

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

#Chapter 3 Once again - Read Help! My One-Night Stand Is Examining Me?! Chapter 3 Once again

Alana was awakened by the phone ringing.

She groggily opened her eyes to find daylight already streaming through the floor-to-ceiling windows, casting pale light across sheets that didn't belong to her.

She stared blankly for a moment or two, then slowly sat up and looked to the side, the space beside her was empty, with only an indentation left on the pillow. The man was already gone.

Gone was gone.

It had only been one night anyway, she knew that much.

Alana looked down at herself, pulling the sheet higher. Memories from last night floated back bit by bit, and her cheeks unconsciously warmed.

That man... he had been good. It was her first time doing this with anyone, and she had expected it to be more difficult, but that goodness had been more thorough and real than she'd imagined.

Even now, her body still held some lingering warmth.

She pressed her lips together and pushed the thought away.

The phone was still ringing.

She fumbled for her phone from beside the pillow, saw Eve's name on the screen, and answered.

"Hello, where did you go last night!" Eve's voice burst from the phone. "I looked for you for half an hour!"

"I was upstairs," Alana said.

"Up..." Eve paused. "Wait, when you say upstairs, you mean..."

"Mm."

Brief silence. Then Eve let out a sharp cry, immediately followed by Alana clearly hearing her trying to keep her voice down.

"Tell me everything! Which one? The one you danced with?!"

"You saw?"

"Of course I saw! I was watching you the whole time!" Eve lowered her voice but spoke faster and faster. "He was so tall, kept staring at you, then you both disappeared together, Alana, you didn't say a word to me last night!"

"You and Jon were having such a good time dancing," Alana said, her tone calm, even a bit nonchalant. "I didn't need to interrupt you."

"Interrupt!" Eve repeated the word as if choking on it. "As your best friend, I have the

right to know every detail about you spending the night with a stranger."

"Fine," Alana said. "Then I'll tell you."

And she did tell her.

Quite frankly, whatever Eve asked, she answered, including the man's attitude throughout, her first-time experience, and her honest assessment of the entire night.

Eve alternately exclaimed, fell silent, and repeated the last few words of certain sentences on the other end, clearly listening with utmost attention.

When Alana finished, Eve was quiet for nearly five seconds.

Then she said, "Congratulations, but... Did you use protection?"

Alana's expression froze.

She thought about it, thought some more, then thought again.

"...No."

"Alana." Eve's voice suddenly became very serious. "Listen to me carefully. Right now, immediately, take a cab to the pharmacy. Buy emergency contraception and HIV post-exposure prophylaxis. The prophylaxis must be taken within seventy-two hours. How many hours has it been since last night..."

"About... eight or nine hours?"

"There's still time! Go now!"

Alana quickly threw off the sheets and began looking for her clothes.

Her gown was folded neatly over the chair back, surprisingly tidy, placed there by the man.

She stared for a moment, then quickly got dressed.

"I'm leaving now," she said, holding the phone between her ear and shoulder. "Eve, he didn't leave any contact information, nothing at all, just disappeared like that. Is this..."

"Completely normal," Eve said, her tone returning to its usual certainty. "You didn't know each other's identities anyway. It's better that he left first, saves you both the awkwardness of staring at each other. But anyway, once you handle this, everything will be fine. Don't overthink it. Consider it an experience. Was last night's man worth it?"

"Worth it," Alana said, a slight smile in her voice. "If today were just about him, I wouldn't have any regrets."

"Then that's enough. Now go!"

Alana grabbed her purse, put on her shoes, and took one last look at the still somewhat disheveled bed.

She didn't notice the folded piece of white paper on the nightstand.

The paper was small, folded casually, tucked beside the lamp base, sitting quietly in the morning light with no one to see it.

Alana turned and left.

Monday, Alana came down with something.

She thought she was just tired, but when she woke up, she was running a fever, her forehead burning hot, and her back and waist aching terribly.

She struggled to get up and looked at herself in the mirror—listless, pale, heavy eyelids.

She called in sick, took fever medication, and lay back down, trying to attribute it all to weekend exhaustion and lack of sleep.

But by afternoon, the fever hadn't completely broken, and she began anxiously recalling something else.

That man, she knew nothing about him. She didn't know his name, what he did, whether he had any health issues.

Once this thought emerged, it wouldn't go away.

She picked up her phone and called Eve.

"Is it possible you... caught something?" Eve's voice on the other end was unusually gentle.

"I don't know," Alana said. "But I have a fever, and I can't stop thinking in that direction."

"Then go to the hospital," Eve said, her tone concise and firm. "If you don't go, you'll drive yourself crazy thinking about it. Get checked, if there's nothing wrong, you can relax; if there is something, early detection means early treatment. Either way, you'll only get answers by going."

Alana was quiet for a while, then nodded.

"Okay, I'll go."

She changed clothes, hailed a taxi, gave the driver the destination, then leaned against the car window, staring blankly at the streets outside.

She went through the details of that night over and over in her mind. The man's condition, his words and behavior, his... overall, he hadn't seemed like someone with a chaotic lifestyle, but what did such judgment prove? Nothing at all.

She sighed, pushed those thoughts to a corner of her mind, and tried to stay calm.

The hospital waiting area wasn't too crowded. Alana took a number and sat in a chair for about twenty minutes until the announcement system chimed.

Only then did she stand up and walk toward the examination room.

She pushed open the door to the examination room.

Initially, she didn't immediately see anyone, there was a white curtain in the room, swaying gently in the air conditioning breeze, dividing the room in half.

"Doctor?" Alana asked softly.

There was movement behind the curtain.

Then the curtain was pulled open from inside, and a tall figure emerged, turned around, and looked at her.

Alana's brain stopped for nearly two seconds.

She stared at the face before her, that jawline, those features, those eyes, deep, profound, now looking at her with the same calm expression, like a mirror reflecting her current unguarded astonishment.

Only one thought remained in her mind, rolling back and forth, growing louder:

Oh God!

Weren't they supposed to never see each other again?!

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