

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

#Chapter 5 The Real Doctor - Read Help! My One-Night Stand Is Examining Me?! Chapter 5 The Real Doctor

Alana remained frozen, her face burning with mortification. She couldn't bring herself to move, couldn't process what he was asking her to do.

Stephan observed her paralyzed state with apparent calm, though his pulse was racing beneath his composed exterior.

"There's no need to be shy," he said, his voice steady but with an underlying tension. "I've already seen everything."

The words hung in the air between them, loaded with meaning that made Alana's breath catch.

He hadn't said he was a doctor who'd seen countless patients.

He'd said he had seen her.

But surely that was just his clinical way of speaking, right?

With trembling hands, Alana slowly positioned herself on the bed, but kept her panties firmly in place.

"The panties need to come off too," Stephan said, his voice growing rougher despite his attempts at professional detachment.

"I... I can't," she whispered, her hands clutching the fabric desperately.

Stephan stepped closer, and she could feel the heat radiating from his body. His breathing had become slightly uneven, and when she dared to glance up, she noticed a telltale tension in his stance.

"You'll have to," he said softly. "For the examination."

Finally, knowing she had no choice, Alana squeezed her eyes shut and slowly removed her panties with shaking hands.

The moment Stephan saw her, his jaw clenched visibly.

The delicate flesh was red and swollen, clear evidence of their passionate night together.

"I'm sorry," he said quietly, the words escaping before he could stop them.

Alana's entire body went rigid at his apology.

Her muscles tensed involuntarily, including the intimate areas he was studying.

Without warning, he reached for a tube of anti-inflammatory cream from the nearby medical cart, squeezing some onto his gloved fingers.

"This will help with the swelling," he murmured, his voice husky.

When his fingers made contact with her sensitive flesh, applying the cool cream with gentle circular motions, Alana couldn't suppress a soft gasp.

Her body trembled under his touch, but to her mortification, she felt herself responding—not just with pain, but with an unwelcome warmth.

Stephan felt her body's reaction immediately. Despite everything, despite the clinical setting, despite her obvious discomfort, her body remembered him.

A small, satisfied smile tugged at the corner of his mouth.

"The inflammation is from friction," he said, adopting a professorial tone while continuing his ministrations. "There are no other symptoms, no rashes or concerning reactions. It's not serious and should heal with proper care."

He applied the cream with meticulous attention, his touch both clinical and intimate, watching as her breathing became increasingly uneven.

When he finally stepped back and removed his gloves, Alana quickly reached for her clothes.

"You can get dressed now," he said, walking toward the sink to wash his hands.

Alana hastily pulled on her pants, desperate to escape the room and this humiliating situation.

But just as she was about to flee, the door opened from the outside.

An older woman in a white coat entered, her expression shifting from mild annoyance to shock when she saw Stephan.

"Stephan! What are you doing here? When did you arrive?" she demanded.

Alana froze, her blood running cold. The woman's tone suggested familiarity, not professional courtesy.

"I was helping this lady," Stephan replied casually, but there was a hint of guilt in his voice.

"Helping out?" The woman—clearly the actual doctor—looked between Stephan and Alana with growing alarm. "You examined my patient? Without supervision? Without a license?"

The truth hit Alana like a physical blow.

He wasn't a doctor.

He had never been a doctor.

"You're not a doctor?!" Alana finally found her voice, her shock giving way to fury.

Stephan turned to look at her, his gray eyes unreadable.

"I never said I was a doctor."

"You... you..." Alana's voice cracked with outrage and mortification.

The older woman—the real doctor—looked horrified.

"Miss, I am so sorry. I was supposed to see you today. This is my son, and what he's

done is a serious offense. You can sue him for this."

Stephan appeared completely unconcerned as he said, "I may not be a doctor, but I do have a significant responsibility to help this lady."

The female doctor shot back mercilessly, "Stop talking nonsense! Tell me exactly what you did just now!"

Stephan's mouth curved into a half-smile as he looked at Alana. "Well, that would be quite a long story. A very long story indeed."

"Then start from the—"

Alana, sensing what he might reveal, immediately interrupted, "Nothing! He didn't do anything!"

Stephan's eyes narrowed. Even now, she was still putting on an act.

The doctor immediately turned her concern to Alana.

"My dear, you don't need to protect him. What exactly happened? Did he hurt you in any way?"

"No, really, nothing happened," Alana insisted desperately, her face burning with embarrassment. "Could you please just give me a proper examination? I just... I need to make sure I'm okay."

If this man's mother—her one-night stand's mother—found out the truth about what had happened between them, Alana was certain she would literally jump out the nearest window.

The female doctor looked between them suspiciously, clearly sensing undercurrents she couldn't quite grasp.

"Of course, dear. I'm Cynthia by the way. Let me give you a thorough and proper examination."

As Cynthia began preparing for the real examination, Stephan remained in the room, that infuriating half-smile still playing on his lips.

Alana shot him a murderous look, but he seemed entirely too pleased with himself for someone who had just been caught impersonating a medical professional.

"Perhaps," Cynthia said pointedly to her son, "you should wait outside while I conduct this examination properly."

"Of course," Stephan replied smoothly, but as he headed for the door, he caught Alana's eye one more time.

The look he gave her was unmistakable: This wasn't over.

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