

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

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As Alana ran out of his house, she looked back and released a breath she didn't know she was holding.

She felt relieved that he hadn't followed her.

Bringing out her cellphone, she tried to book a ride but it kept canceling.

She looked around the posh area, there was not a single person or a moving car around.

She hadn't reckoned on how bloody difficult it was to hail a cab in this part of town.

If only she hadn't been so coy and let him drive her home.

She had to walk quite a distance before finally hailing one.

By the time Alana finally got into a cab, over twenty minutes had passed.

Leaning against the seat, Alana realized she would be half an hour late to work,

Company policy stipulated clearly: one late arrival meant a two-hundred-dollar

deduction.

Two instances meant a five hundred deduction.

Three instances resulted in an immediate deduction of eight hundred.

Until the entire salary was deducted.

This policy was utterly uncivilised, treating employees as mere tools to be ruthlessly exploited.

But there was nothing to be done about it.

Capitalists make the rules, and those of us at the bottom are merely beasts of burden, forced to bow their heads and toil away. We have no right to resist.

Alana was deeply troubled. Her meagre intern's salary meant this 200 dollar deduction wiped out her entire weekly food budget.

Add in the monthly rent and utility bills, totalling over two thousand dollars.

In the end, she was left with practically nothing.

Worst of all, she now owed that man almost thirty dollars, requiring at least six thousand in monthly repayments.

Where on earth was she supposed to find six thousand dollars to give him?

The more she thought about it, the more her head ached.

Suddenly, several colleagues gathered next door to chat.

"I've found a bit of extra work lately. I can pop over straight after finishing my afternoon shift. It's all about how much you put in, and sometimes I've made a thousand dollars in a single night! That's more than I earn slaving away at the office!"

"What sort of work pays so well?"

"Working as a barmaid. Just serving drinks, tidying up, dead easy. If you're good at it, customers tip you. Tips start at a few hundred, and if you get a generous, well-heeled patron, you could even get ten thousand in tips!"

"Are you serious?"

"Of course I am!" The girls there told me. Some have taken that much. And I've only been there less than a week and already got a thousand-dollar tip. If I stay longer and meet wealthy patrons, getting tens of thousands in tips is just a matter of time."

"Sounds rather tempting, but bars are a mixed bag. Isn't it dangerous?"

“What danger could there be? If you don’t want to, can those customers force you? Besides, it’s a proper bar? they wouldn’t make staff do anything they don’t want to.”

“Vera, is that bar still hiring? I’d love to work there too!”

“Me too, me too!”

“They are hiring, but the bar has requirements for waitresses, you need to be pretty and have a good figure. You lot, well... not quite the right fit...”

“Oh, what a shame...”

Alana listened silently, her heart stirring with interest.

A night’s shift at the bar could net her several hundred dollars, even a thousand.

If she worked part-time for a month, wouldn’t she earn over ten thousand dollars?

Though working in a bar might not sound quite respectable, it was undeniably a way to earn quick cash.

Once she'd earned enough to repay that man, she'd quit.

Her mind was made up.

Alana waited until her colleague stepped into the tea room before following and calling out to her.

"Vera, um, could I ask you something?"

Vera glanced at Alana, who seemed hesitant to speak. "What is it?"

Alana hesitated for a moment. "Well, about that bar you mentioned... are they hiring part-time waitresses? Would they take someone like me?"

Vera gave her a thorough once-over.

It must be said, Alana's looks and figure were absolutely stunning.

No matter how beautiful a woman might be, she would pale in comparison to Alana.

Vera considered herself rather good-looking and had had many admirers since childhood.

But ever since Alana joined the company, those admirers had stopped noticing her and instead turned their attention to Alana.

Who could blame them? Alana was simply too stunning. Dressed in a white gown, she radiated purity and innocence. Coupled with her figure, which was nothing short of divine, she exuded an aura of pure desire. She looked like a goddess descended from heaven, leaving everyone who saw her utterly captivated.

Women blessed with such beauty inevitably invited envy.

Vera was green with envy over Alana.

Though envious, colleagues never reveal such dark thoughts.

After all, they worked in the same company, the same project department, rubbing shoulders daily. They were respectable people, no one would risk souring relations.

So Vera remarked, "Alana, you're our company's leading beauty. With your striking looks and perfect figure, you'd be in high demand wherever you went."

"If you were to go to that bar, the manager would surely be fighting to hire you."

Alana asked, "Really?"

Vera chuckled. "Absolutely. If you're up for it, I'll put in a good word with the manager

and you could start that very evening."

Alana was taken aback. She'd assumed there'd be interviews or something, never expecting that a simple word with the manager would secure her the job.

Getting hired so easily, was this bar even legitimate?

Vera said, "Alana you really do have a great look about you. Fancy joining me for

some part-time work? It'd be nice to have someone to keep an eye on things."

“And it’s not a long shift either, just from seven in the evening until two in the morning. Of course, you could work until dawn if you like. As I said, the more you put in, the more you earn. The longer you work, the more money you’ll make.”

What she didn’t mention was that successfully referring someone to the bar earned a thousand-dollar commission.

Otherwise, she wouldn’t have brought it up at the office.

“I see. But does one really earn hundreds or even thousands in a single night at that bar?”

Vera immediately replied, "Of course. It’s a high-end bar. The clientele are wealthy

young gentlemen who are very generous. Not only do you get your wages, but there are tips too. These tips don’t go to the manager, they’re all yours. What’s more, wages are paid daily. You get paid for every day you work, and you can leave whenever you want. No one will stop you."

“What about being harassed by customers?”

“Absolutely not. I told you it’s a respectable establishment. If a customer bothers you, you can call security or the manager. No one there will force you to do anything you’re not comfortable with.”

Alana listened with growing interest. Besides, Vera was her colleague, a colleague wouldn’t deceive her.

Seeing Alana’s reaction, Vera guessed she was tempted. She asked first, "Alana, are you going to take it? If you are, you could come with me tonight. I’ll wait for you after my shift."

Alana pursed her lips, hesitating.

Vera couldn’t help but interject,

“Opportunities like this don’t come around twice. If you keep dithering, the bar might fill its roster before you know it, and then you’ll miss your chance.”

Alana paused briefly before nodding. "All right.”

At the very least, she’d accompany Vera to the bar to assess the situation. If it proved untenable, she could always make a run for it later.

Stephan was at his family house for dinner.

During the meal, his mother brought up the subject of arranged meetings every few minutes. She inquired about the Gordon family's heiress, then the Brosnan family's heiress.

Stephan grew thoroughly irritated by it all. After eating a little, he made an excuse to slip away.

Yet he did not return to his house, immediately.

For the moment he stepped into his house, the chaotic, fiery entanglement of the previous night would immediately coil around his mind, refusing to be shaken off. It left him restless and unsettled.

Upon hearing his friends were gathering that evening, he made his way to join them at the Charm nightclub.

In the VIP Room.

Gary declined several friends' invitations to play cards and took a seat beside Stephan.

He observed Stephan sitting with utmost solemnity, his expression profoundly deep, as if in deep meditation. Having been here for quite some time, he hadn't uttered a single word.

"Hey, Steph, drop the act. Everyone's playing cards. Fancy joining us?"

Stephan seemed completely uninterested, continuing to drink in silence.

Gary sighed inwardly. "Is something bothering you lately? I've noticed you drift off into your own thoughts all the time!"

Stephan took a sip of wine, his gaze fixed on a certain spot as he spoke softly, "Gary,

do you ever find yourself thinking about a woman? I don't think it's normal for anyone to think that much of another person."

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“What do you mean?”

“You know what I mean.”

Gary’s curiosity piqued. "Have you fallen in love? With which woman?"

Stephan couldn’t help but roll his eyes.

“If you can’t speak properly, don’t speak at all.”

Gary retorted, "What do you mean? How am I not speaking properly? If you keep thinking about a woman, doesn’t that mean you’ve fallen in love?"

A flicker of bewilderment crossed Stephan’s eyes. Was that it? Had he fallen in love?

Impossible.

"I reckon it's because I've had too little experience with women."

Good riddance, big brother. What on earth is your status?!

With so many admirers vying for your attention, so many women throwing themselves at you, how could you possibly be someone who hasn't had enough exposure to women?!

He shrugged. "Right then, if you reckon you haven't had enough experience with women, just get more experience with them!"

"I hear they've hired quite a few new girls here, innocent, stunning, and sensual in abundance. Shall I call the manager and have them all brought over for you to take a look? Pick whichever you fancy and keep her. What do you say?"

Stephan's brow twitched.

Amelia sensed an opening. It was rare for Stephan, that woman-shunning type, to agree to such an absurd proposal. He promptly decided to call the manager and have him arrange for some attractive girls to come over.

Meanwhile.

Vera brought Alana to the bar to meet the manager.

The manager, seeing Alana's stunning, top-tier looks, agreed to hire her without a moment's hesitation.

Alana was stunned. This was far too straightforward!

So simple it made her uneasy.

There wasn't even a contract to sign, nor any training provided.

Could this be a trap?

Just then, the manager suddenly took a call, his face lighting up with a broad smile.

After hanging up, he immediately addressed Vera: "Take Alana to change her clothes. I'll take you both to meet tonight's VIP client straight away."

Vera's face lit up at once. Grabbing Alana's arm, she exclaimed, "Did you hear that? A big client's coming. Quick, come with me to change."

Alana felt it was all too sudden. "Well, I haven't actually agreed to take the job yet..."

Oh, but the manager has already agreed to take you on. What's there to hesitate about?"

"The manager said this is a major client, a rare opportunity to earn some serious money!"

"Who knows? If the client's in a generous mood, they might even tip you a few thousand!"

"But..."

"Oh, stop dithering! Hesitate any longer and you'll miss out on this money-making chance!"

Vera practically dragged Alana off to change her clothes.

Alana changed into the waitress uniform. The top was tight, making her chest look rather prominent.

The skirt was a short, tight-fitting pencil skirt that barely covered her hips.

But the slightest bend at the waist risked revealing what ought to remain concealed.

And she had to wear black tights.

Alana resisted fiercely; she'd never worn black stockings before.

"Vera, forget it. I'm not doing this."

Vera grew angry. "Vera, what do you mean?"

"We've come this far, and now you suddenly say you're pulling out?"

"I brought you here, introduced you to the manager, spent all this time organising things, and now you suddenly say you're pulling out? That's just screwing me over, isn't it?"

"How can you justify this to me after all the effort I've put in?"

"I..."

Alana felt terribly embarrassed.

Vera declared, "Never mind that! The manager's already urging us along. You can't leave now. Anyway, I'll be with you, what's there to fear?!"

She took Alana by the arm and led her back to the manager.

The manager looked at Alana, now fully dressed, his eyes betraying undisguised admiration. He had already sent several groups of girls to entertain the VIP client, but the client had been dissatisfied with all of them and sent them all away.

He'd assumed the big deal was lost for the night, until he saw Alana. Suddenly, he felt hopeful again.

For a manager who'd seen his fair share of beauties to be genuinely taken aback, Alana's appearance was nothing short of divine.

"You'll all be accompanying me,"

Upon hearing this, Vera immediately grabbed Alana and followed the manager.

Though Alana was reluctant to go, after all, she was still utterly bewildered, the arrow was already on the bowstring. It was too late to turn back, so she resolved to play it by ear.

Moreover, she noticed that besides herself and Vera, there were several other women present, dressed even more revealingly than she was.

The manager led them to the door of a private room, pausing specifically to offer a few words of caution.

He warned them that the room contained wealthy and influential young gentlemen, whom they mustn't offend lightly.

Upon entering, they were to behave properly, be well-mannered and sensible, and avoid causing any trouble.

To avoid provoking the young masters inside.

With that, he pushed open the door, instructing Alana and the others to enter together and line up neatly in a row.

Alana noticed the private room was quite spacious, filled exclusively with men.

They were all drinking and playing games, laughing and joking.

They were in a state of utter reckless abandon.

The manager approached one man with obsequious deference, his smile thick with flattery. "Young Master, these are the last batch of beauties in our establishment. Please take a look, is there anyone to your liking?"

The man wore a red shirt and black trousers.

He was exceptionally handsome, his almond-shaped eyes radiating a carefree, roguish charm. His tone was languid. "Why ask me? Ask the guy beside me!"

The manager turned his head towards the man in the red shirt. "Ahem, ahem..."

The dim lighting in the private room allowed Alana to notice for the first time that another man sat beside the red-shirted gentleman.

He wore a black shirt and black trousers, his entire figure concealed in the shadows, blending seamlessly with the night. He exuded an air of mystery and nobility.

Alana found herself instinctively staring at that dark silhouette, a vague sense of familiarity stirring within her.

Before she could ponder the source of this familiarity, their gazes met by chance as the man lifted his eyes.

A flicker of astonishment crossed Alana's eyes. It was him?!

Stephan was thoroughly irritated. The manager had sent wave after wave of women over, innocent types, stunning beauties, mature ladies, alluring figures, they were everywhere.

Yet not a single one piqued his interest.

He couldn't fathom what sort of type the manager was after.

He impatiently scanned the final group, intending to dismiss them all, when his gaze fell upon a pair of captivatingly clear, innocent eyes.

Like a pool of clear spring water, pure and untainted.

Stephan froze, only then noticing that the woman was here too?!

What on earth was she doing here?!

And dressed so revealingly.

An indescribable emotion surged through his mind, darkening the gaze he fixed upon her.

Gary glanced at Stephan, assuming none of these models were to his taste. He instructed the manager, "None of these are to his liking. Send them all away!"

The manager looked utterly regretful upon hearing this.

Stephan was being far too particular. With so many top-tier beauties here, he couldn't find a single one to his liking. No wonder he remained a single dog for so long.

Just as the manager was about to escort Alana and the others away, a young gentleman spoke up.

“Though Young Master hasn’t found a lady to his liking, I have.”

“That young lady over there is rather splendid. Keep her here to entertain us!”

The young gentleman’s finger pointed directly at Alana.

Stephan’s expression darkened further.

Alana, who had just been about to leave paused.

Play?!

How exactly were they to play together?

The manager promptly addressed Alana. “Miss Alana, that gentleman has taken a fancy to you. Do go and keep him company.”

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"Just serve him tea and water."

Alana bit her lip. Merely serving tea and water posed no real issue.

"Manager, I've only just started today and lack experience. Perhaps someone else could take my place?"

Before she could finish, Vera piped up from the side, "Manager, I'm good friends with Alana. Since she lacks experience, I'll stay and keep her company!"

With that, she had effectively cut off Alana's escape route.

The manager nodded. "Very well, you stay and assist Alana. Teach her how to attend to our important clients."

Vera's face lit up instantly.

The young gentlemen in this private room weren't just wealthy, they were exceptionally handsome too.

That fellow called Young master Stephan, the manager treated him with utmost deference, so his status must be truly extraordinary.

Add to that his breathtakingly handsome looks and that cool, aloof demeanour, it had completely captured her heart. Vera wanted to conquer him, to make him submit to her.

If she could stay and serve him well, perhaps he might take a liking to her. Who knows? He might even pursue her as a girlfriend.

Alana, unaware of Vera's thoughts, felt utterly mortified upon seeing Stephan and wanted nothing more than to leave.

"Manager, I really can't..."

Vera snapped impatiently, "Oh, Alana, serving tea and fetching water is dead simple! What's the problem? We've got hands, don't we? Don't you fancy earning a tidy sum?"

Alana choked on her words, rendered speechless.

Seeing this, the manager instructed Alana and Vera to remain in the private room. If they served this group satisfactorily, they would receive extra pay tonight.

For the sake of the money, Alana reluctantly agreed.

After all, she could just keep her distance from him later.

Alana approached the young gentleman who had called her over and greeted him politely,

“Hello.”

The gentleman, Fred, was utterly captivated at first sight by the ethereal beauty of Alana. His gaze fixed on her, he asked, "What is your name?"

“My name is Alana.”

“Alana, what is the meaning of your name?”

“It has several meaning, in Irish, Hawaiian but I can summarize all to mean beautiful or precious.”

Fred smiled. “Alana... what a lovely name. Just like you. Ahem, not that you aren’t lovely...”

His tongue had tripped, and he'd blurted out the wrong words.

His cheeky friend beside him couldn't resist mocking him. "Ha ha ha, Fred! Who'd have thought a ladies' man like you would stammer and blush in front of a girl!"

Fred's ears burned with embarrassment. He couldn't resist kicking his friend in the shins.

"Ouch! Are you trying to get yourself killed?"

The friend burst into laughter.

Alana's cheeks flushed a shade redder.

Fred turned back to Alana and patted the seat beside him. "Sit down. Sit next to me."
Alana hesitated briefly before settling down.

Throughout this, she felt a sharp, dark gaze fixed upon her, so intense she couldn't ignore it. She knew exactly who it belonged to, and her unease only deepened.

She had no desire whatsoever to cross paths with him.

Yet fate seemed determined to toy with her, forcing these repeated encounters.

Last time in the restaurant, this time in the bar.

The more she tried to escape, the more inescapable it felt.

The moment Alana sat beside Fred, he caught the faint, pleasant fragrance emanating from her.

He couldn't help but inhale deeply, then asked, "You smell lovely. What perfume are you wearing? It's so pleasant."

It was quite different from the scents of other women he'd encountered.

Alana stammered nervously, "I... I haven't put on any perfume."

Fred looked surprised. "You're not wearing perfume and you still smell this lovely? It's

truly delightful. Move a bit closer so I can get a proper whiff."

As Fred leaned in, almost about to kiss her, Alana quickly pulled away, picking up an open bottle of wine from the table. "Er, I'll pour you some wine."

Fred had indeed intended to kiss Alana, but seeing her pull away, a flicker of regret

crossed his eyes.

But with plenty more time together ahead, there was no need to rush.

Stephan's gaze was fixed intently on Alana and Fred. Witnessing her intimate interaction with Fred, he gripped his wine glass so tightly it nearly shattered.

Seeing her interact with another man, he couldn't fathom why it angered him so, as if

something that belonged solely to him had been encroached upon by another.

Besides, didn't that woman have a boyfriend?

If she had a boyfriend, why was she here?

Why was she being so affectionate with another man?

Didn't she fear her boyfriend discovering this and flying into a rage?

Or did she simply not care about her boyfriend's feelings at all?!

Well, yes.

If she truly cared, she wouldn't have gotten involved with him while already having a boyfriend. What a scummy woman!

She was nothing but a woman who toys with men, utterly unworthy of his attention.

Stephan forced himself to avert his gaze, refusing to acknowledge what was unfolding over there.

Yet inexplicably, his irritation grew, a suffocating tightness constricting his chest until it felt unbearable.

At that moment, Vera swayed her hips as she glided towards Stephan.

He was the first man she'd noticed upon entering the private room. The cool, restrained aura about him had utterly captivated her.

And upon closer inspection, she realised he was even more handsome up close. His features were deep and rugged, with sharply defined contours as precise as if carved by a knife, possessing an impeccable, flawless beauty.

His physique was equally impressive, broad shoulders tapering to a narrow waist.

Even with his shirt buttons fastened tightly, it couldn't conceal his formidable build.

He exuded such masculine charm!

Vera found herself utterly captivated.

Stepping before him, she flicked her wavy locks with a confident, alluring charm, her smile radiant as she murmured, "Mr Hudson, hello. I'm Vera. Tonight, I'll be your hostess. Shall we?"

Stephan, currently in a foul mood, showed no interest whatsoever in Vera's advances.

"Get lost."

Far from retreating, Vera sat down directly beside Stephan.

She believed he was playing hard to get, the more he told her to leave, the more he secretly craved her presence.

She understood men's minds all too well.

She poured a glass of wine, then presented it to him with both hands, her eyes narrowing seductively. "Mr Hudson, allow me to feed you this drink."

Stephan shot her a cold glance.

The seductive allure in her eyes was palpable.

He'd encountered far too many women of this ilk, to the point where they now provoked a visceral revulsion in him.

Both his mind and body recoiled intensely.

Seeing Stephan's silence, Vera smiled again. "Mr Hudson, or would you prefer me to feed you mouth-to-mouth?"

Stephan instinctively lifted his gaze towards Alana, wanting to see how she would react if she witnessed another woman feeding him wine mouth-to-mouth.

But when he looked over, he realised Alana's attention was nowhere near him.

Instead, she was busy pouring wine for Fred, feeding him sips, and offering him fruit. She was personally attending to every detail.

Fred looked utterly delighted, revelling in the treatment.

A silent rage instantly filled his chest, making him feel an urge to smash Fred's face to pieces.

But the thought of Alana being a scummy woman forced him to restrain himself.

Vera's hand holding the wine glass was nearly frozen stiff, yet Stephan still paid her no mind.

She felt awkward, yet stubbornly refused to leave.

After all, if she missed this chance, where would she find another opportunity like this to get close to such a wealthy young master?

Meanwhile.

Fred felt himself succumbing, his gaze fixed on Alana with a dazed expression.

"Lana, I've had my drink and my fruit. Next step, shouldn't it be time to taste your sweet lips?"

"Eh?"

Alana was stunned.

Taste her sweet what? What on earth was this?!

Fred declared with reckless abandon, "Come on, Lana darling, I adore you. I want to kiss you and you know, do everything with you."

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Before Alana could react, Fred swept his arms around her waist and pressed his lips forward.

Alana's face drained of colour as she frantically pushed him away. "No! Don't."

Fred chuckled, "Stop it, don't refuse me."

Alana looked utterly panicked. "This can't happen! I'm just a waitress, I only serve tea and water to customers, I don't sell myself!"

Fred chuckled, amused by her innocence.

“What do you mean, not selling yourself? Every waitress working here does it! Come on, let me touch you. That manager brought you here for us to play with, not just to dine and drink with us,

but to sleep with us too!!”

What?!

Not only accompany us eating and drinking, but also sleep with them? Alana couldn't believe it. But Vera hadn't said that.

“Vera, help me...”

Alana's pleading gaze turned to Vera.

She tried to get Vera to lend a hand.

Yet Vera's attention was entirely focused on Stephan, paying Alana's pleas for help scant regard.

Seeing this, Alana's heart sank. She was almost certain she'd been deceived by Vera! How foolish of her to have trusted Vera so completely, this woman had betrayed her! Realising she'd been deceived, Alana raised her hand without hesitation and delivered a sharp slap to Fred's face.

Her eyes blazed with fury as she demanded, "Let go of me!"

The resounding smack stunned not only Fred but left everyone in the private room

utterly dumbfounded.

Fred stared in disbelief. "You dare hit me?"

From childhood onwards, aside from his parents, no one had ever laid a hand on him, let alone a woman.

And to strike him in front of all his mates? Did she have no shame?

Alana seized the moment as Fred released her and stepped back, forcing herself to

remain composed. "I'm sorry, but you were disrespectful first."

Fred retorted, "What disrespect? Aren't you here to sell yourself?"

Alana retorted immediately, "No, I'm not here to sell myself!"

"Then come with me. I'll pay you!"

"I don't want it!"

Fred's mates started jeering around him.

"Fred, you're hopeless! Can't even handle a woman!"

"Clearly you're not offering enough!"

Fred gritted his teeth and said to Alana, "One hundred thousand. Spend the night with me. Deal?"

Alana's expression turned cold. "Don't try to buy me off with money. I said I'm not for sale!"

Vera, hearing this, thought Alana must have shit for brains, utterly idiotic.

"Alana, what are you being so coy about?! It's a hundred dollars, for goodness' sake! You wouldn't earn that in a year, but here, you could make it in one night. Just agree already!"

Alana now harboured no goodwill towards Vera's whatsoever. If it weren't for Vera's deceit, she wouldn't have gotten herself into this mess.

"Vera, shut your mouth!"

Vera laughed bitterly, feeling utterly taken for granted. If not for her bringing Alana

here, how could she ever have met a young master willing to pay a hundred thousand for one night?!

How ungrateful!

Seeing Alana utterly unmoved, Fred lost his temper too. Without another word, he stormed over to her and grabbed her hand.

“Come with me. Today, I’ll make you see what happens when you refuse a gentleman!”

But Alana refused to budge, struggling wildly. "Let go!"

“If you don’t let go now, I’ll call the police!”

Fred sneered arrogantly, "Go ahead. When the police arrive, they’ll still have to address me respectfully as 'Young Master'. Let’s see if they listen to you or to me."

Another man clicked his tongue. "This Fred really is something. The girl clearly doesn’t want this. Why must he force himself on her?"

“Shouldn’t one show chivalry towards a lady?"

Stephan’s face darkened. His fists clenched and unclenched repeatedly until he could no longer contain himself. He rose decisively and strode purposefully towards the pair..

Fred was taken aback. "Hey, Stephan what are you up to?"

Stephan strode over to Alana and Fred.

He shot Fred a glance, his icy eyes shrouded in a layer of coldness. "Let go of her!"

Fred froze. "Eh?"

Alana couldn't help but glance at Stephan before quickly averting her eyes.

She tried to pretend she didn't know him.

Seeing Alana's reaction, Stephan let out a bitter laugh.

So eager to distance herself from him, are we?!

He wouldn't let her have her way.

He seized her wrist abruptly, his lowered gaze cold and fierce, commanding respect without a word.

"Say it again. Let go. I've taken a liking to her."

Fred froze, instinctively releasing Alana's hand.

Stephan yanked Alana into his embrace.

Noticing the flicker of panic in her eyes, his tone darkened further. "Come with me!"

With that, his large hand clasped her slender waist, holding her close as if to restrain her, before striding away with her.

Alana bit her lip, passively following the man out of the private room.

The others in the private room exchanged bewildered glances.

What on earth was happening?

Has Young Master Stephan changed his ways?

To actually snatch a woman in public like that, could it be he'd genuinely taken a fancy to this beauty?

Wasn't he always indifferent to women?

Fred felt a pang of regret, the beauty he'd had within his grasp had been snatched away by Young Master Stephan.

But what could he do? He simply lacked the means to compete with Young Master Stephan.

Gary raised an eyebrow and tutted.

Truth be told, he recognised her. That girl from earlier seemed to be the same one in the white dress who'd been bantering with Stephan in the restaurant not long ago.

Judging by Stephan's expression, he appeared quite familiar with this girl.

Well, this should be entertaining.

Vera was seething with rage. Damn it! It was all that vixen Alana's fault for snatching the man she'd set her sights on.

How utterly despicable that vixen was!

Alana followed Stephan out of the private room, leaving the bar without a single obstacle in their path.

Once outside the bar entrance, Alana impatiently declared, "That's enough. Let go of me." Noticing her subtle resistance, Stephan promptly released his grip.

With her release vanished the soft warmth in his palm.

Suppressing a flicker of reluctance, Stephan turned to Alana, his brow furrowed as he demanded, "Why were you in such a place?"

His gaze drifted to her attire, which appeared scantily clad, deepening his frown. "Do you work in a place like this?"

Alana pressed her lips together, momentarily at a loss for words.

She couldn't very well tell him she'd been tricked here by a colleague, could she?

But they weren't close, why should she explain herself to him?

So, ignoring his questions, she said;

"Thank you for rescuing me earlier. I'm heading home now." Watching her turn to leave, Stephan was amused to the point of exasperation.

Without a second thought, he seized her wrist, gripping it firmly as if afraid she might vanish.

"What's the rush? Can't you spare me a moment to properly explain?"

He seemed utterly unaware that his actions had overstepped boundaries, asking her questions purely on instinct.

Alana truly found this man baffling. They were merely a two-night fling, and given that he was her creditor, why on earth was he asking her so many personal questions?

Though utterly perplexed, she still found herself explaining.

After all, he was still holding her hand firmly.

"I'm not actually employed here."

After all, it was her first day. She hadn't even clocked in for a full hour, nor had she signed a proper contract.

Stephan pressed, "Then why are you wearing the uniform?"

Alana paused briefly before sighing helplessly, "A colleague tricked me into it."

Stephan was baffled. "What do you mean?"

Alana explained, "It means a colleague tricked me into thinking this bar offered high-paying work. All I had to do was serve tea, tidy up, and I'd earn a hefty wage."

"I believed her, so I followed her here."

Stephan felt an inexplicable surge of irritation. "You're surprisingly gullible. Such an obvious scam, and you didn't even question it? You just jumped in headfirst?"

Alana didn't argue. This time, she admitted she had been rather foolish, trusting others so easily.

She'd assumed that as colleagues within the same company, seeing each other daily, they wouldn't resort to deceitful schemes.

But she never imagined...

Human nature is unfathomable.

This foolishness had taught her a lesson. She wouldn't trust strangers so readily again.

Noticing her silence, Stephan pursed his lips before asking impatiently, "Are you that short of money? Why give up a decent job to work in a place like this?"

"Yes. I am short of money. Owing you thirty thousand, doesn't that count as being short?"

Back then, when he'd said the clothes were a gift, she'd insisted on paying. Now she couldn't repay him, whom could she blame?

He drew a deep breath and pressed, "What about your boyfriend?"

"He knows you owe me thirty thousand, hasn't he offered to settle it for you?"

A proper boyfriend should settle his girlfriend's debts.

Alana found this baffling. "I've got my own two hands and feet, I can earn money. Why

should someone else pay off my debts?!"

Stephan frowned, finding her stubbornness rather striking for the first time.

Not only stubborn, but also prone to putting on airs.

Why wouldn't she let her boyfriend handle matters he could resolve, insisting instead on earning quick money in such a mixed bag of places?

Even if she didn't consider her own safety, couldn't she at least think of her boyfriend?

No one could stand by and watch their girlfriend work in such a dangerous place, could they? No, why was he even fretting over her relationship with her boyfriend?

Stephan truly felt utterly baffled. It seemed whenever he encountered this woman before him, he... became... rather unhinged...

Alana couldn't help asking, "Is there anything else?"

"If there's nothing else, I'll be taking my leave."

He still had her wrist in his grasp, making it impossible for her to leave.

Stephan paused. "Don't work in places like this anymore. There's hardly any safety

guarantees for those employed there."

"Oh, I see."

She thought, Can you let go of my hand and let me go now?!

Stephan stared at her for a long moment before finally managing, "It's getting dark. Shall I see you home?"

Alana shook her head. "No need. I can hail a cab myself."

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

Stephan frowned.

Seeing her dressed so revealingly, he felt an urge to grab a piece of cloth and cover her up completely.

"Dressed like that, taking a cab?"

"Aren't you afraid of encountering a pervert?"

If any lurkers were about, they wouldn't be as gentlemanly as him, chatting her up for this long.

Alana fell silent, instinctively glancing down at herself.

The tightness across her chest made her glance down, where the full curves seemed poised to spill free.

Her cheeks flushed involuntarily, and she instinctively raised a hand to shield herself.

Stephan snorted, finding her gesture rather pointless.

"What's the point of covering up? Is there anything left of you that I haven't seen? Covering up won't do any good." Alana's cheeks flushed even deeper.

Good heavens, did he have any tact whatsoever?

Seeing her flushed cheeks, Stephan said nothing. He decisively removed his coat and draped it over her.

The long coat enveloped her, conveniently concealing those overly prominent and revealing traces.

Stephan's tightly furrowed brows finally relaxed. This was far more pleasing to the eye.

Suddenly enveloped in the man's coat, she felt its warmth, still carrying his body heat, along with a faint scent of pine.

It was a scent uniquely his.

Alana's breath caught, and she looked at him helplessly. "You..."

Why on earth had he given her his coat to wear?

She couldn't comprehend it.

Stephan's expression remained stern. "Wear it properly."

Alana had intended to refuse, but the thought of appearing on the street in such revealing attire made her reconsider.

"Thank you," She said. "I'll wash it and return it to you."

Stephan was about to say it wasn't necessary, after all, he seldom wore clothes twice.

But when she mentioned washing it before returning, he found himself agreeing without thinking.

"Very well."

"Come on, I'll walk you home."

Alana instinctively declined, "No need, I'd rather..."

"I won't say it again."

Why did he feel like he was meddling?

Was it because he had too much time on his hands?

Though she harboured such thoughts, she kept them to herself.

After all, a free ride was on offer, why not take advantage?

So Alana added, "Thank you."

Stephan replied coolly, "I'd prefer action over mere words of thanks."

Alana froze, not quite catching him. "What?"

Stephan watched her bewildered expression, holding back his frustration.

"Never mind. Let's go."

Stephan's car was parked right outside the bar entrance, just a few steps away.

It was a black Bentley.

Alana intended to take the back seat, but Stephan opened the passenger door for her. She felt awkward refusing and climbed in.

This time, she remembered to fasten her seatbelt.

Stephan settled into the driver's seat and started the car immediately, pulling away. Fearing he might forget her address, Alana spoke up, "By the way, my place is..."

Before she could finish, he cut her off. "I know."

His memory was nothing short of extraordinary.

On the road.

Neither Alana nor Stephan spoke. She sat demurely, while he drove with a stony

expression.

The atmosphere was unbearably awkward.

Alana kept glancing out the window.

Why on earth was the car moving so slowly?

They still hadn't reached home after all this time.

Feeling thoroughly uncomfortable, Alana glanced at the sharp-featured man beside her and couldn't resist breaking the silence.

"Er... how did you end up in that sort of place?"

Stephan's dark eyes swept over her, their depth intense. "What? Are you interested in my personal life?"

Don't read too much into it, she'd merely wanted to find a topic to break the awkward silence. But it seemed the more they spoke, the more awkward it became.

"I was merely inquiring. If you'd rather not discuss it, then don't."

The man paused for a moment before suddenly speaking up, "When the family starts nagging about marriage, I come out to meet up with the lads to take my mind off it."

Alana blinked, her clear eyes brimming with disbelief.

A man like him, actually facing pressure from his family to marry?

He certainly didn't look the type who needed matchmaking or marriage pressure?

"Oh, I thought you were here to select a consort."

After all, the manager had just ushered a line of women into the private room for him to choose from.

With so many women at his disposal, it was practically like an ancient emperor selecting a consort.

So she hadn't exactly been wrong.

Stephan frowned. Had she misunderstood something?!

Did she think he was a man of loose morals, willing to choose any woman?

He couldn't help but explain, "I wasn't selecting a consort. That was merely me..."

Alana kindly interjected, "Er, well, you don't need to explain to me."

Stephan choked on his words, his dark eyes narrowing in irritation.

A suffocating sensation gripped his throat, neither rising nor falling.

Alana looked at him, her expression utterly innocent.

Had she said something wrong?!

Why was he glaring at her?

He looked as though he might strangle her.

A chill ran down her spine.

Stephan watched Alana's reaction and couldn't help but laugh bitterly.

Indeed, why should he explain himself to her?!

She wasn't his anything, so there was absolutely no need.

Gritting his teeth, the man suppressed his rising anger and slammed his foot down on the accelerator...

This time, in less than five minutes, the car pulled up outside Alana's residential complex.

Alana reached to remove her coat and return it to him.

Stephan's expression darkened. "Keep it on."

"I'm home now, there's no need..."

"You haven't washed it properly yet. Return it once it's clean."

What? Does he think it's disgusting that she's worn it?

If he disliked it so much, couldn't he just chuck it in the bin?

Though inwardly grumbling, she forced a smile outwardly. "Right, I'll give it back once it's clean."

"Thank you for bringing me back. Goodbye."

Without another word, the man floored the accelerator and sped off with a whoosh.

Alana was left choking on a carload of exhaust fumes.

Watching the Bentley vanish before her, Alana wrinkled her nose and muttered under her breath, 'What a bloody idiot.'

Then she turned and walked back.

The next day.

Somehow, word had spread throughout the entire company that Alana was working at a bar alongside Vera.

Rumors swirled that she'd been taken fancy to by some wealthy chap and spent the entire night entertaining him.

As for the nature of the companionship, well, adults need no further explanation.

The moment Alana stepped into the office, colleagues began pointing fingers and hurling insults at her, the barrage of filthy remarks raining down on her like beans spilling from a sack.

It caught her completely off guard.

"Look, it's Alana. Heard she was working as a hostess at a nightclub last night, entertaining several men before ending up in a hotel room with one of them."

"Is that true? She looked so innocent. How could she be so loose?"

"Don't judge by appearances. Some people look the most innocent on the surface, but are the wildest in private!"

"Bloody hell, I thought Alana was pretty and innocent. I fancied her and was thinking of asking her out. Never imagined she was so wild behind closed doors. Disgusting!"

"Exactly! Sleeping around with so many men, she's bound to have some STD. Best keep your distance from her from now on!"

Alana's face turned ashen. She didn't need to guess who'd started the rumour.

After all, apart from Vera, no one else knew she'd gone to that bar with her.

Gritting her teeth to suppress her rage, she confronted Vera, immediately.

"Vera, is it you who's been spreading rumours about me around the office?"

Vera glared at Alana, her face twisted with envy. "What do you mean 'spreading

rumors? I'm just telling the truth. Didn't you leave with that Stephan guy last night?"

Alana gritted her teeth. "We merely left the bar. Nothing happened between us."

Vera sneered coldly, "Who'd believe nothing happened? I didn't see it with my own eyes. For all we know, you went off to a hotel with him and got used by him."

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

Alana laughed bitterly. "So because you didn't see it with your own eyes, you're spreading slanderous rumours around the office about me having promiscuous relationships?"

Vera retorted, "Is what I'm saying not true? Alana, you're a slut, a whore! You seduce Manager Dane at work and chase other men outside. You shameless, disgusting vixen!"

Hearing this, Alana flew into a rage and without hesitation, she slapped Vera across the face.

Vera froze, clutching her stinging cheek as she stared at Alana in disbelief. "Lana, you dare to hit me?!"

Alma sneered coldly, "Not only do I dare, but I'll sue you! For spreading lies and slander me! If you don't clear this up with everyone, I'll call the police immediately. Then you won't be able to stay in this company any longer!"

Vera was stunned. "You're just bluffing!"

"Watch me!"

With that, Alana decisively pulled out her phone, intending to dial the police.

Vera was terrified. She'd only spread those slanderous rumours about Alana at work out of jealousy, jealous that Alana had

stolen the man she fancied.

In truth, she had no idea what had transpired after Alana left with that man.

But seeing Alana's unwavering resolve to report it, as if she had nothing to fear, Vera began to doubt her own assumptions.

She immediately tried to stop her, flustered. "Don't... don't call the police! Let's talk this through calmly!"

Alana retorted coldly, "Then explain yourself properly to everyone. Otherwise, I'll have the police come and clarify things for me!"

Vera gritted her teeth. She never imagined Alana, who usually seemed so agreeable, calm and polite could be so stubborn.

She'd assumed a woman like Alana, without much backing, possessing only her pretty looks, would be easy to manipulate.

Little did she know that Alana possessed such an unyielding temperament, unwilling to concede an inch.

"Fine. I'll clarify to everyone that this was all a joke, not the truth."

"Fine, but don't go back on your word, because I've recorded it all."

Alana held her phone aloft, its screen displaying the recording status.

Vera was stunned. So Alana hadn't been about to call the police after all, she'd been

recording evidence?!

That cunning woman!!!

She'd clearly underestimated Alana, thinking she was naive and easy to bully!

Alana watched Vera's incredulous reaction and gave a wry smile.

If they don't provoke me, I won't provoke them.

But if they provoke me, I shall retaliate.

Though Alana appeared gentle and unassuming in temperament,

But when others pushed their arrogance right up to her nose, she wouldn't stand idly by and let them run amok over her head without striking back.

Revenge was her true nature.

With Alana's threatening recording in hand, Vera had no choice but to issue a formal statement within the company.

The statement declared that the rumours of Alana spending the entire night with a man were false, and that she had spread these unfounded rumours about Alana without any proof.

It further apologised to Alana and pleaded for her forgiveness, and so on.

With this statement, the rumours about Alana within the company gradually began to dissipate.

However, this incident had completely soured the relationship between Alana and Vera.

At the project department, they now ignored each other entirely except for necessary work-related interactions.

Though Vera had apologised that time, she still carried herself with an air of superiority whenever she encountered Alana, showing no sign of acknowledging any wrongdoing.

Another employee, Carla couldn't resist venting to Alana about Vera.

"It was clearly Vera who deliberately spread those false rumours about you, damaging your reputation in the company. How dare she act so arrogantly in front of you?"

Alana's tone was cool and detached. "Leave her be. As long as she doesn't keep provoking me."

At other times, however arrogant or haughty Vera behaved, it was none of her concern. As she finished speaking, a colleague approached Alana.

"Alana, Manager Dane is looking for you. He wants you to come to his office immediately."

Alana frowned.

Carla shot her a worried glance. "Lana, it seems Manager Dane is determined to have his way with you. You ought to be careful. Many female employees who refused him ended up suffering at his hands."

Alana, being exceptionally beautiful, had attracted considerable attention from male colleagues since joining the company.

Especially that Manager Dane, who came over every other day to harass her, clinging to her like a disgusting leech.

Everyone in the company knew of Manager Dane's intentions towards Alana, yet they were powerless to stop him.

After all, he held more authority than they did. Working under him, they relied on his favour day to day, who dared criticise him?

Most female employees bullied by Manager Dane chose to accept some compensation and swallow their pride.

Alana frowned and turned to Carla. "Carla, do you have any contact details for Manager Dane's wife?"

Carla sighed. "No, I've never been privy to such matters. Besides, Manager Dane is senior management. His personal details are confidential to us lowly staff, we have no right to access them."

Alana took a deep breath. It seemed the plan to have his wife discover the matter and take action against him

was unworkable.

Though that avenue was closed, she still had other options.

After a moment's contemplation, Alana made her way to Manager Dane's office.

Pushing open the door, she asked directly, "Manager Dane, did you wish to see me?"

Dane looked up and, upon seeing Alana, immediately broke into a smile. "Ah, Lana dear! I heard about the rumours Vera spread about you. I've already given her a stern warning on your behalf. I told her, 'You're a university graduate fresh out of school, pure as the driven snow! How could you possibly be the sort of woman who casually follows men off to hotels! I simply refuse to believe it!'"

Alana gave a faint smile. "Thank you for standing up for me, Manager Dane."

Dane replied with a thick-skinned grin, "Oh, you're welcome!"

"But you really do want to work part-time at the bar, don't you? Running a bit short on cash lately?"

Alana swallowed.

Dane stared at her, flashing a wicked grin. "If you really are short of cash, just say the

word. I can sort you out!"

“How about a thousand dollars for keeping me company tonight?”

“A thousand for one night, two thousand for two nights, thirty thousand for a month, isn’t that more than you’d earn out there?”

At times, Alana felt like vomiting, right onto Manager Dane’s face.

Because he genuinely disgusted her.

“Mr Dane, your joke isn’t funny at all. If there’s truly nothing urgent, I’ll take my leave.”

Dane noticed her impatience and reined in his lecherous gaze slightly.

What a tough nut to crack. He’d been at it for ages and still hadn’t managed to crack it.

But haste makes waste.

"It was just a joke. Lana dear, I heard you're quite good in other languages. I've recently taken on a major foreign client. How about you handle the liaison with him alongside me?"

Alana sighed and then asked. "What language?"

"French."

"Manager Dane, my French is merely adequate."

"Graduated from a top university, passed the seven languages at Professional Level 8 exam, and holds high-scoring IELTS and TOEFL certificates. How is that merely average?"

Alana offered a forced smile. "There are plenty of more capable colleagues in the project department than me."

The unspoken message: go find them, not her.

She had absolutely no desire to accompany Manager Dane in dealing with any clients.

Dane remained firm. "Alana, I'm asking you to accompany me to meet this major client precisely because I recognise your capabilities. Don't let my trust in you down! Besides,

you're still an intern, not yet confirmed in your role. Don't you want to follow me and build up some tangible achievements?!"

"It's settled then. The client arrives in the country tomorrow. Review these materials beforehand." Dave thrust a thick stack of documents in front of Alana.

Alana frowned, still hesitating.

Dane looked at her, smiling temptingly. "If you help me secure this major client, you'll get a ten thousand dollar commission."

Alana's eyelids fluttered.

Ten thousand dollar commission.

Next month, she'd have the money to repay that man.

The thought stirred her. After all, it was merely liaising with the client alongside He Dane. With the client present, nothing inappropriate should occur.

After all, she could simply avoid being alone with Dane.

After a moment's consideration, she gathered the documents from the desk. "Very well, I shall endeavour to assist Manager Dane."

With that, she turned and walked out.

Dane's lips curved into a smirk.

Just as expected of a fresh graduate straight out of university, clear-eyed yet naive, so easy to manipulate.

Alana returned to her workstation with the documents. Carla couldn't resist leaning

in to ask, "Lana, what did Manager Dane want with you just now?!"

Alana didn't repeat the flippant remarks Dane had made to her. Instead, she stated

concisely, "Manager Dane wants me to work with him on liaising with a foreign client."

Carla inquired, "Is it the representative from HG Company?"

Alana nodded. "Yes."

Carla exclaimed in surprise, "That's brilliant! HG is one of the world's top cosmetic raw material manufacturers, specialising in pure plant extracts and natural, pollution-free ingredients. They supply many high-end luxury cosmetics brands."

"If our company could collaborate with HG, it would be another major selling point for our product development."

After all, the company specialises in cosmetics R&D and sales, pursuing a premium product strategy, so the selection of raw material suppliers is crucial.

"If we could secure this HG representative and sign the contract, the commission would be substantial, wouldn't it?"

"Manager Dave mentioned a ten thousand commission."

"Ten thousand isn't bad. Think of it as two months' salary for an intern. And if you secure this project, your permanent position should be as good as guaranteed."

Alana nodded. She had agreed to Manager Dane's request precisely because she was considering her permanent position.

Besides, she had no standing to challenge management's decision.

Such is the helplessness of the workplace, one has little control over one's circumstances. Some things, you see, aren't something you can simply refuse to do.

Carla said, "Lana, do your best. I believe you can do it!"

Alana smiled faintly. "Right."

Vera, standing nearby, heard the news and her expression darkened.

Why should Alana, a mere intern, be accompanying Manager Dane to meet HG representatives?

And she, a permanent employee, wasn't even considered by Manager Dane?!

It must be because Alana was inherently flirtatious and had secretly seduced Manager Dane?!

Which was why he'd taken her along.

Unable to contain her indignation, Vera rose and headed for Manager Dane's office. "Manager Dane, I must accompany you to meet the HG representatives!"

Dane glanced up at Vera. "I've already sent Alana with me. There's no need for you."

Vera refused to concede. "Why am I not needed? I'm clearly more capable than her!"

Dane remained silent. He couldn't bring himself to reveal his ulterior motive to Vera. He wanted Alana by his side so he could seize the opportunity to make his move on her.

After all, outside the company, he couldn't arrange to meet Alana, so he had to use work as a pretext to achieve his goal.

Vera stared at Dane's greasy face and his revoltingly obese figure. Gritting her teeth, she stepped forward and pressed herself against him.

“Manager Dane, what exactly is our relationship?”

“You can’t have Alana and forget the pleasant times we shared before!”

Dane couldn’t resist the sight of her alluring posture.

He reached out his filthy hands and groped her waist. "Alright, sweetheart, I'll take you along too. But tonight, I've booked a room at the hotel next to the company. I'll be waiting for you there. You must come, okay? And I need you right now to recharge first.

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

Vera didn’t think twice about pleasing him. After all, she had been pleasing him for years.

She saw his eyes flashed as she bared her chest to him.

Yeah, he was still crazy over her body.

Alana will never win!

She slowly crawled up his chest and kissed him.

Dane didn't respond at first, but she gently ran her tongue along his lips and she could feel him shiver.

Vera took off the buttons of his shirt and ran her hand slowly down his stomach to his hip.

Unbuttoning his slacks, he lifted up his hips and allowed her free him from his slacks and briefs.

She watched him getting aroused, but when she kissed him again, his mouth opened and she gently slid his tongue between his lips.

His lips started to move on hers and she heard a little groan from deep inside him.

She ran her hand gently over his soft cock and she felt him stretch, the tension building in his body again.

She wrapped her hand around his shaft and started to stroke, he groaned.

“Oh...fuck!”

And then he grabbed her chin and kissed her deeply, this time, his tongue slid into her mouth and when she squirm on top of him, he ran his hands down over her ass, grasping and squeezing her round cheeks.

He was so turned on now and his cock hardened in her hand, she started to stroke it slowly as they grind against each other.

He spread his legs as she reached a little farther to gently fondle his balls.

Dane gasped, but shifted to give her better access.

She felt his arms tighten around her and he rolled her over to her back.

Pushing up, he stared down at her and Vera wondered what he was thinking.

But she could feel that hard cock pressing against her leg, so she didn't really care much.

He leaned down and kissed her breast, gently now, then licked his tongue gently over the top, which instantly hardened.

He lowered his lips over her hard bud, and sucked it in and Vera gasped, then sighed and then arched against his mouth.

Sleeping with different men to get whatever she wanted was one thing she was good at.

Dane's tongue circled around her nipple, and he tried to suck a bit more of her breast into his mouth.

She felt his hand slid down her body and covered her pussy. When his fingers started to stroke her pussy lips, she rolled her hips and pushed herself against his hand.

He moaned as he let his fingers slip into her slit, which had been wet and waiting for him.

He used the moisture to get her wet and slippery, and stroke up and down.

Suddenly, he curled his fingers and pushed them into her. He took his time, pushing them all the way in, then stroked in and out more or less with his suckling on her breast.

It felt like he was using two fingers, which was just right.

Vera was gasping for breath.

He pushed up from her and quickly moved down between her legs as she spreading them wide for him. He started kissing her thighs, licking her, teasing her.

Vera placed her hand on his hair. She must get that deal from Alana no matter what.

She was panting, her hips rolling, she lifted her wanting pussy into the air.

She felt his warm breath on it and his lips kiss her gently. But the next moment, his tongue was in her cunt and she can hear him licking the creamy juices out of it. Ahhhhhhhh, yes!

He grind his face into her and she could tell his arousal was increasing rapidly.

When his tongue ran the length of her slit, she shivered and gasped as it brushed over her clit, and the next second his lips were sucking on it, his tongue grinding against the little bud peaking out of its hood. Now she shuddered and shook, and her hands grabbed at his hair, pushing his head down against her.

He was not going to stop that until she was ready! And then she would be ready to fuck!

Vera squirming on the bed, totally unable to lie still, and she had to keep pulling her legs up and down to relieve the excitement and tension. Finally he looked up at her and smirked, and got what he was looking for. "Oh god Dane, come on and fuck me!"

He always knew how to get her hot and ready!

Actually, though, it was her turn and she wanted to fuck him! Her hand in his hair pulled him up from her pussy and she slid away from him. She moved down the couch and put her hands on his chest, pushing him onto his back.

Quickly, she grasped that jumbo shaft and smiled up at him as she slip her lips over the head. God, he already got pre-cum running from his cock, and she slurped it up as she ran her tongue around that big head. He gasped and shuddered, and his head went back onto the pillows.

She had already given him a blow job so he knew what was coming, and they both knew he wanted it. Her mouth was soon dripping wet, and she forced her mouth down over his large head and quickly swallow his shaft.

Oh fuck, she loved the feel of that dick in her mouth! She bathed his shaft in her spit, and as soon as it was wet and slippery enough she started bobbing up and down.

This happened so much more quickly than the first time he shuddered and gasped, and his hips started pumping double time, trying to fuck her mouth.

She lay still for a moment and let him, but then tighten her lips and she grasped him and start sliding up and down the full length she could handle. It was as hard as it was going to be and he's "eyes closed and gasping", so she pull off of him and pushed herself up.

She didn't give him any choice as she straddled him, and, holding him in one hand, pushed her hole down on his head.

But she quickly found out, the only way she could get him in was to almost do a split, and once she had him inside her, she wasted no time sinking down on his shaft so she could kneel over him again. She was stuffed full by his sudden entry, and gasping, she had to hold still for minute, till the pressure eased.

Once she could move, she lifted and fell slowly with long strokes. It was still so tight she didn't want any premature accidents. This felt so good she wanted to enjoy it for a while.

She leaned forward and put her hands on his chest, and used her legs to raise and lower her ass, slowly fucking him. He had his eyes closed since she first slid onto him, and she knew he was struggling just to stay in control.

Gradually, though, Vera loosen and he relaxed, and she soon felt his hips moving in time with her strokes, thrusting up into and getting deeper.

He felt so good! It was like having a long cucumber pushed up into her cunt, but this one was warm and just a little flexible, and their bodies could conform to each other. And right now it was red and purple, fully engorged.

She started moving faster and found I could take him deep enough to actually ram herself down on him and bounce off his hips and thighs. That was even better, and our speed soon increased as she felt the familiar heat building up in her.

It didn't take much to get hot with this huge hose in her!

She was starting to sweat with the exertion of fucking him, and he was panting underneath her from the feeling and excitement of having her fuck him.

She started to shudder and gasp out, "Oh fuck, I'm gonna cum!" His hands reached up and found her nipples and he pinched them. And as her fucking became more frantic, he started pulling and twisting, trying to bring her off.

And, Oh damn, it worked! She suddenly shuddered and rammed herself down on top of him, grinding her hips as she felt her climax building and then suddenly bursting inside of her.

Vera threw her head back and groan and cried out time after time as her cunt tried to contract around that cock inside of her.

She was panting and gasping, and her body was covered with a sheen of sweat now. But best of all, he was still rock hard inside her, and she knew that meant she gets to have one more just as good.

Vera sat still on him for a minute, gasping and panting, trying to catch her breath.

Her eyes were closed, but she heard his voice, saying softly, "Come here!" She opened her eyes and she saw him patting the bed beside him.

She lifted herself up off of him and moved to his side, ready to lie next to him, but he said, "Don't lie down, get on your knees."

Oh yeah!! Doggie, her favorite! It always had been, and she couldn't wait to have him take her again. But she knew it will mean he could reamed her with that sweet cock even deeper, so she would have to be cautious.

Vera assumed the position and put her head down, and he was already behind her, running his hands over her smooth ass.

Once again, she felt his fingers slide in her, testing to be sure she was wet enough. She knew she was already dripping, but she would never refuse a finger fuck!

Thirty seconds of that and he was satisfied and she was dying and finally she felt his cock pressing against her. Then she felt his hands inside her thighs and he forced her to spread about twice as wide.

She tried to press her chest down on the sheet to angle up more for him, and suddenly he was in her.

Dane grabbed her hips and just pushed, slowly but steadily, until he was buried inside me.

She was so full but it was so good! She started rocking and his fingers tighten on her hips as he moved with her, and they were quickly fucking at a pretty fast pace.

Vera loved this, and she started ramming herself back harder, bouncing off his thighs, slapping loudly, and they went faster and faster. She started moaning into the sheet, both hands holding handfuls of it, and he was in total control now.

She could tell he liked it too, as he wasted no time, the pace building steadily, and he has a firm grip on her hips.

She knew she was gonna cum again, she just hoped she got there in time! She was gasping and panting, and she knew he could feel her shuddering, through her hips.

Vera pounding back against him and he started really slapping hard against me, ramming that huge missile as deep as he could into her cunt. Well that answers, that, she could take all he's got and still ask for more.

But he got plenty, and she started shaking and crying, pushing up on her hands and just waiting for her orgasm to hit her.

Dane started pounding against her ass like a jackhammer, and she knew he was there too. She felt one powerful thrust, deeper than all the rest into her, and he was shuddering, growling and bucking, his fingers imbedded in her hips.

She gave a sudden squeal, and she knew she gushed over him this time, she could feel his hot cum running down her ass and her thighs. Probably a lot of it was his cum, too. They were grinding and thrusting against each other, sounding like a pair of animals mating, and that was just about what it was.

After a minute or two of panting and gasping in place, they both fell to the couch, and she felt his arms suddenly around her, crushing her back against him. He hasn't said much up till now, and other than his obvious arousal she was not sure what his reaction is to her "seduction" of him. But he started running his hands all over her, and she felt his hot breath in her ear.

He started to talk in a hoarse whisper,

"Oh GOD, Alana, that was so fucking good!"

Vera's eyes dilated.

Did he just call her Alana?!

After all that?!

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

Vera chose to ignore that.

If it weren't for the desire to outshine that vixen Alana, she wouldn't have bothered with this greasy, pot-bellied old man, even if he knows how to fuck.

She just had to make sure everything goes as she wanted so she reminded him.

"I'll also see you tonight as you want but don't forget, If, during this process, I manage to persuade the HG representative and secure the deal, the company's ten thousand commission goes to me, not Alana."

Dane, utterly still reeling in his orgasm, nodded without hesitation. "Of course. It belongs to whoever secures it."

After all, he liked sleeping with Vera so it wouldn't be bad to sleep with both Alana and Vera at the same time.

Though Vera was nowhere near as beautiful as Alana, well, when it comes to women, the more the merrier, of course!

Vera emerged from Manager Dane office, strutting over to Alana with an air of superiority.

She declared triumphantly, "Alana, my apologies, but Manager Dane just mentioned that I'll be joining you tomorrow to entertain the major client."

"What's more, he said whoever secures this client gets the commission, while whoever fails to land it gets nothing."

Alana immediately frowned.

Seeing Alana's displeased expression, Vera continued with a smile, "Alana, I'm determined to win this major client. You're just an intern, you can't possibly beat me."

Alana glanced up at Vera. "We haven't even met the client yet. It's far from decided who'll secure them."

"Besides, I don't believe I'll lose."

Vera dismissed her with a scoff. "Pah! Arrogant. You've barely been in the company two months, what makes you think you can compete with me?"

Alana remained composed. "We'll see about that."

Vera lifted her chin haughtily. "Fine. We'll see! Anyway, I'm certain I'll win!"

Alana couldn't be bothered to respond.

In any case, it was a matter of individual merit. Who ultimately succeeded didn't matter; she only needed to give it her best shot.

Vera sauntered off like a proud swan.

Carla couldn't help but remark, "Why is she becoming more and more dismissive of others? We're all in the same department, does she really have to be so ruthless towards you? And she even spread rumours about you. She doesn't feel the slightest bit guilty. What a peculiar creature."

Alana replied, "Have you ever seen a perpetrator feel remorse towards their victim?"

When perpetrators target victims, it's deliberate. How could they possibly feel remorse?

If one attempt to harm fails, there's always a second.

Carla finally snapped to attention. "Bloody hell, Alana! You're in a right pickle then. Not only is that old codger Manager Dane eyeing you up, but Vera's got it in for you too. You'd better watch your back when you're handling that big client together!"

Alana paused briefly before nodding. "Right, I will."

Time flew by, and before she knew it, it was quitting time again.

Alana stuffed tomorrow's materials into her handbag, intending to cram at home.

For that ten thousand commission, she had to commit every crucial detail to memory, ensuring tomorrow went without a hitch.

Back home.

Alana seemed to recall something and glanced towards the balcony.

Hanging there, swaying in the breeze, was a man's black suit jacket.

She had promised to wash it and return it clean, but she couldn't recall if it had dried yet.

Even if it was, she wouldn't have time to return it tonight.

He hadn't insisted on getting it back today anyway, so what the heck, returning it in a few days wouldn't hurt.

With that thought, Alana withdrew her gaze and headed into the kitchen to cook herself some noodles.

Meanwhile.

Stephan had just returned home from work when his mother called. The phone rang incessantly, like a death knell.

"You good-for-nothing lad, are you trying to drive me to my grave?"

"Why didn't you attend the blind date I arranged for you?"

Stephan pinched the bridge of his nose, utterly weary of the back-and-forth.

"Work's hectic. No time."

"No matter how busy work gets, you ought to find a woman, settle down, and start a family, shouldn't you?"

"Look at yourself, nearly thirty years old, an old man with not a single woman in sight. At this rate, when will I ever get to hold my great-grandchildren?"

Stephan sighed. "Mum, have you been bored stiff at the hospital lately? Not enough patients keeping you busy? Shall I arrange a few more for you?"

Mrs Cynthia laughed in exasperation. "Get lost!"

"Stop meddling in my affairs and focus on your own marriage instead. If you don't bring a wife home soon, just wait till I get my hands on you!"

"Mum, there's no rush."

"How can I not be worried? Men past thirty start to decline physically. If you don't marry soon, you won't even be able to have children later!" "..."

"Fine, I won't accept your arranged meetings. Find her yourself. If you don't bring a woman home within a month, I'll tie you to one myself!"

Stephan fell silent for a moment. His mother wanted him to bring a woman home.

He didn't know why, but Alana's face suddenly flashed through his mind.

Could it be that deep down, he wanted to bring that woman home to appease his parents?

But that woman already had a boyfriend.

The thought stirred an inexplicable irritation within Stephan.

Come to think of it, didn't she say she'd wash the coat he'd given her yesterday and return it? Why hadn't she said anything yet?

Had she washed it but it wasn't dry yet, or had she simply forgotten?

Stephan was tempted to send her a message to ask.

But then he thought better of it, it would make him seem as though he were desperately seeking her out.

It was only a coat after all. She'll return it when she sees fit. No need to dwell on it constantly.

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

That night, Vera arrived at the hotel Dane had booked and as usual, she sat on the bed waiting for him.

Soon, he walked in with two other men.

“I told my friends about my plans for the night and they also wanted to join in.” He said, grinning from ear to ear.

Vera sighed.

She was someone who’s had a questionable number of sexual experiences so sleeping with multiple men wasn’t new to her.

Still, Dane hadn’t told her about this in advance but she didn’t want to complain.

Anything to make that deal hers tomorrow’s.

She smiled invitingly as the shameless men introduced themselves as Paul and Carlos.

They got into the bed and began to undress her. Paul’s mouth hungrily closed around her nipple and he began to suck on it.

Vera moaned out.

He took his mouth away. “Did you like that, sweet girl?”

She nodded and gasped when he moved down and pushed her legs opened, tugging down her panties.

“Look at how wet you are already.” He marveled as he showed the rest her soaked panties.

Vera felt alive again. She couldn’t explain it but this kind of promiscuous life made her feel alive.

She moaned when felt two fingers inside her drenched slit.

Carlos immediately resumed sucking on her nipples, squeezing both breasts together and roughly sucking on them at the same time.

Paul dug in and out of her hole.

Vera shivered with delight.

She was feeling a lot of things at the same time.

So many sensations.

The thought of everything else slipped away from her mind as the men brought her to an orgasm.

“That’s it, come for us.”

Dane had taken off his clothes and he was pleasuring himself close to her face.

“Yes. Don’t stop!” Her mind went blank and she came so hard she felt she was going to pass out.

She heard Dane’s loud grunt and cum spurting onto her cheek.

She watched as the other two strip naked.

Or she loved being ravaged by different men at the same time.

She found herself spreading her legs wide for them, inviting them to devour her.

Vera's eyes gleamed with anticipation as the men approached her.

"So fucking sexy." Paul growled, pulling her mouth into a hungry kiss.

He moved down and ravenously sucked on her nipples.

Carlos ran his thumb across her plush parted lips.

"Can't wait to fill your mouth with our cum."

A shudder ran through Vera, pleasure raking through her body as Paul continued sucking and pulling on her nipples.

It was obvious how excited she was by the thought of taking all of them. And that brought way more excitement to the men, seeing her moan and lose control like this was such a big turn on.

Dane dropped forward to join them, leaving his mouth in a trail of kisses downwards.

Carlos nibbled down onto her throat while Paul slipped between her thighs as

Dane took over his spot in stimulating her breasts.

Paul rubbed the head of his thick cock against her wet pussy. He slowly slipped in an inch or two and drew back out, letting it slide in again and out, spreading her arousal throughout her pussy as he prepared to enter.

“Ahh...Uhm!” Vera moaned, lifting her hips with need.

Both Dane and Carlos took one nipple each into their mouth, sucking hungrily and drawling moans of pleasure.

Vera gripped the sheets as she dripped more heavily around Paul’s cock. The combined pleasure all three men were giving her was too much. All she could do was moan, loudly and writhe from side to side, savoring the feeling of having the three of them give her their full attention.

“More...more.” She begged.

Paul smirked before answering her plea.

He flipped her onto her stomach, one hand landing on the small of her back to keep her in place.

Carlos charged into action soon after. He grabbed hold on one of her hips and guided his cock into her tight pussy, plunging it all to her cervix. He pounded into her hard and fast, digging in until he filled her with his cum.

He moved back, trembling and allowing Dane to go next.

Dane slammed into her like a man possessed until he was exploding into her as well.

Vera felt so sensitive down there but she kept cuming around different cocks. One by one, they took turns, devouring her pussy.

Having gotten hard again, Carlos came over and signaled Paul so they could try something next.

Paul crawled under her and made her straddle him.

She cried out when his cock filled her in one swift thrust, but the sound was soon cut off by Dane filling her mouth with his erection.

As two fucked her body, Carlos slipped a finger into her ass to prepare her.

Vera tried to speak, it's been awhile she tried it on her ass as she wasn't mentally ready to have it in there, but Dane kept stuffing his cock in her mouth, giving her no chance to speak.

Carlos pressed himself against her tight ass, determined to get inside of her.

"UHM!" Vera screamed and shuddered around the cock in her mouth, the pain her ass made her tremble.

But Carlos didn't back down. As he forced himself in, one of his hand reached across her hips, he traced a finger over the rise of her breasts, digging it into the skin to tweak her nipple, torturing her in the most pleasurable manner possible.

Her moans of pain sounded like pleas for more.

Carlos' eyes closed as he fucked her mouth harder, using his cock to silence her pleas, making her gagged as she tried to plead for them to go slower.

Having her like this, completely at their mercy made the men feel so great.

When she managed to get Dane's cock out of her mouth, she whimpered.

"Please...wait...stop..."

Paul and Carlos gave each other knowing smiles and with that, Carlos slammed his cock further into her tight little ass and Paul did the same with her wet pussy.

Dane had told them they could use her however they liked.

Her body trembled as they forced their way deeper inside of her.

The pain she felt disappeared and was replaced with indescribable pleasure.

Being fucked in both her ass and pussy at the same time made her screamed out in pure ecstasy.

"More. Fuck! Don't stop...Ahh...I'm going to come..."

She urged them to go faster and both men obliged at once.

Their plunges into her suddenly came even faster and harder than before. And that pushed Vera over the edge.

Arching her back against Carlos' chest, she let out a desperate scream. She was enjoying this just as much as the men were, her tight ass clenched around Carlos' cock, driving him insane.

Vera jolted forward as pleasure crashed through her veins like a tidal wave.

They were all ready for it, ready to lose control with her.

Dane resumed fucking her mouth and soon they were releasing steams of cum inside her tight pussy, ass and mouth.

Vera felt every drop as it shot into her body, leaving her shuddering and gasping for air.

The four of them collapsed in a heavy, sweaty pile.

Vera surprised them by murmuring against Paul's chest.

"Again."

And then she spent the night in the arms of these men, her body ached with raw need and they made sure to satisfy her, they didn't stop even when she had enough.

They all took turns with her ass, pussy and mouth. They also used her breasts to get off.

They made her into whatever they wanted her to be all night. They worked her body up enough that it was nearly bursting at the seams.

She kept cumming and accepting their cum, her nipples were tight and her clit was pulsing.

The following morning.

Alana had barely arrived at the office when Dane summoned her into his office,

instructing her to go to the airport to meet the HG representative.

After all, this wasn't just their company negotiating with the HG representative; several rival firms were also vying for the deal.

Each of these rival firms possessed capabilities that were no less formidable than their own. Therefore, they had to ensure every detail was meticulously prepared.

Vera was also summoned into the office.

Vera shot Alana a glance, their eyes locked in a silent contest.

Her body ached from last night but she tried her best to look okay. She had to win this. She was tired of watching things go to this "beautiful" Alana!

Aware of the longstanding friction between the two, Dane cautioned, "This client is of paramount importance to our company. Any personal grievances should remain private. Do not air them publicly. Should that occur, it would reflect poorly not only on you both, but on our entire organisation."

Alana nodded. "Understood."

Vera reluctantly replied, "Understood, Manager."

The three boarded a company minibus together and set off for the airport.

Upon arrival, they discovered they weren't the only ones present, two rival companies had also arrived.

The managers representing the rival firms exchanged greetings, inevitably laced with barbed remarks.

This battlefield was no place for a junior employee like Alana, who wisely kept her distance. The group didn't wait long before HG representative appeared.

They had expected HG representative to be a foreign man, but to their surprise, it was a foreign woman.

Blonde-haired and blue-eyed, she wore a crisp white suit and stood tall, her stature rivalling any man present.

Upon the HG representative's arrival, representatives from several cosmetics companies rushed forward, offering eager greetings.

They earnestly invited her to join them in their vehicles, offering to escort her to her hotel for rest.

After all, the journey offered another opportunity to make a favourable impression.

Faced with the companies' enthusiastic invitations, the green representative remained remarkably composed, clearly accustomed to such scenes.

She declined with a smile, speaking in fluent French: "My apologies, everyone. I have a friend coming to collect me, so I shan't be joining you."

Suddenly, her mobile phone rang.

Glancing at the display, she said, "Ah, my friend says he's here. I won't keep you any longer. We'll catch up later."

The representatives expressed regret but had no choice but to withdraw.

After all, in this situation, no one stood to gain anything.

Suddenly, the HG representative raised his hand excitedly and waved towards a certain spot.

“Hi, Mr Hudson, I’m over here!”

Alana instinctively lifted her gaze.

A tall, dark figure instantly filled her vision.

The man wore a pair of sunglasses, obscuring his deep eyes and accentuating his ruggedly handsome features.

One hand held his mobile phone, the other tucked into his pocket. He was strolling leisurely in their direction.

Alana stared in astonishment at that familiar dark silhouette. Surely not?

How on earth did I run into him again?

Could he be the friend HG mentioned?!

As if sensing Alana's gaze, Stephan's unwavering stare suddenly swept over.

Upon seeing that familiar, radiantly charming face, the dark eyes beneath his sunglasses faltered momentarily.

Was this some sort of curse?

Why her again?

These repeated encounters made him unable to suppress his suspicion.

Was she stalking him?

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

Were these encounters part of some premeditated plan?

Alana met the man's gaze beneath his sunglasses and instinctively averted her eyes, silently lowering her head to stare at her own toes.

Outwardly calm, her inner world churned with turbulent waves.

She really didn't want to see him again!

Their private encounters were awkward enough; meeting in front of so many people made it even more so.

Stephan seemed genuinely surprised by Alana's reaction, as if her presence here was unacceptable to her.

He pressed his thin lips together, then nonchalantly shifted his gaze away, continuing toward the HG representative.

Upon reaching the HG representative, his lips parted slightly, his voice magnetic.

"Jules."

"Mr Hudson, I'm absolutely delighted to see you again!"

The HG representative was visibly thrilled to see Stephan, immediately opening her arms wide to give him a hearty embrace.

Alana couldn't help but glance at the man embraced by the HG representative, her

thoughts turning to whether this HG representative might have some unspeakable connection with him.

For some reason, she felt even more awkward than before. What on earth was going on?!

Throughout the embrace, Stephan maintained an impassive expression, neither resisting nor speaking.

This prompted HG to quip, "You're still as aloof with women as ever!"

After her quip, the green representative released Stephan and introduced him to the corporate delegates: "Good day, everyone. Allow me to introduce my French friend, Mr Hudson."

The company representatives stared curiously at Stephan, who wore a pair of oversized sunglasses.

The large sunglasses obscured nearly half his face, revealing little.

Compounded by the fact that Stephan seldom appeared in public, no one could identify his status.

They merely sensed an air of aloof, aristocratic refinement about him, clearly no ordinary man. The company representatives, ever observant, politely addressed him in turn.

“Good day, Mr Hudson.”

“Good day, Mr Hudson.”

Stephan gave a slight nod, his expression as cool and detached as ever.

Nearly everyone present had exchanged greetings with Stephan.

Alana could hardly be an exception. When it came to her turn, being the last one, she steeled herself and offered a greeting.

"Mr Hudson, Mr Hudson, hello..."

The girl's soft, sweet voice stirred something within the expressionless man.

Stephan fixed his gaze upon her, his Adam's apple rolling slightly beneath his throat. The eyes hidden behind his sunglasses seemed to grow even more profoundly dark.

This also caught the attention of the HG representative. She couldn't help but glance at Alana. The girl was exquisitely beautiful, with a fair, delicate face and a slender, graceful figure.

Instantly, a flicker of interest lit up in the representative's eyes.

"You're quite beautiful. What's your name?"

Alana hadn't expected the HG representative to address her so suddenly.

After a moment's pause, she replied in fluent French, "HG representative, hello. I'm Alana Martin, representative of Wells Cosmetics."

Jules smiled gently. "Alana, such a lovely name. Just as beautiful as you are, like a delicate, exquisite doll."

Alana felt flattered and a little overwhelmed. "Thank you."

The HG representative suddenly took Alana's hand and continued softly, "There's no need to call me the HG representative, that sounds too formal. My name is Jules Burton, you can call me Jules or Miss Burton, whichever you prefer."

Alana felt an inexplicable tightening in her chest as Jules' hand closed around hers. She murmured instinctively, "All right, Jules..."

Stephan's gaze fell upon their clasped hands, his eyes darkening instantly.

He did not miss the hint of burning interest in Jules' gaze as she looked at Alana.

Recalling Jules' sexual orientation, his tone grew heavier.

"Jules, shall we be off?"

Upon closer listening, a hint of impatience seemed to linger in his words.

Jules glanced back at Stephan, whose expression had suddenly darkened. Somewhat puzzled, she nevertheless released Alana's hand.

"My apologies, everyone. My friend is in a bit of a hurry, so I'll be taking him away

now."

Several company representatives chimed in, showing great consideration.

"Not at all, not at all!"

"Indeed, we'll have other opportunities to gather together!"

"You've only just arrived today. Do take a day to rest. If anything needs arranging,

tomorrow will do just fine."

HG representative smiled. "Thank you for your understanding."

After a pause, she turned to Alana. "The lovely Miss Alana, might I have your contact details?"

Alana froze. "Eh?"

Jules smiled and patiently repeated, "May I have your contact details?"

Dane was equally stunned, but his reaction was lightning-fast. He gave Alana a sharp nudge. "Quickly give HG representative your contact details!"

"Oh, alright..."

Alana hastily produced a piece of paper and a pen, jotted down her contact details, and handed them to Jules with both hands.

"This is my mobile number. Should you require anything, feel free to contact me at any hour. I'm available round the clock and always ready to assist!"

Jules smiled as she took the paper from Alana, unable to resist lifting it to her nose for a gentle sniff.

Wow, she smelled lovely!

She flashed Alana a flirtatious glance.

"Cheers, we'll stay in touch privately."

Alana nodded, blankly. "Er, alright."

Stephan could bear it no longer. Snatching the suitcase from Jules' grasp, he turned and strode off. "Off we go!"

Jules turned back. "Hey, Mr Hudson, wait for me! Goodbye, everyone!"

With that, she hurried after Stephan.

Watching the two figures vanish from sight, the crowd remained frozen, exchanging glances with varied expressions.

Especially Alana, who had become the focal point of everyone's gaze.

For they had witnessed that, among all present, the green representative had shown special, warm regard solely towards her.

Under such intense scrutiny, Alana felt uneasy. She bit her lip, lowered her head, and tried her best to ignore the scrutinising gazes.

Truthfully, she herself didn't know why the HG representative treated her so differently. Perhaps... it was simply good fortune.

Unable to contain their curiosity, someone asked Dane, "Manager Dane, who is this lovely young lady beside you? She looks unfamiliar, as if it's her first time accompanying you."

Dane glanced at Alana, a hint of pride visible. After all, the HG representative had just requested her contact details, which surely meant she favoured their company.

"Her name is Alana. She's an intern under me."

"Oh, just an intern then! But she speaks French rather fluently!"

"Indeed. With such talent and looks, she's bound for great things!"

Hearing the envious tones, Dane couldn't help but laugh heartily. "Ha ha ha, of course! Just look at whose keen eye spotted her from the start!"

Alana eyed him.

Was she the only one feeling awkward?

Behind Alana, Vera glared at her with clenched teeth, her face twisted with envy.

That bloody vixen, stealing the limelight that should have been hers today!

How utterly shameless!

Stephan helped Jules into the car, where she continued to chatter incessantly, marveling at Alana's beauty.

"Are all the girls in this city that beautiful?"

“That young lady just now, Alana Martin, she was utterly stunning! Not only is she gorgeous, but she has a lovely voice too. And what’s more, she has a fantastic figure. It’s such a shame I’m only in town for a short while, I’d love to have a beautiful time with her! Then when I return home, the trip won’t have been in vain!”

The more Stephan listened, the more irritated he grew.

Finally, he snapped, “Jules, stay away from her.”

Jules turned to look at Stephan. "Why?"

“You fancy her too?”

“She’s that beautiful, it’s only natural you fancy her too. But let’s compete fairly, I’m certainly not giving her up to you!”

Stephan’s eyes darkened with coldness.

“You can fancy anyone you like, but it can’t be her. Otherwise, I’ll have you kicked out of the country right now!”

Jules froze, her expression shifting as she took in Stephan's hardening features. Only then did she realise he wasn't joking.

She had always assumed Stephan had no interest in women.

After all, during their time as fellow students abroad, he had never once seen him get close to any woman.

Had he not been attracted to women, she doubted she'd ever have managed to get close to him.

"Mr Hudson, are you serious?"

Stephan regarded Jules with an expressionless gaze.

Jules sucked in a sharp breath.

Right, she got it. This girl was off-limits.

If she couldn't like that pretty girl, surely she could indulge in a bit of gossip?

"Do you genuinely like her? If you like her, why not go and pursue her?"

Stephan couldn't be bothered to respond to Jules.

Jules clicked his tongue. "She looks so stunning, there must be plenty of men after her. If you don't make your move soon, you'll miss your chance!"

Stephan pressed his thin lips together, his gaze turning icy and unyielding, still saying nothing.

Jules shook her head. What a dullard, utterly tedious!

Thank goodness she wasn't interested in men. Otherwise, if she'd fallen for someone like Stephan, she'd have been driven to distraction!

On the way back, Dane gave Alana a thousand reminders.

Should the HG representative contact her, she must notify him immediately.

He also demanded that whatever HG requested, Alana must agree to it without refusal.

Alana let it go in one ear and out the other, offering perfunctory nods of agreement.

She didn't need Dane's reminders to know what to do.

Vera seized the moment, gritting her teeth as she whispered venomously to Alana,

"Alana, don't think just because the HG representative asked for your contact details, you can gloat and think you've got it in the bag. This is only the beginning. I won't let you beat me!"

Alana looked away from her, not wanting to argue.

Back at the office.

Several colleagues gathered curiously around her, asking whether she'd met the HG representative, whether he was male or female, and whether he was handsome or beautiful.

Alana obliged their curiosity, recounting every minute detail of the encounter.

After all, there was nothing particularly sensitive to withhold.

Carla asked in surprise, "Lana, you say that Green representative asked for your contact details?"

Alana nodded, not giving it much thought. "Probably means they're quite interested in our company."

Carla pressed further, "If she's interested in our company, why did she ask for your contact details instead of Manager Dane's?"

Someone muttered under their breath, "That's a no-brainer! Manager Dane's that fat old bald bloke, who'd want his contact details?"

The remark instantly provoked suppressed laughter from everyone.

Alana was also stifling her laughter.

Though no one dared openly disrespect Dane, behind closed doors, they vented freely.

Some had even set up a dedicated WhatsApp groups for venting about management. Whenever work brought misery or they felt exploited by their superiors, they unleashed a torrent of curses, far more unrestrained than anything voiced openly.

After a bout of idle gossip, they settled back into work mode.

Alana sat at her desk, her mind wandering.

Unconsciously, her thoughts drifted back to the man she'd seen at the airport.

Even though he wore sunglasses, she felt certain he'd been watching her the entire time, sending shivers down her spine.

Why was he staring at her?

Could it be...

Was it because she still hadn't returned his suit jacket, and he was trying to hint at her with his eyes, hinting that she should hurry up and return it?

It was entirely possible.

Recalling that the suit hanging on her balcony should be dry by now, Alana pulled out her phone and scrolled to the man's WhatsApp.

His profile picture was a plain black image, nothing else.

His nickname was even simpler, just a comma, the meaning of which was anyone's guess.

She suspected he was simply too lazy to bother with a nickname.

She opened his chat, stared at the few messages exchanged, bit her lip, hesitated for a long while, then decided to compose and send a message.

Alana: Hello, are you free this evening? If you are free, shall we arrange to meet somewhere? I'll return your coat.

Right, best return the coat soon, the longer it drags on, the more awkward it gets.

She hadn't expected a reply so quickly, but within a minute, his response arrived.

Stephan; I'm free. Bring it to my place.

A few simple words, cool and detached, just like him.

Alana bit her lip, pondering carefully. She couldn't simply deliver the coat to the man's flat.

Besides, it was just the two of them, alone at night, what if something inappropriate happened again?

Alana: Could we... meet somewhere else?

Stephan: Where?