

HELP! MY ONE-NIGHT STAND IS EXAMINING ME?!

Chapter 41 No sign

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Besides, that boyfriend of hers was irresponsible. He didn't believe the man could treat her well or protect her properly.

Stephan waited for a long time, seeing no sign that Alana was waking up. Sleeping like a log.

Was it really that comfortable sleeping on the car?

But then it suddenly occurred to her that Alana had been drinking earlier.

He'd drunk it too, and it was rather strong.

Likely, she was now utterly drunk and fast asleep.

Stephan gave the girl's cheek a light pat, gently, without any force.

"Can't very well leave you here, can I?"

The girl's brow furrowed slightly, but she remained unconscious.

He tapped her again, this time with a little more force.

Still no response.

Stephan chuckled softly, considered for a moment, then decided to drive her away.

Half an hour later, Stephan carried Alana out of the car and straight into his house.

He then laid her upon the bed in his bedroom.

Her body brushed against his grey bed as she rolled over, resting her head on his pillow and clutching his duvet. She drifted back into a drowsy slumber, still unconscious.

Stephan tucked the duvet securely around her, mindful she might kick it off and catch a chill, carefully tucking in the bedding.

Then he stood by the bedside, observing her intently for a while.

Seeing the girl sleeping peacefully, neither kicking off the covers nor stirring, he felt reassured enough to switch off the light and leave the bedroom.

Alana slept soundly until dawn.

The bright light streaming through the window fell upon her eyelids, slightly dazzling her.

She frowned slightly, unable to resist rolling over, intending to drift back to sleep.

But...

Something felt off...

As she opened her eyes, she found herself in an exquisitely luxurious yet understated bedroom. She was lying on a large grey bed, wrapped in grey bedding, her head resting upon a grey pillow.

An entire bedroom brimming with masculine characteristics.

Moreover, she had been in this bedroom before.

She had lain upon this bed before.

She even recalled with crystal-clear clarity how she had been fiercely possessed and claimed by a man within these very walls.

Alana shot upright from the bed.

She was desperately trying to piece together what had happened last night.

How on earth had she ended up at his house with him, and how had she ended up in his bed, sleeping through the entire night in a haze?

Alas, it seemed her memory had gone blank shortly after getting into his car.

Ah, yes. She recalled feeling as though she'd passed out.

She'd had a bit to drink, her mind foggy.

Then, after that dangerous incident, her body relaxed and she simply drifted off.

And then?

Had he simply abducted her and taken her home?

That bastard!

He looked so proper and respectable, yet how could he commit such a rogueish act as abducting a girl back to his place?

Alana couldn't help but check her clothes.

She was still wearing yesterday's outfit, and nothing felt amiss.

It seemed... she hadn't been taken advantage of.

But she'd been asleep, she wouldn't have known if she had been taken advantage of. Moreover, she was lying in a man's bed, and it carried his distinctive masculine scent.

Biting her lip, Alana pulled back the covers and prepared to get out of bed.

Just then, a sound came from the doorway.

Startled, she burrowed back under the covers.

The door creaked open, and a tall, straight figure stepped inside.

He wore a grey shirt and black trousers.

The high-quality fabric, impeccably tailored, accentuated his slender frame with an air of cool elegance and refined sophistication.

The top two buttons of his shirt were undone, revealing his cold, white collarbone and hinting at the contours of his chest muscles.

This added an intangible allure to his cool, mature demeanour.

Alana saw the man enter and burrow deeper into her bedding.

Her clear, luminous eyes fixed on him with wary suspicion.

As though he were some terrifyingly dangerous individual.

Stephan paused in his steps, noticing the alarm in the girl's eyes. He gave a faint snort.

“Awake?”

Alana gritted her teeth and continued to glare at him. "You...how could you bring me to your house? What about your promise to take me home?"

“I did.”

“But you were snoring like a pig. No matter how much I tried, I couldn’t wake you, so I brought you back to my place.”

Hearing herself described as sleeping like a log, Alana flushed crimson. "I... I don’t believe it..."

He clearly hadn’t tried properly to wake her.

“If you don’t believe me, fine.”

He didn’t expected her to believe him anyway.

Alana couldn’t help but retort, "Stephan, you scoundrel!"

Stephan chuckled. "How am I a scoundrel?"

Alana flushed crimson, murmuring her complaint, "You... you took advantage of me while I was asleep, kidnapping me back to your place, and..."

Stephan laughed again, more exasperated than amused.

“I kindly brought you home and let you sleep in my bed. Not only do you not thank me, but you turn on me and call me a scoundrel?"

Alana’s face flushed crimson. "But... but you shouldn’t have brought me back to your place in the first place..."

Stephan retorted, "And leave you stranded on the road in the dead of night?"

Alana choked on her words, her face flushing crimson. She wanted to protest, but found herself unable to.

Stephan shot her a glance. "I’d just rescued you from a pack of thugs. If I’d dumped you on the road, wouldn’t other thugs have targeted you?"

Alana bit her lip, her voice faltering. "You... you could take me back to my place..."

Stephan’s tone was cool. "Right. Take you back to your place."

"In the dead of night, a man carrying a woman back to your place. If someone from your neighbourhood catches sight of you on the way, rumours will start flying tomorrow about you being loose, bringing a man home in the middle of the night."

He made such a convincing argument that she couldn't refute it.

Yet upon closer reflection, something felt distinctly off about it.

Before she could dwell on it further, the man fixed her with a piercing gaze.

"I've been running myself ragged all night for you. Not only did I gain nothing from it, but now I'm being accused and called a scoundrel. I've never met anyone so ungrateful."

"I suppose it was my own fault for meddling where I wasn't wanted. Good deeds go unrewarded, it seems."

His tone was so righteous it made Alana feel guilty.

She felt she'd judged him unfairly.

Her face flushed crimson. "I'm... I'm sorry..."

After all that, she was the one apologising to him.

Had she known, she wouldn't have been so impulsive in confronting him.

Stephan's thin lips curved in an almost imperceptible smile.

He strode directly towards the figure on the bed, leaning in close to her amidst her stunned and flustered gaze.

"You've wronged me, and you think a simple 'sorry' will suffice?"

The man's sudden proximity brought a dangerous aura that made Alana's breath catch. She instinctively took a step back.

But he noticed her movement, his large hand clasping her slender waist. With a slight tug, he drew her tightly into his embrace.

Her delicate frame pressed against his.

A faint, sweet fragrance of a young woman wafted towards him.

It made the man's throat tighten, his mind filled with distracting thoughts. "Ah, you... let go of me..."

Alana couldn't help but push her hands against his chest.

A pair of bright, bewildered eyes stared at him, clear and luminous as a fawn's, innocent and soft, pitifully helpless.

It begged to be teased mercilessly.

Stephan instantly recalled that night, when she lay on this very bed, yielding to his unrestrained demands. Those same beautiful eyes had glistened with such moisture then.

Her voice soft and tremulous, she'd whimpered and begged him for more and at the same time, begged to take break.

Stephan's body stirred with desire, his gaze upon the girl in his arms growing increasingly bold and provocative.

"I won't. You've wronged me unjustly, so you'd better make it up to me properly."

Her tone carried an air of entitlement that only deepened Alana's inner turmoil, making her yearn to flee.

Yet his arms clamped tightly around her waist, leaving her nowhere to hide, nowhere to run.

His body was hard and scorching.

Her body pressed against his, tightly, inseparable.

Her heart raced with growing panic and dread.

Alana's lips trembled slightly. "Ste...Stephan...although... although you did save me, and I am grateful, but... but that is all."

"If you demand anything improper of me, I absolutely refuse!"

Stephan observed the girl's stubborn, defiant expression and couldn't help but raise an eyebrow.

He hadn't expected her to be so principled.

"What do you mean by unreasonable demands?"

Her eyes shimmered, clear as crystal.

Her soft voice carried a hint of reproach.

"Demanding I kiss you is going too far!"

Stephan stared into her beautiful eyes and chuckled softly.

She knew his sordid little thoughts inside out.

But what he desired went far beyond a mere kiss.

"Rest assured, I never demanded you kiss me."

At least not yet.

Changing the subject abruptly,

His eyes gleamed as he added, "Though if you wish to, I wouldn't mind."

Alana couldn't help but blush, biting her lip as she replied, "I don't want to."

It was all because of last night, he'd startled her.

He'd made her fear he'd use this to demand something excessive from her.

Stephan, seeing her cheeks flush a delicate, alluring crimson, couldn't resist reaching out to pinch them.

The sensation was soft and tender.

He managed to suppress the physical desire he felt for her.

He said, "Join me for breakfast."

Alana stared at him wide-eyed.

As if to say, was it really just as simple as accompanying him for breakfast?

Surely he wouldn't poison her breakfast? Drug her? Make her submit to him in bed?!

Stephan saw right through her little thoughts and, amused, gave her a playful pinch on her delicate waist.

"What are you thinking? It's just food. No poison. Nothing at all! I couldn't bear to see you die."

The words 'couldn't bear to see you die' caught Alana off guard, making her cheeks flush slightly.

Stephan simply swept Alana off the bed into his arms.

Her pale toes accidentally brushed against the icy floor, causing her to involuntarily curl up.

He seemed to notice, glancing down.

The girl's feet, as white and smooth as jade, came into view.

Each toe was plump and rounded, the nails still a delicate pink.

The sight stirred an inexplicable flicker of restlessness within him.

The man's Adam's apple bobbed as he feigned nonchalance, then slipped off his own black slipper.

Then he placed her foot into it.

"Wear mine first."

Alana's tiny foot pressed against the man's black slipper.

They barely filled a third of his slipper.

Stephan stared in mild astonishment. Were all girls' feet this small?

Alana hadn't expected the man's feet to be so enormous either.

His shoes were alarmingly large, she couldn't possibly wear them.

"Your shoes are far too big for me to wear."

"Where are my shoes?"

"Lost them."

"You..."

Stephan chuckled softly, kicking the white canvas trainers he'd shoved under the bed last night back towards her.

"Your shoes are here."

Realising she'd been toyed with again, she couldn't help but glare at him.

Stephan raised an eyebrow, she was quite adorable.

The man's bathroom contained spare disposable toiletries. After a quick wash, Alana agreed to join him downstairs for breakfast.

The breakfast he'd just bought was laid out on the table.

There was chicken and mushroom congee, along with several steamed buns and dumplings.

The breakfast steamed hotly, clearly purchased only moments before.

Each portion was already divided.

Alana sat down and began eating her portion quietly, without uttering a word.

Truth be told, she didn't know what to say to him.

The relationship between them was too awkward.

She had always wanted to distance herself, to cut all ties.

Yet somehow...

Each encounter left her feeling slightly vexed, confused and shaken up.

Use arrow keys (or A / D) to PREV/NEXT chapter

Chapter 42 Okay with my life

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She didn't much care for this feeling of a stranger intruding into her life, only for her mood to be swayed by him.

She finished her breakfast swiftly.

Alana set down her chopsticks and dabbed her mouth with a tissue.

"I'm full. I'll be heading back now."

The man also set down his chopsticks. "I'll see you off."

"No need, I..."

Alana instinctively tried to refuse, but the man's tone and manner brooked no argument. "I'll fetch the car."

Recalling how long she'd waited for a cab last time, Alana swallowed her refusal.

This time, she certainly didn't want to be late for work and have her wages docked again.

Once again, she found herself in Stephan's car.

The man asked casually, "Where to?"

Alana gave him the company address.

Stephan glanced at her. "Not going home to change?"

Alana had wanted to go home to change, but if she made the trip, she'd certainly be unable to reach the office in time.

"I'm afraid of being late."

Stephan snorted in amusement.

She was quite the rule-abiding sort.

However, he didn't take her straight to the office. Instead, they arrived at a shopping centre.

Alana was puzzled. "What are you bringing me to the shopping centre for?"

He replied, "To help you pick out some clothes."

Alana declined, "It's unnecessary. I'm perfectly fine as I am."

Stephan retorted, "Well, you should have said so earlier if you wanted people to notice you hadn't changed your clothes all night."

Alana choked on her words.

Right, she'd been bested by him once again.

She hadn't changed all night, having exercised for most of the day. Not only did her clothes reek of sweat, but she'd also had a bit to drink that evening, leaving them smelling of fermented alcohol, even more unpleasant.

Even she couldn't stand the smell on her own body.

Were it not for fear of attracting the attention of some beast who might take liberties with her, she would have stormed into his bathroom to scrub herself clean from head to toe.

Moreover, turning up at the office in yesterday's clothes would certainly give people cause for speculation.

She recalled how rumours had spread like wildfire at work the very next day after she'd simply gone to a bar for a night shift...

Biting her lip, she conceded helplessly, "The clothes counters in shopping centres are rather pricey. I'll just buy from some street vendors instead. Their clothes are cheap, a hundred dollars gets you two or three outfits."

He'd spent thousands on a single dress for her last time, and she still hadn't repaid him.

Upon hearing she could buy two or three outfits for a hundred dollars, Stephan fought the urge to roll his eyes. He stepped straight out of the car and pulled the girl out.

"Come with me."

Alana stubbornly shook her head in refusal, shaking it like a rattle.

"No way! I refuse to shop at those overpriced department store boutiques!"

Stephan laughed in exasperation. He'd never met a girl so stingy.

"Shall I pay for it?"

At this, Alana immediately ceased her resistance.

If he was footing the bill, it seemed acceptable.

So she simply said, "Thank you."

Stephan led Alana into a designer clothing boutique within the shopping centre.

She glanced around the boutique, which was filled with designer labels.

Each piece likely cost upwards of ten thousand dollars.

"Forget it, let's find another place."

Not wishing to take undue advantage of the man, she turned to leave, only to have her wrist seized. Without a word, he led her inside by the hand.

Alana gazed at her hand, tightly clasped in his, and felt her cheeks flush involuntarily.

How could he... hold her hand so naturally?

As if they were a perfectly normal couple...

Alana tried to pull her hand free, but to no avail. She could only resign herself to it.

Stephan held the girl's soft, delicate hand. Hmm, he found the sensation of their skin touching rather pleasurable.

"Just have a look around. Pick whichever one you like."

Alana spoke timidly, "Just find the cheapest one."

Stephan snorted with amusement. The cheapest?

What was she saying?

When buying clothes for a woman, there was no such thing as choosing the cheapest!

Stephan beckoned to the shop assistant.

"Bring out your most expensive dress."

Alana's eyes dilated?

Did he face hearing problems?

She'd clearly said to pick the cheapest one.

Spotting a potential big spender, the shop assistant scurried over with a beaming smile.

"We've just received a new collection of dresses, all beautifully fresh and elegant styles that would perfectly suit your girlfriend's taste. Shall I bring them all out for her to choose from?" Since Stephan was still holding Alana's hand, the shop assistant naturally assumed they

were a couple.

Upon hearing the shop assistant refer to Alana as his girlfriend, Stephan couldn't help but let a faint smile curve his lips.

This was the second time he'd been mistaken for her boyfriend.

The first time had been at the hospital.

The second time was here.

It seemed, not only did he not mind, but he felt a slight thrill.

Upon hearing this, Alana's cheeks instantly flushed crimson.

Mistaken for boyfriend and girlfriend again.

She tried to pull her small hand free from his tight grip.

But unexpectedly, his grip tightened.

Stephan cast a glance at her, his eyes lingering on her alluringly flushed cheeks, and couldn't help but find it amusing.

What's the big deal about being mistaken for a couple?

What was there to be shy about?

Besides, just because it wasn't true now didn't mean it couldn't be true later.

Having been misunderstood, Alana felt awkward explaining to the shop assistant.

She merely glared at him stubbornly. "Let go of me!"

Stephan spoke up, "I've bought you clothes. Now you won't even let me hold your hand?"

"Then I don't want the clothes!"

The girl turned fierce again.

Stephan chuckled softly, slowly releasing her hand.

Though he felt rather reluctant to let go.

He rather enjoyed the sensation of holding her hand.

The shop assistant moved swiftly, promptly fetching several new dresses.

Stephan glanced over the selection and chose a pink halterneck style for her.

"Go and try it on."

Alana hesitated before taking the dress.

Out of habit, whenever she went clothes shopping, her first instinct was to check the price tags to gauge how expensive the items were.

Upon seeing the price tag of over seventy thousand, her eyelid twitched.

Was this thing encrusted in gold or something, to be so bloody expensive?!

Biting her lip, Alana glanced at Stephan. "Over seventy thousand."

That was more than her annual salary.

At that price, he probably wouldn't want to buy it for her.

It wasn't too late to change her mind.

"Go and change it."

Seeing the girl holding the dress without moving.

Stephan spoke coolly, "Or would you prefer me to help you change into it myself?"

He deliberately emphasised the word 'personally'.

A touch of levity.

Alana couldn't help but flush slightly, her heart pounding with unease.

"You... truly agree to cover the cost of this dress costing over seventy thousand dollars?"

She feared there might be a catch, that she might be foolishly taken advantage of without even realizing it.

Besides, she found it hard to believe the man before her was genuinely being so generous. There's no such thing as a free lunch in this world, is there?

He must have ulterior motives, scheming something else!

Stephan snorted with a smirk. "I'm not so shameless as to deceive a young girl fresh out of school."

Seeing the girl remained unmoved,

the man couldn't resist taking her arm, intending to lead her to the fitting room.

Alana flushed instantly and sidestepped him. "No, I'll change it myself..."

With that, she clutched the skirt and dashed decisively towards the fitting room.

Stephan watched Alana's slender figure retreat in haste.

He thought to himself, as expected, with a certain slightly rebellious woman, a bit of coercion was necessary to make her behave properly.

Before long, Alana emerged wearing the dress.

The moment she emerged, a chorus of gasps of admiration filled the room. The pink dress truly suited her perfectly.

The halter neck design accentuated her slender neck and delicate collarbone. The delicate pink hue made her skin appear even fairer.

A delicate blush beneath her fair complexion, like a plump, juicy peach.

Mature and alluring.

Stephan could scarcely take his eyes off her, utterly captivated by her stunning beauty.

His taste in dresses was impeccable; each one he selected brought him a fresh visual delight when she wore it.

Unconsciously, he found himself staring at Alana for a long while.

His gaze grew deep and intense, fixated upon her like a predator eyeing its prey, utterly unapologetically aggressive.

Alana felt thoroughly uncomfortable under the man's direct, unflinching gaze, as if she might be devoured whole at any moment.

Her fingers nervously twisted the hem of her skirt as she asked uncertainly, "Does it not suit me?"

"If it doesn't suit me, I'll go back to the changing room and swap it."

Before she could finish speaking, the man produced a black gold card and handed it to the shop assistant. "This one. Charge it."

The shop assistant, holding the black gold card reverently, took it away with a delighted smile to process the payment.

The transaction was completed so swiftly that even Alana hadn't had time to react. Seventy thousand dollars swiped in an instant.

This man clearly wasn't your average Joe when it came to money.

The dress was purchased.

Stephan promptly tossed her soiled clothes into the bin before taking her hand once more.

"Let's go."

Alana glanced at the dirty clothes in the bin, muttering to herself.

There was no need to throw them away, they could be washed and worn again.

But before she could say anything, the man had already led her away.

They returned to the car.

She said politely, "Thank you, Mr Hudson, for your generous gift of the new dress."

Stephan shot her a glance. "How would you like to show your gratitude?"

She gritted her teeth, refusing to be drawn in.

"Just a simple 'thank you'. Nothing more."

The man's thin lips twitched. "Those two words, 'thank you,' are nothing but empty words to me."

What he desired went far beyond mere words.

Alana bit her lip, fully aware of what the man desired, yet she feigned ignorance and chose to remain silent.

Stephan gave her a long, lingering look, said nothing, and pressed the accelerator to drive away.

The car soon arrived at the entrance of Alana's company.

She offered him another thank you before unbuckling her seatbelt to exit. Suddenly, her wrist was seized by the man.

He stared at her, his gaze intense.

His voice was low and rich with allure.

“Alana, about what I said before, think about it, about becoming my girlfriend.”

“Become mine, and clothes, dresses, handbags, you may buy whatever you please.”

Stephan assumed Alana would succumb to the temptation and agree.

But he had underestimated her resilience.

She stated plainly, "I refuse. I've no interest in your trinkets. I can afford clothes, dresses, and handbags myself, it's merely

a matter of price. To me, they're merely garments to wear and bags to carry. I'm not fussy. When I can afford it, I buy myself something a bit pricier; when I can't, I buy something cheaper. Either way, I'm okay with my life.”

Use arrow keys (or A / D) to PREV/NEXT chapter

Chapter 43 Handsome man at her workplace

This display of conviction from the girl made Stephan look at her with newfound respect. He'd expected her to be swayed, to readily agree to his proposal.

Yet, to his surprise, she refused him, and did so decisively.

However, he wasn't one to give up easily.

Having finally encountered a woman who stirred his desire, he refused to accept defeat.

What he desired never escaped him.

“What would it take for you to agree to be with me?”

Alana looked at him in confusion. "Why must it be me?"

He fixed her with an unflinching gaze, his tone unexpectedly candid. "Does 'I like having sex with you' count?"

Alana flushed instantly, her ears burning. You...psycho!"

After hurling that insult, she angrily shook off his hand, flung open the car door, and stormed off.

Being called a names by the woman didn't stir anger in Stephan's heart.

For all he could think about was being a proper psycho with her.

Watching her disappear into the company building, he leisurely produced a cigarette and held it between his teeth.

He attempted to temporarily numb the restless heat and stirring desire within him with the cigarette's scent.

Suddenly, his gaze sharpened. On the passenger seat where the girl had been sitting lay a solitary cell phone, its screen shattered.

Well, she certainly had a quick exit, didn't even notice she left her phone behind.

Alana clocked in at the very last minute.

She was beautiful, with fair skin.

At that moment, she wore a pink halterneck dress, radiating the bright warmth of spring. With every step she took, she exuded a fresh, sweet charm that seemed to embody the season itself. Colleagues passing by couldn't help but cast admiring glances her way.

"Lana, you look absolutely stunning in that halter-neck dress today!"

"Is it a new purchase? I've never seen you wear it before."

Facing her colleagues' admiring gazes, Alana offered a faint smile. "Yes, it's new. First time wearing it."

One female colleague stared at Alana's dress. "That dress... looks rather familiar. It must be from a designer label, right?"

"I saw it in a magazine. It's from LK's new Floral Collection. That particular style retails for... over seventy thousand dollars."

LK was an internationally renowned brand, highly favoured by socialites and wealthy ladies.

Had one not been somewhat knowledgeable about designer labels, one might not have recognized this as a dress worth over seventy thousand dollars.

The moment the colleague uttered those words, gasps erupted from the m surrounding colleagues.

Who would have thought Alana was wearing such an expensive dress!

They were all ordinary office workers, white-collar employees earning a fixed monthly salary of six or seven thousand dollars, how could they possibly afford such an extravagant dress?

The clothes they wore day-to-day wouldn't add up to more than five hundred dollars at most. Even the more fashion-conscious urbanites among them, who took pride in their appearance, rarely splashed out more than a few thousand on their most expensive outfits. Items costing tens of thousands were exceedingly rare, simply beyond their means.

That seventy thousand dollars on Alana was practically a year's salary for them. They'd never dream of splashing out on clothes that pricey.

Moreover, Alana had only just graduated and been interning for about two months, how could she possibly afford such an extravagant dress?

Rumor has it her family isn't particularly well-off either, just an ordinary household. Could they really afford to buy her something like this?

Could it be... that Alana had suddenly hooked up with a wealthy suitor and struck it rich overnight?!

Noticing the sceptical stares from her colleagues, Alana pursed her lips, hesitating over how to explain.

Vera suddenly piped up with a sour tone, "That dress is clearly a knockoff, a fake!"

Alana glanced at Vera and couldn't help but marvel at how perfectly timed her remark was, providing the ideal excuse she'd been searching for.

So she readily admitted, "Yes, it is a replica. I only paid a few hundred quid for it."

Seeing Alana admit it, Vera instantly beamed with smug satisfaction. "I knew it! With your measly salary, you couldn't possibly afford such expensive clothes!"

"And look at you, you look like a penny-pincher, you don't even deserve to wear it!"

Carla couldn't stand Vera's disparaging tone. "Vera, watch your language!"

She was hardly better herself, yet she spent her days criticising others.

Vera snorted coldly, then stepped up to Alana and lowered her voice in a taunting tone.

"Lana, Manager Dane has already informed me that I'll be accompanying him to sign the contract with the HG representative today."

"As for you, you'd best stay put in the project department and await our good news."

Alana's brow furrowed.

Seeing her reaction, Vera smirked triumphantly. "Remember our wager? Whoever secured the contract would take full credit and the ten thousand dollars commission. Since you're not going, that commission won't be yours."

Alana's expression darkened. "Did Manager Dane really say that to you?"

Vera nodded. "Yes. If you don't believe me, go ask him in his office."

Alana clenched her fists and turned to head straight for Dane's office.

She had worked tirelessly yesterday to persuade Jules to agree to collaborate with their company. If she gained nothing from it, she simply couldn't accept that.

Stepping before Dane, she addressed him directly, "Manager Dane, are you planning to take only Vera to sign the contract with the HG representative today?"

Manager Dane looked at Alana, his gaze fixed on her.

Seeing her dressed so beautifully today, his heart began to flutter once more.

"That was indeed my intention. After all, Vera kept me company last night. I promised to take her, so I shall take her."

"Naturally, if you agree to accompany me tonight, I could take you along too."

Dane stared at Alana, making no attempt to conceal his base intentions towards her.

Alana's expression darkened. "Manager Dane, this isn't what you told me at the outset!"

"You said whoever secured the HG representative would take the credit. Clearly, I put in the most effort yesterday."

Dane grinned, his expression the very picture of a shrewd, calculating veteran.

"Alana, you really are so naive!"

"You actually believe what I say?"

"When you're out in the world, you've got to be a bit shrewd. Being so naive like you are, you'll get taken advantage of in no time. Besides, if even I, your superior, can't take credit for this, how dare you, a new subordinate, leapfrog me and claim it as your own?"

Alana clenched her teeth and said nothing.

Fresh out of university, how could she possibly stand a chance against this seasoned veteran who'd spent decades navigating the treacherous waters of the corporate jungle?

The injustice gnawed at her, but she had no choice but to grit her teeth and endure it.

Dane rose to his feet and strolled slowly towards Alana. "That's how the workplace works. Whoever holds the most power claims the greatest credit and wields the most influence. Just follow my instructions obediently, and I guarantee you'll live the high life. Though... I wonder if you'll be obedient enough..."

He slowly extended his hand, seeking an opportunity to caress her slender waist, barely a hand's breadth around.

This exquisite little figure had been the object of his desire for quite some time.

Before his hand could reach her, Alana decisively sidestepped him.

"Mr Dane." she said, her voice tinged with irritation, "since you've made up your mind, I'll take my leave."

Clearly, she had no intention of meekly complying with Dane's arrangements.

Dane frowned. "You don't want that ten thousand commission?"

"I don't want it."

That ten thousand dollars commission was originally her reward for securing the deal, yet now Dane was using it as leverage to demand her company.

While she desired the money, she wasn't prepared to sell herself short for it.

Dane snorted coldly. "Alana, in the workplace, pride serves no purpose. If you humbly submit to me, you might even gain some advantage!"

Alana remained neither servile nor arrogant, her tone cool and resolute. "If bowing to you is the price, I'd rather forgo the benefits."

"You!"

"I'll take my leave now, Manager Dane."

Without waiting for him to respond, Alana turned and walked away. Dane's face turned ashen with fury.

That wretched woman, truly ungrateful!

The grievances of adults can vanish in an instant.

Returning to her desk, Alana thought of the injustice she'd just endured, and her eyes stung with unshed tears.

She couldn't fathom what she'd done wrong. She'd worked diligently, given her all when asked to negotiate deals.

She strove for excellence in everything she did. If no reward came of it, that was one thing, but why must she endure such humiliation?!

The more she thought about it, the more bitter it felt, and she couldn't focus on her work anymore.

She needed to vent, to find her best friend Eve and unload the whole ordeal onto her. But after searching everywhere, she couldn't find her phone.

Where on earth had it gone?

Alana rummaged through her workspace, but there was still no sight of it.

She couldn't help but frown, racking her brains.

She strained to recall the last time she'd touched her phone.

Suddenly, a colleague spoke up, "Alana, some handsome chap's asking for you?"

Alana froze, about to ask who the handsome chap was.

She looked up and saw a tall, slender figure standing at the entrance to the project department. His handsome, chiselled features, thick brows, high nose, deep-set eyes, and a richly pigmented lip, were accentuated by a sharp, angular jawline.

His strikingly perfect features instantly drew everyone's attention.

"Wow, he's gorgeous!"

"How can anyone be this handsome?!"

"He looks even more handsome than the celebrities on TV!"

Alana's eyes widened in astonishment at Stephan's appearance.

How on earth did he get here?!

He easily caught her shocked and bewildered gaze. He then beckoned her over with a flick of his finger.

"That handsome man seems to be looking at Alana, and he's calling her over!"

"What's his relationship with her?"

"Could he be her boyfriend?"

"Good heavens, who'd have thought Alana was keeping such a low profile? She always seemed like such a pure, well-behaved girl, yet she already has a boyfriend!"

Hearing her colleagues' murmurs, Alana instantly snapped to attention and hurried over to Stephan.

Grabbing his arm, her face flushed crimson, she exclaimed, "Come with me now!"

Stephan raised an eyebrow slightly before reluctantly following her lead.

She led him to a secluded corner where no one else was present.

With the surroundings quiet, her tense heart eased slightly.

Yet she remained highly alert, glancing left and right, fearing someone might be following them.

Stephan found her furtive manner rather amusing.

A pure and beautiful young woman, perfectly fine, why did she have such a strong sense of secrecy?

It was as though, he himself were something to be hidden from view.

Had Alana heard the man's inner thoughts, she would have assuredly replied: "Yes, you are!" She certainly didn't want their little affair to become common knowledge.

Only when she was certain no one else was around did Alana turn her attention to Stephan.

She looked at him, her delicate brows furrowed. "Why are you here?"

Surely he wasn't going to run straight to her company and ask her if she'd consider being with him?!

For heaven's sake, that would be utterly mortifying!

She hoped he wouldn't do something so foolish!

If Stephan knew what the young lady was thinking, he'd surely punch a hole through her forehead.

After all, he had his pride too.

He stared intently at Alana for several seconds before slipping his hand into his trouser pocket.

Slowly, he pulled out a smashed cell phone.

"This old thing. It got left in my car. I've brought it up to return it to you."

Alana's almond-shaped eyes widened in shock upon seeing her phone in his grasp. She'd spent ages searching for it, only to realise she'd left it in Stephan's car?

No wonder she hadn't been able to find it.

Chapter 44 Resolve things for her

"Thank you. Give it to me."

Alana reached out to retrieve her phone.

Stephan suddenly raised the phone, preventing Alana from reaching it.

Alana looked at him in confusion. "What are you doing?"

He stared intently into her eyes.

"Your eyes...why are they so red?"

They were damp and slightly swollen, as if she'd been crying.

Alana froze. Had she been crying that obviously?

Her eyes were red?!

She instinctively rubbed her eyes, only to feel a dampness.

Stephan continued to stare at her. "Were you...crying just now?"

Alana felt a lump in her throat. "None of your business. Give me back my phone!"

"I won't return it until you tell me."

"You!"

Alana's nose stung again.

Being bullied by her boss was one thing, but why was Stephan picking on her too?

Stephan saw the misty haze gathering in her eyes once more and couldn't help but frown.

"Is it because of me? I wasn't bullying you just now, was I?"

He'd merely asked if she'd consider being his girlfriend, how was that bullying?

Alana replied in a muffled voice, "It has nothing to do with you."

Stephan pressed, "Then whose fault is it?"

Alana remained silent, merely pouting her small lips. Her beautiful eyes were now crystal clear, like a pool of clear spring water, glistening with moisture, pitiful and endearing.

Stephan felt an inexplicable pang in his chest.

He reached out, his warm, calloused palms cupping her exquisitely delicate face.

Make her face him.

He stared into her moist eyes, his voice low.

"Tell me, who's been bullying you?"

Seeing the heavy mist in her eyes, he couldn't help but lower his head, kissing the corner of her eye as he coaxed gently, "Now, sweetheart, speak. I'll see justice is done."

As Alana listened to the man's gentle tone, the grievances she'd endured earlier surged back unbidden, rushing forth in a torrent.

Her eyes filled with more mist, the damp vapour condensing into a droplet that slid down her cheek.

This single tear was caught by Stephan.

It tasted salty, tinged with a hint of bitterness.

His heart ached with a throbbing pain.

He stared at her, his voice low and husky.

"If you don't speak, do you want me to kiss you?"

Stephan's long-fingered hand pinched her delicate, pale chin. "I'll count to three. If you haven't confessed by then, I'll kiss you!"

What?

Alana's eyes widened in shock. What kind of twisted logic was this?

Had she consented to him kissing her?

Yet the man had already begun counting.

His burning gaze locked onto hers, as if she were a tempting morsel of confectionery, ready to be devoured at any moment. "One."

"Two."

"Three..."

"I..."

Before she could utter another word, the man cupped her delicate face and pressed his lips firmly against hers.

"Mmm..."

Alana's damp eyes widened once more, astonished by the man's swiftness.

She'd only just been about to speak, how could he...

How outrageous, kissing her without warning.

Stephan pressed his lips against hers, parting her tongue with his own, savouring her sweetness without restraint.

The desire he'd restrained all night erupted violently.

One hand cradled her face, the other involuntarily slid down to her slender waist, gripping it, tightly.

His plundering grew more frenzied.

The girl in his arms seemed unable to withstand his forcefulness, struggling slightly.

Yet he pinned her firmly against the wall, seizing her delicate hands and raising them high above her head.

Had anyone passed by this spot, they would undoubtedly witness a tall, broad-shouldered man pressing a girl against the wall, kissing her with a passion that was both intense and sensual.

His imposing frame enveloped her petite form completely, leaving no space between them.

One hand clasped her wrists high above her head, while the slender fingers of the other hand dug into her slender waist, as if trying to pull her deep into his body, to merge them into one. Faintly, one could still hear the girl's helpless, delicate whimpers.

Alana was kissed until her legs went weak, her entire body trembling.

"Enough... enough..."

His breath was scorching hot, showering her face.

Her cheeks burned fiercely, igniting a feverish heat throughout her body.

Stephan pressed his forehead against hers, his gaze dark and hungry, his breath ragged.

"Will you speak?"

"If you don't, I'll keep kissing..."

Fearing she'd go weak at the knees from his kisses again, Alana's eyes glistened red as she conceded weakly, "I'll tell you...I'll tell you..."

Biting her swollen, chapped lips, the girl recounted to the man the grievances she had endured through Dane, leaving no detail untold.

She complained bitterly about how she'd worked tirelessly to secure the deal, yet received no credit for her efforts, not even recognition for her hard work, and had to endure harassment from her superior.

The more she spoke, the more aggrieved she felt, and tears welled up once more. Was it because she was a bit prettier?

Did being a little prettier mean she deserved to be bullied?

Was being pretty some sort of crime?

She hadn't stolen or robbed anyone; she only wished to live a peaceful, ordinary life.

Why was that so difficult?

Stephan's eyes darkened.

He cradled her face in his hands and gently kissed her rosy lips. "Don't worry, I shall see this through for you!"

Alana gazed at him through tear-filled eyes, her expression seeming to ask: how did he intend to resolve this for her?

Stephan gently wiped away her tears with his fingertips.

"Don't forget, Jules is my friend. If they wish to sign a contract with Jules, they must ask me first."

Alana bit her lip. "Why...why are you helping me?"

Stephan's gaze deepened as he asked, "Would you like to know?"

Alana nodded instinctively.

He said nothing, instead lowering his head once more to press his lips against hers.

His actions spoke volumes.

Thus, Alana was kissed again and again by the man.

Unable to bear it any longer, she pushed him away while he was lost in passion and snatched her phone back.

"I'm going back to work!"

Her cheeks flushed crimson from his kisses, her expression radiant with desire.

She shot him a look that was half-angry, half-playful, clutched her phone tightly, and turned to run.

Fearing he might chase after her and seize her for another kiss.

Stephan did not pursue her further. Instead, he watched her retreating figure, his fingertips lightly brushing his own lips.

Against the lingering sensation.

Alana returned to her desk at the project office, where, unsurprisingly, a group of colleagues bombarded her with questions about the incredibly handsome man she'd just been with and what their relationship was.

Alana lowered her head, unconsciously biting her lip as she stammered, "Just... just ordinary friends. Nothing special..."

She kept her head bowed low, terrified her colleagues might notice the moist, swollen lips left by the man's kiss.

"So you're just ordinary friends? We thought you were a couple!"

"Yeah, you're both such a good-looking pair, you'd make a perfect match!"

Alana whispered, "No, no, don't get the wrong idea..."

Another female colleague asked, "Does he have a girlfriend?"

"If he doesn't have one, I'd love to pursue him! He's so handsome, I wish he were my boyfriend. I'd wake up every morning to his face and smile!"

"Oh, stop dreaming. A man that handsome must have countless admirers. How could he not have a girlfriend? Don't get your hopes up..."

The group chattered on in a jumble of voices.

Alana quietly slipped away from the huddle.

Her mind was in turmoil, filled only with thoughts of that reckless, frenzied kiss she'd shared with him in that deserted corner.

The more she thought about it, the hotter her cheeks grew.

Stop it, forget it, forget it right now!

As for the man's offer to stand up for her, she hadn't given it a second thought.

The little emotions she'd just poured out to him were merely venting into him like a dustbin. And after that release, she did feel a little better.

Since Alana had upset Dane, he naturally wouldn't be taking her to sign the contract.

He took Vera along instead, heading to the hotel to meet Jules.

The meeting was scheduled for ten o'clock in the morning.

They arrived at a private room in the hotel.

As Dane and Vera entered the private room, they discovered Jules was already inside.

Dane promptly ushered Vera to Jules' side. "Miss Jules, hello! Hello!"

"Apologies for our tardiness!"

In truth, they were neither early nor late.

The appointment was for ten o'clock, and they had arrived over twenty minutes early, only to find Jules had been waiting inside all along.

Jules gave them a cool glance. "You are indeed late. Had you arrived a minute later, I'd likely have left already."

Dane immediately bowed his head in apology, "My apologies, my apologies!"

Jules inquired, "Did you bring the contract?"

"I did. Please take a look first."

Dane shot Vera a look.

Vera promptly presented the contract she held in her hands to Jules with both hands, saying politely;

"Miss Jules, please."

Jules glanced at Vera but did not take the contract. "Why is it you? Where's my Lala? Why didn't she come?"

Hearing this, Vera shot Dane an awkward glance.

Dane knew Jules held Alana in high regard and had prepared his response beforehand.

"Alana isn't feeling well today, so I didn't bring her along."

Jules replied coolly, "Oh, is that so? What exactly is wrong with her?"

Vera offered a supportive explanation, "She's caught a cold. She didn't want to risk passing it on to you, so she declined to join us."

"Indeed."

Dane nodded and added, "Miss Jules, let's not dwell on her. We should focus on the collaboration between our two companies."

Jules observed the pair's well-rehearsed duet. Had she not known a thing beforehand, she might well have been taken in by their act.

Chapter 45 Your promise

Chapter 45 Your promise

She shrugged, feigning indifference. "But with Alana absent, I suddenly find myself unwilling to sign the agreement. You know, I've rather taken a liking to Alana. She spent most of yesterday playing golf with me. She may not have been particularly skilled, but she certainly put in the effort. If it weren't for her, I wouldn't have agreed to sign with your company."

"Now that she's not here, there's no point in signing this contract."

Dane and Vera's expressions darkened instantly.

They'd suspected Alana's influence, but never imagined Jules had agreed to partner with their company solely because of her.

They'd assumed Jules had been impressed by their company's capabilities, which was why... Dane stammered awkwardly, "But Alana isn't here now..."

"Precisely. Without her, this contract cannot be signed. You may leave now."

Dane's face drained of colour.

He had given his word to senior management that this HG collaboration would be secured.

They'd even prepared champagne for a celebratory toast that evening.

Yet, at the eleventh hour, they were abruptly dismissed.

Dane pleaded earnestly, "Miss Jules, I hope you'll take the time to learn more about our company before making your decision. Alana is merely a junior employee at our company. There's no need for you to give her so much consideration."

Jules smiled. "What's wrong with being a junior staff member? I simply like her. If it weren't for her, do you think I'd even consider partnering with you lot?"

"Don't get carried away."

Dane's expression stiffened.

Jules dismissed him once more. "Get out. I've got nothing more to discuss with you lot,"

Dane relented reluctantly. "Wait, hold on. I'll fetch Alana over. We can have a proper discussion."

Jules raised an eyebrow. "Wasn't she feeling unwell? If she's unwell, there's no need to force her to come."

Dane offered an awkward, rather flimsy explanation. "It's just a minor discomfort, nothing serious."

Jules' smile was faint. "Oh no, if she truly isn't feeling well, let her rest properly. Don't make her come over. Otherwise, I'll feel rather sorry for her."

"I... I'll call Alana first..." Dane gave an awkward chuckle, then quickly signalled to Vera, gesturing for her to call Alana and ask her to come over.

Vera bit her lip, but rose nonetheless, stepping out of the private room to call Alana. The call connected.

Alana's voice was cool and detached. "Hello? What is it?"

Vera gritted her teeth and ordered, "Alana, get yourself over to private room 14 at the HG Hotel immediately!"

Alana recognized Vera's voice and frowned.

"Sorry, I'm busy with work and can't spare the time."

Vera insisted firmly, "Nothing is more important than signing the contract. You have ten minutes flat to be here!"

Alana retorted, "Isn't the contract being handled by you and Manager Dane? The two of you can manage it. There's no need for me to tag along. After all, even if I did go, the credit wouldn't be mine."

Vera laughed bitterly. "Alana, what era are you living in, still nitpicking over such things? We're all working for the company. Can't you be a bit more resourceful and show a bit more self-sacrifice? Get over here now. If that contract doesn't get signed, you'll be in for it!"

Alana stood her ground. "I'm not going."

The frustration she'd endured from these two today hadn't even dissipated yet. She couldn't be bothered to deal with them any further.

Besides, helping them secure the contract wouldn't bring her any personal gain. Why should she do such thankless work?

Vera couldn't resist threatening, "What? Don't you want to keep your job here?"

Alana retorted, "Go ahead and fire me if you dare."

Seeing Alana's stubborn refusal, Vera's face twisted in fury.

She turned and walked back with her phone in hand.

Dane whispered, "What's the situation?"

She recounted how Alana had refused to come over.

Dane's expression darkened.

Who'd have thought that bloody girl had such a temper? Just a few jibes this morning, and she's already kicked up a fuss.

She really doesn't know her place!

He had no choice but to intervene personally and call Alana.

But Alana wouldn't answer.

With no other option, Dane sent her a text message.

Dane: Alana, come over immediately. You must be present when the other party requests to discuss the partnership. I know what you want. If you come and help the company secure this deal, I guarantee you a ten thousand commission. I'd be a bloody fool not to!

Seeing Alana still hadn't replied.

Dane gritted his teeth and added.

Dane: Once the contract is secured, I'll transfer you ten thousand immediately. And in three months' time, I guarantee you'll be made permanent!

After that, Alana finally replied.

Alana: Alright, I'm coming over.

Whether she got the permanent position or not didn't matter, what mattered was getting that ten thousand dollars.

If Dave broke his promise again, she wouldn't mind posting their chat history in the group. Let everyone see his true colours.

The worst consequence would be her dismissal, she'd simply walk away.

She could certainly afford that.

About ten minutes later.

Alana hurried into the private room.

She appeared in a pink dress, looking as beautiful as a fairy who had wandered into the woods, making Jules' heart flutter.

But no matter how captivated he felt, it was futile, after all, someone else had already set their sights on her.

Someone she couldn't dare to provoke.

Alana spoke with a hint of apology, "Miss Jules, I'm terribly sorry for being late."

"It's fine."

Jules waved dismissively, then asked with concern, "I heard they said you were ill. Are you alright?"

Ill?

Alana glanced at Dane and Vera. Seeing their evasive gazes, she guessed what was going on.

Still, she wasn't about to foolishly call them out.

"Thank you for your concern. I was feeling a bit under the weather earlier, but I've taken some medicine and I'm feeling much better now."

Jules nodded. "That's good to hear."

Dane was eager to get down to business. "Miss Jules, now that Alana is here, shall we...proceed with our discussion?"

Jules nodded, having no objection.

"Very well."

The subsequent negotiations proceeded smoothly.

Jules glanced over the contract, found no issues, and signed her name.

Upon signing, Dane grasped her hand excitedly. "Thank you immensely for placing your trust in our company. Here's to a fruitful partnership between our two firms!"

Jules withdrew her hand with a hint of disdain. "If you must thank anyone, thank Lala. If it weren't for her, I wouldn't have been inclined to sign even if you'd begged me." At this remark, embarrassment immediately flushed Dane's face.

He glanced at Alana, not expecting her to be so well-regarded.

At this moment, he dared not utter another word of disrespect to her.

Jules patted Alana on the shoulder and chuckled, "Lala, I've got things to attend to shortly. I'll be off now."

"I'll arrange to meet you in a couple of days. You won't refuse, will you?"

Alana sensed Jules regarded her as a friend and nodded immediately. "Of course not. I'm free whenever you'd like to meet."

“Right then, we’ll arrange something when we’re free.” Jules suddenly leaned in close to Alana and planted a kiss on her cheek before departing, looking thoroughly satisfied.

The unexpected gesture left Alana’s cheeks flushed.

But remembering how uninhibited foreign friends tended to be, she shrugged it off.

Dane, seeing Jules had departed, finally addressed Alana. "Alana, you’re quite something, getting the HG representative so taken with you. She insists on signing this contract only if you’re present."

Alana offered no explanation, merely stating calmly, "I trust you will honor your promise?"

Use arrow keys (or A / D) to PREV/NEXT chapter

Chapter 46 At the office

Chapter 46 At the office

Dane assured her, "Rest assured. You’ve secured such a crucial contract for the company this time. I certainly won’t short-change you. You’ll be well rewarded."

Vera, however, glared at Alana with pure envy.

She couldn’t fathom what was so special about Alana. Whether man or woman, both seemed to favour her.

Back at the office.

Alana reflected on the day’s events.

Dane had said that Jules had insisted on waiting for her arrival before signing the contract. She recalled that man’s promise to stand up for her.

Could it be that he had a hand in this too?

Alana picked up her phone, opened WhatsApp, and intended to message him.

But after hesitating for ages, she couldn't bring herself to send a single word.

She recalled the morning, when he'd pinned her against a deserted corner, their kisses chaotic and urgent.

A flicker of heat stirred within her, making her feel even more ashamed to message him.

Forget it, she won't ask!

She bit her lip and tossed the phone straight into the drawer.

Stephan was busy with work in his office.

His phone screen vibrated.

His eyes widened slightly in surprise. Instantly setting aside his work, he reached for the phone beside him.

It was from Jules.

Jules: I did as you asked and only signed the contract after Alana arrived. And you lied to me about not being interested in her. If you weren't interested, why go out of

your way to help her? I didn't realise you were such a meddlesome person!

Stephan remained silent.

His slender fingers tapped the screen, inexplicably landing on Alana's rabbit profile picture. He'd just done her a favour. By all logic, she ought to send him a message to say thank you, right?

And when she did, wouldn't it be the perfect moment to casually ask her out for a meal?

After all, this morning's favour hadn't been nearly satisfying enough.

Alas, he waited for ages, yet the girl never sent a message.

Stephan couldn't help but laugh bitterly. What an ungrateful little woman!

And he was truly mad himself, abandoning a mountain of work to stare at that woman's message box for ages?!

He couldn't resist tapping into her status. Nothing to see.

Could it be...she'd blocked him?

Fine!

Blocked, so be it!

If he ever helps her again, he's a bloody fool!

"We landed a major deal." Dave announced he'd treat the entire department to dinner tonight.

"I've reserved a large private room at Spring clubhouse tonight. Everyone must come show support, no excuses!"

"Especially Alana, you were instrumental in securing this deal. Others might skip it, but you absolutely cannot!"

Dane singled out Alana with a pointed nod, grinning like a sly fox.

She felt awkward but reluctantly nodded in agreement.

Around seven in the evening.

The entire department arrived at Spring clubhouse.

Dane had reserved a large private room equipped with dining space, karaoke, and billiards for entertainment.

It was a rare gathering for the department colleagues. After dinner, they naturally let loose and started partying.

Carla snatched a microphone and excitedly asked Alana, "Alana, wanna sing? Let's go together!"

Alana had no interest in singing and waved her hand. "No thanks, you go ahead."

"Alright, I'm off!"

Carla dashed to the stage to pick a song and sing.

Alana sat on the sofa, pouring herself a glass of plum juice.

Her mind was already calculating when she could head home.

Dane, hidden in the shadows, couldn't help but watch Alana's every move.

Seeing her sitting alone on the sofa, leisurely sipping her juice, his gaze lingered unabashedly on her graceful figure, stirring restless desires within him.

Vera noticed Dane's fixed stare on Alana and couldn't help but approach. "Manager Dane, are you...still interested in sleeping with Alana?"

Dane glanced at Vera.

Truthfully, Vera was also quite beautiful.

But compared to Alana, she was no match.

Besides, he already had Vera a lot of times, so he felt no strong desire to conquer her.

Men, you see, crave what they can't have.

The harder a woman is to conquer, the more they want to conquer her.

Take Alana, for instance. She kept rejecting him.

As a man, how could he accept a woman's repeated refusals?

Dane narrowed his eyes in a smile. "Yes, I want her. So, can you help me get her?"

Vera arched an eyebrow. "Of course I can."

"But if you get Alana, don't forget to give me a cut."

This way, she could destroy Alana and gain an advantage over Dane.

A win-win situation! Dane agreed immediately.

"Alright, if you help me win Alana, I won't shortchange you. I'll help you climb the corporate ladder!"

"Leave it to me!"

Vera flashed a confident smile and walked toward Alana.

Alana was staring at her phone, noticing it was almost nine o'clock.

She was about to get up and leave.

Suddenly, a flicker caught her eye.

Alana looked up to find Vera approaching.

Vera held out a glass of wine. “Alana, I lost this bet fair and square. I admit defeat wholeheartedly. This drink is my toast to you!”

She raised an eyebrow at Alana before downing the wine in one gulp.

After finishing the drink, she addressed Alana again, her tone sincere. “Lana, these past few days, I admit I’ve been a bit harsh with you. I was arrogant. You’re generous, could you forgive me this once?”

Alana didn’t want to strain their work relationship. Since Vera was showing remorse, she offered an olive branch, nodding.

“Sure.”

Vera smiled. “Thank you. You’re such a good person.”

“Let’s clink glasses together to seal our reconciliation.”

Saying this, she picked up a bottle of wine, poured herself a glass, and then poured one for Alana.

Vera handed a glass to Alana.

Alana instinctively refused. “Sorry, I don’t drink.”

Vera smiled. “It’s just fruit wine. The alcohol content isn’t high. It tastes like juice, you won’t feel a thing.”

Alana glanced at the bottle Vera held. It was indeed fruit wine.

She’d tried this kind before; the alcohol content was genuinely low.

Vera offered the glass to Alana again. “Come on, drink up. I poured it for you personally. If you don’t drink it, you’re not giving me face.”

Eager to go home, Alana took the glass.

“Well then, I’ll drink up!”

Vera raised her glass and downed it in one gulp.

Seeing Vera drink first, Alana felt reassured and took a sip.

Unbeknownst to her, a subtle gleam of calculation flashed in Vera's eyes when she saw Alana's drink.

Alana stopped after just one sip, set down her glass, and stood up.

"It's getting late. I should head back."

Use arrow keys (or A / D) to PREV/NEXT chapter

Chapter 47 Vera's plan

Chapter 47 Vera's plan

She intended to say goodbye to Carla before leaving, but seeing Carla immersed in the high point of her singing, she didn't want to interrupt.

Vera didn't want Alana to leave so quickly. "Why go home so early? Let's hang out together! Everyone agreed not to go home until after midnight!"

"I have things to do at home, so I need to hurry back." Alana spoke, preparing to leave.

Vera stopped her. "Are you going home alone? Should I call someone to drive you?"

"No need. I'll just take a taxi."

After saying this, Alana felt an inexplicable warmth in her throat.

She couldn't help but push Vera aside, trying to leave.

Vera swiftly grabbed her wrist.

"Let Manager Dane drive you. He has a car."

"No need."

Alana refused again, decisively pulling free and heading toward the private room exit.

Seeing she couldn't stop Alana, Vera shot a glance at Dane.

Dane smiled, immediately stood up, and followed Alana out...

The moment Alana stepped out of the private room, her body swayed uncontrollably, her steps growing unsteady.

Moreover, a fiery heat seemed to surge through her body, leaving her burning up and parched, her mouth dry as dust.

She took a deep, labored breath, leaning against the wall to steady herself as she continued walking.

Suddenly, Dane's voice called out from behind her.

"Alana, wait! Let me drive you home!"

"A pretty girl like you taking a taxi alone isn't safe!"

Hearing this, Alana quickened her pace.

Dane took three steps in two, closing the distance to her side.

Seeing her slightly flushed, alluring face, he couldn't help but flash a wicked grin.

"Alana, your face is so red. Are you feeling unwell?"

"Come on, let me take you home..."

As he spoke, his hand slid onto her slender waist.

The touch of his cool skin against her waist strangely eased the heat within her, tempting her to draw closer.

But Alana's instinctive aversion to Dane made her push him away. "Manager Dane please show some restraint! I said I don't need your escort!"

Dane didn't seem angered by the rejection. Instead, he narrowed his eyes and continued smiling. "Alana, you're already like this. There's no need to keep resisting, right?"

What?

What did he mean?

She saw the unscrupulous glint in his eyes and instantly sensed something was terribly wrong.

Her body wouldn't have changed like this for no reason.

Could it be... that cup of fruit wine Vera handed her earlier?

But Vera drank it too, didn't she?

She hadn't seen Vera tamper with the drink!

Alana didn't know that Vera had laced the wine with drugs long before. As for why she felt nothing, it was because she'd taken an antidote beforehand.

She knew full well that Dane had his eyes on Alana. To destroy her, Vera had prepared the drug in advance, waiting only to slip it into Alana's drink and then deliver her to Dane's bed.

After all, Alana had stolen the spotlight right in front of her. An intern outshining a full-time employee? Driven by jealousy, she had calculated her move, determined to make Alana lose her virtue to Dane..

The surest way to ruin a woman was to strip her of her virtue!

Alana had underestimated the depths of human malice.

She'd believed Vera's overtures of friendship and apology were genuine.

Little did she know she'd been set up!

As Dane moved closer again,

Alana stumbled backward. "Get away from me!"

Each step back brought a gasp.

Her body grew hotter by the second.

Dane's smile grew cruel. "Lana dear, I know you're suffering. Why not come with me? I'll make you feel better."

"Don't even think about it!"

Gritting her teeth, Alana tried to turn back toward the private room. "I'm going back..."

She needed to find her colleagues for help.

But Dane wouldn't let her leave.

Without a word, he grabbed her wrist and dragged her toward the exit.

“Come with me! Tonight, I’ll drag you to bed and wreck you all night long!”

Alana struggled helplessly. “No, don’t...Let me go...”

But her body was weak, and she couldn’t break free.

“Help! Help me...”

Her voice was weak and feeble, unable to muster any strength.

Dane listened to her faint, trembling cries for help. Far from feeling afraid, he grew wildly excited.

“Heh heh, Alana, you can’t escape...”

“Tonight, I’m making you mine!”

Panic surged through Alana. No!

She refused to be defiled by a disgusting old man like Dane!

Seizing a moment when Dane wasn’t looking, she frantically fumbled for her phone, determined to dial 911.

But her hands shook violently. She didn’t know which button she pressed, but the call went through.

The phone connected.

Alana didn’t see who she’d called before she cried out, “Hello, help, help me! I’m at the Spring clubhouse...”

Before she could finish, Dane snatched the phone from her and slammed it hard onto the ground.

“You dare call for help!”

“Even if all the gods came down today, they won’t save you!”

The phone’s screen was already cracked.

Dane slammed it down so hard the body shattered instantly.

Shattering Alana’s only hope of rescue.

Dane dragged her to the elevator doors.

Seeing her panting weakly, her face flushed crimson, he couldn't resist pinching her almost translucent cheek, a lecherous grin spreading across his face.

"I booked an extra room at this place just to spend the night with you! Come on, sweetheart, get in the elevator with me."

With that, he pulled her into the elevator.

She tried to resist, but her body felt like jelly, she couldn't muster any strength.

Was she really going to let this bastard have his way tonight?

The elevator ascended to the fifth floor.

Dane led her out and stopped before a room door.

He swiped his card, a beep sounded as the door slid open.

He immediately carried her inside, laying her gently on the bed.

He patted her cheek. "Sweetheart, I'll freshen up first. When I come out, I'll satisfy you properly." Having finally landed such a beauty, he intended to prepare thoroughly.

He'd even stocked up on Viagra beforehand, eager to fuck her all night.

There was no stopping or sleeping.

Watching the girl slip into unconsciousness, Dane grinned as he rose and swiftly slipped into the bathroom.

Alana lay on the bed, her breath coming in ragged gasps as her desire burned unbearably. She refused to wait passively for her fate.

She reached out, summoning every ounce of strength, and pinched her thigh hard.

The sharp pain clung to her, preserving a sliver of lucidity.

Spotting the bulky figure still showering in the bathroom, she gritted her teeth and struggled to climb off the bed.

She knew this was her only chance to escape.

With great effort, she crawled off the bed.

She hurried toward the door.

Yet the distance, mere steps away, felt impossibly far. No matter how she walked, she couldn't reach the end.

Each step left her weak and breathless.

Moreover, the burning heat within her body grew more intense, slowly consuming her rationality.

She had to get out of here.

She had to...

Use arrow keys (or A / D) to PREV/NEXT chapter

Chapter 48 My baby

Chapter 48 My baby

Just as Alana's hand was about to touch the doorknob.

Squeak.

The bathroom door swung open.

"My baby, I'm coming!"

Dane emerged wearing a white bathrobe, grinning as he approached the bed.

But Alana was nowhere to be seen.

He turned his head and saw her already at the doorway. His expression instantly hardened.

That little bitch! He'd thought she'd lost consciousness, but she'd only been pretending!

Watching her slow, deliberate movements, Dane showed no urgency. Instead, he strolled toward her leisurely.

“Alana, don’t even think about running! You won’t escape like this. You’d be better off submitting to me!”

Gritting her teeth, Alana twisted the doorknob with all her strength.

Fresh air flooded in as the door swung open, kindling a flicker of hope within her.

She rushed out eagerly.

But the next second.

Dane materialized behind her, yanking her hair violently.

“Ah!”

A sharp pain shot through her scalp as the hand behind her wrenched her back inside.

“No!”

Her hands flailed desperately, grasping at nothing.

Terror and despair engulfed her. Her body trembled with fear as she looked at Dane with eyes filled with helpless pleading.

“Manager Dane, please... let me go...”

He gave a wicked smile. Not only did he not let her go, he brutally dragged her back and threw her onto the bed.

Alana’s fragile, helpless appearance, one that would normally evoke pity, did nothing to elicit sympathy from the men. Instead, it only fueled their desire to ravage her.

Look at her exquisite, beautiful face, her eyes wet and pitifully charming, her cherry-red lips tempting one to sin!

Not only beautiful, but her figure was a true temptation, who could resist?!

Tossed onto the bed, Alana felt a wave of dizziness wash over her.

She saw Dane standing by the bed, grinning lewdly, then lunging forward eagerly.

Terrified and panicked, Alana grabbed the first thing within reach and swung it viciously at his head.

It was an ashtray.

The ashtray struck Dane squarely on the forehead, blood instantly seeping from the wound. Dane instinctively touched his forehead, only to find his hand covered in blood.

His eyes widened in rage. “Damn it! You bitch! You dare resist even now! I’ll make sure you can never resist again!”

He threw himself on top of her, tearing at her clothes with his hands.

“Ah, no...”

Alana broke down in utter despair.

BOOM!

The front door was suddenly kicked open with tremendous force.

Just as Dane was about to tear her clothes off, he was suddenly shoved away, tumbling to the floor.

Before he could react, someone grabbed the collar of his bathrobe and yanked him up forcefully. The man before him wore a stern expression, his eyes cold and menacing, radiating a brutal aura.

“It’s... it’s you...”

Before the words could finish, a fist slammed into Dane’s face.

The force was so great it knocked out several teeth, leaving his lips a bloody mess.

Then, punch after punch rained down on Dane’s face.

Dane couldn’t even cry out for help before his face swelled into a grotesque pig’s head, knocking him unconscious.

Stephan didn’t stop at knocking him out. He kicked him several times.

Only when Dane was utterly unconscious did he finally stop.

Yet the thick, violent aura still hung around him.

Anyone who dared touch his woman had lived too long!

Stephan turned to see Alana lying on the bed, desperately holding onto her torn clothes.

Her exquisitely beautiful face was flushed an unnatural crimson.

She seemed to be in intense distress, her soft lips parted slightly as she gasped for breath.

Her wet eyes glistened with moisture, and large tears rolled down her cheeks.

Unable to resist, she reached out toward Stephan, her eyes overflowing with more tears.
“I feel so... Save me... Save me...”

Stephan frowned sharply, suspecting she might have been drugged.

Without a word, he stripped off his own coat and draped it over her.

Then he scooped her up and charged decisively out of the room.

Alana was cradled in the man’s arms. The cool warmth of his body temporarily eased the burning heat within her.

She couldn’t help but crave more.

Her soft, delicate hands slipped involuntarily beneath his coat, sliding along the hem of his shirt and slipping inside.

The icy-cold touch of his skin sent a wave of pleasure through her, making her moan softly.

“So good... give it to me...now...”

Her sweet, seductive voice tightened the man’s throat.

An unwelcome reaction surged within him instantly.

He looked down, seeing her dazed, intoxicated expression, and knew taking her to the hospital now was too late.

Stephan carried her directly into an empty, unoccupied room.

He pinned her down on the bed.

Stephan gripped her chin. “Alana, look clearly. Who am I?”

His grip on her chin was a bit forceful.

Alana regained a sliver of clarity and recognized the man on top of her.

“Step...Stephan...What... what are you going to do to me?”

Seeing she recognized him, Stephan felt slightly relieved.

“You’ve been drugged. I’m going to help you sober up.”

Alana murmured dazedly, “Help... sober up... how exactly do you plan to help me sober up?”

STEPHAN

I knew what the solution was but I felt she’d be angry by morning if I did it.

So I suggested instead. “I’ll give you a cold shower.”

“No!”

“Don’t you want to sho...”

I was cut off when she suddenly crawled down my body.

It seemed she didn’t want to fight off the aphrodisiac effects anymore. I couldn’t blame her. It was impressive she had fought against the effects that long.

I was glad she fought against that man. I was proud of her.

She was with me now and I had to make her feel better. She might get mad in the morning but I had to take care of this first.

She was going for what she wanted tonight without any shyness or restraint. The hunger in her eyes almost scared me.

Almost.

For someone who had been weak, now, that she had given into her enhanced arousal, she seemed to have gained more strength.

Positioning herself on her knees between my legs, she swiftly took off my belt and undid my buttons, I lifted my hips, assisting her in freeing me from my trousers and underwear.

As soon as she had my cock to herself, she ran her tongue over the slit.

I groaned, leaning up on my elbows, watching her lap over my precum like it was the world’s tastiest treat. Her tongue teased my head. The sloppy wet, open-mouth kisses she was giving me were so close to pushing me over the edge and I could barely stand it.

She was fucking worshipping my cock with her mouth, and it was the most erotic thing ever.

“Fuck!” I groaned she slid my dick between her full, pouting lips.

She started bobbing her head fast, gagging around me, not stopping, just full-on sucking and devouring me.

Her movements were quiet...bad.

Clearly, she was inexperienced and I was scared of getting bitten.

But she didn't bite me.

And surprisingly. I started to enjoy whatever it was she was doing to me.

I fell flat on the bed, gripping the sheets, my body tensing, I was grunting at the pleasure raking through my body.

She was practically sucking the living hell out of me.

Use arrow keys (or A / D) to PREV/NEXT chapter

Chapter 49 All night

Chapter 49 All night

STEPHAN

She was taking my cock in a way she's never done before.

I knew it had more to do with her heightened libido but oh boy, she was sucking me so good, I was seeing stars.

I panted as she sucked on me in big breath, running her tongue over my shaft, making my eyes roll back in my damn head.

I knew I couldn't hold back much longer, I felt the tremors and closed my eyes as she deep-throated me.

My cock pulsed inside her, shooting thick braids of my seed down her throat.

“Ummm...Ahh.” I groaned when she started to swallow everything I was giving her, constricting her throat around me and making my orgasm last way longer than I ever thought possible.

Her beautiful mouth sucked me dry.

She moved up my body, losing her balance and falling on top of me.

I could literally smell her arousal and feel how strong it was. I felt my nostrils flare as I breathed her in deeply.

I wanted to bury my nose in her sex.

She was so fucking stunning.

I didn't waste any time, I pulled her back to lay on her back, then I tugged down her panties and off her legs.

I wasted no time, getting between her legs and hungrily sucking her dripping wet, throbbing, delicious pussy, all of it, into my mouth.

Greedy, I licked her already bout of arousal clean, my tongue lapping into every swirl of pink flesh, then I sunk it deep into her.

“Haa!” Alana gasped, loudly, her fingers clutching my hair. I could feel her body quivering.

The bridge of my nose stroke the engorged bud of her clit as my tongue dug repeatedly into her.

She made a small mewling sound of pure pleasure.

“Don't stop! That feels so good.”

Stop?

She doesn't know I was also fucking starving for her.

I have been starving since the last time I had her.

I just couldn't get enough as I devoured her. I lifted one of her legs, hooking the crook over my shoulder and doubled down on ravishing her.

At first, I used only my mouth, but then my finger joined in the fun, one and then a second.

She was twisting and crying out with pleasure as two of my fingers worked inside her while my mouth sucked on her clit.

The gyration of her hips was mesmerizing and our rhythm was one of almost deranged frenzy.

“Yes...oh...Ahh!” Alana whimpered.

Her husky voice was like music to my ears. A guttural groan sounded from my throat.

It surprised me.

It was fucking feral and animalistic.

I recognized it as the sound of possession!

How dare that punk try to take advantage of my beautiful Alana? Of the most gorgeous woman I’ve ever met?!

I was still greatly pissed off by the what had almost happened tonight!

He would pay greatly for trying to hurt what belonged only to me!

I felt Alana quickening, each hard precise thrust of my fingers and vicious suck on her delicate bud brought her closer and closer.

I felt as though I too was spiraling out of control as she raced towards her own release.

Her climax was upon her. Her whimpers were starting to sound like sobs.

“Ste...Stephan!” She called out. “Oh God...Ahhh!”

She pounded her sex into my face, and when the last bout of pleasure swept through her body, she broke open.

She screamed as her body shuddered, violently at the release and her juices poured over my chin in a stream of heated, molten ecstasy.

I lapped up every bit of her release, every cell in my body electrified.

Alana was gasping, breathlessly as her eyes rolled back into her head.

As soon as it seemed like her breathing had somehow come back under control, she chanted; “More! More!”

I grinned at her. “I’ll give you more. I’ll give you anything you want.”

“Yes.” She breathed, her eyes shining.

As I moved my face closer to hers, she lifted her hand and ran it through my hair and then cupped my face.

Lifting herself forward, she shoved her tongue into my mouth and drank me in with an almost inhuman fervor.

I pushed her back on the bed and crushed her body with mine as I covered her neck in sensual kisses.

I buried my nose in the crook and inhaled her scent.

My mouth found her nipple.

The tight peak was calling out to me, it belonged in my mouth.

I swirled my tongue around it.

“Stephan.” She gasped.

I sucked the bud and it hardened even more in my mouth. I let my lips travelled across to her other breast and enclosed that nipple inside my wet mouth.

Her body arched, sensuously, I sucked harder on her breasts, moving from one to the other, I loved everything about her boobs, I couldn’t get enough of them.

I adored her whole body so fucking much.

She grind her hips to mine.

“Do...you...you want to dive inside now? I’m all nice and wet for you.”

Those words completely took me off guard that I moved away from her breasts to stared at her face, unable to believe she had just said that.

Oh boy, those words made me feel like I had also been drugged as well.

“Fuck me now! I can’t wait. My pussy only wants you! It’s...it’s throbbing for you!”

“Ahh.” I gasped, not even finding the words to describe how her dirty talk made me feel.

And I had a feeling she was going to wear me out tonight.

Well, it'd be an honor to be worn out by her.

Grabbing my cock, I positioned it at her entrance.

“Your throbbing pussy is my favorite place to be, I’m going to fuck you! I’m going to give you everything.”

She thrust her hips forward to take more of me.

I moved again, my thick shaft inching its way into her, stretching and filling her walls.

I covered her mouth with mine and I shoved my entire length inside of her, impaling myself inside her tight, sweet and wet heat.

Inside the most beautiful woman on earth. Inside the only woman who could turn my brain to jelly.

Alana’s pussy quivered around my dick.

She felt as hot and tight as a damp fist around me. I withdrew and slammed back in so hard, she screamed.

I captured her mouth again and slipped my tongue into it.

She liked it. She liked sucking on my tongue while I fuck her.

While she sucked my tongue, greedily, I rammed into her. It was a hard, frenzied fuck.

My cock filled her over and over again while those mewling noises she made that I loved so much echoed around us.

We came together, so powerfully, so hotly, I was in cloud nine.

I pulled out of her and reached out to cup her cheek to see if she was okay.

Her breathing was still labored, her eyes bright and wide.

“Again.” She murmured.

That instantly stirred up my cock.

I laid on the bed and ordered.

“Ride me.”

Alana wasted no time, she moved to straddle me, lowering herself on me.

I groaned feeling the tight grip of her wet walls engulfing me.

She leaned her head back and moaned, loudly.

Her skin glowed and my cock throbbed even more.

Fuck!

I could stay connected to her like this forever.

I leaned forward and pressed my forehead against hers.

Her sweet scent hit me and it hardened me even more inside her.

Her nipples were hard, a perfect pink that I couldn't resist. Cupping one, I leaned in and took the peak into my mouth, sucking greedily.

"Ahh...Ummm." She whimpered, her body arching and I took my time, lavishing attention on each breast, feeling her writhe against me.

I leaned back, slightly, giving her room to set her feet on either side of me as she began to ride me.

Her hands gripped my shoulders, her hair spilling over her cheeks as she moved.

I watched, entranced.

She was beautiful, her flushed skin, her parted lips. Everything about her was intoxicating.

She took control and fucked me, breast bouncing beautifully, slowly at first and then faster and faster.

Grabbing her waist, I thrust hard into her.

"Haa!" She cried out, riding me even harder and it was my turn to surrender, completely.

She was blowing my mind. Gripping her tighter, I pumped into her.

I felt it all, every shiver, every clench of her walls around me. I fucked her, mercilessly.

I needed her body to always remember, just like she did tonight that I was the only one allowed to touch her.

Alana climaxed, explosively.

But she literally didn't look done with me tonight yet. Just as she recovered from that orgasm, she started to move again.

Cupping her ass, I took back some of the control and grind into her.

She arched back and moaned.

She was a fucking angel.

My angel.

"STEPHAN!" She screamed my name.

It was a glorious sound.

"Scream my name again." My demand was harsh yet desperate.

"Stephan...Stephan...Stephan!" She chanted.

I could never get enough of this woman.

I grabbed her waist and powered up into her body like I had lost it.

Then I picked her off me and flipped her so she was on her hands and knees.

I settled behind her and plunged back in.

I tightened my grip on her waist and fucked her like I never had before.

The walls of her pussy contracted and expanded, exploding around my length. That happened several times before my own climax slammed me outside of reality and I erupted inside of her, filling her with my cum.

We both collapsed into a sticky heap, her lithe, limp body pressed against mine.

Sliding out of her, I pulled her close and turned her to face me so I can look at her.

Gently moving her hair away from her face, our eyes met, and we kissed like it had become an habit.

She ran her fingers along my jaw, feeling the scruff of my beard, then continued down to my chest and fluttered over the lines on my abs.

I tensed when I felt her hand on my cock.

Aside being drugged right now, Alana was great in bed. I had also enjoyed the other times I've had her.

But she wasn't used to how insatiable I was.

Heck, I also wasn't used to how insatiable I was when we were together.

I always wanted more and more and I mostly left her sore and exhausted.

I was actually trying to work on handling her more delicately in bed.

I don't think that's going to work all the time though.

But right now, she didn't seem like her usual self, by now, she should be tired but it felt like she was just getting started.

I knew it was because of the drug but I was worried if her body could take it.

I didn't want her landing in my mother's hospital again.

"Are you sure you can...fuck!" I couldn't complete that because she had began to stroke my cock.

"I want more, Stephan." She said, looking up at me and pouting.

There was absolutely no way I could say no to that.

She got into the position she wanted, her chest on the bed, ass in the air.

She widened her legs, showing me her opening.

"Now!" She ordered.

Oh, with pleasure.

I started thrusting in and out on her, grabbing her hips and pulling her to me.

I rode her hard and gave her what she wanted and I felt her pussy pulsed around me. I thrust a few more times and she came, gripping my cock and shouting her released.

I grunted as her tight pussy pulled my orgasm from me.

I held myself deep inside her as I emptied my balls of every last drop.

It was a long, long night.

I had underestimated how horny she was.

I knew I had a great stamina.

But tonight, Alana drained me.

I wasn't exactly complaining though.

It was an honor to be drained by her.

We've been going at it for so long, I had lost count of how many times I've come.

"More, please." Alana begged, wiggling her ass at me.

I panted, harshly. "Alana, baby, let's take a break." I requested.

I had drifted off to sleep like three times at some point but she woke me up either with her mouth on my cock or her mouth sucking on different parts of my body.

"No!" She whined.

I took a deep breath.

I couldn't exactly say no to her, could I?

How many dosage was she given anyway?

I sat up and pushed inside her again.

My cock hard and erect. I might be getting tired but this fucking dick was always hard for her.

I definitely got drugged too.

Cum from our previous sessions ran down the sides and coated us, everywhere, making a mess.

I loved the mess though.

I fucked her harder this time and it didn't take long before we both climaxed, making even more cum drip between us.

When I was finally spent, I collapsed to the side, pulling her with me so we were spooning and I didn't have to pull out.

We were a sweaty leap of flesh, smeared with our passion and unable to move.

I kissed her neck and pet her body as she snuggled into me, grinding on my cock every now and then.

I don't think I could go on another round right now.

"Get some sleep, Lana. He'll be hard and waiting for you when you wake up."

"Don't pull out, okay?" She warned, pushing down on my cock.

"I won't. I'll be inside of you all night." I assured.

Use arrow keys (or A / D) to PREV/NEXT chapter

c 50

Home Chapter 50 His compensation

When Alana awoke, her entire body ached and felt weak.

Particularly between her legs, a certain spot throbbed intensely.

A thin white blanket covered her, revealing she wore nothing beneath it.

The scenes from last night surged back to her like a tidal wave.

How she'd been drugged, how Dane had lured her into the room, and...how Stephan had appeared to save her.

Even the tangled moments she shared with him in this very room last night played back with startling clarity.

Gosh, she had been so wanton.

She would never accept that was her.

She chose to alter her memory and pretend Stephan had been the most wanton one among the two of them last night.

Gritting her teeth, Alana clutched the quilt and struggled to sit up.

The room felt empty now. Besides her, no one else seemed to be there.

Had he left?

Her gaze suddenly swept across the floor.

Several pairs of men's boxers lay tangled with women's underwear. Nearby, a torn dress and a man's shirt lay scattered, buttons strewn across the floor.

This...

Alana flushed at the sight. Last night had been...

Her thoughts were interrupted by the creak of the door opening. A tall, sharp figure entered at a leisurely pace.

His gaze fell on the bed. The girl, ravaged all night, now sat pitifully on the headboard, looking at him like a frightened little rabbit.

"Awake? These are clothes I just bought for you. Put them on later."

Stephan walked to the bedside and tossed the bag he was holding in front of Alana.

Alana glanced down at the plastic bag.

Inside was a brand-new dress, a beige style, along with matching underwear in the same color. Her cheeks flushed again. He'd even bought underwear for her.

It seemed he'd become addicted to buying clothes for her.

Stephan watched the girl's bashful reaction, his gaze softening involuntarily.

"Go put it on. Once you're dressed, we'll talk."

Biting her lip, Alana still picked up the bag and slipped out from under the covers.

Her legs, however, felt weak and wobbly.

The moment her feet touched the floor, she nearly stumbled.

Stephan caught her waist in time. The tender warmth beneath his palm made his throat tighten again.

He murmured, "Why are you so delicate?"

Alana murmured a complaint, "It's all your fault..."

"My fault?" He sneered.

Not wanting him to tease her, she quickly let out.

“Let go of me...”

He let out a low chuckle. “Since your legs are too weak to walk, why not just change in bed? I’ve already seen every inch of your body. There’s no need to hide anything from me now.”

“No!”

Alana’s cheeks flared crimson. Without hesitation, she pushed him away and scampered awkwardly into the bathroom.

Fearing he might burst in, she even locked the bathroom door from the inside.

After getting everything ready, she stared blankly at the clothes in the bag.

Now that she’d had that kind of relationship with him again, how was she supposed to handle this?

Last night, after all, he had come to save her just in time...

Forget it. Thinking about it just gave her a headache.

She’d cross that bridge when she came to it.

Alana slipped into the dress.

An off-white, strapless maxi dress.

Two thin straps hung from her rounded shoulders.

Her slender neck and beautiful collarbone were fully exposed.

One strap even featured an off-white rose, adding a touch of playfulness to the girl wearing the dress.

Alana stared blankly at the girl in the mirror.

Inside, she wondered, How could a man have better taste in dresses than she did?

She shook her head and pushed open the door to step out.

The moment she emerged, her gaze locked with the man seated on the sofa.

He wore a gray shirt and black dress pants.

His hands rested on the sofa, one leg crossed over the other.

His posture was arrogant and cold.

His direct gaze made Alana feel thoroughly uncomfortable.

Biting her lip, she walked slowly to his side. "The dress is beautiful. Thank you."

Stephan's appraising look was unapologetic.

Alana's features were delicate, yet carried a hint of coolness.

Perhaps it stemmed from her quiet, ladylike demeanor.

Worn by her, the dress, with its rose pinned to her rounded shoulder, added a touch of sweet charm, radiating brightness and freshness.

Once again, it proved his excellent eye for selecting dresses for women.

Moreover, he realized he truly enjoyed picking dresses for her. Every time he saw her wear one he'd carefully chosen, he felt an indescribable sense of accomplishment.

He beckoned her with a flick of his finger. "Come sit with me."

Alana hesitated. "No need. I'll just stand."

"I don't like chatting with people while standing."

Alana bit her lip, thought for a moment, then walked over and sat down on the sofa.

However, she positioned herself quite a distance away from him.

Stephan snorted. What was she playing at?

Sitting so far away, as if she wanted to completely distance herself from him. After last night, did she really think she could cut ties with him?

Not a chance!

He stared at the stiff girl and spoke slowly, "Last night... I saved you."

Last night, he'd been out with his crew when her desperate call came through unexpectedly.

She hadn't even finished her sentence before the line went dead.

He'd told her clearly, if he helped her again, he'd be a dog!

But hearing her tearful plea over the phone, the urge to save her overwhelmed all reason.

He'd practically floored the gas pedal, running several red lights before reaching the Spring clubhouse to rescue her from that bastard.

Thankfully, he'd arrived in time. Had he been a moment later, he might have regretted it for the rest of his life.

The sight of Alana being manhandled by that old man was etched into his memory forever. He'd wanted to kill the man on the spot.

In his memory, this was the first time he'd ever lost control like this.

The reason for that loss of control stemmed from the woman before him.

Alana sensed the man's intense, unflinching gaze and couldn't help but lower her eyes, unable to meet his stare.

"I... I know. So thank you. Thank you so much."

Stephan frowned. "Thanks. And then?"

Alana's voice was faint. "Nothing... nothing else..."

Didn't they already had countless rounds of sex?

What more did he want? Alana wondered.

Stephan laughed bitterly.

He wondered why he was so furious, turns out he'd tangled with an irresponsible, shameless woman!

"Alana, you really take the cake! So you just love using men's bodies?!"

Alana's eyes widened in disbelief.

What did he just say?

He called her a user?

Last night, he was also...

“You... don’t try to play innocent after getting what you wanted! Before last night, you wanted to sleep with me again! Don’t think I’m that naive and so you took the opportunity last night and...”

Stephan pinched her chin between his fingers, his dark eyes fixed on her as his voice dropped low. “Where did I get what I wanted? I didn’t want to do it last night but you came onto me! And you were quite insatiable too! Exhausting the hell out of me! It was you taking advantage of me.”

“You...”

Alana was speechless, unable to find a rebuttal.

Plus, she really didn’t want to think about how wild she had been last night.

“Then... then what do you want?”

Stephan’s thin lips curved slightly. “Take responsibility for me.”

What?

Taking responsibility for him again?

Her eyes widened in shock. “You...you want me to...spend another night with you?”

“Then what is it?”

“Be my woman.”

Alana instinctively refused. “No, I can’t!”

Stephan gritted his teeth. “We’ve done it so many times already. Why can’t you just become mine?! Still thinking about that scumbag boyfriend of yours?”

He couldn’t think of any other reason.

Alana shook her head. “It’s not about my boyfriend. It’s just... I don’t want to be with you without any commitment.”

Being his woman felt no different than being his kept mistress.

Stephan spoke up, “Then marry me.”

Alana stared at him in shock. Marriage was a lifetime commitment, and he just casually tossed it out like that?!

Was marriage really that simple?

After a moment's thought, she still refused. "That... that's not possible either..."

Stephan laughed bitterly. "Alana, you keep rejecting everything! What exactly do you want?"

Biting her lip, Alana replied earnestly, "I feel we don't know each other well enough. I'm unfamiliar not only with you, but also with your family. Would your family approve if we get married? Most importantly, I believe marriage should be mutual consent, both parties must genuinely love each other to marry. I..." Alana glanced at the man, hesitated, then said, "I'm not interested in you right now."

Stephan's eyes almost shot out of their sockets.

After all that time together, she still didn't feel anything for him.

Was he lacking in charm?

Couldn't he even attract her affection?

But over the years, countless women had thrown themselves at him, some he couldn't even shoo away. That proved he wasn't completely devoid of appeal.

The only possibility was that he simply wasn't her type.

Stephan took a deep breath, suppressing the irritation rising in his chest. "Then try harder. Try to develop feelings for me."

What?

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