

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

Chapter 101 Rapid breaths

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Stephan let out a low, soft chuckle.

His chest trembled.

The vibration reached her.

As if mocking her naivety.

Alana blushed even more deeply, her chest heaving with rapid breaths.

The same sensation rippled back to him. Stephan propped himself up slightly, his fingertips tangling with the ribbon on her bathrobe, winding it around bit by bit.

She was wearing a gray bathrobe, which gradually opened wider as he wound the ribbon tighter. At this moment, she resembled a lychee being gradually peeled by a man, slowly revealing the tender, soft flesh within.

Alana was incredibly nervous, her breathing growing more and more rapid.

She clearly should have kept refusing.

But her mind was a blank, as thick as paste, and her body wouldn't move, watching helplessly as the man loomed over her, arrogant as an invader, shamelessly stripping away everything about her.

The ringtone of her cell phone suddenly blared.

Accompanied by a cheerful tone, it shattered the tension in the room. “I’m late! I’m late!”

“We’re going to be late for work!”

“The early bird catches the worm!”

“Are you getting up? Are you getting up? If you don’t, I’ll starve you to death!”

Stephan’s fingers paused mid-motion.

The comical ringtone snapped Alana back to her senses, and she looked as if she’d just woken from a dream.

Seeing the two of them in such an intimate position, with the sash of her bathrobe still wrapped around his fingers. Without a second thought, she pushed him away, snatched the sash back, and tied it securely around her waist.

She tied it tightly, making several tight knots. Having been pushed away, Stephan let himself fall back onto the bed.

Watching Alana frantically tie the knot on her bathrobe, he let out a faint snort through his nose.

If he really wanted to do something to her, it wouldn’t matter if she welded herself to the bed. Alana tied her bathrobe into a tight knot, making sure the man couldn’t undo it, before finally grabbing her phone.

She cast a wary glance at the man lying on the bed, swiped to answer the call, and cleared her throat.

“Hello...”

As soon as the call connected, Eve’s boisterous voice came through.

“Girl, you finally picked up! You took so long to answer, you almost scared me to death. I thought you’d been attacked by a robber!”

Rough words, but true. Just now... it really was a close call.

And on top of that, she actually didn’t put up much of a fight.

She’d really let herself go.

Stephan saw that she had answered the call and was about to tease her. But when he heard a woman’s voice on the other end, he held back.

Alana took a deep breath, trying to make her voice sound clear and calm.

“Eve, it’s so late. Is there something wrong?”

Eve said, “I just got a call from Luca. He said you got hurt while walking his pets. I was worried about you, so I called to check on you.”

Alana replied, “I’m fine. It’s just a minor scrape, nothing serious.”

Eve blinked. “Just a scrape? From what he described, your scrape sounds pretty bad. At the very least, I need to rush over right now and take you to the hospital.”

Alana nodded. “Yeah, just a scrape. I already told Luca it wasn’t serious, but he’s making such a big deal out of it. You don’t need to come over.”

Besides, in her current condition, it wouldn’t be appropriate for her to be around Eve.

Eve smiled. “If I don’t come over, I’m afraid a certain someone won’t feel at ease.”

Alana frowned. “Who?”

“Luca. From the sound of his voice, he seemed pretty worried about you. He even said there might be a dangerous person around you, and insisted I come see you in person and take you home.”

Alana glanced at the “dangerous person” lying on the bed.

Stephan “Dangerous Person” Hudson also lifted his gaze to meet hers, his eyes carrying a hint of wicked defiance.

Alana bit her lip, her cheeks flushing slightly.

“You... don’t listen to Luca’s nonsense. There’s no dangerous person here.”

“Is that so? But he told me there was a man with you. And that man also said... that he’s your man?”

Alana’s breath caught in her throat, and she couldn’t help but glare at the culprit.

Stephan, having been glared at, felt a slight thrill of satisfaction. He lazily shot her a look that said, “What can she do to me? I was just telling the truth, is there a problem with that?”

Alana clenched her teeth and explained, “No, no, he’s not my man. Just a friend, just joking around.”

Stephan frowned slightly, feeling a bit uneasy inside.

A friend?!

When will he finally get promoted to boyfriend status?

Eve asked curiously, “A friend? A male friend? When did you make a male friend?”

“Well... I just met him a few days ago.”

“Alright, then. When you get the chance, bring this male friend of yours out to meet me. I’ll help you figure out if he’s trustworthy.”

Alana gave a nervous nod.

She thought to herself, I certainly can’t bring him over, what if he puts on a live sex show right in front of my best friend?

Eve spoke up again, “Lana, Luca asked you to stay at his place. Did you go?”

Alana shook her head. “No, I didn’t stay there.”

Eve asked, “Then where are you now? Are you still at the estate? With your injured knee, it must be hard to hail a cab. Why don’t I come pick you up and take you home?”

Alana replied in a low voice, “I...I’m already home. I’m lying in bed right now...”

Upon hearing this, Stephan let out a faint, dismissive snort.

In the silent room, it was particularly clear.

Eve heard it and felt curious.

“What was that sound?”

Alana’s breath caught. “N-no, nothing out of the ordinary. I’m standing on the balcony at home. It came from Old Fred next door...”

Eve was even more puzzled. “Didn’t you just say you were lying in bed at home? How did you suddenly end up on the balcony?”

Alana tensed.

This was terrible. Her mind was all over the place, and she was not making any sense.

Stephan watched Alana make a fool of herself with a smug expression, clearly enjoying the spectacle.

Alana gritted her teeth and desperately tried to cover her tracks.

“Yes, I felt uncomfortable lying in bed, so I suddenly dashed out to the balcony.”

Eve wasn’t convinced.

Was her friend really at home?

But if she wasn’t home, where else could she have gone?

After all, she was not the type to just casually stay at another man’s house.

Luca invited her to stay, and although she agreed verbally, she certainly wouldn’t feel comfortable staying there.

As her best friend, Eve knew Alana’s temperament all too well.

She was a very innocent girl, conservative at heart, the classic “good girl” type.

So she would never go so far as to stay at a single man’s house, even if he wasn’t home.

But given the gender difference and the fact that they weren’t particularly close, it just didn’t feel right.

Little did she know that the best friend she considered to be innocent, conservative, and the epitome of a “good girl” was currently sitting on a mature man’s bed, chatting with her on the phone.

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Chapter 102 No big deal

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And that mature man, like a wolf, was eyeing her best friend with predatory intent.

Alana stared nervously at Stephan, finding him extremely dangerous. “Eve, do you need anything else? If there’s nothing else, I’ll hang up now...”

After all, she had witnessed the man’s power during their previous call and was terrified he might repeat his behavior from last time, treating her so outrageously.

Stephan saw the guarded look in the girl’s eyes and raised an eyebrow slightly.

It seemed he, too, was feeling a bit mischievous.

He reached out and tugged at the sash of Alana’s bathrobe again. Alana quickly grabbed the sash to keep it from coming loose, glaring at him as she did so.

Stephan curved his lips and continued to tug mischievously.

Just like teasing a kitten or a puppy.

As soon as he pulled it loose, Alana, embarrassed and annoyed, yanked it back.

The two of them went back and forth, tugging at each other relentlessly.

Eve had no idea what was going on over at Alana’s end. Hearing that she was about to hang up, she couldn’t help but ask out of curiosity, “Lana, let me ask you something. When you were with Luca, did you notice anything?”

Alana was locked in a standoff with the man, caught in a tug-of-war, and didn’t react immediately. “Noticed what?”

Eve said, “I noticed that Luca has a thing for you!”

Alana was a split second slow to catch on; she’d even forgotten to move the hand holding the strap. “Huh?”

She was naturally a bit slow when it came to matters of the heart and really hadn’t picked up on it.

Unless it was as obvious as with Stephan.

Seeing her daze off, Stephan’s eyes darkened, and he began tugging at her bathrobe sash again.

This time, he pulled a little harder. Her body swayed as he pulled, and she nearly toppled toward him.

After finally regaining her balance, she couldn’t help but glare at the mischievous man before asking,

“Is... is that really true?”

Eve said, “It’s true. When he called me just now, he sounded really anxious. I could tell he’s interested in you.”

Alana bit her lip. “I...I don’t believe you. Don’t make things up.”

“I’m not making this up. I really could tell that Luca has a thing for you.”

“Plus, he’s been asking me about you nonstop these past few days. It’s obvious he wants to pursue you and make you his girlfriend.”

Stephan listened to the conversation on the phone and couldn’t help but furrow his brow. What does that mean?

That bastard! It was one thing that he was interested in Alana, but he actually wanted to pursue her?

Doesn’t he know Alana has a boyfriend?

Could he possibly be trying to be the other man?!

Stephan thought he was already low enough, after all, knowing he was the other man and acting like her boyfriend.

But he never expected another man to be just as despicable as he was.

Upon hearing Eve’s words, Alana couldn’t help but glance nervously at Stephan. “Eve, don’t say such things. It’s getting late. I... I’m going to get some rest.”

Eve thought Alana was just being shy, and couldn’t help but chuckle. “What’s wrong? Someone like Stephan isn’t too bad, he’s a rich kid with some money at home. Why don’t you give him some thought?”

“No, that’s not it. I’m really tired. I have to work tomorrow...”

Eve chuckled, “Alright, alright. I know you’re a workaholic. I won’t bother you anymore. But I still hope you’ll consider it...”

Alana couldn’t help but interrupt, “I’m not considering it. He’s not my type. Bye!”

With that, she hung up the phone.

She looked up and met Stephan’s intense gaze, which was clearly probing.

Alana couldn’t help but feel a little guilty.

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

He leaned in, closing the distance between them. Sensing her attempt to step back, he reached out and wrapped his arm around her slender waist.

Trapping her in his embrace.

His dark eyes narrowed, deep and dangerous.

“Alana, your best friend is quite the vixen. She knows you have a boyfriend, yet she still encourages you to consider other men. What’s this? Did you suddenly realize your boyfriend, the one always on a business trip, isn’t up to the task, and you’re thinking of finding a replacement?”

Alana froze.

She looked at him with surprise.

She’d assumed that after her best friend’s comment, he must have figured out she didn’t actually have a boyfriend.

She had actually been feeling a little guilty about it.

She never expected him to think of it from a different angle.

He thought she was planning to break up with her boyfriend.

Seriously?!

Stephan looked at the girl’s dazed expression and thought he’d guessed right.

He slowly leaned in toward her, his hot breath brazenly brushing against her delicate cheek. “So...who are you planning to replace him with?”

Alana’s eyelashes fluttered, and she bit her lip. She didn’t know how to respond.

Stephan extended his long, slender fingers and gently cupped her delicate chin, lifting her face.

He took in the two faint blushes gradually spreading across her cheeks.

“At the very least...you’d find a man who’s good in every way, won’t you? Especially one who can satisfy you in bed.”

His gaze was intense, as if he were brazenly carving the words “I am the only man who can fully satisfy you in bed” right onto his forehead.

If Alana couldn't read such a blunt and explicit hint, she'd be an absolute fool.

Her cheeks flushed bright red, and she pushed him away slightly, feeling utterly ashamed. "You...you shouldn't do this..."

Stephan pressed his forehead against hers, his deep voice carrying an irresistible air of dominance.

"If you want to switch, switch right now. There are more suitable options around you."

As for who was more suitable, it went without saying.

Alana gazed at him with eyes that were slightly moist and filled with tension. She looked just like a flustered, helpless little rabbit.

Irresistibly tempting.

Stephan couldn't resist kissing her, his thin lips gently tracing the outline of her beautiful mouth.

His voice was low and hoarse, laced with a hint of temptation. "Be a good girl. Dump that man. He's not right for you."

Alana blushed.

Their posture was far too intimate; she didn't want to respond to his words.

But Stephan wasn't about to let her off that easily; he opened his mouth and bit down on her soft, delicate lips.

His voice was deep and commanding.

"Answer me."

Alana was at her wit's end under his relentless pursuit. She tried to step back, but her slender waist was firmly held captive by his strong, powerful arms.

She couldn't move an inch.

She couldn't move forward either.

Finally, with no other choice, Alana relented. "You... you should let me think it over..."

Hmm, at the very least, he had to let her think it over properly, whether they were both suited to be together.

A faint glint shone in Stephan's dark eyes.

Does this mean she had agreed to be with him, that she was willing to break up with her boyfriend?

After all that persistence, he'd finally managed to soften this stubborn mule.

All that effort he'd put into playing the suave seducer in front of her hadn't been in vain.

Though he was thrilled inside, on the surface he remained perfectly calm, acting as if it were no big deal.

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Chapter 103 Trying to run away

Chapter 103 Trying to run away

"I'll give you three days to think it over."

Alana's almond-shaped eyes widened. That short?

With so little time, how was she supposed to think it through properly?!

She couldn't help but try to negotiate, "At least a week, right?"

Little did she know, the man's desire for her was so urgent he couldn't wait a single second.

Stephan's thin lips twitched. "One day!"

"Fine, fine, fine. Three days then."

Alana was truly scared, she was terrified he'd force her to agree tomorrow.

Deep down, she even clung to a faint hope: she'd agreed to switch boyfriends, but since he hadn't pressed her, the new boyfriend she'd end up with would surely be him.

So, she still had some time to think it over.

Alana took the opportunity to nudge him and make a request, “You...you should go out now. I want to sleep.”

Stephan, hiding his inner glee, quickly grabbed her small hand. His dark eyes fixed intently on her as he slowly curved his lips into a smile.

“Why don’t we skip sleep? Let’s have a good chat about what kind of boyfriend you should be looking for.”

Alana blushed again, her slender fingers entangled in his warm, slightly calloused hand, feeling utterly embarrassed. “You, I...”

The man pressed his thin lips close to her ear, his warm breath brushing against her skin. “How about... someone handsome, with a great body, and eight-pack abs. Especially one like me, who’d let you touch him...” He gripped her wrist and, with practiced ease, placed it on his firm, defined eight-pack abs, Alana’s breathing quickened.

He was so bold, so good at teasing her!

Her face flushed crimson, and she tried to pull her hand back. But he held her hand tightly.

Alana said, breathlessly, “Stephan, please don’t do this...”

“It’s late. We should get some rest...”

The man raised an eyebrow, a mischievous glint in his eyes. “Are you inviting me to rest with you?”

Alana blushed. “No, that’s not it...”

“You mean rest alone...Is that really how you want to rest?”

The man’s intense gaze locked onto her delicate face, like a predator fixated on its prey, brimming with anticipation.

“Don’t you want to do something more exciting? If you want it, I don’t mind satisfying you properly.”

After all, he had to rise to the top through his own abilities.

If he didn’t pamper her until she was completely satisfied, how could he make her crave him so much she couldn’t live without him?

The man’s slender fingers tugged at the sash of her bathrobe as he leaned down, ready to kiss her again.

Alana gently pressed her palm against his hand and spoke in a timid voice.

“Don’t. You said you wouldn’t touch me tonight...”

Stephan gazed into the girl’s wet, bashful eyes and chuckled.

Wasn’t he just asking for her opinion?

If she wanted him to, how could he possibly resist?

That “no touching” was just a momentary display of stubbornness. But she’d have to face the consequences herself.

Stephan hesitated for only a moment before loosening the sash of her bathrobe. He then cupped her soft head in his large hand and ruffled her hair.

“Go to sleep.”

Alana clutched the bathrobe tightly across her chest, looking nervous.

“Get out. I don’t want to sleep with you tonight.”

Stephan raised an eyebrow and seized the opportunity to make a demand. “Kiss me one more time, and I’ll let you off the hook.”

Alana was skeptical. “Really? Don’t lie to me.”

He’d tricked her too many times already. He was so mean!

The girl stared at him with wide, bright eyes, pouting her lips as she softly voiced her complaint. It looked just like she was being coy.

Stephan felt a surge of pleasure inside, but his expression remained impassive, he didn’t want her to realize just how thrilled he actually was.

“Mm.”

Alana thought for a moment, then decided to get it over with quickly. She leaned in and

kissed the man’s sensual, full lips.

A gentle touch, and she was ready to end it. But just as she was about to pull away, a large hand clamped down on the back of her head. The man opened his mouth to take her in, deepening the kiss.

Alana was so overwhelmed by the man's kiss that her legs went weak, and she nearly suffocated.

When Stephan finally let her go, she was as limp as a rag, leaning against his chest, gasping for breath.

He watched the girl's awkward reaction and chuckled, "After all this time, you still don't know how to breathe while kissing?"

It was always like this, she'd be panting after just a few moments, looking incredibly alluring. Didn't her boyfriend, who was always away on a business trip, teach her how to kiss?

Alana felt so weak from his teasing that she didn't even feel like responding to him.

Stephan raised an eyebrow. "Fine. If he won't teach you, I'll teach you. I'll let you off tonight. Get some rest."

The man gently laid the girl on the bed and covered her with his own blanket.

After carefully tucking the blanket around her, he leaned down to kiss her forehead, his voice low and hoarse.

"Good night."

Alana slowly closed her eyes.

When she opened them again, the man had already left the bedroom and closed the door.

She couldn't help but run her finger lightly over her lips, which were still swollen and red from his kiss.

His scent still lingered there, so clear and intense.

She bit her lip slightly and muttered to herself: What a scoundrel...

Stephan left the bedroom and, instead of resting, headed straight to the gym to let off some steam.

He worked up a sweat, leaving him soaking wet. His clothes were soaked through.

He took off his outer clothes, revealing a body with well-defined muscles, and walked leisurely into the bathroom of a guest room.

As he passed the mirror, he deliberately turned his head to glance at the man reflected in it. His short, black hair was wet and tousled.

Sweat dripped from the tips of his hair.

One of them landed on the corner of the man's slightly upturned mouth. A hint of smugness.

Stephan raised an eyebrow.

Who was the man in the mirror?

So flamboyant.

Like he'd just won a battle?

So flashy and showy.

A whole night had passed.

Alana woke up in the man's bed. The unfamiliar yet familiar surroundings made her fully realize she wasn't at home, but in...

Once she had calmed down and regained her composure, she recalled everything that had happened last night and rubbed the bridge of her nose with a headache.

It seemed she'd acted on impulse and done something completely irrational.

How could she have, inexplicably agreed to such an absurd and unreasonable request from a man?

What on earth was she going to do?

Maybe...she should run away!

Just like last time.

Act like nothing happened, and then run away!

No time to think, just run!

Alana quickly got dressed, grabbed her phone, and ran straight for the door without stopping. As soon as she opened the door, she headed straight for the staircase.

She ran down the stairs and headed straight for the living room door.

But the moment she opened the door, she walked right into a solid wall of flesh.

It was Stephan, who had just finished his run and stopped by to pick up breakfast on his way back.

He was wearing a black tracksuit, his body radiating the heat of a recent workout. His tousled hair and chiseled jawline were glistening with sweat.

Looking at the woman who had clumsily barged into his arms, he seemed to have guessed something and let out a faint snort.

“Early in the morning, and you’re trying to run away again?”

Alana’s escape plan had failed. Rubbing her forehead, which ached from the collision, she took an awkward step back with a sheepish smile.

“No. I wasn’t trying to run away.”

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Chapter 104 So brazen

Chapter 104 So brazen

“The morning air is nice and fresh. I, was just planning to go out for some fresh air.” Stephan narrowed his dark eyes slightly, but didn’t bother to call her out on it. “Since you’re awake, let’s have breakfast together.”

Alana clasped her hands together, letting them hang in front of her, and replied nervously. “Okay, sure.”

Stephan handed the breakfast he was carrying to her and said casually, “Here’s your breakfast first. I’m going upstairs to take a shower.”

After a brief pause, he leaned in close to her, his deep, magnetic voice carrying a faint hint of danger.

“Be good. Don’t even think about running away. If I don’t see you when I come back down, I’ll go get you from your workplace and we’ll meet in bed.”

Alana’s body trembled slightly. She bit her soft, red lips, furrowed her brow, and looked at him with a mix of feigned hurt and resentment.

She dared not speak her anger, her silent accusation hanging in the air.

Stephan curved his lips. This little white rabbit with a touch of rebellion would require a bit of force to subdue her.

The man raised his hand, ruffled Alana’s soft, silky hair, and only then began to climb the stairs.

Alana looked at the breakfast the man had shoved into her hands and couldn’t help but sigh. There was no escaping it.

There was no choice but to take it one step at a time. She took the breakfast to the dining room and set it out on the table.

There were several options for breakfast.

There was congee and bread.

There was milk and soy milk.

After Alana finished setting the table, the man took a quick shower, changed into clean clothes, and came downstairs.

He was wearing a gray suit with a black shirt underneath and a burgundy tie.

He looked every bit the cool, reserved business executive. Who would have thought that a man who looked so proper, mature, and charming was actually a bit of a hidden pervert at heart?

Alana looked at the handsome man, feigning composure. “Breakfast is ready. Um, thank you for your hospitality.”

Stephan glanced at her, feigning ignorance of her politeness. “Lana, you’re not even my girlfriend yet, and already you’re acting like the lady of the house?”

Alana shot him a playful glare, refusing to engage with him, and sat down on her own.

Stephan remarked casually, “You’ve already sat down on your own, you’re more proactive than I am, the host. Should I call you ‘Master’ then?”

Her cheeks flushed slightly, and she quickly lowered her head, burying it in her porridge. What “master”?

He might dare to say it, but she certainly didn’t want to hear it.

It felt like the embarrassment of cosplay.

The awkwardness was off the charts.

Hmm, as long as she pretended not to hear him, the awkwardness won’t find her.

She fumbled around a few times.

She put down her spoon.

“I’m full.”

Stephan had just sat down next to Alana, ready to eat. Upon hearing this, he cast a casual glance at the woman who had already put down her spoon and was sitting upright. And there was still more than half a bowl of porridge left.

How much has she eaten?

Already full?

She was pretending to be full so she can run away from him, wasn’t she?

Hah, this silly woman, does she really think she has a chance to escape?

Stephan’s lips curled into a faint, ambiguous smile. “Then just sit there and wait until I’m done.”

Alana, who had been plotting her escape froze.

Stephan looked at her again and said casually, “Since you’re done eating and have nothing better to do, come over and feed me.”

“I...” Just as she was about to refuse, the man suddenly wrapped his large arm around her, encircling her slender waist, and pulled her directly into his embrace.

And just like that, Alana found herself sitting on the man’s lap. She could clearly feel the firm, taut muscles of his thighs.

Alana’s body tensed involuntarily.

Stephan pulled the woman in his arms closer, his thin lips parting slightly. “Feed me.”

Alana bit her lip, clearly reluctant. “You... have hands. Feed yourself.”

“No, I want you to feed me.”

What a domineering man!

She couldn’t help but pout in annoyance.

Seeing the girl’s rosy, pouting lips, Stephan deliberately gave her a gentle jiggle with his thigh. “Hurry up.”

As Alana was jostled by the man, her body swayed violently. Caught off guard, she stumbled into him, her lips unexpectedly pressing against his sensual, full lips.

A satisfied gleam, dark yet tinged with excitement, flashed in the man’s eyes.

“So you like being fed this way...”

“No...mm...”

Before she could explain, her lips were sealed by the man’s.

The sweetness in her mouth was completely ravished by him.

He released her, pressing his forehead against hers, his voice low and hoarse.

“Come on, feed me the porridge this way.”

Alana’s lips were rosy and glossy, trembling slightly. “What?”

The man spoke softly, “Looks like I’ll have to teach you.”

Before she could react, the man took a sip of porridge himself, cupped her chin, and just like that...

Alana’s eyes widened in shock, her body tensing instantly, even her toes curling involuntarily.

When Stephan released her, her face was so red she couldn’t bear to be seen.

He gazed at the girl in his arms, who looked as if she might burst with beauty, his lips a shade of crimson that was almost too intense.

“Feed me like this. Got it?”

Alana couldn't help but scold him, her almond-shaped eyes filled with a mix of shame and anger.

"No, I don't get it!"

Stephan raised an eyebrow. "Are you hinting that you want me to keep teaching you?"

She froze up again.

The man spoke slowly, his voice tinged with a hint of smug satisfaction.

"Alright, I'll grant your wish."

What should have been a quick breakfast, something that could have been wrapped up in a few minutes, dragged on for a full hour.

Fortunately, aside from her and Stephan, there was no one else there.

Otherwise, Alana felt she wouldn't have the face to go on living.

Who eats breakfast in this way?!

After breakfast, Stephan reapplied the ointment to her knee, then offered to drive her to work.

Alana had already given up on resisting.

Since she couldn't resist him, she might as well accept it.

When they arrived near the company entrance.

Before getting out of the car, she was, of course, swept into his arms and kissed passionately.

After the kiss, the man's aroused reaction made it clear he was itching to have his way with her right there in the car.

Startled, Alana tried to push him away and run, but he held her tightly in his arms, leaving her with no way to escape.

"When are you going to consider switching boyfriends and letting me take his place?"

The man couldn't wait to officially take his place and claim her openly.

Alana bit her lip and said nervously, “You... you said you’d give me three days to think about it...”

He wasn’t even her boyfriend yet, and he was already acting so brazenly.

If he really did become her boyfriend, wouldn’t he become even more brazen?

The more she thought about it, the more terrifying it became.

Stephan corrected her sternly, “You have two and a half days left.”

Alana’s breathing quickened.

His memory really is too good.

She gave in helplessly, “Fine, two and a half days.”

Stephan leaned down and kissed her. “Good girl.”

Alana took the opportunity to push him away and hurried out of the car.

Her slender figure ran as fast as she could. As if afraid of being caught by the man behind her.

Stephan curved his lips into a smile; she looked more and more adorable the more he looked at her.

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Chapter 105 A new car

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Alana arrived at her desk and was about to turn on her computer. Suddenly, her phone vibrated.

She picked it up and saw it was a message from Stephan.

Stephan:[Want me to pick you up after work?]

[I'll take you for a walk with the cat and dog, and as a favor, let you stay at my place for the night.]

Alana's face flushed crimson; it was as if the heat of a man's abacus were popping one by one onto her cheeks.

She wasn't that foolish, she knew full well it was a den of wolves, yet here she was, stupidly walking right into it.

Alana: [No, thanks. I can manage on my own.]

Stephan received the message, raised an eyebrow, and didn't press the issue.

After all, he had a social engagement that evening.

However, his desire to lure her to his home and have her lie in his bed was intense.

He wondered when he'd finally be able to get his hands on her in the open?

He really couldn't wait.

It was closing time in the evening.

Alana walked out of the office with her colleagues.

Not seeing Stephan's car parked near the office, she breathed a slight sigh of relief.

She said goodbye to her colleagues and was about to hail a ride on her phone.

"Lana!"

Alana turned her head and saw her best friend, Eve, pulling up in a red sports car. Surprised, she walked over and asked, "Eve, what are you doing here?"

Eve was wearing a fiery red halter dress that perfectly matched her red sports car.

She rested her slender arm on the car window. "Oh my, you hurt your knee. I was worried about you, so I came over to check on you in person. Get in the car. I'll take you to Luca's place in a bit."

"Okay." Alana opened the door and slid into the passenger seat.

She unbuckled her seatbelt, fastened it, and took a moment to admire the sports car. Although she didn't know much about luxury cars, this one was top-of-the-line, and the price was certainly no joke.

"Did you get a new car again?"

Eve said, "It's my boyfriend's. He didn't want it anymore, so he gave it to me."

Alana let out an "Oh."

Eve's boyfriend was very rich and loved spoiling her. But he was a very busy businessman so Alana had only met him a few times.

But she heard from Eve that he always made time for her so that was good.

She was very happy for her friend.

Eve suddenly leaned in and asked with concern, "What about your knee injury? Let me take a look."

Hearing this, Alana lifted her skirt, revealing the injured area on her knee.

It had already scabbed over.

Eve looked at it with a pang of sympathy and quickly pulled out a tube of ointment she'd prepared, pressing it into Alana's hand.

"This is a scar-removing ointment I bought for you, it works wonders on scars."

"Once the scab falls off, remember to apply it three times a day. That way, you won't have a scar. Otherwise, it would be such a shame to have a scar on such beautiful legs!"

A warm wave washed over Alana; it felt wonderful to be cared for by a friend.

She smiled gratefully. "Thank you, Eve. How much did this ointment cost? I'll transfer the money to you."

Eve waved her hand. "It's not much, just a few dollars. Don't transfer me any money; just treat me to a meal later."

Alana agreed without hesitation, "Sure, whatever you want to eat, it's on me."

“How about wonton soup? That old wonton noodle shop we went to last time, the owner is really nice, and her wontons are delicious and fragrant. She gives you such generous portions, and I’d love to go back there again.”

“Sure.”

The two drove to the wonton noodle shop. After finishing their meal, they drove to Luca’s house.

Alana refilled the pet food and water bowls for the two pets.

Eve then took Alana on a tour of Luca’s house.

“Lana, aren’t you really going to consider Luca? After all, you’re single right now and don’t have anyone you’re seeing. It wouldn’t hurt to give him a chance. Look, this is his place. He lives here all by himself.”

“If you were his girlfriend, you could live here too. You wouldn’t have to work so hard every day, you could just let him take care of you. Plus, you’d have two little cat and dog to keep you company. Life would be so pleasant.”

Alana spoke hesitantly, “Eve, I... I’m not used to relying on a man to support me.”

She was used to earning her own money and supporting herself.

It had been that way her whole life.

She couldn’t even rely on her own parents, let alone a boyfriend.

Her boyfriend was a complete stranger to her, why should she have to depend on him for support?

What if she became dependent on him and couldn’t break free later?

Eve chuckled. “Hey, you’re just too rigid and old-fashioned, you’re wasting that

beautiful face of yours! Unlike me, I found a rich boyfriend. I spend his money, eat his food, live in his place. Clothes, bags, jewelry, even a car, it’s all paid for with his money.”

“Even if we break up someday, I’ll still walk away with a huge sum, I’ll never have to worry about a thing in life!”

Eve was the classic type who only looked at money, not the person. As long as her boyfriend has money to give her, that’s all that matters.

If he goes broke, she’ll dump him, the next one will be even more compliant.

Alana, on the other hand, was the exact opposite.

She valued love, not money.

Perhaps it was true that the more we lack something, the more we crave it.

In fact, she wanted far more than the average person.

Alana felt that no one could give her what she wanted.

Since she couldn't have it, she figured it would be just fine to spend her whole life alone.

At least living alone meant she could be free of desires and expectations. But there was one person who barged into her life like a bandit.

With her gentle, meek, and passive nature, she simply couldn't refuse him.

After all, it wasn't something she could simply refuse if she wanted to.

Just thinking about it gives her a headache.

The kind of headache that comes from being completely helpless.

Eve blinked and said earnestly to Lana, "If you're not interested in that guy, I'll have a word with him and make him give up, okay? That way he'll stop coming over every day to bother me, asking all sorts of questions."

Alana nodded. "Go ahead."

After all, Luca had never made it clear that he was interested in her.

She also felt awkward about rejecting him to his face.

What if he misunderstood and thought she was just overthinking things?

Eve nodded. "Alright. Let's put Luca's matter aside for now."

She paused for a moment, then studied Alana closely. "But what about that man last night?"

Alana's eyelid twitched.

She feigned ignorance. "What man?"

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Chapter 106 Regular friend

Chapter 106 Regular friend

Eve rolled her eyes and grumbled, “We’re as close as sisters who went to school together and even shared a bed, stop playing games with me!”

Alana sighed helplessly. “I already told you, he’s just a regular friend.”

Eve leaned in close to her, blinking her curious, gossip-hungry eyes. “Really... just a regular friend? If he were just a regular friend, would he say to Luca, ‘I’m her man’?”

“Alana, you haven’t been sneaking around with some random guy behind my back, have you?”

Alana felt guilty. “No, don’t read too much into it.”

“I’m not overthinking it. It’s just that the dress you’re wearing, it’s the new LV collection, retailing for over 80,000 dollars.

You’re a recent college graduate just starting out in the workforce, struggling to make ends meet, and you don’t even have a boyfriend, where did you get the money to buy such an expensive dress?”

Alana looked down.

The dress she was wearing had been bought for her by Stephan.

The color was similar to her old, torn blue dress, but the quality was worlds apart. Her old one was bought on a thrift for just about fifty dollars.

But the one Stephan had bought for her cost over 80,000 dollars.

She felt a mix of emotions.

Every time he bought her such expensive things, she couldn’t help but feel she owed him so, so much.

As if it were a debt she could never repay. Alana glanced at Eve, unsure how to explain.

Eve couldn't help but ask, "Lana, since you have no plans to date anyone, you aren't being kept by an older man, are you? We don't do that kind of degenerate stuff!"

"If you need money, just tell me, I'll lend it to you!"

Alana immediately explained, "No, no, I'm not being kept by an older man."

"Then what's the story with this dress?"

Alana said awkwardly, "Well, it's just... a friend of mine bought it for me. He saw that I'd torn my dress, so he kindly bought me a new one."

Eve nodded, her expression full of meaning.

"Oh, your friend's pretty nice to you. He's not interested in you, is he? Trying to hit on you?"

Alana felt a flush of embarrassment, her best friend was spot-on with every guess.

If she kept guessing, she'd end up knowing every detail about her underwear.

Eve couldn't resist pinching Alana's nose and lectured her earnestly, "Listen up, Lana. If a guy tries to pursue you, don't you dare get together with him just because he offers a few perks, don't be so naive as to let him manipulate you! Some men are really bad news. You have to vet them carefully and not agree to anything too easily."

After all, Alana wasn't like her, she was clear-headed and only looked at money when it came to dating.

If she ever ran into an unreliable guy who'd take advantage of her emotions and her body, Alana would be in for a world of trouble.

Alana quickly nodded, changing the subject. "Uh-huh, I know. It's still early. Should we go out for a walk with the cat and dog?"

Eve had no objections. "Sure, I'll go with you."

After walking the cat and dog, it was almost nine o'clock.

As Alana passed by Stephan's place, she took a quick look, the lights in his house were off.

Hasn't he come back yet?

Strange.

Whether he comes back or not is none of her business, why was she worrying about it so much?

After walking the cat and dog, Alana headed home.

Eve drove her to the entrance of the complex before leaving.

Alana returned to her rented apartment. Even though it had only been a day since she'd left, why did it feel like a lifetime had passed?

How strange.

She locked the door from the inside and went to change into her slippers.

Suddenly, as if she'd noticed something, she looked puzzled. "Hmm, where are those black slippers?"

Could it be...

Stephan had finished his business dinner, but since he'd had a few drinks, he couldn't drive. So he called a driver to take him home.

It was already past nine o'clock, though.

So he assumed Alana must have gone home already.

Seeing that Luca's apartment was pitch-black, he actually felt a little disappointed.

He wish he hadn't gone home.

He should have just gone straight to her place.

Stephan returned to the bedroom and headed to the bathroom to take a shower.

However, as he entered the bathroom, he noticed the skirt and underwear she'd taken off lying in the laundry basket.

Stephan raised an eyebrow. "Tsk, that woman's clothes still haven't been washed."

Meanwhile.

Alana had just stepped out of the shower when, suddenly, it seemed to occur to her.

The clothes she'd changed out of last night in Stephan's bedroom hadn't been packed up yet.

She had intended to wash and hang them up after her shower.

But she had completely forgotten about them after he'd kept her so busy.

She'd left in such a hurry this morning that she'd forgotten about them too.

She wondered if he saw them when he got back.

Just as she was thinking about it, the phone sitting on the bed suddenly lit up.

Alana hurried over, picked up the phone, and tapped to open it.

It was a photo.

The moment she saw the photo, her cheeks flushed instantly.

The photo showed a laundry tub.

Her underwear was sitting inside, soaked in a sea of suds.

A man's long, clean hand was in the suds, kneading them.

The thought that her intimate wear was currently being freely touched and repeatedly kneaded by a man made Alana feel unbearably ashamed, her whole body burning with heat.

Alana:[Stephan, what are you doing? Stop it right now!]

The man's reply was cruel.

Stephan:[I won't stop. Washing my future girlfriend's underwear is only natural.]

[Besides, you specifically left the unwashed clothes for me, wasn't that a hint for me to wash them for you?]

Her face flushed even more.

Alana:[No! I didn't leave them for you. I just forgot]

Stephan:[Are you sure you forgot, and not that you did it on purpose?]

Alana:[Don't read too much into it. I just forgot!]

Stephan:[Hmm, I don't believe you.]

Alana was secretly going crazy because she couldn't do a thing about him.

Stephan asked again.

Stephan: Did you wash the dirty clothes I left at your place last time?

Alana gritted her teeth.

Alana: No, I threw them all in the trash.

Stephan: Are you sure? That outfit of mine is worth millions.

Alana's breath caught in her throat. That expensive?!

Why doesn't he just wear gold instead?!

Fearing he might demand compensation, she quickly said.

Alana: I didn't throw them away! I washed

them and put them away!

In her panic, she had actually blurted out the truth.

For a split second, she really wanted to beat that disobedient hand to death.

Stephan saw this and couldn't help but smile.

He knew she couldn't bear to part with his clothes like that.

Not only was she reluctant to throw it away, but she'd even washed it for him.

He remembered that his own underwear was left there too.

A mischievous thought crossed his mind, and he asked.

Stephan: Did you wash my underwear too?

Alana blushed deeply.

Recalling a certain night, she had been crouched in the bathroom, washing the man's black underwear by hand.

That overwhelming sense of shame came flooding back.

Alana: No, they're gone!

Stephan: Those underwear cost 50,000.

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Chapter 107 Teasing her to no end

Alana's breath caught in her throat. She had no choice but to confessed.

Alana: I didn't throw it away.

How spineless.

Stephan suddenly imagined the girl on the other end of the phone looking aggrieved and resentful, and couldn't help but chuckle softly.

Stephan: Good girl, you even know to wash your man's underwear. Don't worry, I'll wash yours just as carefully, scrubbing them over and over by hand until they're

spotless.

Alana was too embarrassed to face his reply; she turned off the screen and buried her flushed face deep into the pillow.

Stephan very carefully rinsed her underwear several times.

The girl's underwear were washed spotless by him, leaving them fragrant and soft.

The fabric felt soft and fluffy, like cotton candy, so soft he couldn't bear to put them down. After washing the underwear, he hung them on a hanger.

Hanging on the balcony, they fluttered in the breeze.

He could see them whenever he wanted.

After hanging them up, he took a photo and sent it to Alana.

Stephan: Taking charge of washing his girlfriend's underwear is a man's sense of responsibility. A boyfriend with this kind of sense of responsibility is hard to find even with a lantern. Cherish him while you can, once this opportunity passes, it won't come again.

Alana didn't reply.

But Stephan knew she had definitely seen it.

She must have even shyly buried her face in the pillow.

The man, his scheme having succeeded, smirked and headed to the bathroom in high spirits to take a cold shower.

Stephan was right, Alana had seen it after all.

Even though she knew the image he sent wasn't anything good, she just couldn't help herself and clicked on it.

Once she clicked it, well...

She saw her own panties fluttering on the man's balcony, with his gray boxer briefs hanging right next to it.

It looked just like a scene from a porn movie.

Add to that the man's shameless text.

Alana couldn't help but cover her eyes with her hands.

It was...just too much to bear.

An hour later.

Stephan emerged from the bathroom.

He was wearing the bathrobe Alana had worn the night before.

The robe hadn't been washed; it still carried the scent of her skin.

A faint, delicate scent of jasmine. Now, the bathrobe she had worn was draped over him.

For some reason, it felt as though she were holding him in her arms, caressing him wildly.

Stephan's lips curved into a faint smile as he lay back down on the bed where she had slept the night before and pulled the covers over himself.

The bedding smelled sweet, completely enveloped in the girl's scent.

So satisfying.

But that wasn't the best part.

Because he hadn't yet succeeded in holding her in his arms every night as they fell asleep.

Two more days.

In two days, she'll be dumping that boyfriend of hers.

Hmm, he could seize the opportunity to replace him and make her his for good.

The late night was particularly agonizing.

Especially when enveloped by the scent of jasmine, so distinctly feminine.

The lights went out.

Stephan slowly closed his eyes, turned and wrapped his hand around his cock.

Damn it, he had just wanked in the bathroom!

It was never enough since he met that woman!

His breathing grew heavy as he stroke his cock over and over again.

For two days straight, Alana had been deliberately avoiding Stephan, so she hadn't seen him at all.

Although she hadn't seen him, he would send her messages from time to time, asking about her and teasing her.

For example, texts like...

[Is your knee injury almost healed yet?]

[Has it gotten wet and inflamed? Remember to apply the ointment on time.]

He would even force her to send him photos when she was about to apply the ointment, so he could check on her himself.

If she didn't send them, he would threaten to storm over to her place and apply the ointment himself, and so on.

Alana was completely at his mercy; whatever he demanded, she did.

She felt utterly helpless, as if she'd ended up with a troublesome "daddy."

She was under his control every single moment.

Even though he wasn't physically there, his presence was still very much felt.

And she didn't seem to mind being controlled by him like this.

In fact, she even felt a faint sense of warmth.

Alana felt a bit melancholy, unsure whether this way of thinking was good or bad.

Stephan had indeed been quite busy these past few days. The company had just landed a major contract, and he was working overtime to handle it, all while dealing with his mother nagging about marriage.

Cynthia called him to ask how his conversation with Darla had gone.

Did he have any plans to take things further?

As if!

Stephan didn't even have Darla's contact information, let alone have a conversation with her.

He didn't even bother responding to Cynthia. If she wanted to make a fuss, she could go ahead and do it on her own.

After all, in her eyes, he was nothing but a wayward son. So he'd just play the role of the wayward son.

Today was the third day of his scheduled meeting with Alana.

He specifically instructed Vance to cancel all his social engagements for tonight. He planned to head home right after work and wait for her to come to him.

A friend had a gathering tonight and invited him to join. He turned that down too.

Gary texted him right away.

Gary:[What's going on? I'm hosting tonight's party, and you're not coming? Have you lost all love for your friend?]

Stephan replied leisurely.

Stephan: [What love could I possibly have for a single guy like you?]

Gary: [Ha, I'm so damn amused I'm laughing. Aren't you a single guy too? How dare you call me that!]

Stephan raised an eyebrow.

Stephan:[Not for much longer.]

[Tonight, wait for the news that I've successfully found a girlfriend. When that happens, I'll treat you all to a big round of drinks.]

Gary frowned. [Wait, no, did you actually become the other man?!]

[Make sure I'm at the head table then!]

[Otherwise, I'll tell everyone that you, the mighty Young Master Stephan Hudson is nothing but a home-wrecker who steals other men's girlfriends and climbs the social ladder as a male mistress!]

Stephan narrowed his dark eyes and simply replied.

Stephan: Get lost.

Talk about rubbing salt in the wound.

After work, Alana took a taxi to the Ford Estate.

She deftly unlocked the door to Luca's apartment and called out softly. "Ollie! Jerry!"

No sooner had she spoken than a cat and a dog enthusiastically pounced on her.

Alana was just about to bend down to pet them.

A figure suddenly appeared in the room, catching her attention.

She stared, instantly stunned. "Lu...Luca?You're back?"

Luca, dressed in a gray tracksuit and wearing black-rimmed glasses, gave a faint smile when he saw Alana.

“Yeah, I just got off the plane, came home, and had barely changed when you showed up.”

Alana was surprised. “No, wait, didn’t you say you were going on a business trip for a month? How did you suddenly...”

Luca gave a shy smile. “I was supposed to be away for a month, but something came up here, so I rushed back. We’ll talk about it once I’ve taken care of this.”

Anyway, he’d arranged for his assistant to handle things there, and since he really couldn’t manage everything on his own, it wouldn’t be too late for him to head back out.

“Oh, well... um...”

Alana glanced down at the cat and dog, feeling a bit uneasy.

Does that mean she won’t be able to come over for her part-time job anymore?

After all, the owner of the house was back, so there was no need for her to keep coming over to look after the cat and dog.

Luca seemed to have guessed her thoughts. He smiled and said, “You should keep coming over to help me take care of these two. I’ll be very busy for a while and might not have time to take them for walks or anything.”

Chapter 108 To explode

Chapter 108 To explode

“The pay stays the same, ten thousand dollars for a full month’s work.”

With such a good deal, Alana certainly wouldn’t refuse. “Okay.”

Luca suddenly looked down at her legs and asked with concern,

“Um, a couple of days ago, you mentioned your knee was injured. How is it now?”

Alana replied, “Thanks for asking, Luca. It’s almost all better now.”

Luca wasn't entirely reassured. "Let me take a look."

Alana was wearing a white chiffon blouse today, paired with a long floral-print dress.

The skirt reached her ankles, so her knees were obscured.

Hearing this, she gently lifted the hem of her skirt.

This revealed a small portion of her left knee, allowing Luca to take a quick look.

Luca saw that the scabs on it had mostly fallen off.

It didn't seem too serious after all.

He breathed a sigh of relief, realizing that because of her injury, he hadn't been able to rest well during his trip out of town these past few days.

Of course, the main reason was the sudden appearance of a man's voice on her phone. Those words, "Her man" had filled him with an unprecedented sense of crisis.

Eve told him that the man was just a regular male friend of Alana's.

But was he really just an ordinary male friend?

That day, he heard the intense possessiveness in the man's tone crystal clear.

That man's feelings for Alana were definitely not as simple as those of an ordinary friend!

He asked himself: if he really were away on a business trip for a month, would Alana still be single when he returned?

He wasn't willing to take that chance, so he came over early to assess the situation.

And while he was at it, he wanted to see if he could grow closer to her.

After all, she was the rare girl who had made his heart skip a beat at first sight.

To meet a girl who made his heart skip a beat at first sight was luck enough in this lifetime; he didn't want to let her slip away so easily.

Luca couldn't help but ask, "Would you mind walking with me for a bit? If you're up for it, would you like to go out with me and walk the cat and dog?"

Alana smoothed out the hem of her skirt and nodded. "Sure."

After all, it was within the scope of her job, so there was no reason to refuse.

Luca smiled gently. “Then I’ll go get the leash.”

As Stephan drove back to his apartment, he passed by Luca’s building and saw the lights on inside.

Guessing that Alana was still inside, he slammed his foot on the gas pedal. After arriving home and parking the car, he walked back out.

Just as he stepped out, a voice suddenly called out to him.

“Stephan!”

Stephan turned around to find Darla, whom he hadn’t seen in over a week.

He furrowed his brow. “What are you doing here?”

Darla walked slowly toward him, confident and composed.

“I just moved in. Aunt Cynthia told me you lived here, but I didn’t believe her at first. Now that I see you, it turns out we really live in the same Estate now. What a coincidence. Doesn’t that mean we’re meant to be?”

Stephan’s expression remained impassive. “I wouldn’t go so far as to call it fate, a planned encounter is more like it.”

Darla chuckled softly. “Mr. Hudson, you’re as funny as ever.”

Stephan eyed her.

Where exactly did she see that he was being humorous?

Darla curved her lips and continued, “Are you planning to go for a walk? Why don’t we go for a walk together?”

He was just about to speak while a loud sound came.

“Woof, woof, woof!”

Suddenly, a large golden retriever came charging toward them, barking all the while.

“Ah, it’s a dog!” Darla let out a startled cry and instinctively hid behind Stephan, grabbing his arm.

Stephan turned around and saw that the large golden retriever charging toward them was the very same one Alana usually walked.

Did the sudden appearance of this Golden Retriever mean that Alana was nearby too?!

Sure enough.

He glanced up and saw Alana following right behind the Golden Retriever.

And standing beside Alana was a man.

He recognized that man.

Stephan's dark eyes fixed on her, his gaze intense.

His attention was entirely on Alana, so much so that he forgot to push Darla away at first.

When Alana saw him, she also froze for a moment.

Then she noticed the woman hiding behind him. She was very beautiful, wearing a white dress, with an air of nobility.

Standing together, the two seemed strangely well-matched.

Alana stared blankly. The woman's hand was still tightly clasped around Stephan's arm, and they stood so close together.

For some reason, she felt a strange sense of unease. The big golden retriever clearly recognized Stephan and rushed over to greet him.

"Woof, woof, woof!"

After all, in the eyes of the big golden retriever, a man whose pant leg it had bitten to mark as its own was already considered one of its own kind.

However, this terrified Darla, who was hiding behind Stephan, causing her to press even closer to him.

"Ah! Help!"

"Quick, quick, shoo that dog away!"

Gary quickly shouted, "Ollie, come here! Don't scare people!"

The large golden retriever was very obedient to Luca. Upon hearing this, it stopped bothering Stephan, wagged its tail, and turned back to walk away.

Once the golden retriever reached Luca's side, he quickly grabbed the dog's leash and turned to Stephan and Darla.

"Sorry, my dog scared you. But don't be afraid, he has a great temperament and wouldn't hurt anyone."

Stephan remained expressionless and didn't respond.

Darla could only force a smile and say, "No, it's fine. Just hold onto it tight and keep it from running around. I'm just a little afraid of dogs, especially big ones like this. When I saw it suddenly charging toward me, I had a bit of a knee-jerk reaction."

Luca nodded. "Alright, I'll hold it tight and keep it from running around."

He turned to look at Alana. "Alana, let's go. We don't want to disturb the young couple on their date."

He'd just seen Darla wrap her arm around Stephan's and press herself against him, so it was only natural to assume they were a couple.

Alana heard the words "let's not disturb the young couple on their date" and fell silent for a moment. She tore her gaze away from Stephan. "Okay."

She grabbed the orange cat's leash and turned to leave.

She didn't glance back at the man behind her even once.

Luca, also holding the leash of his golden retriever, followed Alana. Their backs grew smaller and smaller as they walked away.

Darla felt a slight flicker of secret delight upon realizing she'd just been mistaken for Stephan's girlfriend.

She smiled and said, "Stephan, look at that, that young couple thinks we're a couple too. Don't you think we make a great match? Why don't you consider taking things further with me?"

Stephan stared intently at Alana's retreating figure as she walked away with another man, his eyes dark as ink.

For a moment, he wanted to rush over and tear them apart.

But damn it!

His feet suddenly felt as if they were leaden, utterly uncooperative.

So, was she planning to choose that wild man named Luca instead of him?!

The more he thought about it, the more suffocated he felt.

A ball of fire gathered in his chest, as if it were about to explode.

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Chapter 109 Heavy and cold

Chapter 109 Heavy and cold

Without hesitation, he yanked his arm free from Darla's grip, narrowed his dark eyes, and stared at her coldly. "What couple?! Are you talking about them, or us?"

The man's hand suddenly withdrew, leaving Darla feeling a slight pang of disappointment, but she still smiled. "Does it make any difference?"

Stephan's tone was heavy and cold. "It does. Because, whether it's the two of them or the two of us, neither will ever become a couple."

Darla froze, not understanding what he meant.

But before she could ask, Stephan had already turned and walked away.

He was heading in the exact direction Alana and Luca had just left.

Meanwhile, Once Luca and Alana had walked a good distance away, he couldn't help but mutter to himself.

"I don't know what's going on, but my dog Ollie is usually pretty well-behaved, he doesn't just go around scaring strangers. Then why did he suddenly charge over just now and bark at that young couple? He clearly didn't even know them."

Alana had something on her mind and didn't respond right away.

Her mind was still filled with the image of Stephan being intimate with another woman just moments ago.

Luca sensed something was off with her and asked with concern, "What's wrong? It feels like you've suddenly become a bit down."

Alana froze.

Was she not happy?

What exactly was making her unhappy?

And why would she be unhappy?

"No, Luca, you're overthinking it."

Luca smiled and didn't press the matter.

After all, everyone had their own worries.

He had his own, too.

He asked tentatively, "Lana, what do you think of me as a person?"

Alana instinctively gave him the "nice guy" label. "Luca, you're a really nice person."

Luca grimaced.

Why did that "nice guy" label sound so insincere?

Gazing at the serene moonlight, he suddenly stopped in his tracks.

Curious about his behavior, Alana looked at him.

Luca met her gaze, cleared his throat, and finally mustered the courage to say, "Um,

Lana, what I mean is... what do you think of me? Do you think I'd be a good fit for a romantic relationship with you?"

After saying this, he couldn't help but feel nervous, his eyes filled with both anticipation and trepidation as he looked at Alana.

Alana blinked, rapidly.

So sudden?!

Hadn't she asked Eve to tell him she wasn't interested in him romantically?

What?

Did Eve not tell him?

But before she could refuse, a deep, icy voice came from behind them.

“Hah, I never would’ve guessed. These days, there are still people so desperate they’d actually volunteer to be the other man!”

Alana and Luca heard the deep, mocking voice and turned around in unison. There, standing about two meters away from them, was a man.

His features were striking, his bone structure impeccable.

His jet-black eyes were deep and aloof.

He was still wearing his black suit, exuding an air of cool detachment and noble elegance. The moment Alana saw the man, her heart began to race. How did he end up here?

Wasn’t he just getting pretty cozy with another woman?

Luca froze upon hearing this.

Looking at the man who had suddenly appeared, he couldn’t help but wonder:

“The other man? What are you talking about?”

Stephan shot Alana a cold glance. “What? You didn’t tell him you have a boyfriend?”

Alana, suddenly called out, froze.

Luca was stunned. He looked at Alana in disbelief. “Lana, you have a boyfriend?”

Clearly, before he left on his business trip, Eve had told him that Alana didn’t have a boyfriend, that she was single at the moment.

If he had feelings for Alana, he’d better make his move quickly, after all, once this opportunity was gone, it wouldn’t come back.

But he’d only been away on a business trip for a few days, and now that he was back, she had a boyfriend?

The sky was suddenly falling!

Who moved so fast?

Snatching up a woman he had been eying!

Luca couldn't help but ask, "Who's your boyfriend?"

Alana gave an awkward smile. "I..."

Before she could finish her sentence, the man who had been standing motionless moments ago suddenly walked toward her and wrapped his long fingers around her slender waist.

Stephan pulled the girl tightly into his arms, then lowered his gaze, a doting smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

"What's the matter? Won't you properly introduce me, your boyfriend, to him?"

Alana's eyes widened.

Luca gasped.

He was completely baffled!

What on earth was going on?

The plot suddenly took a bizarre turn.

Alana glared at the man beside her in disbelief. "You...what on earth are you talking about?"

He shouldn't go spreading rumors about her. As for her and him, there was not even a hint of a relationship yet!

Where did this "boyfriend-girlfriend" relationship come from?!

Stephan suddenly pinched the soft flesh on her slender waist, a smirk playing on his lips. "Sweetheart, why are you still acting so distant with me at a time like this, hmm?"

Alana's body shuddered at the pinch, and her legs suddenly went weak.

The spot he was pinching happened to be her sensitive spot.

Even a single touch was too much to bear. The girl instantly leaned a bit into his arms.

Stephan raised his gaze, his eyes sweeping indifferently over Luca, who was too stunned to speak.

His deep voice was laced with intense possessiveness and hostility.

"Sorry, my girlfriend is just really shy. Please don't take it the wrong way."

It took Luca a long while to come to terms with the sudden turn of events.

Gritting his teeth, he asked, "That man who spoke on the phone that night, was that you?"

Stephan raised an eyebrow and admitted it quite openly, "It was me. I'm impressed you still remember my voice."

Gary's teeth clenched.

He found it hard to believe and couldn't help but look at Alana. "Lana, is he really... your boyfriend? Didn't you tell Eve that you and he... were just ordinary friends?"

"I, him and I..."

Alana was forced to lean against the man, too embarrassed to find the words.

Stephan spoke calmly, "It seems you still don't believe me."

He lowered his gaze slightly, staring at the person in his arms. A smile played at the corners of his mouth, and his hoarse voice was dangerous and rich. "Be a good girl. Let's show him exactly what we're capable of..."

Alana, confused, looked up at him.

What does that mean?

Suddenly, the man leaned down and captured her rosy lips in a kiss.

Alana's almond-shaped eyes widened instantly, and she became flustered and at a loss. He...he was such a rascal!

How could he kiss her in front of other people?!

Alana instinctively tilted her head back, but he cupped the back of her head, deepening the kiss.

Her eyelashes trembled with shyness and shame. When she opened her eyes slightly, she met the man's dark, deep gaze, so profound it was almost frightening, radiating an intense and domineering sense of possession.

Her body trembled as her hands weakly pressed against his solid chest, leaving her no choice but to let him have his way.

Standing before them, Luca exclaimed, "What?!"

What the hell was going on?

Use arrow keys (or A / D) to PREV/NEXT chapter

Chapter 110 So unfair

Chapter 110 So unfair

Didn't they have any consideration for his feelings, kissing right in front of him?

Alana was ravished by the man's fierce and relentless kisses, until her legs went completely weak.

When the man finally released her, her face was flushed, her lips swollen and moist, glistening with a translucent sheen, she looked like a delicate, tempting flower that had been ruthlessly ravaged, yet remained exquisitely alluring.

Struggling to control the heavy gasps in her chest, she looked at Luca. "Luca, please don't misunderstand. I...I'm not with him..."

Before she could react, he hoisted her up by the waist. Her soft waist and abdomen pressed against his broad, muscular shoulders.

Alana let out a startled gasp, terrified she might fall at any moment. One hand frantically wrapped around his slender neck, while the other clung to his firm back.

Stephan hoisted her onto his shoulders, wrapping his arms tightly around her slender, fair legs.

He slowly turned to Luca, lifting the corner of his lips in a casual smile. "Sorry, my girlfriend's been a bit naughty. I'm taking her home to discipline her. Here's your cat's leash. Catch it."

He snatched the orange cat's leash from Alana's hand and tossed it to Luca.

Luca instinctively grabbed the leash, his fingers clenching it tightly. He gripped it so tightly that the veins on the back of his hand stood out.

Stephan met the smoldering, suppressed anger rising within Luca. His lips curled into a smirk, tinged with obvious arrogance and defiance.

“Goodnight.”

With that, he hoisted Alana onto his shoulder, turned, and strode away with a swagger.

He paid not the slightest bit of attention to Luca behind him.

How could Luca possibly fail to sense Stephan’s provocation?

It was so blatant!

Yet all he could do was watch helplessly as Alana was taken away.

He didn’t know what kind of relationship Alana actually had with that man.

After all, that man had just been with another woman.

The next moment, he suddenly appeared, claiming he was Alana’s man.

And right in front of him, he took Alana away. Should he rush over and rescue Alana from that man’s grasp?

But just as he hesitated, the man had already taken Alana and strode away, disappearing from his sight.

Alana was being carried away by the man. Thinking about how he had just kissed her forcefully in front of Luca, she felt utterly ashamed.

She reached out and tapped the man on the back. “Stephan , put me down right now! Where are you taking me?! I want to go home!”

Stephan raised his hand and gave her a light slap on the butt.

“Make another peep, and I’ll drop you!”

Her buttocks were soft, plump, and supple, the feel was unbelievably good.

It made the man’s heart flutter with desire, and his mischievous streak resurfaced as he slapped her again.

Smack.

It was a most pleasing sound.

Alana’s ears turned bright red; she was so embarrassed and annoyed she couldn’t stand it.

“Stephan! Don’t you dare go too far!”

It was the first time anyone had ever been so bold as to spank her.

Stephan accepted the girl's accusation in full.

He lowered his gaze, his voice deep and gravelly. "Yes, I went too far! And I'm going to be even more outrageous with you later!"

What?

Was he going to do something even worse to her?!

Alana's body trembled slightly.

Looking around, she realized that the direction they were heading this time was... He was taking her back to his place!

Nooooo!

No, please don't!

Alana, the little white rabbit, was carried home by the wicked Big Bad Wolf, Stephan. No sooner had he carried her inside than he pinned her down on the sofa.

He seized her flailing hands and held them high above her head. Her slender legs were pinned beneath him. She wanted to struggle, but couldn't.

She was like a lamb led to the slaughter. Alana was filled with shame and fury, yet the words that came out of her mouth were soft and sweet, utterly harmless.

"Stephan, let me go!!!"

Stephan stared down at the girl pinned tightly beneath him.

Her beautiful eyes were glistening with tears, reflecting the angry, hurtful light of someone who'd been wronged, a glow that was almost too alluring.

His gaze darkened as he pressed himself even harder against her, grinding his teeth.

"Lana, you're something else! I gave you two days to think about me, and you went and cheated on me behind my back!"

Alana snapped back angrily, "What do you mean I cheated on you? Don't make things up!"

Jealousy gnawed at the man's heart as he spoke in a low, menacing tone,

"Wandering around with some random guy late at night, isn't that what you were doing?"

She hadn't even gone out with him yet!

Alana glared at him. "What about you? Weren't you out late at night with another woman, all over each other?"

Stephan furrowed his brow. "Did you see me all over another woman?"

Alana scoffed. "I did. Right in front of me!"

Stephan studied her reaction, narrowing his eyes. "And then? Were you jealous?"

After a moment's pause, she took a deep breath and turned her face away, avoiding his piercing, probing gaze.

"No."

But the next second, he grabbed her chin and turned her back toward him.

He stared intently at her, questioning her word by word, "If you're not jealous, why did you ask about me and the woman?"

Alana was momentarily at a loss for words.

Was she jealous?

When she asked herself honestly, it seemed she was a little.

When she saw him with that other woman, the woman who was even draping her arm around his and hiding behind him,

in that moment, she did feel uneasy.

And Luca actually went so far as to say they were a couple.

If he and that woman were a couple, why would he still be flirting with her?

Could it be that he really was the kind of man Eve described, like her ex, a scoundrel who deceives women, stealing both their hearts and everything?!

If that were the case, thinking back on how she'd indulged him these past few days, letting him do increasingly inappropriate things to her.

Then she was pretty foolish.

Seeing the girl's silent expression, a trace of irritation flashed across Stephan's eyes. "Why won't you answer my question?"

Was it really that hard to admit she was jealous, and that she cared about him?

Alana pressed her lips together, unwilling to speak.

After all, she wasn't the type to easily reveal her innermost thoughts.

Besides, she hadn't yet built the necessary trust with Stephan.

He laughed in exasperation, unable to resist leaning down to capture her lips with his own.

Alana winced in pain and instinctively parted her lips.

But that gave the man an opening.

He claimed her with even greater ferocity, ruthlessly taking everything she had to offer.

"Mmm..." Alana tried to struggle, only to realize she had no strength left to resist.

He was so rough.

She felt like she was suffocating from his kisses. Her eyes gradually reddened, glistening with tears.

It was so painful, so unfair.

He always treated her this way. Kissing her forcefully at the slightest provocation, bullying her.

Sensing her distress and resistance, Stephan released her.

Use arrow keys (or A / D) to PREV/NEXT chapter

Chapter 111 Real misbehavior

Chapter 111 Real misbehavior

The girl beneath him already had swollen, red lips, her eyes wet and burning with heat.

So wronged and pitiful.

Stephan's heart couldn't help but soften.

He had been on the verge of getting angry with her, but seeing her tear-filled eyes, he couldn't muster any anger at all.

Realizing he might have kissed her a bit too fiercely just now, causing this little white rabbit to feel wronged, he released his hold on her, unable to resist cupping her cheeks as he leaned down to kiss the wet corners of her eyes, his voice low and hoarse.

"I'm sorry...Stop crying. I was wrong, okay?"

Her tears made his heart ache.

"I just...got jealous seeing you with another man."

His chest ached with jealousy.

Especially when he saw another man confess his feelings to her, and she didn't reject him immediately, that wave of jealousy was simply impossible to suppress.

Today was the third day of their agreement; she was supposed to make him her boyfriend.

He'd thought he'd finally get his chance.

But the one she wanted to switch to wasn't him. It was that man called Luca, wasn't it?

Otherwise, they wouldn't have ended up together tonight.

If he hadn't shown up in time to snatch her away, perhaps she would have accepted Luca's confession and ended up with him.

He knew that snatching her away was a despicable act. But at that moment, it was the only solution he could think of.

He didn't want her to belong to any man other than him.

Alana froze, her moist eyes staring at him in disbelief.

Was he really jealous?

Had he misunderstood? That she and Luca...

She sniffed her slightly reddened nose. For some reason, she didn't want him to think she was with another man.

She hesitated for a moment, then explained in a soft voice, “Luca and I... it’s not what you think. He suddenly returned from his business trip today. I went to his apartment and only then did I realized he was back. Then he suggested we go out together to walk the cat and dog.”

“I didn’t know why he came back so soon, or that he’d confess his feelings to me...” At the time, she’d wanted to refuse.

But before she could, he’d shown up.

Not only did he show up, but he’d spoken to her like that right in front of Luca.

Just thinking about it made her feel ashamed.

She felt she wouldn’t have the face to show up in front of Luca ever again.

If Stephen knew what she was thinking, he wouldn’t regret it, he’d actually clap and cheer for himself.

He certainly didn’t want her to keep getting close to other men.

Especially not that man, who was already eyeing her with such intent.

Stephan dark eyes locked onto hers, and he couldn’t help but ask, “He confessed his feelings to you. Then what? Are you going to accept him?”

Alana gave him a puzzled look. “Why would you think I’d accept him? Didn’t I say he wasn’t my type?”

Yes, she had said that.

But that didn’t mean a man who’d successfully climbed the ranks wouldn’t feel threatened.

Unless... she agreed to be his woman!

Stephan concealed the joy and excitement welling up inside him. Narrowing his dark, piercing eyes, he continued to probe, “So, you’ll turn him down?”

Alana didn’t want to answer such a stupid question.

Seeing her reaction, Stephan couldn’t help but curve the corners of his mouth.

Good. Very good!

Tonight, he stood a good chance of winning her over.

He fixed her with an intense gaze and spoke in a low voice, “Did you turn him down because of me? Because I’m a better match for you than he is?”

Alana bit her lip and couldn’t help but retort, “That’s not it...It’s just that I simply don’t like Luca.”

It was not because of him, it definitely wasn’t because of him!

As if to convince herself, she silently repeated it to herself several times.

Stephan pressed further, “Then what kind of man do you like? Is it the kind who’s handsome, has a great body, and can handle both formal occasions and the kitchen?”

“Or even the kind who’s thoughtful enough to wash his beloved woman’s underwear? Most importantly, a man with great skills in bed, strong stamina and endurance, who can keep you thoroughly satisfied all night long, hmm?”

Alana couldn’t help but blush.

She knew the man he was referring to was him. He was practically naming names.

But...

She looked at him and said earnestly, “I don’t like men who sleep around.”

Stephan furrowed his brow. “Who’s sleeping around? I’m not the one fooling around!”

Alana stared intently at him.

As if to say, “Do you dare look me in the eye and say that again?”

Stephan seemed to realize something and snorted.

“What, do you think I had a romantic connection with that woman just now?”

She retorted, “Isn’t that exactly what happened? She was with you, wrapped her arm around yours, and even hid behind you. You stood in front of her, shielding her...”

The two of them were practically glued together. And that woman seemed very dependent on him.

Stephan raised an eyebrow and said deliberately, “Hmm, you’re right. She and I do have a relationship.”

Alana’s breath caught in her throat.

Just as she thought, he really was a liar!

A womanizing liar!

She couldn't help but push him away. "Stay away from me."

She was repulsed by the scent of another woman's perfume on him.

Stephan asked maliciously, "Are you really jealous?"

Alana glared at him.

As if she were jealous!

Even though she thought that, a tinge of bitterness spreading through her chest left her at a loss.

Alana pushed him again. "Get off me! You're crushing me!"

Stephan lifted his body slightly, easing the pressure on her.

Alana tried to slip away, but he pinned her in place with both hands on either side of her shoulders.

She couldn't take it anymore. "Stephan! I hate you! Go be with that woman! Stop playing with me!"

Seeing that the girl seemed genuinely angry, with fire practically leaping from her crystal-clear eyes, he dared not tease her any further. If he pushed her too far, there would be no turning back, he'd be heading straight for the "wife-chasing crematorium."

He took her small hands, which were pressed against his chest, and placed them on his abs, adopting a conciliatory tone.

"She's a blind date my mother set up for me. I've only met her twice. Once at my family's house, and once just now when you saw us."

"When we first met for the blind date, I already made it clear I wasn't interested. Seeing her tonight was a coincidence. I hadn't even exchanged a few words with her when that huge golden retriever you were walking showed up. It charged over without warning and started barking at me and her."

"She was just scared and hid behind me. Also, my mind was completely on you at the time. She was hiding behind me, holding onto my arm, and I didn't even really notice. If anyone's to blame, it's you for being so distracting that I didn't even realize I was being harassed by another woman."

“So, you have to take responsibility for this!”

After saying that, the man stared at her with a deep, intense gaze, as if waiting for her to properly take responsibility.

Alana was at a loss for words.

But upon hearing that he and that woman were merely a simple matchmaking pair, and that he had even rejected her, she felt a bit less resentful.

Still, he had some nerve.

Did he really expect her to take responsibility for such a trivial matter?!

How was she supposed to do that?

How was she supposed to take responsibility for him this time?!

Alana was thinking about it, and before she knew it, the words had slipped out.

By the time she realized it, it was too late.

Stephwb curved his lips, revealing his ambition toward her without the slightest pretense.

“Of course by letting me be your boyfriend...you one and only boyfriend.”

He couldn’t resist moving closer to her, his breath hot against her skin. “Be a good girl. You promised me you’d dump that boyfriend of yours today. You can’t go back on your word.”

He was far too close, his uniquely crisp scent enveloped her completely. As she inhaled the intense fragrance that surrounded her, Alana’s cheeks flushed slightly, and she felt utterly bashful.

Thinking back to how he’d teased her time and again just moments ago, Alana found her courage and deliberately provoked him, asking, “What if...I don’t want to replace my boyfriend?”

Stephan’s gaze grew intense.

He stared down at the sweet, soft girl beneath him, and for a moment, he wanted to devour her whole, leaving not a single bone behind!

Without a moment’s hesitation, he forcefully pushed her legs apart and pressed down directly.

Alana let out a startled cry, feeling the man's dominance and intensity, she was both shocked and embarrassed.

"Ahh...Stephan, behave!"

Stephan lowered his head, pressing his forehead against the girl's fair, delicate brow, his gaze exceptionally dangerous.

"I don't know how to behave around you so answer me, will you make me your only man?"

"If you don't, then prepare to see real misbehavior."

Alana's chest rose and fell violently with nervousness.

What did he mean by "real misbehavior"

He rubbed himself even more against her and she winced and wanted to curse.

She was actually getting wet on feeling his hard-on against her.

"Are you doing what I want or not?"

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Chapter 112 Plotting something

Chapter 112 Plotting something

"Hm?" Stephan pressed on. He suddenly lunged forward.

Alana gasped, nearly giving in.

"I...I..."

Just as she was about to agree to his terms, her phone suddenly rang.

Alana snapped back to her senses and immediately reached for her phone.

Stephan's eyes turned cold. "Don't answer it!"

But it was too late; Alana had already picked up the call.

Stephan was so furious he immediately lowered his head and bit down on her rounded shoulder.

"Ah!" The moment the call connected, she couldn't help but cry out.

No sooner had she cried out than Eve's panicked, shrill voice came through the phone. "Lana, what's wrong with you?!"

"You're not in danger, are you?! Tell me where you are, and I'll come rescue you right now with a forty-foot-long sword!"

Eve had just heard from Luca that Alana had been carried off by a man.

That man even claimed to be Alana's boyfriend!

What a joke, she was Alana's best friend; how could she not know if Alana had a boyfriend?!

So this guy must be a scammer!

Targeting her delicate, soft, and clueless best friend!

So without a second thought, she called Alana. But as soon as she dialed, she heard Alana's screams.

Clearly, she was being subjected to some unimaginable, brutal abuse.

"Lana, tell me where you are! Wait there, I'm coming to save you! You'll be fine!"

"You scumbag who's holding my best friend hostage, I'm warning you don't lay a finger on her! Or I'll call the police right now and have them arrest you!"

"If the police take too long, I'll tell my boyfriend to send a bunch of gangsters to beat you to a pulp!"

Stephan grimaced.

Because of Eve's words, he held back from making a move on Alana for the moment. It wasn't out of fear, but because he found women's tantrums incredibly annoying.

Alana snapped back to her senses and hurriedly said, "Eve, you, you don't need to get so worked up. I'm fine..."

Eve couldn't help but press further, "You're really okay?! If you're fine, why did you scream so loudly just now?! Is there something you're not telling me? Just say the word!"

Alana bit her lip, too embarrassed to be honest. "I, I'm really fine. Don't worry..."

Eve frowned: "I don't believe you. Luca just called me and said you were snatched away by some burly man. Who exactly is that burly man? Did he do anything inappropriate to you?!"

Alana's cheeks flushed slightly as she said, somewhat guiltily, "Well... that burly guy, he's just the regular male friend I told you about, someone I just met. It's not... it's not dangerous..."

"What do you mean, a 'regular male friend'? If he's such a 'regular male friend,' why did he force a kiss on you right in front of Luca?! According to Luca, he was forced to watch that man kiss you for over five minutes, kissing, sucking, and nibbling—until your lips were swollen. I...I...I mean, isn't that going too far?"

Was this something an 'ordinary male friend' would do?!

It's not just Eve who didn't believe it, even if you told a random dog walking by, it wouldn't believe it!

When Alana heard this, her cheeks turned bright red.

No, no way?!

Luca, did you actually tell Eve about this too?!

Ah!

How could she possibly show her face in public now?

Alana couldn't help but glare at the culprit, it was all his fault!

If it weren't for him, she wouldn't have made such a fool of herself in front of her best friend.

It was bad enough to lose face in front of Luca just now, but now this...

Stephan, however, remained completely unfazed by Alana's glare.

Let her glare all she wants.

He didn't regret what he'd just done anyway.

If he could do it all over again, he might even go further.

Eve was frantic. “Hurry up and tell me, what exactly is your relationship with that man? Is he a danger to you?!”

Her sweet, gentle best friend had been forcefully kissed by a man, Eve simply couldn’t sit still! Who knew if that man was good or bad?!

Wasn’t he going to swindle her best friend out of everything she had?!

Alana quickly pushed the man off her and sat up. “Eve, don’t worry. Let me explain...”

Stephan, having been pushed away, looked slightly annoyed, but he kept his cool and didn’t act out.

After all, he knew exactly who he could mess with and who he needed to behave around.

Eve seized the opportunity to speak up,

“Fine, but you have to show up in front of me right now. I’ll listen to your explanation then, it’s hard to talk over the phone and believe you! I need to make sure you’re safe. Who knows if you’re being threatened right now and forced to say things against your will!”

Faced with her best friend’s doubts, Alana naturally agreed, “Okay. I’ll meet you in a bit.”

Upon hearing this, Stephan couldn’t help but furrow his brow.

She hadn’t even agreed to let him take the lead yet, and she was already planning to leave?

Did she ask for his permission?

“That’s good.”

Eve decisively gave the address of a coffee shop.

Alana hung up the phone and glanced at Stephan. “My best friend is looking for me, so I have to go.”

Stephan gritted his teeth and glared at her in frustration. “And then? The promise you made to me?!”

Alana had regained her composure and blinked her beautiful eyes. “It’s 7:30 p.m. now. There are still four and a half hours left until the third day we agreed on. I’ll give you my answer after I meet with my best friend.”

Hmm, she probably couldn't keep this from her best friend, so she'd meet up with her and ask for some advice while she was at it.

The man gritted his teeth. "Alana!"

Alana said with a straight face, "Mr. Hudson, I think I'd prefer a man who respects me."

That single sentence silenced Stephan, completely.

Just a moment ago, his tone had been fierce, but now, in an instant, it softened.

He looked like the perfect, obedient, and respectful boyfriend.

"Alright, where's the café you're meeting your friend at? I'll drive you there."

The man's sudden change in demeanor left Alana feeling uneasy.

She couldn't shake the feeling that his smile was like hiding a knife, that he was secretly plotting something.

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Chapter 113 Mean to her

Chapter 113 Mean to her

After all, this wasn't the first or second time he'd been mean to her.

"I'll... take a taxi myself."

Stephan reached out and pinched her plump cheek, his voice low, hoarse, and tender.

"I have a car, so naturally I'll drive you there."

"Otherwise, if your best friend finds out you're here with me and still have to take a taxi to meet her, she might think I'm not gentlemanly enough, and her impression of me would take a serious hit."

Alana eyed him.

So he actually cares quite a bit about his image.

Plus, he'd suddenly become so gentle, she couldn't quite handle it. It felt like he had her completely wrapped around his fingers again.

In the end, She agreed to let Stephan drive her to the café where she'd arranged to meet Eve.

Stephan wanted to go with her to meet Eve.

But fearing a confrontation between the two, Alana stopped him from this risky move.

Who would've thought he'd take advantage of the situation and ask for something else?

He spoke casually, "Kiss me, and I'll agree."

Alana tensed.

Could he please stop being so shameless every single time?

Were they even dating yet?

And he was already asking her to kiss him in public?!

She had seen shameless people before, but someone as shameless as him? This was a first.

So Alana decided to give the man a stern lecture: "Mr. Hudson, I think it would make more sense for you to ask me to do this only after we've officially confirmed our relationship as boyfriend and girlfriend!"

Stephan glanced at her and couldn't help but laugh. His smile carried a hint of mischievous teasing.

"If you really do become my girlfriend, my demands of you won't stop at something so simple." Realizing what kind of dangerous request he might be making, Alana's cheeks flushed instantly.

"You!"

Seeing the little white rabbit about to panic again, Stephan chuckled softly, his expression softening. "Be a good girl. Give me a kiss."

"Tonight, just for this date with you, I even turned down business dinners and get-togethers with friends. You have to make it up to me."

What a shameless demand.

Wasn't it enough that he'd just pinned her down and kissed her over and over?

She felt that her temperament was simply too gentle, which was why he always bullied her so brazenly.

Despite her inner rant, she leaned in and kissed him on the lips.

After the kiss, before he could react, she pushed open the car door in embarrassment and hurried out.

Leaving him in the car to savor the moment.

Stephan sighed, happily.

He'd been kissed by her again.

It felt amazing.

Alana walked into the café and saw Eve was already there, sitting in a corner.

She waved at Alana, anxiously.

Alana immediately walked over.

Eve stood up, grabbed her shoulders, and looked her up and down to make sure she was okay before letting out a sigh of relief.

"Oh my gosh, you actually came! I was so worried you wouldn't make it, I was ready to call the police at any moment!"

Alana laughed. "I told you I'm fine. Don't worry."

Eve rolled her eyes. "How could I not be worried? Luca said you were forcibly kissed and carried off by a man. I don't even know if he's good or bad. What if he's some evil, dangerous criminal who kidnaps you, rapes you, kills you, and then sells your organs? Where would I even go to find you?"

Although Eve was exaggerating a bit, it was all out of concern for her.

Alana felt a warm glow in her heart, grateful to have such a wonderful best friend who cared so deeply for her.

Suddenly, Eve's eyes widened as she stared intently at Alana's lips.

“Wait a minute, why are your lips so red and swollen? Oh my god, that’s brutal, they’re practically chewed to the bone! Just now, you didn’t just go through another round of torture, did you?”

“Oh my god, he didn’t carry you back to his place, grope you, hug you, kiss you, and even go all the way with you, did he?”

Alana broke out in a cold sweat just hearing that. Although they hadn’t gone all the way in the end this time, he had indeed groped, hugged, and kissed her.

Of course, if Eve’s call hadn’t come just in time, who knows...she would have been very far away in pleasure island to even pick up a call.

Eve then noticed the ring of red teeth marks on Alana’s shoulder and her eyes widened in fury.

“Damn it, there are teeth marks on your shoulder! Teeth marks this big, they’re clearly from a man! Who is that man?!”

“Who’s so outrageous as to speak such venom against my sweet, soft little darling?!” He’s going to taint you! I have to kill him!”

Seeing that Eve was about to lose her temper, Alana quickly said, “Eve, don’t get worked up. Let’s sit down first, and I’ll explain everything to you properly.”

An agitated Eve was forcefully pushed back into her seat by Alana.

Eve suppressed her anger and stood with her hands on her hips.

“Fine, you’d better explain this to me clearly, or I’ll personally go and give that man who harrassed you a piece of my mind!”

“Okay, okay, I’ll tell you everything.”

Eve couldn’t help but ask, “He kissed you like that, are you two dating now?”

Alana’s voice trembled as she replied timidly, “We, we aren’t yet...”

Eve rolled up her sleeves and shouted, “What?! He actually forced a kiss on you! What sort of man is he?! We need to file charges against him!”

Alana’s face flushed crimson. She covered half her face and said shyly in a low voice, “Don’t, don’t shout so loud! I’m afraid of making a scene.”

They weren’t the only two people in this café. After Eve’s outburst, people at several nearby tables all turned to look.

They all had the faces of onlookers.

Eve scanned the room and realized she'd gotten a bit carried away.

She cleared her throat, picked up the coffee she'd just ordered, and took a sip.

To soothe the dryness in her throat.

Eve also ordered a cup for Alana, her favorite, with sugar and milk.

Meanwhile, out of Alana's sight, a tall, slender figure in black slowly appeared not far from her seat.

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Chapter 114 Helped me a lot

Chapter 114 Helped me a lot

Stephan sat down leisurely, positioning himself diagonally across from Alana. This spot allowed him to openly observe her without her noticing.

Even if Alana looked up, she wouldn't see him. Because a screen stood right in front of him.

The screen was placed just right, perfect for spying and gathering intelligence. He had to make sure her conversation with her best friend wouldn't lead to Alana dumping him, completely.

Just then, a waiter approached. "Sir, what kind of coffee would you like?"

Stephan tilted his chin slightly and pointed toward Alana's seat.

"The same as hers, sugar and milk."

The waiter cast a curious glance in Alana's direction, wondering about their relationship, but, prioritizing professionalism, he didn't ask. He simply nodded. "Alright, please wait a moment."

Stephan continued to stare in Alana's direction.

He watched as the girl stirred her coffee with a spoon, then sipped it slowly. She was drinking coffee with sugar and milk.

This was actually the third time he'd noticed this, back at that restaurant.

That restaurant served coffee.

He remembered that she'd asked the waiter for a cup of coffee with sugar and milk back then. He'd heard it from upstairs and quietly committed it to memory.

It turned out that, unconsciously, he had already begun to notice her every move and her preferences. After finishing her coffee, the girl murmured something under her breath.

Her voice was always soft and light, as sweet and smooth as glutinous rice dumplings.

From a distance, he couldn't really make out what she was saying. He could only see her full, rosy lips moving.

Watching her stirred a different kind of desire in Stephan, he wanted to kiss her.

Alana had no idea Stephan had come in to spy on her. She was in the middle of confessing to Eve how she'd met Stephan and how they'd become entangled afterward.

After hearing this, Eve's face fell.

"You... you actually got entangled with him that night and he hasn't let you go ever since?!"

"If I'd known you would get involved with such scoundrel, I wouldn't have forced you to that party. Oh my God, so I'm the one who pushed you into the lion's den, I'm to blame!"

Eve felt like slapping herself.

But before she could make a move, Alana grabbed her hand to stop her.

"It's not your fault. I also needed that party to clear my mind. Besides, it's my fault for drinking too much and having a one-night-stand. And, according to him, I was the one who made the first move..."

Eve frowned.

Alana, with her innocent, soft, and easily bullied little white rabbit image, was she actually this fierce in private?

Seeing Eve's look of disbelief, Alana's cheeks flushed slightly. "Th-though he said I was the one who made the first move, I've already forgotten most of it..."

In other words, she wasn't even sure who had taken the initiative that night.

All she knew was that by the time she came to, they were already in the act.

She had no idea how many times it had happened but it was a lot.

Eve said with certainty, "It definitely wasn't you who made the first move! How could you possibly do something like that, actively seduce someone? That man must have lost control first, pounced on you, and since you were drunk and out of it, he just claimed you were the one who initiated it! "

Hmm!

Her best friend was a good person; that man was the bad one!

Alana sighed, "But I really did consent to it. I think so."

Eve gritted her teeth, "So, just because you consented to it and he claimed you seduced him first, that suddenly means you should take responsibility for him? And you agreed to do it a second time with him?!"

Alana swallowed.

She hadn't meant to at the time, but she was so nervous, it just happened without her realizing it.

Thinking about it now, it felt like she walked right into a trap. She agreed to such a ridiculous thing for no reason at all.

"It's done now. There's nothing I can do. Anyway, what was meant to happen, and what wasn't has already happened. It's no use regretting it now."

Eve narrowed her eyes. "So, how many times have you done it with him?"

Alana blinked.

Seeing how her friend couldn't answer, Eve gasped. "Did he get addicted to you? Or did you get addicted to him?"

Alana's ears were burning, flushing a faint cherry blossom pink.

“Stop asking, it’s so embarrassing.”

Seeing her bashful reaction, Eve couldn’t help but grit her teeth.

It’s obvious they had done it plenty of times!

But she knew her best friend’s innocent and conservative nature, it definitely wasn’t her friend who initiated it. It was that man who forced himself on her!

What a scumbag!

Taking advantage of her friend’s gentle nature because she wouldn’t fight back, was that it?!

Poor thing, had that man already worn her down?

This was too dangerous!

Eve grew increasingly anxious and couldn’t help but ask, “Lana, so what are you planning to do? Do you really want to keep getting involved with him?”

Be careful, he might be trying to use and dump you!

Alana blushed and said, “He... wants to be my boyfriend. I’m thinking about whether or not to say yes.”

Eve screamed internally: ‘Don’t agree so quickly! Do you know what kind of monster he might be? Just agreeing that easily?! Looks like my bestie is still way too naive!’

Eve felt she really was naive, after all, she didn’t have much experiences.

Eve gritted her teeth and said earnestly, “Lana, listen to me, don’t agree! At least don’t agree so easily! How do you know he’s sincere with you, and not just lusting after your body, wanting to have wild sex with you!”

Alana was shocked.

Eve’s language was way too crude.

It made her feel so embarrassed.

Eve continued sternly, “Be careful. Once he gets tired of your body, you’ll be in big trouble! You’ll pour your heart into him, only to be abandoned in the end, left with nothing!”

Alana bit her lip.

She had had similar concerns at first.

After all, she'd always been very cautious and wary when it came to romantic matters, never letting herself get swept up easily again.

But...Stephan was just too hard to resist.

He'd made her develop a tiny, naughty little crush on him.

She kept telling herself that it was "tiny" but deep down, she knew it wasn't tiny at all.

To be honest, she didn't really want to break her rule of never dating again or getting married.

But, of all people, here was someone trying to shatter that very rule.

Alana hesitated for a moment, then couldn't help but whisper, "Actually, he's helped me a lot. Whenever I've gotten into trouble, he's always been the one to help me."

"Once, a coworker drugged me, and almost took advantage of me. He showed up just in time to save me, and in the end, he even helped get that evil man fired from the company. He's helped me so many times. I feel like... he can't be... all that bad, right?"

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Chapter 115 To follow them

Alana didn't dare go into further details.

Like the things that certain man love to brag about.

And the things she had noticed about him.

About how he was handsome, had a great body, and was a gentleman in public and a hands-on partner in private.

He washed her underwear and buys her cute little dresses. Plus, he was very skilled in bed, making her cum countless times, he had strong stamina and always made her feel...Alana paused, realizing what she was thinking about.

Eve watched Alana's reaction and frowned slightly. "Girl, you haven't fallen for him, have you?"

“He’s only helped you a few times! Are you really that soft-hearted, giving your heart away so easily?! Don’t get your hopes up too soon, what if you get hurt?! Besides, you saw him hugging and kissing another woman tonight!”

Alana couldn’t help but defend him. “He said she was just a blind date his mother set up for him. He wasn’t interested in her and turned her down. Also, they didn’t kiss.”

Eve snorted. “And you actually believed that? Who knows how many lies and truths that man spouts? A man’s mouth is full of lies! Only a naive, innocent girl like you would believe that!”

Alana was speechless.

She had indeed been deceived by Stephan several times before.

He had told her that too, a man’s words were nothing but lies.

Could it be that he was really deceiving her again?

Alana fell silent for a moment. “Eve, I understand what you’re trying to say. But... what if...he’s telling the truth?”

Seeing Alana constantly trying to make excuses for that man, Eve felt a headache coming on. It looked like her best friend had already thrown herself into the relationship.

This was killing her!

“Sis, thinking like this, putting a man first, is a major no-no! Can’t you think about yourself for once? You’re the one getting the short end of the stick right now! He’s taken every advantage he can, and you don’t feel wronged?”

Alana sighed.

It felt like whatever she said was wrong.

Might as well not say anything at all.

Eve continued, relentlessly brainwashing Alana, “Besides, men are all scum, total pigs. If he can just sleep with you, doesn’t that mean he can sleep with other women too? Chastity is a woman’s best dowry. A man who doesn’t cherish himself isn’t even worth the time!”

Alana stammered in explanation, “He... he did tell me it was his first time...”

Eve retorted, “So do you think it was his first time?”

“Men are always clumsy the first time. Do you think his technique was poor?”

Alana bit her lower lip.

How was she supposed to know?

She'd only ever been intimate with him, she hadn't experienced any other men, sexually.

Without a point of comparison, how could she tell who was skilled and who wasn't?

But she couldn't deny that his skills in that department had indeed improved over time.

The last two times were actually more pleasurable than the first two.

Alana furrowed her brows. "So, are you saying he's beyond redemption, that we can't continue seeing each other?"

Wasn't that a bit too subjective and hasty?

Eve replied, "You can never be too careful when it comes to people! Plus, he's always kissing and hugging you, he doesn't respect you at all! Anyway, you know full well he definitely doesn't have any good intentions toward you!" Eve paused, realizing she might be jumping to conclusions. After all, they hadn't even met yet; it wasn't right to pass judgment so hastily.

But the thought of her sweet, soft bestie being harassed by someone (given how Luca had described it) still made her so angry!

She couldn't hide her urge to slash someone!

She pinched the bridge of her nose. "Here's what we'll do. It's not that you can't be together, but we need to make it a little harder for him to win you over, to make sure he's truly sincere."

Alana asked curiously, "What do you mean by 'make it harder'?"

Eve slapped her thigh. "Don't agree to be with him so quickly. You need to test him, see if he's truly sincere toward you!"

"How do we test him?"

Eve blurted out, "Test whether he listens to you and whether he'd be loyal to you! Best to train him like a dog, make him obey you completely. If you tell him to go east, he absolutely must not go west!"

Alana frowned.

That might not be possible.

Right now, she was the one being controlled by him. He always made her bend to whatever he wanted.

Eve could tell Alana was unsure, so she reassured her, “Don’t worry, I’ll help you! As strong women, we should always hold the upper hand in love, we must never bow down to a man!”

Alana actually had her own thoughts on the matter.

After a moment of silence, she nodded.

“Alright, I’ll take your advice.”

“Um, there’s something else I forgot to tell you, he’s always thought I had a boyfriend, I think from the start.”

“What?!” Eve looked as if she’d heard the biggest joke in the world, her eyes widening in shock. “He thinks you have a boyfriend, and he’s still hitting on you?”

Alana nodded. “Mm-hmm. I didn’t want to get involved with him at first, so I lied and told him I had a boyfriend, and he believed me. I thought he’d stay away from me after that, but I never expected...”

Eve was utterly shocked. “This guy, he knows you have a boyfriend, and he still wants to be with you? Isn’t he a psycho?!”

“Alana, you have to be really careful! I’m starting to worry about your safety!”

After finishing their coffee and wrapping up their conversation, the two left together.

Worried about Alana’s safety, Eve insisted on taking her home herself.

Watching Alana get whisked away by her best friend, Stephan furrowed his brow and stepped out from behind the screen to follow them.

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Chapter 116 Fumbled around

Chapter 116 Fumbled around

Though he had no idea what they'd discussed during their long chat, at some point, hearing their words clearly became a problem but his gut told him it couldn't be good news for him.

Sure enough, as soon as Stephan stepped out of the café, he saw Alana already in her best friend's car, driving away arrogantly right in front of him.

What the hell?

Suddenly, he felt a desolate sense of being completely abandoned. Even the wind blowing past him felt bitterly cold.

Just then, his phone rang.

Stephan thought it was Alana calling and felt a flicker of hope.

But when he pulled out his phone, he saw it was Gary.

His expression darkened instantly.

Frowning, he answered, his tone heavy.

"What is it?"

It was very noisy on Gary's end; he was clearly at a party.

"Stephan did you manage to step up yet? If you've successfully become her boyfriend, bring her over right away so everyone can get to know this great woman that has you so smitten. We're really looking forward to it!"

Stephan wanted to punch Gary right now.

Gary didn't get a reply from Stephan; instead, he heard the sound of the call being hung up.

Gary frowned.

What was going on?

Didn't he succeed in becoming her boyfriend?!

Eve dropped Alana off at the entrance of her apartment complex.

She gave Alana a long list of warnings: “Lana, you’d better be careful. That man is clearly a scheming, manipulative big bad wolf, out to swindle and deceive you, a pure and innocent little white rabbit!”

“Take good care of yourself, don’t let him snatch you away so easily!”

“You need to take your time getting to know him. Don’t agree to anything too quickly, or he’ll devour you until there’s nothing left!”

Alana thought back to the way Stephan had looked at her, wasn’t that exactly the look of someone who wanted to devour her whole?

She agreed wholeheartedly and nodded. “Got it.”

Eve patted Alana on the shoulder. “Don’t worry. I’ve got a way to test if he’s sincere with you. Just wait for my good news!”

Alana asked eagerly, “What’s the plan?!”

Eve winked. “It’s a secret. You go home now!”

Alana let out an “Oh.” Although she was curious about what Eve had up her sleeve, she didn’t press the issue.

She said goodbye to Eve, waved, and left.

After all, she didn’t think her best friend would ever harm her.

No matter what her best friend did, it was surely for her own good.

Eve watched until Alana had safely entered the residential complex, then pulled out her phone and made a call.

“Luca, I’ve already checked with Alana. That man isn’t her boyfriend at all, he’s just one of her suitors! Not only that, but he’s a total pervert, he tried to force himself on her! You’ve got to make your move on Lana right away! If you don’t act now, that man is going to steal her away from us!”

“You don’t want my beautiful Lana to be snatched up by a pervert, do you?”

Luca was stunned. So that was how it was, no wonder he’d been so resistant when he saw Alana being dragged away by that man!

So, he was just a suitor after all!

It seemed he'd acted with foresight by calling Eve and explaining the whole situation to her, that was how he would be finally able to rescue Alana from that pervert's clutches.

Thinking of the relentless harassment Alana must have endured at the hands of this pervert, Luca's protective instincts flared up.

He patted his chest, his expression turning resolute.

"Don't worry, I won't let that pervert get his hands on Lana!"

Eve nodded, her voice filled with emotion.

"Luca, I'm counting on you. The plan to save my best friend is all up to you."

Luca spoke with absolute certainty. "I've got this. Leave it to me!"

Eve smiled and finally hung up the phone with a sense of relief.

She exhaled and said to herself. "Luca, I'm sorry! To test whether that man is truly sincere about Lana, I'll have to use you to rile him up a bit. If that guy turns out to be unreliable, you'll have a chance to step in, right?!"

But if both of them turns out to be reliable, well...

Her dear best friend, Alana, would she be able to handle it?

As Alana walked down the hallway, she saw someone standing in front of her apartment.

She swallowed, seeing it was Stephan.

He can't just let her be for one second, can he?

"So...I'm here for my answer. We're dating now, right?" He began, straight to the point.

Under the man's intense gaze, Alana couldn't help but feel her cheeks grow hot.

She shyly turned her face away. "Not yet."

He was already ready to kiss her and make love to her all night but she actually said he wasn't her boyfriend yet?!

He frowned, his deep voice tinged with intense frustration.

"What will it take to finally be your boyfriend?"

Sensing the man's growing desire for her, Alana couldn't help but give him a reproachful glance. "I'll observe you for a few days. Only when I decide you're qualified will I accept you."

Stephan gritted his teeth inwardly. "How many more days?"

He couldn't wait another second.

He wanted to become her man openly and honestly, then immediately carry her home, throw her onto the bed, and take her fiercely.

Alana nodded, her expression serious. "It will take a few days. I'm not exactly sure how many, but probably around a week."

Stephan clenched his teeth. "Alana, are you messing with me?"

Three days was already long enough to wait, now she wanted another whole week?!

He'd planned to get his fill tonight, and had even brought several packs of condoms with him.

Alana furrowed her delicate brows and seized the moment to take the upper hand.

"Hey, hey, hey, who was it just now who promised me they'd listen to me? You didn't just say you'd listen, did you? Deep down, you never had any intention of actually listening to me, did you?"

Just as she thought, men's words were nothing but lies!

Stephan felt he was done for.

He'd actually fallen for this little girl's tricks!

How could that innocent, naive little bunny have turned so scheming?!

Who taught her to be so bad?!

Looking at the girl's suspicious expression, his thin lips curved slightly as his fingers gently pinched her plump cheek.

"Of course not. I'm naturally obedient."

Alana's beautiful almond-shaped eyes fluttered as she tentatively spoke, "Then... let's leave it at that for now. Once you pass your evaluation, I'll seriously consider our relationship."

The man's voice was low and husky. "Give me a little taste."

Alana didn't catch on. "What kind of taste?"

The next second, she was kissed fiercely by the man.

It didn't take long.

Alana was gasping for breath, weakly trying to push the man off her. "Wait, wait...We're in the hallway. People could walk by at any moment..."

Stephan lowered his head and bit her delicate neck. "Open the door. Let's go inside your apartment..."

Alana closed her eyes, her chest heaving violently. Her fingers trembled as she unzipped her handbag and reached inside.

She fumbled around for a long time, struggling to find the keys while resisting the man's aggressive advances.

It took her ages to finally find it.

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Chapter 117 Please touch it

Chapter 117 Please touch it

Stephan snatched the keys from her hand, unlocked the door, and then dragged Alana inside with him.

The door slammed shut.

Alana was pressed against the door by the man, who kissed her again and again.

Her lips were kissed until they were swollen and numb.

The man wanted to go further.

Her body trembled. “No, don’t...”

Stephan’s deep eyes fixed on the girl with flushed cheeks and vibrant lips. His voice seemed to carry a surge of heat, his desire unbearably intense.

“I want you. What should I do?”

His breathing was heavy and passionate.

His hot breath washed over Alana’s delicate cheeks.

That deep voice, thick with intense desire, relentlessly assaulted her reason.

Alana’s eyelashes were damp with tears, and her eyes grew hazy.

She dug her fingertips into her thigh, as if making a final stand.

“We...we can’t do this yet...”

Her face flushed like a peach blossom, her eyes moist and shimmering with tears.

She looked pitiful, like a little white rabbit.

This only further ignited the man’s desire to ravish her.

Stephan couldn’t help but press his forehead against hers, struggling to restrain himself. “Alright, we won’t do it.”

Alana’s breathing eased slightly, just as she was about to breathe a sigh of relief.

The man spoke again, “Let’s try something else.”

W-what did he mean, ‘something else’?

Alana’s eyes were wet with tears as she looked at him in confusion.

Stephan said nothing, but instead picked Alana up and carried her to the sofa, seating her on his lap.

His gaze was deep and intense as he stared at her. Under her confused and bashful gaze, he slowly undid his belt...

Soon, Alana knew exactly what the “other way” the man had mentioned entailed.

“Touch it.” He requested, as he exposed his erection to her.

She blinked.

“Please, Lana, it’s feels as if I’m going to die. Please touch it for me, please.” He begged, nuzzling her cheek.

Alana bit her lower lip.

Eve had precisely told her to keep her distance from Stephan for now.

But then again, if she did what he wanted right now, he might not go far.

Slowly, she placed her hand around his erection, it was so hot and veiny. She began to stroke him.

“Faster.” He groaned in her ear and she increased her pace.

He squirmed on the couch, lifting his hips a bit as if fucking her hand and soon, he was coming all over it.

When it was all over, her hand felt limp and she felt quite hot herself.

Stephan was temporarily satisfied. He leaned down to kiss the girl’s flushed cheek, then began cleaning up the messy aftermath.

Alana watched as he picked up the tissues scattered on the floor and tossed them into the trash can.

She bit her lip, unable to resist getting up. She walked into the bathroom, turned on the faucet, and rinsed her hands.

Her hands were naturally delicate, and after having just been ravaged, they were now bright red. She could even still feel the scorching heat from the man’s touch in the palms of her hands.

The more Alana thought about it, the more tensed.

Hell, she even wanted him to return the favor, to touch her too.

Alana quickly shook her head.

Had she forgotten all of Eve’s teaching?!

She needed to keep her distance.

Alana sighed. She had truly fallen so low, how could she have allowed Stephan to use her hand for such things?

It was as if she couldn't say no to him.

She was supposed to have the upper hand here!

By the time, Alana stepped out of the bathroom, the man had already cleaned up the mess. Except for the lingering scent that filled the room, that was impossible to hide.

Seeing Alana emerge, Stephan couldn't resist walking over to embrace her, then lowering his head to kiss her lips.

"I had a great time tonight."

Even though he hadn't managed to go all the way, at least he'd gotten a little taste. And her cooperation had really turned him on.

Right now, he felt physically and mentally satisfied, completely at ease. She still felt something for him.

He took the fact that she couldn't say no to mean that she had feelings for him.

Alana blushed again.

She pushed him gently with both hands.

"It's so late. You should go home..."

Stephan didn't want to let go of the warm, soft embrace in his arms so easily. He buried his handsome face in the crook of her neck, nuzzling against her softly.

Holding her while he slept was better than lying in a bed still lingering with her scent.

"Can I stay? I won't touch you tonight."

Alana said, her face flushed, "No. We aren't even boyfriend and girlfriend yet. I can't let you keep pushing your luck."

He'd already pushed his luck far enough just now; she couldn't let him go any further. She had to stick to her principles; she couldn't keep giving in.

Stephan lowered his head to kiss her slender, delicate neck, teasing her on purpose. "But I don't want to leave."

Alana's breath trembled uncontrollably again. He really did find all her sensitive spots with ease.

“Hurry, hurry up and leave. If you don’t, I’ll change my mind. I don’t like boyfriends who don’t listen.”

Stephan chuckled.

His smiling eyes met hers. “But we aren’t boyfriend and girlfriend yet, are we? If we aren’t boyfriend and girlfriend, I can be disobedient.”

“You...” Alana’s face flushed with embarrassment again.

What should she do? He was so shameless...

Stephan curved his lips, his long fingers gently pinching her flushed cheek. “Alright, I’m going home. Remember to lock the door tonight. Don’t let any bad guys in.”

Alana muttered under her breath, “You’re the bad guy...”

The man’s tone suddenly turned dangerous. “Hmm?”

She quickly changed her tone. “Okay, I got it!”

Stephan was satisfied. He cupped her face and kissed her again. “Good girl, good night.”

She finally sent the man on his way.

Alana took a shower, then sat down on her soft bed, reflecting on what had just happened.

A wave of heat gradually crept up from somewhere in her body, spreading across her lovely, rosy cheeks.

It felt like... she was losing control more and more. She didn’t know if this was a good thing or a bad thing.

Oh well, since things have already come to this, she’d just take it one step at a time. Alana gave up, crawled into bed, hugged the White Rabbit stuffed animal the man had given her, and slowly closed her eyes.

Stephan drove back to his apartment in high spirits, unable to resist humming a tune.

Alana hadn’t even agreed to be his girlfriend, she’d merely given him a chance to be hers, so why did he feel so elated?

Was he a little too easily satisfied?

It was a bit pathetic.

But he couldn't help feeling thrilled inside.

After all, she'd just used her hand to help him. Recalling the girl's delicate, soft, little hand clasping him tightly.

Her movements were gentle yet urgent.

His Adam's apple bobbed uncontrollably, and the heat that had just subsided began to rise again.

Damn, this was killing him.

With no other choice, the man went to seek out his cold-water buddy.

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Chapter 118 Reset your brain

Chapter 118 Reset your brain

The night deepened.

Perhaps stirred by the man's presence, Alana actually had some rather shameful dreams.

In her dream.

The man's clothes were disheveled, his long, muscular legs slightly parted.

She sat on his thighs, her slender waist gripped by one of his scorching-hot hands.

His other hand tightly held hers, constantly guiding her.

The man's breathing was heavy, his voice hoarse and full of desire.

"Be a good girl, touch me...more...more..."

Next, his sensual, thin lips nipped at her ear, trying to restrain himself.

But he couldn't hold back, panting heavily.

His whole body was consumed by desire.

Alana woke up with a start.

When she woke up, it was already daylight.

She couldn't help but slap her burning cheeks.

How could she have had such dream?

It must be that dog of a man, Stephan, who's corrupted her!

Still, last night, he was actually quite well-behaved, when she told him to leave, he actually left. She'd thought he'd be the kind to stick around no matter what.

If he behaves himself from now on, she wouldn't mind shortening the probation period a bit.

Alana rested in bed for a moment before getting up and heading to the bathroom to wash up. After splashing water on her face, her mind felt much clearer.

She walked to the kitchen and made herself some noodles for breakfast.

While eating, she received a message from the man.

Stephan:[Are you up yet?]

A very casual greeting.

Alana bit her lip and replied quickly.

Alana: [Just got up a little while ago.]

The man replied just as quickly.

Stephan: [Me too. Getting ready to go for a run.]

There was a brief pause.

Stephan:[Want a pic of my abs?]

Even through the screen, she could sense the man's mischievous, thoroughly mischievous teasing.

Alana, who was eating her noodles, nearly spit them out when she saw his question.

Her cheeks burned hot, and fearing he might actually send one, she hurriedly refused.

Alana: [No, thanks. Just go for your run.]

Stephan curved his lips. Teasing a cute little bunny first thing in the morning was a pretty nice way to start the day.

He put his phone away and went out for a run. He hadn't been running long when a gentle voice called out to him.

"Stephan, wait!"

Stephan paused in his stride and turned to see Darla, wearing a pink tracksuit and a baseball cap, running toward him.

Darla ran up to Stephan, breathing slightly heavily.

She saw the man wearing a black tracksuit; the loose-fitting clothes couldn't hide his sleek, perfect physique or his defined muscle lines.

He exuded a powerful aura of mature masculinity.

Coupled with his strikingly handsome, chiseled features, he was the center of attention wherever he went.

Also, his nose was high and straight.

Rumor has it that the larger a man's nose, the larger he was in a certain area, and the more lustful he is.

Darla's lips curved into a smile as she stopped in front of Stephan. "What a coincidence!"

"I'm out for a run this early in the morning, and I ran into you."

Actually, it wasn't a coincidence at all. She'd heard he had a habit of jogging in the mornings, so she'd deliberately arranged this "chance encounter."

Since she hadn't been able to have a romantic evening with him last night, she didn't want to miss her chance this morning.

Stephan gave her a casual glance, his tone cold. "Miss Gordon, could you please pretend not to see me if you run into me in the future?"

Seeing her first thing in the morning was really ruining his mood.

Darla pressed her lips together and smiled. "I'm afraid I can't do that. After all... your mother wants me to spend more time with you."

Stephan's lips curved slightly. "Besides telling you to spend more time with me, what else did my mother say?"

Darla looked at him, intently. "She said we're a perfect match and that I'd make a suitable wife for you."

When people were at a loss for words, they really do end up smiling.

And he truly couldn't help but laugh.

Darla watched his reaction, the corners of her mouth curving upward. "What's wrong? Do you think your mother was right too?"

Stephan gave a forced smile. "Miss Gordon, what do you think?"

Darla replied with a smile, "I think I'm more than a match for you. Whether it's family background or personal ability, I'm more than capable. Being with you would be a perfect match, a union of two equals, a true power couple!"

"Oh, you're quite confident, aren't you?"

Darla smiled, her lips pressed together.

"I'm simply analyzing the facts objectively."

Stephan's tone was extremely cold. "But I'm sorry, I really have no interest in you."

Darla bit her lip but remained stubborn. "We can get to know each other for a while. If, after spending more time together, you still don't feel that way about me, it won't be too late to reject me then."

"I'm sorry, but I don't want to continue seeing you at all."

Darla frowned. "Why?"

Stephan thought of Alana's pretty, innocent, and pure little face, and the corners of his mouth lifted casually.

"Because there's a girl I like, and I'm currently pursuing her."

"So, I need to uphold my moral standards, keep myself pure, and not fool around."

Darla chuckled, unfazed.

She even suspected this was just an excuse Stephan was using to reject her.

However, she did quite admire Stephan's self-discipline in upholding his moral standards and keeping himself pure.

If he were to become her boyfriend and still remain chaste for her sake, he'd be even more charming.

Darla said with a hint of amusement, "Who is that girl? I'm actually quite curious to see who this mysterious girl is, the one who has Mr. Hudson actively pursuing her." Darla teased not believing a single word he had said.

She found it typical of him to make things up out of thin air.

A man like him, does he really need to actively pursue a girl he likes?

What woman could possibly withstand his relentless advances?

Never mind withstanding them, even if he merely cast a single admiring glance her way, she wouldn't be able to resist throwing herself at him and offering herself up.

Stephan replied nonchalantly, "Once I've won her over, I'll naturally bring her out to show off our love to you."

Darla raised an eyebrow. Was he not willing to reveal her name?

That meant he was truly joking with her.

If there really were a girl he was pursuing, telling her the girl's name wouldn't be a big deal.

Since he was unwilling to reveal it, it meant that person doesn't even exist.

Besides, the fact that he was willing to joke with her suggested he was not completely disinterested in her.

The more she thought about it, the more confident and composed Darla became.

Even if this mysterious girl truly existed, according to him, he hasn't won her over yet and since he hasn't won her over yet, it meant Darla still had a chance.

And maybe in the end, he'd realize she was his best.

As long as Stephan was willing to give her a chance to get close, she was certain she'd win him over!

Stephan curved his lips into a smile, his deep voice laced with a hint of sarcasm.

“Miss Hudson, confidence is a good thing, but too much confidence is a disease. You should go to the hospital sometime and get yourself checked out.”

He paused, as if remembering something, and slowly curled his thin lips.

“Oh, I almost forgot, you’re a doctor. With such confidence, your medical skills must be exceptional. But doctors can’t treat themselves. I’d still advise you to make an appointment with a psychologist. If that doesn’t work, I wouldn’t mind doing it for you. Tell me, what can I do to reset your brain?”

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Chapter 119 Who sent it

Chapter 119 Who sent it

Darla was speechless for a moment.

She had already witnessed this man’s venomous tongue, but she never expected to experience it again, and nearly be poisoned by it.

She gritted her teeth. “Stephan, has anyone ever told you that you have a very venomous tongue?”

He replied calmly, “Yes, the readers in the comments section said so. Blogs tend to post all kinds of stories about me. I’ve replied to some and they even said that if I licked my own lips, I could poison myself to death.”

Darla was again thrown into speechlessness.

“From now on, Miss Gordon, please try to avoid me whenever you see me. Otherwise, I’m afraid my future girlfriend might get the wrong idea.”

Stephan said this nonchalantly, then left Darla behind and went off for a run on his own.

After all, a great physique needs to be maintained.

When the opportunity arises, he'd have to send that little bunny a photo of his abs to seduce her again.

Darla watched the man gradually fade into the distance and couldn't help but laugh in exasperation.

This was the first time she'd ever encountered a man so hard to reel in.

But what could she do? It had only served to ignite her intense desire to conquer him.

"Stephan, I'll have you sooner or later!"

Alana ate breakfast and headed to the office.

When she arrived, she found the project department bustling with activity; quite a few colleagues had gathered around her desk, whispering among themselves.

Curious, she walked over and finally understood why everyone had gathered there. It turned out there was a huge bouquet of roses.

"Whose roses are these?"

Carla leaned in close to Alana and explained excitedly, "Lana, these roses are for you!"

"A delivery guy just suddenly showed up holding a bouquet of roses, saying they were for you. We told him where your desk was, and he left them there before leaving."

Alana froze. For her?

Who sent them?

She examined the bouquet closely.

There was no note attached; she had no idea who sent them.

Alana fell deep in thought.

Could it be... that man, Stephan?

Given that he had a delivery guy bring her breakfast last time, this bouquet was most likely his doing.

Her colleagues gathered around, exclaiming dramatically.

“Wow, these roses are absolutely gorgeous! And I just counted, there are eleven roses, symbolizing a man’s undivided devotion to a woman. How sweet and romantic!”

“Alana, this must be from a guy who’s been chasing after you. Come on, tell us, have you been dating anyone lately? Got a boyfriend?”

“Exactly! If you’ve got a boyfriend, you’ve gotta bring him in for us to meet him!”

Everyone was curious about what kind of boyfriend Alana had. After all, she was so beautiful, her boyfriend couldn’t be too shabby, right?

Alana gave a faint smile. “I’m not dating anyone yet. I don’t even know who sent these flowers. We’ll talk about it if it actually happens.”

Carla nodded. “She’s right. Everyone, don’t be so nosy, work comes first!”

Seeing that Alana was truly unwilling to talk about it, her colleagues didn’t feel comfortable pressing her further and began to drift away in small groups.

Alana stared at the bouquet of red roses in front of her, unable to resist picking it up and bringing it close to her nose to take a whiff.

Surprisingly, they smelled quite nice.

This wasn’t the first time she’d received flowers from a man. Other men had given her flowers before, but they’d never made her feel anything, and she’d turned them all down.

But the moment she realized this bouquet was from Stephan.

Deep down she actually felt a flicker of sweetness.

Still, even if he wanted to give her flowers, did he really have to be so brazen about it?

He could have just given them to her privately.

It was way too blatant, as someone with social anxiety, she felt just a bit awkward.

Alana held the roses and sniffed them for a while before taking out her phone to snap a photo of them.

After taking the photo, she tapped Stephan’s WhatsApp profile, sent it to him, and added a message.

Alana:[I received the flowers you sent me. Thank you, I really like them.]

[But could you please not send them to my office in the future? Having so many colleagues gawk at me makes me feel a bit shy.]

She thought for a moment, realizing her wording sounded a bit too serious, so she browsed through her sticker library.

She found a sticker of a little white rabbit looking awkward and sent it over.

Hmm, this way, she seemed a bit more approachable.

The message was sent.

Alana didn't wait for the man to reply; she put down her phone and turned on her computer.

Stephan had also just arrived at his company.

In the office.

He was wearing a black suit with a white shirt underneath, a black tie, sitting upright and dignified in his chair, legs crossed, holding a stack of documents and flipping through them casually.

Vance was dutifully reporting to him.

He responded sporadically, his calm tone exuding a sense of ease.

It was clear he was in a good mood.

Just as Vance was about to launch into a passionate speech, the screen of the phone resting on the man's desk suddenly lit up.

Stephan glanced at it, then raised his hand slightly, cutting off Vance's chance to continue speaking.

Vance cast a curious glance.

He quickly noticed the WhatsApp message that had popped up on the screen.

A nickname: "Little White Rabbit Lana"

Such an intimate nickname, who could it be?

When Stephan saw it was from Alana, the corners of his mouth couldn't help but turn up. This little girl actually took the initiative to message him?

This was a first!

It seemed that even the most stubborn woman could be won over by persistence.

Had she finally succumbed to his “gentle” advances and started responding to him?

It had to be.

It could be said that the mere thought of this possibility had the man secretly thrilled beyond belief.

Vance eyed Stephan’s upturned lips, which looked slightly smug, and, overcome by curiosity, couldn’t help but speak up,

“Ahem, CEO...”

Stephan shot him a cold glance. “Shut up. Don’t bother me right now.”

Vance gasped and thought to himself.

‘Waaah, CEO, you’re so mean! Why won’t you share the good news with me?!’

He clearly wanted to be happy too!

In a good mood, Stephan opened the app and went straight to his chat box with Alana. However, the moment he saw her message, the smile on his lips froze instantly.

In its place was a deep, icy chill.

His dark eyes narrowed slightly as he tapped on the photo Alana had sent him.

It was a bouquet of fresh red roses, roughly eleven blooms, each in full, vibrant bloom, their fragrance filling the air.

Stephan stared at the roses in the photo, his gaze growing increasingly dangerous, tinged with a sharp, murderous intent.

Roses?

He hadn’t sent them to her.

After all, the last time he’d sent her breakfast, she’d warned him not to deliver anything to her workplace, so he’d been on his best behavior and hadn’t sent anything to her office to disturb her.

So, who exactly sent her this bouquet?!

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Chapter 120 Blind fool

Chapter 120 Blind fool

Stephan raised his cold, dark eyes and asked calmly, “Vance, when a man gives a woman roses, eleven of them, no less, what does that signify?”

Vance immediately stood up straight and said, “President, I know exactly what this means. It clearly represents a man’s wholehearted love for a woman!”

Wholehearted love?

Stephan’s gaze grew even colder.

Which blind fool dared to compete with him for his woman?

Besides, he hadn’t even sent Alana flowers yet, where did this show-off come from, daring to steal his thunder?!

He clenched his phone, his eyes smoldering with suppressed rage.

“Get to a flower shop right now and order ninety-nine roses!”

Vance shuddered under the man’s furious glare and quickly replied, “Yes, sir. Right away.”

Serving the boss was like walking on eggshells!

One moment the sky was clear, and the next, dark clouds rolled in, accompanied by thunder and lightning.

This wasn’t a place to linger, he’d better make a run for it.

Stephan played along for now and replied to her message.

Alana had been busy all morning when she finally saw the message Stephan had sent her.

Stephan:[Okay, I'll do as you say. I won't send flowers to your office again.]

[When do you get off work today? I'll come pick you up.]

Alana's cheeks flushed. She hadn't even agreed to be his girlfriend yet, so why was he acting as if they were already a normal couple?

Picking her up after work, too.

She felt it was too much for now.

Alana: [You don't have to bother.]

He replied quickly.

Stephan: [It's no bother. Picking up my girlfriend from work is my duty.]

Alana bit her lip, her face flushing even more.

"Girlfriend" this and "girlfriend" that, he said it so naturally.

She hadn't even agreed to be his girlfriend yet, but he was already acting like her boyfriend.

Fine, she thought. She'd treat this as a test and let him pick her up.

Alana: [I get off work at 5:30 p.m.]

Stephan: [Okay, wait for me.]

Alana's lips curled into a smile, and she was just about to put her phone down.

But then she suddenly remembered something and couldn't help but add a request.

Alana:[Um, I don't want to draw too much attention. When you get here, park a little farther away, don't park right at the company entrance.]

She remembered the car he drove, it was no ordinary vehicle.

If he parked right in front of her office and she got in so brazenly, people might see them and start gossiping again.

She certainly didn't want to live her life under constant scrutiny.

But when Stephan saw Alana's message, he couldn't help but misinterpret it.

Sure enough, not being the official boyfriend was a real drag. He was just trying to be nice by picking her up after work, but he had to do it on the sly.

If he were her official boyfriend, he could just go straight to her office, wrap his arm around her waist, and kiss, hug, and lift her up, right?

Just thinking about it felt pretty good.

But the revolution wasn't over yet; he still had work to do.

Stephan replied leisurely.

Stephan: [Okay, I'll listen to my girlfriend.]

Alana's ears burned uncontrollably.

Good boy!

He'd already taken the initiative to claim her as his girlfriend.

But why did her heart feel so sweetened?

Could this be...the feeling of falling in love?

5:30 p.m.

Alana clocked out on time.

A few colleagues from the project department were staying late and urged her to join them, saying they'd have company.

Alana declined.

If they wanted to grind, let them grind.

As an intern, she was stuck doing menial, tedious tasks in the back corners of the office. Overtime wasn't even paid, what was the point of grinding with them?

She'd make more money from her part-time job.

Oh, right.

She wasn't sure if she should go to Luca's place later to walk his two pets.

After all, with what happened yesterday, she didn't have the face to see him.

She hoped Luca wouldn't be there when she arrived, to avoid any awkwardness.

Alana hurried downstairs, clutching the roses Stephan had given her.

She'd placed the roses in a vase a colleague had given her, filled it with water, and they hadn't wilted at all, in fact, they looked even more vibrant.

Holding the flowers, she felt great and couldn't put them down.

Just then, she received a message from Stephan.

Stephan:[I'm here.]

Alana had just stepped out of the office when she glanced around and spotted a black Bentley parked nearby.

Taking advantage of the fact that no one was paying attention, she quickly jogged over, opened the door, and got in.

Stephan caught a glimpse of her out of the corner of his eye, she looked furtive and guilty, and chuckled softly.

"What's the matter? Are you that afraid people will find out about our relationship?"

For the first time, he felt utterly inadequate in her presence.

Alana turned to glance at him and whispered an explanation, "I just wanted to keep a low profile."

Stephan thought to himself, there was no way to keep a low profile when she was with him. Suddenly, his gaze paused on the bouquet of roses Alana was holding in her arms.

Up close, the bouquet of roses looked even more delicate and vibrant.

They bloomed brazenly right in front of him, as if they were being outrageously bold.

His gaze gradually grew cold.

Alana noticed his expression, her lips curving into a faint smile as she said again,

"Um...thank you for the flowers. They're really beautiful."

Stephan raised his deep, dark eyes. "Do you like flowers?"

She nodded honestly. “I do.”

There wasn’t a girl in this world who didn’t like beautiful flowers.

Beautiful flowers possess a charm that heals the heart.

Just a glance, or a whiff of their fragrance, was enough to lift one’s spirits.

Stephan didn’t speak. Instead, he shifted his body, leaned into the backseat, and stretched out his long arm.

Instantly, as if by magic, a larger, even more beautiful bouquet of roses appeared before Alana. With one bouquet already in her arms, she watched as the man handed her another, and in an instant, she was completely surrounded by flowers.

Her almond-shaped eyes widened in surprise. “This... this...”

Taking advantage of her distraction, Stephan snatched the bouquet from her arms and replaced it with the one he’d bought.

Sitting in the passenger seat, Alana held the massive bouquet of roses. With her dazed yet beautiful face, she looked slightly petite and helpless.

Stephan stared intently at her, his eyes deep and intense. “Do you like this bigger bouquet?”

Surrounded by so many flowers, Alana was already intoxicated by their fragrance. She nodded instinctively. “I... I like it...”

Stephan curved his lips into a smile and asked softly, “So which do you like better, the bouquet in your arms, or the one in my hand?”

Alana’s beautiful eyes fluttered. Was there a difference?

Weren’t they both gifts from him?

So she replied, “I like them both.”

Stephan spoke up, “No, you have to choose one.”

Alana took a closer look at the larger bouquet of roses in her arms, the blooms were fuller and more vibrant.

They seemed to have been picked only recently; the petals still bore crystal-clear droplets of water.

The air was filled with a delightful fragrance.

So, after hesitating for less than three seconds, she answered.

“This one, the bigger one.”

“Alright, then we’re getting rid of this one.”

Before Alana could react, the man suddenly rolled down the car window and, without hesitation, tossed the bouquet he was holding into the trash can outside the window.

Alana gasped, “No!”

“Why did you throw the flowers away?!”

She said she preferred the bigger bouquet, but she never said she didn’t like the smaller one!

Stephan had already tossed the flowers into the trash can, and was finally feeling a sense of satisfaction.

Seeing her holding flowers given to her by another man had made him feel incredibly frustrated.

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Chapter 121 Coming with you

Chapter 121 Coming with you

Stephan turned back, glanced at the stunned Alana, and curled his lips indifferently. “Too small. They don’t suit you.mThis bigger bouquet suits you better.” He deliberately emphasized the word “bigger.”

As if hinting at something.

Alana didn’t want to get the hint immediately, but her cheeks flushed slightly without her realizing it.

Maybe it wasn't the man hinting at

anything; perhaps she was just reading too much into it. "Wh...what do you mean 'big' and 'small'? What does it matter? Aren't they both from you?"

Stephan's thin lips parted slightly. "No. A man as big as me wouldn't give you such a measly little bouquet."

Alana gasped.

Fine, she knew he was "big," but did he have to keep emphasizing it?

It was making her feel all flustered.

But if that bouquet of roses wasn't from him, then who had sent it to her?

The man suddenly leaned in, closing the distance between them.

A dangerous aura radiated from his dark eyes.

"Lana, tell me the truth. Who's the shady guy you've been seeing behind my back?"

Hearing the accusatory tone in the man's voice, Alana hadn't even had time to consider whether his status, as someone who hadn't yet secured his position, made him the right person to question her, yet she already felt a pang of guilt.

"I...I didn't. I have no idea who sent these flowers."

Stephan narrowed his dark eyes. "Really?"

Alana nodded. "I...I really thought you sent them to me. Otherwise, I wouldn't have taken a photo and sent it to you."

Stephan raised an eyebrow; he was willing to believe that much.

"If you had known that the bouquet wasn't from me, would you still accept it?"

"Of course not..." Alana answered, instinctively, but when she saw the man's slightly raised eyebrow,

she couldn't help but blush a little.

She inwardly berated herself for speaking too hastily.

Wasn't that just telling him outright that she was making an exception for him, that she'd only accept it if he gave it to her?

You big mouth, rein it in next time!

Stephan gazed at the girl's face, flushed so vividly it seemed ready to burst, as if he had read her mind.

He asked deliberately.

"So, does that mean you only accepted it so preciously because you thought I gave it to you?"

Alana's thick, long lashes fluttered slightly, her face as red as a peach, too embarrassed to answer.

But inside, she couldn't help but roll her eyes.

How mean.

He knew exactly what she was thinking, yet he insisted on forcing her to answer.

She wasn't going to talk to him anymore.

Stephan watched Alana's shy reaction and felt quite pleased.

He curved his lips into a smile, leaned in, and gently kissed the girl's soft, rosy lips.

"My girlfriend, you're such a good girl."

Girlfriend?!

Did she even agree to that? He just goes and calls her that!

He was always trying to take advantage of the situation!

Alana puffed out her cheeks, wanting to argue back.

But she was holding the bouquet of roses the man had given her. Such a huge bouquet, so beautiful.

Alright, then, a gift from the hand, a debt to the heart.

She was in a good mood, so she decided not to hold it against him for now.

The man, having successfully stolen a kiss, asked cheerfully, “Where should we go next?”

Alana hesitated for a moment. “Let’s go to Luca’s place.”

Life was a daily grind; she still had to work diligently.

Although she hadn’t signed an employment contract with Luca, since they’d made an agreement, there was no reason for her to go back on her word.

Stephan’s eyes darkened slightly. The thought that she was about to go help a man who liked her walk his pets made him feel a little jealous.

He really wanted to stop her.

But considering this was a part-time job she’d worked hard to secure, he couldn’t very well stop her just because of some petty personal feelings.

Never mind. He’d just spoil her.

“No rush. Let’s grab a bite to eat first.”

Alana had no objections; she was actually hungry.

“What do you feel like eating?”

“Anything’s fine. I’m not picky.”

Stephan took her to a Western-style restaurant.

The restaurant had an elegant and romantic atmosphere, perfect for a couple’s dinner date.

The table Stephan led Alana to not only featured romantic candlelight but also a bouquet of exquisite roses in a vase.

Stephan gallantly pulled out a chair for her.

Alana instinctively said, “Thank you.”

Stephan paused. He really wanted to say something, but in the end, he didn’t.

Well, he was used to this. After they sat down, Stephan took the initiative to hand her the menu.

“Take a look at the menu. What would you like to eat?”

Alana took the menu and flipped through it.

She looked up at him and asked earnestly, “Are there any food you can’t eat? If you don’t have any dietary restrictions, let’s order the two-person set meal. It’s a better deal.”

Stephan curved his lips, looking at her amusedly. “What’s the matter? Are you worried about my wallet?”

Alana blushed and didn’t answer his question, instead saying to herself, “The two-person set meal is 20% off. It comes with two steaks, foie gras, pasta, and a fruit salad. Do you want it or not?”

Stephan smiled. “I’m fine with anything. I’ll go with whatever my girlfriend decides.”

Once again, she was left tensed by that word.

The double-portion set arrived quickly.

Alana picked up her steak and was about to cut into it with her knife.

However, she rarely ate steak, so her cuts were a bit clumsy. The next moment, the man suddenly took the portion she had cut and replaced it with one he had already cut.

“Eat mine.”

Alana looked at the man’s perfectly sliced steak, blinked, and said defiantly, “I can cut it myself.”

Although the cuts were a bit rough and irregular, as long as it was edible, that was fine. But deep down, she still wasn’t used to being taken care of by him.

Stephan took Alana’s plate and began cutting the steak at a leisurely pace.

Hearing this, he lifted his gaze and glanced at her. “I’m here, so just sit back and enjoy it. You don’t need to do it yourself.”

His gentle, magnetic voice made her ears burn slightly.

Her heart felt warm, too.

It seemed that being taken care of wasn’t so bad after all.

As far as she could remember, it had been a long time since she’d experienced the feeling of being so carefully looked after.

But the next second, she heard the man add another sentence in a leisurely tone.

“There aren’t many men like me who know how to serve their girlfriends a meal. If you come across one, you should cling to him like a vine, shamelessly and relentlessly. Otherwise, once this opportunity passes, you’ll never get another chance.”

Alana couldn’t help but give him a playful glare.

He really knows how to find a roundabout way to praise himself.

She might have grumbled to herself, but she couldn’t help but silently give him extra points for his gentlemanly behavior.

After dinner.

Stephan drove Alana to the entrance of Luca’s house.

After the car came to a stop, Alana unbuckled her seatbelt, shot the man an awkward glance, and said somewhat

nervously,

“Um, you can go back now. You’ve taken me as far as I need to go.”

Stephan snorted lightly.

He’d come all this way, and now she wanted him to leave?

Tonight, no matter what, he was going to walk the dog and cat with her.

Why should other men get to walk the pets and he can’t?

If other men can do it, he had to do it too!

Besides, that guy, Luca was clearly interested in Alana.

He wouldn’t allow them to have a chance to be alone together under any circumstances.

So, the man spoke up, “I’m coming with you.”

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Chapter 122 Causing trouble

Chapter 122 Causing trouble

Alana's almond-shaped eyes widened in confusion. "What?"

Stephan replied calmly, "You want to walk the cat and dog, right? I'll help you walk them."

Alana instinctively refused, "No, thanks. I can do it by myself."

"No, you can't."

She protested, "I can do it."

Stephan asked calmly, "Have you forgotten the last time you hurt your knee chasing after a dog?"

Alana was at a loss for words.

He really had to bring that up.

Why bring up that embarrassing part of her past? Besides, was it really a good idea for him to tag along with her?

Just yesterday, he and Luca were at each other's throats. If they ran into him, wouldn't it be awkward?

Seeing that the girl was still hesitating, Stephan slowly raised his hand and ruffled her soft hair. "Come on, didn't you want to put me to the test? If I don't stick close to you, how am I supposed to let you test me?"

That single sentence silenced Alana.

She let out a small sigh, feeling helpless.

"Fine, but you can't cause any trouble."

Stephan furrowed his thick, handsome brows, his thin lips curling up slightly as he asked with a straight face, "When have I ever caused trouble? I've been perfectly well-behaved, especially toward my girlfriend."

Alana eyed him.

This man's face was so thick, it could cover thousands of miles.

Alana was just about to use her key to open the door to Luca's apartment.

Unexpectedly, before she could even make a move, the door opened on its own.

Alana stared at Luca, who had opened the door, completely dumbfounded. She had assumed he wasn't home, but it turned out he was there after all.

Little did she know, Luca had been waiting for her to show up for a while now. He had literally been dying to see her all day.

A smile played at the corners of his mouth, and his tone was gentle. "Lana, you're here." "

"Lu...Luca..." Given that Luca had witnessed the scene last night, where Stephan had forcefully kissed her and carried her away, she couldn't help but feel her ears burn as she saw him now.

Could Luca possibly want her to share her thoughts on the incident?

She couldn't even bear to think about such an embarrassing memory.

Sure enough, Luca gave Alana a once-over and actually asked, "Lana, are you okay? You know about last night?"

He really had no idea how awkward this was for her.

Alana's heart, which had been in her throat, finally settled. She blinked and replied, with a touch of embarrassment, "I'm fine."

Luca looked concerned as he said, "I saw you get snatched away by that man yesterday, so I called Eve right away. She said you two aren't dating. He didn't do anything inappropriate to you last night, did he?"

How was Alana supposed to answer that?

She awkwardly pretended not to understand.

But Luca kept going on and on, "If I'd known he wasn't your boyfriend, I would've stepped in to save you. It's my fault for letting him fool me, I actually thought he was your boyfriend. I was wondering how you suddenly got a boyfriend. Eve had precisely told me you were single"

“Last night, I was constantly worried about you and wanted to go find you. If it weren’t for Eve repeatedly assuring me you were fine, I probably wouldn’t have been able to sleep a wink all night!”

After speaking in one breath, Luca couldn’t help but swallow hard.

Alana finally had a chance to speak. She gave an awkward laugh. “Heh...Thanks for your concern, Luca.”

Luca composed himself and said seriously, “How did you end up getting involved with such a terrifying man? He’s such a scumbag, how dare he do something so despicable to you! He looked

handsome, so I thought he was a decent guy, but it turns out he’s just a pervert in sheep’s clothing! Don’t worry. From now on, I’ll protect you and make sure you never have to deal with that kind of pervert again! If that pervert ever sexually harasses you again, call me immediately. I’ll come and rescue you!”

Alana swallowed.

The more she listened, the more off this sounded.

What on earth did Eve tell Luca?

This was ridiculous!

Just as Luca was about to continue his heroic rescue speech, a dark shadow suddenly appeared behind Alana.

Dressed in a black suit, he looked imposing and exuded an overwhelming sense of pressure.

When Luca recognized the figure, he couldn’t help but blurt out a curse.

“Fuck! It’s you again, you pervert!”

Stephan appeared behind Alana, his hands in his pockets, the corners of his mouth twitching slightly in a forced smile.

“So what if I’m a pervert?”

Luca instinctively reached out. “Lana, come here! I’ll protect you!”

Before he could grab Alana’s hand, the man standing behind her suddenly stepped

forward, blocking her path.

Luca's hand accidentally brushed against the man's metal belt buckle. The

icy-cold sensation made him instinctively pull his hand back.

Luca couldn't help but glare at the arrogant man standing before him.

But the man was half a head taller than him; no matter how fierce his expression or how wide he glared, he couldn't match the other man's imposing presence.

Stephan stood before Luca, his features as handsome as a painting, his posture tall and straight.

His innate air of nobility completely overwhelmed Luca.

Luca felt that his only chance of winning against this man was that he was even more twisted than him!

So he glared furiously, "You psychopath! Who gave you permission to show your face around Lana again?! While I'm in a good mood and don't feel like hitting you, get out of here. Otherwise, don't blame me for being ruthless!"

Stephan lowered his gaze to glance at Luca, who was half a head shorter than him. With that scrawny frame and frail build, he actually had the nerve to shout at him?!

One look and it was clear he never worked out, no abs to speak of!

Not only did he have a lousy physique, but he was also weak as a kitten.

How could a man like this possibly give Alana a fulfilling sex life?

After all, with her insatiable appetite, only a man as strong and muscular as him, with eight-pack abs, could satisfy her.

He curled his lips in a casual smirk. "Can you beat me?"

That single sentence knocked Luca flat on his back.

No, it made him furious!

How dare this burly brute look down on him?!

Luca clenched his fists, itching to smash one right into Stephan's handsome, arrogant face.

But he forced himself to hold back.

Because he wasn't good at fighting.

He couldn't afford to lose face in front of Alana. But that didn't mean he was going to let this man keep running wild. After all, he had a temper too, and he couldn't stand this kind of provocation!

"I'm warning you, don't get too cocky, or I'll call the police right now!"

Stephan scoffed.

How terrifying.

Seeing that things were taking a turn for the worse, Alana quickly stepped in to

smooth things over. "Luca, calm down. It's not what you think." After saying that, she shot Stephan a sharp, silent glare.

What happened to not causing trouble?

Use arrow keys (or A / D) to PREV/NEXT chapter

Chapter 123 The wrong idea

Chapter 123 The wrong idea

Alana glared at him.

Was he just saying one thing and doing another?

Stephan shrugged.

It wasn't like he was the one who started this, was it?

It was this fucking Luca!

Luca was about to pull out his phone to call the police, but Alana stopped him.

Seeing Alana standing in front of Stephan, Lucas couldn't help but frown. "Lana, are you seriously taking his side? He's clearly forcing you to be with him, how can you still be defending him?"

"Luca, he... he isn't forcing me..." Alana's cheeks flushed red; she didn't know how to explain.

Stephan had indeed been coming on strong, and she didn't exactly hate his advances so she couldn't call it force. But she had to speak up for him and make excuses. What on earth was she even thinking?!

Oh gosh, she just didn't know what she was doing!

Little did she know that when the man behind her heard Alana say he didn't force her, the corners of his mouth couldn't help but turn up.

Just a short while ago, when he treated her that way, she said he was bullying or taking advantage of her. Now she's suddenly changed her tune and says he wasn't.

What does that tell everyone?

Doesn't it just mean she's come to like the way he "picks on" her?

Luca couldn't believe it. "What? After everything he did to you, that doesn't count as force?"

"I...I..." Alana was frantic inside.

You big dummy, just explain it already!

Why couldn't she explain it?!

Aaaargh!

But how could she possibly explain such a question?!

Stephan could tell the girl was getting flustered. He reached out with his large hand and wrapped it around her slender waist.

He pulled her into his arms, curled his lips into a smile, and spoke casually. "It's not really force. Because my sweet little Lana likes the way I treat her."

Alana closed her eyes.

Her heart, which had been hanging in suspense, was about to sink again.

Because his answer was even more embarrassing.

Luca stared, dumbfounded, at the two of them, now embraced once more.

He looked at Stephan, who remained as arrogant as ever, and Alana, who had been forcefully pulled into his embrace.

His lips trembled, moving back and forth as if he wanted to say something, but he didn't know what to say.

He stammered for a long while.

“You...you two...”

Stephan raised an eyebrow and curled his lips in a slow, smug smile. “As you can see, she's with me now, this pervert.”

Alana gasped.

Was he really admitting he was a pervert?!

Luca took a step back, stunned by the news.

What the hell?!

This was completely different from what he'd been told!

Didn't Eve say that Alana was being forced into a relationship with this man and needed him to save her?

So she's been forced to...fall in love with him?!

Luca couldn't help but look at Alana. “Lana, tell me honestly, is this true? He hasn't got something on you, has he? Is he forcing you to say this?”

Alana didn't really want to answer right now; she even wished the ground would swallow her up.

She looked left and right, where was the hole in the ground?

Please, just let a hole appear out of nowhere so she could crawl into it.

This was so humiliating.

As someone with severe social anxiety, she simply couldn't handle this.

But Luca was clearly waiting for her answer.

Stephan had deliberately dug a hole and left it open, now amusedly waiting to see her dig herself into it.

This was too much!

How despicable!

He does this time and time again, she absolutely cannot let him get away with it!

Alana reached out, prying the man's large hand off her slender waist, then deliberately moved an inch away from him.

She spoke earnestly, "Luca, don't listen to his nonsense. We haven't even started dating yet."

Stephan watched the girl's earnest explanation and gave a soft snort.

Little white rabbit, you're such a naughty girl.

To call him out so brazenly.

But it was better that she was naughty, he loves it when she acts up in front of him.

It was fun to tease her.

Luca froze. "So you two aren't together yet? Then what are you two doing here..."

Alana's face flushed slightly. "He...is trying to win me over."

She paused, then added through gritted teeth.

"It's that kind of relentless pursuit, the kind you just can't shake off."

Stephan raised an eyebrow, looking at her with amusement.

He thought he was shameless enough as it was, how come this little white rabbit was starting to take a page from his book and become shameless too?

Although, what she said was true.

But hearing it come out of her pink, cherry-red lips just made him laugh.

So funny he wanted to kiss her.

Upon hearing this, Luca glanced at Stephan with a smirk, as if he'd won a

battle. "So he's just a suitor! Just a suitor, how dare you claim to be Lana's boyfriend? I've seen shameless people before, but I've never seen anyone as shameless as you!"

Alana nodded, thinking Luca's retort was spot on!

Stephan spoke slowly, looking as if he took pride in his shamelessness rather than being ashamed of it.

"You have to be shameless to kiss the woman you like. Can you do that?"

Luca froze.

That single sentence knocked him off his feet.

Not to be outdone, he couldn't help but look at Alana. "Lana, I had the delivery guy send you a bouquet of roses this morning. Did you get it?"

"Huh?" Alana was stunned. So that bouquet she'd thrown away was actually from Luca?

Luca gazed at the girl's stunning face, which was etched with sheer astonishment, and asked nervously, "I didn't know what kind of flowers you liked, so I sent you red roses. Do you...like them?"

Before Alana could answer, Stephan spoke up for her, "She loves them."

Hearing this, Luca was just about to beam with joy.

The next second, he was floored by another remark from the man.

"She loved them so much she threw it straight into the trash."

Luca's eyes dilated.

Alana froze again for the umpteenth time this evening.

No way!

She didn't throw the roses away, he did, okay?!

She had never seen anyone shift the blame so skillfully!

She'd been through the wringer, but this really opened her eyes!

Alana couldn't help but glare at the jerk, then had to cover for him. "Luca, I'm sorry. I didn't know that bouquet was from you. I saw the roses didn't have a name on them, so I thought some stalker had just sent them randomly, so I... threw them in the trash. I hope you don't hold it against me."

Stephan's lips curled up slightly.

Such a good girl, she even knows to speak up for him.

Why does his little white rabbit always look out for him like this?

He really wanted to reward her with a kiss.

Luca felt an indescribable sadness; he had miscalculated.

He'd thought sending flowers to Alana would be a nice surprise for her. But unexpectedly, she took it as harassment.

He forced a smile. "It's okay. Next time I send you flowers, I'll remember to sign my name."

Alana looked at Luca and said earnestly, "Luca, thank you for sending me flowers. But I can't accept your flowers next time as well."

Luca couldn't help but ask, "Why?"

Alana replied, "I don't want you to get the wrong idea."

She knew exactly what those roses represented and his thoughts behind them.

If she accepted his flowers, wouldn't that mean she was accepting his feelings?

Use arrow keys (or A / D) to PREV/NEXT chapter

Chapter 124 Feel my abs

Chapter 124 Feel my abs

Alana didn't have those kinds of feelings for Luca, so she couldn't accept them.

Stephan listened in silence, thinking to himself: 'That sounds nice. I love hearing that. Say more.'

Luca could sense Alana's resistance toward him and couldn't help but say, "I'm sorry. Maybe I was too hasty. I should have taken things more slowly."

Alana shook her head. "That's not the reason. Luca, I think a great guy like you, so outstanding and handsome deserves a

better girl." With those words, she was politely turning down the confession he'd made to her yesterday.

She rejected him decisively, yet saved face for him so he wouldn't feel too humiliated.

Luca wasn't stupid; how could he not understand?

"It's okay. We've only known each other for a few days; you're not used to me yet. Once we get to know each other better, maybe you'll feel differently about me..."

Stephan gasped

The familiar line: "We don't know each other very well yet..."

Alana steeled herself and refused, "Luca, I'm sorry. I think... we might not be a good match..."

Luca swallowed.

As he turned his sorrowful gaze, he saw Stephan wearing an expression as if he were watching a show.

That guy really deserves a punch!

Not only did his confession fail, but now he was being mocked?!

Gritting his teeth, he pointed at Stephan with a look of defiance. "What about him? You turned me down, so you can't just let him get away with anything! He's a bigger jerk than I am, he's actually forcing his love on you!"

Alana blinked.

Stephan looked at her with a calm, composed expression, eager to hear what she would say.

Would she say she couldn't refuse him, that she liked the way he forced his love on her? Just thinking about it made him look forward to it.

But to his surprise, he saw Alana fidgeting as if she didn't know how to explain if she was rejecting Stephan or not.

Stephan's teeth clenched as he got a cold feeling. He felt she might say something to make Luca feel better.

He couldn't allow that!

So loudly, he let out.

"Alana can't reject me. She already took my virginity. And you know how attached one can get with their first time, she has to marry me now."

The air instantly grew shockingly quiet. If a pin was dropped at that moment, it'd have been heard loudly.

Luca was beyond speechless, he tried to say something but no words came out.

In the end, Alana didn't even need Stephan to escort her out; she was too embarrassed to stay any longer, so she grabbed his hand and ran off as fast as she could.

Oh my god, how embarrassing!

How could he be so shameless as to say something so brazen?!

Doesn't he feel ashamed?

After dragging the man away, she pulled him to a secluded spot under a tree where no one was around.

Alana couldn't help but glare at him and began to scold him, "Stephan! Have you forgotten what you promised me? We agreed not to cause trouble, and yet you...you actually..."

Her face flushed bright red with anger, making her look just like a ripe red apple, exuding an alluring fragrance.

But to the man, her fierce expression looked no different from a little kitten with its fur all ruffled.

Absolutely adorable.

Stephan naturally wrapped his arm around her slender waist, his large hand

gently caressing the soft flesh there, partly to soothe her, partly to take advantage of the moment.

“I didn’t cause any trouble. I was just helping you. That man has a thing for you. I was just helping you turn him down, so he’d give up on you for good.”

Alana said earnestly, “I’ve already turned him down clearly.”

He eyed her. “Not thoroughly enough. Just turning him down won’t put an end to his ulterior motives toward you.”

Alana gasped.

What ulterior motives?

As if he also didn’t have any toward her.

Stephan rubbed her delicate little face and said with a straight face, “Look, now that he knows we’re as close as can be, that should serve as a stern warning to him, he surely won’t be so pathetic as to keep meddling, will he?”

Alana frowned, momentarily unable to refute him.

In fact, she even felt there was some truth to what he said.

But the moment she thought about what he’d just said, her sense of shame flared up again.

Couldn’t he have helped her turn him down in a more decent way?

Like saying they had kissed or something?

Well, then again, Luca had already seen them kiss before.

Ugh, ugh, ugh, how did she let herself get swept up in this? They weren’t even boyfriend and girlfriend yet!

“But I really feel so embarrassed. After tomorrow, how am I supposed to face Luca?”

Stephan had been waiting for her to say exactly that, and he smiled.

“Then don’t face him. Quit that part-time job tomorrow, become my girlfriend, and I’ll take care of you.”

Alana scoffed.

That must be his real motive, right?!

He wanted to successfully lure her away?!

She spoke very seriously, “Do you have any idea how much weight those words carry?”

He didn’t actually think it meant just putting food on the table, did he?!

Stephan cupped her face and said with rare sincerity, “I’ll hand over all my bank cards to you. Is that enough?”

Alana’s breath caught in her throat.

Hand over all his bank cards?

Could he... really bring himself to do that?

He wouldn’t just hand her the cards and then forbid her from spending it, would he?

After all, in this day and age, stingy and unreasonable men were a dime a dozen.

Just a few days ago, she heard one of her female coworkers complain about her

boyfriend: he’d given her his card but wouldn’t let her use it, claiming it was for saving up for a wedding.

But he kept asking her to transfer money to him every few days. And it was the female colleague’s own money he was transferring from.

He was just too stingy to spend his own salary, yet he was willing to spend his girlfriend’s.

Hmm... hard to judge.

What was even harder to judge was that the female colleague hadn’t broken up with this boyfriend yet.

Maybe love does make people stupid sometimes.

She didn’t want to ever be stupid again.

So, she said very matter-of-factly, “I don’t want your cards.”

Stephan was taken aback.

He would hand her his bank cards, and she wasn’t even fazed?!

Just one of his cards was worth at least several billion dollars.

Sure enough, she was the kind of woman he’d set his sights on, one who wouldn’t bow to pressure for a pittance.

Any ordinary woman would be desperate to cling to his powerful influence and call him “Sugar Daddy.”

Stephan curved his lips and continued to sweet-talk her, “Then take me. With me, you’ll have everything.”

Alana grimaced.

This bad boy, his abacus beads were practically flying at her face.

Doesn’t he just want to be her boyfriend?

Does he really have to be so roundabout about it?

She snorted, unmoved. “I can’t just take you on a whim, you failed today’s evaluation! Points deducted! If you keep losing points, we’ll have to extend the evaluation period.”

Stephan’s eyes dilated.

It suddenly felt as if the sky was falling!

How could there be such a thing as losing points in an evaluation?

He furrowed his thick brows. “I refuse to accept this! Why are you deducting points from me? I clearly performed well.”

Alana really felt that this man needed some serious discipline; otherwise, he’d

just be disobedient.

She said sternly, “You have the nerve to say that? You didn’t let me properly handle the situation with Luca. You just went ahead and told him I took your virginity? And what? We’re getting married because of that?! Yesterday you said you’d listen to me, but today you started acting up. You say one thing but do another, that’s why I’m deducting points!”

Stephan pouted.

What was that little cherry mouth chattering about? None of it was what he wanted to hear.

She was just asking to be kissed!

“I was just trying to help you...”

“There are plenty of ways to help, you didn’t have to pick the most embarrassing one!” Watching the young girl speak so earnestly and logically, the man found himself unable to get the better of her for the moment.

Not bad, she really was the little white rabbit he had trained; she was getting smarter and smarter.

Stephan paused for a moment, raising an eyebrow slightly. “Fine, whatever you say goes. After all, I’m the kind of guy who listens to his girlfriend.”

Alana pursed her lips.

She really knew how to push her luck.

Stephan changed the subject. “But you can’t just give me all demerits, can you? I brought you a bouquet of roses today, can’t you give me a little reward?”

Alright, the man really was one step ahead.

She hesitated for a moment, then reluctantly gave in. Her soft lips parted slightly. “Alright, I’ll give you bonus points for the roses. That evens things out. I won’t deduct any points from you today.”

Stephan curved his lips, wrapped his arms tightly around her waist, and asked in a low voice, “It’s still early. Want to give me a chance to earn some points?”

Alana gasped.

What kind of chance to earn points?

What else did he want to do?

The man slowly leaned in toward her, his warm breath carrying a tantalizing scent.

“Come to my place. I’ll let you feel my abs.”

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Chapter 125 Hold you to sleep

Chapter 125 Hold you to sleep

Alana's delicate, pretty face flushed a deep crimson at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Every pore felt hot, as if it were about to boil over.

She was so embarrassed she couldn't control herself; her beautiful eyes grew moist, looking incredibly delicate.

"I...I don't want to..."

Making her touch his abs was just an excuse, he was really just looking out for himself, wasn't he?

What a scheming guy!

She knew exactly what he was up to and wouldn't fall for it so easily.

Stephan's eyes were dark and brooding, like an abyss that seemed capable of drawing her in and swallowing her whole.

"It's free. Are you sure you don't want to?"

Alana's cheeks flushed crimson as she stammered.

"No, I don't want to. I'm going home..."

If she went back to his place with him, it was far from certain she'd be able to go home tonight.

Stephan's gazed at the girl's fair, alluring face, his eyes burning with intensity. "Your underwear is still hanging on my balcony. Are you sure you want to go home?"

She almost forgot, the clothes she'd changed into last time were still at his place.

She took a deep breath and suggested earnestly, "Why don't you just throw them away?"

The man gazed at her delicate, beautiful features, his voice low and hoarse. "You've worn them. They carry your scent. I can't bear to throw them away."

Alana screamed, internally.

She couldn't stand him anymore!

How can he be this seductive!

The man coaxed her, softly, "Be a good girl, come home with me. I promise I won't do anything bad to you."

Alana looked at him suspiciously with her almond-shaped eyes.

Really?

Stephan gently rubbed her warm little cheek, his voice so soft it seemed it could melt ice.

"I'm not lying. After all, I still need to win you over."

"Alright."

She couldn't very well leave her clothes at a man's house and let him get up to no good with them, could she?!

And so, Alana was talked into going with him. But she soon regretted it.

The moment she stepped into his place, he pulled her into his arms and started kissing her.

Within minutes, her lips were swollen from his kisses. She glared at him with teary eyes, her expression a mix of petulance and anger. "You rascal, you tricked me again!"

Stephan sat her down on the sofa for a brief rest. He buried his handsome face in the crook of her neck, where her scent lingered, nuzzling her gently. His tone was a mix of coaxing and teasing. "I didn't trick you, it was just a kiss. I'm not allowed to touch you, but a quick kiss to stop the itch, that's okay, right?"

Alana pouted.

A kiss? That was going too far.

In this day and age, do people kiss even if they aren't dating?

Stephan suddenly grabbed her soft little hand.

"Since you're already here, do you want to feel my abs?"

Her eyes widened.

Why was he still thinking about that?

Why was he so eager for her to touch his abs?

Was he trying to please her, or was he just trying to please himself?

She turned her face away. "I'm not touching them."

"It's a free perk, are you sure you don't want to touch them?"

"I'm sure!"

He watched the girl, her expression as resolute as a party member, completely unmoved.

Stephan raised an eyebrow and let out a low, sexy chuckle.

Then, right in front of her, without a care in the world, he slowly undid the buttons of his shirt.

One by one.

Alana caught a glimpse of this out of the corner of her eye, and her eyelid twitched, violently.

The buttons, which had been neatly fastened, came undone one by one, slowly parting at the collar.

Those sexy, muscular contours burst into her line of sight.

Especially the man's well-defined, rock-hard eight-pack abs, each muscle was symmetrical and powerful, exuding strength.

Alana had been too shy to look at first, but before she knew it, she was captivated by his movements, her gaze glued to him.

It had to be said, he really had a great physique.

It was the classic “slim in clothes, muscular when undressed” physique.

He was in perfect shape, nothing like those muscle-bound guys at the gym whose bodies were built from nothing but high-protein supplements. It looks bulky and powerful.

Stephan calmly observed her reaction. “Do you like it?”

Her inner thoughts were in turmoil.

How does he know that seeing his abs always fries her senses?

On the surface, however, she remained composed. “It’s just okay.”

Stephan raised an eyebrow, seeing through her act but choosing not to call her out, and continued to seduce her.

“I’ve already undone the clothes for you. Want to touch?”

Alana held back. “No way!”

“Then touch something else.”

The man undid all the buttons, his long fingers still resting on his black belt buckle.

It seemed as though he intended to unbuckle it.

Alana was startled and quickly grabbed his hand. But she accidentally brushed against...

A deep, hoarse voice emerged from the man’s moving throat, laced with a heavy, ragged breath.

As if he were suppressing something.

Alana’s hand trembled with fear, and she hurriedly pulled it back. Stephan’s deep, dark eyes fixed on the girl’s flushed cheeks, his gaze hiding a surging tide of desire.

“Why did you pull your hand back so fast? Don’t you want to keep touching me?”

Alana’s face flushed crimson as she scolded him, “Stephan, it’s the middle of the night, don’t get any ideas!”

The man thought wickedly to himself: it was precisely because it was late at night that he was acting this way. The perfect time to get ideas.

Alana couldn’t help but push him away. “Let me go! I need to get my clothes!”

She was so shy she didn't dare let her eyes wander, afraid of catching a glimpse of something she shouldn't see.

He was too naughty; she was no match for him. The man seized the opportunity to demand, "Be a good girl, touch my..."

"No, uh..."

Just as she was about to refuse, the man captured her soft, delicate lips with a kiss, stealing her breath away.

Then, he took her small hand and placed it on his abs. But it wasn't just his abs...

"Mmm, mmm, mmm..." Alana's almond-shaped eyes widened in shock. She wanted to escape, but there was nowhere to run.

The man, overcome with passion, released her lips only to bite her earlobe, panting heavily.

His eyes were dark and intense, burning with heat.

Alana felt scorched by his gaze; her whole body trembled as if on fire, with nowhere to hide.

It was over.

He was holding her hand against his cock and guiding her to stroke him over and over again.

Her delicate hands went limp once again.

The man's stamina was outrageously intense!

So long it made her want to curse!

Stephan tenderly kissed her eyebrows and eyes, as if to soothe her.

He pulled her close again, wrapping his arms around her slender waist and holding her tightly against him.

"Don't go home tonight. I want to sleep holding you."

A man sated with pleasure, his body and mind brimming with contentment.

Even his tone carried a lazy, contented air. Alana was breathing slightly heavily, her face and body both an excessively delicate

pink.

She exuded a bashful air.

She was both embarrassed and annoyed.

“Stop it. Don’t push your luck.”

Stephan held her tightly, savoring her scent.

“I don’t want to let you go. If you leave, I’ll be left alone in this empty house, I won’t even be able to sleep soundly.”

Alana glared at him, fuming, “How did you sleep all by yourself before you met me?”

Stephan leaned down and kissed her forehead. “Before, I didn’t have a woman. Now that I do, it’s naturally different. I want to hold you in my arms every night.”

Alana stood her ground firmly, “No!”

Every night?

What will he ask for next?

That they move in together?

Gosh, he was coming on too strong!

Stephan raised an eyebrow. “When will you let me hold you to sleep then?”

Alana replied. “Not until you’re officially my boyfriend.”

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Chapter 126 To burn again

Chapter 126 To burn again

“Tonight, didn’t you make it seem to Luca that I’m your boyfriend?”

Alana gritted her teeth. “I was forced into it!”

In that situation, back then, how could she have gone about things.”

“I don’t care. The fact is, I’m your boyfriend now, and there’s no getting out of it.”

Alana blinked.

How did she end up with such a bully who just loved to pick on people?!

Unable to do anything about him, she could only mutter weakly, “Minus points!”

Stephan looked at her amusedly. “It seems you’re upset because I was too focused on my own pleasure tonight and forgot to give you some, so you’re holding a grudge.”

Alana huffed, “No way!”

“But you deducted points from me. So, I’ll just have to give myself some points back.”

With that, the man slowly pushed the girl down onto the sofa.

Alana, pinned beneath the man, instantly grew tense, her soft hands pressing helplessly against his chest.

A gentle resistance.

But it looked more like she was playing hard to get.

“Stop, I was just joking. I won’t deduct your points.” A soft, timid voice drifted over, like feathers tickling and brushing against his skin, shamelessly teasing his eardrums and stirring his heart.

Could any man possibly resist?!

Stephan’s eyes darkened intensely as his long fingers slipped beneath her skirt, gently tracing the delicate skin of her thigh.

Tonight, she was wearing a black pleated skirt that fell just above her knees, a length that made it all too easy for a man to get his hands on her.

“Whether you deduct points or not, it won’t stop me from wanting to keep scoring.”

“Stephan!”

“Mm, I’m here.”

“Don’t... don’t go too far...”

“Okay, I won’t go too far. I’ll just make you feel good.”

Alana simply couldn’t resist, and the man got his way.

Mainly because he was pressing against her panties and already had her unbearable aroused.

And when he pushed her panties aside and slid two fingers inside of her, she moaned out, an intense pleasure took over her senses.

When it was over, she was completely drained of energy, soaked through, and lay limp in his arms.

Her cheeks were flushed an unnatural shade of red, her eyelashes damp, and the corners of her beautiful eyes were reddened.

Clearly, she had just endured the man’s undeniable skills.

Stephan gazed at the girl in his arms, as delicate and blooming as a flower bud, his dark eyes sparkling and radiant.

He was thrilled.

“Are you satisfied?”

Alana felt ashamed and didn’t want to answer.

But she couldn’t deny that his technique had, in fact, given her so much pleasure.

It was like a frog in slowly heating water, he had been teasing her at a leisurely pace.

The sensation of pleasure built up bit by bit, until it finally erupted completely.

She had no idea where he’d learned all those dirty tricks.

Using just two of his fingers, he had her...

The more she thought about it, the more tensed she felt.

Stephan gently pinched the soft flesh at the girl's waist and said in a low, husky voice, with utter shamelessness.

"A man like me, who knows how to please his woman, aren't you going to let me take the lead already? Once this opportunity is gone, it's gone for good."

Alana was utterly flustered.

She thought to herself, "Here we go again!"

Here he goes again with his self-promotion.

How shameless!

Did he climb the ranks by being shameless?!

She wasn't going to let him get his way so easily.

"I'm going home."

Stephan thought to himself, "She wants to go home, does she?"

She's been reduced to this, look at her, all delicate and limp, like a broken doll.

He snorted softly, amused. "Your underwear's soaked. How are you going to get home? Shouldn't you take a shower here and change into some clean clothes first?"

Alana's face flushed crimson.

Aaaah!

This was all his fault!

He actually got her underwear wet.

She strongly suspected he did it on purpose!

He deliberately didn't help her take them, only pushed them to the side and made her cum, he did it on purpose!

Seeing the girl blushing and not answering, Stephan gave a mischievous smile, then picked her up and strode upstairs.

The man carried Alana back to his room and headed straight for the bathroom. Realizing what he intended to do, She squirmed slightly.

“I’ll wash myself.”

Stephan looked down at her. “Weren’t your legs too weak to walk just a moment ago? Are you sure you can wash yourself?”

Alana’s ears burned again.

This jerk, he was always trying to get frisky at the drop of a hat.

He looked so cool and reserved when he was wearing a suit.

But why was he so inappropriate?

Was he this unprofessional with other people too?

With her face flushed, she gritted her teeth.

“You can go now.”

Stephan raised an eyebrow, his tone bitter.

“So you’re saying I didn’t use enough force just now.”

Alana gasped.

He lowered his head, biting her rosy earlobe, and continued his seductive

whispers in a hoarse voice.

“If I switched to something else, it might just make your legs go completely weak so you can’t walk.”

Ashamed, Alana struggled to free herself, slid off him, and ran into the bathroom

without looking back.

He just went straight for the action, how could an innocent, untouched young woman like her possibly handle that?!

Hiding in the bathroom, Alana quickly locked the door.

Stephan heard the click of the lock and chuckled softly.

They’d done this countless times already, yet she was still guarding against him as if he were a thief.

Did she really think she could keep him out completely?

“Aren’t you going to grab some clean clothes to change into? If you really want to wear my bathrobe, never mind.”

With no other choice, Alana unlocked the door again, opened it, and poked her head out slightly.

The girl’s petite face was as fair as jade, delicate and beautiful. Her clear eyes were as pure and luminous as a mountain spring.

“Could you bring me some clean clothes?”

Stephan’s heart melted at the sight, and he laughed in a low, magnetic voice, “Call me ‘husband,’ and I’ll grant your wish.”

She scoffed.

This rascal, he took every chance he got to tease her.

Even in bed, he’d force her to call him “husband” in every way possible.

Who knows what kind of devilish kink that was.

She didn’t want to indulge him, so she teased, “Don’t you want to earn any extra points?”

Apparently, bringing her clean clothes was considered a way to earn points.

Stephan raised an eyebrow. Was it really that easy to earn points?

Still, he hoped she’d make it a bit harder for him, like using more techniques in bed or satisfying her in some way.

The man nodded. “Fine, I’ll bring you the clothes, but you have to give me the ones you took off. I’ll wash them for you myself.”

Alana shot him a playful glare.

Has he gotten addicted to washing her clothes?!

As soon as she changed, he’ll wash them right away, she was not giving them to him this time!

Stephan decided not to tease her anymore and quickly handed her the clean clothes,

including her washed underwear.

Alana took the clothes and quickly locked the door.

Then she inspected her outfit.

The dress wasn't the blue one she'd been wearing before, but a new, champagne-colored spaghetti-strap dress.

He bought her a new dress again?!

She had to admit, the new dress was actually quite pretty.

It was a fitted dress with a pretty bow tucked at the small of her back.

As for her underwear, it was the set he had hand-washed for her last time.

The thought of him personally using his hands, rubbing and kneading it over and over again.

Gently caressing them over and over again, Alana's ears began to burn again.

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Chapter 127 Deep night

Chapter 127 Deep night

Such a tantalizing sensation.

And surely he wouldn't... have done anything naughty with her underwear, would he?

Given that man's secretive and mischievous nature, it wasn't entirely impossible.

The more she thought about it, the hotter she felt. Alana shook her head, trying to banish those inappropriate thoughts.

Come to think of it, the man's bathroom was much larger than hers, almost as big as her bedroom.

In addition to the shower, there was an enormous bathtub. That massive bathtub, the last time he and she...

Recalling that memory, she decisively decided against using the tub.

Besides that, she noticed quite a few feminine products in the bathroom.

For example, pink towels, a pink bathrobe, and pink slippers.

Even the toothbrush and cup were the same style as the ones he used.

So were these couple sets?!

Clearly, none of these items were there the last time she used his bathroom, yet now they've suddenly appeared?!

A word suddenly popped into her mind. Long-planned.

After her shower, Alana sauntered over, wearing a skirt.

She'd expected to face a dangerous double-team from the man, but to her surprise, he wasn't even there?!

The room was empty. Where had he gone?

Could it be that he didn't want to take her home and was hiding on purpose?!

No way, she had to find him!

Wearing the pink bunny slippers he'd bought her, Alana headed toward the door.

She gripped the doorknob, slowly opened the door, and saw a man leaning against the staircase, his back to her.

The man was wearing a gray bathrobe, his hair dripping wet, and steam rising from his body, he had clearly just finished showering.

He held a cell phone to his ear, talking on the phone. His voice was deep, tinged with impatience.

"Mom, can you please stop linking me to that woman, Darla? I've told you I don't have any feelings for her."

Since he had the speakerphone on, the conversation carried over, and Alana heard it clearly.

It was a woman's voice, sounding resentful.

"You didn't feel anything at first, but if you try to get along with her, won't those feelings come naturally? Darla is beautiful, talented, and has great poise. She has so many suitors, you'd be hard-pressed to find someone like her even if you searched high and low. Stop being so picky, or you'll miss your chance!"

"This morning, she finally took the initiative to approach you and strike up a conversation, and you actually told her to stay away from you? Is that any way to treat a girl? That's so rude! You could at least have been polite and exchanged a few words with her!"

Stephan furrowed his brow. "Mom, did she go tattletale on me to you?"

Cynthia replied indignantly, "What do you mean 'tattletale'? I was just curious about

how things were going between you two, so I asked her a few questions. She was all evasive and didn't want to tell me the truth, I had to press her before she finally opened up!"

"And after that, she even spoke up for you, telling me not to blame you. Tell me, where else are you going to find such a well-behaved and sensible daughter-in-law?!"

Stephan remained unmoved, a hint of derision flickering in his eyes. "Hah. She's quite the hypocrite, one thing on the surface, another behind the scenes."

Cynthia frowned. "What do you mean, 'one thing on the surface, another behind the scenes'? Don't think so badly of that young lady! Darla has been with me day and night for so long; I know what her true character is like. She's just too kind, too gentle, and too meek, that's why you've been able to treat her so badly!"

"Fine, I get it. In your eyes, Darla is perfect, better than your own son. You don't believe a word your son says, but you believe every word another woman says. If that's the case, you might as well just adopt her as your daughter."

"What do you mean, adopt her as a daughter?! I want her to be my daughter-in-law..."

"That won't happen. Not even in your next life!" Without giving Cynthia a chance to speak further, the man hung up the phone.

Alana had unconsciously listened to the entire conversation and felt conflicted.

Just as she saw the man hang up and turn to come over, feeling inexplicably guilty, she instinctively closed the door and ran back inside.

But right now, her mind was in a complete jumble.

Her mind was filled with the words Stephan had exchanged with his mother.

Stephan had mentioned that his mother had set him up on a blind date.

He said he didn't like her, but his mother seemed very pleased and kept urging him to date her.

Moreover, according to his mother, the girl was beautiful, accomplished, and had excellent poise.

Clearly, she was a lady of good family.

But Alana herself, had nothing to her name. How could she possibly compare to someone like that? For some reason, her mood grew unusually gloomy.

It felt as if a slice of lemon had suddenly been stuffed into her mouth, it was bitter and sour.

Just then, the door opened again, and a tall, slender figure walked in at a leisurely pace.

Alana took a deep breath, trying to gather her scattered and complicated emotions.

Stephan walked in and saw the girl standing in the center of the bedroom.

She stood with her back to him, stiff as a board.

She was wearing the champagne-colored strapless dress he'd bought for her, her back revealing a delicate, beautiful collarbone, white and smooth enough to glow.

He spoke, "Finished showering?"

Alana turned around, her face betraying no trace of emotion, she was completely calm.

She nodded. "Yes, I'm done. Take me home."

Stephan felt a little sad. He had tried every trick in the book to get her to stay, even preparing toiletries and clothes for her.

But she still insisted on going home.

He walked over to her, wrapped his arms around her slender waist again, and coaxed her in a low voice.

“Why don’t you just stay here? You can sleep in my bed; I’ll take the guest room.”

To make her stay, he was willing to make a sacrifice, he’d just lie down on any bed; it didn’t matter if he was all alone. He was okay as long as she was in his house.

Alana shook her head stubbornly. “No, I have to go home.”

Because of the conversation he’d just had with his mother, her mind was in a complete jumble. She needed to go home to calm down and think things through.

If she stayed here, she wouldn’t be able to think straight. Stephan sighed and reluctantly agreed.

“Alright, I’ll take you home.”

When would she finally accept him?

The wait was truly agonizing.

Stephan drove Alana to the entrance of her apartment complex.

He wanted to walk her up to her apartment, but she refused.

She was afraid the neighbors would see them and start gossiping.

The last time she was with him in the elevator, two middle-aged women from the neighborhood saw them. By the next day, the story had spread everywhere, with people saying she’d brought a man home who wasn’t her boyfriend.

They also said she had loose morals, didn’t know how to behave at such a young age, and was fooling around behind her boyfriend’s back.

Even though she had clearly explained to those two older women that Stephan was just a friend, she was still the subject of all sorts of gossip.

So now she was being more careful; if she could avoid bringing men home, she would be happy. Alana unbuckled her seatbelt, said goodbye to the man, and was about to leave.

Stephan reminded her, “Don’t forget to take the flowers with you.”

Alana picked up the bouquet of ninety-nine roses he had given her.

The scent of the flowers was still as rich as ever.

“Thank you. Goodbye.”

“Mm-hmm.”

Stephan leaned in close and kissed her cheek. “Good night. Remember to dream of me tonight.”

Alana’s cheeks flushed slightly as she gazed with a complex expression at the handsome face of the man mere inches away. Her lips trembled, as if she wanted to say something.

But in the end, she said nothing. She turned around, opened the car door, and walked away.

As she walked a few steps away from the car, she couldn’t help but glance back at the man inside.

The man raised an eyebrow slightly, a smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

As always, he reminded her, “Once you’re inside, remember to lock the door. Be careful. And call me if you need anything.”

Alana bit her lip, nodded, and only then turned to go back.

This time, she didn’t look back once as her figure gradually faded into the deep night.

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Chapter 128 Anxiety and unease

Chapter 128 Anxiety and unease

Stephan watched the girl’s slender figure walk away, his eyes darkening.

She was clearly disturbed by something tonight.

She had been fine at first, but for some reason, she had become deeply preoccupied. Thinking of the complicated look in her eyes when she had just glanced back at him, the man's gaze grew even heavier.

So, what exactly was she hiding from him?

Alana returned home and carefully placed the ninety-nine roses on the coffee table. The flowers were still in full bloom, dazzlingly beautiful.

As Alana looked at them, she couldn't suppress the sweet joy welling up inside her. But beneath that sweetness and joy, she was also enveloped by a sense of melancholy. What should she do? After all this time spent together and entangled in this relationship, it seemed she had truly developed special feelings for him.

When she was with him, that fluttering, joyful sensation was very intense.

It made her realize clearly that she seemed to have truly fallen for him.

So much so that she wanted to be with him and start a romantic relationship. But if she were to start a relationship with him, how long would it last?

After all, his mother seems to have a better, more suitable match in mind for him. If it wouldn't last long, it would be better...if they never get together at all. But she was reluctant to let go.

Alana suddenly felt her eyes grow warm and moist; she raised her hand to wipe them, leaving a wet smudge behind.

She furrowed her brow slightly, her voice taking on a faint nasal tone. "I'm actually crying. How annoying."

As far as she could remember, it had been a long time since she had last cried.

Even when she got her heart broken recently, she didn't cry.

She just felt deeply sad.

She remembered that the hardest she'd ever cried was when she was a child, back when her parents divorced and abandoned her.

She begged them not to abandon her, promising she would be a good girl.

She promised to be obedient, to never fight or cause trouble, and to take good care of them when she grew up.

But they still cruelly abandoned her.

It was her grandmother who took her in.

She remembered locking herself in a dark, cramped room back then, crying for a very, very long time, so hard that her eyes swelled shut, and she didn't eat a single bite.

In the end, her grandmother said she hadn't eaten for three days and three nights and had nearly starved to death in that room.

Alana took a deep breath, suppressing those long-buried memories.

She walked into the bathroom, turned on the faucet, cupped her hands to splash water on her face, and washed her face.

Then she looked up and saw the girl in the mirror, her eyes slightly red. The girl forced a smile. "Lana, don't cry. Be strong."

Her life had only just begun; she still had a long road ahead of her. Letting go of Stephan wasn't the end of the world.

After Alana and Stephan left, Luca felt something was off the more he thought about it.

Could it be that he'd fallen into a trap set by that girl Eve?!

She claimed Alana was being harassed by a pervert, forced into a relationship, and needed him to save her!

To him, Alana didn't exactly look like she needed saving.

Could that girl be playing him?

The more Luca thought about it, the angrier he got. He couldn't help but grab his car keys and storm over to Eve's place.

Eve was sitting at home when, out of the blue, she let out several loud sneezes. She had no idea how things were going with Luca.

Would he be able to win over her best friend?

After all, Luca was her childhood friend,

she knew him inside and out. He was a decent guy, and if he could successfully date her best friend, that wouldn't be so bad.

It would certainly be better than that pervert who only knows how to harass her best friend, right?!

If Luca manages to win Alana over, with him protecting her, maybe that guy who's been pestering her won't dare to be so arrogant anymore.

Never mind that, she'd better call Alana first to see what was going on with her.

Just as she was about to pull out her phone, she heard a loud pounding on the door.

"Eve, open the door!"

That voice sounded so familiar!

Eve walked over to open the door and, unsurprisingly, saw Luca's familiar face.

She was surprised. "Luca, what are you doing here?"

Luca was seething with anger. "And you have the nerve to ask me that?! Lana and that man clearly has a thing for each other. Why did you lie to me and say he was just a

suitor? Do you have any idea how embarrassing it was for me to confess my feelings to her right in front of her boyfriend, he even said he was going to marry her and she didn't deny it!"

Eve blinked.

What just happened?

Why couldn't she make sense of it?

How did Alana end up dating that guy who "bullied" her? Wasn't she still planning to get to know him better?

"Wait, you said Alana and that man are dating, did she admit that herself?"

Luca glared at her. "She kept taking his side! That's enough answer. I'm not dumb."

"You little brat, you've really put me in a bind! How am I supposed to face her now?! And do you have any idea how humiliated I felt today? Not only have I watched them kiss

before in my presence, tonight, her boyfriend also humiliated me like a fool! It's all your fault!"

Eve was still completely baffled, feeling like the situation was taking a weird turn. "Um, Luca, I have no idea how they ended up dating. Lana never told me about this..."

"Don't you dare play dumb with me! How many times have you schemed against me since we were kids? Just wait and see how I'm going to deal with you this time!"

Without another word, Luca grabbed Eve by the ear.

He yanked her fair, delicate ear so hard she screamed in pain.

"Oh my, Luca, it's not my fault you got humiliated, it's a case of one willing to strike, the other willing to be struck..."

Luca laughed in exasperation, tightening his grip on her ear even more. "You brat, you actually dare to talk back to me!"

He didn't hold back, reaching out to slap Eve's back again and again.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

The sound was deafening.

Eve wailed incessantly, "Oh my, Luca, I'm sorry...I won't do it again next time!"

"You say that every time, but you keep doing it anyway, treating me like a fool!"

Luca cursed under his breath, ready to keep going, when suddenly, a screeching brake sound rang out behind them.

Immediately afterward, a blinding beam of high beams shone down on them.

Caught in the center of the glare, Luca and Eve were nearly blinded by the light.

Luca was forced to stop his outburst against Eve. He shielded his eyes with his hand and turned his head to glance back.

A black Maybach appeared before him, imposing and arrogant.

Even through the blinding white glare, he could still feel an icy, piercing stare emanating from inside the car.

Eve's pupils contracted. "Oh no! My boyfriend, who was away on a business trip, is back."

Luca's eyelid twitched violently.

What the hell kind of coincidence was this?!

As far as he knew, Eve's boyfriend was a shrewd operator, not someone to cross. It was best to keep his distance.

He turned around and gave Eve a hard poke on the forehead. "I'll let you off today! I'll settle the score with you another day!"

With that, he slunk away.

The headlights followed him like a shadow, as if his fate were being choked by a noose, nearly causing him to trip and fall flat on his face.

It wasn't until Luca had completely driven away that the high beams finally went out.

Through the open car window, Eve finally got a clear look at the man inside.

His profile was sharp and chiseled, almost too angular and sleek.

In the interplay of dim and yellow light, he exuded a chilling, ghostly aura.

Eve couldn't help but shiver.

Thinking about how he had just seen her struggling with Luca, her heart began to race, filled with anxiety and unease.

Alana didn't go to sleep until well past midnight, all to arrange the flowers Stephan had given her.

She carefully trimmed each stem one by one before placing them in a vase.

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Chapter 129 Right back in

Chapter 129 Right back in

When the vase ran out of space, Alana put them in a bucket.

She made sure every single one was taken care of, so none would go to waste. Still, ninety-nine roses were just too much trouble to manage.

Next time, she shouldn't let him send her that many.

Otherwise, it'd take too much of her time.

Still, once everything was set up, seeing the room filled with roses and breathing in their refreshing fragrance was enough to lift her spirits.

But because she had gone to bed late, she was woken up by the alarm early in the morning, her head feeling heavy and clearly sleep-deprived.

She grabbed her phone, turned off the alarm, and just then saw that Luca had sent her a message.

Luca:[Lana, I left for a business trip this morning. I'm not sure how long I'll be gone, so I'm counting on you and your boyfriend to take care of my two pets.]

Alana swallowed.

It was a bit sudden.

Little did she know that after giving Eve a piece of his mind last night, Luca had packed his bags in the middle of the night and left on a business trip.

His confession had been rejected, and the girl he liked was already taken, there was no point in staying any longer.

If he couldn't make it work in love, he had to at least make it work in his career!

So he made a snap decision and rushed off on a business trip!

Alana replied.

Alana: [Okay, Luca, go ahead and leave with peace of mind. I'll take good care of your two pets]

She had originally thought it would be awkward to run into Luca in the future, but

now that he was away on a business trip and there was no chance of them meeting, the awkwardness was gone.

After replying, she exited the chat with Luca and, for some reason, clicked into the chat with Stephan.

Their chat history was still from yesterday.

So, should she... send him a “Good morning”?

But then she remembered something, her eyes darkening slightly, and she silently put her phone down.

Suddenly, the screen lit up.

Alana instinctively picked up her phone to look.

[Good morning, girlfriend.]

It was from Stephan.

Alana’s cheeks flushed.

He was getting more and more comfortable calling her “girlfriend.”

And yet, she didn’t mind it at all.

Suddenly, she realized that in their current situation, aside from the fact that she hadn’t explicitly agreed to be his girlfriend, they’d already done everything a couple would normally do.

Alana thought for a moment, then replied, “Good morning.”

Stephan’s had just woken up and finished his workout. Thinking back to how preoccupied Alana had looked last night, he couldn’t resist sending her a message to test the waters.

After all, the bird that took the bait got the worm.

Seeing that Alana had replied, he couldn’t help but breathe a sigh of relief.

If his little bunny was still willing to acknowledge him, things couldn’t be too serious.

He raised an eyebrow and shot her another text.

Stephan: [Miss me?]

Alana: [No.]

He snorted. He didn't believe her!

Anyway, if it wasn't what he wanted to hear, he wouldn't believe it.

As if something occurred to him, he typed another message.

Stephan: I just wanted to let my girlfriend know that I'm going on a two-day business trip. I'll be gone for two days, remember to miss me.]

A ripple of emotion stirred within Alana, and her eyes and brows curved into a smile involuntarily.

After a moment's thought, since he was away on a business trip, she decided to let her guard down.

[Okay.]

Seeing that single word, "Okay," the man's lips curled into a pleased smile.

He actually believed that.

Stephan: [While I'm away, don't go sneaking around with other men behind my back, especially that fucking Luca.]

Alana blinked her beautiful almond-shaped eyes. Luca was away on a business trip, how could he still be hitting on her?

Still, she obediently replied.

[Okay.]

Stephan snorted with a laugh, unable to hold back any longer, and muttered a complaint.

Stephan: [You're acting like a bot.]

Alana gasped.

Bot?

Did he mean robot?

No, she heard of bots before.

Now she wanted to know the specific meaning.

So Alana silently went online and looked it up on google.

“Human-machine” originally referred to a gaming term for non-player characters (NPCs) controlled by computer programs. It later evolved into internet slang used to describe people whose behavior is rigid, socially dismissive, or lacking in human warmth. The specific meaning depends on the context.

So, does Stephan think she was being dismissive and lacking in warmth?

After a moment of silence, she found a cute, adorable bunny meme and sent it to him. This way, she wouldn’t seem like a “bot,” right?

Just as she sent it, the man sent an emoji back.

It was a lecherous-looking cute bunny hugging another adorable bunny and nibbling on it.

Alana blushed.

Why were his stickers just as raunchy as he was?

Alana had arranged to meet Eve that afternoon. Because of what happened with Luca yesterday, Eve needed to explain everything to her properly.

They agreed to meet at a local restaurant.

Alana arrived first and ordered a dual-flavor hot pot, one with a tomato broth and the other with a spicy broth. Alana couldn’t handle spicy food very well.

Unlike Eve, who couldn’t live without it.

By the time the hot pot and the side dishes they’d ordered were brought to the table, the long-awaited Eve had finally arrived.

Alana had intended to ask right away, but when she saw Eve looking listless with dark circles under her eyes, she couldn’t help but ask about her condition first.

“Eve, why do you look so pale?”

Eve plopped down across from Alana and sighed deeply. “I didn’t sleep a wink last night. How can I not look bad?”

Alana looked puzzled. “Huh? Why didn’t you sleep all night?”

“I can’t explain it to someone like you. You won’t understand.”

What was that supposed to mean?

She’s piqued my curiosity, but she won’t explain it to me. Bad move!

Eve had just gotten out of bed and rushed straight over to meet Alana.

By now, she was so hungry she could have eaten a whole cow.

Seeing that the broth was simmering, she picked up her chopsticks and started loading her plate with food.

As soon as the food was cooked, she scooped it out, dipped it in sauce, and devoured it, voraciously.

She was eating like a beggar who hadn’t eaten in days.

Alana couldn’t help but say, “Slow down, I’m not going to fight you for it.”

Eve stuffed a mouthful of beef into her mouth, her cheeks puffed out like a hamster’s.

“Lana...why did...you...ask me to come out again? I...I...”

Eve was talking as she ate with speed and Alana couldn’t bear to watch. “Finish eating first.”

Talking while eating, especially so fast, she was genuinely afraid she’d choke.

“It’s fine...Don’t worry about me...Your business is more important... Go ahead...”

Alana took a deep breath and asked, “About Luca giving me roses and confessing his feelings to me, did you encourage him to do that?”

Eve was surprised. “How did you know?...Did you figure out my plan? My original plan was to get Luca to pursue you to rile up that creepy guy who’s been after you...If Luca could win you over, it wouldn’t be a bad thing for you two to be together. With Luca’s capabilities, he should be able to protect you from that guy’s harassment...”

Alana felt a headache coming on. Her best friend had really dug her into a huge hole. “Eve, didn’t I tell you I don’t have any feelings for Luca?”

“You told him to confess to me. If I turn him down, won’t that make things really awkward between us?”

“Lana, are you really not into Luca? He is a nice guy. He’s gentle and honest, definitely better than that creep who bullied you, disrespected you, and kept stalking you, right? I did it to save you!”

“As long as you’re with Luca and he’s protecting you, that guy won’t dare to harass you again!”

Alana pinched the bridge of her nose. Her intentions were good.

But...could she please just stop now?

Besides, Luca couldn’t give Stephan a hard time; instead, he was the one getting the short end of the stick.

She even felt that Luca had been driven to the brink of a nervous breakdown by that scheming, manipulative man, Stephan, it was rather pitiful.

“No, please don’t anything anymore. It’ll just make things even more complicated. Eve, I know you want to help me, but... this approach won’t work. Things between him and me are pretty complicated. It’s best not to let a third person get involved; otherwise, it’ll just make things even more complicated.”

“How can it get any more complicated? It’s just a matter of juggling two men. If you’re a little more calculating, you could even use Luca to test whether that guy’s feelings for you are real!”

“Do you think I’m some kind of heartless woman? Playing with two men’s feelings?”

“Hey, hey, hey, I’d rather you be a heartless woman than a love-struck fool...” She was still eating as she spoke.

Alana pursed her lips. “I’m perfectly clear-headed. I know exactly what I’m doing. I’m definitely not some love-struck fool.”

Hearing this, Eve stopped eating, “So what? What do you want to do?”

Alana paused for a moment, “I’ve already agreed to give him a chance. If he behaves well from now on, I might agree to date him.”

“Pfft...” Caught off guard, Eve spit out a mouthful of vegetables.

If she hadn’t dodged in time, she would have ruined the whole pot of soup.

She started to cough.

Alana jumped to her feet, walked over to Eve, and patted her on the back. “Oh my!”

“I told you not to talk while eating, but you just wouldn’t listen! Now look, it’s all over the place.”

It took Eve a long while to catch her breath.

Her eyes widened. “Wait a minute, I dragged you out of the wolf’s den with all my might, and you just jumped right back in?”

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Chapter 130 In the eye

Chapter 130 In the eye

“What’s the matter? Do you really like being forced by that man?”

Alana blushed. “Don’t be ridiculous. He wasn’t forcing himself on me.”

“Girl, look me in the eye, I dare you to say that to me again?! That’s not what you told me at first!”

Alana looked a bit sheepish. “I didn’t say it was that extreme at first. I think he has his good points, so it was not forced, not all of it.”

Eve pounced on the opening, “Not all of it? So there was some coercion after all?!”

Alana blinked.

Eve’s expression turned serious. “Girl, I can tell, you’ve got a masochistic streak.”

Alana gasped. She was suddenly at a loss for words.

Eve stared at her and continued, “And you’ve already fallen for him, haven’t you?”

She didn’t deny this.

If you like someone, you like them; if you don’t, you don’t.

She could tell the difference clearly.

Just like with Luca, she could refuse him outright.

But when it came to Stephan, she was hesitant and indecisive.

Eve tugged at her hair. “It’s over! Girl, you’re turning into a love-struck fool!”

Alana couldn’t help but defend herself, “It’s not that bad. Besides, I haven’t agreed to anything yet. We’re still in the trial period.”

“What’s the point of this ‘trial period’? Does it stop him from doing whatever he wants with you?”

Not at all, if anything, he was just getting bolder.

Seeing Alana’s reaction, Eve guessed it: not only had she failed to stop him, but he’d taken full advantage of the situation, hadn’t he?!

Based on her experience reading alpha-male romance novels, Alana might’ve even been lured into bed and he must have had his way with her several times over.

Eve sighed. Since she couldn’t stop it, then...

“Forget it, forget it. If you really want to date him, go ahead. After all, we only live once and...”

But just as she was about to agree, Alana hesitated. “Can I really go out with him? Last night, I overheard him talking to his mom. It sounded like she has a girl in mind for him. If I get together with him, will his mom try to separate us?”

Eve immediately perked up. “Oh my goodness, that’s exactly why you have to go for it! According to how the story goes in the novel, his mom will come knocking on your door herself, then throw a few millions, or even tens of millions at you to keep you away from her son! Then you’ll take the money, turn on your heel, and walk away. You’ll have the man, plus the money, becoming a millionaire. Isn’t that just wonderful?!”

Alana was at a total loss for words. “Have you been reading too many novels? Where in the world would something like that ever happen?”

Eve said with a straight face, “What if it really happens? If she actually shows up at your door with money, just don’t turn her down!” It’s all just to get rid of you anyway. If you don’t take the money and just leave, aren’t you getting the short end of the stick?”

“From my experience reading novels, domineering CEOs are quite the workhorses in bed, five or six times a night, or even seven or eight, is no big deal. So take as much as you can; just think of it as compensation for the wear and tear on your body!”

After saying that, Eve couldn't help but rub her aching lower back.

If that man hadn't offered enough, she'd have just run away.

Otherwise, dealing with him day after day like he was an insatiable hungry ghost, she'd lose her slim waist sooner or later.

Alana listened with a sigh of exasperation. Novels again.

Her best friend had really been brainwashed by those novels.

She nodded half-heartedly. “Fine, fine, just eat your meal. I'll think it over myself.”

Anyway, Stephan was going on a business trip for two days, so she had time to cool off and think things through.

Eve seemed to remember something. “By the way, have you really forgotten about you-know-who?”

After all, they were together for quite sometime.

Eve remembered she was also against that relationship as well.

Alana gave a faint smile. “I told you, I forgot about him already.”

He wasn't worth thinking about.

Alana's hadn't expected that the man's business trip would last a whole week.

During that week, she went about her daily routine of commuting to work and her part-time job walking dog and cat.

But without his occasional nagging by her side, she couldn't help but feel that something was missing from her life.

Her heart felt empty.

The last time he was away on a business trip, he was gone for over a week, and she hadn't felt anything out of the ordinary then.

She'd think of him from time to time, but it didn't leave much of a mark.

But this time, she was tasting the bitterness of longing. Even though Stephan would check in with her from time to time while on his business trip and share updates about himself,

But, it always felt like something was missing.

The two of them were simply too far apart. She confided these thoughts to Eve.

Eve scolded her for being weak, saying she'd fallen into a lovesick spell over a

man she hadn't even started dating yet.

Alana sighed, realizing she was thinking about him a bit too much. She decided to push those distracting thoughts aside and focus all her time on her work. Just then, her colleagues nearby suddenly started chatting.

"I heard the manager of our project department is coming today."

"Is that true?"

"It must be true. I overheard some executives talking about it this morning while I was in the elevator."

"Did you hear them mention whether it was a man or a woman?"

"Seems like a guy, not only young, but really handsome, too."

"Really? That's fantastic! I sure don't want to see another bald old goat like Manager Dane."

"Exactly! Not only is he old and ugly, but he's also always harassing women at work!"

"If he's handsome, we can kind of understand, but if he's ugly? Please, just step aside and stop grossing people out!"

Alana was a bit curious. After being vacant for so many days, was the project manager finally being parachuted in?

Just how much clout does this person have for the company to wait this long?

The Deputy Director walked over. "Alana, go to the Starbucks outside and buy twenty

cups of coffee. The project manager is arriving shortly and said he's treating everyone in our department to a cup of Starbucks..."

Alana froze. "Am I supposed to go?"

The deputy director snapped, "Who else? You're an intern, this kind of menial work is naturally your job!"

Alana pouted.

It seems like in the workplace, all kinds of menial tasks were automatically assigned to interns.

Does an intern's life not count as a life?!

She really wanted to snap back with a retort.

But life had already weighed her down.

"Okay, I'll go down right away."

"Hurry up. Be back in half an hour, the manager is almost here!"

Alana sighed.

A round trip in half an hour? Why don't you just fly there?

After the Assistant Director left, Carla leaned in close to Alana and whispered a sarcastic remark.

"She's clearly going through menopause."

Alana agreed wholeheartedly. "I'm off."

Starbucks was near the office, less than 500 meters away, just a few minutes' walk.

It was twenty cups of coffee, and it was taking a while.

She watched as the seconds ticked by.

Alana stood there waiting, glancing at the clock the whole time.

Finally, the coffee was ready, but there were less than five minutes left.

She quickly grabbed the packaged coffee, carrying a few bags in each hand, and jogged back.

When she ran back to the office, she saw someone getting into the elevator.

The elevator doors were about to close.

Alana rushed over frantically, "Please wait a moment!"

Someone pressed the button, and the doors, which hadn't quite closed yet, swung open again.

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Chapter 131 Managed to run

Chapter 131 Managed to run

Alana managed to run inside and immediately said, "Thank you."

Out of breath, she hadn't gotten a good look at the person. She turned to press the button for the fifth floor, only to find that the elevator was already headed there.

She paused in surprise. What a coincidence, it turned out the other person was going to the same floor as her.

At that very moment, an intensely piercing gaze fell upon Alana from behind.

It was a blatant, unashamed scrutiny.

But Alana was in such a hurry to deliver the coffee that she didn't have the mind to notice.

The moment the elevator doors opened, she stepped out without a moment's delay, not sparing the man behind her a single glance.

It wasn't until the man followed her out, his gaze fixed intently on her retreating figure, a look that was both meaningful and complex, that she realized.

Alana placed the coffee she had bought on the counter and spoke to the Deputy director.

The deputy director asked her to serve a cup of coffee to everyone. She added that the new manager was treating everyone.

This sparked curiosity among her colleagues, who was this new manager who was so generous?

Buying everyone Starbucks on their first day on the job.

Alana took a cup, feeling curious herself, and exchanged a few bits of office gossip with Carla.

The deputy director suddenly spoke up,

“He’s here! Everyone, please stand up and welcome our new manager, Manager Cole.”

Everyone stood up and applauded in welcome.

Alana also stood up and looked curiously toward the door.

But when that figure slowly appeared in the doorway, she froze in place.

Unlike her reaction, the others’ expressions shifted from surprise to awe.

“Wow!”

“He’s so handsome!”

“I never expected our new manager to be so young and handsome!”

“Ahhhhh, I’m going crazy, I think I’m falling in love!”

The man walked in slowly, dressed in a black suit with a white shirt and black dress pants.

Silver-rimmed glasses rested on his high, straight nose, softening his otherwise sharp features.

A faint smile played at the corners of his mouth, his gaze gentle, and his demeanor indescribably refined and elegant.

He had the air of a dashing young gentleman from ancient times.

As he entered, his gentle gaze swept over everyone present.

“Hello, everyone. My name is Cole Parker. I am the newly appointed manager of your project department. As I am new here, there are still many things I am unfamiliar with. I look forward to your guidance and advice in the days ahead.”

His humble and courteous self-introduction instantly endeared him to his colleagues. Handsome and gentlemanly, he couldn’t be any better.

Alana looked at the man before her, and unconsciously, gritted her teeth.

It’s been a few months since they last saw each other.

Her head was spinning. How could it be him?!

Just a few days ago, she’d been talking about him with Eve, she never expected...

She’d thought they’d go their separate ways for the rest of their lives, never to cross paths again.

But she never expected reality to slap her in the face so quickly.

After that, Alana didn’t pay close attention to what Cole said.

Her mind remained in a daze; the clamour of the surrounding world seemed to be shut out.

Until the man left.

Until the deputy director approached her.

“Lana, go to Manager Cole’s office. You just bought him coffee, and he wants to transfer the money to you.”

Alana replied instinctively, “Oh, okay.”

But by the time she realized it, it was already too late.

The deputy director nodded and left.

Carla excitedly grabbed her arm. “Wow, Lana, that’s great! You’re already getting up close and personal with the new manager so quickly!”

“When you go, make sure to sneak a few extra glances for me, he’s so damn

handsome!”

Alana snapped back to reality, looked at Carla, and gave a faint, wry smile. “Carla, stop messing around.”

Carla was at a loss. “Fine, fine, fine. I know you don’t go for guys and have no interest in men! But with a pretty face like yours and a figure like a goddess, it’d be such a waste not to go out and charm some men! If you were to make a move, I bet that new manager, no matter how strong his

self-control would gladly become your man!”

Alana wanted to scream.

She arrived at the office door, hesitated for a moment, then knocked. “Come in.”

A soft, gentle, and refined voice came from inside.

Just as she remembered.

Her fingers trembled slightly. She took a deep breath, then pushed open the door and walked inside.

Some people, once they’ve appeared, you just have to face them.

After all, running away won’t solve anything.

Alana walked into the office and immediately spotted the man sitting in the office chair. He had just taken off his black suit jacket and hung it over the back of the chair.

Wearing a white shirt, he looked even more clean-cut and gentle.

A pair of silver-rimmed glasses rested on the bridge of his nose, obscuring his slightly deep-set eyes and brows.

He exuded a gentle aura, appearing completely harmless.

That face, that demeanor, it was all too deceptive.

Once, she, too, had been fooled by him.

She had thought he was truly as angelic and harmless as he appeared on the surface.

Alana withdrew her casual gaze and said, “Hello, Manager Cole. The Deputy Director mentioned you were looking for me.”

Cole raised his gaze, his eyes darkening slightly behind his glasses.

“Manager Cole. Lana, when did things between us become so formal?”

Was he seriously asking her that question?

Cole stared intently at her, his eyes brimming with uncontrollable emotion.

“Sophia called off the wedding. Turns out she was just playing with me. I...”

“That’s not of my business.” Alana snapped.

She didn’t want to discuss anything apart from work with him. In fact, she wanted to pretend she had never met him before.

“You’ve become even more

beautiful, my love. You were beautiful before, but now... you’re so beautiful, you’re practically glowing...” Back in the elevator, he hadn’t been able to take his eyes off her.

He thought she would notice him.

But to his surprise, she didn’t even glance his way.

They’d been apart for a few months.

Once he had found out that Sophia was just playing games with him, he had wanted to return to his sweet Alana.

But he didn’t have the balls to until now.

She even blocked all his contact information, making it impossible for him to reach her. He knew it wouldn’t be easy to win her back so he tried to get this managerial position by all means.

This was a start of something new for them.

Seeing her standing before him, his heart and eyes were filled with longing for her, and the emotions he’d been holding back finally poured out.

He strongly regretted hurting her.

He had bombarded her with compliments waiting to see her blush like she always did before but she didn't.

The girl simply said, in a calm voice, "Thank you."

Cole's breathing grew slightly more labored.

Thank you?

She was still the same as ever, always so polite to everyone.

As if no one could ever truly enter her heart.

"How have you been these past few months?"

Alana nodded. "Hmm, good."

"Are you...?"

Seeing anyone...

He wanted to ask, but suddenly felt he didn't have the right to.

The atmosphere grew strangely quiet and awkward.

The man's unabashed gaze made Alana feel uncomfortable all over.

She paused for a moment, then spoke first,

"Manager Cole, I bought the Starbucks. I

bought twenty cups, here's the receipt, can you transfer the money now?"

Cole nodded. "Alright. You blocked me on WhatsApp, unblock me, so I can send the receipt to you after transferring the money."

Alana eyed him. "I've already deleted your number. Just send the money. No need for receipt."

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Chapter 132 Work to do

Chapter 132 Work to do

Cole furrowed his brow, a rare hint of assertiveness peeking through his usually gentle tone. “I do not transfer money without sending the payment receipt afterwards. For specific reasons, it one of the things I live by. So I can call out my number for you now.”

Cole took out his phone, and gestured for Alana to add bring out hers.

Alana hesitated for a moment, but considering their current superior-subordinate relationship, she picked up her phone, and he called out the number.

After transferring the money to her, he sent her the payment transaction slip.

Alana rolled her eyes knowing this was just a dumb excuse of his.

Then, she said politely, “Now that the money’s been transferred, I still have work to do, so I’ll be heading out.”

After transferring the money to her, Cole sighed.

She had truly blocked and deleted him before.

Had she already forgotten about him?

Suppressing a strange feeling in his heart, he looked up at her. “When you get off work tonight, would you like to grab dinner together? We haven’t seen each other in a while. Let’s catch up.”

Alana politely declined, “I have plans tonight.”

Cole frowned. “What’s going on?”

“I’ve taken on a little part-time job. I don’t have time.”

Cole asked, “What kind of part-time job?”

“Manager Cole, you’re asking too many questions.”

“I suspect this is just an excuse to turn me down.”

Alana sighed.

Now he was just imagining things.

“Besides, we’ve known each other for so many years. We should at least sit down, talk and get over what happened, properly.”

Cole took a deep breath and continued, “Since you’re busy tonight, you could at least stay and chat with me for a while.”

Alana still refused, her tone cold and distant.

“I still have work to do.”

Cole couldn’t stand seeing her constantly rejecting him. He remembered that she used to be so well-behaved around him, always willing to do whatever he asked.

Besides, they’d know each other for a long time, and she’d always been very dependent on him.

“You can have someone else handle the work.”

“I’m just an intern; I don’t have that kind of authority.”

Cole’s gentle expression vanished instantly, replaced by a sharp glare. “ALANA!”

Her breathing quickened.

Seeing the fear and panic in her eyes, he slightly reined in his intensity. He offered a gentle, understanding smile. “All right, I understand. You may go now. We’ve only just met after I hurt you, I don’t want to pressure you. We’ll have plenty of time to reconcile later.”

Hearing this, Alana turned and left without a moment’s hesitation.

Seeing this, Cole couldn’t help but clench his fists.

Why?

Why was she being so cold toward him?!

Even if they hadn’t seen each other in a while and had grown distant, it shouldn’t have become this cold.

Yes, he had hurt her.

But he was sorry and he had tried so hard to get this position because of her.

Shouldn't that have touched her heart a little?

As soon as Alana walked out, Carla immediately leaned in curiously and asked what Manager Cole had talked to her about.

After all, Alana had been inside for quite a while.

Under normal circumstances, shouldn't Alana have gone in, received the transfer, and come right back out?

With such a long delay, could it be that Manager Cole had taken a liking to Alana already and was intentionally keeping her there to chat a little longer?

Alana winced at the gossipy look in Carla's eyes.

"Don't read too much into it. I got the money, and I have to get back to work."

Unable to pry any gossip out of her, Carla slunk back to her desk.

Sitting at her desk, Alana found herself lost in thought, replaying the words Cole had spoken to her in the office just moments ago.

He was so shameless.

Damn it. She didn't know who was worst now.

Manager Dane or Cole?

Why was she so unlucky with managers?

The man she'd vowed never to see again, the one she'd hoped would stay out of her life, why had he suddenly appeared?

Never mind. Whether she saw him or not, it won't change anything.

For some reason, at that moment, she suddenly missed Stephan terribly.

She missed him so much it was making her anxious.

She wonder what he was doing right now.

Alana picked up her phone, opened his profile, and typed over and over again.

She wanted to ask him, "When are you coming back?"

But in the end, she deleted the message, one letter at a time.

She didn't have the courage to ask.

When it came to love, she had always been a coward.

She wasn't as brave or as passionate as Stephan.

No matter how much she missed someone, she could control herself well enough not to disturb him.

Just like before, even when she had feelings for Cole, she had acted stupidly, doing whatever he wanted and putting up with his excuses.

And ultimately, he now expected her to just brush off what happened like the docile little girl she was before.

Unexpectedly, as she kept typing and deleting messages, Stephan discovered her.

Stephan: [What's up?]

Alana bit her lip. How did he find out?

Could it be that he's been watching their chat history too? Of all times, it had to be now.

Just as she looked for him.

He was looking for her too...

Alana bit her lip, but couldn't help asking,

Alana: [When are you coming back?]

He clearly said it would only be a two-day business trip.

He's been gone for over a week already.

What a liar!

Stephan had indeed planned to return after two days, but a problem had cropped up with the project, there were too many loopholes, so he had no choice but to stay and handle it.

But every single day of his trip, he'd been thinking of her, and in his spare time, he'd made a point of keeping her updated.

A man who works this hard to keep his girlfriend in the loop and give her a sense of security, there can't be many like him out there, right?!

That little bunny doesn't even know how to appreciate him.

He's been away for so long, and not only does she never say she misses him, she rarely even asks how he was doing.

He was a little upset inside.

Unlike the executives traveling with him, who get bombarded with calls from their girlfriends or wives every few hours.

It made him so jealous his eyes turn red.

When will she ever take the initiative for once?

On a whim, he glanced at their chat history, and the more he looked, the more heartbroken he felt.

Most of the messages were him asking, and her answering.

For example, he'd said: "I'm not here, so make sure to eat well."

She'd reply: "Okay."

Again, he'd ask: "The weather's nice here. How's the weather where you are?"

She'd reply: "It's okay."

There are countless examples of these robotic exchanges.

If he can't resist teasing her, she'll just read the message and not reply.

He had never met a woman as hard to handle as her.

Just as he was getting frustrated, he suddenly noticed the "typing..." indicator on the chat screen.

Stephan's eyelid twitched, and he couldn't suppress a flicker of anticipation.

Could it be that this girl finally couldn't resist taking the initiative with him?

But after waiting for ages, she still didn't send a message.

He pressed his tongue firmly against his cheek, unable to help but laugh in exasperation.

All that anticipation for nothing!

He'd intended to act all aloof and pretend he hadn't seen it.

But his fingers were faster than his brain.

By the time he realized it, the message had already been sent. Sigh, another one of those days when he just couldn't help himself. But when he saw the girl's reply, his eyes suddenly lit up.

Huh?

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Chapter 133 I do

Chapter 133 I do

Alana was actually asked him when he was coming back?

Did she miss him?!

Stephan's thin lips curved slightly upward; the realization gave him a quiet thrill.

Stephan: [Missing me?]

Alana's fingers curled in embarrassment.

Oh no, he was onto me.

Was she that obvious?

She didn't answer, but asked again,

Alana: [When exactly are you coming back?]

Stephan: [Just say you miss me, and I'll be right back.]

Alana's ears were burning.

Her fingers twitched.

She typed.

Alana: [I do]

Then she hurriedly deleted it.

As if afraid her innermost thoughts would be exposed.

In the end, she still didn't reply to tell him whether she had missed him or not.

Stephan waited for ages, but when no reply came, he snorted derisively.

She was so heartless. Making him wait so long for her.

What should he do?

He'd better hurry back and give her a good lesson.

Anyway, things here were pretty much wrapped up. Stephan twitched his finger and called his assistant.

"Book me a flight for this afternoon."

Alana finished her work and was about to hail a cab home.

Suddenly, a black SUV pulled up in front of her.

The window rolled down, revealing Cole's gentle, handsome face.

He looked at her. "Where are you going? I'll give you a ride."

Alana shook her head. "No, thanks. I've already hailed a cab."

Cole ordered, "Cancel it."

Alana didn't respond, because the taxi she'd called had already arrived.

"It's here. Bye." She said it matter-of-factly, then turned and walked toward another white car.

Cole furrowed his brow, his gaze following her every move, yet he couldn't stop Alana's figure from growing increasingly distant. She felt so unfamiliar that it frightened him.

It was as if... she were very, very far away from him.

But now that he working close to her, he was determined to bridge the gap between them once more.

Just like before, when she relied on him with her whole heart.

As usual, Alana was ready to head home after walking her cat and dog.

She stepped out of the house and was just about to hail a ride on her phone. Suddenly, a black Bentley pulled up in front of her.

Seeing the familiar black Bentley, she froze, momentarily unable to react.

It wasn't until the door opened that a hand with prominent knuckles grabbed her and pulled her into the car.

The moment she stepped inside, the man embraced her, and her soft lips were completely sealed.

"Mmm..." She couldn't help but let out a soft moan, which only made the man's kiss even more intense and passionate.

It had been over a week since they'd last seen each other. The man was like a beast that had gone hungry for days, devouring the delectable beauty in his arms with frenzied abandon.

The temperature inside the car kept rising. Alana's lips and tongue were numb from his kisses.

Her entire body was being roughly groped by the man, as if he were trying to knead her right into his own body.

Alana couldn't bear such a suffocating, cloying kiss. The air was thick with the wet, tangled breath of their lips and teeth.

"Enough, enough...Stop kissing me..."

Stephan couldn't help but bite her soft upper lip, his voice hoarse to the extreme.

"It's not enough...Alana, I can't get enough of kissing you!"

Before Alana could speak again, the man sealed her lips with his own. He didn't stop until her legs went weak and she nearly suffocated.

Only then did he let her go.

Alana lay in the man's arms, breathing softly. Her eyes were wet and glistening.

The sight sent ripples through his heart.

He wanted to kiss her again.

Her breathing had steadied, and she couldn't help but speak up, "You...when did you get back?" Her voice, soft and weak from being teased, betrayed a joy she couldn't suppress.

Stephan couldn't resist pinching her soft cheek. "You ungrateful little thing. If I hadn't come back, were you going to run off with someone else?"

"No."

"Then why didn't you say you missed me?" The man's deep eyes fixed on her, his low voice tinged with a hint of resentment.

Her cheeks flushed slightly. How could she possibly say that?

After all, she wasn't like him(thick-skinned enough to spout such flirtatious remarks at the drop of a hat.

Stephan couldn't resist cupping Alana's chin, lifting her flushed, alluring little face. "Did you miss me, hmm?"

Alana's eyelashes fluttered slightly as she bit her lip.

"I did..."

Stephan's breath caught in his throat. As he stared into her eyes, an overwhelming surge of ecstasy swept through him.

Even the blood in his veins was boiling with excitement.

What did she just say?

She actually said she missed him?!

Unable to contain himself, he cupped her flushed cheeks and kissed her, passionately, again and again.

"Me too. I missed you so much."

Alana bit her lip, a wave of sweetness welling up inside her.

Stephan watched her shy expression and his thin lips curved into a smile. “Tonight, come to my place. I’ll make it up to you for all the time you’ve missed me.

Without giving her a chance to refuse, he had already stepped on the gas and driven off.

They arrived at his apartment.

Stephan carried Alana straight into his bedroom. He laid her delicate, supple body on the bed.

Immediately, he pressed himself against her. His firm, hard body pressed against her softness.

Alana couldn’t help but feel nervous, pressing her hands helplessly against his chest. Her beautiful, clear eyes were glistening with tears, betraying a helpless innocence with nowhere to turn.

Her crimson lips were gently bitten by her pearly teeth, betraying her anxiety.

Stephan looked at the two soft hands pressed against his chest. They were soft and limp, lacking any strength.

It almost seemed like a mix of resistance and invitation.

He curved his lips, his eyes darkening.

“What are you doing?”

“I’ll make you feel amazing.”

Her husky voice, mingled with his scorching breath, brushed unashamedly against her delicate cheek.

Alana’s slender body trembled violently, her cheeks flushing rapidly until the color spread to the nape of her neck.

Her face was so red it looked as if it might bleed.

She didn’t speak, nor did she refuse.

No refusal meant tacit consent.

Stephan straightened up slightly, bent his knees, and knelt on either side of Alana's legs.

He looked down at her.

The girl's long, jet-black hair lay scattered in disarray across the gray bed.

Her beautiful face was flushed a shade redder than a rose.

Her red lips were slightly parted, and she was breathing heavily.

Several buttons on her shirt were undone, revealing her full, heaving chest. Unconsciously, she caught the man's gaze.

Stephan's Adam's apple bobbed as he reached up, grabbed his black tie, and yanked it open without hesitation.

Then, right in front of her, he undid the buttons of his shirt, one by one.

One by one, the clothes fell away. Not only the man's clothes, but the woman's as well...Even their underwear became entangled.

The bed was already ablaze with passion.

Just as the man was about to slid inside of her, Alana, lost in the heat of the moment, suddenly snapped back to her senses and pushed him weakly.

"Wait, a condom... a condom..."

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Chapter 134 Her slender waist

Chapter 134 Her slender waist

Stephan was on the verge of pushing into her, but upon hearing this, he gritted his teeth, got up, and quickly rummaged through the drawer, pulling out several packs of condoms.

He took one out, turned around, and looked at the woman on the bed with amusement.
“Do you want to help me?”

Alana blushed and couldn't help but turn her head away, avoiding the man's intense gaze, which held a touch of mischief.

Stephan chuckled and deftly put one on himself.

Then, once again, like a hungry wolf pouncing on its prey, he lunged at the person in bed...

The night dragged on...

And the man was even wilder than usual.

Alana felt like he was going to break her.

Crying beneath him, she begged for him to let her sleep. The man gritted his teeth and pressed on relentlessly.

“Be my girlfriend! Then I'll let you sleep.”

Alana let out a sob, her eyes brimming with tears as he relentless rammed his pussy in and out of her.

He'd already done whatever he wanted to her, and now he was actually asking her this?! The man leaned down, biting her lips, his breathing heavy.

“Will you say yes? If you don't agree, don't even think I'll let you rest tonight!”

Alana was already so exhausted that her mind was spinning.

“Fine...I...I agree. Please, it's too much...I need to sleep.”

But what she received in return was the man's even more frenzied thrusts...

When it was all over.

Alana, soaking wet from head to toe, was picked up by the man.

The bed was in such a mess it was unbearable to look at, and she couldn't lie down there.

He simply carried her and walked toward the clean guest room next door.

In the guest room, he carefully washed her body clean before they lay down together on the comfortable bed.

Held in the man's arms, Alana closed her eyes and fell into a deep sleep.

She no longer had the energy to think about anything.

After all, their relationship was already so ambiguous; there was no need to be coy anymore.

They should sleep when they should.

They'd worry about it when morning came.

In the man's arms, Alana slept soundly until dawn.

Early in the morning.

Sunlight streamed through the window, bathing her face.

Her eyelids fluttered, and she slowly woke up from the bed.

Suddenly, she found herself face-to-face with a strikingly handsome face.

The man's refined, chiseled features and fine eyelashes. They seemed to burst right into her line of sight.

He seemed to still be asleep, his eyes tightly closed, breathing steadily.

A strong, muscular arm was draped around her waist, heavy and possessive.

And beneath the covers, the two of them remained completely naked.

Alana's cheeks flushed slightly.

The sensation of her skin pressed against his was overwhelming.

He was hard; she was soft.

His body was as hot as a furnace, especially last night, it felt as though it could scorch her entire body.

Alana wanted to wriggle out of his embrace, but the thought that her movements might wake him made her stay still.

She lay there quietly, watching him sleep.

Suddenly, she realized how beautiful his skin was, smooth and flawless, without a single visible pore.

Moreover, his features were striking, his bone structure was chiseled, with sharp angles that exuded masculinity.

His eyelashes were so long, like a pair of tiny fans; when the breeze blew, they fluttered gently.

His nose was beautiful too, upward-curving and straight, with a striking shape.

His lips...

Alana couldn't help but let her gaze drift downward, resting on the man's thin, sensual lips.

They were a deep, rich slightly pink, beautiful and healthy.

The shape of his lips was quite attractive, though when he kissed, he looked a bit fierce. What was that about?

As she stared, she suddenly felt a bit tempted to kiss him...

Alana stared intently at the man's beautiful, rosy lips, thinking to herself.

Why not steal a kiss while he was asleep?

That was what she was thinking, and she couldn't help but want to do it.

Alana gazed at his full lips and slowly leaned in. Almost there, she was about to kiss him...

But just as their lips were about to touch, the man, who had been keeping his eyes closed just moments ago, suddenly opened them. His dark eyes pierced straight into her own.

Alana gasped.

Oh no!

She just got caught trying to steal a kiss!

What kind of embarrassing moment was this?!

No!

She didn't even kiss yet!

So they could just pretend nothing happened.

Alana pretended to be nonchalant as she extended her finger and gently brushed it across the man's lips.

"You have something on your lips. Let me wipe it off for you. No need to thank me."

Stephan stared at her, taking in every trace of her shy and flustered reaction.

Even though she was trying to act serious, he could see right through her.

He couldn't help but curve his lips. "Is there really something on my lips, or do you just want to kiss me?"

Could he not call her out on it so directly?

She had her pride, after all.

The man raised an eyebrow, his deep, magnetic voice tinged with amusement.

"Lana, I never would've guessed. You look like such an innocent little bunny, but you're quite the wild one inside."

Alana rolled her eyes inwardly.

Who said she was a little white rabbit?

It's just some people who thought of her as a little white rabbit, she didn't admit to it herself.

Stephan reached out, his long fingers gently pinching Alana's cheek. "It's your boyfriend's lips, kiss them whenever you want, no need to hold back."

Alana froze. "What boyfriend?"

Stephan's thin lips parted, and he spoke slowly, enunciating each word, "Last night, in bed, while we were making love, you promised me you'd be my girlfriend."

Alana was instantly speechless.

A shameful memory flashed through her mind.

How had this man, step by step, used his dick to torment her until she finally gave in and agreed to be his girlfriend?

The image was too humiliating.

Alana dared not dwell on it.

Her face flushed as she muttered under her breath.

"You can't believe everything a woman says in bed."

Stephan scoffed.

Could it be that even he, a shrewd and calculating corporate CEO, had actually been duped by his own woman?!

"Alana, are you playing me?"

Alana blinked her beautiful eyes and said with a straight face, "You told me yourself

that a man's words are as good as lies. But a woman's words can sometimes be even more deceptive than a man's."

He never imagined that the boomerang he'd thrown at her would one day come back to hit him.

It felt like he'd shot himself in the foot.

The man gritted his teeth and glared at her. "Have you gone bad?"

Alana looked utterly innocent. "I learned it from you."

Suddenly, the man rolled over and pinned her beneath him.

Both of them were completely naked, pressed so closely together. Such intimate proximity instantly made Alana blush deeply. Especially since the man was lying on top of her, gazing at her intently. His dark eyes glowed with a dangerous, intensely aggressive light.

"Did I mention I have plenty of ways to make you agree?"

Her body trembled involuntarily, as if she'd been electrocuted.

She was being foolish, asking that question in a daze.

“Wha...what kind of means?”

The man's lips suddenly curled into a smile as his hands clamped around her slender waist.

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Chapter 135 My skills

Chapter 135 My skills

With a sudden release, his powerful body slammed heavily against hers.

Alana couldn't help but let out a soft moan.

The man lowered his head, burying his face in the warm crook of her neck.

“Can you feel it? My skills...”

Alana's face flushed crimson; she was utterly bashful.

That bastard!

When it came to technique, she was still a long way behind him.

Because she wasn't as wicked as he was, nor as flirtatious.

She closed her eyes briefly. “You...you win...”

The man chuckled.

“So you're agreeing to it?”

Alana didn't say a word, but her slightly puffed-out cheeks seemed to tell the man she wasn't quite convinced.

Stephan's thin lips curved slightly as he spoke calmly, "Open your eyes."

"Why?" Alana instinctively opened her eyes, and the next second, the man suddenly brought his fist toward her face.

She was completely baffled.

The next moment, the man opened his fist, and as if by magic, an exquisite ruby necklace swayed into her line of sight.

The ruby was teardrop-shaped,

surrounded by tiny diamonds that sparkled brilliantly. The ruby was a rich, vivid cherry red, dazzling and radiant, like a blazing fire, intense and warm.

Just by looking at the color and quality of the ruby, Alana could tell this necklace was worth a fortune.

"This..."

Stephan watched her reaction, his eyes burning with intensity. "This is a gift for my girlfriend."

Alana's breath caught in her throat.

For her?

Stephan fixed his gaze on her and asked earnestly, "Do you like it?"

This was the first time he had put so much thought into a gift for a woman.

He felt that since he was confessing his feelings to a girl, he had to do it properly, with a sense of ceremony.

For example, giving a bouquet of flowers or a gift to show his sincerity about a serious relationship.

He had come across this ruby necklace by chance while on a business trip.

He thought it was beautiful and would suit Alana, perfectly, so he bought it without hesitation.

Buying it to give her as a gift to confess his feelings was just perfect. Alana bit her lip. "The necklace is beautiful."

“But...it’s too expensive. I can’t accept it.”

“It’s not that expensive.”

It was only a few tens of millions.

“But I’m not worthy of it...”

The necklace was simply too beautiful; she felt she wasn’t worthy of wearing something so exquisite.

Stephan saw the fleeting glimpse of self-doubt in her eyes and couldn’t help but

frown. “Why wouldn’t you be worthy? In my eyes, you’re one of a kind. Nothing in the world can compare to you.”

Alana’s heart fluttered slightly.

As far as she could remember, no one had ever spoken to her like that before.

She had always believed she was someone who could be discarded at will.

A pitiful little thing who could be cast aside at will, what value could she possibly have? Yet here was someone who, standing before her, told her with such seriousness that she was truly one of a kind, that nothing could possibly compare to her.

Alana was deeply moved and said, “Thank you.”

She was thankful towards him for recognizing her worth.

Stephan gazed deeply at her, his voice deep and resonant. “What’s there to thank me for? I was just telling the truth.”

Alana bit her lip, saying nothing.

Stephan observed her reaction, thinking to himself that she must have gone through something to be so lacking in confidence.

For some reason, a pang of pity flashed through his heart. He wanted to ask her why she thought that about him.

But he was also afraid of dredging up some painful memories for her. He’d wait until she was ready to tell him.

“Here, let me put the necklace on for you.” The man sat up slightly.

Alana felt a chill run through her chest and blurted out, “Don’t...I’m not wearing any clothes...”

Stephan chuckled softly. “Not being dressed doesn’t stop me from putting the necklace on you.”

Alana blushed, at a loss for words.

Yet she couldn’t help but shyly cover her chest with both hands.

Seeing her guarded expression, Stephan snorted with a laugh.

What was there to hide?

Everything, what should be seen and what shouldn’t, he had already seen it all countless times. Not only had he seen it, but he had touched it too!

Was there a single part of her body he hadn’t thoroughly explored?!

Even her chest still bore the imprints of his fingers and teeth.

However, the girl was naturally shy, so Stephan said nothing. He slowly unfastened the necklace, carefully draped it around her slender neck, and gently fastened it.

As if locking her entire being in place.

He curved his lips into a slow smile, his deep eyes fixed on the girl beneath him, who was blushing so fiercely she looked as though she were glowing pink.

With a deadpan expression, he said, “Since you put on the necklace I gave you, I have you firmly in my grasp, and you’ll never be able to escape.”

Alana’s eyelashes fluttered.

At her collarbone, the gemstone pressed against her delicate skin, feeling heavy.

It really felt just as he had said, as if it had locked her entire being in place.

She raised a hand and gently stroked the ruby, feeling its cool, smooth texture.

“Thank you.”

“I don’t want to hear you say thank you.”

Meeting the man’s burning, intense gaze, Alana understood.

Blushing, she gently

lifted her head, leaned in, and pressed her lips against his beautiful, crimson, full lips.

Stephan's Adam's apple bobbed as he instantly took control, cupping the back of her head and deepening the kiss...

He kissed her deeply and passionately. It was tender and passionate.

Just like his feelings for her, it was intense and urgent.

At that moment, Alana didn't want to think about anything else; she let her emotions take over, wrapped her arms around the man's neck, and responded to him eagerly.

When it was over.

Stephan couldn't help but bury his face in her chest, holding her tightly with both arms, as if trying to merge her into his very being.

He nuzzled her gently, his voice low and hoarse. "I'm so happy..."

Finally, he had defeated her boyfriend, well ex-boyfriend now, who was always away on a business trip, and taken his place openly.

In that moment, it felt as though he had been waiting for this for a very, very long time. That feeling of truly claiming her as his own was both fulfilling and exhilarating.

It was like winning a battle, a sense of fulfillment bursting through him.

Alana's small hand involuntarily rested on the man's soft, dark hair, gently running her fingers through it as the corners of her mouth turned up.

She was pretty happy, too.

It was a joy that radiated from within.

For the first time, she had bravely taken the first step toward her own heart. To give him, and her, a chance.

No matter how things turned out between them in the end, she would just enjoy the happiness of the moment.

Besides, it was just dating, not marriage.

She never expected marriage from him in the first place.

As it happens, his family had also been arranging a suitable marriage partner for him. So, she just needs to enjoy the process of being in love and be happy for a while.

The ending doesn't matter right now.

Anyway, it always ended up the same way for her.

Alana and Stephan cuddled in bed for a while before getting up in a hurry.

They brushed their teeth and washed their faces together in the bathroom, a rare moment of tenderness.

Stephan never imagined that a girl would burst into his quiet life like that.

He used to think that since he hadn't met a girl he liked, it would be just fine to live out his life alone.

Besides, he found women to be quite a hassle. They were always acting up and causing a fuss every other day.

Although he'd never dated anyone himself, his friends would constantly complain to him about how their girlfriends were meddlesome and annoying as soon as they started dating.

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Chapter 136 Seemed unreasonable

As a result, Stephan had no real expectations for dating.

But now, if "this woman" refers to a specific person, for example, Alana right in front of him, he actually... was really looking forward to the feeling of being in a relationship with her.

For instance, watching Alana stand right in front of him, brushing her teeth and washing her face with him, so earnestly.

Their rhythms were surprisingly in sync.

She would glance at him from time to time, her expression a mix of awkwardness and shyness.

Hmm, cute and amusing.

Stephan couldn't help himself and blew a mouthful of foam at her.

Instantly, the girl flew into a rage, "Stephan!"

Stephan chuckled softly, "Lana, do you get the feeling right now that we're an old married couple?"

Alana couldn't help but give him a playful glare.

It's only been their first day of dating, where did this "long-married couple" thing come from?!

Besides, they'd only just become boyfriend and girlfriend; they were still a long way from being an old married couple.

After brushing their teeth and washing their faces, the two sat down at the dining table together to eat breakfast.

The breakfast had been prepared by a cook Stephan had called over; she left right after finishing and didn't run into Alana at all.

It was a good thing they didn't meet, sparing Alana any awkwardness.

Breakfast consisted of sandwiches, steamed dumplings, and a fruit and vegetable salad, a well-balanced meal.

After finishing breakfast, Alana hesitated for a moment, but couldn't help but say,

"Um, Stephan, since we're boyfriend and girlfriend now, I'd like to lay down some ground rules."

Stephan raised an eyebrow and looked at her, calmly. "Sure, go ahead."

Alana took a deep breath and said very seriously, "First, you have to listen to me.

You're not allowed to disobey me on a whim!"

Stephan replied shamelessly, "I've always been very obedient."

Alana couldn't help but roll her eyes at him.

"Be serious!"

He stifled a laugh. "Alright, I'll be good."

Alana continued, "Second, you're not allowed to touch me without permission, especially when other people are around. You need my consent first!"

Stephan raised an eyebrow. "What about when no one's around? Can I do whatever I want then?"

She clenched her teeth. "No!"

Stephan said with a straight face, "Then what am I supposed to do? I can't help touching you, especially when we're alone. I just can't control myself."

"Just hold back!"

"I can't."

"You have to, even if you can't!"

Stephan's eyes darkened with a hint of resentment. "You're asking the impossible."

He changed the subject. "Fine. Since you can lay down three rules for me, I'll lay down three rules for you."

Her breath caught. "You... what rules do you want to set for me?"

"First, you're moving in with me."

Alana instinctively refused, "No way!"

Stephan frowned. "Why not? We're boyfriend and girlfriend now, isn't it normal for us to live together?"

Alana bit her lip, her eyes shifting away slightly. "I...I don't want to move in together so soon."

In reality, she didn't want to get too used to being with him.

If she got used to living with him, it would be hard to break the habit if they ever broke up. Stephan gazed deeply into her eyes and honestly confessed his thoughts.

"But I want to live with you. I want to hold you while we sleep at night. I want to be intimate with you every time."

Alana couldn't help but blush.

“Well...we can’t do that every day...”

The man interrupted in a low, hoarse voice, “Every day, is that okay?”

Every day?!

No way!

She couldn’t handle it!

Last night, she nearly died in bed.

She quickly said, “I just laid down three ground rules, but I only mentioned two. Now I’m adding a third: in a month, we can only do it, do it, four times, once a week...”

As she said this, her cheeks flushed involuntarily.

How did things take such a weird turn again?

She was even discussing how many times they should do it with him, such an embarrassing topic.

Stephan’s eyes darkened. “Once a week? That’s too little time. I’ll be dying of frustration!”

Her almond-shaped eyes widened in surprise. “How could that be? You didn’t do it for almost thirty years, and you didn’t suffocate, did you?”

“That’s different. Back then, I hadn’t done it, I hadn’t experienced the wonderful pleasure of being with you. Right now, I can’t get enough of you. I just want you every day.”

“You...”

Alana blushed so deeply her face turned crimson.

No, I can’t let him do this every day.

Her body needed rest too; if he kept going like this without a care in the world, her slender waist would be ruined sooner or later!

So, blushing, Alana said, earnestly.

“You...you need to control yourself a bit, or you’ll end up with kidney deficiency!”

Stephan stared at her, a smile playing at the corners of his mouth. “I’m already being

quite restrained with you.”

“As for kidney deficiency, you don’t need to worry about that. I get a physical every year, and my reports show I have good kidneys so there’s no risk of kidney deficiency.”

No, wait, what kind of boyfriend has she ended up with?!

Was this for real?

“That’s still out of the question!”

“Only once a week!”

The man haggled, doing his best to secure the best deal for himself. “I want four times a week.”

Alana gritted her teeth. “Twice a week!”

The man’s eyes darkened with resentment. “Only twice? Didn’t you enjoy it last night? You clearly enjoyed it too. What’s wrong with coming over a few more times a week?”

Alana sighed as Stephan continued to lecture her in all seriousness.

“Besides, doing this kind of thing is all good for a woman, no downsides at all. The more, the better. It not only exercises the body but also balances your energy, keeping you healthy.”

Alana was taken aback, somewhat taken in by his words. “Is that true?”

The man nodded, looking very serious. “It’s true. If you don’t believe me, go ask a doctor at the hospital. If you can remember, my mom is a doctor. She’s always telling me this kind of stuff.”

Alana eyed him.

Was it really that helpful?

Stephan looked at her and continued to sweet-talk her, “And haven’t you noticed that your skin looks much better today? Your face is fair and dewy, with a healthy flush. Your lips are red and your teeth

white, you’re glowing all over, as beautiful as a fairy descended from heaven.”

Alana couldn’t help but touch her own fair, smooth cheek.

It seemed there was a little truth to that.

When she looked at herself in the mirror this morning, she really did feel radiant. Could it be because of what they did together?

“Not only does it keep you healthy, but it also beautifies your complexion and boosts your vitality. So, for a woman, this is a great tonic, the more you do it, the better.”

Alana then snapped out of it.

What the hell?!

He’s got her almost tempted, she was even itching to ask him for another round right now?!

No, no, no, Alana, you have to keep your composure!

So, after a moment’s thought, she said,

“Three times a week.”

Not a single time more than that.

A sly, triumphant smile flashed across his eyes. “Fine, fine, three times a week.” Hmm, excluding the week when a girl has her period each month, that averages out to about four times a week.

The man had his own calculations in mind, but he wasn’t about to say a word.

Alana breathed a sigh of relief. Three times a week, that was acceptable.

Seven days a week, three days for sex and four days of rest, that seemed reasonable.

Chapter 137 Important one

Chapter 137 Important one

Otherwise, with the way he’d worn her out last night, most women wouldn’t be able to handle it.

Now that they were on the same page about this, the rest will be much easier to discuss. “There’s a fourth point, and it’s the most important one.”

“What is it?”

Alana said, “It’s this: while we’re dating, you must remain faithful to me. I’m the only woman in your life, no one else is allowed.”

After all, she had experienced this before.

If a man were to leave her for another woman again, she didn’t know how she was going to survive that.

Stephan agreed immediately, “Alright, I agree.”

This was simply what a man should do; he knew what to do without her having to say it.

Alana nodded. “I’ve finished stating my four conditions. To be fair, I’ll let you make four requests as well. So, what do you want?”

“I just want you to move in with me.”

She felt a bit exasperated. “Can we try another one?”

The man insisted. “That’s the one.”

Alana bit her lip, feeling too embarrassed to refuse again. After all, he had agreed to all three of her requests.

He’d only made one request; she couldn’t keep turning him down.

“You...fine! Let me think about it.”

Stephan curved his lips. “Alright.”

Alana hesitated for a moment, then couldn’t help but ask, “Is that really it? You don’t have any other requests?”

“That’s it for now. I’ll bring up more when I think of them.”

This was suspicious.

What was going on?

Was there a catch she doesn’t know about?!

Never mind. It was almost time for work, so she shouldn't keep dragging this out.

So she spoke up, "Um, it's getting late. I have to go to work."

Stephan offered proactively, "I'll drive you to the office."

Alana nodded. "Okay, the usual spot. Just don't park too close to the office."

He frowned.

They were already boyfriend and girlfriend now, why was she still being so secretive? Shouldn't she let him drive her right up to the company entrance, basking in the envious glances of her colleagues?

Or maybe she should just kiss him in front of her coworkers, tell everyone she was taken.

He emphasized, "Alana, I'm your boyfriend now."

Alana blinked, looking adorably clueless. "I know that. So what?"

After a long moment, he gritted his teeth. "Nothing. I'll just drop you off at work first."

After all, they were already boyfriend and girlfriend, how much longer until they went public?

There was no need to rush.

The car pulled up near Alana's office.

Stephan reached out and ruffled her hair. "I'll pick you up when you get off work this afternoon."

Alana didn't hesitate for long and nodded. "Okay, same spot as always. Just don't park right in front of the office."

He stared at her, his tone somber. "Lana, is having a boyfriend like me really so shameful?"

Alana shook her head. "No, I just want to keep a low profile. This car is too flashy. I don't want people at the company to see it and start gossiping. I'm just an ordinary person. I just want to live a peaceful life and avoid getting into trouble."

Stephan's expression softened. So that was the reason. "Alright, I understand."

Since that was what she wanted, he decided to respect her wishes.

Alana unbuckled her seatbelt and glanced at him. "So, see you this afternoon?"

Sheridan nodded. "Mm-hmm."

Alana was just about to open the car door.

Suddenly, the man reached out and grabbed her wrist.

Alana looked at him, curiously.

Stephan stared at her, his eyes deep and intense.

"Did you forget something?"

Forgot something?

Alana looked down to check. Her purse was there, and so was her phone.

"I haven't forgotten anything."

The man chuckled. "You forgot to give your boyfriend a goodbye kiss."

Oh, right!

Stephan slowly moved closer to her, raised his hand, and tapped his thin lips with his fingertip. "Give me a kiss."

Seeing the expectant look on his face, Alana's cheeks flushed. After a moment's thought, she decided to grant his wish and quickly pressed her lips against his.

Blushing, she said, "That's enough for now. If you want more, save it for tonight."

With just those words, she had completely whetted the man's appetite.

Stephan curved his lips. "Alright."

Little did the innocent little rabbit know that come nightfall, it wouldn't be as simple as just a kiss.

Alana sat down at her desk at the office.

Thinking back to the lingering look in his eyes when they parted moments ago, a wave of sweetness washed over her.

She smiled as she turned on her computer.

Carla sensed something was up and leaned in. “What’s going on? You’re smiling so happily.”

Alana glanced at Carla and replied cheerfully, “Something good happened.”

Carla blinked. “What’s so good? Did you win the lottery?”

Alana curved her lips, it was something even more wonderful than winning the lottery.

Suddenly, Carla’s eyes widened as she noticed a flash of vibrant red peeking out from Alana’s chest.

“Hey, Lana, what’s that around your neck...”

Hearing this, Alana instinctively reached up and tucked the exposed ruby back into place.

“Just a gemstone necklace I picked up online.”

Carla wanted to take a closer look, but Alana had suddenly hidden the gem again, so she couldn’t see it.

“But it’s so pretty! Where did you find it?”

Alana felt a little guilty. “I...I don’t know. My best friend gave it to me.”

She had no idea how much this ruby necklace cost, so it was better not to reveal that for now.

“Then ask your best friend where she found it. I’d like to buy a similar one too.”

Alana swallowed. “Uh...”

As soon as Carla left, Alana quickly pulled out her phone, secretly snapped a photo of the ruby necklace at her neckline, and sent it to Eve.

Alana: [Eve, can you take a look and tell me roughly how much this gemstone necklace costs?]

Eve popped back online almost immediately.

Eve: [Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit! Where did you get that necklace?]

Alana: [Answer me first, do you recognize this gemstone necklace?]

Soon, Eve sent a photo over.

The gemstone necklace in the picture was strikingly identical to the one Alana was wearing around her neck.

It was one of the signature pieces from the world's top luxury jewelry brand, called "Queen's Tears"

The official price was 56 million!

The moment she saw the price, Alana was completely stunned.

She had assumed the piece might cost a few hundred thousand, but she never imagined it was worth over 50 million?!

Oh my goodness!

She was actually wearing a necklace worth over 50 million?!

In an instant, Alana felt her neck grow heavy, as if the weight could bend it right over. Eve was even more excited than she was, constantly asking her who had given her the necklace.

Alana replied shyly.

Alana: [It's him. He gave it to me this morning.]

Eve didn't know what to say so she sent some punctuation marks.

Eve: [?!?!]

No way!

Alana never told her back then that the weirdo was this rich?!

He just dropped over 50 million on a single gift?!

What kind of crazy move was this?!

Eve: [Are you sure it's the real deal?]

[Could it be a high-quality knockoff he dug up from some back alley?!]

But even if it was a fake, a replica of this quality wouldn't come cheap.

Alana shook her head.

Alana: [Not sure.]

Eve: [No time to waste, I'm heading straight to your office after work.]

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Chapter 138 Their imagination

Chapter 138 Their imagination

Eve: [I'm going to personally verify if it's the real deal. If it is, you're set for life, so hurry up and grab onto that pervert's leg, no, no, no, I mean, your darling boyfriend's leg!]

Alana scoffed.

This friend of hers was really something.

Meanwhile, Stephan arrived at the office, striding in with a spring in his step.

Employees passing by saw him and greeted him.

"Good morning, CEO!"

He gave a slight nod, the corners of his mouth curving upward. "Good morning."

The employee he had responded to was both shocked and delighted. The CEO actually responded to him and greeted him back?

And he even smiled at him!

Oh my gosh, he's really made it!

Almost every employee who greeted Stephan today received a cheerful response from him.

They all began to wonder.

Wasn't this the same aloof, stoic, and

unapproachable CEO they knew?

It felt like someone had possessed the CEO today, not only was he not aloof, but he was also giving off a faintly flirty vibe.

Was it just their imagination?

Vance walked up to Stephan. "CEO, there's a business dinner tonight..."

Stephan replied casually, "Cancel it. I just started dating someone, and I want to spend all my time off with my darling."

Vance gasped.

He was shell-shocked.

The CEO was actually in a relationship?!

Did this mean the eternal bachelor had finally found love?

He blurted out, "Is it a guy or a girl?"

Stephan shot Vance a glance. "It's definitely not you."

Vance gave a sheepish laugh. Of course he knew it wasn't him, otherwise, would that even make sense?

Stephan instructed, "Go order me a bouquet of flowers. I need it by the time I get off work this afternoon."

Vance eyed him. "Ahem, ahem, ahem. Alright, then."

He didn't know the boss had this side to him. He was suddenly such a lovesick puppy who would spare no means at spoiling his partner silly.

Stephan looked at Vance and said pointedly, "Remember this, my girlfriend's name is Alana. She's incredibly beautiful, the most beautiful woman in the world!"

"Not only is she beautiful, but she's also gentle and considerate, kind and generous. In short, she's perfect in every way, no other woman can compare to her."

Vance was perplexed.

Wait, Mr. President, no matter how beautiful or kind your girlfriend is, what does that have to do with him?! Could you please stop showing off in front of him?!

Was his boss just trying to mock him for being single?

Despite his inner rant, he still had to pay lip service on the surface.

"Hehe, Mr. Hudson, congratulations on landing the most beautiful girlfriend in the whole world."

Stephan's lips curled upward. "Of course. After all, I'm a very fortunate man."

Vance sighed.

He felt his boss was about to become even more unbearable.

Not only did Stephan show off in front of his assistant, but once he got to his office, he even sent a message to his group chat with his buddies.

Stephan: [I have a girlfriend now. Please don't invite me to gatherings or anything like that unless you absolutely have to, otherwise, my girlfriend will get jealous.]

The moment the message went out, the group exploded.

Buddy #1: [What? You have a girlfriend?! Stephan, you've always been the eternal single guy, how could you have gotten a girlfriend?!]

Buddy #2: [Exactly! Your whole persona has crumbled!!!]

Buddy #3: [Who's the girlfriend? Bring her out for us to check when you get a chance! We need to see who finally broke you!]

Buddy #4: [How old is she? What does she look like?!]

Stephan was in a good mood and didn't mind his friends' teasing remarks.

Stephan: [I know you guys are eager, but don't get too excited. My girlfriend is so beautiful that I'm afraid you'll all have a crush on her, so I'm not bringing her out yet. I'll wait until we've solidified our relationship first.]

The whole group of friends were speechless.

Was Stephan's phone stolen?

Gary then sent him a private message too.

Gary: [Has the male mistress really taken over?!]

Stephan frowned. What did he mean, a male mistress had taken the lead? What a tactless thing to say!

Hmph, he was not going to respond!

He was the undisputed main man now!

It was break time at noon.

Alana politely declined Carla's invitation to have lunch together at the staff cafeteria and rushed to meet Eve.

Eve couldn't wait until evening and had wanted to meet right now.

Her car had already arrived at the company entrance.

While waiting for the elevator, Alana ran into Cole.

He looked at her with a gentle expression, just as he always had, offering a casual greeting.

"In such a hurry, where are you off to?"

Alana replied succinctly, "I have something to take care of."

Cole couldn't help but ask, "What is it?"

"Something important."

Just then, the elevator doors opened, and Alana left Cole behind and stepped inside.

Cole frowned and followed her inside.

When she saw him enter, she frowned slightly but said nothing; she simply pressed the button for the last floor.

Cole stared at her and said earnestly, “Lana, it’s been a while since we last saw each other. Don’t be so distant with me.”

Alana lowered her gaze and replied coolly, “Manager Cole, since we haven’t seen each other in so long, it means we’re not meant to see each other. Let’s just be strangers.”

“Strangers?” Cole’s eyes darkened. “Lana, I’ve known you for years. Is it really appropriate for us to be strangers?”

Alana bit her lip, momentarily at a loss for words.

Seeing her mood suddenly turn gloomy, Cole softened his tone.

“I’m sorry, I was a bit harsh. But I don’t want you to act so cold every time you see me. I still hope you’ll be as close to me and rely on me as you used to.”

He recalled Alana from the past, with her two cute pigtails, chasing after him and calling out his name so sweetly.

Her voice was soft and nice, utterly adorable.

She had been a natural beauty from a young age, with naturally fair skin, and wherever she went, people couldn’t take their eyes off her.

Back then, it was he who helped her fend off one suitor after another before he started courting him himself.

Every inch of her exudes a pure, innocent charm, yet she also radiated a captivating, alluring sensuality.

Her figure was slender and graceful, with a full bust and rounded hips.

Her waist was as slender as the narrow neck of a porcelain vase, so slim a man could encircle it with one hand.

Her legs are fair and slender, so smooth they seem to glow. A classic hourglass figure, every inch of her body was perfectly proportioned. Cole wondered how and why he ever left her for someone else.

It turns out Sophia was just jealous of Alana and she made a plan to prove to herself that she was better than Alana by stealing her man.

And Cole had fallen for that Vixen because she was from a rich family. She ended up using him and dumping him. Now, she was with a very wealthy mogul.

Cole felt so stupid for messing up what he had with Alana. He badly regretted what he had done.

Alana paused for a moment, then said earnestly, “Cole. We’re not together anymore. I can do whatever I want on my own. So I’m not the girl you used to know and I’d never rely on you again.”

Hearing her call him just Cole made him feel touched as if he were seeing the girl who had once relied on him completely.

“Lana, you can still rely on me. Even if we’re no longer together, you can still...”

Alana interrupted softly, raising her eyes to meet his. “Cole, are you really someone I can rely on?”

Cole froze, staring at the girl’s earnest, serious expression.

His throat felt as if it were blocked by a cork, and for a moment, he couldn’t speak.

The next second, the elevator doors opened.

Seeing Cole’s stunned expression, Alana’s lips curled into a faint, mocking smile as she stepped out of the elevator.

Suddenly, the man’s somewhat urgent voice rang out behind her. “Lana, you can do it! You can always rely on me from now on. I will never let you down.”

Alana’s eyes flickered slightly.

Is that so?

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Chapter 139 Too generous

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But she no longer needed him.

She hadn't needed him for a very, very long time.

Alana walked out of the company and got into Eve's red supercar.

When Cole stepped out, all he saw was Alana's beautiful figure as she got into the supercar and sped away.

He didn't even notice Eve sitting next to her. His eyes darkened instantly.

That red supercar was a Ferrari! Who exactly was the owner of the car?!

And what was her relationship with Alana?

Cole stared at the sports car's license plate number, silently committing it to memory. Eve went to a buffet restaurant with Alana.

As it happened, Alana had two discount coupons for this buffet restaurant, offering a 30% discount.

Plus, the restaurant had great reviews online, good value for the price.

At the restaurant, after loading up their plates with a huge spread of food, the two of them started their own feast.

Eve couldn't help but pester Alana to show her the necklace. Alana acted as if she were a thief, carefully and stealthily pulling the necklace out from inside her collar.

The moment Eve saw the necklace, her eyes lit up instantly.

She practically wanted to bury her face in Alana's chest, staring intently as she leaned in close.

She couldn't control her hands either, running them over it, feeling the warmth of the ruby that exuded an air of wealth.

Eve nodded firmly. "It's real! Based on my experience studying jewelry, I can guarantee it's authentic!"

Eve was a jewelry designer, and jewelry is what she deals with most in her daily life.

Whether it was affordable or high-end brands, she had seen them all.

If she couldn't tell, then no one could.

Alana's fingers trembled; she was so stunned by the news that her mind went blank. Although she had braced herself for the possibility, actually learning that the necklace was so valuable still left her so stunned she could barely breathe.

"So, is this ruby necklace really worth over fifty million?"

Eve certainly wouldn't lie to her. "It's true! Do you think I'd lie to you? I never would have thought that man would be willing to give you such an expensive necklace! Oh my gosh, even my lousy boyfriend wouldn't be willing to give me something this

expensive!"

After hearing this, Alana felt a mix of emotions.

Stephan...he was just too generous.

For his very first gift to her as a couple, he went all out.

Wasn't he afraid she'd run off with the necklace he gave her?

Eve couldn't help but ask, "Lana, who exactly is your boyfriend? He's actually that rich! He's so generous too, he can't be just any ordinary guy."

Alana looked dazed, her lips trembling slightly. "His... name is Stephan Hudson."

"Stephan Hudson?" Eve furrowed her brow in thought. "That sounds familiar. I feel like I've heard it somewhere before."

Alana paused, "Is that a common name?"

Eve replied, "No, it's just that the Hudson surname is a bit common in the capital, except for the "Hudson family," which ranks first among the Four Great Families."

Upon hearing this, Alana said with certainty, “Then it probably isn’t the “Hudson family.” He told me himself that he has absolutely no connection to that Hudson family.”

Eve nodded, not giving it much thought.

“Maybe so. But even if it’s not the prestigious Hudson family, you boyfriend still appears to be exceptionally wealthy. Plus, he’s willing to give you such an expensive gift. Hmm...you should really suck up to him, you might score even more in the future!”

Alana pouted.

She hesitated for a moment, then couldn’t help but say, “I... I want to give the necklace back to him. It’s so valuable; I’m afraid I’ll lose it. If I lose it, I won’t have the money to pay him back.”

Eve rolled her eyes, exasperated.

“Compensate him for what? You’ve already given yourself to him, isn’t that enough? Look at you, you’re as beautiful as a flower, and your figure is absolutely stunning. He’s

the one who’s hit the jackpot by landing a girlfriend as gorgeous as you! Don’t you dare give it back, you deserve it!!!”

Alana sighed.

Her best friend was so transactional about almost anything.

Eve said with a straight face, “If you feel guilty, why not give him a gift too? He might even be happier that way!”

Alana blinked. “Really?”

Eve nodded. “Really!”

Alana lowered her eyes. “But I don’t have much money. I can’t afford to give him something expensive.”

“Oh, it’s the thought that counts. It doesn’t have to be expensive, as long

as it comes from the heart! After we finish eating, I’ll go with you to the mall to pick out a gift for him!”

Alana had no choice but to nod.

Her best friend could really give good advice sometimes.

Changing the subject, she asked, “But what kind of gift should I get him?”

She had no experience giving gifts to men.

Eve blinked and gave a suggestive smile. “That’s my specialty. Just listen to me later.”

Alana swallowed.

Why did she have a bad feeling about this?!

After dinner, Eve took Alana straight to the mall and rushed into a men’s clothing store.

Alana still had no idea what kind of gift Eve was taking her to pick out. Seeing the dazzling array of men’s clothing in the store, she innocently asked, “Are we buying him clothes?”

The main problem was, she didn’t know his size! What if she bought something and it didn’t fit him?!

Eve blinked. “If I may ask, how...big is he?”

Alana froze. “What do you mean, ‘how big is he’? Weight?! Or body type?”

“No, no!”

“Then what is it?”

“Well, you know, that... that...” Eve pointed slightly with her finger at a certain part below her, the implication clear.

Alana froze for a moment. When she finally caught on, her face flushed crimson instantly, and her almond-shaped eyes widened in disbelief. “You... what are you doing, suddenly bringing that up?”

“Come on, just say it! I need to know to decide on something.”

Alana’s face flushed completely, burning with embarrassment. “Eve, stop messing around. Is...is this something you can just blurt out?”

Eve looked at her with wide, curious eyes, “Exactly how big?”

Alana was flushed red and didn’t want to discuss this topic at all.

“Let’s not talk about that. Back to the topic at hand, let’s go buy some clothes first...”

Eve said with a straight face, “Not clothes...underwear.”

Alana was completely taken aback again. “Buy...buy what now? Un...underwear?!”

Eve nodded, smiling sweetly. “Yes, men’s underwear! From my experience reading romance novels, a domineering CEO would absolutely love it if the woman he adores gave him underwear! A boxer. Hehe, I think you could give him some black stockings, sheer, see-through ones...”

Alana felt like screaming.

Can her friend just stop reading those novels already?!

She was getting too wild!

Fiction tycoons and real-life tycoons were different, okay?

And what was with the black stockings, sheer, see-through ones? Was that even something you’d wear?

Just thinking about it was embarrassing!

Eve urged, “So hurry up and tell me, how big is he down there? I’ll help you figure out what size underwear he needs. What if he’s really well-endowed? Regular small-sized underwear might not be able to contain him!”

Alana’s ears turned so red they looked like they were bleeding.

Aaaah!

What kind of unspeakable topic was this?!

What was with all this “can’t contain it” nonsense? It was so embarrassing!

“Eve, be serious. I’m giving a gift here, not...”

Eve blinked and said earnestly, “Giving underwear counts as a gift too! It’s totally normal for boyfriends and girlfriends to give each other underwear, right?”

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Alana blushed and retorted, “Who gives underwear as a first gift? I don’t want them! I’m a proper, demure, and conservative girl, I’d never give something so... so embarrassing!”

Eve said with a straight face, “Hey, hey, hey, how can it be that shameful? It’s a kind of romance! Don’t you want to repay him properly?”

“I...” Alana stamped her foot. “Get a different gift, this one won’t do!”

Eve eyed Alana from head to toe, stroked her chin, and thought seriously,

“Then...how about some sexy lingerie?”

Sexy lingerie?

Alana was dumbfounded. “Isn’t that for me to wear?”

What kind of lingerie would a man wear?

Eve said, “It’s for you to wear. Put on some sexy lingerie tonight and present yourself to him as a gift, I guarantee he’ll love it! Hehe, preferably the sheer, see-through kind, spaghetti straps, lace trim, black stockings, and lacy ties...”

Alana exhaled.

She shouldn’t have relied on Eve for gift ideas.

Just look at her...nothing but terrible ideas!

She gritted her teeth. “Forget it. I’ll figure out what to get him myself!”

Eve gave a suggestive smile and knew when to back off. “Hehe, girl, I was just

kidding! The clothes here are too expensive. Just get him a tie, it’s more practical!”

A tie?

Alana nodded; that actually sounded like a good idea.

Relieved that her best friend had finally come up with a sensible idea, Alana and Eve walked over to the men's tie section together. There was a wide variety of ties, in all sorts of colors and styles.

Alana was struck by decision paralysis.

"What color tie should I get him?"

Eve asked, "What colors of ties does he usually wear?"

Alana thought for a moment, "Hmm, black, gray, darker shades."

"Then you should get him one that stands out!"

Alana frowned. "So what color is the most unique?"

"Red, I think. I feel like it suits him, it gives off a subtle yet fiery vibe!"

Eve picked out a dark red tie and held it up for Alana to see. "This one's perfect!"

Alana ran her fingers over the red tie; the texture felt nice.

But when she checked the price, it was over ten thousand.

For just a tie?!

Why did Eve bring her to such a place?!

But then over ten thousand was much cheaper than the ruby necklace worth over 50 million he'd given her.

Alana made up her mind on the spot.

"Let's go with this one."

After a moment's pause, she looked at Eve with pleading eyes. "If I don't have enough money to survive, can I borrow some from you?"

Eve smiled, "No problem!"

Alana promptly had the sales clerk wrap up the tie.

After buying the tie, she couldn't help but ask, "Is there anything else you want to buy?"

Eve was surprised. “Buy more? Is your little wallet big enough? Don’t buy too much all at once. You have plenty of time to buy him more things later once your little wallet is a bit fuller!”

Alana nodded. “Alright.”

She hoped he wouldn’t look down on her gift.

This was already too expensive for her.

At that moment, a twinge of regret welled up inside Alana.

Was it a good thing or a bad thing that she’d agreed so easily to be his girlfriend? The gap between her and him was just too wide.

She felt an inexplicable sense of inferiority, as if she wasn’t good enough for him. Just as she was thinking this, Eve suddenly asked,

“By the way, Lana, tell me exactly how big he is.”

Alana glared at her friend while Eve burst into laughter.

Eve drove Alana back to the office.

Alana returned to her desk, but before she’d even had a chance to settle in, Carla spotted the bag from a certain men’s clothing brand in her hand.

Her eyes lit up with curiosity. “Wow, what did you buy?!”

Alana replied coyly, “Nothing much.”

Carla smiled mischievously, not buying it. “Are you sure it’s nothing?”

“That’s a bag from JL, a high-end men’s fashion brand. Did you buy something for a guy?”

Alana swallowed.

She guessed exactly right, but please don’t guess anymore.

Carla asked, curiously, “Lana, you aren’t... dating anyone currently, are you?! Who is it? Do I know him?!”

Alana blushed, too embarrassed to say.

Seeing this, Carla gave her an even more suggestive look.

“Are you really dating someone?!”

“What does he look like? Is he handsome? What’s his build like?! Is he ripped? Is he the cute puppy type or the big bad wolf type?!”

The conversation was getting more and more out of hand.

Alana was too embarrassed to answer.

Just then, Deputy Director, Grace came over to give her instructions.

“We’re having a department meeting in a bit. Go get some tea for everyone.”

Alana felt instantly relieved and quickly replied, “Okay, I’ll go do that right away!”

By the time she had the tea ready, the meeting had already begun.

She walked in carrying the tea, and everyone turned to look at her.

Deputy Director, Grace’s menopausal symptoms flared up again, and she launched into a lecture.

“What’s going on? I asked you to prepare a few cups of tea, why did it take so long?”

Alana thought to herself, ‘They gave me less than twenty minutes to prepare, of course I didn’t have enough time.’

Doesn’t boiling water, brewing tea, and pouring it take time?

Although she was grumbling inwardly, she kept it to herself and maintained her composure.

Cole glanced at Alana and said calmly, “Alright, everyone, quiet down. Let’s begin the meeting.”

Everyone else quickly averted their gaze and sat up straight.

Grace began her PowerPoint presentation. The presentation covered new product development, product design, and product competitiveness.

Alana was in charge of serving tea to everyone.

When she reached Cole's desk, he stared intently at her. His slender fingers seemed to brush against the back of her hand casually, his gaze carrying a distinct hint of meaning.

Alana felt like washing her hands.

Because of this disgust, the teacup, which hadn't been set down firmly, caused the tea to spill.

Some of it splashed onto Cole, leaving a large wet patch on his shirt.

Alana gasped and blurted out, "Oh, I'm so sorry!"

Grace, who had been speaking, was interrupted, and her expression instantly darkened.

Without hesitation, she scolded Alana, "What kind of work ethic is that? You can't even carry a cup of tea without spilling it, and on top of that, you've splashed it all over our Manager Cole. You're so clumsy, get out of here!"

The others looked at her, their expressions a mix of disapproval and pity.

When serving tea to the others, everything went smoothly, so why did the tea spill when she served it to Manager Cole?

Could it be that she did it on purpose, just to get his attention?

If so, this Alana girl was far too calculating.

One wouldn't think so, she has such a pure, innocent demeanor, yet she was so calculating.

Alana's face paled slightly.

This was really unfair, she hadn't meant to spill the tea. It was just that someone had distracted her, so...

Grace snapped, "What are you standing there for? Hurry up and get out!"

Alana found herself in a bind. Biting her lip, she turned to leave.

Just then, Cole spoke calmly, “Director Grace, everyone makes mistakes. There’s no need to make a big deal out of this. Besides, she’s just an intern; there’s no need to be so harsh on her.”

Grace was taken aback; she hadn’t expected Cole to speak up for Alana. She’d assumed he’d be furious that Alana had spilled tea on him.

So she went with the flow and berated Alana on his behalf. But to her surprise...

Grace took a deep breath and said to Alana, “Alana, since Manager Cole isn’t holding your mistake against you, let’s consider this matter closed.”

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Chapter 141 The previous day

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“But be careful next time, don’t make such a rookie mistake again!”

Alana lowered her eyes. “I understand.”

Seeing that Alana was reasonably sensible, Grace didn’t bother to argue with her any further.

“Find a seat!”

Alana walked over and sat in the farthest corner.

Throughout this, Cole’s gaze never left her.

The meeting ended.

Everyone began to leave one by one.

Alana gathered her notes and was about to stand up.

Suddenly, Cole called out.

“Alana, stay behind.”

The colleagues who hadn’t left yet all glanced curiously at Alana and Cole. They wondered why Cole had called Alana over, could he be planning to settle the score later?

After all, it was a fact that Alana had stained his clothes.

Carla shot Alana a worried glance.

Alana smiled at Carla, signaling that she was fine. Carla sighed and, with no other choice, left first.

Once everyone had left the conference room, leaving only Alana and Cole behind,

Alana looked at Cole with a neutral expression. “Manager Cole, did you ask me to stay because there’s something important?”

Cole stared at Alana, pursed his lips, and finally said, “Just now... I didn’t mean to.”

Alana was already in a foul mood, and now that he’d brought it up himself, she was furious.

She clenched her teeth, feeling deeply aggrieved. “You didn’t mean to, but you didn’t explain to everyone that it was your fault, did you?”

Cole’s eyes, hidden behind his glasses, were deep and inscrutable. “Lana, are you blaming me?”

Alana took a deep breath.

“I wouldn’t dare. How could I possibly blame you, Manager Cole?”

Cole spoke up, “Oh stop with the Manager Cole, it’s making my ears bleed. Call me Cole, or Coco. You sweetly used to call me Coco. Remember when I didn’t like the name. But you still fondly called me that until I grew to like it.”

“Manager Cole” sounded too formal, making it seem as though they were merely in a superior-subordinate relationship. Cole couldn’t take it anymore.

As if deliberately defying him, Alana replied coldly, “I’m sorry, Manager Cole, As an intern, I wouldn’t dare overstep my bounds!”

Cole furrowed his brow. “Lana, I had no idea you had such a stubborn streak. Where has that well-behaved girl from back then gone?”

Alana replied, “Manager Cole, I’ve always been this way, I’ve never changed. It’s just that you’ve never tried to understand me. The one who changed was you, wasn’t it?”

She had once granted his every request because she believed he was someone who treated her well.

For every bit of kindness others showed her, she was willing to return tenfold.

But when she discovered that his kindness was all pretense, she had to let go of him for good.

Cole’s eyes darkened.

Not wanting to delve deeper into the subject, he asked, “Who did you go out with at lunchtime today?”

“That’s my private business.”

Cole said, “Yes, I know it’s your private matter. But I hope you won’t get involved with any shady person and that you’ll maintain your purity and innocence...you know...for me.”

In his eyes, Alana was as pure and pristine as a white flower; he couldn’t bear the thought of anyone tarnishing her in the slightest. He wanted to do the tarnishing. He had been waiting for it for a long time.

“In your dreams.” Alana snapped.

Cole frowned. “Lana, I’m genuinely concerned about you!”

Alana looked up at him, her eyes clear as crystal.

Really?

Does he really care about her?

In what ways did his concern for her show itself?

Cole gazed at her intently and continued gently, “Lana, not only do I care about you, but during these past few months apart, I’ve been thinking of you constantly, every single moment.”

Alana didn’t understand. “Why?”

Wasn’t he about getting married to Sophia?

Bloody two-timer!

“I...” Cole was momentarily at a loss for words.

Whenever he was with her, he always felt an awkwardness that made it impossible to express his feelings.

“I miss you.”

“I didn’t miss you.” She replied.

That was indeed the truth.

At first she had been heartbroken and so upset.

But then later on, she had met Stephan who kept chasing after her relentlessly.

Now thinking about it, it felt as if Stephan had helped her moved on without him knowing.

She had been so occupied with dealing with the overwhelming pursuit of Stephan and she had no time to think about anything else.

“Manager Cole, if there’s nothing else, I’ll be going now.”

Cole sighed helplessly, “Alright.”

Alana turned and left.

Cole remained seated where he was, staring blankly at her retreating figure.

Alana returned to her desk, where her colleagues cast curious glances her way.

Carla leaned in and asked with concern, “Lana, did Manager Cole give you a hard time just now?”

Alana shook her head. “No.”

Carla breathed a sigh of relief. “That’s good. I thought Manager Cole might come after you later, after all, you accidentally spilled tea on his clothes just now, and he looked pretty upset.”

Alana smiled. “Don’t worry about it. It’s really fine.”

Carla thought about it for a moment and nodded. “You’re right. After all, Manager Cole had stood up for you in front of everyone.”

Alana thought of how Cole had just stood up for her, and her eyes dimmed slightly.

Was he really defending her?

But if his hand hadn't accidentally brushed against hers, her hand wouldn't have trembled with disgust, and she certainly wouldn't have spilled the tea.

Clearly, it all started because of him, wasn't it only natural for him to speak up in her defense?

She recalled how his own sister had bullied her in the past, simply because she had accidentally stained his sister's dress.

His sister had gathered a group of people and cornered her outside school to ridicule.

In the end, it was Cole who showed up and saved her just in time.

And he warned his own sister.

At the time, she had seen Cole as her savior and was deeply grateful to him.

But now that she thought about it, given how badly his sister treated her, wasn't it only natural for him, as her older brother, to step in and stop it?

After warning his own sister, he reassured her, telling her not to worry about it and not to tell anyone. He promised that as long as he was around, he wouldn't let anyone bully her, especially his own sister.

Looking back now, wasn't this simply Cole's way of shielding his own sister from negative repercussions?

After all, if the matter had blown up, it wouldn't have been good for his sister either, it would have damaged her image and reputation.

Unfortunately, being younger, she hadn't considered this aspect; she simply thought that since this guy had helped her, he must be a good person.

How could she have known that his concern and protection for her were laced with a bit of calculation?

Now he said he cared about her.

But how much of that concern was genuine, and how much was feigned?

Alana didn't want to guess or figure it out; she just wanted to stay far away from him.

After work that evening.

Alana waited until most of her colleagues had left before mentioning the gift she'd prepared for Stephan, then hurried out.

She had just received a message that he was already waiting near the office, and she didn't want to keep him waiting.

Stepping out of the office, Alana spotted the man's familiar Bentley from a distance. Before anyone noticed, she quickly jogged over, opened the car door, and tried to get in. But what caught her eye was a huge bouquet of vibrant red roses.

It was even larger than the ninety-nine roses he'd sent her last time.

She looked at the handsome man inside the car in astonishment.

"You... you're giving me flowers again?"

Stephan raised an eyebrow. "Do you like them?"

Alana bit her lip. "I do, but next time, could you please not send so many? Because they take so much time to take care of."

Stephan said magnanimously, "No need to take care of them. I'll send you a new bouquet daily. You just have to throw away the one I sent the previous day."

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Chapter 142 Too old

Chapter 142 Too old

Alana frowned. "No way. You gave them to me, I can't just throw them away!"

Hearing this, Stephan looked at her with a meaningful expression.

Alana's cheeks flushed slightly, and she shyly averted her gaze.

You big mouth!

How did I accidentally let my true feelings slip out?!

Use your brain next time!

Watching the girl's bashful reaction, he couldn't help but smile. "Alright, I'll take your word for it. I'll give you less next time."

Alana blushed and gave a soft "Mm-hmm."

She hugged the roses from the passenger seat to her chest so she could sit down comfortably.

Really wanting to do something more for him, she let out.

"Let's stop by the supermarket. I want to prepare dinner for you."

Stephan's eyes dilated. "My girlfriend wants to cook for me?!"

Alana laughed.

Why was he acting as if she was offering something huge?

"But I wouldn't want you to stress yourself. We can just order." He suggested.

She shook her head. "I want to cook. It's one of my love languages."

His jaw dropped. "Love?"

Alana laughed harder. "Can you stop acting like that?"

"I can't help it! I'm so happy. My girlfriend wants to cook for me because she loves me."

Well, Alana let him have his moment.

His excitement was quite contagious and she couldn't stop smiling.

When they got to the supermarket, both of them, walked through the aisles together, chatting and deciding what to buy.

Suddenly a little boy ran up to them.

"Hello, Miss, you're so pretty, will you be my girlfriend?" He let out, adorably.

Stephan gasped in shock.

Couldn't this little brat see her boyfriend standing right here?

"Huh?" Alana froze. A little boy who looked about five or six years old had just said those words to her.

What kind of awkward moment is this?

She found it cute but didn't know what to say.

Stephan looked at the tiny boy before him, barely reaching his knees, and couldn't help but frown.

"Kid, get a good look at me. I'm her boyfriend. She's already taken, there's no way she'd accept your confession!"

The little boy's hair was combed immaculately; he wore a white T-shirt and suspenders with jeans.

His chubby little face was fair and smooth, like a plump, tender meat bun.

He eyed Stephan up and down, then curled his lip in disdain. "But you look really old to be her boyfriend."

Stephan felt slapped...by a little girl no less.

Where was he old? He wasn't even thirty yet!

Alana couldn't help but chuckle when she saw his face suddenly darken.

Stephan noticed that Alana was still trying to stifle her laughter, could it be that she, too, was secretly thinking he was too old?!

He was only...six years older than her.

Stephan glared at the little boy with a forced smile, "It's rude to make fun of someone's age! Where are your parents? Go get your parents so they can teach you some manners!"

The little boy grumbled, looking as if he feared nothing, "I'm not telling you!"

"Fine, I'll teach you a lesson in place of your parents!" Stephan pretended to reach out his hand.

"No!"

The little boy let out a shriek, then quickly shoved a stick of flower into Alana's hands, along with a note.

"Miss, these flowers are for you, and here's my contact info. If you feel the same way about me, call! This old man has a bad temper. Don't date him. My mummy says I'm a very good boy." After shoving the items into her hands, he rolled his eyes at Stephan, stuck out his tongue, and scampered off.

What a cocky little brat!

Stephan wanted to chase after him and beat him up, but in the end, he just gritted his teeth and muttered, "You little brat!"

Alana smiled and soothed him, "He's just a playful little boy. There's no need to take it to heart."

Stephan shot her a glance, his tone icy.

"He said you shouldn't date me. Shouldn't we teach him a lesson?"

He can call him old all he wants, but he has no right to say Alana shouldn't date him.

They were clearly a perfect match, how could they not be??

Realizing the man was angry, Alana wisely kept her mouth shut. However, the little boy's words did pique her curiosity.

"Speaking of which, I haven't asked you yet, how old are you?"

Stephan blinked.

Wasn't it rude to suddenly ask someone their age?

The man suddenly snatched the flower and note from her hand, tossed them into the trash can, then turned, pushing the cart.

"I think we've got everything we need. I'm hungry. Let's go home and cook!"

Alana frowned.

Why won't he answer her?

Was he that old?

But he just dressed a bit more maturely; he doesn't look old at all.

And even if he doesn't want to answer, why did he throw the flowers and the note in the trash?

The little boy quickly ran back to his mother.

His mother was dressed like a lady of high society and had a very refined air about her. Seeing the little boy running back and forth, she couldn't help but scold him.

Although it was a scolding, her tone was gentle.

"Where did you run off to just now? Didn't I tell you to stay by my side every time we go out and not run off?"

The little boy blinked, looking a bit guilty.

"Sorry, Mommy. I just saw a really pretty girl who looked like a fairy, so I went over to talk to her. I'll be more careful next time!"

The boy's mother was both annoyed and amused. "You're such a kid! You're so young, and already so mischievous!"

"Mommy, that girl really is beautiful. If you don't believe me, look, she's right over there!" The little boy pointed toward the cash register.

The boy's mother couldn't help but look over and caught a fleeting glimpse of Alana's profile as she walked away with the man.

She stared, momentarily transfixed.

Why does that girl seem so familiar? She looks just like...

Meanwhile.

Alana got into the car with Stephan.

Although Stephan had a cold expression on his face, he still thoughtfully fastened Alana's seatbelt.

He was clearly still pretty annoyed by that brat from earlier. Alana found it a bit amusing. Why was he sometimes even more childish than a kid?

Stephan glanced at her and suddenly asked, "What are you laughing at? Still thinking about that little boy's confession to you just now? A little boy who's barely grown any hair, is he really worth your attention?" His tone was sarcastically harsh.

And of course it sounded sarcastic, he was really upset, his woman was so sought-after by everyone, from the young to the old, men and women alike.

A sense of crisis suddenly washed over Stephan.

He thought to himself, it seems being boyfriend and girlfriend wasn't enough; he needed to marry her, asap.

Alana was unaware of the man's thoughts. She cleared her throat softly, "No, I wasn't thinking about him. What I'm wondering is... how old you are, exactly?"

Stephan stared at her with a dark look in his eyes. "What? Do you think I'm too old?"

Alana blinked. "No, I'm just genuinely curious about your age. Last time, at the hospital, I already told you my age, twenty-two. To be fair, why don't you tell me yours?"

Stephan took a deep breath, thought for a moment, then replied gruffly,

"Twenty-eight."

Alana was stunned, her beautiful eyes widening in shock. "Twenty-eight? You're actually twenty-eight?!"

She wouldn't have guessed it. She'd thought he was around twenty-five, but it turned out he was twenty-eight!

Besides, he usually wore suits and leather shoes, looking very mature and old-fashioned.

If he wore something a bit more youthful, he'd probably look just like a college student, wouldn't he?

Seeing her shocked expression, Stephan felt a pang of unease in his chest. Could she really be put off by his age?!

But then again, he was about to start college while she was still in middle school school, there was definitely an age gap.

But surely it wasn't a generational gap?

"So what if I'm twenty-eight? Even at twenty-eight, I'm still young at heart, I can satisfy a woman as insatiable as

you!”

Alana couldn’t help but blush.

Was that what she meant?

And who was the insatiable one here?!

Stephan shot her a glance, then continued in all seriousness, “Let me tell you, some men these days, don’t be fooled by their youth. They may look good, but they’re all show and no substance. They’re physically weak. If you’re with a man like that, you won’t have a fulfilling sex life!”

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Chapter 143 To decline

Chapter 143 To decline

Alana laughed.

This was getting ridiculous.

She pursed her lips and said deliberately, “But I’ve heard that once a man turns twenty-five, his body starts to decline.”

Stephan looked at her with a smirk. “Who said that? Do I look like I’m physically unfit to you?”

Alana laughed harder. She was having fun teasing him.

Stephan’s thin lips suddenly curled upward as he deliberately twisted the truth.

“Alright, I get it. You think I didn’t satisfy you enough last night, and you’re still not satisfied. You want me to last longer tonight and go all night long?”

Upon hearing this, Alana’s laughed ceased and her face flushed bright red.

“No, I didn’t! Don’t make things up!”

Her cheeks were flushed, making her look especially cute and alluring.

Stephan raised an eyebrow, teasing her on purpose, “Then what do you mean? I...”

Alana stammered, her face flushed, unsure how to respond.

Stephan leaned close to her flushed ear, his deep, magnetic voice hot and seductive.

“Come over to my place again tonight.”

Alana instinctively refused, “No, don’t...”

Stephan chuckled. “You said you wanted to cook for me, shouldn’t you do it at my place?”

Alana bit her lip, hesitated for a moment, then whispered, “I can go to your place to cook, but...I won’t stay overnight.”

What if she stayed over and he pounced on her again, demanding more?

The way he’d gone wild with her last night was still fresh in her mind.

What stood out most was the moment she wrapped her arms around his neck, clinging to him as they pressed against a full-length mirror, letting him...

Just thinking about it made her legs go weak.

Stephan chuckled. So she really was going to his place? Did she think she could just walk away so easily?

He slammed his foot on the gas pedal, and the car sped off.

Arriving at the man’s house. Alana followed Stephan into the kitchen, carrying the groceries.

It had to be said, Stephan’s kitchen was several times larger than hers. And it was fully equipped.

Stephan set down the bags, grabbed a blue apron, and walked over to Alana. “Come on, my little beauty, hold out your arms, I’ll put the apron on you.”

Alana blushed but obediently spread her arms, letting the man put the apron on her.

The man thoughtfully helped the girl put on the apron, then moved behind her to tie a cute bow.

Then he wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her petite frame tightly into his embrace.

The girl in his arms was sweet and soft, making him reluctant to let her go. He wanted to merge her into his very being.

Resting his chin against her soft head, he nuzzled her gently.

“I really wish I could hold you like this forever.”

Alana felt her cheeks gradually grow hot, realizing that she had once again been flustered by the man’s sweet words.

Not only was her face flushed, but her heart was racing as well.

“Stop fooling around. It’s getting late; I still have to wash the vegetables and cook dinner.”

The man chuckled. “Can’t you say something nice to me?”

He’d made his intentions so obvious.

She didn’t know how to play along.

Alana bit her lip and asked softly, “What do you want me to say?”

Stephan bent down slightly, leaning close to her, and breathed warm air into her ear.

“Say you want me to hold you, to hold you forever, for the rest of your life.”

Alana’s eyes flickered slightly.

Could she and he...really stay like this, holding each other for the rest of their lives? That was unlikely, isn’t it?

A lifetime was too long; she didn’t dare to think that far ahead.

She just hoped that for now, they could be happy and content.

Alana smiled and patted the man’s hand resting on her waist. “All right, let go of me. I need to start prepping the ingredients.”

Not hearing the words he wanted to hear, Stephan chuckled softly and leaned down to nibble on the girl's delicate ear.

"No need to prep dinner. I can feed you back in the bedroom."

He paused, then lowered his voice to a deliberately husky tone. "I guarantee you'll be full!"

Alana's cheeks flushed even redder.

Aaaah, what on earth was he rambling about?!

She didn't want to get the hint on purpose.

Gritting her teeth, both tensed and annoyed, she said, "I'm really hungry!"

"Okay, I'll go put the rice on. Fill your little belly first," The man chuckled, his laugh magnetic yet mischievous.

Alana blushed and wondered, what happened after he's filled her little belly?

He wasn't planning to do something naughty to her again, was he?!

That naughty man!

Once I'm done cooking for him and give him his gift, I'm getting out of here fast!

Stephan took the initiative to cook rice in the rice cooker.

Once the rice was done, he came over to help her with the prep work.

Alana washed the vegetables, and he chopped them.

Initially, she wanted to chop the vegetables, but Stephan said that she had delicate hands and shouldn't handle knives, she could be prone to cutting her fingers.

As for him, being a big, burly man with tough skin, he wasn't likely to cut himself.

Alana just let him do it because she knew she couldn't win that argument.

Then planned to make salt-baked chicken wings.

After she washed the chicken wings, Stephan carefully deboned each one, then scored them with a knife to help the seasoning penetrate and enhance the flavor.

Watching his skilled movements, Alana couldn't help but exclaim in surprise, "You know how to debone them? That's impressive!"

She never deboned the wings when she made salt-baked chicken wings herself.

Stephan glanced at her and curved his lips. "It makes it easier for you to eat."

Alana's cheeks flushed.

That older man really knows his stuff.

Suddenly, the man let out a muffled groan.

"What's wrong?" Alana's breath caught in her throat when she saw that the man had cut his finger on the kitchen knife, and blood was oozing from it.

"Oh, your finger!"

Alana immediately grew anxious, quickly grabbing his hand and taking his injured finger into her mouth.

She remembered that when she was a child and cut her finger, her grandmother had done just that, put her finger in her mouth.

She'd also been told that human saliva has antiseptic properties. Not sure how true that was though.

So when she saw blood on his finger, she did exactly that without hesitation. When Stephan saw Alana grab his injured finger and take it into her mouth without a moment's hesitation, the light in his eyes darkened instantly.

He stared at her intently, his gaze so intense it seemed as though he might devour her. But when he saw the nervous look on her face, the corners of his mouth lifted ever so slightly.

Alana looked up and froze for a moment at the sight of him.

What... was that look on his face?

His finger had a cut, yet not only did he not seem to feel any pain, he was actually smiling?!

Stephan fixed his gaze on her, his thin lips twitching. "Are you that worried about me?"

Alana's cheeks flushed crimson. She quickly let go of his injured finger and said shyly.

“Stop it. I’m not going to help you. You can take care of it yourself!”

Stephan curved his lips. “But I want you to help me, especially...like that just now...”

Alana shot him a playful glare. “Stop fooling around. Just go get a Band-Aid and put it on yourself.”

After a pause, she added with concern;

“Also, don’t get the injured finger wet. Be careful not to let it get infected. I’ll take care of the rest.”

Stephan chuckled, softly. He was used to being the one giving orders, yet now he was being told what to do by a cute little white rabbit.

But the feeling of being cared for by her was actually quite nice; it warmed his heart.

He never felt this way when other women showed him concern.

He raised his hand and ruffled the girl’s soft hair. “Okay, I got it. I’m the man who listens to his girlfriend the most.”

Alana bit her lip. What a flirt!

About half an hour later, she finished preparing four dishes and a soup.

Salt-baked chicken wings, sweet and sour spare ribs, steamed sea bass, stir-fried seasonal vegetables, and a soup made with chicken and mushrooms.

Whether it was the stir-fried dishes or the soup, they looked absolutely delicious.

Plus, they smelled so fragrant, it really whetted one’s appetite.

Stephan’s took a seat at the table, eagerly waiting to be served.

Alana first served her a bowl of soup. “Have a sip of soup before your meal.”

Stephan immediately picked up a spoon to take a sip, nodding in agreement. “It’s so good.

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Chapter 144 My taste

Chapter 144 My taste

“It’s taste just as good as my girlfriend herself but my girlfriend tastes better though.”

Alana blushed at the compliment. “It’s not that great. I know exactly what my cooking skills are worth, I can’t compare to professional chefs.”

Stephan looked at her and said earnestly.

“But in my eyes, your cooking is better than any professional chef’s, it suits my taste perfectly.”

Alana blushed even more and said softly,

“Then eat a little more.”

Stephan curved his lips. “Alright, I’ll eat every last bit.”

With that, he downed the bowl of soup she’d served him in one gulp, quite impressive.

Alana thought to herself, He was really giving me face.

After finishing the soup, he began picking up more dishes to eat.

With every bite, he paid Alana a compliment, showering her with emotional validation. The compliments made her feel on cloud nine; if she had a tail, it would have been wagging all the way to the sky.

For instance, he told her that the salt-baked chicken wings were cooked to perfection, full of flavor, fragrant, and crispy. The sweet and sour spare ribs were sweet without being cloying, and the steamed sea bass was fresh and sweet.

His praise made her want to cook for him again and again. “I know how to make lots of other dishes too. If you like this, I’ll cook something else for you next time!”

Stephan curved his lips. “Great. With a girlfriend who cooks so well, I’m in for a treat.”

Alana blushed again at the compliment.

It wasn't really that impressive, but being praised by him made her feel incredibly happy and content.

Stephan seemed to think of something and looked up at her. "By the way, besides cooking for me, have you ever cooked for anyone else?"

Like her ex-boyfriend, for example.

Surely, he hadn't eaten the meals she'd cooked for him, had he?!

The thought that the man had also enjoyed such a treat made his heart churn with jealousy.

Alana didn't catch the underlying meaning in the man's words and instinctively nodded in agreement. "Yes."

She had cooked for her grandmother in the countryside.

Children from poor families grow up fast; it was only natural for them to know how to cook, also learn basic survival skills on time.

Upon hearing this, Stephan felt a pang of jealousy. She must have cooked for her ex-boyfriend before.

Hmph!

"From now on, you're only allowed to cook for me!"

"Huh?" Her eyes widened. "Why?"

Stephan stared at her with a deep, intense gaze and expressed his thoughts without hesitation.

"Because I'll get jealous!"

Alana couldn't help but blush.

Huh?

Was that really something worth him getting jealous over?

But putting herself in his shoes, if Stephan were to cook for a woman other than her, she'd feel uncomfortable too.

Of course, his family members were an exception.

So, Alana nodded. “Okay, I understand.”

Stephan curved his lips. “My girlfriend is such a good girl.”

Alana blushed even more and couldn’t bring herself to look at him.

After dinner, Stephan took the initiative to clear the table.

Alana stood up. “Let me do that. Your hand is injured; you shouldn’t get it wet.”

Stephan smiled and asked, “Who said I was going to touch the water?”

Alana was taken aback. “If you don’t touch the water, how are you going to wash them?”

“Put them in the dishwasher. Let the machine do the work, it’ll get them cleaner than if I washed them by hand anyway.”

She didn’t have a dishwasher so she was quite astonished.

While the man was putting the dishes away in the kitchen, Alana took out the gift she’d prepared for him.

It was a reddish-brown box tied with a red bow, wrapped quite formally.

When her boyfriend came out, she held the gift box in both hands and handed it to him. “Here, this is for you.”

Stephan looked at the gift box suddenly handed to him and raised an eyebrow slightly.

“What’s this?”

Alana bit her lip, speaking with a touch of nervousness, “You gave me a necklace as a gift, so I... should give you something too.”

Stephan’s lips curved into a smile.

He hadn’t expected that after eating a meal cooked by his little white rabbit, he’d also receive a gift from her.

How thoughtful of her.

She was going to make him die of happiness at this rate.

He reached out, took it in his hand, but didn’t open it right away.

“Thank you.”

Alana’s fingers tightened slightly. “You...go ahead and open it. If you don’t like it, I can still...”

Stephan interrupted in a calm voice, “No matter what you give me, I’ll love it.”

Alana’s beautiful eyes widened in surprise.

“How could that be? You clearly haven’t even looked at it yet...”

Stephan gazed at her, a smile playing around his eyes, yet his expression remained earnest. “Because you gave it to me, I like it. Do you understand?”

Alana’s breath caught, and an inexplicable, warm sensation welled up inside her.

It was as if he were telling her that what he liked wasn’t the gift itself.

But rather the thoughtfulness behind her choosing it for him. It felt like he was openly favoring her, a feeling that was warm and comforting.

How had she never noticed this before? Sometimes, he really was this warm.

Her eyes welled up slightly. “Thank you.”

“What are you thanking me for?” Stephan found it amusing. “You’re the one who gave me a gift, I’m the one who should be thanking you.”

Alana curved her lips and spoke to him honestly, “Thank you for not looking down on my gift. The necklace you gave me is so precious, but I can’t return the favor with something equally valuable. I was afraid you wouldn’t like it.”

Stephan smiled and gently tapped her forehead with his finger.

“Don’t think that way. Why don’t you consider that the gift you gave me is just like you, this gift is just as priceless as you are to me.”

“I...” Alana bit her lip; how could she dare to think that?

Priceless to him?

But it was just a tie?

And did she mean that much to him?

Seeing her still looking so conflicted, Stephan opened the gift box right in front of her. It was a red tie.

He looked at her, his surprise tinged with a hint of delight.

“How did you come up with the idea of giving me a red tie?”

Seeing his reaction, her cheeks flushed slightly. “I... didn’t know what to give you. I just thought I’d give you something practical, like a tie, since you wear them often.”

Stephan gazed at the girl’s flushed cheeks, a smirk playing on his lips as he felt the urge to tease her.

“There are plenty of practical things besides ties. Actually, I’d prefer... if you’d just wrap yourself up and give yourself to me.”

Her cheeks grew hotter the more she listened, and her ears turned completely red.

She hurriedly interrupted, “Okay, don’t push your luck.”

What did he mean, ‘wrap yourself up and give yourself to me’?

He really had a wild imagination!

Stephan gazed at the girl’s lovely, flushed face, his lips curving slightly as he said deliberately, “I really like the tie, it was a pleasant surprise and I’d forever cherish it. But I look forward to you giving me another gift next time.”

As for what kind of gift he wanted her to give him, that went without saying.

Alana was so flustered by his teasing that her whole body felt hot, and she couldn’t even speak.

Her beautiful eyes, filled with shy and timid reproach, glared at him.

She looked utterly irresistible.

Stephan’s Adam’s apple bobbed as he couldn’t resist pulling her into his arms.

“Tonight, you cooked for me and gave me a gift. So, don’t leave. Stay here and let me properly thank you, okay?”

The scheming man was at it again.

As for his promise to “take good care of her,”

Alana didn’t need to think twice, she knew exactly what he had in mind.

She replied shyly, “No thanks needed. I’m going to walk Luca’s pets now. You can entertain yourself!” With that, she tried to slip away.

Stephan quickly grabbed her wrist. “Wait, I’ll come with you.”

“No need, I can manage on my own.”

Alana blushed, gently wriggled her hand free from his grip, and fled the scene, as if she were afraid he’d chase after her and ask her to stay.

Stephan chuckled.

Since she didn’t want to stay with him, he’d just go stay at her place, it was all the same anyway.

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Chapter 145 Several times

Chapter 145 Several times

Stephan thought for a moment, then picked up the red tie Alana had given him and turned to enter the bathroom.

In the bathroom, the man stood in front of the mirror by the sink, draping the tie around his neck without tying it, leaving it hanging loosely.

He shoved his hands into his pockets, tilted his smoothly chiseled chin slightly upward, and leisurely admired his own striking appearance.

The man in the mirror wore a black shirt with the top two buttons undone, revealing a patch of delicate collarbone with a sensual, alluring curve.

Paired with the casually draped red tie hanging down on either side of his chest, his aura was brimming with a mix of allure and flirtation.

Yet the man hadn't even noticed; he thought he looked absolutely stunning.

He curved his lips into a slow smile, his dark eyes sparkling. "No wonder, it's a gift from the girl I like. It really suits me."

Suddenly, as if a thought struck him, he pulled out his phone and snapped a photo of his reflection in the mirror, making sure to capture the red tie draped around his neck.

Then, he silently opened his group chat with his buddies and sent the photo over.

Stephan:[First time getting a gift from my girlfriend, the red tie around my neck. Does it suit me?]

The group immediately exploded with countless teasing, some were puzzled and sleepless, some sent eye-rolling emojis.

[Stephan, you're not the first man to be in a relationship. Stop running it in our faces!]

Stephan curled the corners of his lips and replied leisurely.

Stephan: [I know you're jealous, but don't get too jealous. After all, not every guy gets a gift from his girlfriend.]

Buddy #1: [Stephan, don't be so coy!]

Buddy #2: [I hope you don't bring this attitude when we hang out, otherwise, I'll drink myself to death!]

Buddy #3: [Single guys have lives too!!!]

Buddy #4: Who's jealous?! I'm not jealous! In fact, I'm going to block you!]

A whole bunch of sour comments flooded the screen.

Stephan watched with quiet satisfaction.

Suddenly, Gary chimed in.

Gary: [Wait, bro, did you really succeed?]

Stephan frowned.

Gary just had to remind him of how hard it was to get Alana.

The other guys in the group instantly sensed the scent of gossip and started asking questions.

[What do you mean, ‘succeed’?!]

[Don’t tell me the almighty Stephan was pursuing a girl for long]

[Is there some juicy gossip we’re not supposed to know?!]

[Don’t leave us hanging, spill the rest of the story!]

However, before Gary could open his mouth to spill the beans, a message suddenly popped up in the group chat.

Gary had been muted by the group admin.

He gasped.

Alana went to Luca’s house and took Ollie and Jerry out for a walk.

She thought to herself, "I’d better finish this walk and get out of here."

After all, her lower back was still sore from what had happened last night.

Alana said to the cat and dog, “Ollie, Jerry, tonight’s walk might be a bit shorter. Let’s just stroll around here; we won’t go to the park.”

The moment the golden retriever and the big orange cat heard this, their tails drooped instantly, and they looked utterly dejected.

Alana felt a twinge of guilt. Maybe she should...

Just as she was thinking that, a gentle voice interrupted her.

“Hello!”

Alana looked up to see a familiar, graceful figure slowly walking toward her.

As she drew closer, Alana realized that this woman was actually the blind date who had been with Stephan last time.

Darla walked straight up to her and smiled warmly. “Do you recognize me?”

Alana hadn't expected Stephan's blind date to suddenly greet her; she nodded nervously. "I do."

After all, how could she not recognize someone who had been so intimate with her Stephan?

She had been deeply surprised, and deeply bothered.

Darla was quite the social butterfly. "Why aren't you here with your boyfriend today?"

She remembered that the last time this girl had been out with her boyfriend, they'd been walking their cat and dog.

Alana looked at Darla as she walked up to her, feeling a bit puzzled. Last time, wasn't she terrified of that big golden retriever?

Why wasn't she afraid this time?

And she even came over to say hello on her own?!

Still, she gave the big golden retriever a look, hinting for it to behave and not scare the passersby.

The golden retriever stuck out its tongue and wagged its tail, as if in response. Only then did Alana say to Darla, "He's not my boyfriend."

Darla looked slightly surprised. "He isn't? You two look like a great match. I actually thought you were a couple."

Alana smiled, though her smile was a bit awkward. "We're not."

Darla laughed. "Just because you're not now doesn't mean you won't be in the future. I think you two could end up together."

Alana blinked.

This was so awkward.

Were they even close?

Talking about this right off the bat.

Darla suddenly spoke up, "Do you remember the man who was with me last time?"

Alana paused for a moment. "I remember."

Well, she was currently dating the man so...

Darla blinked and asked, "He was handsome, wasn't he?"

Alana paused for a moment, then nodded. "Yeah."

Darla smiled again. "Good. Let me tell you, he was my blind date. Even though it was just a blind date, my parents and his parents are both very pleased with us. We're a good match, so we'll probably end up getting married."

"If we end up together, I'll invite you and that guy from last time to our wedding reception. We're practically neighbors and I want us to get along."

Also, the reason she'd had her first intimate moment with Stephan last time was thanks to the dog's help.

If things work out, inviting the owners of the dogs to the wedding wouldn't be a bad idea.

Alana clenched her fingers a little tighter, her breathing becoming slightly labored. "You... are you two... planning to get married soon?"

Darla nodded. "Yes, we are planning to. His mother has been urging him to get

married as soon as possible. Barring any unexpected circumstances, I'd say it'll happen sometime this year."

Alana's heart skipped a beat, as if it had suddenly been struck by a heavy hammer, a sharp yet dull pain that left her feeling utterly miserable.

It took her a long time to find her voice. "Do you like him?"

Darla smiled. "I like him quite a bit. He's exactly my type. Not only is he handsome and in great shape, but he's also very accomplished."

As for just how accomplished he was, she didn't go into detail, afraid Alana might develop an interest in her man.

Yeah to Darla, Stephan was already here.

Also, Alana was very beautiful, which made her feel quite threatened.

Besides, she'd already spotted Alana walking her pet in the neighborhood several

times. After learning that the man who'd been with Alana that night wasn't her boyfriend, she feared Alana might set her sights on the man she liked, so she staked her claim early.

Alana paused for two seconds before asking, “You like him, but does he like you?”

Darla’s smile froze and she felt a bit deflated because she had made her move many times, and every time, the results had been less than ideal.

Last week, she’d heard he was away on a business trip, so she hadn’t seen him for over a week.

Now that she heard he was back from his business trip, she’d rushed out, hoping to get lucky and bump into him, to have a chance encounter.

But to her surprise, she was disappointed. How was she supposed to see him?!

However, Darla, with her strong sense of pride, would never admit she couldn’t win over a man.

So she told Alana, “He’s definitely going to fall for me.”

Alana’s eyes lost some of their sparkle.

After a pause, Darla added, “Besides, his mother really likes me. With her matchmaking, we’ll end up together sooner or later.”

Alana didn’t know what to say.

At that moment, her throat felt as if it were stuffed with a wad of cotton, leaving her completely choked up.

Of course, it wasn’t just her throat that felt blocked, it was her beating heart as well. The golden retriever and the big orange cat seemed to sense her low spirits; in an instant, they both turned hostile toward Darla.

The cat and the dog glared fiercely at her. The golden retriever even barked at Darla several times.

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Chapter 146 So rude

Chapter 146 So rude

Darla was startled and quickly took a few steps back. “Ah! Your dog is so rude! How dare it bark at people?!”

Alana replied. “Sorry. Ollie, Jerry, let’s go.” She led the cat and dog away, heading in the opposite direction from Darla.

Darla frowned slightly.

Not only were the cat and dog rude, but their owner was rude too. She just said “sorry” and walked away so easily?

After taking the cat and dog for a walk, Alana returned to find Stephan standing right in front of Luca’s house, waiting for her.

Tall and lanky, he stood under the light by the door, looking particularly slender and upright, like a walking clothes hanger.

The golden retriever still recognized him and scampered over to him. It circled around him, sticking out its tongue and wagging its tail.

Clearly, it mistook him for a friend and was playing around with him.

Stephan eyed the big golden retriever, his expression less than pleased. After all, it wasn’t his dog.

Alana paused when she saw him, fell silent for a moment, then slowly walked up to him, cradling the chubby orange cat.

“What are you doing here?”

Stephan kept his hands in his pockets; his dark eyes looked exceptionally deep and mysterious in the night.

“I was waiting for you.”

Alana bit her lip. “Waiting for me... for what?”

He gazed intently at her. “Have you forgotten? You said this morning that if I wanted to kiss you, I should save it for tonight. So, I want to kiss you, and I want to kiss you for a very, very long time.”

Alana's pretty face flushed bright red in an instant.

Oh no, how could she have forgotten? This morning, she'd dug herself such a huge hole! It was just a casual remark she'd thrown out to brush him off, how could he have taken it so seriously?!

Alana blushed and tried to brush it off.

"I...I don't remember. Did I really say that?"

But her evasive gaze betrayed her unease.

Stephan gave her a half-smile. "It's fine. I'll just help you remember."

Her eyes dilated.

The big golden retriever, seeing Alana at a loss, immediately barked at Stephan, "Woof, woof, woof!"

Stephan shot it a glance. This big golden retriever was incredibly cocky, and for some reason, the more he looked at it, the more it resembled that man, Luca.

"Get lost! I'm here to romance my girlfriend, this has nothing to do with you, you dog!"

More barking greeting him in reply. "Woof woof woof!"

"I might just kidnap you and sell you off if you keep barking!"

It instantly hid behind Alana.

Alana couldn't help but say, "Don't bully him, he's just a dog."

Stephan snorted coldly, "It's a dog, all right, but it's a dog that belongs to that fucking Luca."

What was the big deal?

Was he getting jealous over a dog?

"Hurry up and get rid of them. I want to take you home to make out."

Alana blushed again.

Help!

Can't you tone it down a bit and act normal?!

That was way too crude!

Besides, the two pups are right here, don't set a bad example for them!

Alana shot the man a disapproving glance, unlocked the door with her key, and led the big golden retriever inside.

Stephan, of course, followed behind Alana, taking his time.

"Why don't you just move in with me? It'll be more convenient for you to walk the dog at night."

Alana blinked.

She knew exactly what he was up to.

Once Alana had settled her two pets, Stephan couldn't wait to drag her away.

Back at the man's house.

Alana found herself helplessly pinned against the door by the man.

Her face flushed as she said, "We agreed, just a kiss...Don't push your luck."

His slender fingers gently traced her soft, flushed, and beautiful little face. "What do you mean by 'pushing it'? Care to elaborate?"

He was asking a question he already knew the answer to!

He clearly understood everything.

Alana bit her lip, closed her eyes, and adopted a defiant look.

"Fine, go ahead and kiss me if you want. After you kiss me, take me home."

The man raised an eyebrow; his narrow, dark eyes gleamed with a hint of mischief.

"So eager?"

"Don't you want to, too?" Her cheeks flushed bright red, and she immediately denied it three times in a row. "I'm not, I didn't, don't make things up!"

"Hmm, I don't believe you."

Stephan picked her up in his arms and carried her over to the sofa.

He had her sit on his lap, facing him.

This position made it easy for him to kiss her. He cupped her slender waist, pulling her closer to him, then even closer.

Until they were pressed tightly together, Alana couldn't help but kneel on either side of his thighs, her hands lifted by him and

wrapped around his slender neck. Her cheeks burned uncontrollably. This position... was far too suggestive.

Moreover, she was wearing a floral skirt today, and now, sitting astride him with her legs spread, she felt as though she were completely exposed before him.

All that separated them was the thin fabric of his men's suit. As the man pushed her, he kept pressing her closer to him. Her thighs were soft.

And he was firm and powerful.

The contact between softness and hardness created a subtle friction that felt like an electric shock, hot, tingling, and incredibly tantalizing.

Alana bit her lip, struggling hard to resist the strange sensation surging through her body.

The man's intense gaze remained fixed on her cheeks, as if he had already seen right through every one of her subtle reactions.

A faint smile curved his thin lips. His long, slender fingers slowly released her waist, and he rested his hands on the sofa, adopting a lazy, carefree posture.

"In this position. Kiss me. Kiss me...hard."

Alana's mind was still in a daze; upon hearing this, she froze for a moment.

"What?"

"Me?"

The man raised an eyebrow, looking at her with a calm, unhurried expression. "Who else?"

"You don't mean to continue this morning's kiss?"

"You made the first move. Tonight, naturally, it's your turn to take the initiative."

Stephan stared at her rosy, soft lips, his gaze intense, as if he had already imagined the scene of her taking the initiative.

“Let me make this clear first, I want a... French kiss!”

She frowned.

What an outrageous demand!

Her pretty face flushed bright red in an instant.

She was utterly mortified.

She hurriedly pushed him away, trying to get off his lap.

“Sorry, I can’t do that! I’m going home!”

If she’d known his request would be so outrageous, she would’ve relented to come back with him.

What was the difference between this and a little white rabbit jumping into the wolf’s den of its own accord?!

Stephan clamped his hand around her slender waist, pinning her in place and preventing her from escaping.

He stared at her alluring cherry-red lips, his voice growing hoarse. “We’ve kissed so many times already, don’t you know how yet?”

Alana bit her lip and shyly retorted, “I just don’t know how, okay?!”

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Chapter 147 Teach you properly

Chapter 147 Teach you properly

Stephan grimaced.

Or was she pretending?

Well, he was a very patient boyfriend and he'd take his time to teach her all she needed to know.

His thin lips curled up ever so slightly. "Alright, I'll be kind and teach you properly."

Alana gasped.

No way!

Why was he pulling all these dirty tricks?

She wanted to escape, but her waist was held fast, leaving her with nowhere to run. He even brazenly pressed her against him, pulling her even closer.

The man watched her feeble struggles with amusement. His deep, magnetic voice carried a thick air of aggression, exuding a dangerous aura.

"You've already stepped into my home. Do you really think you can get away?"

His large hand even teased her, whether intentionally or not, radiating a scorching heat.

Alana's breathing grew rapid, and she instinctively bit her lip with her pearly teeth. This bad man is so shameless!

She took a deep breath, suppressing the shyness deep within her.

"Fine, I'll learn. Once I've learned, will you take me home?"

Stephan couldn't help but laugh.

That silly girl, does she really think kissing was that easy to learn?

He had plenty of techniques to ensure she'd never master it.

"Alright, can we start now?"

"O...okay..."

No sooner had Alana finished speaking than the large hand gripping her waist suddenly tightened.

Caught completely off guard, she leaned toward him. Her soft, red lips were easily captured by the man's mouth.

"Mmm..."

Her almond-shaped eyes widened, glistening with a mix of shock and shyness.

How could this happen so suddenly? So forcefully?

The man held her lips between his own, his voice low and hoarse. "Be a good girl. Pay attention,"

"If you don't learn how, I won't let you go tonight." His dark eyes held a hint of mischief.

But the innocent Alana didn't notice; she simply closed her eyes shyly, feeling the man's gentle caresses...

The man kissed her tenderly, as if savoring a delicious little dessert, taking it in bit by bit, savoring every moment.

Alana was very serious, truly feeling every kiss the man gave her.

But no matter how earnest she was, she couldn't resist the man's relentless advance. His kisses grew increasingly passionate, lingering, and intense.

Her mind was beyond her control, as muddled as porridge; she was led by him, completely unable to think for herself.

Sitting on his lap, her body was tense.

But gradually, she relaxed and nestled into his embrace.

She didn't understand why she had become this way. It was as if her own body was no longer under her control.

Her lips tingled and burned from his kisses. He sucked, licked, and bit her, trying every trick in the book.

How could she possibly learn all this so suddenly?

And what was even more terrifying was that he wasn't just kissing her...

When he kissed her pale earlobe and gently bit down on it, she almost couldn't help but cry out.

Why was she so sensitive?

She hadn't even realized that spot was so Alana bit her lip tightly, her slender fingers clutching the man's hair, her beautiful, clear eyes gradually growing moist and hazy.

She wanted to push him away, but her hands seemed to have a mind of their own, in fact, they seemed to be pulling him deeper into the crook of her neck.

Feeling the man's hot breath, she was overcome with embarrassment and pushed him away slightly.

"No, didn't we agree you'd only teach me how to kiss?"

Stephan had indeed intended to do just that at first, but as they kissed, things gradually took a different turn.

Who could possibly keep kissing and be satisfied with just a kiss?

All he could think of now was kissing every inch of her body.

A dark, intense heat welled up in his eyes as he stared at her, as if she were a tempting prey, making him salivate with desire.

His large hand gently brushed aside the hand she'd held up to block him, his voice low and hoarse.

"I never said I'd only teach you how to kiss."

Alana's eyelashes fluttered slightly as she bit her lip in shy embarrassment.

Did he not say that, or did he say it at first but then change his mind?!

But the situation now seemed to be spiraling out of control. She sensed the clothes on her body being stripped away, piece by piece.

Alana's slender fingers trembled slightly, and her breathing became ragged.

Her face was flushed to the point of blushing, like a red rose in full bloom, utterly captivating.

"Stephan...Control yourself a little..."

The man's gaze locked onto hers, his Adam's apple bobbing as a hint of heat escaped his lips.

“I am controlling myself.”

If he weren't exercising enough restraint, she would already be...

Though that was what the man was thinking, his fingers wouldn't obey him and began to tease her.

Alana was mortified.

She had been sitting on his lap, but now...

Before she knew it, she was lying beneath him.

When had their positions shifted like this? This whole kissing scene had been entirely led by him from start to finish.

He was too skilled at teasing; she was no match for him.

Alana's eyes were moist, and before she knew it, her initial resistance had gradually turned into surrender.

Her eyes glistening, she whispered, “Hurry...”

She...she still had to go home...

Stephan sat up, his deep, burning gaze fixed on the person beneath him.

She was already in a state of delirium, completely swept away by his teasing.

Her clear eyes were glistening with moisture, shimmering with a faint sheen, dreamy and alluring.

He curved his lips into a slow smile, his long, slender fingers pressing against the belt buckle, unfastening it without hesitation.

Alana never imagined she would sink so low, allowing the man to take her over and over again.

At first, she had only wanted him to simply kiss her.

But before she knew it, he had kissed every inch of her.

She wanted to escape, but she couldn't.

She had thought he would stop there, but to her surprise, this was only the beginning. When she heard the sound of him unbuckling his belt.

Her mind went blank.

It was over. Would she even be able to go home tonight?

But in the end, she chose to give in to her desires.

She didn't know how much longer their relationship would last.

Thinking about what his blind date had said to her, although she appeared calm on the surface, she was deeply affected inside.

That woman was his equal, a perfect match, and both sets of parents approved.

And what about her?

She was just a poor little thing abandoned by her parents, unwanted by anyone, how could there be any question of a suitable match or a union of equals?

Perhaps, just as Eve said, one day, Stephan's mother would discover her existence and come after her personally, forcing her to leave him.

Alana couldn't help but embrace him, holding him tightly.

A single tear welled up at the corner of her eye.

A bead of sweat trickled down the man's jawline and fell.

They landed precisely on the tear at the corner of her eye, blending together.

When it was over.

Stephan gently held the utterly exhausted Alana, his face radiating contentment. Tonight, she had been very cooperative, allowing him to experience an unprecedented sense of fulfillment.

Still, he was mindful of her well-being and didn't go on for too long. Looking at the girl nestled quietly in his arms, Stephan felt a sense of fulfillment he'd never experienced before.

His long fingers gently pinched her flushed cheek. "Are you going home tonight?"

Alana closed her eyes briefly and clenched her teeth.

“You’ve torn my clothes to shreds. How am I supposed to go home?”

Stephan whispered, “I’m sorry. I didn’t know my own strength just now. I’ll buy you a new dress.”

He said he was sorry, but there wasn’t a trace of remorse in his tone, it was as if he’d done it on purpose.

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Chapter 148 His own mother

Chapter 148 His own mother

What a scheming guy!

It was obvious he’d torn her clothes on purpose. Stephan raised an eyebrow and coaxed her, “Don’t be mad. I’ll buy you ten or a hundred outfits tomorrow, you can rotate through them.”

Alana shot him a playful glare. He certainly knew how to make a girl happy.

“I’m going to take a shower.”

She felt sticky and uncomfortable all over.

The man seized the opportunity to ask, “I’ll join you.”

Alana blushed. “No, I’ll wash by myself.”

If she really let him help her wash, she wasn’t sure she’d even get clean.

After a moment’s pause, she couldn’t help but remind him, pouting, “You’ve already asked for it twice this week. You have one more chance, if you ask again, you’ll have to wait until next week!”

Stephan chuckled. She sure kept good track of things.

“Alright, I get it.”

Only then did she rise from the man’s embrace, rubbing her aching lower back as she walked awkwardly toward the bathroom.

As she walked, she couldn’t help but wonder. Could that kind of thing really improve her skin and boost her vitality?

Why then did she feel so weak she could barely walk? Was this what it felt like to be full of vitality?!

Stephan watched the girl’s wobbly retreat with amusement. Only after she had entered the bathroom did he begin to clean up the mess.

He replaced the bed sheets and pillowcases with a fresh set.

As for the soiled ones, he took them downstairs to the bathroom to leave for the housekeeper to pick up and wash tomorrow.

Just as he was about to head back, the doorbell suddenly rang. Stephan walked over and opened the door.

Standing outside the door was none other than Darla.

“Hello, good evening.”

Darla was wearing a very sheer white dress; the fabric was so thin that the light from inside made it almost transparent, revealing her graceful, alluring figure through the fabric.

Her hair was damp and dripping with water; she had clearly just finished showering.

Stephan’s brow furrowed imperceptibly. “What’s up?”

Darla smiled. “Sorry, the showerhead in my bathroom broke. Could I borrow yours for a moment? I was just halfway through my shower. The water ran out, and I haven’t even finished washing my hair yet.”

Stephan’s tone was flat. “If the shower-head is broken, you can call someone to fix it. And it’s fucking late. Isn’t it a bit inappropriate to show up at a man’s house to borrow his bathroom?”

It was past 11 p.m.

Carla blinked. "You're right. It's indeed late. So calling a repairman now wouldn't be very convenient, and besides, they've probably all gone home by now. I'm just borrowing the bathroom. I'll leave right after."

"Is that so?" A faint, ambiguous smile played at the corners of his mouth. "If it's just borrowing a bathroom, why didn't you ask someone else? Why come to me specifically?"

Darla smiled. "Around here, you're the only one I know. If I don't ask you, who else would I ask? Don't worry, I'll be gone as soon as I'm done. It won't take long..."

She tried to step inside.

The next second, Stephan stretched an arm across her path, blocking her entry. His gaze was intense, radiating an air of intimidation.

"Miss Gordon, my girlfriend is here. It's not convenient for you to come in."

Darla smiled again.

Because she didn't believe him.

Last time, wanting to refuse going for a walk with her, he lied and said he already had a girlfriend. Today, to turn her down and stop her from entering his home, he'd even gone so far as to lie again that he already had a girlfriend.

"Is that so? Then I'll definitely stay and see what your girlfriend looks like."

Stephan frowned, his patience completely gone.

"You're being shameless." He shot at her.

Couldn't she just respect herself?

Darla snorted lightly. "If you won't let me see your girlfriend, does that mean you don't even have a girlfriend?"

"She's taking a shower. It's not convenient for her to see you."

"Is that so? Then I'll just wait until she's done showering."

Darla wouldn't believe him unless she saw her with her own eyes.

Stephan shot her a cold glance. "Darla, I really didn't expect you to be so shameless."

He'd already rejected her so thoroughly, yet she was still clinging to him.

And the way she was clinging to him was downright repulsive.

Darla clenched her teeth. Seeing how unyielding the man was, she started to lose her temper.

“Stephan, I just want to borrow the bathroom, is it really necessary to deceive me with an excuse about having a girlfriend?!”

“Last time, you said you had a woman you liked. Now, barely a week later, you’re telling me you have a girlfriend. Do you take me for a fool?”

His expression remained impassive. “Don’t flatter yourself. You’re not worth the effort of me lying to.”

Darla was momentarily speechless.

She had to admit, his tongue was as sharp as a knife.

Stephan continued, “Go back where you came from. I don’t have time to entertain you right now.”

After a pause, he seemed to think of something else.

“Oh, right. From now on, behave yourself around my mom. Don’t go spreading rumors.”

Darla frowned and couldn’t help but explain, “Stephan, do you have some kind of misunderstanding about me? When have I ever gossiped in front of your mom? I just wanted to get to know you better, that’s all!”

“You know in your heart whether there’s a misunderstanding or not.”

“I don’t!” Darla was about to explain, but the man had already closed the door on her face.

She clenched her teeth, thinking of the man who remained as unyielding as ever, and couldn’t help but feel annoyed.

She had thought that by dressing like this tonight and using the opportunity of taking a shower, she might be able to take things further with him. But it turned out just like this.

Two rejections in a row left her feeling a bit defeated.

Just then, her phone rang.

Darla picked up her phone and saw it was Cynthia calling. Clenching her teeth, she decisively pressed the answer button.

“Auntie...”

The moment the words left her mouth, her tone was filled with an indescribable sense of grievance.

But right now, Darla truly did feel wronged.

No man had ever rejected her so completely.

She had countless admirers at the hospital and was full of charm, so why did she keep hitting a wall with Stephan?

This was the first time she had ever taken the initiative to pursue a man like this.

Cynthia had just been about to ask Darla how things were going with her son when she heard the aggrieved tone in Darla’s voice and couldn’t help but grow concerned.

“Darla, what’s wrong?!”

Darla said, “Auntie, the showerhead in my bathroom just broke. I was halfway through my shower when the water stopped. I figured Stephan was nearby, so I came over to ask to use his bathroom. But instead of letting me use it, he just kicked me out for no reason. Now I’m left all alone, standing outside his door, soaking wet.”

As she spoke, her eyes welled up with tears of frustration.

As a young lady who had been doted on by her family her whole life, she had never experienced such humiliation before.

It was so heartbreaking!

Cynthia frowned. “That brat actually went that far?!”

Darla bit her lip, momentarily at a loss for words.

After all, just moments ago, she had assured Stephan that she wouldn’t gossip about him to his mother, and yet now...

But she wasn’t gossiping, she was just telling the truth.

“Auntie, it’s not his fault. Maybe I caught him off guard by showing up so suddenly. Besides, he said he has a girlfriend and it wouldn’t be appropriate for him to entertain me.”

Cynthia was stunned. “What? He has a girlfriend? How come I, his own mother, didn’t know?”

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Chapter 149 Lowered her eyes

Chapter 149 Lowered her eyes

Darla lowered her eyes. “So you didn’t know either, Auntie. No wonder he wouldn’t let me meet his girlfriend when I mentioned wanting to see her earlier, it really was just an excuse to turn me down.”

“Never mind. I’ll head home right away.”

Upon hearing this, Cynthia felt even more certain that the fault lay with her own son.

“Don’t go. I’ll call him right now and tell him to let you in!”

Darla couldn’t help but say, “Never mind, Auntie. I don’t want this little thing to cause a rift between you and your son. Also, it’s no big deal. At worst, I’ll just call a repairman to come fix it for me.”

In reality, her showerhead wasn’t broken at all; it was just an excuse she’d made up to get close to Stephan.

Cynthia gritted her teeth. “No way! Still, you’re my colleague. Even if he doesn’t like you, he shouldn’t treat you this badly, he doesn’t respect me as his mother at all. Just you wait, I’m calling him right now!”

“Auntie, Auntie...”

Before Darla could say another word, Cynthia had already hung up.

Darla pouted. She hadn’t just gone and tattled on him to his mother, she’d clearly tried to speak up for him and plead his case.

Stephan closed the door and headed to the kitchen to prepare a late-night snack for Alana.

After all, he’d expended a lot of energy just now and needed to replenish his strength. Besides, she wasn’t exactly in top shape, after just a couple of rounds, she was already complaining she couldn’t take it anymore.

He'd have to drag her along to work out sometime. Just as he was gathering the ingredients, his phone rang.

Stephan didn't even check who it was; he just picked up the phone and answered.

As soon as he picked up, Cynthia's furious rant came pouring out.

"You little jerk, what did Darla ever do to you? Is it really necessary to be so cruel and kick her out of the house? She came to see you in the middle of the night just because her shower-head broke and she wanted to borrow yours. Is that really a reason to kick her out?"

"Darla is my colleague, too. Can't you do me a favor and treat her a little better?"

Stephan gave a forced smile. "So she went complaining to you again?"

No sooner had he warned her than she went and tattled.

She really was one way in public and another behind closed doors.

Cynthia retorted angrily, "She didn't tattle to me, I just happened to call her and ask, and that's when she told me! Don't be so mean to a young woman. She just told me not to take things to heart, but you're always pushing her away!"

"A girl as understanding, gentle, and virtuous as Darla is hard to find even if you searched high and low. Stop nitpicking at her all the time!"

Stephan was already silently rolling his eyes.

"What kind of understanding, gentle, and virtuous girl knocks on a man's door in the middle of the night wearing a thin, almost see-through white dress?"

Cynthia choked on her words.

But she quickly recovered, "Her showerhead broke, so she had to rush out. Of course she'd be dressed casually. What do you think a man is focusing on? Staring so shamelessly at a girl's outfit, doesn't that mean he's interested in her?! If he's staring just because he's interested in her, what's the difference between him and

a pervert?"

Stephan gasped.

He couldn't help but laugh in exasperation.

Was that even staring?

His eyes weren't blind, wasn't it perfectly normal for him to see what the woman is wearing when she came to his door?

Cynthia continued, "Darla's still waiting for you outside. Hurry up and open the door, let her in!"

Stephan was speechless. "Mom, if I let her in, aren't you afraid she'll harass your son?"

Cynthia retorted, "What do you mean 'harass'? Darla is no way that kind of loose

girl. If anyone's going to be harassing anyone, it's you who'll be the one doing it!"

"Even though I'm very pleased with Darla and intend to have her marry into your family, that doesn't mean you can take advantage of her! If you want to take things further, wait until you've officially confirmed your relationship."

Stephan's tone was extremely flat. "Mom, there's no way I'm going to confirm a relationship with her, because...I already have a girlfriend."

However, Cynthia didn't believe a word of it. "Here we go again! It's bad enough that you just deceived Darla, but now you're deceiving me, your own mother!"

"No matter how much you dislike

her, you shouldn't be deceiving her with tactics meant for children!"

Stephan was so exasperated he laughed, "When did I ever deceive you two?"

He had told them in all seriousness about his relationship with his girlfriend.

He emphasized, "I really do have a girlfriend!"

Cynthia scoffed, "Fine, you say you have a girlfriend, then bring her home so I can see her!"

Did he really think she'd believe it without seeing the real person?

She wasn't that gullible!

Stephan's thin lips twitched. "Don't worry. Not only will I bring her home for you to see,

but I'll also marry her and make her your daughter-in-law. I'm warning you in advance: if I really do bring her home, don't you dare mistreat her."

Cynthia rolled her eyes. "First prove you can actually bring her home!"

"I definitely will."

When it came to Alana, Stephan was determined to have her.

"Okay, everyone's free this weekend. Bring her home." She'll see for herself if this girlfriend is real or not!

If she's not real, just wait until she gets her hands on him!

"Alright, I'm hanging up."

"Wait, what about Darla..."

Stephan gave a forced smile. "Don't worry. Didn't her showerhead break? I personally called a repairman to fix it for her. Isn't that gentlemanly enough?"

The bottom line was, he wasn't letting her into the house.

After all, Alana was here. If she saw him letting another woman into the house, who knows what she'd think.

If she got upset, he'd have to placate her. To prevent that from happening, he decisively stopped Darla from coming in.

Cynthia sighed.

She was at a loss for words.

After the call was hung up, Cynthia had a terrible headache. With her son being so stubborn and clueless about romance, how on earth was she supposed to find him a wife? What woman could possibly put up with him?

Just then, she turned her head and saw her husband, Bernard, stepping through the door with his left leg.

"Look at the good-for-nothing son you've raised, he's nothing but trouble! Get out of here! You're not sleeping in the bed tonight!"

Bernard swallowed.

What did his son's troubles have to do with him, the father?

And now he was suddenly the only one who raised the child, she hadn't even lifted a finger, had she?

Stephan actually called the community maintenance worker for Darla.

So when Darla answered the repairman's call, she was completely taken aback.

Darla seemed to realize something. Clenching her teeth, she said, "Never mind, you can go back. I just noticed the showerhead is working again."

After hanging up, she couldn't help but glare at the tightly locked door in front of her.

"Stephen, you're something else!"

After saying that, she couldn't help but let out a huge yawn and then sneezed loudly.

Oh no!

She'd been standing outside too long, and dressed too lightly, so she'd caught a chill.

Darla gritted her teeth and turned to leave, unwilling to accept her defeat.

Meanwhile.

Alana stepped out of the bathroom wrapped in a pink bathrobe.

The room was empty; Stephan wasn't there.

Although he wasn't there, he had already tidied the room spotless.

"Where did he go again?"

Curious, Alana stepped out of the room to look for him. When she reached the first floor, she faintly heard the sound of someone pottering about in the kitchen.

Alana walked toward the kitchen and stood at the doorway, immediately spotting a tall, slender figure bustling about inside.

The man had his back to her, holding a spoon and stirring a small pot. She didn't know what he was simmering, but he was doing it with great concentration.

A faint mist filled the air, creating a warm, homey atmosphere.

Alana couldn't help but stare, reluctant to disturb the warm tranquility of the moment. She thought to herself, living with a man like this would probably be quite nice.

Stephan poured the finished dish into a bowl, then placed it in a basin of cold water to cool.

After all, it was too hot to eat right away.

Just as he finished, he seemed to sense something. He turned his head and saw Alana standing in the doorway.

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Chapter 150 Fragrant and soft

Chapter 150 Fragrant and soft

She was wearing a pink bathrobe, her whole figure soft and delicate, looking as fragrant and soft as could be.

“Why are you down here?”

Caught off guard, Alana's cheeks flushed slightly. “I didn't see you, so I came down to look for you.”

The man curved his lips. “You've only been gone a moment, and you already miss me?” Alana bit her lip and didn't answer his question.

“What are you doing in the kitchen?”

The man replied with a straight face, “I saw you looked a bit run-down, so I'm making you some red date, goji berry, and oatmeal porridge to help you recover.”

Alana couldn't help but say, “I...I'm not weak at all.”

She'd been with him these past two days; her energy was brimming.

The man chuckled. “You’re already worn out after just two times? Isn’t that a sign of weakness?”

“I...” Alana’s face flushed crimson. “But didn’t you say that the more we do this, the more our strength and blood will be replenished?”

Could it be... he was lying to her?!

Was he taking advantage of her lack of medical knowledge?!

She really didn’t know anything about it, so she wouldn’t even realize if she was being tricked.

But she had heard some old TCM doctors say that men are a great tonic for

women, though she didn’t know if those old doctors were telling the truth or if they were just quacks spouting nonsense.

Upon hearing this, Stephan felt a pang of guilt and cleared his throat.

“We’ve only done it twice. Of course, your core strength and blood won’t be replenished right away. You have to do it more often and keep at it over the long term to see results.”

Alana eyed him.

To prevent her from overthinking it, Stephan beckoned her over. “Come here, have a bite.”

“This red date, goji berry, and oatmeal porridge is great for a woman’s health. It’s very nourishing.”

Alana walked over, looking a bit dazed.

“How do you know red date, goji berry, and oatmeal porridge is nourishing for a woman’s body?”

“My mother makes my dad cook it for her every other day. How could I not know?”

He used to doubt that these foods could really nourish a woman’s body, but seeing how his mother still looked as young as a woman in her twenties, with fair, glowing skin.

It seemed that what she was eating did have some effect after all. So he immediately arranged for Alana to have them.

Alana deeply felt his thoughtfulness and was deeply moved. “Thank you.”

Stephan couldn't help but reach out, his long fingers gently tapping her forehead as a reminder.

"Next time you want to say thank you, just give me a kiss."

Alana, taking the hint, stood on her tiptoes and kissed him.

Stephan played along, lowering his head to kiss her deeply, his low, husky breath exuding a sense of satisfaction.

As they kissed, Alana thought of the lesson he'd just taught her, and as if possessed, she stuck out her tongue...

That single kiss was enough to set off a storm. The man who had been so tender just moments ago suddenly began to breathe heavily, his breath growing wild.

Stephan hadn't expected the little girl to suddenly get so wild. As her soft little tongue slipped inside, his blood boiled instantly, his gaze burning with intense heat.

"Lana, are you trying to make me kiss you to death?!"

Hearing this, Alana sensed something was wrong and tried to pull away. But the next second, she was pulled back in by the man's forceful pull.

Alana's eyes widened. "Mmm!"

Ah!

He was cheating!

When he was teaching her just now, he didn't suck like that!

Alana tried to pull away, tucking her neck back.

But the man quickly grabbed the back of her head and deepened the kiss. His breathing was incredibly heavy.

"Mmm..."

The outcome was predictable: Alana was once again kissed by the man until her legs went weak and her lips were swollen.

Her tongue was numb.

After he was satisfied, he lowered his head to rest against her forehead, his voice low and hoarse.

“You really are a studious little girl, that was amazing.”

Was it her who enjoyed it, or him?

The man gazed at her flushed cheeks, clearly not yet satisfied. “Want me to make it even better for you?”

Alana blushed even deeper, her voice soft and coy, “No, please don’t...”

Stephan curved his lips, a mischievous smile flickering in his dark eyes. “True, you’ve already had your fill tonight. I’ll let you off the hook for now.”

Alana blushed.

Enough already!

Don’t say another word!

This was so embarrassing!

After Alana drank the red date, goji berry, and oatmeal porridge the man had cooked, he carried her back to the bedroom.

He wanted more, but Alana wouldn’t let him.

She wondered to herself: they’d already been at it twice, each time lasting over half an hour to an hour, and he was the one doing all the work, so why didn’t he seem tired at all? Instead, he looked full of energy.

He even had the energy to cook something for her.

In contrast, she felt like a wilted flower, limp and listless.

So, when it comes to this kind of activity, who actually benefits more?

It was really hard to tell.

A man who can’t get the upper hand had no choice but to give up.

But he still had something important to discuss with her.

“Lana, I need to discuss something with you.”

Seeing Stephan's expression suddenly turn serious, Alana couldn't help but feel a little nervous. "What is it?"

He wasn't planning to set another trap for her, was he?! Seeing her nervous expression, Stephan found it amusing. Amusing and adorable.

His slender fingers gently pinched her cheek.

"Are you free this weekend?"

Alana blinked. "For now... I don't have any plans."

Stephan watched her closely, gauging her reaction. "This weekend, my mom wants to meet you. Would you be free to come home with me?"

Alana froze.

His mother wanted to meet her?

So soon?

If his mother was asking to meet her, does that mean the next step is to force her to leave him?

Alana couldn't help but feel nervous. "We've only just started dating, is it really time to meet the parents already?"

It was a bit fast.

But if it weren't for his mother constantly setting him up on blind dates, he wouldn't be in such a rush to bring her home.

Stephan asked her quietly, "Do you want to meet them?"

Alana bit her lip. "Can we postpone it a little? I... don't want to meet them so soon."

Meeting the parents meant facing too many issues; she was afraid she wouldn't be able to handle it all at once.

Besides, she wasn't mentally prepared for it.

At first, she'd only intended to date him; she hadn't planned on it lasting this long. Especially after learning that his mother already had a specific daughter-in-law in mind, she was even more reluctant to go, fearing she might be humiliated if she did.

Stephan fell silent for a moment, realizing he'd been moving too fast.

Alana had only just agreed to be his girlfriend; they were still in the honeymoon phase, and taking her home to meet his parents so soon was a bit too hasty.

It was only natural that she wouldn't agree.

Stephan raised his hand and ruffled her hair. "Alright, I respect your decision."

Alana breathed a slight sigh of relief, but then a thought struck her: Did his mother already know she existed?

She looked at him and asked cautiously,

"Have you...told your mom that you have a girlfriend?"

Stephan replied, "I did. She just called me, so I mentioned it to her."

Otherwise, she'd keep trying to set him up with that woman Darla, which was pissing him off.

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