

Help! My One-Night Stand Is Examining Me?! Chapter 308 Her boldness

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“Let’s just do it this way. I want to try it.”

After saying that, her cheeks were burning bright red.

They rarely did it without a condom.

She was mortified by her own boldness.

Stephan’s Adam’s apple bobbed, as if a ball of fire were about to burst from within him, the heat overwhelming.

His voice was low and hoarse, though he was still holding back. “No, what if you get pregnant?”

Alana said, her face flushed, “I’d take birth control pills.”

“Birth control pills are bad for your health.”

Alana bit her lip. “Then... then I won’t take them. If I get pregnant, so be it.”

Actually, these were her safe days.

But even during the safe period, there was still a chance a woman could get pregnant.

So, she wasn’t sure.

“No, we haven’t gotten married or registered yet. I can’t let you get pregnant before we’re married.”

Besides, if a man gets a woman pregnant before marriage, it doesn’t really affect him, but it has a huge impact on her. People might gossip about her. And he knew she didn’t like that kind of attention.

Alana hadn’t expected that, even in a situation like this, he was still thinking of her; she was deeply moved.

“Well... just be careful at the end... no... that’s all...”

Stephan clenched his teeth. He had actually intended to let her off the hook, but she was still trying so hard to persuade him.

He had never been able to resist her anyway.

Alana deliberately wrapped her arms around his neck, tilted her head back, and kissed his prominent, sensual Adam's apple. "Hurry up...I need you inside me..."

Her soft voice, mingled with her warm, gentle breath, teased and seduced him.

Stephan's Adam's apple involuntarily bobbed; all his self-control crumbled under her seduction.

"Alright, I'll be careful..." The words left him in a rough exhale.

His large hands tightened on her slender waist, then moved with sudden urgency.

He stripped the last of her clothing away, the thin hospital-room air cool against her newly bare skin.

Alana's cheeks burned hotter. She turned her face slightly into the pillow, as if the sight of her own nakedness under the fluorescent lights was too much, yet her arms stayed locked around his neck, refusing to let him pull away.

Stephan's mouth returned to hers, the kiss no longer restrained. It was deep, open, claiming.

His tongue slid against hers, tasting her sweet nectar. One hand cradled the back of her head; the other swept down the curve of her side, over the soft swell of her hip, then inward to the heat between her thighs.

When his fingers found her already slick, a soft, startled sound escaped her throat and her hips lifted instinctively toward his touch.

He stroked her slowly at first, two fingers circling the sensitive peak before dipping lower, parting her, sliding inside just enough to feel the tight flutter of her body.

Alana's breath hitched. A longer moan followed, quiet but clear in the locked room.

Her fingers dug into the fabric of his shirt. He had not yet undressed fully; the contrast of his still-clothed body against her bare skin made the moment feel even more urgent, more forbidden.

Stephan broke the kiss only long enough to strip his own clothes away with efficient, almost violent movements.

The moment his bare chest met hers,

Alana trembled and arched into him. The heat of his skin was overwhelming after the cool hospital air.

He settled between her thighs, the hard length of him resting heavily against her entrance. For a second, he only rocked there, coating himself in her wetness, watching her face.

Her lashes fluttered. The flush on her cheeks had spread down her neck to the upper curves of her breasts.

She looked both delicate and completely undone, eyes glassy, lips parted, the earlier boldness still lingering in the way her legs slowly opened wider for him.

“Alana.” His voice was barely more than a growl. “Look at me.”

She forced her gaze up. The moment their eyes met he pushed forward.

The slow inch stretched her open without the usual barrier of latex.

The sensation was sharper, hotter, more intimate. A broken moan tore from her throat.

“Ahh...nnhgh...ohhh...” Her nails scraped lightly down his back.

Stephan gritted his teeth, forcing himself to go slow, giving her body time to adjust to the raw heat of him.

He sank deeper, then deeper still, until he was buried to the hilt and the two of them were fully joined, skin to skin, nothing between them.

They stayed like that for several heartbeats, breathing hard. Alana’s inner walls fluttered around him in small, involuntary pulses. Soft, embarrassed little sounds kept escaping her as if the sheer intensity of feeling him bare inside her was almost too much to bear.

Stephan lowered his forehead to hers.

“Still all right?” He asked, voice strained with the effort of holding still.

She nodded once, small and quick, then wrapped her legs more tightly around his waist. The silent invitation was enough. He began to move.

The first few thrusts were careful, measured, the wet sound of their joining almost too loud in the quiet room.

Each slow withdrawal dragged against every sensitive place inside her; each deep return filled her completely.

“Ahh... mmmnh... ohhh...” She moaned loudly, had absolutely gone past the point of caring if someone could hear her.

Her hands slid up into his hair, holding on as the rhythm gradually strengthened.

Stephan’s control frayed faster than usual. The knowledge that there was nothing between them, that he could feel every ripple and clench of her body directly against his own skin, drove him.

He angled his hips, lifting one of her thighs higher against his side so he could drive deeper.

The new pressure made her cry out more clearly... the word slipping free before she could stop it.

He kissed the sound from her mouth, then trailed his lips down the line of her jaw to the sensitive spot just below her ear.

“You’re so warm,” He murmured against her skin. “So tight... fuck, Alana...”

The rough words made her cheeks burn brighter. She turned her face into the curve of his neck, muffling the next moan, but he gently guided her chin back so he could watch her.

Every soft moan that left her lips seemed to urge him on.

The hospital bed creaked beneath them. Somewhere down the corridor a distant trolley rattled past, but the locked door kept the outside world firmly away.

Stephan shifted his weight onto one forearm and slid his free hand between their bodies. His thumb found the swollen peak above where they were joined and circled it in time with his thrusts.

Alana’s reaction was immediate. Her back arched.

“Stephan...No...yes...I...too much...Mmph... Ahh...” Her inner walls tightened around him in a sudden, rhythmic pulse.

He groaned low in his throat and thrust harder, chasing the way her body fluttered.

“That’s it,” he rasped. “Let me feel you.”

She could no longer hold the sounds back. Soft, broken moans filled the room with every deep stroke... growing higher as the tension coiled tighter low in her belly.

Her fingers clutched at his shoulders, at the hard muscles of his back. The earlier conversation about pregnancy, about carefulness, seemed to hover at the edge of both their minds, yet neither could slow down.

The need that had started in the corridor, raw, emotional, desperate for closeness... had become something fiercer.

Stephan's pace turned more urgent. The wet slap of skin against skin mixed with the creak of the bed and Alana's rising voice.

He drove into her with focused intensity, each thrust angled to drag against the place that made her tremble. Her legs locked tighter around him. One heel pressed into the small of his back, urging him deeper.

"Stephan... ahh... I'm..." The rest of the sentence dissolved into a long, shaking moan as the first waves of her climax crashed over her.

Her body arched hard beneath him, inner muscles clamping down in tight, pulsing waves that milked him ruthlessly.

The rhythmic clench nearly undid him.

Stephan gritted his teeth, forced himself to keep moving through her orgasm, drawing every last tremor from her body.

Only when the strongest pulses began to ease did he slow, still buried deep, still hard and throbbing inside her.

Alana's breathing was ragged. Soft aftershocks still fluttered around him. Her eyes were wet again, but this time the tears were different, release rather than sorrow.

She reached up and cupped his face with both hands, thumbs brushing the sharp line of his cheekbones.

"Don't stop," she whispered. "Please... I need you."

The quiet plea shattered the last of his restraint. Stephan captured her mouth in a deep, open kiss and began to move again, harder now, chasing his own release while the aftershocks of hers still rippled through her.

The bedframe protested more loudly. Alana's moans rose once more, overlapping his low, guttural sounds.

He could feel the edge approaching fast. The raw heat of her, the way she clung to him, all of it combined into something almost unbearable.

At the last possible second, he remembered his promise. With a harsh groan he pulled free, fisting himself once, twice, and spilling across the soft plane of her lower belly in long, hot pulses.

Alana watched him through half-lidded eyes, chest still rising and falling rapidly. When the last tremor left him, he collapsed carefully over her, bracing most of his weight on his forearms so he wouldn't crush her. Their skin was slick with sweat. The air in the small room felt thick and warm.

For a long moment neither spoke. Stephan pressed soft, lingering kisses to her forehead, her closed eyelids, the corner of her mouth. Alana's arms stayed loosely around his neck. Soft, contented little sounds still left her lips whenever he shifted against her.

Eventually he reached for the box of tissues on the bedside cabinet and cleaned them both with careful, almost reverent strokes. Then he gathered her against his chest, drawing the thin hospital blanket over their tangled bodies. Alana rested her cheek over his heartbeat, listening to the gradual slowing of his pulse.

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Chapter 309 In a state of bliss

Sure enough, some things become addictive the more you do them.

Alana was still in a state of bliss.

In the man's arms, she slowly calmed her ragged breathing.

Seeing the marks she'd left on his chest, her cheeks flushed. She never would have imagined she'd have such a wild day.

And right here in the hospital...

They should have gone back to the hotel, and not do it right here in the hospital...

As she carefully replayed what had just happened, Alana felt so embarrassed she could have sunk into the ground.

Stephan's hoarse voice sounded above her, "Are you satisfied?"

Alana blushed even more deeply and lifted her eyelashes.

His languid aura and slightly mischievous expression seemed to carry a hint of malice.

She bit her lip, her shyness intensifying. "There won't be a next time."

Mm-hmm. At the very least, we can't just do this out in the open...

Stephan let out a low chuckle, sounding both pleased and satisfied.

"Are you sure there won't be a next time? You seemed to have thoroughly enjoyed yourself just now."

Alana's cheeks flushed bright red, and she buried her face in his chest, too embarrassed to answer.

Just then, his phone rang.

He released the woman in his arms and picked up the phone. "I'll take this call. You just lie in bed for a while."

Alana rolled over, burying her face in the pillow, refusing to acknowledge him.

Stephan watched as she turned her back to him, revealing a fair, smooth, and beautifully contoured back, covered densely with his kiss marks.

He curved his lips slightly, as if surveying his conquest.

He really was a stud, no wonder she was so turned on that she'd begged him for sex right there in the hospital.

Feeling smug inside, the man answered the call without checking the caller ID.

"You little brat, where the hell have you been these past few days?" The voice was full of irritation, and Stephan instantly realized it was his hot-tempered mother on the other end.

"Hmm, so you finally had the time to call me?"

Cynthia snapped, "I've been calling you for days! You didn't even see my missed calls? You've been MIA lately. Where have you been?"

"I've been on a business trip."

Cynthia didn't believe him. "A business trip? Give me a break. I asked Assistant Vance, and he said your trip ended a week ago!"

Stephan frowned. That traitor Vance, he'd dock his pay as soon as he got back!

At that very moment, Vance, who was handling Stephan's affairs at the office, let out a loud sneeze.

Cynthia pressed on, “Tell me, where exactly did you go?”

“Mom, your son’s all grown up now. He’s free to go wherever he wants, there’s no need to tell you every single detail, is there?”

“You little brat, isn’t it okay for me to care about you? You’re perfectly fine, yet you vanished for over a week without a trace. What if something had happened? Where would I have gone to find you?”

“Mom, I’m fine. Don’t worry.”

Cynthia snorted lightly. “Then just tell me honestly... where are you right now, and who are you with?”

Stephan glanced at the girl on the bed, who had already burrowed under the covers, and a smile involuntarily tugged at the corners of his mouth.

“I’m busy spending time with my girlfriend.”

Stephan thought for a moment and decided there was nothing to hide, so he explained,

“My girlfriend’s grandmother is sick, so I traveled with her to visit her. Plus, after all my hard work and courting, she’s officially introduced me to her family, and they’ve accepted me. Mom, you’ll have a daughter-in-law very soon.”

Hiding under the covers, Alana heard this and buried her face even deeper.

He really says anything...it’s so embarrassing.

Cynthia detected a hint of smugness in her son’s tone and was taken aback.

“What?”

Was this for real?

Had her son been secretly pulling off such major schemes behind her back?

Stephan raised an eyebrow. “Yeah. Your son still has to work hard to bring her home to meet you all. I’ll hang up now.”

Before Cynthia could say another word, Stephan had already hung up.

She gritted her teeth. “Why did he hang up so fast?”

She hadn’t even had a chance to ask him about his girlfriend’s situation.

After hanging up, Stephan pulled the girl, curled up on the bed like a cicada pupa, into his arms.

“Did you hear that? I’ve already made a bold promise to my mom that I’ll bring you back to meet them. Once we get back to the city, I’ll set up a meeting for you two, and then we’ll discuss getting married.”

Alana’s body went limp; held tightly by the man, she melted into his arms like water. Her face flushed, and she murmured softly, “I heard you.”

Stephan curved his lips, slowly leaning closer to Alana, his warm breath swirling around her ear.

“I really want to take you home right now.”

Alana’s ears burned, and she couldn’t help but push him gently. “I need to get up soon. Grandma must be awake by now.”

Stephan reached out and gently tickled the tip of her nose. “I’ve been thinking about whether we should transfer Grandma to a hospital in the City. At the very least, the hospitals there are more advanced than the ones here.”

Alana thought to herself, his intentions were all too obvious, he just wanted to whisk her back to the city as soon as possible so she could meet his parents.

She chuckled, “Well, I can’t decide that right away. I need to discuss it with Grandma and ask her opinion first.”

Stephan realized she was right, he couldn’t rush things.

Alana hurriedly put on her clothes. Seeing the messy bed and the scattered traces left on it, she couldn’t help but blush.

Chapter 310 Tidy this place up

“You’d better tidy this place up, it’s a mess.”

Stephan smiled. “Leave it to me.”

Alana went to her grandmother’s hospital room. Sure enough, her grandmother had woken up.

A nurse was tending to her, feeding her breakfast.

Miranda and Joan had also arrived and were sitting in the room.

As soon as Miranda walked in, she saw the caregiver tending to the old lady and was quite surprised, after all, they hadn't planned on spending the money to hire a caregiver at first.

The caregiver wasn't someone they'd hired, so it was highly likely that...

Just then, Alana walked into the room.

Miranda seized the moment to ask, "Alana, why did you arrange for a caregiver for your grandmother? You did this on your own. We're not paying for this caregiver!"

Alana shot Miranda a glance. "Don't worry, you won't have to pay for it."

Hearing this, Miranda felt a surge of satisfaction.

She felt much more at ease now.

With a caregiver looking after the old lady, they wouldn't have to keep a constant watch on her themselves.

After all, caring for the elderly is a real hassle, she found it to be dirty, tiring work.

Joan glanced at Alana, then kept looking behind her, hoping to catch a glimpse of that man.

"Alana, where's your boyfriend? Isn't he coming with you today?"

She had made a real effort to look her best today, putting on makeup and styling her hair, hoping to salvage some of her image in his eyes.

Alana didn't say a word; she couldn't be bothered to respond to Joan.

Joan stomped her foot in frustration.

What's that sourpuss Alana getting so cocky about?

Did she really think that just because she was dating a rich boyfriend, she could act all high and mighty in front of her?

Hmph, she wasn't about to let that bitch have her way!

Alana took on the role of caregiver and personally fed her grandmother some porridge.

She noticed that Grandma didn't seem quite herself today; she looked a bit haggard and listless.

"Grandma, did you not sleep well last night?"

Grandma glanced at Alana, as if she wanted to say something but held back.

In the end, she just shook her head helplessly.

“It’s okay, Grandma’s fine.” Alana didn’t think much of it and patiently helped her grandmother finish her porridge.

When she was done, she took a tissue and wiped Grandma’s mouth.

Grandma saw how Alana personally attended to every detail for her, showing such thoughtfulness and patience.

But when she glanced over and saw Miranda and Joan acting as if none of this concerned them, she felt a surge of frustration.

Neither her daughter-in-law nor her granddaughter could hold a candle to her granddaughter’s thoughtfulness and warmth.

Grandma spoke up on purpose, “Lana, you’re so good to me, Grandma doesn’t have anything to repay you with.”

“When you get married someday, Grandma will prepare a generous dowry for you.”

Upon hearing this, Alana wanted to tell her grandmother that she had already received the wooden box yesterday, but with Miranda and Joan present in the hospital room, she held her tongue.

As soon as Miranda heard this, she couldn’t sit still. “Mom, what nonsense are you talking about! Her own parents aren’t even preparing anything for her. You’re not even her real grandmother, how could you possibly prepare a dowry for her?”

Joan was deeply resentful. “Grandma, Alana is just your fake granddaughter, while I’m your own flesh-and-blood granddaughter. Why are you preparing a dowry for her but not for me?”

Grandma was furious. “Look here, Alana is my granddaughter, and she takes care of me every day and even spends money to hire a caregiver. As for you, my own granddaughter, the moment you walk in, you just plop down in a chair and won’t budge. You barely say a couple of polite words to me and that’s it.”

“Your mother is just as bad as you. She promised to take good care of me at home as soon as I got out of the hospital, but as soon as I was discharged, she left me at home and didn’t even check on me.”

“I fell in the bathroom and nobody even knew. If the neighbors hadn’t found me in time, I would’ve died at the bathroom door, my body would’ve gone cold before any of you even noticed!”

“You ungrateful brats, and you have the nerve to say I’m biased toward Lana? Isn’t it only natural that I favor her? I treat well whoever is truly devoted to me, isn’t that perfectly normal?”

Miranda and Joan were left speechless by her retort.

But deep down, they didn’t approve of the old woman preparing a dowry for Alana. The old woman’s meager savings weren’t even enough for them to divide up.

If she were to use it for Alana’s dowry, what would be left for them to divide?

Thinking of this, Miranda couldn’t help but say, “Mom, where’s the little money you have on you, and the deed to the land back home? Why don’t you take it out and leave it with me? You’re getting on in years and your memory isn’t what it used to be. What if you forget where you put them and can’t find them? That would be a real hassle, wouldn’t it?”

Joan nodded. “That’s right. The house back home is up for demolition, it’s worth over four million. If you lose it, that four million will be gone!”

Grandma sneered, “You’re not really keeping it safe for me, you just want to keep it for yourself, don’t you? Don’t worry, my memory is still sharp. There’s no need for you to go to all that trouble.”

Miranda and Joan were speechless.

With their true intentions exposed, the mother and daughter fell silent for a moment.

Alana remained silent.

Just then, Stephan walked in, breaking the awkward silence.

“Grandma.” His tone as he called her “Grandma” had grown increasingly familiar and affectionate.

Seeing Stephan appear, Grandma’s face lit up with a smile again. “Hey, come here and keep Grandma company.”

Stephan immediately walked over and sat down next to Grandma, joining Alana.

Grandma looked at Stephan with a gentle gaze. “You’ve been here with Lana for several days now, haven’t you?”

“You’ve worked so hard, staying by her side all this time and running around taking care of everything for me. Alana told me that you covered the medical expenses for my surgery. And if you hadn’t promptly called in that doctor from the city to operate on me, I almost wouldn’t have made it out of the operating room.”

“You truly are my savior. Thank you.”

Stephan smiled. “Grandma, it’s only my duty. Lana cares about you and doesn’t want anything to happen to you, and I don’t want her to be sad or upset because of this either.”

Grandma sensed the sincerity in Stephan’s tone and said from the bottom of her heart, “You’re a good man. It’s Alana’s good fortune to have met you.”

Even her own family had nearly given up on her at a moment when her life was on the line.

And he was merely her granddaughter’s boyfriend, he had no responsibility or obligation to her, yet he still saved her without hesitation.

She was deeply grateful.

Stephan replied earnestly, “Grandma, meeting Alana has been a blessing for me, too. Without her, I might never have known how to love someone.”

Grandma smiled and nodded. “This child sure knows how to say things.”

Alana thought to herself, this was just standard procedure for Stephan.

But hearing those words come from his mouth, she couldn’t help but feel a warm glow in her heart.

Grandma couldn’t help but take both their hands and place them together. “Alright, you two must take good care of each other and stay together for the rest of your lives. I hope that in my lifetime, I’ll get to see Lana marry the man she loves, have children, and live a happy, fulfilling life.”

Hearing this, Stephan clasped Alana’s delicate little hand tightly with his long, strong fingers and said earnestly,

“Grandma, to make your dream come true, I’ll work twice as hard. Work twice as hard every single day!”

After saying this, he calmly glanced at Alana, as if waiting for her to share her thoughts.

Alana couldn’t help but feel her cheeks flush.

This man was so sly, he was saying all this on purpose.

Grandma looked at her and asked with a smile, “Lana, what about you?”

Stephan raised an eyebrow and gave Alana’s finger a gentle squeeze.

Alana bit her lip. “Grandma, I... I’ll do my best, too.”

Grandma couldn’t help but burst into laughter, her spirits lifted.

The atmosphere in the hospital room was lively.

Meanwhile, Miranda and Joan sat off to the side, feeling like two huge, bright, unwanted guests.

The mother and daughter had come with a specific purpose in mind.

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