

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

#Chapter 4 The Amnesia Game - Read Help! My One-Night Stand Is Examining Me?! Chapter 4 The Amnesia Game

When Stephan saw the woman standing before him, his heart nearly stopped.

Her.

The woman who had consumed his thoughts for days. The woman he'd been waiting to hear from, checking his phone obsessively, wondering why she never called.

He had left his number on that note by the nightstand—clearly, carefully written—expecting her to reach out. Any rational person would have seen it, would have contacted him.

But she never did.

For three days, he'd told himself she was just playing hard to get, or maybe she was as overwhelmed by their connection as he was. But as the silence stretched on, darker thoughts crept in. Maybe she truly saw it as nothing more than a meaningless hookup.

The possibility had eaten at him.

Now here she was, standing in his examination room, looking at him like he was the last person on earth she wanted to see.

He swallowed, fighting to maintain his professional composure while his pulse quickened.

They both stood facing each other, the silence tense and awkward—but for entirely different reasons.

Alana's mind raced. This couldn't be happening. The mysterious stranger from that night—he was a doctor? Here? Now?

Meanwhile, Stephan was studying her face, noting the way she avoided his gaze, the tension in her shoulders. She was clearly uncomfortable, clearly hoping he wouldn't recognize her.

The realization stung more than he cared to admit.

She finally decided to break the silence by clearing her throat.

"So... you... I..."

She didn't even know what to say.

Say something, Stephan thought, watching her struggle. Acknowledge what happened between us. Ask me why I left my number. Something.

But she didn't.

Was she being punished right now? This day just couldn't get any worse, could it? Her one-night stand examining her for potential STDs?

NO WAY!

"I just remembered, I have something urgent to handle. I'll come back another time."
She turned quickly toward the door.

"Wait." The word came out sharper than he intended.

He cleared his throat, forcing himself back into professional mode, even as every instinct screamed at him to demand answers.

If you want to play the amnesia game, then I'll play along to the end.

"If something brought you to the hospital, you should get proper medical attention. I don't know what concerns you might have or how serious they could be."

There was something commanding in his tone—not just professional authority, but personal frustration bleeding through.

She slowly turned around, watching as he moved to the physician's chair and sat down. He picked up a clipboard and pen, his movements deliberate, controlled.

When he looked at her again, those gray eyes held a challenge she couldn't quite decipher.

"Please, sit down," he said, his voice steady but with an undertone that made her stomach flip.

There was no escaping this situation. And wouldn't avoiding it make things worse?

She had no choice but to see this through.

Slowly, she sat down, clasping her hands together and trying to maintain her composure.

Stephan stared at the girl fidgeting across from him.

He found her amusing.

Holding a black pen, he asked in a calm and composed tone, "Name... age..."

Alana replied, "Alana Martin. Twenty-two..."

Stephan silently recorded the details, though his handwriting was notably different from the typical doctor's scrawl—neat, deliberate, more like someone accustomed to signing important documents than medical charts.

Deep down, he felt relieved. His thoughts had run to the possibility of her being a minor.

That night, he recalled her being so small, her skin so soft and tender.

As he continued writing, he asked, "So what brings you here? What are your concerns?"

Wasn't she pretending not to remember? Then let her say it herself.

Alana felt like disappearing at that moment.

She had always been awkward around male doctors, but now that awkwardness had tripled.

How was she supposed to talk about this?

Should she say,

Hey, I slept with you the other night, you went at it for hours and now I'm in severe pain, plus a headache and oh, I think you might have given me some disease.

Alana winced at that thought.

Under the man's deep, steady gaze, she finally found her voice.

"I... I have... I feel pain in the area... in my legs..." She stuttered, becoming a blushing mess.

Stephan immediately understood what she meant and his fingers tightened around his pen.

But outwardly, he pretended to be clueless.

"What area? Please be specific."

Oh God! Alana needed divine intervention at this point.

"I... I... the area..." She tried giving hints with her hands and pointing.

Stephan's Adam's apple rolled convulsively.

A strange heat surged through his body and he tried to remain calm.

"Did the pain start on its own? Did you do anything that led to it? Please be as honest as possible."

Of course Alana knew it was wrong to lie to a doctor, especially one who was supposed to treat her.

But this doctor... oh damn it!

She should have stayed home instead of going to Eve's gala.

She should have made up an excuse and just stayed home!

Stephan sighed as he watched her struggle to form the words. If she continued like this, he'd never get an answer.

"Sexual activity?" He formed the words for her, though there was something in his tone—less clinical curiosity and more personal interest.

With cheeks as red as a tomato, she nodded.

Stephan's voice grew husky. "Are you married? Or do you have a boyfriend?"

Seeing her shake her head, Stephan nodded with satisfaction and continued, deliberately slowing his tone.

"So it was with your sexual partner? Or perhaps..."

He paused, letting the words hang in the air.

"A one-night stand?"

When he said those words, Alana's entire body went rigid, and she dared not lift her head.

She had no idea that her current appearance was exactly like how she looked that night in bed—vulnerable, exposed, utterly at his mercy.

Stephan recalled being rough, going fast in hopes of satisfying the sudden arousal he felt, but the more he took her, the more unquenchable his desire became.

Recalling the bone-melting sensation of being inside her, Stephan shut his eyes briefly. Fuck! He was getting hard.

He took a deep breath and asked again, "What's wrong? Don't you remember?"

Alana still wouldn't speak.

"Well then," he said, his voice dropping to a dangerously low register, "go lie down over there, take off your pants, and spread your legs."

Only after these words left his mouth did Alana finally lift her head and meet his gaze directly.

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