

One Night Surprise Chapter 57

Even a baby that was supposed to be aborted could be weaponized by Vanessa as an opportunity to seal the marriage. Her plan was airtight; even if it failed, she still had a backup plan. If Alexander hadn't known about all this earlier, Courtney would've probably been blamed for the entire brouhaha: she wouldn't have been able to escape the accusations once she was pinned as the scapegoat.

Alexander looked back to gaze at Courtney, who was currently blackout drunk and completely unaware of anything. He mentally heaved a sigh of relief for her.

She was usually very smart; why did she drop her guard during a situation like this? Was she supposed to just take every drink tossed her way?

As he thought things over, Courtney suddenly lifted a leg and spread it across Alexander's legs.

His expression shifted, but before he could push her leg away, her arm smacked onto him, wrapping itself around his shoulders. She ended up sitting on him, having hauled herself into his lap. She had his face in her hands as she asked drunkenly, "Who are you?"

The corners of Alexander's mouth twitched, and he forced some words through his clenched teeth. "Courtney, let go of me."

Clearly, trying to talk sense into a drunk person was not a wise decision. As soon as he spoke, Courtney smacked his face; her alcohol-scented breath blew directly on him.

"Oh, it speaks too!"

Alexander was so sick of the scent of alcohol that he was tempted to roll down the window and hurl her out of the car. However, she ramped up her antics. As she sucked in a breath, she flung her arms around his neck and wriggled.

"It's so hot!"

All Alexander could feel as she squirmed around was a tightening sensation below his belt. His body was reacting to her.

"Courtney." His voice now had a deep raspiness to it as he pinned her, stopping her from moving. "Stop wriggling."

However, she didn't think she was doing anything inappropriate. She bent lower and pressed her neck against Alexander's face; it was as though this was the only way the fire burning in her body could be extinguished.

With them now touching skin-to-skin, Alexander's expression tightened. The hands around her waist, which had been supporting her weight, now had a stiffness to them. He had no idea where he should put his hands.

The driver looked at the backseat through his rearview mirror. Shock entered his eyes, and he didn't dare to continue peeking.

Alexander's hushed voice sounded out from the backseat.

"Take us straight to Royal Park Manor."

The chauffeur got the hint and promptly slammed on the gas, zooming toward their destination.

The moment they reached home, Alexander's butler and domestic servants surged over.

"Where's Cameron?" Alexander asked. "Young Master, Miss Miller said that it was getting late. She left with Tina not long ago."

Alexander nodded his head lightly, not even bothering to ask about Britney at all.

When the domestic servants saw Courtney passed out on the backseat, they hurried over and attempted to help her, but Alexander waved them away. He picked Courtney up in a princess carry and brought her to the bedroom that she had stayed in before on the second floor.

All of them were surprised by this, and their gazes were odd.

The butler swept his gaze over them. "What are you looking at? I've told you that you are here to work. Sometimes, you have to pretend that you didn't see something even if you actually did. Do you understand?"

The servants then scattered. The butler looked at the locked door on the second floor and silently took out his phone.

"Sir, the Young Master brought Miss Hunter home. Both of them are heavily drunk. Yes, they're in the same room. They still haven't come out yet."

After Alexander placed Courtney down on the bed in the guest bedroom, he went to look for a servant to help freshen her up. Just as he was about to leave, he felt a tug on his sleeve. He lost his balance from the pull and ended up toppling once again onto her. He could sense the softness of her chest pressing against his own chest through the thin material of their clothes, rendering him immobile.

"Water," Courtney croaked as she tugged on his sleeve. "Thirsty."

Alexander frowned. He weathered through the discomfort he was feeling and lowered his voice. "Courtney, you have to let go of me first if you want some water."

He didn't know whether she understood him or not. A moment after he said that, she finally released her grip on him.

There was a tumbler and some cups on the desk in the room. Alexander picked up the tumbler and poured some water into a cup. He then brought the cup over and placed it right by the bedside table.

"It's on the table next to the bed. You can drink once you're awake."

With that, he turned and left.

He had only taken a few steps when he heard some shuffling sounds behind him. When he looked back, he saw Courtney's hand groping around the bedside table before landing on the rim of the cup.

"Watch o-"

Before he could finish his words, the cup toppled on its side on top of the bedside table with a *clang*. The cup rolled onto the bed, splashing Courtney with its contents.

"Oh no!" she cried out as she suddenly began struggling on the bed and screaming. "I can't swim-"

Alexander's brow furrowed. He found the situation infuriating yet amusing.

"Help..."

However, Alexander couldn't laugh at those screams. What if the people outside heard her?

He hastily walked over and covered her mouth, saying to her in a hushed voice, "That's enough. You're not in a pool or something. Why do you need to swim?"