

Surprise 391

One Night Surprise Chapter 391 How Dare You Come Back, Huh?

Alexander would spend at least a month or two in France this time before coming back, so he wanted to take another look at his daughter, who had just undergone surgery, before leaving.

All the doctors and nurses in the inpatient department knew Alexander. Upon seeing him, the nurse on duty immediately asked, "Are you here to visit Tina, President Duncan?"

"Uh-huh."

"She's been sleeping all this while."

Alexander hesitated for a moment while looking in the ward's direction. "Is anyone there with her?"

The nurse replied, "A nurse's staying in the ward with her, but I didn't see anyone from your family all afternoon after the surgery. Tina was transferred to the general ward when her condition stabilized. We called Miss Hunter at the time, but we couldn't get through to her. Perhaps she was busy."

Alexander furrowed his brow in confusion. "You mean no one came in the afternoon?"

The nurse staying in Tina's ward thoughtfully left upon seeing Alexander. The ward was somewhat dark after the door was closed. Walking over to the side of the bed, Alexander sat down in the chair and studied his daughter's face.

Tina had a fair complexion, and her eyes and brows resembled Courtney's very much, whereas her nose and mouth resembled his own. Back when he met the lost and running little girl for the first time at the airport, something about her had struck him as familiar, and he even gave her a box of chocolate because of this. However, he would never have thought at the time that the little girl was his own flesh and blood.

Alexander felt very sorry for Tina when he recalled Courtney telling him that the girl had suffered a lot over the years because of a congenital defect. She's only a child, yet she had grown used to going in and out of hospitals since she was little. Even so, she's still so cheerful and vivacious, and she seems in much better shape than Jordan, who grew up being surrounded and taken care of by so many people at home.

At the thought of this, the furrow in Alexander's brow deepened, and an idea flashed across his mind. If Jordan had grown up around Courtney, he probably wouldn't have had such a temperament. Courtney had gotten him to speak in less than a year, which proves that I've not taken enough care of him.

Just as Alexander was thinking, the little figure suddenly stirred in her sickbed. "Daddy..." The child's clear voice rang softly in the ward. Startled, the man looked up.

Tina had woken up before Alexander noticed it. There was still a confused look in her eyes, and her voice was somewhat husky. "Daddy? Why are you here? Where's Mommy?"

Alexander crouched over the bed and held the tiny hand that reached out to him. He comforted Tina, saying, "Your mommy's got something to do, so she'll probably come later. Are you not feeling well? Let me call the doctor for you."

Tina shook her head with some difficulty, which made her look even frailer. "Daddy, have you made it up with Mommy?"

Alexander was stunned for a moment. Though he didn't say anything, his expression was very easy for Tina to read; she had always been a clever kid who was good at reading faces, after all. "Daddy, you shouldn't make Mommy angry. She's very kind and wonderful, and she likes you so much, but you've always been mean to her. You're even worse than Daddy Elijah. There's no way she'll be together with you if you treat her like this."

Tina was getting tired after saying so much in one breath, and her face inevitably showed a look of disappointment when she looked at Alexander.

Alexander thought it somewhat funny that he had been lectured like that by a kid, though he was also filled with self-reproach at the same time. "Did your mommy tell you that she likes me?"

"Uh-huh." Tina's little face was pale. "Why would Mommy agree to marry you if she doesn't like you, Daddy?"

"Maybe it's because of you and Jordan."

"No, that's not the reason." Tina got somewhat irritated. "Even I would get angry when you say this, Daddy, so Mommy's gonna be angry too, of course. Why would she ignore her own feelings for somebody else's sake?"

Alexander's face took on a somewhat complicated expression. Tina is only a child, but what she said is right. Courtney isn't someone who would sacrifice herself easily and needlessly, so why would she sacrifice herself for the two kids' sake by marrying into the Duncans? Am I really never on her mind? That can't be possible, he thought.

Just then, Tina added, "Daddy, Mommy told me that we can't just take what people say and do at face value; we have to be considerate of their feelings. There are many feelings that people don't express in words, but that doesn't mean that they aren't there."

Alexander was at a loss for words upon hearing what Tina said.

Then, Tina continued, "Honestly, I really wish I could live together with Jordan and a daddy who loves me, but when Mommy asked me whether I wanted to be with you or her, I said I want a daddy who loves Mommy. So, if you can't make her happy, I can only call you Mr. Alexander in the future."

Tina had said a lot, and every word she said pricked Alexander's heart, especially when she said, "I can only call you Mr. Alexander in the future," toward the end of her speech, which perturbed him somewhat.

After leaving the hospital, Alexander phoned Courtney up. He wanted to sort things out, apologize as he should, and proceed as he should. In any case, he couldn't put the kids in a difficult position.

"Sorry, the number you've dialed is currently unavailable..."

A recorded female voice repeated the same message over and over again on the other end of the phone. Alexander called Courtney again several more times, but the result was the same. He thought about it for a moment and reckoned that Courtney was still angry about what had happened that afternoon.

Just then, his chauffeur drove up to the Duncans' villa. "Young Master Alexander, it seems that something has happened at the residence..."

Alexander looked up and saw the villa being ablaze with lights. It seemed that all the lights in the villa were on, making the building seem all the more obtrusive at night. Moreover, women's panic-stricken screams were heard from there continuously, and the sight of the long line of black sedans in front of the villa caused a flicker of alarm to flash across Alexander's eyes. The familiar scene is appearing again after only a few days, he thought. "Stop the car."

In the Duncans' villa, Harry warned angrily as he failed to stop the bodyguards from ransacking the place, "I've called the police! If you guys keep on barging around like this, the police are gonna arrest you later!"

However, a voice replied, "I'm afraid that the police are gonna arrest you guys along with us if you don't hand her over. If that happens, you're not gonna be able to get away like us."

Dressed in business attire, Lilian looked especially aggressive as she stood in 12-centimeter-high heels in the center of the living room. Standing next to her was Elijah, who hadn't said a word ever since he barged in with his men, though his face looked as black as thunder.

"Pulling down the door of my house again after only a couple of days, huh?" A chilly voice sounded at the door as Alexander entered the house without even changing into his slippers. When he saw the men moving around upstairs that Elijah had brought with him, his face grew even darker. "You're not just pulling down the door of my house but also searching my home and seizing my property this time, eh?"

Upon seeing Alexander, Elijah strode up to him without hesitation. He uttered icily, "How dare you come back, huh?" Then, he seized Alexander by the collar. The instant he did so, Alexander seized his collar as well. Since the two men were of similar build, neither of them looked less imposing than the other, and both of them refused to budge.

Alexander retorted, "Why would I be afraid to come back? This is my house! How dare you come to my house now that you're working against Sunhill Enterprise?"

"I don't have time to talk to you about anything else." Elijah took a deep breath with a grim look on his face. "What did you do to Courtney?"

"What do you mean?" Alexander knitted his brows with a cold expression. "You'd better let go of me."

"Let go of you? Ha!" Elijah let out a sneer as he swung his fist at Alexander's face.

One Night Surprise Chapter 392 Where Are You Hiding Her This Time

Elijah's punch was swift, and Alexander didn't expect the man to hit him, so he failed to dodge it and got punched—hard—in the right cheek. After that, though, the two men fell to the ground and began wrestling with one another.

Everyone in the house—Harry, the servants, the bodyguards, and Lilian, the secretary—was stunned. Since none of them dared to stop the fight, they let them struggle on the ground. One minute Alexander was having the upper hand by pinning Elijah down and punching him twice, and the next Elijah threw Alexander to the ground and punched him right in the eye. Every punch they threw was brutal, and they beat the hell out of each other, pulling no punches.

Lilian couldn't stand the sight of it anymore, though. "Stop fighting, you two! Stop!" she urged. Then, she yelled at the bodyguards upstairs, "What the hell are you waiting for? Come downstairs and pull President Grant away!"

Only when Elijah's men had made a move did those working for Alexander dare to come forward. With that, the two groups of people forcibly pulled the two men—who were tussling with each other gracelessly—apart with a man at each side.

As soon as the bodyguards pulled Elijah away, Lilian stood firmly in front of him and said to Alexander, "You kidnapped Courtney again and again! If the reporters out there learn that Sunhill Enterprise's president just hit and injured someone, I'm afraid that your company's stocks will hit a limit down right away."

Upon hearing this, Alexander shook off Harry grabbing him from behind and replied coldly, "You're quick to frame people, aren't you? Too bad my home's got CCTV installed. Everything's captured on the CCTV, so it's obvious at a glance who landed the first punch."

As soon as he finished his sentence, the wailing of police sirens thundered outside—the police arrived just in time. Lilian said, "Well then, the police have arrived. We'll see what they're gonna make of your repeated kidnapping."

"Kidnapping?" Alexander furrowed his brow. "What are you talking about?"

"Stop pretending." Elijah wiped the blood off the corner of his mouth with a surly expression. "Courtney's been missing all day. She's never been anywhere else except to see you this afternoon. Where are you hiding her this time?"

Alexander's expression slowly changed when he recalled the nurse at the hospital telling him that Courtney had never been there all day long.

Meanwhile, the police had come in, but they merely asked a few questions. After seeing the big mess of smashed items on the floor, the leading police officer judged it to be a case of 'large-scale fight' and had everyone on both Alexander and Elijah's sides taken back to the police department to have their testimonies recorded.

The previous case where Alexander had hidden Tina in the hilltop theme park was also handled by the police department in this area, and Alexander was considered a public figure, so everyone in the police department knew him. Upon seeing him, everyone in the police department felt somewhat ill at ease, not knowing how to deal with him.

“Mr. Duncan, how did you...” The policeman in charge of recording Alexander’s testimony scratched his head uneasily. “Let’s skip the questions about your basic info. Just tell me how you got yourself here today.”

“You should’ve asked them the question. I wish to know the answer too.” Alexander frowned. He’d been pondering over Courtney’s disappearance on his way to the police department. Elijah wouldn’t blame Courtney’s disappearance on him for no reason, but Courtney hadn’t turned up all day. So where on earth is she? he thought.

The policeman was startled by his reply. “I’ll go ask them about that, then,” he said. After a while, he came back with a message. “They said they went to your home with their men to search for their friend because you kidnapped her.”

“Well then, did they find her?”

“No, they didn’t.” The policeman shook his head. “Which is why they asked where you’re hiding her.”

“So they searched my place right away when someone went missing?” Alexander’s face darkened. “Do they honestly think my place is some kind of human trafficking den?”

“No, that’s not it,” the policeman replied gingerly. “Well, it’s because you’ve done it once before, isn’t it?”

“Oh, so I’ve got a record, huh?” Alexander stared at the policeman with his deep and fathomless eyes. “Well then, just check the case files in your department and see if I’ve got a record here.”

“Of course you don’t,” the policeman replied with an apologetic smile. “Didn’t you guys settle the matter privately before?”

Alexander replied, “Yeah, we did, which means that the matter’s over. So what’s the point of them picking on me again and again? If they really couldn’t find their friend, they should be filing a report with the police. Why were they searching my place instead? Do they even have brains?” He was somewhat worried, though. After all, if Courtney really was missing, they would be wasting the most critical time window for search and rescue at this very moment.

The policeman had a troubled expression on his face. “They did file a report with us, but there’s no way to place the case on file. The person in question is an adult, and she’s been missing for less than 24 hours. Perhaps she’s held up by something for the time being.”

“Held up by something?” Alexander was speechless with exasperation. “Why the hell are you detaining me here for someone who’s just held up by something?”

Upon hearing his words, the policeman was astonished. Did I just play into this guy’s hands? he thought.

Meanwhile, Gale arrived after getting a phone call telling him what had happened. He had a friend pull a few strings for him, and besides, there was indeed no evidence at present to prove that Alexander had kidnapped someone, not to mention that his face was covered with bruises. As a result, the man was released from custody.

“There’s no need to release the one in there and his secretary from custody in such a hurry,” Alexander said to Gale in the car. “Tell your friend at the police department to lock them up as long as he can.”

“Hey, you’re abusing the public service to get back at a personal enemy, you know?”

“They asked for it to begin with.” Alexander pressed the bruise around his eye, and the resulting spasms of pain made him even more sober. “Just lock them up for a couple of days to give us a moment’s peace. Have you looked into Courtney’s whereabouts?”

“Yeah, I have.” Gale took out a tablet. “I told Oliver right away when you called me, and he used the GPS of his school’s laboratory to track Courtney’s location. This is the last location Courtney was at before her cell phone signal disappeared completely.”

The tablet showed a map of Melrose City and its surrounding areas, and the location Gale pointed at was in the middle of the river on the outskirts of Melrose City. “She disappeared from the river?” Alexander’s face froze with a look of puzzlement. “When?”

“Just half an hour ago. The signal started to weaken right after we located it, and it disappeared completely afterward.”

Alexander thought of the worst-case scenario at once. “Was it cut off abruptly?”

“Nope.” Gale shook his head. “Oliver did a data analysis and said the signal wasn’t cut off. Instead, there’s no signal in the area.”

“Why would Courtney go to a place with no signal?”

Gale’s face grew grave at the mention of this. “Oliver said the reason there’s no signal in the area might not be because there’s no signal coverage in the area, but because a signal jamming device is placed there. Also, he said...”

In other words, it wasn’t likely that Courtney had gotten there on her own. Furthermore, judging from the trail of her cell phone’s signal, she got there from a remote fishing village on the outskirts. There was no means of transportation on the river other than small fishing boats.

Alexander was taut with anxiety. “What else did he say?”

“One of the drug dealers that ganged up with James earlier was a ringleader named Dragon, and he’s never been caught so far. Just before the turn of the year, two of the students who had taken part in the drill to destroy the drug-dealing den back then were retaliated against—along with their families. The high-ups buried them in secret for fear of causing panic among the public...”

Alexander’s expression changed. “What does Courtney have to do with the incident at the time?”

Gale took a deep breath with a grave expression. “Do you think she’s got nothing to do with it? If you hadn’t quarreled with her, she would’ve been Oliver’s sister-in-law by now.”/

One Night Surprise Chapter 393 My Name’s Not Belle

If the wedding hadn’t been canceled, Courtney would’ve been the Duncan Family’s daughter-in-law and Oliver’s sister-in-law. Since the leader of the drug dealing ring wanted to avenge his sworn brothers who had been sentenced to death, the first person he went to would be someone from the Duncan Family. On the one hand, this was because the drug dealing ring was exposed because of James; on the other hand, they had probably found out the identities and backgrounds of those students long ago.

They had probably been breathing down the necks of everyone in the Duncan Family for a long time, though they couldn't lay their hands on the Duncans because the Duncans were almost always surrounded by bodyguards whenever they went out. On the other hand, Courtney had Elijah to protect her. The only time she was alone was when she finished drinking coffee with Alexander at the cafe this afternoon.

At the thought of this, Alexander slowly turned pale, and his face broke out in a cold sweat. "We must go back to the police department."

"No, we can't." Gale pressed the man's cold hands down. "Oliver said that those drug dealers are all cold-blooded monsters. If we call the police, the police will search every island in the middle of the river right away. We don't know their location, and they might kill Courtney first if they're alerted."

When Alexander heard the word 'kill,' his brow furrowed, and there was a look of panic and hesitation in his eyes.

Just then, Gale added, "Let's head back first. Oliver said he's got a way."

Speechless, Alexander had no choice but to comply.

...

Meanwhile, a small boat had just reached the shore of Riverark Island, an island located in the middle of the river. Two men, one stout and one skinny, dragged a gunnysack out of the boat. The stout man carried the gunnysack on his shoulder, whereas the skinny man hid the boat in the reed marshes by the shore. Then, they went deep into the jungle, one after another.

The stout man seemed to be tired of carrying the gunnysack. He complained in a deep, gruff voice, "What's the matter with Dragon these days? He told us to look out and stay on the island as much as possible because the situation's been tense these days, so why did he get one woman after another back to the island?"

The skinny man next to him helped him lift the gunnysack a little while giving it a slap with a lecherous expression. "Well, isn't that because he's worried that we might have trouble with our desires in this godforsaken place? After all, we couldn't be staying on the island by ourselves without the presence of women, or our lives would've been f*cking boring. And besides, I didn't get to go back to my hometown during the holiday this year."

"That's wrong. Haven't we already sent Britney's cousin here?"

"There are 26 of us on the island. Do you think that woman can handle all of us by herself? Britney cares about her, after all."

"She cares about her? Really?" The stout man let out a sneer. "If Britney really cared about her, I don't think she would have her brought here as a prostitute. Do you think I'm blind to what you guys have done to her?"

The skinny man smiled in embarrassment at the mention of this. "What's wrong with you, Fatso? People in our trade have no scruples and don't give a f*ck about killing people, yet you're the only one on this

island who keeps avoiding the pleasure like the plague. It's already been three years since your wife passed away. Why so insistent on staying celibate?"

Fatso's eyes suddenly darkened as they darted to the skinny man with a fierce glare.

Frightened, the skinny man trembled with fear while spluttering, "T-That's not what I meant, Fatso..."

Just then, they heard a scuffling noise in the distance. The beam of a flashlight shone right on their faces, ending the awkward standoff at once. "Oh, Fatso and Lil' Mackaque! You two are back, huh?" A familiar voice sounded from the jungle; it was one of their ring members who was on patrol today. "Thanks for the hard work. Dragon's been waiting for quite a while, so let's have dinner together, shall we?"

"Okay," chorused Fatso and Lil' Mackaque. They followed the person into the jungle as if they had forgotten their verbal exchange just now.

"What about this woman?"

"Just lock her up in the cabin on the east side with that woman. They're of the same use, anyway."

A man let out an obscene chuckle. "More people are gonna be able to go in at a time from now on."

Fatso opened the door to the cabin on the east side right away as he didn't bother to listen.

The instant the door opened, a dark silhouette in the corner cowered with a start and hid under the covers, leaving only a pair of eyes that stared up at Fatso in horror.

Fatso frowned and put the gunnysack on the ground in the cabin. Before he left, he said in a quiet voice, as if because he couldn't bear the sight of the scene, "They're gonna be having drinks later tonight. Be submissive, or you might suffer."

Upon hearing this, the figure in the corner began shaking like a leaf. Then, it started to gasp for breath desperately, as if it recalled something horrifying.

With that, Fatso shut the door with a bang and padlocked it from the outside, and the room became dark at once.

A little while after that, the gunnysack on the ground moved a little.

Courtney was awakened by the icy coldness of the floor. When she came to her senses, she found herself wrapped in a gunnysack. After struggling for a long time, she poked her head out of the gunnysack, only to scream out of fright with her face as pale as death. There was a face staring at her from above, and it was pale enough to make her flesh creep.

"Shh..." The deathly pale face hushed Courtney by putting its right index finger to its lips. Then, it crouched down beside her and started to untie the rope binding her.

Courtney slowly regained her composure. As moonlight shone in through the window, she plucked up the courage to turn sideways and stare at the person's face for a long time. Then, she asked in a whisper, "Belle? Is that you?" She recognized the woman as the one who had deceived Alexander by

passing herself off as Jordan's biological mother. Even though Belle wasn't the woman's real name, it was the only name Courtney could think of at the time.

The woman's expression changed. Suddenly, she knitted her brows. "My name's not Belle." Then, after a moment's pause, she continued in a low voice, "My name's Poppy."

Courtney was startled for a moment. After all the ropes binding her were untied, she ventured by asking, "Did you kidnap me to this place? Are you doing this for money or something?"

"Do you honestly think I'm capable of that?" Poppy's expression was somewhat strained. After untying the ropes, she got up, got back to the bedside, and sat down while studying Courtney. Then, she mumbled, "Just resign yourself to your fate now that you're here."

"Resign myself to what?"

The look in Poppy's eyes suddenly became creepy. "Neither you nor I can open the door day or night, but they can do so whenever they want."

Courtney didn't understand what she meant, though. She looked at the little door behind her with a frown, asking, "What do you mean by that?" She had yet to figure out who her kidnappers were and whose hatred she had incurred. And besides, why is this woman who passed herself off as Belle being here as well? It seems like her life's been quite miserable, she thought.

However, Poppy's smile grew more and more sinister. "You'll find out about it tonight."

After sizing Poppy up for a long time, Courtney stopped asking her questions, thinking that she seemed to have a screw loose. She pulled at the door, only to find that it was locked from the outside. The window was sealed shut from the outside, allowing only a minuscule amount of light to pass through, and there wasn't a lamp in the room.

Through the window, Courtney saw a small two-storey building catty-cornered from here. The building was lit, and the men's crude laughter could be heard from there.

A desert island, a woman, and a bunch of men... Courtney soon realized what Poppy had suffered. Recalling what Alexander had previously told her about Poppy being a cousin of Britney, she immediately picked up some clues. She asked, "How did you get kidnapped to this place?"

One Night Surprise Chapter 394 To Think That We'd Meet Each Other Again in Such a Way

"I wasn't kidnapped to this place." Poppy's voice sounded very croaky in the dark with a note of inexplicable stubbornness. "My cousin got me here to save me from being persecuted by you people."

"Your cousin?" Courtney's eyes flickered. "You mean Britney?"

After Poppy's impersonation of Belle was exposed, Alexander first had Josh find out the woman's identity and background, but nothing much was found out at the time since James was covering for her in secret. It wasn't until Oliver returned to the Duncan Family and let out the whole story about Britney afterward that they learned that Poppy was Britney's cousin.

At the thought of this, Courtney basically figured out who the culprit that had her kidnapped to this place was. After all, she didn't seem to have any enemies other than Britney. After James fell from power, Britney quickly disappeared from show business and was no longer even mentioned in news tidbits afterward. Don't tell me she paid someone in desperation to have me die with her! she thought. "Where the hell is this place?"

"Where, you ask?" Poppy stared at Courtney, her eyes suddenly gleaming with madness; her pupils dilated all of a sudden as though she was on drugs. "This is a desert island that no one can find. You're counting on somebody to come to your rescue? That's impossible. We're gonna spend the rest of our lives on the island."

A desert island? Courtney furrowed her brow. "Why would Britney get you and me on this desert island?"

"You shut up!" Poppy shot her a glare. "Don't speak of you and me in the same breath. I'm taking refuge here with Britney, whereas you're a thorn in her flesh!"

Courtney eyed Poppy up and down. Nobody knew how long the woman hadn't changed her clothes, which were so dirty that their original color was no longer visible. At the sight of this, the look on Courtney's face instantly became complicated. "Since you weren't kidnapped like I was, why are you locked in here like I am? Don't tell me they sent you here to keep a close watch on me."

Upon hearing Courtney's words, Poppy reacted like she was grasping at straws. "That's right! Britney wants me to keep an eye on you! I'll be able to get out as long as I keep an eye on you without letting you escape."

Courtney stopped looking at Poppy. Instead, she groped around the cabin and searched for every possible way to escape, letting the woman laugh one moment and go crazy the next as she talked to herself behind her. What did she experience that caused her to go mad like this?

However, Courtney's face was taut with anxiety after she groped around for a long time. The cabin had only one door and two windows, but the back window was sealed shut. It would make a lot of noise to tear it down, so there was no way she could avoid alerting those out there while doing so. The front window was partially blocked, allowing her to see the yard outside. After much deliberation, Courtney reckoned that the door was the only exit available, but she still had no idea when the door would be opened.

Courtney couldn't pump anything out of Poppy since the latter wouldn't speak to her. Therefore, after doing her observation, she crouched alone in the corner and analyzed her present situation. She was scared, but she believed there was still a glimmer of hope since Britney wasn't in a hurry to kill her after having her brought to this place.

The sound of the men drinking outside gradually died away toward early morning. Suddenly, a flurry of footsteps could be heard from the yard outside, and the cabin door flew open and slammed against the wall with a loud bang!

Startled, Courtney looked up with a start. Five men of different sizes burst in, reeking of alcohol. At the sight of Courtney, the man leading them said with a crude laugh, "So this is the lady Fatso and Lil' Mackaque brought back today, huh? She's much prettier than the one over here."

The other men stumbled into the room after him. As they surrounded Courtney, their breath smelled of alcohol, and one of them said, "Britney really cares about us, huh? She knows we're bored to death staying on this desert island, so the ladies she got here are hotter than one another."

Courtney went cold all over with fear. As she kept huddling into the corner as much as possible, she caught sight of Poppy out of the corner of her eye. She sat on the head of the bed, her expression numb, as if she had gotten used to all of this.

At this very moment, Courtney finally realized what the nonsense Poppy had babbled a while ago was referring to. These men were treating Poppy as a tool to sate their lust. Britney didn't bring Poppy here to let her take refuge with her; in fact, she probably didn't even treat Poppy as a human being. In other words, Poppy was just deluding herself all the while.

"Stay away from me!" Courtney warned, her voice trembling; her face was white as she pressed her back against the wall, unable to back away any further. "I can give you however much money you want as long as you let me go! Don't touch me..."

"Money?" The group of inebriated men looked at each other before bursting into laughter. "How dare you try to make a deal with us now that you're here already? Why don't you serve us well instead so that we might give you some tips?" said the man leading the group as he reached out his hand toward Courtney.

"Aaah!" Courtney cried in fear.

Just then, a dull voice sounded from behind these men. "Don't touch this woman. Dragon ordered me to take her to him."

The man was startled; his outstretched hand froze before it could touch Courtney's. Then, he replied with a laugh, "Well, you're right. Dragon's got to sleep with the new lady first before it's our turn. That's the rule, after all."

As soon as he finished his sentence, one of the men behind him replied with a laugh, "Well, you say that, but we've never got to sleep with Britney."

"Who knows if it'll be your turn one day?"

The man's reply was greeted with another burst of laughter.

Amid the roaring laughter, the men in front of Courtney turned and headed for Poppy's bed. Courtney dared not take another look at them and was huddling herself up when a shadow was cast before her. It belonged to a tall and stout man, who said, "Come with me."

With that, Courtney left the cabin with Fatso. Even after she stepped out of the cabin, she could still hear the loud screams of agony inside, which pounded her eardrum over and over again. It was no exaggeration to say that it was a living hell. If Poppy hadn't deluded herself, she might have lost the will to live on under such circumstances.

Fatso took Courtney directly to the second floor of the log cabin and opened the door to a room before asking her to go in on her own. The room had its heating turned on, so it was much more comfortable

than the freezing weather out there. Even so, Courtney felt chilly all over. She had a gut feeling that nothing good was going to happen.

Courtney waited in the cabin for a long time before the door opened with a squeak. Then, a lady entered, giving off a heavy scent of perfume that was familiar to Courtney. When she turned around, she saw Britney, who was dressed in a black leather suit, rocking a pair of Dr. Martens boots. Her lips were fiery red, and her long hair hung loosely over her shoulders. For some reason, Courtney felt that the woman's current appearance looked much more pleasing to the eye than when the latter pretended to be a naive and innocent actress back then.

"Long time no see, I suppose, huh?" Britney folded her arms across her chest while looking at Courtney with a sardonic look. "You didn't expect to meet me again in such a way, did you, Mrs. Duncan?" she said with particular emphasis on the words 'Mrs. Duncan,' as if to remind Courtney of something.

"It's been a while indeed." Courtney threw Britney a smile in return. "But how long have you not asked around about the Duncans? Don't you even know that I've broken up with Alexander?" It's all because of Alexander that Britney holds a grudge against me, so the most important thing to do right now is to cut all ties with him, she thought.

One Night Surprise Chapter 395 How Long's the Breakup Gonna Last This Time?

"Break up?" Britney let out a sneer. "You two have broken up and made up a million times already. How long's the breakup gonna last this time, huh? I'm not interested in this at all, though it's quite smart of you to know to distance yourself from him at this time."

Courtney frowned slightly when she saw that Britney didn't care about her breakup with Alexander at all.

"You think you can make me let you go by saying that? That's naive, I'd say. Do you think I'm that stupid?" Britney picked up the cup of tea that had been prepared beforehand, sat down at the table, and leisurely took a sip of the tea. "Will you believe it if I tell you that I'm the one behind your breakup this time?"

Courtney's expression changed slightly at Britney's words. Dumbfounded, she fixed her eyes on the woman's face.

"Alexander had someone wait at the nightclub's entrance and catch Poppy. After handing her over to the police, he had the police interrogate her for several nights running until she confessed that I was the mastermind behind the scenes. Well, it's true that I was the mastermind, but what was my motive in doing all this?" Britney said, as if she was talking to herself. "My motive was to keep you from approaching Alexander in every possible way because I had found out long ago that you're Jordan's mother. Sounds like you've done nothing wrong, eh?"

Courtney had been suspecting that Alexander suddenly got angry in the shopping center on the night of the eve of the mid-winter holiday because someone had secretly set a trap for him to do so. "What do you mean?"

“You should’ve figured it out.” Britney stood up and began pacing up and down the room. “As long as he was provided with the slightest bit of evidence suggesting that you’ve got an ax to grind in approaching him, there’s no way a paranoid like him wouldn’t be suspecting you of having some ulterior motives. And besides,” she continued while shooting a backward glance at Courtney, “you’re not being completely honest with him. You did meet an attorney and have plans to fight with Alexander for your kids’ custody, though the one who suggested that the attorney use extreme measures was Mr. Grant, the man who always has your interests in mind...”

Courtney clenched her fists while feeling a chill come over her.

Alexander blew up that day because he got the wrong idea that Courtney had had her attorney go to court with fabricated evidence of his alleged child abuse. However, the truth was that she did meet the attorney, only to tell the latter that she wouldn’t be going to court over the kids’ custody. As for the extreme measures, they were just room for maneuver that Elijah left for her.

Elijah did nothing wrong. He was just considering my interests because he feared that I might end up having no way out. The only person who did wrong was me, who was too indecisive to make up my mind and confess everything to Alexander back then. And Britney took advantage of all this and set up such a scheme to play us off against each other so that she’d reap the benefits while we both suffered! thought Courtney. “What do you want?” She clenched her teeth while looking at Britney, who was feeling incredibly smug at this very moment.

“What else do you think I want at this point?” Britney looked around the room before her face reddened with anger. “Look! This is the ending you and Alexander gave me. I’m forced to spend the rest of my life hiding behind a false identity in such a godforsaken place, and all my previous glory’s gone. This is all because of you two!”

“No one could’ve done you any harm if you hadn’t had the intention to harm anyone.”

“That’s bullsh*t! I would’ve become Mrs. Duncan long ago if it weren’t for you!”

Courtney turned her face away with a frown; she couldn’t be bothered to waste her breath arguing with Britney. Some people were born with the bigoted belief that all the good things that happened in life were the result of their own hard work, whereas all the bad things in life were caused by others. They blamed everyone and everything but themselves all their lives, so someone like Britney wasn’t uncommon.

“You like stealing my man, huh?”

Courtney let out a cry as she felt a sharp pain in her chin.

Britney pinched Courtney’s chin and lifted her head, forcing the latter to look at her. “I’m telling you, my current man’s a drug lord wanted by the country. I’ll personally see to it that you get to sleep with him to let you enjoy it.”

Courtney’s chin was pinched so hard that her face turned purple. When Britney finally let go of her, she slumped down to the floor at once, coughing while gasping for breath as the air flowed into her windpipe and choked her. “You wanna let me bed your man? Well... Cough... I’d say... Cough... This

doesn't seem like a good way to torture me." She looked up at Britney. "What if the man you're gonna depend on for the rest of your life ends up taking a liking to me? Have you ever thought about that?"

"In your dreams!" Britney glared at Courtney angrily. "Who do you think you are? You think you can have every man to be at your beck and call?"

"Well then, you may give it a try." Courtney clutched her chest while forcing out a sneer from her throat. "After all, I could handle someone like Alexander. Do you think I managed that by being dumb and innocent?"

"You b*tch!" Britney grabbed Courtney's hair right away and slapped her across the face. "You shameless b*tch! Alexander really should've seen this side of yours so that he'd realize how bad the woman he likes is."

The sounds of Britney cursing and beating Courtney reverberated around the room, and Courtney's agonized screams were clearly audible on the uninhabited desert island. A short while after that, the sound of things being smashed could be heard from the master bedroom on the second floor.

Soon, the door to the room where Courtney was was opened, and a man's timid voice was heard saying, "Britney, Dragon's angry. He said he can't sleep with the noise outside, and he's looking for you."

Courtney only felt the grip on her hair ease before she fell to the ground because of gravity. Then, she heard Britney's voice reply overhead, "I'll be there right away."

"What about this woman, Britney?"

"Lock her back in the cabin. No one's allowed to talk to her. I'll deal with her when I'm free."

"Okay."

Britney then hurried back to the master bedroom, where a beefy man was lying in bed with lingering traces of a hangover on his face. Upon hearing the noise, he frowned in displeasure without opening his eyes, asking, "What were you doing? It took you a long time to come here."

"Nothing, really." Britney smiled apologetically at him. "Are you having a hangover headache? Here, let me give you a massage."

"Mm-hm."

The man rested his head on Britney's lap and let her massage his scalp with deft fingers.

As Britney was massaging the man's scalp, she recalled what Courtney had just said. Indeed, I can't let her sleep with Dragon. Who knows what that woman's capable of? After all, she's made those men fall head over heels for her one by one. Dragon's my only backer right now, so I can't let that woman bewitch him. There are tons of ways to deal with her, anyway, she thought. As she was thinking, she got distracted, and she accidentally hurt the man.

"Hiss..." The man suddenly opened his eyes and shot a glance at Britney in displeasure. "What the hell's wrong with you?"

Britney panicked at once, and her eyes instantly grew teary under her fine eyebrows, making her look fragile and pitiful. "I'm sorry, Dragon..."

The man was so moved that he flipped over and threw himself on top of her before pawing her body as he pleased. "You're thinking about it, aren't you, you little thing? How dare you seduce me like this instead of massaging me properly? You're not gonna be able to get out of bed tomorrow..."

"Hey, you're so naughty..."

...

Meanwhile, Courtney was brought by the underling back to the cabin where she had been.

An indescribably foul odor filled the room, and the group of men who had been here before were gone. Standing in the center of the room, Courtney stared at the woman in bed, who looked as broken as a damaged puppet. Suddenly, her stomach turned. Whipping around, she supported herself by the corner of the table and barfed.

One Night Surprise Chapter 396 We'll Start With Him, Then

Courtney only felt sick to the stomach as she clutched the corner of the table for support, retching up nothing but stomach acids.

Just then, she heard a strangled, intermittent cry from the bed behind her. When she looked back, she saw Poppy biting into her arm with all her might. Her eyes were bloodshot, and she showed no signs of relaxing her bite even when her arm started bleeding.

"Are you crazy?" Courtney hurried toward Poppy and grabbed her arm. "Hurry up and stop biting your arm! You wanna die here?"

If Poppy broke the main artery, no one would treat her in this wilderness. Only one thing awaited her then—death.

However, Poppy wasn't swayed by Courtney's words. She was still biting into her wrist as hard as possible, causing her wrist to bleed nonstop.

In a moment of desperation, Courtney lowered her voice and chided, "You've done so many things for Britney, yet you try to kill yourself now that you've gotten in her way. Keeping her interests in mind, eh?"

Poppy's expression changed. Stunned, she stared blankly at Courtney and loosened her bite on her wrist.

Courtney continued, "There are many ways to die if you want to. Well, all your troubles will end when you die, but the living are gonna live on. If you think your death can bring any change to the living, I'd say such a price is too heavy. And besides, someone like Britney will just have you disposed of in the mountains to feed the wolves if you're dead."

Poppy's face turned pale at her words. Trembling, she said, "S-She's not human."

“Indeed, she’s not human. She’s a madwoman.” Courtney took the opportunity to pull Poppy’s wrist away from her mouth. Then, she ripped a strip from the bedsheet and quickly bandaged Poppy’s wound with it to stop the bleeding. “What kind of a person do you think that woman is? After all, she followed a bunch of drug dealers to such a desert island instead of leading a better life. And besides, she’s got someone’s blood on her hands.”

Poppy was taken aback. “Blood? You mean she killed someone?”

Seems like she doesn’t know what happened to Louis. Putting Poppy’s hand back in place, Courtney explained with a straight face, “Britney killed someone, which is why she’s wanted by the police wherever she goes. She can only follow these people around because she’s got no other choice. But you’re different. You only have a petty criminal record. As long as you get out of here and go to a place where nobody knows you, you can still start all over again. You’re still young, after all.”

Poppy seemed afraid to think of such a possibility, and she was still in a daze as she listened to Courtney.

Courtney let her stay alone as she went over to the door. After knocking on the door, she shouted at Fatso, who was guarding them outside, and asked him for a tub of clean, tepid water and a towel. After bringing the water and towel in, she wiped Poppy’s body clean, saying, “Everything can start afresh after it’s cleaned as long as you can overcome your problems.”

“But how can we ever get out of here?”

“Well, there’ll be a way as long as we don’t sit around doing nothing.” Courtney lowered her voice. “It seems to me that we’re not really under close watch here, and there aren’t many people around. If we work together and tear down the window, we might have a chance to run away from here.”

Poppy darted a look at the back window beside her, which had been sealed shut, before looking down at her bandaged wrist. Then, she shook her head, saying, “It’s not as easy as you think it is. If it really were that easy, I would’ve run away from here long ago. The fat guy at the door’s keeping an eye on everything.”

From the corner of her eye, Courtney gazed at the figure outside through the mottled window. “We’ll start with him, then.”

...

Meanwhile, in the room of an inn in the riverside village, Oliver was analyzing the current situation using the tracking device attached to the computer, marking about a dozen islands on the map where Courtney could’ve been one by one. “The range covered by the signal’s too wide. There are 13 islands in total, and there’s no way to determine which island Courtney’s been taken to. It’d be too time-consuming to search the islands one by one.”

“What about we let the police handle this instead?” Cameron looked very worried. “The police have plenty of manpower, so why don’t we let them search all the 13 islands at the same time? Whichever island Courtney’s on, they probably won’t alert the drug dealers as long as they reach all the islands at the same time.”

Gale nodded in agreement. “I think so, too.”

“No, we can’t do that,” Alexander disagreed flatly. “The drug-trafficking ring must have its own counter-surveillance equipment. With so many people setting out to the river all of a sudden, those drug dealers are gonna kill her and flee if anything wrong happens. It’d be impossible for so many police officers to hide themselves well.”

“So? Don’t tell me you’re gonna go search for Courtney alone?” Gale got anxious as well. “Do you think you have superhuman powers? You’re courting death for nothing!”

“There’s another way.” Alexander exchanged a brief look with Oliver. Then, he said calmly, “The drug-trafficking ring has suffered a lot since the crackdown on drugs last year, and they’ve not done any business for a long time. As long as someone dares to buy drugs from them right now, there’ll be a way to lure them out. As long as most of the people on the island are lured away, what’s left will be an empty shell, which is nothing to worry too much about.”

“You wanna get involved in drug trafficking?” Gale’s eyes started in disbelief. “Are you crazy?”

What Alexander suggested was workable in theory. However, if there was any slip-up during the process, not only would Courtney be in danger, but Alexander, who took part in the operation, would lose his life as well.

Despite being in operation for ten years, Dragon’s drug-trafficking ring was never wiped out—the reason being, he was an extremely cautious man. When the situation was tense, he could lie low for a couple of years without showing his face so that no one could trace his whereabouts. When everyone believed that he might have fled abroad or quit the business, he would quietly stretch out his claws.

In other words, Alexander had proposed a theoretical solution to a case that all the narcotics agents in the country had been unable to solve. The solution wasn’t guaranteed to be safe, but it might have been done before.

“I think we can give it a try,” Oliver chimed in with deep furrows in his brow. “I looked through the case files. Three years ago, Kyoto’s Anti-Narcotics Squad tried infiltrating Dragon’s drug-trafficking ring in such a way, but they saw through it, and three narcotics agents died as a result. But that was when Dragon was at the height of his power, and this time it’s different. This time, they’ve suffered heavy losses. If Dragon doesn’t come out and secure a deal or two, his underlings might not be willing to live on an empty stomach with him. And besides, our purpose this time isn’t to gain Dragon’s trust.”

“What do you mean?” Gale asked.

Oliver’s eyes were dark and fathomless. “We start with his underlings. Even if he lies low, his underlings need money to eat. No one will be willing to work with him if he can’t feed those underlings. If we ask around a little on the black market, we’ll find out someone’s still doing these. It’s just that everyone’s still testing the waters because of what happened before.”

“What makes you so confident that they’ll trust you?”

“Money.” Oliver shot a glance at Alexander. “They won’t trust anyone since they only believe in money. As long as there’s money, the deal will definitely be made.”

Gale's face was taut the whole time. However, seeing how determined both Alexander and Oliver looked, he knew there was no way he could talk them out of this. He asked with resignation, "Well then, what are you guys gonna do?"

One Night Surprise Chapter 397 If They Both Die Because of This

Alexander and Oliver's plan was to start with the black market. They would look for the street dealers that had been selling K Powder recently and make a few transactions. Then, they would offer to buy a large amount of drugs. The street dealers were basically resellers, so they certainly wouldn't have such a large amount of drugs at hand. As such, they would introduce them to their drug dealer and get a commission.

Gale was still worried, though. "What makes you so certain that the one selling drugs to these street dealers has to be Dragon's underling?"

"There's no room for two kings in one castle," Oliver explained. "The drug dealing market in Melrose City was previously monopolized by Dragon's drug-trafficking ring, so the other drug dealers wouldn't dare to come. Moreover, after such a big case had happened, those from anywhere else would want to stay away from here as much as possible right now. The only ones left are those who aren't afraid of death, and they could only be Dragon's men."

However, Gale argued, "It still seems too risky to me."

He still wanted to say something, but Cameron gave him a dirty look and snapped, "Why don't you just shut up instead of being so overcautious? If Alexander hadn't blown up at Courtney, she wouldn't have traveled alone. If Oliver hadn't messed with the drug-trafficking ring, she wouldn't have been dragged into this either. No matter how you put it, it's because of you two—the Duncans—that Courtney's now in such big trouble! So what if it's risky? It won't seem enough to me even if they both die because of this!" My best friend Courtney is the kindest and strongest woman in the world, yet she has all the youthful days of her life ruined by the Duncans. And now, her life is in danger, her fate unknown. What else should we be thinking about other than how to save her?

After being told off to his face by Cameron like that, Gale dared not say anything else; he merely looked at Alexander and Oliver with a look of embarrassment.

"I know I've gotten Courtney into trouble," Oliver admitted. "I promise I'll be in charge of this till the end of it, and I'll find a way to bring Courtney back safely."

"How could you promise to bring her back when it's not known whether she's still alive?" Cameron glowered at Alexander with a scowl. "Are you bringing her back to let you Duncans humiliate her again?"

The atmosphere in the room instantly became tense, as if the air had frozen. After a long time, Alexander's dull voice sounded in the room, saying, "As long as Courtney comes back safely this time, I'll agree to whatever request she makes. I'm fine if she wants Jordan to go back to America with her or if she doesn't want to see me again for the rest of her life."

Cameron knitted her brows, but her anger showed no signs of abating.

In the end, Oliver eased the situation, saying, “Courtney’s definitely safe right now. If these drug dealers had really wanted to kill her, they wouldn’t have taken so much trouble to get her on a desert island. Actually, this strikes me as strange. This is unlike Dragon.”

Dragon had always been cautious, believing that it was better to be safe than sorry. So why would he abduct Courtney all of a sudden and leave behind a trail of signals along the way? Wouldn’t he expose his whereabouts completely by doing so?

At first, Oliver thought this might have been a smokescreen. However, after doing some data analysis and radar tracking, he confirmed that the trail of signals indeed originated from one of the 13 islands in the middle of the river.

Cameron wasn’t an unreasonable person either. Since what mattered the most at the moment was to save Courtney, she didn’t say anything else. However, she demanded, “Have your men tell the police department to release Elijah.”

Alexander’s expression changed a little.

Oliver argued, “Cameron, it wasn’t Alexander who got Elijah detained in the first place. It was Elijah who—”

“Cut that bullshit.” Cameron shot Oliver an angry look. “Elijah barged into the Duncans’ villa because Alexander’s got a record. Since he’d done it before, it’d be safe to assume that he might do it again, right? If I were Elijah, I would also suspect right away that Courtney was being hidden in the Duncans’ villa. You guys have the police detain Elijah on this excuse because you don’t want him to get involved in this, am I right? Hurry up and release him.”

Oliver still wanted to say something, but Alexander had taken out his cell phone and made a phone call. “Tell the police department to stop detaining him.”

Cameron’s expression finally softened after Alexander hung up the phone.

With that, Alexander and Oliver arranged for someone to carry out the next step.

No ordinary people could get in touch with drug dealers, so Oliver told his classmates who had joined the previous anti-narcotics operation about what had happened. Luckily, almost all of them agreed to help. After all, they had offended Dragon after what had happened before, so they couldn’t really just obey their higher-ups’ instructions and sit around doing nothing.

Finally, Oliver said, “We’ve gotten in touch with a dealer. Our guy will be meeting him tomorrow at Club Supernova’s back door. This time, we’ll start with ten servings. The one who’ll be meeting our guy is a guy who looks as skinny as a monkey.”

And thus began the operation.

...

From Poppy’s intermittent narration, Courtney put together a rough picture of the situation on the whole island.

On the island were Dragon's most trusted men, and there were over 20 of them. Every day, eight men would patrol the island in four directions in pairs to prevent outsiders from reaching the island. They were replaced by eight other people at night, and this was repeated every day.

However, some of them had been staying on the island all the time. One of them was Fatso, who had been doing woodwork in the yard; the second was Lil' Mackaque, who did nothing but suck up to other people all day long, whereas the third was Buffy, a stern, unsmiling man who was responsible for carrying out secret missions for Dragon. The other two were Britney and Dragon himself.

It had been three days since Courtney was brought to the island. Some men had come in one after another during this period of time, but Poppy dealt with them instead and had Courtney hide in the corner and keep quiet. According to her, since she was already in such a state anyway, she might as well accept Courtney's favor so that it would be easier for her to start all over again when they got out of the island in the future.

Courtney hadn't seen Britney again since her first night on the island. Puzzled, she asked, "Does your cousin rarely come out?"

"She's no longer my cousin." Poppy's face was frosty. "I feel sick to the core whenever I think of that b*tch." After cursing Britney for a while, she seemed to feel somewhat more comfortable. She explained with a grave expression, "Dragon isn't easy to please. I've heard from those men that he's got a weird habit. If he's taken drugs before sleeping with Britney, he'll hurt her badly when the drugs go to his head. Judging from the sound in his room on the night you came, she probably won't be coming out for a long time."

Courtney's heart shuddered at Poppy's words, and she almost trembled in an instant. Luckily, I was clever enough that day. If I had really let Britney bring me to Dragon, I would've been dead by now, she thought.

Poppy darted a glance at her before changing the subject. "What you said before... Is it all true?"

"Of course." Courtney nodded. "I don't know about the others, but Fatso's definitely not an ordinary man. Since he's the one Dragon trusts the most, it'd be best to start with him."

"But how did you figure out that he has a kid?"

"Just take a look at what he does outside every day." Courtney lifted a corner of the old newspaper covering the window. As light spilled into the room, one could see what was going on in the yard through the mottled window.

Fatso was sitting on a wooden stool while planing a piece of wood with the plane in his hand. Placed at his feet was a small chair that was almost completed and a wooden basin that had a carved wooden duckling in it.

Keeping her voice down, Courtney said, "Who else do you think these things are for if not for a kid?"

One Night Surprise Chapter 398 Just Wait and See

Poppy nodded thoughtfully. "Now that you mention it, these things do seem to be for a child. You know what? Fatso often leaves the island. Dragon doesn't let anyone leave the island, but those under him

would secretly take some of the drugs in stock out of the island to sell them. It's Fatso who takes them out of the island and brings them back every single time. Whenever he came back, the bag he carried on his back would bulge."

"The bag was filled with stuff he bought for the kid, I suppose."

"But why doesn't he keep his child here if he has one?"

"Perhaps he can't do so." Courtney darted a glance at the second floor of the log cabin outside. "Since the kid's on the island, I guess Fatso's late wife used to be on the island too."

The crux of the matter is how she died. Dragon trusts Buffy, the unsmiling, stony-faced guy, more than he trusts anyone else, but he seems to have a soft spot for Fatso, who look like a dumb fatty whose only merit is his strength. He can't possibly be unaware for such a long time that Fatso has left the island without his permission, but he turns a blind eye to it. There must be a reason behind this, thought Courtney.

When Fatso brought her out of the small boat that day, she was tied up in the gunnysack and was barely conscious. However, she noticed that something was wrong with Fatso when Lil' Mackaque mentioned his wife. "In any case, it's absolutely right to start with Fatso first." Courtney produced two gachapon capsules that were painted in bright colors from the pocket of her down coat. "Find an opportunity to give these to him."

These capsules were originally bought for Tina. She liked this kind of thing the most, for one would never know what was in the capsule until they opened it. Every kid loved gacha capsules—just as every lady loved cosmetics.

Poppy took the capsules and studied them for a while with a curious expression. It seemed that she had never seen these before. "You townspeople really have had a lot of things to play with since childhood. Mountain people like us would never get to see these things in our lives unless we were shameless enough to leave our parents behind in the mountains."

Courtney had mixed feelings when she heard Poppy's words. Poppy had impersonated Belle and pretended to be Jordan's mother, and she even seduced Alexander on purpose and set Courtney up afterward. Even so, Courtney couldn't bring herself to hate her. In reality, Poppy was only in her twenties, and she came to stay with Britney without knowing anything. However, she didn't expect her life would become a living hell that she had a hard time escaping.

Courtney promised, "Once we get out of here, I'll definitely find a way to send you to a place where no one knows you. Once you're there, live your life to the fullest and see everything you've never seen in the past, okay?"

"If only there's such an opportunity." Poppy sounded somewhat depressed while holding the two capsules. "I'm sorry about what has happened before, Courtney," she said. Then, without waiting for Courtney's response, she turned around, wiped her tears away, and took a deep breath. Then, she shouted at the figure outside the window, "I'm hungry, Fatso. Is there anything to eat?"

Courtney was saddened by the sight of this, but she knew she couldn't be of much help at this moment, so she quietly stepped aside.

Fatso soon took two buns and handed them in through the window.

"Thank you, Fatso. Can you get me a glass of warm water as well?"

Poppy's voice was very sweet, and it gave a natural feeling of innocence. She was even able to deceive Alexander back then, let alone Fatso, who had spent so many years on a desert island.

Fatso soon poured Poppy a mug of drinking water and handed it in through the window as before. Just then, Poppy took his hand. "Wait a minute, Fatso."

Fatso, who was kind and affable at first, suddenly turned hostile. Pulling his hand out of Poppy's grasp at once, he asked with a note of disgust and annoyance in his voice, "What are you doing?"

Poppy turned pale with fright; she tremblingly held out her other hand, revealing the two capsules in it. "P-Please don't get the wrong idea, Fatso. I-I just wanted to give you these..."

Courtney was sitting in a corner of the cabin, and as it happened, she could see Fatso's expression outside the window from her angle. The instant Poppy showed the capsules in her hand, a visible hint of surprise and regret flashed across Fatso's face.

"Bring... Bring these to your kid."

Fatso frowned. "How did you know that?"

"I saw what you made in the yard. They're for the kid, aren't they?" Poppy put out her hand stubbornly. She felt somewhat ill at ease, but she didn't put her hand down.

After a long time, a word sounded through the window. "Thanks."

Upon hearing this, Courtney let out a sigh of relief, knowing that they had finally made a move on Fatso's side.

After Fatso left, Poppy came to Courtney with the two buns and drinking water. After giving Courtney a bun, she asked, "Courtney, is this really going to work? Do you still have any capsules?"

"No, I don't have any capsules left."

"What?" Poppy exclaimed. Then, she seemed to realize it was inappropriate for her to do so, so she covered her mouth with her bun and asked in a whisper, "Then what else are we gonna use in the future? Where are we supposed to get another capsule if he comes and asks us for another one? How are we going to speak with him if we don't have one?"

Courtney was very calm, though. "Just wait and see."

The two capsules were only a test on whether Fatso really had a child. If he really did, the child would've been raised in the depths of the jungle since little. It would be difficult enough for Fatso to feed and clothe the child, so things like toys had to be rare. Also, the child's relationship with Fatso was probably strained. However, toys could bring the father and child closer together, so Fatso would come to Poppy again—not necessarily for the capsule, but definitely for the child's sake.

When the sun was about to set, Fatso came back from the outside, and he looked visibly happier than usual. He delivered the meals today through the window, but instead of leaving quickly as usual, he stood at the window today.

Poppy's voice was low, and she sounded somewhat apologetic. "I have nothing to give you this time, Fatso. The two capsules were the only ones I brought to the island with me."

Fatso felt even more apologetic upon hearing her words. "No, I'm not asking you for anything. I, uh... I wanted to ask you where you bought the stuff that you gave me in the morning. Did you buy them in the city?"

Poppy was startled for a moment. "You mean the capsules? I bought them in the city. They're sold in shopping centers."

When Fatso heard this, his eyes dimmed somewhat, and he fell silent.

Just then, Poppy added, "There are more of them in the video arcade. Some shops sell them too."

Fatso's expression eased a little, but he still had an absent look on his face. "Uh-huh," he replied, before walking away.

Poppy stared at Fatso's figure, puzzled. Then, she looked back and asked Courtney, "I did everything as you said, so what's with his response? Is he going to leave the island?"

Courtney took a stick and drew a timeline on the ground. "Nope, not so soon. You said that he had left the island twice this month, which is frequent enough. If he leaves the island again, Dragon will get suspicious, so I suppose he won't be leaving the island for a while." If one really can't find a way to appease a child that has been at odds with them, the only way is to go to someone who has solved such problems before, she thought. "If he can't leave the island, he'll come to you again."

"If that happens, what should I do?"

Courtney drew two little figures holding hands on the ground. After finishing the last stroke, she looked up and replied, "Ask him to take you to see the child."

One Night Surprise Chapter 399 Your Money or Your Life

The desert island where Courtney and the others were was neither big nor small, but it had a dense jungle. The artificially reclaimed spot where they were was located in the center of the island, and it was in the deepest part of the dense jungle. Ordinary people wouldn't be able to leave the jungle without knowing the special markings on the island.

Over the past few days, Poppy had been trying to make conversation with Fatso, whereas Courtney had been studying every possible way to leave the island in a corner. She didn't know how to swim, so she would have no choice but to leave the island by boat if she were to depend on herself.

“Thank you, Fatso.” Poppy took the dinner at the window and walked toward Courtney with it. Seeing that she had drawn some strange shapes on the ground with a stick, she couldn’t help but ask, “What are these?”

“A map,” Courtney replied in a whisper before pointing the stick at the center of the map. “We’re supposed to be here. We came ashore from the east side of the island, which is here. There are people patrolling the four directions every day, but those patrolling the west part of the island are the last to come back, so the west side of the island is probably the farthest from here. In other words, Fatso’s kid is likely in the west part of the island.”

“How did you arrive at this conclusion?” Poppy looked perplexed. “You came here in a worse state than me. You were tied up in a gunnysack. And besides, weren’t you unconscious at the time?”

Courtney replied, “I wasn’t fully unconscious. There was still a bit of consciousness left in me back then. I suppose my conjecture is more or less right, based on what you’ve told me and how those on patrol changed shifts every day.”

“You’re incredible!” Poppy looked at her with admiration before plonking herself down on the bed. Munching the dry bun, she slurred, “But Courtney, Fatso never mentioned his child to me again, nor did he ask me about the capsules. Say, what if he really wants to go to the city himself?”

Courtney’s face lit up. “That’d be even better. The more often they go out, the higher the possibility the police will find them, and the higher the possibility we’ll be rescued.”

Whatever the outcome would be, it would be better than them resigning themselves to death.

Just then, there was a sudden noise outside. They heard the sounds of those on patrol coming back and handing over to the next shift.

Poppy seemed to choke on the bun, and her face turned pale somewhat. Courtney’s face tightened as well. After glancing at Poppy subconsciously, she silently poured her a cup of water.

Soon, the door to the cabin opened. Two burly men of medium height came in while pushing and shoving each other. As soon as they entered, they saw Courtney pouring tea, and their eyes were instantly ablaze.

“What are you doing?” Poppy’s voice, which suddenly went up a few octaves, sounded unusually shrill and resonant in the cabin. She plonked the porcelain bowl in her hand on the shabby cabinet next to the bed with a loud thud.

“Ho ho, you’re upset because I just took a glance at another lady, huh?”

“Huh? I don’t care who you wanna look at.” Poppy pulled her collar while feigning a pettish look. “But if you take a shine to someone else, then get her out of my place. Don’t enter my room and get in my bed.”

Upon hearing Poppy’s words, the two men glanced at Courtney simultaneously with a look of disgust. Then, they went up to Poppy with a cheeky grin. “Do you think we’re blind? Why would we cast a darling like you aside and sleep with that ugly monster instead?”

Courtney sighed with relief inwardly when she heard the men call her 'ugly monster.' Seems like the effort of smudging dirt on my face over the last few days has paid off, she thought. Ever since she arrived on the island, she had been refraining from taking a shower, and her body stank. As a result, these men wouldn't touch her even if she didn't dodge them.

Seeing that both men had come up to her, Poppy darted an angry look at them and said shortly, "Did you forget what I said yesterday?"

The two men exchanged a brief look. Then, the slightly thinner man nodded vigorously with a lecherous expression, "Of course I remember what you said yesterday. Take turns, right?"

Ever since Poppy agreed to Courtney's escape plan, she had slowly won the initiative over those men, who would come to her after returning from their shifts. These men were just seeking pleasure, and they all wanted to have a good time. If she didn't play along with them, they would feel like they were sleeping with a human-sized doll; only when she played along with them could they take pleasure. Therefore, as these men started to get greedy after sleeping with Poppy again and again, they let Poppy set the rules so that only one person was allowed to sleep with her at a time.

Courtney felt revolted when Poppy first told her about it, but Poppy really seemed to think nothing of it. "I've worked as a nightclub hostess before, so I've had it figured out. It's just a matter of money. In the nightclub, the guests would pay me money to sleep with me, whereas I'm gonna pay the man here with my life," she said in a casual manner, but what she said was heart-wrenching.

Courtney couldn't say anything under the present circumstances. After all, there was no better way to keep these people under control.

Just then, the other man argued, "Hey, Jonny, it was your turn yesterday, so it's got to be my turn today, right?"

The man called Jonny frowned in displeasure. "Why are you being so fussy? What's wrong with having a threesome? Weren't you okay with sleeping with five or six of us at once in the past?"

Jonny's words annoyed Poppy at once. She lay down in bed right away, saying, "Alright then, come on, I have no problem sleeping with both of you at once." "Hey, I have a problem with it! We agreed to take turns, remember?" the other man protested assertively while shooting a glare at Jonny. "Stick to your principles, will you? A man has to keep his word. Even if you take this issue to Dragon, I'm gonna be in the right."

Courtney retreated into the corner while cursing the two shameless men countless times inwardly. How could these two lecherous perverts have the cheek to talk about principles? Really, people turn into beasts once they are no longer part of society, she thought.

Naturally, as a result of the negotiation, only the person who should be staying was made to stay, whereas Courtney and the man called Jonny were driven out of the cabin. Having asked for a snub, Jonny left while swearing like a trooper, whereas Courtney crouched at the door as usual. She didn't dare to wander about because Fatso had been doing woodwork in the yard. He seemed totally absorbed in what he was doing, but he was actually catching her every move with his eyes.

Just as things were getting steamy inside the room, the gate to the yard was pushed open from the outside with a squeak—Lil' Mackaque came back. As soon as he entered, he circled around Fatso, saying, "I've got something to discuss with you, Fatso."

Fatso darted a look at him. "Forget it if you're gonna talk about leaving the island. We've left the island many times this month. If we leave the island again, we'll be in trouble."

"Oh, what do you think could happen?" Lil' Mackaque lowered his voice. "I'm just going out for a walk since it's so frustrating to stay on the island. I'm not gonna do anything, so who's gonna find out? And besides, don't you have to buy stuff for Dawn?"

The yard was small, so Courtney heard the name 'Dawn' very clearly. At the same time, though, Fatso glared daggers at Lil' Mackaque, his face sullen.

"I..." Lil' Mackaque frowned when he saw Courtney outside the cabin. Then, he lowered his voice even further, saying, "Well, you can't keep hiding her here. Are you gonna let her live her entire life on the island? You've got to let her out one day. Dragon will certainly give you some compensation for the sake of your late wife—"

The saw in Fatso's hand dropped to the floor with a loud clank! Fatso was usually even-tempered, but his face was livid with anger at this moment. He stared at Lil' Mackaque chillingly, looking as black as thunder.

Courtney's heart skipped a beat. Then, it clenched.

One Night Surprise Chapter 400 I Don't Want to Live Like This Anymore

"Fatso..." Lil' Mackaque's face turned pale with fright. Knowing that he had put his foot in his mouth, he said, "That's not what I meant..."

Fatso had always been gentle and good-natured. At this moment, however, he seemed to be pissed off. Giving off a chilling aura through every pore, he stared icily at Lil' Mackaque before him, as if he wanted to eat him alive.

As Courtney mulled over what Lil' Mackaque had said just now, she sensed that something was amiss. The words 'late wife' must be referring to Fatso's deceased wife, but what does Fatso's deceased wife have to do with Dragon? Why would Dragon give Fatso some compensation for the sake of a woman who had passed away?

While she was thinking about it, Lil' Mackaque had hurriedly made up for his slip of the tongue just now and apologized to Fatso in a humble manner. Still, after beating around the bush, he persuaded Fatso to leave the island with him. "Just take your time and think about whether I'm right or not for Dawn's sake, if not for others. The island's full of guys like us. You can't let a young lady spend her entire life with us, can you?"

Fatso picked up the saw on the ground, but he sawed the block of wood much slower than usual. He was mulling over what Lil' Mackaque said. However, he didn't give Lil' Mackaque a definite reply even

after the affair in the cabin ended. Courtney didn't dare to stay any longer for fear of drawing their attention, so she went back into the cabin.

The air in the room was heavy with an icky smell, which smelled somewhat pungent due to the lack of ventilation. Poppy was putting on her clothes in bed. Her cheeks were flushed, but her eyes looked numb.

"I'll get you some water."

Unable to bear the sight of the scene, Courtney poured some water for Poppy from the thermos in the cabin. Just then, she heard Poppy's voice say from behind, "He said he's going to ask Dragon for a favor and make me his own in the future."

Courtney's expression froze at her words. "Did you agree to it?"

Poppy bit her lips, her voice quavering slightly as she replied with sobs, "I can't help feeling that the solution you told me is not much different from sitting around and doing nothing. I don't want to live like this anymore."

Courtney turned to look at Poppy. This was the first time she saw Poppy shedding tears in such a long time.

Poppy continued, "He said he won't let anyone else bully me anymore and that he'll be kind to me. He said we have to stay on the island for the time being, but after all this is over, he'll find a way to take me outside and help me settle down."

"So you believed him?"

"No, I didn't." Poppy clenched her teeth; her voice was so choked with sobs that one could hardly make out what she was saying. "But I want to try this. Fatso's a nice guy, which is why it's difficult to get close to him. I have no confidence in your solution, so I want to try my own."

"You'd better think again." Courtney was somewhat anxious. "You have to think this through. If you become that guy's woman, you're only gonna feel good for now. Perhaps there'll be an abyss of suffering waiting for you in the future."

However, Poppy kept her head lowered as if she had done weighing the pros and cons.

Courtney pondered for a moment. "How about this? Let's wait for two more days. Think about it again only if Fatso doesn't come to you in the next two days, okay?"

Only then did Poppy nod reluctantly.

Courtney felt uncertain, though. Judging from Lil' Mackaque's conversation with Fatso just now, she couldn't determine whether Fatso would end up leaving the island with Lil' Mackaque. She had no choice but to leave everything to fate now.

...

"That's the guy." Oliver pointed at a frame on the surveillance monitor, which had been enlarged ten times to reveal a thin, angular face. "This guy's been selling K Powder on the black market lately. He

doesn't sell much each time, but he always has the goods. We ordered 10 servings from him this time, and he's going to deliver them tonight."

"Where's he from?" Gale's face was taut. "Have you checked his background?"

"Yes, I have." Oliver exchanged a brief look with Alexander. Then, suppressing the joy in his eyes, he continued with a straight face, "This guy's got a criminal record. He's been jailed several times for theft, but he never mends his ways. He came to Melrose City three years ago and had been staying in the city since then. Most importantly, we found out that he's one of the drug dealers that slipped through the net during James' case last time."

Gale's eyes lit up. "You mean this guy's Dragon's underling?"

"That's right." Oliver nodded. "Once he shows up tonight, Tess will follow him all the way. As long as we confirm his future schedule, we'll be able to find out if he's still staying with Dragon."

Gale nodded upon hearing his words.

On the other hand, Alexander never said a word in the room. He had pined away almost visibly these days, and his chin was stubbly because he hadn't shaved his beard. He hadn't gotten a wink of sleep for a few days just to look for a drug dealer on the black market.

"We'll get busy after tonight, so why don't you get some sleep first?" Gale looked back and advised him. "Don't wear yourself out."

Alexander looked impassive. "I'm fine. Besides, we still don't know how Courtney's doing right now."

Gale frowned. "Courtney's a lucky person, so I'd say nothing bad's gonna happen to her. Besides, we're already looking for ways to rescue her. You have to take care of your health, you know? Your kids are still waiting for you at home."

"You don't have to comfort me. I don't need it right now." Alexander took a deep breath. "Right now, I just want to find a way to bring Courtney back. Everything else doesn't matter since I can't care less about them."

Since Alexander had said so, Gale could only button his lip.

Night fell, and the liveliest and noisiest food street in Melrose City at night was chosen to be the meeting place. Tessa, who was wearing a micro earpiece to keep in touch with Oliver anytime, was sitting at a stall selling stir-fried noodles, posing as an undergraduate student eating dinner. The young man dressed like a blonde-haired rascal across from her was the informant who would be meeting up with the drug dealer this time.

"He's here," the man said in a whisper. Then, he answered the phone, asking, "I'm here. Where are you?"

The young man's phone had been tapped the whole time. After the dealer gave him his location, Oliver switched the surveillance footage to that of an alley around the corner of the food street. However, the alley was a surveillance blind spot; it was so pitch-dark that one couldn't see anything in it. The dealer's very familiar with the streets around here. Seems like he's made a lot of such transactions before, thought Oliver.

“Go there first.” Oliver’s voice sounded from the young man’s earpiece. “Just do as you were told earlier.”

The young man didn’t answer him. Still talking on the phone, he left the stall and headed for the dark alley.

“Lil’ Mackaque.”

“Freddy Pennington.”

“Here’s the 10 servings you asked for. Cash on delivery, please.”

“The quality’s pretty good.”

“That’s of course,” Lil’ Mackaque replied with a nod while counting the banknotes. “There’s no way you’ll find a seller that sells anything better than this in the whole of Melrose City—no, in the entire southern part of the country, I’d say. We’ve got a specialized research and development team that develops this by established procedures.”

“I didn’t know it’d be so good, Lil’ Mackaque. Actually, I’ve heard from someone else before that you sell good stuff. Now that I’ve seen this, I think you deserve the reputation, so I think I’m gonna order from you again next time.”

“Sure! No problem.” Lil’ Mackaque waved the banknotes in his hand. “You can order however much you like as long as this is in place.”

“I’d like to order more of this next time.”

“How much?”

“100 servings.”

“What?” Lil’ Mackaque was stunned.