

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

#Chapter 2 One-night Stand - Read Help! My One-Night Stand Is Examining Me?! Chapter 2 One-night Stand

The top floor of the building glowed with warm golden light in the night, and through the floor-to-ceiling windows, the entire city's lights spread out below like scattered stars.

Alana stood at the entrance of the ballroom, taking in this world she had never set foot in before.

Everything was light, champagne, and impeccably dressed men and women.

A live band played deep, elegant jazz, and the air was filled with the scent of flowers and expensive perfume.

Tonight was the annual charity gala, where the city's most powerful figures gathered. Alana wore the deep sapphire blue gown Eve had chosen for her, even Jon, Eve's boyfriend, had stolen extra glances at her in the car.

"The most beautiful woman here," Eve whispered in her ear, her voice bright with excitement. "Do you know the way those men around here are looking at you..."

"Get me something to drink," Alana interrupted. "I just want a glass of wine right now."

Eve laughed and led her directly to the open bar, nodding to Jon.

Understanding immediately, Jon stepped in and ordered champagne for both women.

"Tonight," Jon raised his glass, smiling at Alana, "we drink to celebrate Alana meeting someone who truly deserves her."

"You two..." Alana laughed despite herself, accepting the glass. "You and Eve are exactly alike."

"Of course," Jon said. "I always thought that Cole guy wasn't good enough for you. Now it's clear I was right, complete scum."

Eve nodded emphatically, drained her glass in one go, and immediately refilled it.

After several drinks, Alana felt everything around her soften.

Eve dragged Jon off to dance, winking at Alana before leaving.

"Do what you want, but feel those eyes on you from all directions, I wasn't joking about what I said."

Alana didn't respond, wandering slowly along the edge of the ballroom with her glass.

She did feel those gazes. Multiple sets of eyes were on her, some direct, others subtle. She swept past them all, then looked away, leaving no trace.

She didn't belong here.

This was something Alana knew very clearly. Anyone randomly selected from this

crowd probably had a net worth many times her own.

She could stand here tonight only because of Eve's connections, Eve's father had some standing in financial circles and occasionally received these kinds of invitations.

And Alana?

She was just an ordinary girl who had just graduated college and was trying to get a permanent employment position at a mid-sized trading company, wearing a borrowed gown, standing at the edge of this world, watching others move through it effortlessly.

She took another sip of champagne and pushed the thoughts away.

Just then, the band changed to a new piece, the rhythm becoming gentle and flowing.

"Excuse me... may I have this dance?"

The voice came from her right, deep and carrying an effortless magnetism.

Alana turned her head.

The man was nearly a head taller than her, wearing a perfectly tailored dark suit. He had what could only be called a perfect face, deep features, a straight nose, and a sharply defined jawline.

Most striking were his eyes, a deep gray like the color of ocean depths, now focused intently on her.

His black hair was immaculately styled, and the corner of his well-defined mouth curved slightly in a lazy yet self-assured arc.

One hand was casually in his pocket while the other extended toward her, his demeanor carrying an innate aristocratic quality and confidence, as if the possibility of her refusing had never entered his consideration.

Alana stared at him for a second.

This face was too handsome, so handsome she wondered if she was dreaming.

Those gray eyes were deep enough to see through everything, quietly assessing her with a focus she couldn't quite define and something that seemed like... possessiveness?

"Yes," she heard herself say. "Just this one dance."

She placed her hand in his outstretched palm.

His hand was large, slightly callused, and warm. He led her onto the dance floor, his right hand settling at her waist with perfect propriety, not distant, but not overstepping, like someone who knew exactly what he was doing.

They began moving with the music.

Alana wasn't an exceptional dancer, but he led steadily, requiring almost no effort on her part to follow, the feeling was strange, as if carried by an invisible force, needing only to relax.

"Do you know many people here?" he asked, his voice falling into her ear.

"Not really," Alana said. "I was dragged here by a friend."

"What a coincidence. So was I," he said.

"And your friend abandoned you here too?"

"Probably thought I didn't need looking after."

Alana couldn't help but smile. "Confident."

"Aren't you the same? Standing alone in the corner, three glasses of champagne, looking like you neither need company nor care to acknowledge anyone."

She looked up at him with some surprise. This close, she could clearly see the curve of his lashes and the dangerous glint in those gray eyes. "You've been watching me?"

"For a while now," he said matter-of-factly, without a hint of embarrassment. "You're different."

Alana didn't respond to that, shifting her gaze to the illuminated center of the dance floor in the distance.

Different.

She knew he was probably just making conversation, such words were worthless in settings like this. But somehow, the champagne's effect was creeping up on her, making those words linger in her ears for an extra second.

And coming from this man's mouth, the words seemed to carry an undeniable sincerity.

The music continued, and they moved with the rhythm toward the edge of the ballroom, where the lights grew dimmer and the surrounding voices more distant.

Alana didn't realize they had reached a semi-open corridor entrance until the marble floor beneath her feet changed to slightly cool tiles, and the surroundings suddenly grew quiet.

"How did we end up here," she said reflexively.

"We can go back if you'd like."

Alana turned to look at him. The night breeze from the corridor stirred the few strands of hair falling across her shoulders.

He stood before her, that impossibly perfect face even more defined in the moonlight, his gray eyes looking directly at her with no unnecessary expression, only something quiet and certain.

She didn't know what that something was.

She only knew that tonight she'd had too much champagne, Cole was getting married, Sophia had personally called to invite her, and she was standing in one of the world's most exclusive ballrooms, wearing a gown she'd never worn before, being looked at this way by a man who looked like he'd stepped out of a magazine.

And she was fully aware of what was about to happen, yet felt no resistance whatsoever.

After all, it was only tonight. After today, they would never see each other again.

So what was the harm?

Alana took a deep breath, looked up, and deliberately stepped half a step closer to him.

"And what do you want to do?"

He didn't answer immediately. He lowered his head, those gray eyes studying her face, lingering there for a moment before he spoke softly.

"May I?"

Alana knew what he was asking.

She considered for about three seconds, looking at that captivating face, then nodded.

His hand slowly curved around her waist as he leaned down, and his lips descended.

The kiss began gently, light as a question, then she felt him tighten his arms slightly, and the kiss gradually deepened until she forgot she should step back, forgot she should maintain distance, forgot why she was standing here tonight at all.

Much later, he lifted his head, looking at her slightly flushed face.

That perfect face now also bore traces of desire, making him seem more like a real person rather than some ethereal sculpture.

Then he bent down and swept her up into his arms.

Alana couldn't react in time, only feeling the scenery suddenly shift angles. She instinctively gripped his shoulders, able to see his profile even more clearly from this angle, perfect enough to inspire jealousy.

"You..."

"We're going upstairs," he said, his tone calm as if discussing something already agreed upon. "I have a suite here."

Alana watched him walk toward the elevator at the far end of the hall, watched him press the up button with one hand, feeling the strength of his arms supporting her back, steady, reliable, carrying a warmth she couldn't quite define.

The elevator doors slowly opened.

She didn't say no.

He turned his head to look down at her, something deep and hidden flickering in those gray eyes, part surprise, part confidence.

He said softly, "I knew it."

The unfinished implication carried all the confidence of a man who had anticipated her response—I knew you wouldn't refuse.

And Alana found herself utterly captivated by those words, unable to voice any refusal.

Then the elevator doors closed behind them, shutting out that brilliantly lit world on the other side.

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