

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

C 11-20

Alana smiled awkwardly at Dane.

"Manager Dane. I have to focus on my work now."

She said that in an effort to make him

go away.

And surprisingly, he yielded.

He was usually very stubborn and annoyingly persistent.

"Alright, we'll talk later. Keep up the good work, dear. You're just a remarkable employee."

Dane gave her shoulder another pat before finally taking his leave.

Alana couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

Her colleague, Gina, seeing Dane had left, couldn't resist launching into a rant

about him.

"That old cargo! He's got a beautiful wife and daughter at home, yet he still harasses young, pretty female staff all over the company! He's despicable."

"Every single attractive female employee can't escape his filthy hands. It's utterly disgusting!"

"Alana, he's clearly targeting you because you're young and pretty with no connections. Keep your distance from him in future, don't let him get to you."

Alana shot Gina a grateful glance. "Yeah, I will."

At the same time, a wave of revulsion washed over her.

How could such a respectable cosmetics company have such a despicable leader?!

It was as if he kept insinuating that the only way for her to become a permanent staff was to sleep with him.

The thought of being targeted by such a man made Alana feel nauseous enough to vomit. But the thought of having to work under him in future meant she'd have to endure it.

Such is the way of the world.

She needed this job. She just had to do a good job and get fully employed on her on merits.

Several days passed without incident.

A week passed, and the injury below her waist had mostly healed.

Throughout that time, she lived in constant dread, fearing that man might call again, demanding she take responsibility.

Fortunately, he never did.

Alana assumed he had forgotten the whole affair, forgotten her entirely.

She chose to regard it as a minor interlude in her life, a passing episode that would not repeat itself, nor be relived.

At the end of the working day.

Most colleagues had already left.

Alana finished her last bits of tidying up, gathered her things from her desk, and prepared to head home.

Dane appeared suddenly, like a ghostly apparition. "Lana dear, are you free this evening? Should we go see a movie or have dinner together?"

Startled, Alana whipped her head around to find Dane grinning broadly, his eyes

narrowed to slits.

"Manager Dane, I'm afraid I'm unavailable this evening."

"When would you be available then? If tonight isn't free for you, tomorrow evening should be possible."

Dane's lecherous, puffy eyes fixed on her.

Alana possessed striking features, the quintessential beauty, exquisitely delicate yet innocent.

Her figure was curvaceous, slender where it should be and voluptuous where it needed to be. She was quite simply a vision of beauty.

Fresh out of university, she radiated youthful vitality, her skin milky white and supple, almost glowing.

The more he looked, the more Dane's throat itched, yearning to pin Alana beneath him and ravish her thoroughly.

He was sure she would taste as sweet as she looked.

He just couldn't wait to have her.

As these thoughts swirled, he couldn't resist reaching out a lecherous hand towards her.

Alana deftly dodged him, taking a few steps back to create distance between them, her tone cool and distant.

"Mr Dane, I know you have a wife and daughter. Is it really appropriate to be out on a date with a female colleague at this hour?"

Dane shrugged it off. After all, what married man didn't indulge in a bit of philandering? Most of the men around him were like that, cheating after marriage, unashamed, but rather proud of it.

"Well, what's the harm in that? As long as we keep this between us, no one will ever know, right? Just go on one date with me, and I'll ensure you're permanently hired after your three-month probation period."

Alana's smile was forced, her inner revulsion reaching its peak.

What she detested most were married men who couldn't keep their hands to themselves.

But no matter how much she despised him, she couldn't do anything or speak harshly to him. After all, he was her immediate superior, and could fire her at the slightest provocation.

"Manager Dane, I'm truly unavailable. I've made other plans. I need to go now."

With that, she hurriedly grabbed her handbag and left the office without looking back.

Dane watched her leave, his gaze lingering on her graceful figure. A burning desire consumed him, he'd lusted this young woman for far too long.

Others didn't take this long.

He just had to threaten and they'd fall at his feet.

He had wanted to take his time winning Alana over but if she wanted force, then he'd give it to her.

Alana genuinely had plans that evening.

Her best friend, Eve, had invited her out for dinner and a gossip session about the latest office rumours.

They arranged to meet at a restaurant.

Over dinner, Alana vented to her best friend about the harassment she'd endured from her boss at work.

Eve flew into a rage the moment she heard, nearly overturning the table. "Bloody hell! That balding old goat is over forty and trying to take advantage of a young girl in her early twenties? Does he have any shame?"

Recalling her colleague's words, Alana added, "Not only could he be my father, but he's married with a daughter. I hear she's about my age."

Eve was utterly disgusted. "That's even more revolting! Didn't he think about his daughter when he was harassing you? Shouldn't he be building up some karma for her? How would he feel if someone was harassing his child like that?"

Alana shook her head. Who could say?

"I just don't understand, men who are

married, with wives and children, living perfectly content lives... why can't they just behave themselves?"

Hearing Dane say that all the married men around him were like that made her feel even more disgusted.

"Most men are bloody dogs like that. No matter their age or marital status, they won't behave unless they're nailed to the wall!" Eve paused, then had an idea. "Lana, next time that disgusting old goat harasses you, record it. Send the recording to his wife and let her deal with him!"

Alana gave a wry smile. "How am I supposed to get hold of his wife's contact details?"

Eve insisted, "But you can't just let this scum keep harassing you! Do you think you can continue putting up with this every single day?"

Alana swallowed

It certainly wasn't pleasant.

Eve had another idea. "Oh, why not find yourself a boyfriend? Forget Cole and get another boyfriend, and that old goat won't dare bother you anymore."

Alana froze. "Get a boyfriend? Will that help?"

"Yes, find a boyfriend!"

"If I have a boyfriend, will I really stop being harassed?"

Eve nodded. "Of course. I was harassed by my boss before, more than once, actually. Then I had my boyfriend pick me up and drop me off every day. Once that boss saw him, he stopped bothering me."

"You should find yourself a boyfriend too, then. Have him pick you up and drop you off every day, escorting you to and from work. That way, no other men will dare bother you!"

Single girls were the easiest targets for unsavoury men, especially pretty ones. If those perverts saw that they had a man by their side, ready to protect her, they'd back off.

Maybe not all, but some would.

Alana was just an ordinary girl from an ordinary family, and single at that. What means did she have to protect herself?

Unless she could actually find a capable boyfriend.

Alana sighed helplessly, "That's all well and good, but boyfriends aren't exactly easy to come by. Plus, I can't just date anyone."

Cole had definitely scared her off men.

Eve blinked. "With your looks and figure, you must have plenty of admirers. Surely finding a boyfriend would be a breeze? Or is it that you still have feelings for that one person?"

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

At Eve's words, a memory Alana had buried surfaced but then she quickly shook her head.

"I don't have feeling for him anymore."

How long had it been? It'd be crazy to still think of that thing who was married now.

Besides, she had a new life now, she was busy with her job and loved her alone time.

She just hadn't had the desire to be romantically involved with any man.

Alana even felt quite content with the prospect of remaining single for life, never marrying.

Eve chuckled. "Well, that's the case, I suggest putting yourself at there more. Trust me, when it's totally worth it to have a boyfriend. A good man, that is. My boyfriend has quite a few single mates about. I'll introduce you to one of them another day."

Alana shook her head again. "No, I'll think about it some more."

She felt it'd be pretty awkward to get set up on a date.

Did she even know how to hold conversation?

Meanwhile, on the second floor of the same restaurant.

Seated by the staircase railing were two men of striking appearance and impeccable bone structure.

Gary Madrigal, legs crossed, observed the man opposite who'd consumed a fair amount of red wine. His eyebrow arched slightly. "Stephan, you seem rather down. Did your mother force you into another blind date? Or was a woman sent to your room to seduce you?"

Stephan grimaced, his slender fingers gripping the wine glass before taking a sip as if nothing was amiss. His thin lips twitched.

"No, I'm just bored."

Gary scoffed. "Ahh, do you mean hanging out with me is boring?"

"Yeah."

Gary was speechless.

He didn't even try to sugarcoat it.

"But you easily accepted my offer today. I thought that meant you liked hanging out with me."

"I just wanted a drinking partner, I guess."

Not only was today boring, the past few days as well.

His mother had arranged quite a few matchmaking meetings for him, urging him to find a partner, marry, have children, and carry on the family line.

Fed up with her nagging, he'd gone through the motions, meeting a few, but none had caught his fancy.

Worse still, he found himself still thinking about the girl from that night.

The girl who had turned him into a wild beast.

The events of that night clung to him like a nightmare, refusing to let go and leaving him restless.

Her breath, her sweetness, felt like a dangerous poison, forbidden yet addictive.

He couldn't tear himself away.

Before he knew it, over a week had passed. She must be better by now, surely?

Between them, there was still that agreement. Yet, despite the passage of time, he hadn't reached out to her, and astonishingly, she hadn't contacted him either.

Was she truly not interested in him at all?

He was the Stephan Hudson!

Well, she didn't seem to know that either.

Such an unusual woman.

Stephan furrowed his brow, his gaze shifting abruptly to catch sight of a familiar figure downstairs.

His gaze froze instantly.

It was her?

Gary watched his reaction with curiosity.

"What are you looking at? So intently?"

Following his line of sight, he spotted two young ladies dining in the corner of the restaurant below. Whatever they were discussing made them laugh one moment and frown the next.

Gary asked, "They're so pretty. Which one caught your eye? The one in the white dress? Speak now so I'd know which to take home tonight."

The girl in white was the most beautiful, pretty and innocent, with fair skin and a pure aura. The kind you'd remember at a glance.

Stephan withdrew his gaze indifferently, casting a glance at Gary. "You're a pig."

Gary choked on his wine. "A...a pig? What's wrong in appreciating a woman's beauty by having her under me tonight?"

"Is that how one appreciates beauty now?"

"Dude, if you don't want any one of them, I'll go after anyone I want. I might even have them both."

Stephan's brow furrowed slightly as he took another sip of his drink.

He looked back downstairs only to find that familiar figure had vanished.

Alana had only finished half her meal before excusing herself to the restroom.

As she walked out and headed down the hallway, she was accidentally jostled by a drunken man.

The drunkard's eyes lit up at the sight of her pure, captivating beauty.

Consumed by alcohol, he immediately asked, "Hey, pretty lady, what's your name?"

Alana dreaded encountering such drunks, not only reeking of alcohol, but prone to losing control.

She quickly took two steps back. "No, sorry, I don't talk to strangers and I'm here with my boyfriend."

She might as well use that "boyfriend" excuse now.

"My apologies, my apologies."

The drunkard still had enough sense to utter an apology before darting into the men's restroom.

Alana breathed a sigh of relief and started walking back.

A tall, slender, dark figure approached, instantly freezing her in her tracks.

That chiselled, profoundly handsome face, as if carved by a knife, remained etched in her memory even after over a week.

The man walked at a measured pace, his gaze cool and unwavering.

Just as she tensed, expecting him to approach her, he walked right past her.

Alana blinked, still frozen in place.

Had he... already forgotten her?

It was possible.

After all, they'd only met twice.

Stephan returned to his seat, a hint of irritation flickering in his eyes. His mind was consumed by Alana's words from moments ago: she was here with her boyfriend.

She had a boyfriend now?

Just a week ago, she'd been unengaged and single. Now, barely a week later, she had a boyfriend?

No wonder she didn't want to take responsibility for him.

She didn't even bother to call him!

Hmm.

She was clearly keeping her distance from him so she could focus on her boyfriend.

Gary noticed Stephan's unsettled mood.

"What's wrong now, dude? It's like your temper goes from bad to worse within minutes."

Stephan shot Gary cold stare. "You're asking for a beating, you know that?"

Gary scoffed. "I'm just trying to understand you, man."

Stephan snorted lightly, his gaze drifting involuntarily back downstairs.

The girl in the white dress had returned to her seat, sitting demurely and looking particularly delicate.

He furrowed his brow.

Why and how did she suddenly get a boyfriend?

Was he really here?

He looked around.

There was no particular man around her.

Alana returned to her seat, took a few token bites, then set down her chopsticks.

"Eve, have you finished eating? Once we've eaten our fill, let's leave."

The thought of that man being in the same restaurant made her feel she couldn't stay much longer.

Even if he had forgotten her, she certainly hadn't.

Seeing him brought back memories of what had happened that night, making her feel awkward and uncomfortable.

Also, she wouldn't want him on her case again or pester her about taking responsibility for him.

Eve replied, "I'm nearly done."

"Lana, why did you eat so little tonight? There's still half the rice left in your bowl."

Alana couldn't bring herself to say it outright. "Perhaps I've been snacking too much at work."

Eve chuckled, "Sneaking snacks at work? Not afraid of getting caught by the boss?"

Alana replied, "As long as I don't eat in front of him."

Several colleagues beside her snacked while slacking off at work, and none had been caught by the boss.

Eve ate off the last mouthful of rice before picking up her bag and rising.

Alana proactively pulled out her phone. "This time, it's on me."

Eve had no objection.

The two friends had developed an unspoken agreement: when they met for meals, they took turns paying.

Alana approached the counter and asked the waitress, "Table 5, please."

"That'll be 105 dollars in total."

Alana was about to pay.

Suddenly, a black card was presented.

"Card payment."

A deep, magnetic voice invaded her ears. She froze, then turned her head back.

Stephan's devastatingly handsome face was right before her eyes.

When had he come to stand beside her?

Just as Alana was lost in thought.

The waiter, assuming Stephan was with Alana, took the card he offered and swiped it efficiently.

After swiping the card, the attendant shot Alana an envious glance. "Miss, your boyfriend is so handsome."

Alana snapped back to her senses and quickly retorted, "He's not my boyfriend! I... I don't know him!"

After speaking, she felt a pang of guilt and avoided meeting the man's gaze.

He'd forgotten her anyway, so claiming they were strangers shouldn't be a problem, right?!

The waitress frowned staring at both of them in confusion.

Stephan's brow furrowed slightly as he shot Alana a cold glance. Claiming she didn't know him now?!

She was quite adept at telling blatant lies.

He snorted coldly, turning to the waiter. "I'll settle my own bill. Table 18 on the second floor." The waiter looked flustered.

"Oh dear, I've charged the wrong card. I'm sorry, sir. I thought you two were together, so I charged this young lady's bill to your card..."

Stephan shot Alana a glance. "Transfer the money to me and send the receipt on WhatsApp."

Alana eyed him.

She never wanted him to pay for her in the first place.

He was acting as petty as always.

Seeing the matter resolved privately, the waiter proceeded to settle the bill for Table 18.

She then returned the card to Stephan, politely stating, "Sir, your total comes to three thousand five hundred and eight dollars. Here's your card, please take it."

Stephan took his card, slipped it into his trouser pocket, and turned to leave.

Seeing him about to leave, Alana couldn't help but call out, "Wait, I...I don't have your account details, neither do I have you on WhatsApp."

He spun, glaring at her. "You don't have me on WhatsApp? I gave my number the other time. Don't tell me you unsaved it?"

The waitress was even more perplexed.

Did these two know each other or not?!

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

The waitress concluded that they must be a couple who were having a fight.

But what sort of fight would they have for the woman to deny knowing the man?

If not for the fact that her job required minding her business, the waitress really wanted to know what the "tea" was.

Alana on the other hand replied.

"Yeah, I still have your phone number but I don't have your account number."

She still wondered why he had acted so cold and distant near the bathroom earlier, as if he didn't know her?

Never mind, it was not her place to dwell on it.

Stephan's deep eyes fixed on her, lingering until Alana's face flushed crimson.

Did she seriously want to refund him?

He still found it hard to believe she wanted nothing from him.

In all his years of life, he had encountered so many people that wanted to take and take from him.

But this woman...why did she seem different?

Was this a new tactic?

He then casually lowered his gaze and fiddled with his phone.

He called out his account number to her and Alana promptly transferred the money to him.

Stephan gave a curt nod before turning to leave, his expression cold and distant.

Watching the man's receding figure, Alana couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief. Thank goodness he hadn't mentioned what they'd agreed upon. He must have forgotten.

The very next moment, Eve pounced on her, her face alight with curiosity.

"Lana, who was that tall, handsome guy? He's got such style!"

Alana eyes darted nervously. "I don't know him. It was just that a waitress accidentally charged our bill to his card. So I had to transfer the money back to him. And I sent him the receipt on WhatsApp."

Eve chuckled. "Ah, not knowing him now doesn't mean you won't know him later! Maybe this is how you meet your true love. If he doesn't have a girlfriend, why not give him a nudge? You're single anyway. A top-notch hunk like that comes along once in a blue moon, you can't afford to miss out!"

"Well... I'd rather not."

Alana couldn't bear the thought of further contact. She just hoped they'd never cross paths again, each encounter felt like walking into a wall of awkwardness.

Eve batted her eyelashes. "What do you mean, forget it? Meeting is fate, and what's more, If you got a boyfriend this gorgeous, imagine how impressive it'd be to bring him out in public! You'd never have to worry about any other scumbags bothering you again!"

Alana sighed. "Still, I'll pass. Even if I fancied him, he probably wouldn't fancy me back. Besides, he doesn't exactly look like the single type."

Eve stroked her chin. "True enough. Looking that handsome, how could he not have a girlfriend? He might even be a playboy. Well then, forget it. I'll just introduce you to one of my boyfriend's other friends instead!"

Alana released a breath she didn't even know she was holding.

She really didn't want to meet with anyone.

Blind dates could really be stressful.

Stephan stepped out of the restaurant and walked towards his car.

Gary, already seated inside, rolled down the window, revealing his chiselled features.
"Why did it take so long to settle the bill?"

Stephan opened the passenger door and climbed in. "Got caught up in something... quite troublesome."

Gary raised an eyebrow, curiously. "What sort of trouble?"

"Flirting with a lady?"

Stephan shot him a withering look.

Gary, relishing the drama, pressed on, "I saw it clearly just now. You and that girl in the white dress not only exchanged contacts, but chatted for ages too."

"Oh man, you've really taken a liking for her, haven't you? I was surprised to see you hitting on her already."

"I wasn't."

"You were."

"If you don't believe me, that's your problem."

Gary shrugged. "Fine. You're not interested in her, but I am. I'll go after her. That settle it?"

The words had barely left his mouth when he met Stephan's icy glare.

"Don't you dare."

Gary scoffed. "And you claim you're not interested in the girl? If you truly weren't, why would you react so strongly when I say I'll pursue her?"

Stephan frowned. Was he interested in her?

He didn't think so.

"She's got a boyfriend. Go ahead and pursue her if you don't want to make a fool of yourself."

"Oh, so she's already taken. No wonder you looked so glum, someone else beat

you to it."

Stephan gasped.

He decided not to engage with Gary any further. His sharply defined jaw lifted slightly as he turned his gaze to the car window.

Just then, he spotted Alana leaving the restaurant with her best friend. The pair were waiting for a ride at the restaurant entrance.

A car arrived first, whisking her friend away.

Alana remained waiting where she stood.

The young girl stood alone at the crossroads, her eyes straining with impatience, looking rather pitiful.

Stephan pressed his tongue against his jaw, snorting derisively.

She had a boyfriend already, if anyone deserved pity, it was him feeling sorry for her, not the other way round!

He shot Gary a glance. "Aren't you going to drive?"

"I saw you staring at that girl the whole time and thought you might want to invite her in the car."

Stephan retorted, "Why would I ever help anyone?"

"Fine, I'll be off then!"

A black Bentley drove off in the distance.

Alana watched the black Bentley disappear and, for some reason, felt a wave of relief wash over her.

While the car had been parked there, she'd felt an intensely pervasive gaze fixed upon her.

It had weighed upon her like an invisible pressure.

If she had to guess, the man inside the car was probably him.

Alana picked up her phone to check. She had just transferred the money to the man, and even sent the receipt.

But he didn't reply.

Well, it wasn't surprising.

He was a rude jerk.

Alana didn't dwell on it. Her taxi arrived, and she opened the door and climbed in.

Back home, utterly exhausted.

She took a quick shower, thought of nothing, and lay down on the bed.

Before sleeping, she set an alarm for herself.

Her phone beeped, she frowned seeing that the money she had transferred to him had been reversed.

But it had said successful before.

She clicked on WhatsApp to see that he was yet to even read her earlier message of the receipt she had sent.

Frowning, she logged into her bank app again and sent the money again, this time, it didn't go through but shortly after a message was sent to her Gmail that the receiver had to approve of the payment before it went through.

What kind of bank did he use?

She had never heard of this before.

Why was simply sending money to him proving to be complicated?

Ugh! This man!

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

Alana had no choice but to send him a text.

Alana: What's wrong with your bank. Accept the payment so it can go through.

She didn't like owing people money and worst, she wouldn't want that petty man to come after her because of that money.

Stephan who had just returned home, took a shower, then emerged with a bottle of red wine to continue drinking.

He'd intended the drink to ease his restlessness, yet found himself growing more agitated with each sip.

A certain slender figure kept reappearing in his mind, as if he were under a spell.

While drinking, he pulled out his phone because he was sure she must have realized her measly money wouldn't land in his account unless he approved of it.

He tapped on her name on WhatsApp.

"Lana"

Her profile picture was a cartoon depiction of a little white rabbit.

Seeing that silly little white rabbit, Stephan couldn't help but snort softly.

That little white rabbit in the profile picture was carved from the same block as her, just as daft and silly.

The chat page contained nothing but a simple transfer receipt.

She hadn't sent any messages, nor had he.

He hadn't accepted the transfer either.

He hadn't accepted her transfer, so she hadn't even bothered with a single extra greeting? Moreover, she hadn't even mentioned the arrangement they'd made a week ago.

At the very least, he had given her his contact details.

And she'd even said she'd take responsibility for him?!

She even agreed to have sex with him again.

Hah.

Sounds rather nice, didn't it?

Barely a week gone, and she'd already got a new boyfriend. Who was she trying to fool? Women's words were as deceitful as the devil!

Just as he was about to toss the phone aside in frustration.

Suddenly, the screen lit up.

A new message had popped up on the chat screen.

Stephan's hand, which had just dropped, shot back up.

A flicker of surprise and anticipation even stirred within him.

But upon reading the message, his handsome face darkened instantly.

A wave of wordless disappointment washed over him.

He gritted his teeth, determined to ignore it.

Yet perhaps the alcohol had taken hold, lending him an unexpected surge of impulsiveness.

He shot her a text too.

Stephan: Is that all you have to say to me?

Alana was about to switch off her phone and go to sleep when the screen suddenly lit up. Only then did she see it was from that man.

But what did he mean by that?

What did he mean by having nothing to say to him?

Were they quite familiar enough to exchange pleasantries?

Hesitating, Alana replied.

Alana: What do you want me to say?

On seeing her reply, one word immediately sprang to Stephan's mind.

Sneaky.

She was having her cake and eating it!

He couldn't let her do that.

Stephan: Have you forgotten about our agreement already?"

Alana's eyelid twitched.

He actually remembered.

Judging by his reaction today, she'd thought he'd forgotten.

Alana bit her lip, nearly drawing blood, utterly at a loss for words.

After a long pause, she finally typed out a line and sent it with difficulty:

Alana: When would you like to fulfil our agreement?

She had to get this out of the way once and for all!

The message arrived, and Stephan's gaze instantly darkened.

He had expected her to refuse, yet to his surprise, she inquired when he would honour the agreement?

Wasn't she dating someone?

Yet she still wanted to have sex with him?

Maintaining a relationship with her boyfriend while entangling herself with him, truly a scoundrel of a woman!

His thin lips twitched slightly as he continued his reply:

Stephan: Will your boyfriend be okay if you get fucked by me?

Alana froze.

He was so vulgar.

And what...Boyfriend?

She was single as a bird, where on earth did this boyfriend come from?

Could it be...

Did he overhear her words at the bathroom door, when she was trying to shake off that drunken fool?

Well, he'd heard it. Anyway, their relationship was purely transactional. There was no need to explain further.

Alana: Do you still want me to honour our agreement? If not, then forget it.

Stephan frowned. If she didn't mind, then he had no reason to either.

Stephan: Are you free after seven tomorrow evening?

Alana paused briefly.

Alana: Yes

Soon after, the man sent over an address.

Stephan: Come here tomorrow evening at seven. I'll be waiting for you at this location.

Her fingers trembled slightly as she saw the address he'd sent, a rather upmarket

apartment complex.

Prime city centre location, apartments here started at ten million dollars minimum.

Was that man really that wealthy?

Regardless of his wealth, it was no longer her concern.

She only hoped that by keeping this appointment, their business would be settled once and for all.

Then perhaps she wouldn't dwell on it constantly.

Alana: Very well, I shall attend the meeting. The funds have been transferred to you; do not forget to accept them.

Stephan: No need. Consider it your travel expenses.

After that, Alana stopped replying.

Stephan didn't stare at his phone for long before setting it aside. He picked up his wine glass and resumed sipping slowly, gazing out at the night.

Truth be told, he didn't quite believe she'd actually show up. At best, she was just talking tough. Come the next day, she'd likely find some excuse to back out.

Yet, inexplicably, a sliver of hope still lingered within him...

Stephan took another sip of wine and lifted his gaze to the deepening night outside the window.

Tonight's night seemed particularly hard to endure.

Was time always this slow?

Stephan wasn't the only one finding it unbearable.

Alana found it unbearably difficult too.

Tossing and turning in bed, she lay awake for hours, consumed by thoughts of her arrangement with the man for the following evening.

She kept berating herself: why had she been so stubborn as to agree to this in the first place? Had she not agreed, nothing would have come of it.

She hadn't done anything truly wrong in her life. This one mistake, a one night stand, mistakenly taking his virginity, had been a momentary lapse of judgement, leading her to agree to such an utterly absurd arrangement.

Debts owed must eventually be repaid.

She tried to rationalize it: it was already done, no big deal.

As long as she went through with it one more time, everything would be settled.

Then she could face him with a clear conscience.

No. She hoped they'd never meet again.

She barely slept a wink all night.

When Alana awoke, she felt groggy. She skipped breakfast, hopped on her yellow electric scooter, grabbed a steamed bun and soy milk from a street stall, and hurried to work.

Just as she clocked in and stepped into the lift, Manager Dane suddenly appeared and squeezed in beside her.

Alana glanced at the portly man, quickly pressed the floor button, then retreated into a corner.

"Good morning, Manager Dane."

Dane beamed, taking her in from head to toe the moment he stepped inside.

Today, Alana wore a ladylike orange dress that complemented her complexion, making her look like a little milk candy wrapped in yellow leather, pale and soft.

Seeing that it was just the two of them in the lift, Dane couldn't resist moving closer, immediately catching the faint fragrance emanating from her.

He narrowed his eyes, drew in a deep breath, and continued with his cheerful smile.
"Lana dear, you've got nothing on your plate after work today, right? I've got two cinema tickets. Let's go watch a movie."

Alana shifted her body again, avoiding his proximity. "No, thank you."

Dane pressed, "Why not? You know I don't invite just anyone to the cinema."

As if going to the cinema with him were some immense honour.

Alana clenched her jaw. "I have a boyfriend now. It wouldn't be appropriate."

Dane's expression shifted. "You have a boyfriend?"

"Yes."

Since her best friend had said having a boyfriend could help fend off unwanted attention, she might as well claim one herself.

It would spare her unwanted attention.

Dane studied her expression, detecting nothing amiss. "Why hasn't your boyfriend ever come to the office to see you?"

"He's busy with work, barely has time."

"However busy he is, he ought to make time to pick his girlfriend up after work, accompany her shopping and dining! I've checked your social media and there's no sign of any man in your life."

Alana gasped.

He was such a stalker!

What else had he done?

Follow her home?

This man was creeping her out.

"Your boyfriend's rather useless, isn't he? Why not just break up with him?"

"Not planning on it yet." She pressed on.

Dane's gaze sharpened. "Not planning to, or you don't even have a boyfriend?"

Alana's breathing quickened slightly, just as the lift doors slid open.

She hurried out. "Manager Dane, the lift doors are open. I'll be off now!"

Dane turned his head, his gaze fixed on her slender, graceful figure as she walked away.

Before setting his sights on her, he'd thoroughly investigated her background.

Born into a broken home, neither father nor mother doted on her, and she had no connections whatsoever.

And she was single.

How could she suddenly have a boyfriend?

It must be an excuse to avoid him.

Dane snorted coldly. Being chosen by him was her good fortune. If she was willing to be with him, he would spoil her with a lot of money.

What was there to refuse?

He was almost at the end of his ropes with her and if she continued resisting, he would do deal with her.

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

That day went by in a blur, and before Alana knew it, it was closing time for work.

Still sitting on her desk, Alana was scared about clocking off work, because then, it'd be time to face that man.

Her mind was a whirl of hesitation and inner turmoil.

In the end, she decided to go.

To have this over and done with once and for all.

Deep down, Alana knew she wasn't going simply because of the pressure he had placed on her to take responsibility for him.

She was going because she too was curious. Curious and partly excited to have sex with him again.

For the last time.

But she didn't want to admit to that.

She made herself believe she was only going because it was her responsibility to.

Plus, she had to be a girl of her words, right?

So she booked a cab and headed for Stephan's Estate.

Fresh off work, Stephan declined a small gathering with his mates and drove back to building 10 in Ford Estate.

This house was where he often came to rest after work. Usually, he lived there alone, with no one else to disturb him.

Passing a convenience store, he seemed to recall something, and on impulse, he pulled over and entered the shop.

When he emerged, he was clutching several boxes of condoms.

He returned to the house.

Stephan shed his coat, flinging it onto the sofa.

Then, loosening his tie with one hand, he picked up his phone with the other to glance at it. The chat history with that woman was still stuck on yesterday.

He tapped the screen in irritation.

So what exactly was he pining for?

Was he hoping she'd come to fulfil her promise?

Ridiculous!

Suddenly, the doorbell rang.

Stephan's brow furrowed. Who could possibly be visiting at this hour?

Alana had arrived at the entrance to building 10 in Ford Estate

She recalled that this was the address he had sent her last night.

Before her eyes stood a luxurious three storey building.

The front garden was adorned with numerous flowers and plants, along with a small fountain. In the pond swam over a dozen colourful ornamental fish.

Alana knew nothing about fish and couldn't identify the species.

But she surmised they mustn't be cheap?

Lost in thought, she heard a click.

The door swung open.

A tall, slender, dark figure burst into her field of vision.

Distinguished, handsome.

The man stood in the doorway, his deep, dark eyes locking with hers.

Alana's heart gave a sudden jolt.

For a moment, she felt an overwhelming urge to flee.

But before she could act, the man was already striding towards her.

His legs were long, and in a few strides, he stood before her.

"So you actually came."

Stephan's tone betrayed surprise.

The woman who ought not to have appeared had, in fact, materialised.

Alana was visibly tense, her lips trembling slightly. "Isn't this what you wanted?"

"If... you don't want it, I... I can leave right now..."

Stephan's dark eyes fixed upon the petite, exquisite figure before him. Today, she wore a dress of a different hue from yesterday's.

The orange-yellow hue made her skin appear even paler.

Her delicate, yielding appearance seemed all the more vulnerable.

He recalled that night when she lay upon him, boneless and yielding, allowing him to take advantage of her pitiful state.

His throat tightened with hunger, his voice growing husky. "Don't you think it's too late to leave now?"

Had she not approached him, he might have spared her.

But now that she stood before him, did she truly believe he would let her go so easily? His gaze was unfathomably deep, brimming with aggression.

Alana felt like a fish on a chopping block, utterly at his mercy.

Her heart fluttered, and she instinctively took a step back.

Yet he seized her wrist, pulling her towards him.

Alana collided with his body, a sensation that was rigid yet scorching hot.

Her heartbeat quickened involuntarily.

She felt even more like a lamb that had strayed into the wolf's den, with nowhere left to flee.

Stephan lowered his gaze to the soft head resting against his chest, his tone commanding.

"Come with me."

With that, he clasped her hand tightly and strode purposefully towards the house.

The door slammed shut.

It signified that Alana's retreat had been utterly cut off.

Yet the urge to flee still tugged at her heart. Her eyelashes fluttered incessantly. "I..."

Stephan saw straight through her thoughts. "What? Having second thoughts?"

Alana desperately wanted to admit it, but when she met the man's deep, inscrutable gaze, the words on her lips suddenly transformed into:

"I hope that after this, we...owe each other nothing."

Stephan reached out, his sharply defined fingers pinching her chin as his deep voice spoke each word deliberately.

"Then tonight, I shall see it through to the very end."

Alana flushed crimson in an instant.

Stephan's fingers traced lightly over her crimson lips.

Her lips were full and vibrant, utterly tempting.

"Have you been with any other men recently?"

Alana understood his meaning and couldn't help but bite her lower lip, making her lips appear even more alluring.

"No. Not at all."

For he had said that until her condition was properly treated, she must not engage in relations with any man.

Besides, she didn't even have a boyfriend, how could she possibly...

Besides, had it not been for that one unforeseen incident with him, she would never have lost her virtue.

A flicker of delight crossed Stephan's eyes.

She hadn't been with any other men?

Which meant he was still her only man.

Not even her boyfriend had ever possessed her.

For some reason, Stephan felt an overwhelming urge to possess her. He did not wish for her to be claimed by another man.

Only he could possess her, and no one else!

This was an utterly extreme notion, one he'd never entertained before. Yet at this moment, he did not dwell on why he felt this way.

His thin lips curved into a faint smile. "Very well."

What was good about it?

Alana froze momentarily.

Stephan stared at her rosy lips, his inner desire compelling him to lean in and kiss her.

Startled, Alana instinctively turned her head away.

Stephan's lips landed on her cheek.

So tender and soft, with perfect elasticity.

What's more, he could see her cheeks flushing visibly, growing hotter by the second.

Alana was utterly flustered. "Wait, wait...I haven't bathed yet..."

Stephan found her reaction rather amusing. "It's only a kiss."

She was so embarrassed she wanted to sink through the floor.

Recalling their kiss had been rather inexperienced, Stephan pinched her chin and asked,

"Apart from me, have you ever kissed another man?"

Alana replied. "No..."

Stephan's gaze darkened. So, this soft, sweet little mouth had only been tasted by him?

"You and your boyfriend haven't kissed yet?"

Could her boyfriend resist facing those delicate, pouty lips day after day?

Alana bit her lip, her cheeks flushing crimson.

She didn't have a boyfriend.

The so-called boyfriend was merely a casual fabrication.

But she didn't feel like explaining. After all, this was their final encounter. They'd go their separate ways from now on, no need for explanations.

She murmured, "Could we hurry up? I need to get home soon..."

Stephan snorted, amused by the absurdity. How could such matters ever be hurried?

He said no more, capturing her lips and leaning down to kiss her.

Her lips were even sweeter and softer than he'd imagined.

And impossibly sweet, utterly irresistible.

Merely touching her lips felt like being consumed by flames, the heat spreading fiercely.

Like a beast long deprived of moisture, he seized upon this sweetness, plundering and demanding it with frenzied abandon.

Alana's body trembled violently.

His ravishment was too fierce; she wanted to refuse, yet couldn't resist.

Her hands pushed weakly against him, only to be seized and raised high above her head.

His muscles bulged, scorching hot.

Alana gasped for breath, scorched by his heat.

His hands, slightly calloused, traced gently over her slender waist. His low, husky voice was thick with desire. "Alana, you have three seconds to reconsider. You still have the chance to back out now or else..."

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

Alana stared up at him, her nerves were in shreds.

This was it.

She was going to do this again.

This time, sober.

And for the last time.

After tonight, she had to forget all about him.

As Stephan looked down at her face, all his thoughts scattered, his blood grew hot and he kissed her.

Shock disabled any defense Alana might have put up if she had known what Stephan was about to do.

He had already informed her that there was no going back now and somehow, she wanted this too.

His two hands cradled her head, threading through the strands of her hair, loosening it so that it fell in a heavy mass down her back.

She knew she shouldn't want it this much, she should try to fight this a little but she could barely breathe as she felt his mouth slant over hers in a warm, intoxicating pressure to open and allow him to deepen the kiss.

She was so tensed. This was someone she shouldn't be doing this with, given how beastly he was the last time yet all she wanted to do was sink into his embrace.

It was like that first night all over again, the intense building desire drowning out extraneous concerns, the reasons why she shouldn't want this.

The pressure of his mouth changed, became firmer, harder.

His tongue traced along the seam of her tightly shut mouth and still Alana fought not to give in.

But her treacherous body was reacting again, and blood pounded through her veins.

His mouth feathered kisses all over her lips, touching, tasting, it was becoming a battle of wills and in that instant, something gave way with Alana.

She couldn't win against him.

It was too hard to remain rigid and unmoved.

The emotion was still close to the surface and she couldn't be sure she would be able to pull through without shattering completely.

With a tiny, frustrated moan of reluctant supplication, Alana softened her lips.

Stephan clasped her head even tighter and stepped between her legs with his whole body. It made a fire race through her and then, with devastating and skillful finesse, he kissed her until she couldn't resist any more.

Her mouth opened to his totally.

The mixture of relief and lust was dizzying as her hands crept up over his shoulders to anchor herself in this maelstrom of sensations.

Tentatively, she allowed her tongue to follow when he retreated and the heart feeling of tongue touching tongue made her arch to get closer.

Amidst the raging desire, Alana was only hazily aware when he drew back and said throatily.

"Wrap your legs around me."

She did so, automatically.

He brought a hand down to her bottom and carried her towards the living room.

She wanted him to kiss her again and never stop kissing her.

She wanted him with a bone-deep ache.

She pressed kisses against his neck, his jaw, anywhere she could reach.

The taste of his skin under her mouth was making her blood hum and her belly tighten even more.

When he laid her down on the sofa in his living room, he filled her vision.

Alana was incapable of thinking through the ramifications of what was happening.

Perhaps if she had allowed a moment of reality to sink in, but he stripped with impatient haste and any chance of sanity intruding disappeared when he came down on the sofa gloriously naked beside her, his skin gleaming dark golden in the dim room.

When he reached for the hem of her shirt, his fingers against her bare skin made it prickle and her belly contracted.

She let him pull it up and off completely aware of him throwing it away.

Her bra was dispensed with.

Her breasts felt tight and sensitively.

The tips tingling almost painfully, and as he ran a hand over one, she arched her back, her eyes closing as she bit her lip.

He drew off her skirt and she felt a moment of trepidation as he looked down into her eyes for a long moment. Finally, he bent his head, blocking out the light and he took her mouth in a long, drugging, soul-destroying kiss.

Their tongues tangled feverishly and Alana arched into him, relishing the friction of his chest against her breasts.

He pulled her into him even tighter, with one hand trailing down her back, leaving a line of fire in its wake.

He cupped her bottom before pulling her pants off and down her legs.

That familiar ache was building and coiling tighter and tighter, the wetness between her legs, she brought her leg up and over his instinctively opening herself to him in a way that had him groaning deep in his throat.

Alana put down a hand to touch and feel his silken length, like velvet over steel. He tensed against her and his mouth left hers.

She looked into his eyes and saw his cheeks flush, she consciously shut out all concerns. The fire building within her was the anchor she had to cling onto.

And she did, with a kind of desperation,

Stephan pulled her leg up higher over his hip and, still facing her, he reached down and pulled her hand away from its innocent caress.

He found the moist centre of her desire, his fingers searching and seeking for that place where all her nerve-endings seemed to react and her hands gripped his shoulders, her breath ragged.

He took his hand away and before she could protest, she felt the hard masculine fire of him thrusting upwards, a hand on her buttocks anchoring her more firmly against him.

"Ahh." She gasped and felt her eyes widen as she felt that intrusion again, deliciously familiar and yet still slightly alien.

She was so inexperienced, it showed.

He wasn't a man with much experiences either but with this woman, everything flowed.

And she made sex feel so overwhelming.

Her breasts moved up and down against his chest with her urgent breaths.

As he pushed in deeper, he felt her starting to accommodate his size, his length with a series of convulsive movements, a twitch of her hips.

It was as if she was bewitching him all over again.

He bent his head and kissed her deeply as he finally thrust all the way, burying himself inside her.

Her teeth nipped at his lower lip, her arms tightened around his neck and as he started to move, the world was reduced to this room, to this moment, this woman and the explosion that was approaching more swiftly with every driving moment of his hips into hers.

They teetered on the brink together.

"Ahh...Stephan...uhuhm." Alana moaned, helplessly as she fell into a deep vortex of pleasure, so all consuming that if she hadn't been clinging onto him, she feared that she would have been swept away forever.

He lay on top of her for a long while as they both struggled to steady their breathing.

Not wanting to crush her with his weight, Stephan moved to the side, shutting his eyes but still panting.

The sofa was far too narrow for the two to lie on. Alana glanced at him.

They were done now, right?

His eyes were closed and so she decided this was the perfect opportunity to do what she did best.

Run away before it got awkward.

She slowly rolled off the sofa and bent to pick up her clothes. She just had to quietly slip away.

Just then, she heard movements behind her.

Turning, she saw Stephan getting off the sofa and walking up to her.

Her eyes widened as she saw his hardened dick.

Damn!

That had really been inside of her?

Before she could say a word, he tackled her to the floor and she felt him widening her legs and trying to slide inside again.

"No...what are you...?"

"I need more." He growled.

"I don't want to end up in a hospital again." She whined.

"You won't. Just this once."

"No...that was enough..Sto...Ahh...mmm."

He was already pounding into her again, resting his arms on the either sides of her head, he thrust in and out, giving her fast and brain-melting strokes.

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

As Stephan kept deliciously thrusting into her channel, Alana's orgasm ripped through her.

Stephan wasn't slowing at all as she clenched around his cock. He drove into her with single-minded fury, over and over. His thighs slapped against hers, the sound driving her mad, stirring up another climax within her.

He talked to her, crazy sex talk that she could barely make meaning of in her haze.

Each word punctuated as he thrust in, in, in. "You. Make. Me. Feel. So. Good. What. Are. You. Doing. To. Me?"

What was she doing to him?

No!

She felt the right question was what he was doing to her?

And then they were both coming. So hard. He pushed into her with a long groan.

Her eyes were glued to him, and she watched his entire torso stiffen as his hips bucked against her pelvis. Then her own vision went white, clouding with the intensity of her release. His name was on her tongue, both a curse and a prayer as she surrendered to the convulsions that begged to overtake her.

God, oh, god.

It seemed ages before she recovered enough to speak, to think.

And when she came back to the presence, she found him kissing her all over.

Again?!

He held her wrist, turned it over and placed his lips and the tip of his tongue on the inside of her wrist where her blood was pumping.

He circled his tongue deliberately over her pulse, and she gasped.

With a smirk, he released her and held her face, his lips found hers once more and he explored her mouth, she was panting when he let go.

"So sweet." He said and with infinite care and a feather-light touch, he trailed his index finger between her breasts, down her stomach, to her navel.

Alana's heart started thumping, echoing in an insane rhythm in her head.

Suddenly, he knelt down between her legs.

She grabbed his shoulders.

His hands moved around to her behind as he kissed the underside of each breasts and trailed soft, sweet kisses to her navel.

"Ah." She moaned as his tongue rimmed and dipped into her belly button.

She ran her fingers through his hair and he looked up at her and gave her a wicked grin.

With his hands on her behind, he sat back on his haunches and pulled her forward, holding her in place and ran his nose up her sex.

"Stephan." She called, half-nervous and half-excited as he held her as if she was a bowl of delicious food.

She tightened her fingers in his hair and he groaned.

"You smell good." He whispered and she gasped.

She closed her eyes, tipped her head back and moaned.

His nose stayed at the Apex of her legs.

Then he replaced his nose with his tongue.

"Oh God!" She mewled as he continued to tease her, his tongue circling around and around.

She lost herself to the sensation and reveled in the carnal delight of his touch.

Her legs began to tremble and Stephan grasped her hips, and persisted in his delicious torment.

"More...more...please." Alana found herself begging and he stood up in one fluid movement.

She clutched his hips and he kissed her again, his hands in her hair, pulling her head back and he opened up for her relishing his tongue, he tasted different, salty, slick and she realized it was her taste mixed with his, the taste of her pussy.

It got Alana more aroused.

His mouth on hers, his hand skimmed down her body, his thumb brushing over her nipple, tracing the line of her waist, then down to the junction of her thighs.

His fingers teased her pussy and he slipped a finger inside her.

Quivering and driven by instinct, she pressed her hips toward him, trying to find relief against his hand.

"Yes." He hissed with obvious pleasure as he circled his finger inside her, pushing in and out.

When she tipped her head back and closed her eyes.

She was breathing hard and fast.

He kissed her again and put his hands around her waist.

"Hold on." He whispered, and he lifted her. "Wrap your legs and arms around me."

She did as he asked, surprised once more by his own agility while he put his hands under her behind, he carried her up from the floor and he began to walk, heading up the stairs.

As he got to the landing, it was as if he couldn't wait anymore. He swiftly turning, leaning her back against the wall.

Stephan was panting, he kissed her and eased his hips forward and slowly sunk into her.

Alana moaned loudly and winced as he stretched and filled her again.

He was so big.

She was still not used to it.

He stopped. "Too much?" He asked and she could hear his concern. "Tell me." His voice was urgent. "If you don't like this position, you can tell me."

She flexed her thighs.

What she really wanted to say was that it was enough for one night and she didn't want to end up in the hospital again.

But the feeling of having his fat cock pressed against her walls in a mindlessly tantalizing way made her forget herself again.

She laid her forehead against his.

"More..."

Stephan groaned and he began to move, flexing his hips.

Slow at first but as she gasped and moaned, he increased his rhythm.

She tightened her hold around his neck as he picked up speed.

The feeling was so intense as the sensation spiraled through her body.

Oh No!

This was too much...too overwhelming.

She couldn't feel her legs.

She tugged her nails into his shoulders.

"Steph...Stephan..." Alana whimpered. "I can't...wait"

Immediately, he stopped moving, his breathing ragged.

He kissed her and took a deep breath and without breaking the intimate contact, he turned and ascended the rest of the stairs.

Each step he took, made his dick also move inside of her.

It left her needing more friction.

He slowly laid her down on the bed and his dick slipped out of her.

He hovered above her.

"Are you feeling better?" He asked.

He looked fierce, but it seemed he was still trying to find the common sense to make this feel good for her as well.

Reaching up, she caressed his cheek.

"Can you keep going please... I want to feel you again." She requested, biting her lips.

By tomorrow, Alana was sure she wouldn't be able to believe this was her, saying such things.

Stephan nodded and slowly slid into her, filling her up so deliciously.

"Ohh." She moaned.

He began to move again.

Slowly at first, but increasing his speed.

This was easier, not quite as deep, and before she was aware of it, her body was no longer her own but moving to Stephan's rhythm, matching his pace as he moved back and forth into her again and again.

She was lost in him...with him.

She stiffened and stiffened.

"Come for me, Alana." He urged and pushed once more and suddenly, he stilled and groaned loudly.

She cried out as she exploded around him, once, twice, again...spiraling out of control beneath his tensed body.

When she opened her eyes, his forehead was against hers, his eyes screwed shut.

"Oh, what is this?" He breathed.

She was unsure about what he was asking.

After a moment, he opened his eyes and she stroked his cheek as they gazed at each other.

"Are you okay?" He asked.

"Yes." She replied.

His pupils were dilated.

Oh, she knew that look.

No.

She was already feeling so tired.

He bent and kissed her lips, her eyelids, her cheeks, her jaw, all the while he was still inside her.

And, gradually, she felt him hardening again.

Jeez, was this normal?!

She wanted to sleep!

Why wasn't he satisfied yet?!

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

"No...that's enough." Alana let out, using all the strength she had left to push him off her.

He looked crazed.

Like if he didn't have her again, he'd lose his mind.

"Just one more..." He begged.

"No. I'm starting to feel sore."

"I'll be gentle, I promise."

What was his problem?

Were all virgins like this?

Was it because he hadn't had sex all his life and now that he was finally having it, he just couldn't stop?

He had to stop eventually.

He should go meet other women.

Would one woman even be enough for him at this point?

She had been a virgin too.

Admittedly, sex was great and she loved the feeling of having him inside of her and also coming.

But they couldn't just go at it all night just like he did that night.

Was he truly an animal?

"One more." He kept persuading as he separated her thighs with his hips and sank back into the mattress again.

He couldn't control himself at all.

He hated and loved this feeling of being inside her.

But the more he came, the more he wanted her.

He was determined to get enough of her tonight.

Staring into her eyes, his crown found her entrance and slid inside.

Alana's palms pressed against his chest, and she took in a bracing breath as his cock moved deeper and deeper.

Every inch was a stretch, and she felt like he was working her up all over again.

She was out of breath and weak.

So consumed with this man who was burying himself inside her.

Her hand slid up his neck and into the back of his hair.

The strands were soft and they were the only soft part of his body, other than his lips.

He paused as his entire length was plunged deep inside her, her juices surrounding him and soaking him all the way through.

His cock was so full inside her, stretching her until her entire body ached.

He could hurt her so good.

She could already tell tomorrow would be a hard day for her as she recovered from all this.

He held his massive body on his arms with ease, and he breathed into her mouth while his cock twitched inside her.

His cock soon became gently reacquainted with her pussy, with the tightness and wetness.

He kissed her softly and he started to rock inside her again to push his big cock deep before he pulled it out.

In and out he went, pushing through her wet slit with a quiet groan.

"Umm." He moaned.

Her ankles immediately pressed into his lower back and her nails dug a little deeper.

She stopped kissing him because all she could do was breathe.

He positioned himself closer to her so he could hit her deep and hard, his balls tapping against her ass with every thrust.

He didn't thrust quickly but he gave it to her at a good pace, making sure she felt him from the crown to hilt before he pulled out and rammed her once more.

The muscles of his torso were flexed to full capacity.

Stephan's skin blushed red and his muscles bulged like they might burst from the skin.

Sweat collected on his perfect physique, the glistening forming on his neck and chest.

They were focused on her, unblinking like he didn't want to miss a single moment of this.

She dug her ankles into his body as she moved with him, her hands shifting to his powerful shoulders.

She couldn't control her breathing because this felt too good.

He widened her legs farther so he could take all of her, bury that enormous dick inside her.

His chest puffed up with every deep breath he took.

His eyes were on her scorching and intense.

She was swept away in the pleasure, lost in the one man who brought her to the sky.

"Stephan." She moaned.

He paused for less than a second, his eyes deepening in their gaze.

He let out a groan so quiet that she wasn't sure if she had really heard it.

He pressed his forehead to hers, his hips grinding as he rubbed her clit.

Her arms wrapped around his shoulders, and she felt her body convulsed naturally, his movements so good.

He rubbed her clit a little harder before he pulled back and started to fuck her hard.

His thrusts were deep and hard, and his massive dick hit her in the right place every time.

God, it was so good.

He was so good.

"Stephan...I'm so close...I'm gonna come." Her palm cupped his cheek, her fingers feeling the chiseled bones in his jaw.

"I know." He kissed her, his soft lips, moving with hers. "I can feel it"

After a few pumps, he pushed her over the edge.

She moaned directly into his face, her pussy tightening around him as another flood of moisture surrounded him.

"Stephan!" Alana screamed as she came all over his dick.

"Fuck...!" He gave his final thrusts. "I'm gonna give you so much. You're going to leak all over the sheets."

"Ahh." She grabbed his hips and pulled him into her, taking as much of that cock as she could.

Somewhere in a distant part of her brain told her she shouldn't be having this much unprotected sex but she was too powerless at the moment to do anything about it.

He gave his last thrust then released his entire length inside her as he exploded.

She felt the heat between her legs and then the weight.

It was heavier than usual, probably because there was so much of it.

"Oh fuck!" He pressed his forehead to hers as he finished, moaning in that deep baritone.

Alana didn't want to admit to it but deep down, she liked feeling his heavy and sweaty body on top of hers, the way her nipples dragged against his chest as he moved.

Her nipples were chafed, but she wouldn't give up the pain not when the pleasure was so immense.

When he finished, he looked into her eyes, his gaze dark and intensified as ever.

He kissed her, giving her his tongue and all his passion like he hadn't just come inside her wet pussy.

From this round being the "last on" to them kissing each other, passionately.

Alana sighed as pleasure unfurled in her belly and stroked its way from the top of her head to the tips of her toes.

Her hands roamed eagerly across his broad back as she slid her legs against his, enjoying the feel of his coarse hair as it tickled the sensitive skin along her thighs and calves.

He tore his lips from her mouth to trace a wet trail of kisses against the column of her throat, along her collar bone until he reached the upper swells of her breasts.

"Stephan," She gasped softly, her back arching off the bed when he cupped one breast in his hand and lowered his head to pull her erect nipple within the moist confines of his mouth.

He stroked her nipple with his tongue and she tangled her hands into his hair, holding him tightly as he gently sucked and nibbled on her tender flesh.

He lifted his head slowly and stared down into her flushed face for just a heartbeat before he returned his attention to her breasts.

A low groan erupted from his lips as his eyes fixated on the tips of her breasts before he once again dove back in to feast on them. This time he worshipped her other breast as he nipped at her stiffened peak.

She closed her eyes and clung to him tighter as wet heat pooled at the center of her core, until she was writhing in pleasure against the bed, her juices seeping from her slit, to dampen the bed even more.

He continued to suckle at her breasts while he gently kneaded the yielding flesh until finally she thought she would go insane.

"Stephan." She rasped out, her voice pleading with him.

Had he also made her insatiable?

"Tell me what you want, Alana. What you need."

"I need you."

He chuckled softly and then released her breasts to place butterfly kisses against her belly. He moved his way down the length of her body to dip his tongue into her navel before settling between her now parted thighs.

She lifted her head a fraction off the bed to meet his gaze.

"Tell me what you need, Alana," he asked again.

"You."

He grinned.

He held her gaze for just a second longer as another intimate look passed between them, but then all thought once again flew from her head when he once again settled between her thighs, his eyes burning with desire as he stared at her mound, which now glistened with her juices and so much cum.

At the first touch of his lips against her wet folds she cried out sharply, as shocks of heat sizzled across her skin.

"Oh, God. Oh God. Stephan," she moaned out, her thighs falling apart and she gripped the back of his head as he devoured her cunt with his mouth.

He parted her inner lips with his fingers and stroked two digits inside her, brushing against her G-spot as he sucked and nipped her erect bud, drawing the flesh deeper into his mouth.

Hoarse sobs sprung from her lips as she thrashed about wildly on the bed, but he didn't let up. He tugged mercilessly at her sensitive flesh, rotating the tiny nub between his lips until her legs began to quiver.

He shoved his fingers inside her over and over again, increasing the pace as he pumped inside her tight flesh with deep stabbing strokes. She clenched her eyes shut, her hands grasping wildly at his hair as her pussy began to spasm. At the wave of her climax, she arched fully off the bed, her toes circling against the sheets as she pumped her hips upwards, eagerly meeting the thrusting of his powerful fingers.

"Stephan! Yes! Yesssss!" She screamed out her orgasm at the same time sticky juices gushed from her spasming sheath to flood his mouth. She held his head firmly as she

jerked her hips up to grind his mouth against her pussy as waves of pleasure coursed through her body.

Her body convulsed around him for several long moments before the volcano inside her began to quiet.

"Ahhh," she sighed when the tremors from her orgasm slowly subsided and her limbs grew limp as she gradually relaxed back against the bed.

Alana sucked in a sharp breath when he finally settled on top of her, his hard erection pressing firmly against her wet hole. Hooking his arms behind her knees, he nestled his hips between her thighs but then held himself still.

She lifted her hands to his shoulders and stroked her palms up and down his arms loving the feel of his hard, bulging muscles beneath her fingertips.

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

Alana couldn't tell how many rounds they went on and when he finally had his fill.

But by the time he finally let go of her, she was too tired to lift a finger, to even speak.

Stephan who had just had a shower emerged wearing a white robe.

The bed lay in disarray, upon which reclined a woman, naked and pale as jade, her skin smooth and creamy.

Her eyes were tightly shut, her sleep deep and unbroken.

A white sheet draped haphazardly over her, her slender, fair back strewn with suggestive marks.

Even his own body wasn't spared. He had numerous scratch marks on his body.

The night was thick with darkness.

Sitting on the sofa, he grabbed a cigarette, trying to see if he could calm how tensed he was, plus, his hardened dick.

Yeah, just as he walked out of the bathroom and saw her lying on the bed, he had gotten hard again.

He just couldn't understand this.

There had been numerous women who had tried to seduce him over the years. Some had even stripped in front of him, but he had no bodily reaction towards them.

But this woman, just one look was like an aphrodisiac on him.

As he began to smoke, he noticed her becoming restless on the bed. Scrunching her nose and weakly tossing around.

He figured the smell must make her uncomfortable.

Frowning, he crushed the cigarette butt into the ashtray and leaned against the sofa.

Recalling what had just transpired, a faint pang of regret washed over him. How had he lost control so completely, bedding a

woman already taken?

What difference was there between this and being the male paramour who seduced a married woman into infidelity?

He never saw himself sleeping with someone who was taken.

He should feel pathetic.

But truth be told, tonight's experience far surpassed that drunken night, it was far more addictive and mind-blowing.

Stephan drew a deep breath, strode to the bed, lay down, and drew the sleeping woman into his embrace.

He gazed at her flushed cheeks, "Why not ditch that boyfriend of yours and come with me instead? I'll treat you well." He heard himself saying.

Alana murmured softly, "No, don't..."

Her eyes remained closed, clearly immersed in a dream where she was being tormented and ravaged by a man for hours.

Stephan, however, misinterpreted her reaction, his gaze darkening.

Did she care that much about her boyfriend?

They'd already been intimate, yet she still didn't want to part with that boyfriend?

Fine, he might have tired her out but there were times, a lot of times she had seemed to genuinely liked the sex.

She had held onto him and asked for more.

Why would she shamelessly cheat on her boyfriend?

If she could cheat on her boyfriend, shouldn't she just break up with him?

An inexplicable emotion weighed heavily on Stephan's heart, leaving him distinctly

uncomfortable.

"As you wish."

Gritting his teeth, as if to vent his unease, he seized the girl's chin and bit down hard on her lip.

He would leave his mark everywhere for that boyfriend of hers to see.

When Alana came awake, she was disoriented.

The unfamiliar room, the unfamiliar bedding, every detail reminded her that yesterday's events were no dream.

She had indeed slept with that man again.

But since she had initiated it, Alana didn't dwell on it much, accepting it all with surprising calm.

Though she couldn't help but inwardly grumble.

Was he a dog in heat?

He'd nibbled her so fiercely again, and demanded so much.

She'd intended to leave once it was over, but the man simply wouldn't let her go.

It wasn't until well into the night that it finally ended.

By that late hour, she was too exhausted to walk anywhere.

She could only lie on his bed, letting herself drift off to sleep.

Alana bit her lip, trying to climb out of bed.

But a strong, muscular arm was draped across her waist, holding her firmly in place.

She couldn't help but grasp the man's arm, carefully maneuvering it aside.

Then she slowly rose, preparing to step down from the bed.

As her pale feet touched the floor, a sleepy voice, thick with nasal resonance, sounded from behind her.

"Running off again?"

Alana startled, turning to find the man had awakened at some point.

He was leaning against the headboard, his deep, intense eyes fixed on her.

His face possessed top-tier bone structure, chiseled, superior, and sharply defined, a handsomeness that seemed almost unreal.

Below, the duvet barely covered his lower body, revealing a bare torso with solid, sensual muscle definition.

Alana noticed the marks she had left behind and flushed, quickly averting her gaze.

"I just want to get home quickly."

Stephan frowned slightly. "And you were about to leave without a word?"

Last time too, she'd slipped away without a word, leaving him to wake up to an empty room. He'd even braced himself for her to demand money, only for her to leave without taking a penny.

Now she intended to slip away again?

Alana bit her lip. "We're not that close."

Stephan scoffed. "After all that, we're still not close?"

Alana's face flushed crimson as she stammered, "Well, that's different..."

Stephan countered, "How is it different? You haven't done it with your boyfriend, yet you did it with me. Doesn't that make me more familiar with you than he is?"

She bit her lip again. Why was he bringing up that non-existent boyfriend of hers? They clearly had no relationship whatsoever.

"I... really must be off now."

Stephan snorted dismissively, suppressing the strange flutter stirring within him. "Go then. At least you won't feel I'm keeping you hostage here."

Alana sighed.

She didn't have that kind of thought though.

She just...didn't know what to say.

Staying any longer would just be awkward for them, would it not?

"My... my skirt..."

At that moment, Alana clutched a thin quilt to her chest, her back completely bare and unclothed.

Stephan observed her coy, coyish manner and gave a light snort. "Your skirt's downstairs. I took it off yesterday and tossed it on the floor in the living room remember?"

"Oh, okay."

She wrapped herself in the quilt and stepped off the bed. However, there was only one blanket. As she wrapped herself in it to get out of bed, the tiny scrap of fabric covering the man vanished instantly.

Alana inadvertently caught a glimpse, and by sheer coincidence, her eyes fell upon something she shouldn't have seen. Her gaze froze instantly.

Even though she had seen it before, she was still shocked by the size.

And worse, it seemed to be hard.

What was his and that thing's problem?

She gasped, her face flushing crimson as she averted her gaze.

She hurriedly scrambled off the bed and fled the room in haste.

Stephan watched the girl's flustered retreat, his brow furrowing.

What was she running from?

As if that part of him were terrifying.

Was she moaning and writhing last night while asking for more?

Sighing, he looked downwards at his erection.

"What is your problem?" He asked out loud.

It had been the entire night, and he still hadn't managed to satisfy this thing.

Only after descending the stairs did Alana realise her dress had been torn, utterly unwearable.

What should she do?

Having arrived in such haste yesterday, she hadn't even considered packing a change of clothes. Moreover, she'd assumed she'd be able to return that night, who could have imagined she'd be

staying until the following day?

With no other option, she wrapped herself in the duvet and returned to the man's bedroom. Upon entering, the man who had been lying on the bed moments before now stood, methodically dressing himself.

The black shirt and trousers restored him to his impeccably dressed, distinguished and handsome self.

Not a trace remained of the wild, lustful energy he'd exuded in bed.

Stephan slowly buttoned his shirt, lifting his gaze to meet the woman who had returned. His eyes deepened slightly.

"I thought you already left?"

Alana stood awkwardly by the doorway, unable to meet the man's gaze. "My skirt... you tore it. I have nothing to wear out."

Stephan's tone was cool. "I don't have women's clothes here."

Alana bit her lip. "Then... could you... help me buy one? Anything will do."

Stephan scoffed. "We're not close. Why would I buy clothes for you?"

He glanced at her. "Why not ask your boyfriend to buy it for you?"

Alana was speechless.

"Or is it that you're afraid he'll find out you stayed here all night?"

Her face flushed. "Don't say any more..."

Stephan raised an eyebrow. "What? You genuinely fear him finding out? And then breaking up with you?"

He silently added in his mind. 'Best if he actually did.'

Alana bit her lip. "Fine, if you won't buy it for me, I'll manage on my own. If need be, I'll just slip out wrapped in a blanket."

She turned and walked away.

She walked rather briskly, seemingly sulking.

What a jerk!

Stephan, as if possessed, quickened his pace, seized her slender, pale wrist, and yanked her back.

"Why the sudden haste? I never said I wouldn't buy it for you."

Leaving wrapped in a blanket like that? didn't she fear being seen? What nonsense!

Upon hearing the man offer to buy it for her, Alana didn't play coy. She murmured softly,

"Thank you."

She still found him a jerk though.

Stephan inquired, "What size do you take?"

"Size M."

"And your underwear?"

Alana swallowed. Did he really have to ask that?

Stephan found her tendency to blush at the slightest provocation both endearing and rather amusing. "I've never bought such things for a woman before. I'm rather inexperienced."

"No, no need to buy any. The underwear... it hasn't been torn... it can still be worn..." Alana murmured softly, her voice sweet and delicate, utterly tantalizing.

Stephan clenched his jaw slightly. He should have torn her panties to shreds

yesterday.

"Wait here. I'll be back shortly."

He released her wrist and strode away.

Alana stood rooted to the spot, feeling somewhat at a loss.

In the end, she resolved to wait for him in his bedroom.

However, the bedroom hadn't been tidied yet. It was in disarray, littered with traces of sex from the night before.

The more she looked around, the redder her face grew. It had been utterly wild.

Alana didn't have to wait long before Stephan returned.

He strolled into the bedroom, one hand in his pocket and the other carrying a bag.

He saw the room, which had been in disarray moments ago, now tidy and orderly. The bedding on the bed was neatly folded, and the used tissues scattered on the floor were now stuffed into the bin.

He looked at Alana, who sat on the sofa looking slightly flustered. "Did you do this?"

Alana bit her lip, looking somewhat embarrassed. "Sorry, I just thought it was too messy, so..."

Truthfully, seeing those items had reminded her of last night's events. To prevent further rumination, she'd tidied everything away.

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

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

Chapter 20 Ungrateful little woman

Alana could try to erase every traces but she certainly couldn't erase the traces on her body, especially between her legs.

Maybe she could someday.

But not yet.

Stephan raised an eyebrow slightly, surprised to find her quite the domestic help but then again, he didn't want her doing this.

He felt her hands and body were too delicate for work.

That was quite the irony as a certain someone was pounding relentlessly into that delicate body.

"You really are thoughtful, tidying my room wrapped in a sheet like that." He teased.

Alana's ears burned at his words.

Her hands clutched the bedsheet across her chest even tighter.

Seeing her bashful expression, Stephan immediately conjured up a certain unspeakable image, his throat tightening involuntarily.

He ground his teeth slightly before pacing slowly towards Alana and handing her the bag. "These clothes are for you. Go and change into them."

"Thank you."

Alana carefully took the bag, politely thanked him, then rose and hurried past him into the bathroom.

Once inside, she opened the bag and discovered it contained not only clothes but also panties.

Hadn't she said she didn't need panties?

Why had he bought them?

Lifting the underwear, she glanced at the size tag, it was precisely her fit.

She bit her lip in embarrassment, her mind racing with questions. How did he know her size? Could it be he'd secretly studied her underwear sizes?

She recalled her panties were still downstairs?

Did he...did he check them out?

The more she thought about it, the more twisted her thoughts became.

Alana shook her head to clear her mind, swiftly putting on each clothing.

Stephan had bought her a shoulder-length white dress, a fitted style that cinched her slender waist, accentuating her figure and grace.

The off-the-shoulder design revealed her rounded shoulders, graceful swan-like neckline, and delicate collarbones.

It looked utterly perfect and suited her beautifully.

Alana mused inwardly, He rather knew how to buy clothes for women.

Could it be he often bought clothes for other women?

Without lingering to admire herself, she opened the door and stepped out of the bathroom.

The sound of the door opening caught the attention of the man seated on the sofa.

Stephan looked up and saw the dazzling white figure at the bathroom doorway. A flicker of astonishment crossed his eyes.

For some reason, seeing her made him feel she was particularly suited to wearing white dresses. Clean, pure, just like her.

Indeed, his taste was impeccable.

The dress suited her perfectly.

Alana caught the man's gaze fixed upon her, utterly unguarded.

She couldn't help feeling a little nervous. "Well... how does it look? Not too bad, I suppose?"

Stephan nodded. "Yes, it's rather nice."

Alana's cheeks flushed slightly. "Well, thank you for buying me clothes, and, and pant...underwear too...How much was it? I'll transfer the money to you..."

Stephan replied. "No need. Consider it a gift from me."

Alana insisted, "I don't want to be in your debt. How much is it? I'll transfer it to you."

After all, following what had transpired between them last night, they were already even. She didn't wish to owe him again.

Stephan's brow furrowed. What a fine excuse, not wanting to be indebted to him!

Did she truly wish to avoid any entanglement with him?

Very well. Since she didn't want to be in his debt, he'd grant her wish.

"The dress: thirty thousand. The panties: over two thousand. Considering we've shared two nights of deep connection, you can leave the money for the panties, pay me for the dress then, thirty thousand."

Alana was utterly stunned. What?

Thirty thousand for a single dress?

She had never spent that much on any clothing.

She had merely asked him to buy her any dress, and he'd gone and bought her one costing thirty thousand?!

Thirty thousand would buy her hundreds of dresses on her favorite thrift store.

And panties were this expensive too.

Alana regretted it. She really shouldn't have insisted.

She'd only just graduated and had been working for barely two months, where on earth would she find thirty thousand dollars to give him?

She shouldn't have insisted on paying.

Was it too late to take back her words?

Stephan spoke casually, "What? Can't pay it back?"

Alana regretted it so much she could have bitten her tongue off. It was all that mouth of hers, sometimes it was just too damn sharp.

"Well, could I perhaps repay you two thousand now, and the remainder... in instalments? I don't have thirty thousand on me right now..."

"How many installments?"

"Maybe like nine, ten...eleven installments...I...I don't know yet, I might have to calculate and deduct my rent and upkeep from my salary and see what's left and how I can pay you and..." She paused, realizing she was yapping.

Fearing he might refuse, Alana gritted her teeth and amended, "No, 6 installments will suffice, I'll do my best."

"Six thousand a month and four on the last month?"

Alana steeled herself and nodded. "Yes."

Stephan nodded. "Agreed."

Alana breathed a sigh of relief. Clearly, he was quite reasonable, not pressing her for immediate repayment with any aggressive demands.

Alana immediately pulled out her phone, opened her bank account, hesitated for a moment, then reluctantly transferred two thousand dollars to the man.

"I've transferred two thousand to you."

"Okay."

Stephan picked up his phone and promptly accepted the two thousand dollars transfer from her.

Seeing him accept it so readily, the last shred of hope vanished from Alana's heart.

He was still so petty!

She had expected him to find an excuse to decline the transfer, just as he had done last time.

Oh well, she'd brought this upon herself.

She couldn't blame anyone else.

Tentatively, she let out. "Well, Mr Hudson, it's getting rather late. I... I should be off now."

Stephan lifted his gaze to meet hers. "Are you hungry? Stay for a meal before you go."

She quickly shook her head. "Not at all. I've got to dash off to work. You go ahead without me." Besides, they weren't on such familiar terms that they could sit down to a meal together. "Goodbye."

She'd intended to say goodbye forever, yet here she was, owing him money once more.

Alana dared not linger. After saying goodbye, she turned to leave.

Stephan rose to his feet. "Wait. It's difficult to hail a cab here. Shall I give you a lift?"

"No need."

Without looking back, Alana sprinted off faster than a hare.

Stephan frowned. Running off like that, did she really think of him as some kind of monster? He wondered who it was last night who'd been so eager, clinging to him and telling him she needed him.

He recalled the many times she moaned out his name, the many times he made her come.

What an ungrateful little woman!

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