

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

Chapter 314 So prestigious

Agnes couldn't help but ask, "Sister-in-law, Peking Union Medical College Hospital is extremely well-known, it's practically the top-ranked hospital in the city. It's not a place just anyone can get admitted to for treatment. Are you sure you can get her admitted there?"

Miranda was taken aback; she hadn't realized the hospital was so prestigious.

Besides, it wasn't her who had arranged it, it was Alana's boyfriend.

But she didn't want Agnes to know that.

If Agnes found out that Alana's boyfriend had arranged it, wouldn't that expose the fact that she had previously badmouthed him in front of Agnes?

Besides, she still wanted to squeeze more money out of Agnes.

Miranda thought for a moment and came up with an excuse: "Well, I have a relative who works at a hospital over there, so I asked him to pull some strings and get the old lady admitted."

Agnes heard this and didn't think much of it.

After all, she hadn't been back in a long time and wasn't very familiar with Miranda's connections.

"But if you take her to Peking Union Medical College Hospital, the medical bills won't be cheap, they might even be several times higher than before."

Miranda had been waiting for Agnes to say exactly that. "Of course I know that. But aren't you the one with the money, my dear? You can cover the medical expenses for the hospital."

Agnes' expression immediately changed.

Hearing Miranda's matter-of-fact tone, it was as if she was expected to cover the medical expenses.

It wasn't that she was unwilling to pay, after all, she hadn't gone back in years, but since the old lady had taken care of her daughter, it was only fair for her to contribute a little more.

But she had already contributed quite a bit.

Henry had always wanted to keep her from having much contact with her family. If he found out she'd been sending them money all this time, he'd definitely be furious.

Agnes asked, "Sister-in-law, I just transferred two million to you a few days ago. Have you already spent it all?"

"That's only two million. It won't last more than a few days in the city. For treatment, let's just say you'll need to give another ten million."

Agnes' fingers trembled. Ten million?

She wasn't a bank, how could she just whip up ten million like that?

"Sister-in-law, I can't come up with that much."

Upon hearing this, Miranda immediately erupted into a tirade. "Agnes, how dare you refuse to pay? You've been away for so many years. Every other person, and I have been running the household from top to bottom. We've also taken meticulous care of the old lady and your daughter, we've never neglected them."

"But look at you, you just packed your bags and left all those years ago, never once checking in on your daughter. Now that you've made it big and hooked up with a rich man, the old lady needs money for treatment, and you won't even pay for her medical bills. How could there be a woman as heartless and ruthless as you?"

"The old lady is like your mother since you lost your mother at an early age, you even called her mom! She really raised you for nothing all those years..."

"If Mom knew... she's fighting for her life in the hospital right now, while you're out there living the high life in a wealthy household, what would she think? If I were her, I'd want to wring your neck!"

Agnes' face turned an unnatural pallor in an instant.

Miranda's words were as sharp as a series of razor-sharp knives, piercing deep into the core of her heart.

Unable to refuse any longer, she agreed with trembling lips, “All right, I’ll find a way to raise the money for Mom’s medical bills.”

Upon hearing this, Miranda was instantly satisfied. “That’s more like it. Remember, transfer it to my bank account.”

With that, she hung up the phone and muttered a curse under her breath with a smirk. “What an idiot!”

The next morning, Stephan went to the hospital with Alana, then set about arranging for his grandmother to be transferred to another hospital.

The private jet had already arrived at the airport; all that remained was to take Grandma there.

In addition to Alana and Stephan, a group of medical staff accompanied them.

That way, if any emergencies arose with Grandma on the plane, they could be handled promptly.

Miranda and the others insisted on going to the city with them, claiming that since it was a rare occasion for the elderly woman to travel far for medical treatment, they couldn’t rest easy and had to go along.

Alana told them to buy their own plane tickets.

Miranda and the others refused, insisting on hitching a ride on Stephan’s private jet. They claimed that flights to the city were too expensive and they couldn’t bear to waste the money.

It was truly a case of having their cake and eating it too.

Stephan said bluntly, “Sorry, the plane is full. There’s no room for you. If you don’t want to waste money on plane tickets, you don’t have to go.”

Upon hearing this, Miranda and the others were furious but dared not speak up.

After all, the plane belonged to Stephan, and he had the final say.

About two hours later, the plane landed safely in the city.

Under Stephan's arrangements, Grandma was successfully admitted to Peking Union Medical College Hospital for further examination.

The results were identical to those from the hospital in the countryside: there was still some residual blood clotting in her brain.

This blood clot would put pressure on the brain nerves, causing occasional bouts of pain. Given her advanced age, she might not be able to withstand this.

Therefore, the immediate priority was to completely clear the blood clots.

Peking Union Medical College Hospital quickly admitted Grandma for inpatient treatment.

By the time all the paperwork was processed, it was already nearly evening.

Grandma was so exhausted that she lay down in bed to rest.

Stephan arranged for two caregivers to take turns looking after her, then planned to return home with Alana to rest.

Back at his house, Alana and Stephan felt as though they had returned to the comfort of home; their fatigue melted away instantly.

They embraced each other and reclined on the sofa.

Alana nuzzled her cheek against his chest and murmured instinctively, "It's still so much more comfortable at home."

Stephan felt a ticklish sensation on his chest from her nuzzling and playfully pinched her cheek. "You've already started thinking of this place as home?"

Alana couldn't help but blush, then lifted her head and gave him a playful wink. "Is that not allowed?"

Stephan curved his lips. "Sure. I'd love nothing more."

A sweet warmth spread through Alana's heart. She tilted her pretty face upward and continued to look at him. "Speaking of which, why did you arrange for Grandma to be admitted to Peking Union Medical College Hospital? If I recall correctly, your mother works at Peking Union Medical College Hospital."

She recalled that the very next day after they'd slept together, she'd gone to Peking Union Medical College Hospital, and by some strange coincidence, she'd ended up seeing his mother.

Even more coincidentally, she'd run into him there. Thinking back to that time, when he pretended to be a doctor and examined her, she still couldn't help but feel a mix of shyness and awkwardness.

Seeing Alana blush, Stephan's lips curved slightly. "Remembering now?"

Alana couldn't help but punch him lightly in the chest with her clenched fist. "Stephan, come clean. Back then, did you do that on purpose?"

He raised an eyebrow. "On purpose?"

She bit her lip, finding it hard to bring herself to say, "You know...when you were examining that part of me..."

Stephan curved his lips into a wicked, mischievous smile. "You're just figuring that out now? Isn't it a little too late?"

Alana's face flushed bright red. "You rascal!"

So he'd had his eye on her from the very beginning.

Even though he'd recognized her, he'd pretended to be a doctor and kept stringing her along. And she, being so naive, just let him fool her like that.

She even took off her pants so he could examine her.

Thinking back on it now, it was utterly humiliating.

Stephan smiled, took her soft little hand, and leaned down to kiss it. "This bad boy has been plotting against his little white rabbit for quite some time."

Alana's heart began to race uncontrollably again.

He's way too good at flirting, isn't he?

It's just too much to resist.

"But, you arranged for my grandmother to stay at your mother's hospital. What if I run into your mother there?"

Hearing this, Stephan's eyes twinkled with a hint of mischief. "If you see her, just call her 'Mom.' She'll definitely be thrilled to hear it."

The moment she heard this, Alana instantly recalled the embarrassment of the last time she'd run into his mother at a restaurant and, in a panic, had blurted out "Mom."

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Chapter 315 Might burst

“Don’t mention it... it was so embarrassing.”

Stephan raised an eyebrow. “Why is it embarrassing? You were just speaking from the heart. At the end of the day, you’re just dying to call my mother ‘Mom’ yourself.”

“Stephan!”

Alana’s face was so red it felt like it might burst. She struggled to pull herself up from his embrace.

But he still held her tightly. He gazed at her flushed cheeks, teasing her on purpose with a mischievous grin. “What’s the matter? Did I hit a nerve?”

Alana was too embarrassed to answer him.

Stephan thought his girlfriend was too adorable; he couldn’t resist cupping her chin and leaning down to kiss her lips, once, then again.

He smiled reassuringly at her. “Don’t worry, my mom won’t eat you. Just greet her openly and confidently when you see her.”

Alana blinked, “But she doesn’t know I’m your girlfriend yet. She still thinks I’m a hired cleaning lady.”

It was one thing not to bring this up, but the moment she did, Stephan remembered how she’d once spread rumors to his mother that he wore skirts and danced ballet.

Stephan couldn’t help but pinch her cheek a little harder, making her lips pout, pink and plump.

“And you have the nerve to bring that up? You made your own bed; you’ll have to lie on it.”

Alana startled, a flicker of panic crossing her beautiful eyes, making her look like a frightened little rabbit.

“Aren’t you going to help me anymore?”

Stephan chuckled. That was a lie, of course he’d help her.

But his inner mischief got the better of him, and he wanted to tease her. “Who told you to spread rumors to my mom that I wear skirts and dance ballet?”

Alana realized just how terribly wrong she’d been last time.

She grabbed his finger with her small hand and shook it gently, looking pitiful.

“I was wrong. Please, have mercy and help me?”

Stephan curved his lips, savoring the girl’s sweet, coy pouting, “Call me ‘My darling Husband.’”

Her eyes widened.

Now he was getting even more demanding.

Stephan felt a tingle of excitement. “Hurry up, say it.”

Alana blushed, yielding to the man’s domineering presence.

“My... darling husband...”

A soft, delicate voice spilled from her lips, like heavenly music that instantly brought the man to ecstasy.

Stephan let out a low groan; his body felt as if struck by an electric current, leaving him tingling all over.

It was absolutely intoxicating!

Alana seemed to sense something; she looked down and blushed instantly.

“You... you... you...”

Stephan couldn’t take it anymore; he pinned her down. “Forget it... let’s just do it first!”

Alana really couldn’t stand his boundless energy, ready to go at any time, anywhere.

He’d been running around all day dealing with Grandma’s affairs, how could he possibly still have the mind and energy to do that with her?

With that thought in mind, she asked him, her eyes sparkling with curiosity.

Stephan rolled the person beneath him over, pressing his muscular, solid body down against hers, their bodies pressed together intimately.

He leaned down to her ear, his breath warm.

“For me, doing this is like recharging my batteries! The more we do it, the more charged up I get!”

Alana blinked.

This man was a god.

She finally managed to satisfy for that night.

Alana lay limp in the man’s arms. “Getting back to the point, what are you planning to do next?”

The woman in his arms was soft and supple, every inch of her exuding a delicate charm that made him unable to put her down, and utterly addicted to her.

Stephan gently caressed her soft, porcelain-smooth cheek, a faint smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

“It’s simple. I’ll arrange for you to meet my parents, and all our problems will be solved.”

Alana bit her lip. “That’s easier said than done. Just the thought of meeting your parents makes me...”

“What exactly?”

“I get really nervous.”

Stephan found it amusing. “Aren’t I here?What’s there to be nervous about?”

Alana muttered, “I’m still nervous even with you here.”

After all, she’d already made a fool of herself in front of his mom several times without even realizing it.

She couldn’t even imagine what expression his mother would have on her face when she saw her.

Stephan gently stroked the back of her head, a smile playing at the corners of his mouth. “Don’t worry, I’ve got this. Whether it’s big or small, I’ll take care of it. All you have to do is hide behind me and not worry about a thing.”

Alana thought for a moment. “Then at least tell me what you plan to do, so I have some idea of what to expect.”

Stephan asked her in return, “Then tell me first, what are you worried about?”

“I...”

Alana was at a loss for words.

What was she worried about, really?

It was simply that she was afraid his parents wouldn’t like her, afraid they’d look down on her background.

She was afraid they’d think the gap in their social status was too great, and then force them to break up.

There were just too many concerns. Plus, there was still a bit of a misunderstanding between her and his mother.

Like that time at the hospital, his mother thought she had a boyfriend, but that wasn’t the case at all. Those marks on her body were all caused by Stephan.

And that time, claiming to be a cleaner... his mother misunderstood that too.

Alana sighed, heavily.

If she meets his mother, will she be mistaken for a con artist?

And a very calculating one at that.

Just thinking about it was upsetting.

Stephan sighed, cupped her face in both hands, locked his dark eyes on hers, and said earnestly.

“Sweetheart, you have to trust me, and you have to trust yourself, okay? Don’t give up before you’ve even tried. I understand your concerns, but as long as you haven’t actually gone through it, those concerns aren’t real, they’re just figments of your imagination. Don’t put so much pressure on yourself. Maybe, once we actually meet them, none of the things you’re worried about will even happen.”

Alana looked into the man’s deep, determined eyes and couldn’t help but waver. “All right.”

Stephan curved his lips and leaned down to kiss her forehead. “Good girl.”

Alana's cheeks flushed slightly. "So when do you plan to arrange for me to meet your parents?"

Stephan playfully pinched her cheek. "In a couple of days. You just got back home and aren't in the best shape. I'll give you some time first to rest up and get your energy and spirits back. Then I'll let my parents know and arrange the meeting."

Hearing this, Alana breathed a slight sigh of relief.

She had thought Stephan would be eager to have her meet his parents as early as tomorrow.

If things moved too fast, she would indeed find it hard to adjust.

Besides, she'd been taking care of her grandmother all this time and worrying about her health, which had left her feeling completely worn out.

She needed to get some proper rest so she'd be in good shape to meet his parents.

She had to say, Stephan was such a wonderful man, he was always thinking of her.

Aww, she was so touched!

Alana's emotion was plain to see, and she couldn't help but wrap her arms around his neck. "Stephan, can we do it one more time?"

Stephan smiled, his expression gradually turning mischievous. "Alana, I've noticed you've been a bit sexually frustrated lately... Is this your way of trying to completely drain me dry?"

Alana blushed bright red and released his neck. "Never mind, never mind. I was just joking. You actually took me seriously."

Stephan grabbed her slender waist, so narrow it could be encircled with one hand, and pulled her onto his lap.

Leaning lazily back against the sofa, he gazed up at the irresistibly alluring beauty perched above him with his deep, piercing eyes. "I did take it seriously."

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Chapter 316 A big bad wolf

"I love it when you take the initiative to recharge me like this. Come on, baby. You know exactly what your man's capable of."

Alana bit her lower lip.

The next day.

When Alana woke up, her back and waist ached.

Her entire body was covered in countless marks, traces of her man's passion.

Recalling how ravenous he had been the night before, she swallowed hard.

Blushing, Alana dared not look too closely. "This man... such a big bad wolf."

She was alone in bed; Stephan had already left.

Alana picked up her phone and saw that he had sent her a message.

Stephan: [I'm at the office. A lot of project files have piled up lately, so I need to take care of them. Breakfast is ready. It's downstairs in the dining room. Once you're up, be sure to eat.]

[If it's cold, just pop it in the microwave to heat it up.]

Alana chuckled and replied, [Mm-hmm, got it.]

The man replied quickly, [Waking up at almost nine? You're such a sleepyhead.]

Alana rolled her eyes. Last night, she had no idea who had insisted on keeping her up and not letting her sleep.

This man!

Just as she was about to get up, a new message popped up.

But it wasn't from Stephan, it was from Eve.

Eve: [Hey girl, are you back in town?]

Alana replied, [Yeah, I just got back yesterday. I brought my grandma back with me for further treatment.]

Eve asked with concern, [Is Grandma okay? Is it serious?]

Alana: [She's doing okay for now, but the blood clot in her brain hasn't dissipated yet, so she needs to continue treatment.]

Eve breathed a sigh of relief.

Eve: [That's good.]

Alana hesitated for a moment, but decided to share the news with Eve anyway.

[Eve, I'm getting ready to meet my boyfriend's parents.]

Eve was shocked.

[Huh? Meet the parents? So soon? Are you planning to get engaged or married?]

Alana: [Yeah, pretty much. While I was back home taking care of my grandmother, Stephan was always by my side, encouraging me, supporting me, helping me, and never abandoned me. Even when he found out I had no parents, and even discovered I had a bunch of relatives who would eat me alive, he didn't turn his back on me. He stood by me steadfastly.]

[That was the moment I realized he was the man I wanted to spend the rest of my life with.]

Eve reflected with emotion; she had no idea that Alana and Stephan had actually been through so much.

If what Alana said was true, Stephan was indeed a man worthy of her trust.

[In that case, go ahead and bravely pursue the one you love. As long as you feel happy, that's all that matters.]

Alana couldn't help but ask, [What about you? How are things going with your boyfriend so far?]

Eve pouted.

[Things between him and me are still the same as always, nothing's changed.]

Alana sighed.

[No matter what, Eve, I hope you find happiness too.]

Eve smiled. [For me, having money to splurge is happiness.]

Alana paused for a moment, then smiled too. Indeed, everyone has a different definition of happiness.

So she couldn't use her own standards of happiness to define Eve's.

It was getting late.

After finishing her chat with Eve, Alana got up, brushed her teeth, washed her face, and ate breakfast.

After all, she still had to go to the hospital to visit her grandmother.

As for Eve, she was getting ready to get up as well.

After all, her good-for-nothing boyfriend was away on a business trip and hadn't returned yet, so she finally had a chance to catch her breath these past few days.

Otherwise, she'd be worn out every single day, her back was about to give out.

Eve brushed her teeth, washed her face, and stepped out of the bathroom to grab her phone and order some takeout.

Suddenly, the bedroom door clicked open. A tall, imposing figure slipped silently into the room.

Eve lay on the bed, phone in hand, intently scrolling through social media to browse takeout options.

"For breakfast, do I want congee or rice noodles? Why not order both? I never gain weight no matter what I eat." Eve happily selected a bowl of preserved egg and lean pork congee and a serving of snail noodles, ready to place her order.

Little did she know that a figure was gradually closing in on her from behind.

Suddenly, Eve felt a weight on her as a heavy, muscular body pressed down on her.

Before she could react, a large hand grabbed the back of her neck and turned her around.

What met her was a man's fierce, intense kiss.

"Mmm..."

Eve stared wide-eyed in shock at the handsome face mere inches from hers.

Good heavens, wasn't he supposed to be on a business trip?

Why did he suddenly come back? And he didn't even give her a heads-up when he came back.

The man's large hand slid up from the back of her neck, slowly making its way until it was deeply embedded in the soft strands of hair at the nape of her neck.

He loosened his grip slightly, his thin lips still pressed against hers in a suggestive manner. His voice was low, rich, and commanding. "Close your eyes."

Eve instinctively closed her eyes.

The next second, what awaited her was an even more stormy kiss.

Just as she was about to suffocate, he finally released her and shifted his focus.

His sensual, warm lips moved inch by inch from her cheek to her delicate neck, then his long fingers gently pulled aside her thin shoulder strap. His lips pressed firmly against her skin, sucking deeply...

Eve couldn't help but bite her lip, her whole body going limp. She hadn't even noticed when her phone had slipped from her hand. This is killing me!

He's going all out the moment he gets back. The man's large, calloused hands boldly caressed her soft, delicate body, his hoarse voice thick with desire.

"Is that okay?"

Eve couldn't take it anymore; her eyelashes glistened with moisture.

She clearly wanted to refuse, but when she turned around, she saw that the man had already taken off his outer coat.

Wearing a black shirt, almost all the buttons were undone.

His sexy pectorals and well-defined eight-pack instantly caught her eye. That alluring, ruggedly masculine scent made her involuntarily swallow.

The words were on the tip of her tongue, but suddenly turned into: "You... be gentler..."

Hearing this, the man leaned in without hesitation...

Alana arrived at the hospital, and true to the saying, what she feared most came to pass.

Just as she was about to get into the elevator, she happened to run into Stephan's mother.

Standing at the elevator door, Alana's legs went weak with nervousness. Because inside the elevator were not only Cynthia, but also Darla.

Their eyes met, and all three were startled.

Cynthia was the first to recover, exclaiming, “Oh, isn’t this Miss Alana?”

Alana’s mouth fell open, her mind momentarily blank. “Dr. Cynthia.”

Cynthia smiled. “What a coincidence! What brings you to the hospital?”

“My... my grandmother is in the hospital. I’m here to stay with her.”

Cynthia nodded. “I see. Well, come on in, the elevator doors are about to close.”

Alana was already incredibly nervous inside; she had actually planned to wait for the next elevator.

But then she thought better of it, what had to be faced, had to be faced.

Rather than running away, she might as well take a brave step forward.

Besides, Stephan was right behind her.

With that in mind, she took a step forward and walked in.

All the while, Darla’s slightly sullen gaze remained fixed on her.

Cynthia asked, “Which floor is your grandmother on?”

Alana replied, “The twentieth floor.”

Cynthia was taken aback. “Oh, what a coincidence! That’s exactly the same floor we’re going to.”

Alana forced a smile, but she still couldn’t suppress the nervousness in her heart. What should she say?

What should she say to Stephan’s mother?

Should she bring up the subject herself?

Before she could figure it out, Cynthia spoke up again, “What’s wrong with your grandmother? Is it serious?”

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