'll work on mine soon."

"What is this idea of yours?" Alexander squinted as he glanced toward the notebook in her hands. "I saw you scribbling a lot of things into your notebook earlier, so I'm sure you must have a lot of ideas."

"It's nothing." Courtney hastily slammed a palm over her notebook.

"Bring it to me." Alexander's tone was firm; he didn't allow any space for her to reject his order. She immediately felt the color draining out of her face as her hands went stiff. She couldn't embarrass her own boss in front of the whole crowd in the room, so she had no choice but to shamelessly hand the notebook over to Alexander. Before she gave it to him, she sneakily flipped through the pages and mumbled a silent prayer.

He took the notebook and flipped through it. His expression changed a little as he then frowned and glanced at her. *The notebook is just filled with meeting minutes.* She heaved a sigh of relief before she beamed happily. "Like I said, there's nothing-these are all just meeting minutes. I didn't write any ideas in the book."

However, he still seemed a little suspicious of her. Right then, he ran his index finger through the notebook and found a page that had been folded. Courtney watched in shock as he flipped the notebook precisely to the page that was filled with turtles. She immediately pressed her palm against her forehead as she cursed underneath her breath. *It's just a few turtles; I didn't commit some horrible*

*crime, did I? I saved Jordan, after all. He'll probably just think that I wasn't paying attention during the meeting, right?*

"Well, it seems like I've failed to notice your talents in the past, Miss Hunter." Alexander was being sarcastic, and his words had a hidden meaning to it, but the rest of the crowd in the meeting room only nodded in agreement as they assumed that he was praising her. Courtney, on the other hand, was losing her mind as it sounded more like a death warrant to her.

*First, I offended him early in the morning by forcing him onto the swing. Now, I'm caught doodling turtles during the meeting. Am I just especially unlucky today?*

"This combination of traditional Chinese and Western cultures is a great idea. It fits well with the Sunhill Hotel's core intentions. It looks like you've put in some effort, Miss Hunter." Alexander's deep voice filled the meeting room.

Courtney was utterly stunned.

*What combination of traditional Chinese and Western cultures is he talking about? What did I write in the notebook?*

"Since no one else has any decent ideas or plans for now, I'll hand this project for the centennial celebration over to Miss Hunter." Alexander slapped the notebook shut and handed it back to her.

His words erupted like a landmine in Courtney's head. *What is going on? What ideas did I have? What plans did I make?*

"I-I don't think that's a good idea. I don't have sufficient experience to handle this, so I don't think I'm a good fit for the job," she muttered.

"You can train yourself to become experienced in this job, but you can't train yourself to come up with good ideas. I think everyone else agrees with my decision, right?" Alexander glanced up to see everyone nodding. Most of the participants of the meeting didn't have much to say, for it was rare for Alexander to praise anyone for coming up with a decent plan. They were all impressed by Courtney's abilities, and her mentor even flashed her a proud grin, as if he had played a role in her success.

Once the meeting was over and everyone had left the room, Courtney hurried behind Alexander as he stepped out of the hotel. "Hold on, President Duncan."

"What is it?"

"Well... why did you assign me to handle the planning for the company's centennial celebration?" she asked with a frown.

He raised an eyebrow upon hearing her question. "Didn't I explain myself during the meeting earlier? Is there something wrong with your hearing? Your notes were good, and I think they fit the topic of this event perfectly."

"But my notes,"

"What else did you write in your notes? Do you think you can still secure your job if those managers found out that you had just been drawing them as turtles throughout the entire meeting?" Alexander flashed her a playful glare. In other words, he was reminding her to be careful with what she would say.

"... I recorded all the meeting minutes, of course." She bit on her lower lip.

"That's great, then. I hope to see the initial draft of the plan on my office table by the end of tomorrow." he uttered.

"Tomorrow?"

"Isn't that enough time? Or do you work as slow as a turtle?" He teased her.

"Okay... alright." she muttered.

After Courtney left, Josh followed closely behind Alexander as they got into the car and headed back to the headquarters. "President Duncan, why did you make the sudden decision to hand this anniversary project over to Miss Hunter? She's still under probation, so she's probably busy gaining more job achievements..." Josh stopped himself mid-sentence as he seemed to have realized something. *Job achievements? The centennial celebration?* "Are you trying to help Miss Hunter, President Duncan?"

Josh felt Alexander's darkened gaze lingering on him the moment he finished his sentence, so he quickly swallowed the rest of his words; he then quietly ignited the car engine and wore his seatbelt *Everything is pretty obvious, anyway. Courtney made a bet with the boss—she promised to pack up and leave if she didn't fulfil the job achievements that she had agreed to by the end of her 3-month probation, All of the interviewers witnessed this agreement. Although the hotel's performance has been improving ever since Courtney took over the job, she's still far from achieving her targeted goals. It has been 2 months, and she even had to be hospitalized for a while during that period, so it seems like she might not be able to succeed. That's probably why Alexander put her in charge of the centennial celebration! Firstly,*

*it gives her an additional two months to work here; also, she can take credit for all the achievements obtained as she handles the centennial celebration.* But there was one thing that Josh still didn't understand. *Why is Alexander being so caring toward Courtney? Is it just because she saved Jordan?*

"By the way, President Duncan, didn't you say that Eddie's driving skills were pretty good? Why did you fire him all of a sudden?" Josh asked.

"He talked too much," Alexander muttered.

Josh felt his muscles tensing in fright. He no longer dared to say anything as he was pretty talkative himself

Edward Burton, the mentor who guided Courtney in her job, quickly handed the rest of her projects and duties over to other employees once Courtney took on the project of planning the centennial celebration. She was surprised to see that he did this to allow more time for her to handle her current project

"Courtney, there were so many people from the planning team during that meeting, yet President Duncan wasn't interested in any of their ideas. You have to do a good job since your abilities caught his eye. It helps to improve our hotel's reputation as well." Edward rarely ever guided her in work, but he seemed to

have changed his attitude toward her after that meeting. She was flattered. "I'll work hard!"

The whole week after that, she spent most of her time traveling around town. As she had never planned an anniversary event in the past, she wanted to take a look at how other companies or businesses planned their events just to get an idea of what it would look like.

"May I help you, miss?" Courtney spun around to see a worker from the mall staring at her. He appeared to be polite and nice, but there was a hint of alertness in his gaze. Courtney had been snapping a large number of pictures of the mall with the phone in her hand, so he probably assumed she was some competitor within their industry, or a worker from the Bureau of Commerce. She hurriedly put her phone away before she spoke in a calm tone. "I'm just shopping. Can I know where your jewelry store is?"

The worker hesitated for a moment before he pointed in a direction. "Over there." She thanked the worker and ignored his odd glances as she walked directly toward the jewelry store. She had expected her photographing acts to attract unwanted attention, so she already had a backup plan to deal with

this matter.

The manager in the jewelry store wore her gloves before she lifted up the necklace that Courtney had passed to her. It was a silver rope chain necklace that had a clear emerald stone hanging on it, with small diamonds surrounding the stone. It was a special and stunning piece of jewelry.

"It's from our store indeed." The manager confirmed.

"Really? You guys were the ones that sold this?" Courtney tried her best to contain her excitement.

"This rope chain is a classic collection in our store. Also, look at this. Every piece of jewelry made in our store has a small logo of our brand here. It's tiny, so most people don't realize it," the manager