

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

Chapter 311 Purely disgusting

But now, not only were they being ignored, they were also being subjected to a constant stream of romantic moments.

How could they possibly be in a good mood?

After a while, the doctor came over for Grandma's routine checkup.

Alana accompanied Grandma.

Stephan had a call to take and stepped outside for a moment.

Joan sensed her chance had come and quietly followed him out.

She saw him standing at the far end of the corridor by the window; his tall, slender silhouette was indescribably handsome.

As soon as he hung up the phone, Joan walked up to him and called out in a sweet, girlish voice, "Steph."

Hearing that deliberately high-pitched, syrupy voice, Stephan felt goosebumps rising on his skin.

Purely disgusting.

He turned around and saw it was Joan. Staring at her round, disk-like face, he frowned deeply.

"Who are you calling 'Steph'?"

Joan blinked, convinced her voice was sweet. "You, of course!"

Stephan glared at her. He really wanted to rip that mouth right off her face.

Joan deliberately stepped forward, closing the distance between them. "Steph, I was wrong about what happened last time. I shouldn't have treated you that way. I went back

and reflected on my mistakes. I decided to come apologize to you in person and ask for your forgiveness.”

“No need for an apology. Just get lost.”

Joan pretended not to understand. “Steph, are you really planning to marry my cousin, Alana?”

“I’ve watched Alana grow up since she was a child. I know what kind of person she is. She isn’t the innocent person you think she is.”

Stephan remained expressionless. “Oh? What kind of person is she?”

Joan said earnestly, “You know she was abandoned by her parents, right? But do you know why? Because she was a very bad child, full of lies, and she liked to do all sorts of underhanded, unsavory things. Her parents thought she was beyond saving, so they abandoned her.”

“And ever since she started living with my grandmother, she’s been coming to my house to steal things, taking my clothes and shoes back home. When I caught her, she wouldn’t even admit it!”

Stephan stared at Joan, a sudden icy chill emanating from his dark eyes.

For some reason, Joan felt a chill run through her entire body, and her limbs instantly went rigid.

What a terrifying look.

She felt a bit unsure of herself. “I... I’m telling the truth.”

“She doesn’t just steal from my house, she steals from other people’s homes too.”

“Plus, she hangs out with all sorts of men, she loves going to bars and nightclubs with them, and sometimes doesn’t come home for days on end.”

“I’m her cousin, so I know everything about her. Don’t let her innocent facade fool you.” Joan remembered that back in high school, she had had a crush on a boy and had pursued him relentlessly.

But that boy didn’t like her, he liked her desk partner instead.

What’s even more ridiculous is that the boy actually wanted her to deliver a love letter to her deskmate.

When she found out, she badmouthed her desk partner right in front of him, and eventually succeeded in making him dislike her.

And when they were children, she often used this same tactic to slander Alana. Because she was Alana cousin, someone close to Alana, everyone was willing to believe what she said.

As a result, Alana had hardly any friends growing up.

Many people thought Alana was a bad kid and disliked her.

So, she wanted to use the same tactic to slander Alana and make Stephan dislike her.

That way, Stephan wouldn't marry Alana.

But the moment she finished speaking, the man who had remained motionless suddenly reached out and clamped his hand tightly around her neck.

Joan's neck was suddenly gripped, and a suffocating sensation washed over her instantly, accompanied by the oppressive threat of impending death.

Her eyes widened in disbelief as she stared at the man who had suddenly attacked her. His face was taut and stern, and a surge of violent rage erupted from his dark eyes, chilling her to the bone.

"What makes you think I'd believe you?"

Stephan gripped Joan's neck, tightening his grip.

Veins bulged on his forehead, his pupils turned crimson, and his eyes blazed with savage fury.

To Joan, he looked like a terrifying demon crawling out of hell.

"Have you been slandering her like this all along?"

It was unimaginable that Alana had grown up enduring such slander.

Apart from her grandmother, who was closest to her, everyone around her had slandered and shunned her.

Just thinking about the rumors she'd endured since childhood made his chest ache so intensely it felt like it was about to explode.

Heartache and anger intertwined!

It was pitiful enough that she'd been abandoned by her parents as a child, why did she have to endure this as well? It was simply unforgivable!

At that moment, Stephan wanted nothing more than to crush the woman with the ugly face before him.

Joan felt as if the man were about to crush her bones; she couldn't breathe and couldn't utter a single word.

All she could do was stare wide-eyed.

The fear of death filled her eyes with tears, leaving her helpless and terrified.

Miranda had intended to sneak a peek at her daughter's progress, but in the blink of an eye, she saw her daughter's neck being choked.

Startled, she rushed over. "Oh my God, what are you doing?! Let go of my daughter right now!"

Joan's face was flushed crimson from the chokehold, and she was on the verge of suffocating and passing out.

Miranda rushed over and slapped Stephan's arm. "Let go of her right now! Or I'll call the police right now!"

Stephan frowned for a moment, then released Josh neck without hesitation.

Mainly, he didn't want to sully himself over this woman.

Besides, if he wanted to, he had plenty of ways to deal with her and make her suffer. She wasn't worthy of him doing it himself.

"Cough, cough, cough..."

Joan could finally catch her breath; she collapsed weakly to the ground, coughing violently.

Miranda quickly crouched down, wrapped her arms around Joan, and patted her back repeatedly to help her catch her breath.

Once Joan had finally recovered, she clutched her throat and stared at Stephan, still shaken.

For the first time, she deeply regretted having crossed paths with him.

Miranda also felt a twinge of regret. She never imagined this man could be so terrifying. Stephan looked down at the mother and daughter from above, his gaze fierce and his tone icy. "Remember this: if I ever hear another word of slander against Alana coming from either of you, I'll rip out your tongues and feed them to the dogs."

He paused. "I mean what I say."

He appeared calm, yet his words carried a chilling threat.

Joan and Miranda both shuddered uncontrollably in an instant, not daring to utter another word.

Joan had completely lost any desire to seduce him.

Her own life was more important than marrying a rich man.

Stephan paid no further attention to the two of them and walked back.

His tall, slender figure stood at the door of the hospital room.

The doctor had just finished examining her grandmother and left.

Alana was inside with her grandmother, never leaving her side.

He didn't go inside. Standing at the doorway, he watched the girl's slender, frail silhouette and thought of how she had been abandoned by her parents, subjected to all manner of ridicule and slander, and even bullied.

A wave of pain surged through his chest, as if something were crushing him, making it hard to breathe.

He had never imagined that this was the kind of life she had lived before. And she had never told him any of this.

The more he got to know her, the more his heart ached for her.

Apart from her grandmother, there was truly no one else who loved her. But it didn't matter.

From now on, he would be by her side and love her dearly.

Alana had no idea what Stephan had just been through.

When she saw the doctor leave, she said to her grandmother, "Grandma, I want to talk to you about something."

Her grandmother asked, “What is it?”

Alana said, “Grandma, Stephan and I have discussed it, and we’d like to take you to the city for further treatment.”

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Chapter 312 The temple

“The medical standards there are higher; if you go, the treatment might be more effective.”

Her grandmother paused for a moment. To be honest, she had never left her village in her entire life, let alone visited another city.

She’d heard that the capital was a bustling metropolis, far more vibrant than this place.

Everyone wants to venture out, to go to better, more bustling places to see the world.

But she was getting old; she didn’t yearn for those things. She just wanted to tend to her own little plot of land and live out the rest of her days in peace.

Lately, she’d felt her body growing weaker day by day.

Perhaps it was because of the two surgeries she’d undergone, or perhaps it was simply old age, her body was gradually giving out.

She didn’t know when she might pass away, it could happen suddenly.

Grandma fell silent for a moment, then sighed softly. “Lana, Grandma knows you’re doing this for my own good. But won’t taking me to the city for treatment cost even more money?”

“I’m doing just fine right now. I’ll just stay here, follow my treatment plan, and wait to be discharged. You don’t need to go to all that trouble for me.”

Alana took her grandmother’s hand, her beautiful features radiating sincerity.

“Grandma, but going to the city will be more effective for your treatment. I also hope you’ll recover as soon as possible, stay healthy, and live a long, happy life.

Money isn’t an issue. I just want you to be well.”

Grandma smiled. "Silly girl. I'm doing just fine right now? As long as I stay here and follow the doctors' orders, everything will be fine. Don't worry, I'm looking forward to seeing you get married."

Alana felt a pang of sadness. "Grandma..."

Seeing Alana's reaction, Grandma had a hunch. Having watched her grow up, how could she not know what was on her mind?

"Tell me the truth, are you secretly hoping to go back to the city with your boyfriend?"

Alana bit her lip. "No."

Grandma patted her hand. "Don't lie to Grandma. I can tell. If you want to go back, just go. Don't worry about me. I've come through the surgery safely now, what else could possibly happen? Besides, you can't stay with Grandma forever. You have your own life to live, and so does he. You can't put your own lives on hold just for my sake."

Alana shook her head. "I still think staying with you is more important."

Grandma sighed. "Oh, you silly girl."

Alana thought to herself, So be it if she was silly.

Grandma was getting old, and she didn't know how much longer she could be with her.

She just wanted to spend as many days with her as she possibly could.

Grandma had taken care of her since she was a child; now that she was grown up, it was her turn to take care of Grandma.

Stephan had been listening at the door and had heard enough; he slowly walked in.

"Grandma, actually, I was planning to take Lana back to meet my parents to discuss things. This might take some time. If you could go with us for further treatment, Alana wouldn't have to make the back-and-forth trips, which would save a lot of trouble."

Hearing this, Grandma looked at Stephan in surprise. "Is that why?"

Stephan nodded. "Yes. I want to marry her as soon as possible, I'm not just saying this."

Grandma understood. "So that's the reason."

She looked at Alana, both exasperated and amused. "You silly girl, why didn't you tell me sooner?"

Alana kept her head down, too embarrassed to speak.

Stephan walked over to Alana, patted her on the shoulder, and said to her grandmother, “Grandma, don’t worry about the medical expenses in the city, I’ll cover them all.”

Upon hearing this, Grandma immediately shook her head. “But... how can I let you cover all of that? You’ve already done more than enough for us.”

Stephan said earnestly, “This is nothing. From now on, we’re family. It’s only natural for family to help one another.”

Besides, he was genuinely grateful to Grandma.

He was grateful that she had raised Alana to be so wonderful, gentle yet strong.

Grandma’s eyes welled up with emotion. “You’re such a sweet man...”

Alana blushed and seized the moment to say, “Grandma, just agree to it. Give him a chance to prove himself.”

Grandma thought to herself, now that she’d said that, she couldn’t very well refuse.

After all, she couldn’t possibly stand in the way of her granddaughter’s happiness.

She nodded. “All right, I agree.” Grandma hasn’t been to the capital either, so this is a good chance to go take a look.”

Hearing Grandma’s agreement, Alana and Stephan couldn’t help but exchange a smile.

However, when Miranda and the rest of the relatives found out about Grandma’s plan to go to a hospital in the capital for treatment, their first reaction was to refuse.

After all, medical expenses in the capital would be much higher.

But once they learned that Stephan would cover all the medical expenses, they readily agreed.

After all, it wasn’t coming out of their pockets, so they figured Grandma could go to whichever hospital she wanted.

Besides, they’d never even been to a big city like the capital.

Now, they could see that Stephan was truly wealthy, and not just moderately so.

They figured that since Alana had married such a wealthy man, they might be able to get a little something out of it too.

After all, they were family.

Surely Alana wouldn't just fly up to the top of the tree and become a phoenix, only to forget about her relatives?

After all, they'd known her since she was a child; she couldn't possibly be so heartless and ungrateful.

And so, the decision to transfer Grandma to a hospital in the city was finalized.

Stephan even arranged a private jet, planning to have Grandma fly to the city on the private plane.

When Miranda and the other relatives heard that Stephan even owned a private jet, they were filled with envy, jealousy, and resentment.

Goodness gracious, they'd never even had the chance to fly on a plane.

This man actually owns a private jet, just how much money, wealth, and status does he have?

They hadn't seen much of the world and dared not even imagine it.

Arranging a private jet takes some time.

During the few days Stephan stayed on, the family treated him like a prized piece of meat, going out of their way to flatter him.

They brought him tea and poured him water, practically treating him like a deity.

Even toward Alana, they were all smiles and deference.

Day after day, they kept repeating how they were all one loving family, trying to brainwash Alana.

Alana ignored it all.

When she was struggling, they had mocked and scorned her, eager to keep their distance.

Now that she was doing well, they were all fawning over her. The speed of their changed behavior was unbearable to her.

After shaking off those shameless and clingy relatives, Alana turned to Stephan and said, "By the way, Stephan, before we leave, I want to take you somewhere."

Stephan asked, "Where?"

Alana gave a mysterious smile. “You’ll find out once you come with me.”

Soon enough, Stephan would find out exactly where Alana was taking him. It was a temple.

And it’s a temple with nine hundred and ninety-nine steps.

Stephan recalled that Cole had once boasted to him that Alana had climbed a temple with 9,999 steps to get him a string of sandalwood prayer beads.

Could this be the very one standing before them?

Alana led him to the temple entrance and said earnestly, “Stephan, I remember I promised you I’d get you a string of sandalwood beads for good luck. Since I’m back here, I want to get you a set.”

“I’ve heard this temple is particularly powerful. As long as you make a sincere wish from the heart, the deities inside will grant your wish.”

Stephan shot Alana a glance. “That’s clearly superstition, unrealistic and nihilistic. You actually believe in that?”

Hmph. Just thinking about how this woman had once sincerely prayed for a string of beads for another man made him furious.

Alana pouted. “I’ve also heard that if a couple comes together and sincerely prays for a pair of sandalwood beads for each other, vowing to stay together for a lifetime, they’ll be together forever, until they grow old, until death do them part, and remain together through life and death.”

Stephan’s expression immediately softened. He took Alana’s small hand. “Come on, let’s go inside and get a set together.”

Her expression changed in an instant.

The temple wasn’t large, but it was well-maintained, and many people came every day to burn incense and pray.

Alana and Stephan bought incense outside the gate. At every Buddha statue, they lit incense and earnestly made wishes from the bottom of their hearts.

Finally, they each received a string of sandalwood beads and placed them on each other’s wrists.

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Chapter 313 Firmly bound together

With these prayer beads on their wrists, it was as if their lives were now firmly bound together, never to be parted.

Alana looked up at him, her eyes sparkling. “Stephan, I’ve kept my promise to you.”

Stephan curved his lips into a smile. He said nothing, but simply leaned down and kissed her soft, delicate lips.

Before they knew it, the sun had already dipped below the mountain ridge.

Bathed in the glow of the evening sky, the entire landscape, from the heavens to the earth, was bathed in a brilliant orange hue, warm and romantic.

The maple groves on the mountain swayed in the breeze, as if dancing in celebration of the beautiful sunset.

Everything looked so beautiful.

Seeing this scene, Alana felt that all the fatigue she’d accumulated over the past few days had been instantly healed.

Stephan felt the same way.

With a loved one by his side, sharing each other’s company, that was all that mattered.

Stephan bent down and knelt in front of Alana. “It’s getting late. Come on, I’ll carry you down the mountain.”

Alana’s cheeks flushed slightly. “No need. I can still walk down on my own.”

But Stephan took her hand without a word, pulled her onto his back, hooked his arms around her slender legs, and hoisted her up.

Alana let out a startled gasp and had no choice but to lie face-down on his back. Her legs instinctively wrapped tightly around his waist and abdomen to keep from slipping, and her arms naturally wrapped around his neck.

His back was firm, broad, and sturdy. Being carried by him felt warm and powerful, giving her an indescribable sense of security.

She bit her lip. “Stephan, put me down. I told you, you don’t need to carry me.”

There was still a long way down the mountain, and she didn't want him to get tired. Besides, they'd pass many people on the way back, and she felt a bit self-conscious.

Stephan gave her a gentle jiggle. "Don't you think it's romantic, with the sun setting and the last rays of light fading, for me to carry you down the mountain?"

"Hm?" She hadn't really thought of it that way; she was just worried he'd get tired.

Stephan chuckled, "You're completely immune to romance."

Alana gasped.

Stephan asked softly, "Lana, what wish did you just make?"

Alana blinked and said playfully, "I... hoped Grandma stays healthy and lives to be a hundred years old."

Stephan frowned. "Is that the only wish you made?"

"That's it."

Stephan couldn't help but give Alana a light slap on the butt, neither too hard nor too soft. "Alana!"

She burst out laughing, "I was just kidding! I also made a wish that my boyfriend will be happy and healthy for the rest of his life, and that everything good goes his way. I also wished to be with him for the rest of my life, through thick and thin."

Stephan's Adam's apple bobbed slightly.

This silly girl... why didn't she make a wish for herself? He'd rather she'd made a wish that included herself a little more.

Alana lay on top of him, her warm breath brushing against his ear.

"What about you?"

"What did you wish for?"

Stephan's thin lips parted slightly. "I wished that Alana will always be happy and always be blessed. I'm wishing to be with her for the rest of my life, forever and ever."

Alana paused in surprise. So, just like her, his wish was for them to be together.

Except that her wish included not only him, but also her grandmother.

But his wish was only for her...

Alana felt an indescribable surge of emotion, and her eyes began to well up with tears.

She couldn't help but hold him tightly, burying her face in his shoulder, her tears unconsciously soaking the fabric of his shirt.

"Stephan, thank you."

Thank you for making that wish for her. And what a beautiful wish it was.

She was so touched.

Stephan found it amusing. "Silly girl."

She had made a wish for him, too.

"Alana, we already agreed, you're going to marry me. You can't go back on your word."

Alana's eyes welled up, and she said with a slight catch in her voice, "Mm-hmm, I won't go back on my word."

"I, Alana Martin, will marry no one but Stephan Hudson in this lifetime."

Stephan tilted his head back slightly, his full, handsome forehead and eyes brimming with laughter. "I, Stephan, will marry no one but Alana in this lifetime!"

Alana couldn't help but smile, hugging him even tighter.

The sunset was beautiful.

Bathed in the glow of the sunset, the sight of the man carrying the woman down the mountain was even more beautiful.

In that moment, both of them felt a deep desire to keep walking together, for the rest of their lives.

Back at the hotel.

Stephan received a phone call.

After hanging up, he said to Alana, "The flight itinerary has been finalized. We can take off tomorrow."

Alana's eyes crinkled with a smile; it seemed they could arrange for her grandmother to go to the city for treatment tomorrow.

She stepped forward and wrapped her arms around his lean waist, standing on tiptoe to kiss his sensual, full lips. "You've worked so hard."

Stephan curved his lips. "If you think I've worked hard, then reward me properly."

Alana's face flushed slightly. Suppressing her shyness, she gently placed her soft, delicate hand on the buckle of his belt...

Noticing Alana's gesture, Stephan's breathing quickened slightly.

He clenched his teeth slightly. "In such a hurry?"

Alana instinctively pulled her hand back; she wasn't quite that bold after all. "If you don't want it, then never mind..."

Stephan quickly pulled her hand back. "I want it! And not just once!"

Next, Alana was pinned down on the bed by the man...

Stephan raised his upper body slightly, revealing his sexy, defined muscles.

He gazed down at the woman beneath him, her face flushed and her expression alluring.

"Should we turn off the lights?"

Alana blushed as she wrapped her arms around his muscular frame and slowly shook her head.

"No need. I want... to see you a little more clearly."

Stephan curved his lips. "As it happens, I was thinking the same thing."

The bedside lamp remained on. The silhouettes of the two figures on the bed cast shifting shadows on the wall.

The air was stiflingly hot and humid.

Intimate, passionate sounds echoed endlessly.

And this was only the beginning; the night was still long.

She had to admit, Stephan is really something. He said it wouldn't be just once, and it really wasn't.

If he didn't have important business to attend to tomorrow, he might not have let her go all night.

After their moment of pleasure, the two embraced and fell into a deep sleep.

Meanwhile, Agnes learned from Miranda that the old woman was going to be transferred to a hospital in the city for treatment.

"Why go to a hospital there?"

Miranda replied, "The old lady is still in very poor health, and the medical standards here aren't very high, so we're transferring her to a hospital there for better treatment."

Agnes thought to herself that transferring her to a hospital was for the best; that way, she wouldn't have to make the back-and-forth trips anymore.

Besides, if she stayed in this village too long, Henry would have something to say about it.

Since she'd arrived here, Henry had urged her more than once to return immediately.

Besides, Jamin was still young, at an age when he needed his mother's companionship.

In the past, because of her selfishness, she had abandoned her young daughter.

Now, she just wanted to pour all the love she had never given her daughter into this son.

"All right, I understand. Which hospital are you planning to transfer her to?"

Miranda scratched his head. "I think it's a hospital called Peking Union Medical College Hospital."

Agnes froze for a moment. That was the most famous hospital in the city.

Ordinary people couldn't even get their foot in the door there.

How did Miranda and the others manage to get her admitted?

Plus, the treatment costs during her stay would be exorbitant, something an ordinary family simply couldn't afford.

