

Help! My One-Night Stand Is Examining Me?!

#Chapter 1 Provocation - Read Help! My One-Night Stand Is Examining Me?! Chapter 1 Provocation

"Hello, Alana. This is Sophia West."

The voice on the other end was soft yet confident, carrying a deliberately composed tone, as if it had been rehearsed countless times.

Alana gripped her phone tighter, her fingers tensing slightly.

Of course she knew who Sophia West was, who in this city didn't?

The precious daughter of West Corporation, and the woman who had personally destroyed her two-year relationship.

"What do you want?" Alana's voice was calm, even cold.

"Cole and I are getting married on the fifteenth of next month," Sophia paused deliberately, as if giving those words time to fully sink in. "We hope you can come. Cole says you're one of his most important friends, and it matters to him that you're there."

One of his most important friends?!

Alana took a slow, deep breath. She stared at the cup of coffee on her desk, still steaming, watching the vapor rise in wisps and disappear into the air.

Two years ago, she and Cole Parker had planned their future together. She had helped him organize his collaboration proposal with West Corporation, personally assisted him in revising every draft of his business plan, she was still in college then but she was very skilled.

She had always been praised for being intelligent.

She thought she was helping him. Only later did she realize she had personally delivered him into Sophia's arms.

They had met countless times during those negotiations. By the time Alana noticed what was happening, it was already too late.

Cole hadn't explained much, only saying that he and Sophia were more compatible, that they had more in common.

Alana had wanted to ask him what their two years meant, what she meant to him. But in the end, she never asked.

Now they were getting married.

And Sophia had personally made this phone call.

"Thank you for the invitation," Alana said, her voice steadier than she'd expected. "I'll think about it."

"That's wonderful." Sophia sounded pleased, as if the purpose of this call had been perfectly achieved. "The wedding details will be sent with the invitation later. Alana, I look forward to seeing you."

The call ended.

Alana gently placed her phone on the desk, pressed her temples with two fingers, and closed her eyes.

Just then, a knock sounded on her door.

"Who is that?"

Seeing the person had a spare key, she didn't need to guess who that was.

It was her best friend, Eve.

Eve walked in, carrying two takeout coffees. She immediately noticed Alana's expression, paused mid-step, then set both cups on the table and sat down across from her.

"Talk."

Alana looked up at her. "Sophia West. She invited me to her and Cole's wedding."

About three seconds of silence.

Then Eve made a low, guttural sound from deep in her throat, like a cat whose tail had been stepped on.

"She..." Eve took a deep breath, forcibly swallowing the words that had clearly rushed to her lips, and started again. "She actually called you personally to invite you?"

"Yes."

"To her wedding." Eve repeated, her voice carrying an eerie calm, the calm before a storm. "She wants you to watch her marry Cole."

"Yes."

Eve was quiet for a moment, then pushed a coffee cup toward Alana, her tone suddenly gentle.

"Alana, you're not seriously going, are you?"

"What choice do I have?" Alana sighed. "West Corporation is still one of our company's partners. And I still need to secure a permanent position here. If I do not do what she wants, she might approach the boss. If I make a scene now, I'm the only one who loses."

Eve stared at her for several seconds, something churning in her eyes that finally settled into a hint of guilt.

Alana noticed immediately and shook her head. "Don't look at me like that. This has nothing to do with you."

"How can it have nothing to do with me?" Eve's voice dropped. "If Sophia didn't have it out for me, she never would have set her sights on Cole. She used Cole to get to me, but you're the one who got hurt."

Even if Eve hadn't said it, Alana understood.

The three of them had known each other since college, and the bad blood between Sophia and Eve went way back. Every confrontation had ended with Sophia's defeat.

After graduation, Sophia had leveraged her family resources to break into the business world, never finding another chance to face off with Eve directly, so she'd turned her attention to Alana, or more precisely, to Cole, who was beside Alana.

Stealing an ordinary girl's boyfriend was probably effortless for Sophia.

"I really don't blame you," Alana said, her tone calm and certain. "Cole made his own choice. It's no one's fault except his own."

Eve took a deep breath and looked up again, her eyes gradually sharpening.

"Fine. Then let's handle this differently." She pulled two gold-embossed cards from her bag and slapped them on the desk. "You're not going to anyone's wedding because you have something more important to do..."

Alana looked down and saw two invitations with gold lettering.

"Tonight. The city's most exclusive annual charity gala. Black-label invitation only, everyone who gets in is someone who matters."

Eve pushed the invitation toward her, the corner of her mouth curving slightly.

"The best men in the world will probably all be in that ballroom tonight. What you need to do isn't attend someone's wedding, but appear on a completely different stage."

Alana frowned. "Eve..."

"Jon will pick us up." Eve stood, raising her hand to cut off whatever Alana was about to say, her eyes carrying a gentle but unmistakable authority. "All you need to do is get yourself ready. I'll handle the rest."

Alana looked at her silently, then finally picked up the invitation.

She didn't say anything more.

But she knew that once Eve made up her mind about something, there was never a second outcome.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.