

One Night Surprise Chapter 60

Chapter 60

Courtney received a warm welcome from Tina when she returned home.

"You're home at last, Mommy! Were you happy last night?"

Courtney knew that Tina couldn't possibly be aware of the siuff between men and women at such a young age, but she couldn't help giving the latter a noogie. "Why should I be happy? Who told you to egg Jordan's dad on to look for me at the engagement party?"

Rubbing her head in pain, Tina pouted her lips and argued, "It wasn't me who proposed that; Jordan and Godmother were the ones responsible. Godmother even said that Mr. Alexander would be a hero saving a damsel in distress by doing so!"

"Are you putting the blame on whoever is absent?" Courtney shot her a glance while pouring herself some water to drink by the table. She asked casually. "What else did your Godmother say?"

"Godmother said that the story of a hero saving a damsel in distress always ends with the heroine pledging to marry the hero out of gratitude."

"Pfft!" Courtney spat a mouthful of water all over the table. After coughing a few times, she went to slap the door to the main bedroom in exasperation. "Come out, Cameron! How could you teach her these things instead of the good stuff?"

It was the weekend, which Cameran usually spent resting at home and sleeping soundly to her heart's content. However, nobody answered the door even after Courtney knocked on it for a long time. When Courtney opened the door, she found the room as messy as a doghouse, but Cameron was nowhere to be seen.

"My Godmother left this morning on a business trip." Tina trotted up to her. "She also said that you are free to invite Mr. Alexander over while she's away-she doesn't mind it at all."

"Who wants to invite him?" Looking guilty, Courtney raised her voice and covered her blushing face. "All right, that's enough. I'm dog-tired, so I want to sleep. Don't make trouble for me here; go play on your own somewhere else."

Tina was chased back into her room, but she covered her mouth and tittered while peeping through the door crack

It seems that Godmother's plan of having a hero save a damsel in distress works wonders! As expected, I should let Godmother take action since she can do the job of two!

Courtney kept tossing and turning in bed that afternoon, but she couldn't fall asleep due to her sore waist and aching back. When she turned over, she recalled what had happened last night. Blushing with embarrassment, she covered herself under the blanket, only to push back the blanket and pant heavily a while later because she couldn't breathe. After being restless for some time, she went into a sulk.

If Cameron did not pressure me into attending the engagement party, such a thing wouldn't have happened. This incident wouldn't be possible if she didn't speak out of turn by persuading Alexander to appear at the banquet.

In conclusion, this lady is the culprit!

Thinking about this, Courtney's mind suddenly cleared a little. She increasingly felt that Cameron was likely to be the mastermind behind the incident!

Meanwhile, Cameron was bored stiff while waiting for her delayed flight in the airport lounge when she received a voice message on her cell phone's Messenger. When she saw the sender ID of the voice message, her fidgety expression instantly cleared. After unlocking her cell phone by slowly swiping her

finger across the screen, she pleasantly listened to Courtney's accusation.

"Confess to [Add New](#)me-did you plan in advance to urge me to attend the wedding and notify Alexander about

*it?**

Pressing the recording button on her cell phone, Cameron moved closer to the microphone. She argued, "How could that be possible? Did something happen last night, though? Why didn't you come back all night yesterday?"

"Nothing happened."

"You sound so flustered and exasperated that I don't believe nothing has happened."

Her message was met with silence. For a long time, there was no answer from the other end of the conversation.

However, Cameron could imagine Courtney's blushing face in front of the screen. What a shame that I can't see her blushing face with my own eyes.

Just then, the airport's broadcasting system announced that her flight had arrived. Cameron picked up her handbag leisurely and boarded the plane before finding her seat. After seating herself, she lowered her voice and spoke into her cell phone. "I'm on the plane, so I won't discuss the details with you. Share your passionate night yesterday with me when come back later!"

With that, she switched off her cell phone.

Just then, she heard a man's deep voice speaking above her head against the background of the safety warning broadcast. "Babe, may I ask if I can move your stuff in the overhead compartment to the side a little bit?"

Cameron didn't even raise her head. "It's not mine, so move it as you please."

"Thank you," replied the man politely. As he was moving the bags around, he suddenly stopped.

Cameron, who found the voice familiar to her, put down the tablet in her hand and looked up.

Their eyes met in an instant.

"It's you!"

Cameron and Gale's voices overlapped.

After confirming that the seat number on his plane ticket was correct, Gale seated himself next to Cameron and extended his hand to her politely. "What a coincidence! We meet again, Miss Miller."

Cameron rolled her eyes before raising her hand to beckon the flight attendant to come over.

"Do you need any help, miss?"

"I'd like to switch seats."

Gale's expression changed as his hand stretched out awkwardly in midair.

Sensing the subtle atmosphere between them, the flight attendant gave an awkward smile. "Miss Miller, all the seats of this flight are filled, so there's no way of switching seats."

Cameron's expression changed at once. She shot a disdainful look at Gale next to her and asked, "Are the economy class seats filled as well? I can switch to an economy class seat as long as I'm not

seated next to him. I have no problem sitting on a jump seat with you guys."

"What do you mean by that?" Gale stared at her with a frown. He said in displeasure, "Why are you making a fuss-even I haven't made a request to switch seats!"

Cameron's expression was very cold. "I simply can't stand the sight of some ill-mannered person who takes his liberties with women!"

"I'm sorry, but there really aren't any empty seats anymore." The flight attendant looked troubled.

Gale's face fell as well. He answered back sarcastically, "Have you ever found anyone easy on the

eyes? In my opinion, you're just hostile to society. The flight will take off very soon, yet you've made things difficult for the flight attendant here and accused me of lacking manners. I don't think you have good manners either."

"You!" Cameron knitted her brows. After giving the flight attendant an understanding look to motion her to leave first, she glared at Gale and continued, "I'm not in the mood to talk nonsense with you. I'm warning you-this flight will take only four hours, so don't speak to me. We shall pretend that we have never met."

Surprisingly, Gale didn't get angry after being dissed so many times. Instead, he started to get curious.

Just what the hell is it about me that this lady can't stand the sight of? Why does she behave like a grouch every time we meet?

Then, his eyes suddenly lit up when he saw the staff ID card on Cameron's table from the corner of his eye.

The words 'Twilight LLC's cultural media exchange program' were printed on it very clearly. Is she going to attend Twilight's cultural media exchange program as well? If that's the case, our fates are really intertwined.

Gale's mouth curved into a meaningful smile.

The next day was a Monday.

Setting aside all the 'accidents' that happened over the weekend, Courtney immediately began the preparations to decorate the event hall for Sunhill Enterprise's 100th-anniversary celebration. She spent the entire day overseeing the partitioning of different areas in the lobby.

"The posters on the board aren't good; make them prettier. We can't let others think that there's some sort of construction going on here, and try not to inconvenience the hotel's guests as much as possible. Don't pile things up right here-put everything in the storeroom and take them out only when needed. It's okay to make a few more trips."

While she was busy in the afternoon, she heard the receptionist calling her from the front desk nearby. "Miss Hunter, a gentleman here wants to see you."

Upon hearing this, Courtney-who was looking up while directing the workers to install the new chandelier-looked back to see a familiar figure standing at the front desk. Surprisingly, the stooping figure had become much older than she remembered since they last met many years ago.

