

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

#Chapter 10 Stay in touch - Read Help! My One-Night Stand Is Examining Me?! Chapter 10 Stay in touch

"Make sure to save my number." Stephan let out.

"What?"

He rolled his eyes.

Did she have hearing problems?

"I said save my number."

She eyed him.

He could save her number or not.

She didn't care.

But why should she save his?

She had only just given him her number for giving sake.

She sincerely hoped they didn't stay in touch.

But at the moment, Stephan kept glancing at her as if telling her with his eyes to save his number.

Having no choice, she picked up her cellphone to save his number.

What should she even save it as?

The man from that night?

Man who claimed she stole his virginity?

Man whom she lost her virginity to?

None seemed right so she just saved it with his full name: Stephan Hudson.

With the corner of his eye, Stephan saw her saving his number.

He smirked and then asked.

"Have you applied the ointment yet?"

Alana glanced at him. "What ointment?"

"You know...the one for your pussy."

Her eyes widened at his choice of words.

How could he be so vulgar?!

Her cheeks flushed.

Was it even polite of him to ask such of question?

Or was he perhaps...offering to apply it for her?

No way!

No!

Absolutely not!

"I'll apply it when I get home. You didn't need to remind me of that."

Stephan watched her face turn crimson with embarrassment.

Unable to resist the sight of her bashful expression as she lowered her head, his gaze darkened, slightly.

"I had to. And also, I was wondering if you know how to apply it properly, I could help you with it, free of charge. That area is very sore and since it's my doing, it's only right I..."

"No...no. I don't need your help. I can apply any ointment myself, can we stop talking about this?"

He continued teasing her.

"Are you sure you don't need my help? You might not be able to see your pussy, properly. You just have to spread your legs for me and I'll properly apply..."

"Stop..."She croaked out.

He laughed seeing that she seemed to want to jump out the window.

He had been driving slowly before but now he suddenly accelerated the speed.

She blinked. "Where you are taking me?"

"To your house."

Nope!

She didn't want him to know where she lived.

She could already sense that he would be nothing but trouble.

A troublesome pest.

"Stop at the nearest bus station, I'll find my way home myself."

Noticing her guardedness, Stephan's thin lips curved slightly. "I already told you, I won't touch you until you've fully recovered. I'm a man of my word."

Alana sighed.

As if that was supposed to make her feel better.

"Your address." Stephan insisted.

In the end, she relented and gave him her address.

The car pulled up outside an ordinary residential block.

Alana dared not let him drive inside, fearing her acquaintances might spot them.

She didn't want to be placed in any more awkward situations.

"This is fine. Drop me off here."

Stephan surveyed the surrounding apartment blocks, his brow furrowing. "Is this where

you really live?"

To his eyes, it seemed rather modest.

Alana stammered, "Yes."

"If there's nothing else, I'll be getting out now. Thank you for driving me home."

Before Stephan could respond, she unbuckled her seatbelt and pushed open the door to step out.

"Goodbye." Alana bid farewell to the figure inside the car, walking away without a backward glance, really hoping this was the last time she saw him.

He couldn't really be serious about wanting to sleep with her again, could he?

Watching the girl's slender silhouette recede, Stephan's brow furrowed involuntarily once more.

He had assumed she was approaching him for ulterior motives.

He'd been testing her all along, talking about innocence and all that, wanting her to break and make her confess who sent her.

But it seemed... he had overthought it.

So, was it all truly just a coincidence?

Well, if it was truly accidental, she wouldn't need him to take responsibility.

This matter should end here.

As for his remark about wanting her to take responsibility for him, that was merely a test, nothing more.

Stephan withdrew his gaze, his expression as cool and unruffled as ever. He shouldn't forget who he was. He simply pressed the accelerator and drove away.

Alana noticed the car driving away and couldn't help but glance back.

As the black car vanished from view, she exhaled softly in relief.

Truth be told, though she remained wary of this man, her instincts told her he probably wasn't that bad.

After all, his mother was a doctor. And she had seemed nice.

She turned her head back, just about to enter the residential building.

An elderly lady approached her, curiosity in her voice. "Lana, who was that man who dropped you off just now? That car was rather luxurious."

Alana flushed with embarrassment, not expecting her careful precautions to have been witnessed by the neighbour.

"Just an ordinary friend."

The woman looked surprised. "Just an ordinary friend? When did you make such a wealthy ordinary friend? That's an expensive car. Or isn't it his?"

"I don't really know much about him."

The neighbour nodded knowingly. "I see. Lana, you're such a pretty girl, but you mustn't go making friends too freely, especially with the opposite sex. A girl should always maintain her self-respect and dignity..." The neighbour was quite taken with Alana's appearance, clean-cut and pretty, with a gentle disposition. She seemed like a sensible, filial girl. If only she could be persuaded to marry her son!

Alana said nothing, merely gave a faint nod before hurrying into the lift to go upstairs.

Back in her flat, Alana immediately retrieved her medication and took the right dose of anti-inflammatories.

As for the ointment, she swallowed recalling his words. Then she shook her head and took it in her hand and went into the bathroom.

After a considerable amount of time, she finally emerged from the bathroom.

Her face was slightly flushed, and beads of sweat had formed on her forehead.

Gosh, that man had made her shy to rub something on her own body. She kept thinking about his teasing remarks.

She hadn't imagined that area would prove trickier to apply than she'd anticipated.

The following morning.

After a night's rest, Alana felt much better.

She made tomato and egg noodles for breakfast, took her medication, applied the ointment, and set off for work.

Having recently graduated from university, she was currently employed at a cosmetics brand company as a member of the project department.

The company had a three-month probationary period, and she hadn't yet completed the full three months. She was still in the probationary phase and was receiving the probationary wage. The probationary salary was two thousand dollars, rising to four thousand upon confirmation. Though modest, it was sufficient for her to live independently.

Moreover, starting salaries for recent graduates are generally modest.

Four thousand dollars was a fairly typical starting salary for graduates.

Upon her arrival at the project office,

The Manager intercepted her with a warm smile.

"Alana dear, I heard you were feeling unwell yesterday and took the day off. Are you feeling better today?"

Manager Dane in his forties, had a sparse tuft of hair atop an oily, flushed face, his protruding belly rivalling that of an eight-month pregnant woman.

He leaned in close to her, his greasy hand even landing on her shoulder, stroking it unobtrusively.

Alana endured the discomfort and dodged his lecherous touch. "Much... much better." Dane remained beaming, his chubby cheeks bunched together in a rather revolting manner.

"Well, that's good then."

"The company certainly missed out on a fair bit of fun while you were away yesterday!"

What appeared to be concern for Alana was, in truth, harassment of a working woman, his tone dripping with vulgarity and lust.

She was one of the women in this company that he so badly wanted to have sex with.

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