

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

Chapter 51 Try harder

Chapter 51 Try harder

Alana stared at him in disbelief.

Was this something a normal person would say?

What did he mean, “Try harder to develop feelings for him”?

Wasn’t it enough that she was trying to stay away from him?

Observing her reaction, Stephan’s tone turned icy. “I’m not that bad, am I? At least I’m far superior to your deadbeat boyfriend. How many times have you faced danger? When did he ever show up to save you?”

Alana pressed her lips together, at a loss for words.

Stephan snorted with a smirk, ultimately not forcing her to make an immediate decision.

After all, haste makes waste. This needed to be done gradually.

He moved closer to her, lifting her up and placing her on his lap, acting as if she was already his, no question about it.

His large hand wrapped around her slender waist as he stared into her eyes and asked, “Alright, let’s put this aside for now. What exactly happened last night?”

His embrace felt perfectly natural, as if he hadn’t noticed her discomfort at all.

Alana watched as he suddenly pulled her close, holding her tightly. The heat radiating from his body steadily warmed her.

She felt incredibly uneasy.

It was as if they were already a couple, free to kiss and hug whenever they pleased.

But clearly, they weren't anything yet.

She hadn't agreed to be his girlfriend.

It wasn't that she resisted the idea of being his girlfriend.

It was just that she felt they weren't familiar enough with each other to start a relationship.

He had helped her, and she was grateful.

But that was one thing; it didn't mean he could demand she be his girlfriend because of it.

She believed that before becoming boyfriend and girlfriend, both parties should have a certain level of understanding and familiarity.

Besides, he'd admitted he craved her body.

Who knew if asking her to be his girlfriend was just a convenient excuse to sleep with her?

So she thought her refusal was perfectly normal.

Agreeing immediately would have been the abnormal thing to do.

Stephan noticed the girl's dazed expression and couldn't resist pinching her pretty little cheek.

"What are you thinking about? Why aren't you answering my question? Who drugged you? Was it that old man last night?"

Alana snapped back to reality, recalling last night's events. Her expression darkened.

"Not him. It was a female colleague at the company who has a grudge against me. But I suspect he's involved too."

Just as she was about to leave after being drugged, Dane chased her out.

Clearly, Dane knew about Vera drugging her.

She'd been double-crossed by both of them!

As if recalling something, Alana couldn't help asking, "Last night, how did you know I was at the Spring clubhouse and come to rescue me?"

Stephan plucked a strand of her hair, twirling it between his fingers.

“Because you called me for help.”

Alana froze. “Last night... the person I called... was it you?”

His fingers paused, his brows slightly furrowing. “You didn’t know you called me?”

Alana shook her head, her answer honest. “No. I meant to call the police, but I tapped the wrong button. I didn’t know whose number I’d dialed, turns out it was yours.”

No wonder he’d appeared so promptly.

Stephan gasped in shock.

She thought she’d been in danger and turned to him first for help, he started to even feel a touch of smug satisfaction.

But it turned out she’d dialed him by mistake. He didn’t know whether to be annoyed or amused. Watching the girl sitting obediently on his lap, he couldn’t resist cupping her chin. Leaning down, he gave her lips a punishing bite.

Here we go again, kissing at the drop of a hat.

Watching the girl’s lips grow increasingly flushed from his kisses, Stephan gently pressed his fingertip against them, his voice deep and husky.

“Tell me, how do you want to handle this?” Recalling Dane’s disgusting, lecherous behavior last night, Alana frowned. “I want to call the police.”

She wanted that rapist to pay!

Stephan said, “Then call the police.”

Alana clenched her fists before lowering her eyes again. But if she reported it, the fact she’d been drugged and almost violated would become public knowledge. She knew all too well the terror of rumors and didn’t want to be swept up in that kind of scandal, drowned in a sea of gossip.

After a long internal struggle, Alana finally conceded helplessly, “Forget it...”

“You already taught him a lesson last night.”

She recalled Dane being beaten black and blue by Stephan until he passed out.

Stephan gave Alana a deep look, perhaps seeing through her hesitation.

He pinched her chin again. “Is last night’s lesson enough to satisfy you?”

“What else could I do?”

“I can’t take him on.”

Alana’s voice carried a hint of resentment.

Powerless and without influence, how could she possibly fight a seasoned fox in the treacherous business world?

Stephan stared at her dejected face. “You can rely on me.”

“If you want me to take him down, I will.”

Alana couldn’t help but glance at the man.

Him?

Could he be trusted?

Stephan raised an eyebrow. “Don’t you believe me?”

Alana gritted her teeth. “Could you, um, stop touching me?”

She sat on his lap, yet his hands were anything but still, constantly roaming her waist and thighs.

Stephan smiled, awkwardly: “Sorry, my hands have a mind of their own.”

He apologized with his words, but the large hand resting on her thigh hadn’t retreated.

Alana felt the man wasn’t just cunning, he was downright nasty.

She forced herself to ignore the calloused palm on her thigh, biting her lip as she asked, “You really intend to help me?”

For some reason, she believed he had the capability to assist her.

After days of interaction, she sensed he wasn’t from an ordinary background.

Just the apartment he lived in was worth tens of millions at the very least.

How could someone from an average family afford such a mansion?

Perhaps he was a rich second-generation heir or some playboy from a wealthy family.

“Of course.”

After a pause, the man changed the subject. “But I can’t help you for free.”

Sure enough, there was no such thing as a free lunch.

Alana immediately pushed away the hand that was wrapped around her waist and slid off his lap.

“Then I don’t want your help.”

“It’s getting late. I should head back.”

The girl pouted her rosy lips, her cheeks puffing out into a rounded curve, seemingly annoyed. Little did she know, her pout was utterly adorable, making the man want nothing more than to tease her.

Stephan raised an eyebrow again. “I only said I can’t help you for free. I never said I wouldn’t help you.”

Alana retorted irritably, “Your help always comes with strings attached! I’m not falling for your tricks!”

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

Chapter 52 Deep breath

Chapter 52 Deep breath

Stephan replied with deadpan seriousness, “These strings...you can certainly afford them.”

Alana nodded. “Fine. What do you want?”

“Kiss me.”

Alana’s cheeks flushed uncontrollably at his shameless tone.

“Goodbye.” She turned and walked away.

But the man swiftly rose, grabbing her wrist.

He pulled her into his embrace, his large hand clasping her waist to prevent her escape.

His dark eyes fixed intently on her, his voice tinged with a hint of reproach.

“I served you all night last night. You’re feeling perfectly comfortable now, yet I can’t even ask for a kiss?”

“You...” She blushed intensely, wanting to push him away but finding herself utterly powerless. Moreover, her body, worn out from last night’s exertions, was still limp and hadn’t recovered.

He was truly formidable, five or six times in one night, each session lasting an eternity.

What woman could withstand his intensity?

Fearing he’d take pounce on her, Alana struggled.

“You...let go of me...”

“I need to hurry back to work...”

Stephan reluctantly loosened his embrace.

Her body was fragrant and soft, holding her was addictive.

He even wanted to bury his face in her neck and inhale deeply.

“I’ll drive you.”

“No, please don’t. I’ll just take a taxi...”

Stephan tightened his arms around her, burying his face in the delicate hollow of her neck to inhale deeply.

“Your phone’s broken. How will you hail a cab?”

Alana’s eyes widened. “How did you know my phone was broken?”

“I found it when I came looking for you. The screen was shattered all over the floor.”

As he spoke, he couldn’t resist taking another deep breath of the girl’s fragrant, delicate neck.

She gasped, “Ah, don’t come close to me like that, you’ll leave a mark...”

“Then I’ll switch to kissing.” With that, he leaned in and pressed his lips directly against hers.

Ever since last night’s incident, he no longer held back with her. If he wanted something, he took it.

Alana arrived at the office.

Carla saw her take her seat and immediately stood up to ask, “Alana, where did you go last night?”

“I was gone just long enough to sing a song, and you vanished. I messaged you, but you didn’t reply.”

Alana was just opening her laptop when she heard this. She gave an apologetic smile. "Sorry, I went home last night. I meant to tell you, but you were so engrossed in singing, I didn’t want to disturb you. As for not replying to your messages, my phone broke.“

Carla nodded. ”Oh, I see.“

“It’s fine. Just glad you got home safely. By the way, Manager Dane isn’t at the office today. I heard he got beaten up last night, knocked unconscious and hospitalized. Someone saw him beaten to a pulp, black eyes, blood all over his mouth, a few teeth knocked out. He wasn’t even wearing a shirt when the medics carried him onto the ambulance.”

“Who knows who he crossed to get beaten that badly? He probably won’t be back at the office for at least a couple weeks.”

Alana remained silent, but hearing Carla’s words gave her a sense of satisfaction.

Deep down, she hoped Dane would never return to the company.

Vera had just stepped out of the restroom when, before she could react, a hard slap struck her face.

The sharp smack instantly left half her cheek swollen.

Clasping her face, Vera stared wide-eyed at the person who had suddenly appeared before her.

“Alana, what the hell are you doing? Why did you hit me?”

Alana sneered coldly. “Why did I hit you? Isn’t it obvious? Last night, did you slip something into the drinks?”

Vera’s eyes darted nervously. “I... I didn’t slip anything in. Don’t accuse me falsely...”

She already knew what had happened to Dane.

She’d heard he’d been beaten badly and ended up in the hospital operating room.

She knew clearly that last night, it was Dane who had taken Alana away.

Dane got beaten, but Alana seemed completely unscathed. Could it be that someone had helped Alana?

She didn’t know who helped Alana, but she didn’t want to get involved.

Alana’s eyes darkened as she fixed Vera with a warning stare. “Vera, it doesn’t matter if you deny it. I know you did it. You saw what happened to Dane. If you don’t want to end up like him, give me a wide berth from now on. Otherwise, his fate will be yours!”

Vera bit her lip hard, fear flashing in her eyes.

Clearly, she believed Alana’s words.

Seeing Vera’s fear, Alana sneered coldly once more, shoved past her, and strode away.

Stephan dropped Alana off at her company building before driving to his own company.

Upon arriving, he summoned his assistant.

“Investigate this man.”

“I want his entire dossier, every detail.”

Stephan handed his ID badge to the assistant.

Vance glanced at the photo on the badge, puzzled. “He’s not from our company. Why are you investigating him, President?”

‘And he’s so old, so fat, so ugly! Don’t tell me the President was interested in this kind of old, fat, ugly man?!’ Vance thought.

Stephan frowned. “I told you to investigate. Why all the questions?”

Vance swallowed.

Alright, the president's tastes were incredibly unique. He might not understand them, but he respected them.

Stephan specifically added, "Hurry up. I need it before the end of today."

Vance blinked, nodded in agreement, and left to handle the task.

Stephan glanced at his work and couldn't help but touch his phone.

That woman... her phone was broken.

What to do? He not only wanted to buy her a dress but was even thinking about getting her a new phone.

He pinched the bridge of his nose.

He felt like he was having one of his episodes again.

Alana finished her day's work and clocked out promptly at quitting time.

Her phone was broken, so she planned to buy a new one at the cell phone store.

Without a phone in hand, she felt like she couldn't manage her life for a single day. She must try to get a cheap one.

There was a phone store near the company, only about five hundred meters away, just a few minutes' walk.

Just as she was approaching the store, a black Bentley suddenly pulled up in front of her.

Alana instantly recognized the owner of the Bentley and instinctively wanted to take off running.

However, the handsome man inside suddenly spoke, his deep voice as commanding as ever.

"Get in."

Alana pouted.

Could she not get in?

Stephan's knuckles tapped lightly on the steering wheel as he spoke calmly.

"Get in. I have something important for you."

Alana hesitated, fearing another trap set by the man.

"What's so important?"

He glanced at her, his tone cool. "Regarding that old man who hurt you last night, I have evidence that could destroy him."

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

Chapter 53 The pictures

Chapter 53 The pictures

Hearing this, Alana immediately moved closer, opened the door, and climbed in.

Seeing Alana obediently seated beside him, Stephan snorted softly through his nose.

Little minx, manipulating this woman was a piece of cake!

Once settled, Alana turned to the cold, aristocratic man beside her and asked eagerly, "What kind of evidence?"

Her beautiful eyes widened, pupils dark and pure, clear and luminous.

They shimmered with a fresh, curious gleam.

Stephan fought the urge to kiss her, instead pulling out a document pouch and handing it to her. "Here."

Alana snatched the pouch and ripped it open.

Instantly, she saw a jumble of photos inside.

Photos of Dane checking into hotels with other women.

There were so many pictures, she couldn't count them and each picture featured different faces.

Most were young, all around twenty, fresh out of school like Alana herself.

Not too surprisingly, among these hundreds of photos, she spotted intimate shots of Dane and Vera.

One even captured the two of them doing it in a lobby. Vera's dress were rolled around her waist while Dane's trousers and underwear were around his feet.

Alana flushed crimson. Every single photo was unbearably explicit, utterly shameful.

She quickly stuffed the photos back into the envelope. "Where... where did you find these?"

Stephan replied, "I have my sources. I tracked them down."

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

He spoke calmly, "Take these photos to your company's executives. Report his disgusting work and private life. I guarantee he won't be able to keep his job here."

That was true.

Otherwise, if Dane remained in the company, there was no guarantee he wouldn't continue harassing her.

Alana couldn't help but look at Stephan, her expression complex.

"Why...are you helping me like this?"

Stephan's also looked at her, his dark eyes deep. "I said I don't help for free."

She bit her lip, guessing his purpose in her heart.

She slowly returned the document folder to him, placing it on his thigh.

"Thank you. Here, take these documents back. I don't need them anymore."

Stephan frowned.

He'd gone to all the trouble of investigating, only to have her return it? Was his effort for nothing?

He couldn't help but frown. "Take it."

Alana shook her head. “No. Since you gave me these materials expecting something in return, I... can’t repay you. So I refuse to take your documents.”

Stephan gritted his back teeth silently.

He only wanted her to be his girlfriend, how could that be beyond her means?

Besides, he’d never invested this much effort in any woman before.

“Alana, I’ve realized you’re quite stubborn!”

She shrugged. “Thanks. I think I’m stubborn too.”

Stephan felt thoroughly defeated. He pinched the bridge of his nose. “Fine. Consider it a gift. No strings attached.”

Alana stared at him, eyes wide.

Her expression seemed to say, Would he really be that generous?

Stevan fixed her with a narrowed gaze. “Take it back before I change my mind. Or I’ll toss it in the trash and you won’t get it.”

Hearing this, Alana finally retrieved the documents from his lap, handling them with extreme care.

“Thanks.”

That same ‘thanks’ again.

Stephan was sick of hearing it.

“Is ‘thanks’ the only word you know?”

Alana thought for a moment, then replied earnestly, “I’m truly grateful.”

Was this woman a robot?

Her responses were so robotic.

Stephan gripped the steering wheel and pressed the accelerator.

Seeing the car start moving,

Alana froze. “Hey, where are you driving me?”

He remained expressionless. “To eat. After all the investigating I did for you, treating you to a meal isn’t too much, right?”

Alana quickly replied, “It’s not too much, but my phone’s broken and I don’t have any cash on me. I can’t pay.” “

Stephan shot her a glance but said nothing. Like magic, a palm-sized square box suddenly materialized in his hand.

He tossed it decisively onto her lap.

Alana blinked.

She picked up the square box and looked at the man in confusion. “What... what is this...”

“Open it and see.”

Curious, she opened the box and discovered a pure white phone inside.

She couldn’t tell the brand or whether it was expensive.

But she had a feeling nothing he produced was cheap.

She couldn’t help but look at him. “This phone is...”

He spoke indifferently, “A gift for you.”

“For me?”

Alana bit her lip, feeling a bit surprised.

Did he know her phone was broken and specially prepared a new one for her?

For some reason, the phone felt hot in her hands.

“How much is this phone? I’ll transfer the money to you.”

Stephan chuckled. He’d expected Alana to say this.

It seemed like she kept every transaction with him perfectly accounted for, refusing to accept even the slightest favor from him.

Unlike other women, if he offered them something, they’d practically throw themselves at him, kissing and hugging.

“I said it’s a gift. No charge.”

Alana insisted earnestly, “I can’t accept something like this for free.”

He sighed, heavily. “If you won’t take it, I’ll throw it away.”

With that, he suddenly reached out, snatched her phone, and flung it toward the open car window.

“No, don’t...” Alana instinctively threw herself at him, clutching his arm. “Don’t! Don’t throw it!”

Stephan lowered his gaze to find the girl pressed against him, her clear, contrasting eyes fixed on him with palpable tension.

Her sweet, delicate scent was undeniably tempting.

His intended motion to toss it out softened because of her.

He stared at her, a faint smile involuntarily flickering in his deep eyes.

“It’s not your phone. I can throw it away. Why should it bother you?”

Alana didn’t miss the flicker of amusement in his eyes. A faint blush of embarrassment spread across her cheeks.

Realizing she’d unconsciously clung to him, her arms wrapped around his, the intimate posture made her cheeks burn even hotter.

She couldn’t help but let go of him, just as she was about to stand up. His hand shot out, gripping her waist, stopping her from leaving.

“Answer me. Should I throw this phone or not?”

Alana gritted her teeth. “Throw it...”

“Then I’ll throw it...”

He made a motion to raise his hand again. Alana couldn’t hold back any longer. “Throw it to me!”

Stephan curved his lips, his amused gaze fixed on her.

Her face flushed with embarrassment, yet she still thickened her skin and said,

“Anyway, since it’s going to be thrown away. Might as well throw it to me.”

“If only you’d been this obedient earlier.” Stephan grabbed her small hand, placed the phone in her palm, and closed her fingers around it.

“Hold on to it well.”

“Thank you.”

Another human-machine exchange.

“Treat me to dinner.”

“Mm, okay.” Alana agreed readily to the request.

After dinner.

Stephan naturally drove her home.

Alana politely bid farewell to the man and pushed open the car door to step out.

Unexpectedly, the man followed her out.

She looked at him in surprise.

Stephan spoke indifferently, “Need to pee. Can I use your bathroom?”

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

Chapter 54 Cold as hell

Chapter 54 Cold as hell

Alana paused, realizing how much he’d helped her today. Letting him use her bathroom seemed only fair.

Still, she felt a twinge of guilt. Glancing around nervously, she saw no one near the residential complex. “Alright,” she said, “Come up with me. Remember, keep your distance. Don’t let anyone know you’re with me.”

With that, she walked ahead.

Stephan frowned.

Alana took several steps before turning back. The man hadn't followed.

"Hurry up! Keep that distance, don't get too close. If anyone discovers our connection, it'll be awkward."

He chuckled in exasperation and stepped in after her.

Alana lived on the sixth floor, requiring an elevator ride.

She opened the elevator doors only to find two elderly neighbors inside.

Thinking of Stephan following behind, she hesitated, neither entering nor staying put felt right.

A plump woman named Auntie Kate spoke up, "Lana dear, what are you standing there for? Come on in!"

Auntie Mabel beside her chimed in, "Exactly! We're neighbors on the same floor, nothing to be shy about!"

Alana forced a smile, about to say something.

Stephan, who had already approached from behind, gave her a casual glance before nudging her gently with his elbow.

The slight push sent her stumbling into the elevator.

The man then strode in with a swagger.

Alana snapped back to her senses and shot him a glare.

He raised an eyebrow, his expression saying, What are you going to do about it?

Uninterested in engaging, Alana retreated to a corner and hunched herself in.

As if on purpose, the man strolled over to her side.

Glancing at the two middle-aged women beside them, Alana's heart skipped a beat. She glared at him fiercely.

What?

Can't you keep your distance?

Stephan kept his hands in his pockets, completely unfazed by her glare and warning.

Alana inwardly cursed herself. If only she hadn't been so soft-hearted and agreed to let him use her bathroom.

Auntie Kate and Auntie Mabel's eyes widened at the sudden appearance of the nearly six-foot-tall hunk stepping into the elevator.

Whose son was this?

How had they never heard a whisper about such a hunk moving into their complex?

Auntie Mabel couldn't resist her gossipy nature. "Handsome, whose son are you? Which floor do you live on?"

Stephan glanced at Alana but said nothing.

Alana found it even harder to speak.

If she spoke, wouldn't she be telling the two aunts she knew him?

Yet the man's gaze, fixed intently on her, made it abundantly clear to everyone that they knew each other.

The two aunts weren't blind; how could they not pick up on something?

Aunt Mabel asked curiously, "Alana, do you know this handsome guy?"

Alana instinctively answered, "No..."

"We know each other." Stephan answered.

Alana forced herself not to punch him this instant, her face flushing bright red.

Meanwhile, a hint of amusement flickered in Stephan's calm eyes.

It seemed he was deliberately teasing her.

This infuriated Alana.

"So you do know each other!"

"What's your relationship?"

“He’s not your boyfriend, is he?”

Auntie Kate and Mabel seemed to catch wind of something and immediately launched into gossip mode.

Stephan felt an inexplicable thrill at being mistaken for her boyfriend again.

But outwardly, he maintained his usual calm and composed demeanor.

Alana was now in a bind and had no choice but to speak up.

“No, not at all. Just regular friends...”

Stephan sighed.

His earlier smirk vanished completely.

Aunt Mabel looked disappointed. “Oh, so you’re not?”

She’d missed her chance for gossip.

Aunt Kate suddenly chimed in, “But didn’t you say you had a boyfriend before? Isn’t this him?”

When Alana first rented here, she’d presented herself as single.

After all, she genuinely was single.

But once these neighbors learned she was unattached, they started pestering her every other day to set her up on blind dates.

One after another asked her about it, practically desperate to marry her off immediately.

They were just neighbors, yet they seemed more concerned about her marital status than her own parents.

Eventually, to avoid the hassle, she claimed she had a boyfriend.

Once they heard she had a boyfriend, the aunts and uncles calmed down a bit, no longer enthusiastically arranging matches for her.

Alana told Aunt Kate. “He’s not.”

The moment the words left her mouth, the air in the elevator felt inexplicably suffocating, turning cold and oppressive.

Aunt Kate and Aunt Carole reacted the most strongly.

“Oh my, what’s going on?”

“Why do I suddenly feel goosebumps?”

“Me too. It feels like something spooky just happened, the temperature dropped instantly.”

Alana couldn’t help but glance at the man beside her.

He wore a blank expression, somehow unsettling.

She lowered her head slightly, out of sight, out of mind.

The elevator doors opened.

Auntie Kate and Auntie Mabel hurriedly slipped out of the elevator.

Alana waited until both women had returned to their respective homes before stepping out of the elevator herself.

She walked to door 513.

Pulling out her key, she unlocked the door and said to the man behind her.

“Come in.”

Stephan’s expression was cold, even a bit fierce.

Learning from those two aunts that Alana truly had a boyfriend left him with a feeling worse than eating shit.

These past few days, he’d been trying desperately to ignore the fact that she had a boyfriend. He’d shown up in front of her again and again, acting overly intimate.

Her initial resistance to him had gradually weakened.

He’d even begun to believe this marked the start of their relationship improving.

But he never imagined the two women’s simple statement would yank him brutally back to reality.

Alana remained unaware of the man’s inner turmoil. She only wanted to politely invite him inside to use the restroom, then politely show him out afterward.

“Aren’t you in a hurry to use the bathroom? Come on in!”

Stephan entered her rented apartment with a blank expression.

He’d been here before, but his attention had been focused on her illness, so he hadn’t really looked around.

The living room was clean and tidy, featuring a small rectangular sofa and a coffee table.

An orange floral tablecloth covered the coffee table, and several yellow heart-shaped pillows adorned the sofa.

The curtains were also orange.

The colors were vibrant and cheerful.

A soft, girlish aura enveloped him, accompanied by a faint, sweet scent.

This place seemed to bear only the traces of a girl living alone.

The fresh, feminine scent lingered everywhere, untouched by any man.

So, her boyfriend hadn’t stayed here?

The thought lifted his spirits slightly.

After all, neither of the two neighbors had met her boyfriend, meaning he probably hadn’t visited her rental apartment.

Which meant... he was the first man to enter her home?!

Unconsciously, a dark satisfaction stirred within him.

But suddenly, his gaze froze.

Alana was changing her shoes at the entryway.

She slipped off her white canvas sneakers and into a pair of pink bunny slippers.

After changing, she noticed the man staring at her.

More accurately, he was staring at her shoe rack.

Alana looked puzzled. “What’s wrong?”

His gaze was cold as hell.

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

Chapter 55 So hot

Chapter 55 So hot

Alana was changing her shoes at the entryway.

She slipped off her white canvas sneakers and into a pair of pink bunny slippers.

After changing, she noticed the man staring at her.

More accurately, he was staring at her shoe rack.

Alana looked puzzled. “What’s wrong?”

Stephan’s gaze was icy.

Because he saw it, a pair of black men’s slippers on her shoe rack.

The presence of men’s slippers... did that prove a man had been in her apartment?

Was that man who’d been here her boyfriend?

The thought of this possibility stirred another wave of unease within him.

Thinking he wanted to change his shoes, Alana kindly offered, “You don’t need to change your shoes now that you’re inside. I’ll mop the floor later.”

Stephan sneered coldly. He didn’t need to change his shoes upon entering. These men’s slippers clearly weren’t meant for him.

If they weren’t for him, then they must be for her so-called boyfriend!

He raised his hand, gripped the doorknob, and abruptly slammed the door shut.

Seeing him close the door, Alana felt an inexplicable tightening in her chest.

She’d assumed he’d use the bathroom and leave, so she hadn’t bothered to lock it.

But now...

Nervously, she pointed with her finger. "The bathroom's over by the kitchen. You... you should go."

Stephan didn't move, his tone light and tinged with coldness.

"So eager for me to use the bathroom? Trying to get rid of me as fast as possible?"

"No, it's just... you said you needed to go, so I thought..."

He scoffed. "I don't need to go anymore."

The man suddenly shot her a fierce glare, then strode straight over to the sofa and sat down with unabashed confidence.

"I'm not leaving tonight. I'm staying here."

Alana was shocked and confused.

She'd seen shameless people before, but never someone this shameless.

Barging in was bad enough, now he actually wanted to stay?!

She couldn't help but step in front of him, her tone serious. "Stephan, you can't do this! This place only has one bedroom!"

He lifted his gaze to meet hers, his dark eyes holding a hint of amusement.

"Only one bedroom?"

"Perfect. I'll sleep with you."

She stared at him, utterly dumbfounded.

She never imagined he could be this shameless, wanting her to squeeze into the same room, share the same bed?!

How outrageous!

"No, we can't sleep together. Auntie Kate and Auntie Mabel saw you come upstairs with me earlier. If they find out you're staying over, who knows what gossip they'll spread behind my back! Just leave already! Don't stay here any longer!"

Stephan watched the little woman's mouth open and close, spewing words he hated to hear. She could let other men stay over, but not him?

They'd slept together three times already, their bond was deeper than that.

Seeing him staring at her, utterly motionless, Alana grew frantic. She reached out, grabbed his arm, and tried to pull him up.

"You...you need to leave now!"

Unexpectedly, not only did she fail to move him, but he gave her a gentle tug. She fell effortlessly into his embrace.

She pressed against him, her hands barely managing to brace against his chest.

Only then did she avoid colliding with him.

Her warm, fragrant body nestled against his.

Stephan's warm palm rested on her waist, his dark eyes fixed on her, a fierce possessiveness blazing in their depths.

"Alana, if I don't leave, what can you do to me?!"

Alana choked, her face flushing crimson.

Fuming, she bit her lip, her eyes glistening with unspeakable anger.

The shimmer in her eyes softened the man's heart.

In the end, he couldn't bring himself to be harsh with her.

His large hand gently massaged her slender waist, as if soothing her.

His voice was low and soft.

"Just let me stay this one night, okay?"

He refused to be outdone by her boyfriend.

The thought of that man sharing a space alone with her stirred inexplicable pangs of jealousy and bitterness within him.

Though consumed by these feelings, he would never show it.

Alana bit her lip as his scorching hand caressed her waist, sending uncomfortable waves through her body.

A tingling sensation spread through her, like an electric shock.

This feeling was especially pronounced during those intimate moments between them.

She forced herself to stay calm, restraining her voice as she whispered, “No, I can’t...Who would be so shameless as to stay in someone’s home without their permission? Besides, we’re not together. It’s inappropriate.”

Stephan snorted with a smirk. “You’ve stayed at my place and slept in my bed. How is that inappropriate? You went to my house alone and slept with me. Didn’t you feel there was a difference between men and women then?”

Alana grew flustered. “That’s different!”

“How is it different?”

“I went to your place because you texted me to...”

Her face flushed crimson as she tried to explain.

But he had no interest in her excuses. His hand gripped her waist, pressing her down forcefully.

He tilted his head slightly, silencing her chatter with a kiss.

Swallowing all her explanations into his depths.

Alana instinctively resisted, but he flipped her over, pinning her flat against the sofa.

His large hand cupped the back of her head, fingers tangling into her soft hair.

“Good girl. Don’t move. Let me kiss you properly.”

Alana saw the desire surging in his eyes and tensed instantly.

“Ste...Stephan, don’t...”

They’d already done so much last night. Did he want more tonight?!

They should have stopped while they were ahead, not kept losing control like this.

Stephan pulled her hands down from his chest and placed them on his defined abs.

He lowered his head to kiss her rosy lips, his voice thick with desire, radiating an indescribable sensuality.

“Alana, don’t reject me. I prefer it when you’re fiery and passionate like last night...when you cling to me like you can’t let go...”

Alana flushed instantly, her cheeks burning unbearably hot.

She felt deeply embarrassed by his bold words.

“Wh-what do you mean cling to you?! You know perfectly well I was drugged last night...”

In her right senses, she’d never do any of that.

Her voice was soft and sweet, sounding less like an excuse and more like a teasing retreat.

This only drew the man closer, his hot breath washing over her tender, flushed cheeks, his gaze deepening to an almost frightening intensity.

“Hmm, and then?”

This position made Alana want to die from shame and anger.

“You... get off me first. Don’t press down on me...”

Her hands were pinned to his abs, making it impossible to push him away.

The hard, rock-like feel in her palms, the excessive heat radiating from his body. It was becoming more and more tensed.

Why was her apartment suddenly so hot?

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

Chapter 56 Stop kissing me

Chapter 56 Stop kissing me

Stephan stared at her luscious lips, ignoring her plea to get up. Not only did he not rise, he continued to capture her soft, yielding lips with his own.

As if desperately trying to prove something, his kisses were fierce and relentless.

Alana felt her whole body go limp and weak under his kisses, tingling with a numbing sensation.

Her mind was filled with fear and resistance, yet her body inexplicably responded to his touch. How could this be...

The more she thought about it, the more terrified she became. She couldn't bear this loss of control.

"Ste...Stephan, stop. Please stop kissing me..."

His low, hoarse voice asked, "Is his kissing technique better than mine?"

An alluring flush spread across her cheeks, a clear sign of arousal.

Alana froze, momentarily unable to process his words. What did he mean by that?

Stephan mistook her pause for lingering thoughts and bit her lip lightly.

"Enough. Don't think about that man's kiss." With that, he lowered his head to kiss her again.

Alana was still trying to decipher his words when his kisses swiftly sent her reeling, dazed and disoriented.

Her taste was sweet and intoxicating.

Merely kissing her was nowhere near enough to satisfy him.

Memories of last night's sex churned violently in his mind, making it impossible to calm his desires.

Kissing her, he lifted her up, cupping her hips with both hands as he strode toward her bedroom door.

He pushed open the slightly ajar door with his body.

Carrying her, he fell backward onto her soft bed.

Alana landed on the mattress, crushed beneath his weight.

Her dazed and confused thoughts snapped back into sharp focus.

Meanwhile, his lips had migrated from her mouth to her neck, her chest.

His hands were restless, roaming freely over her body, even tearing at her dress.

Startled and flushed with shame, Alana cried out, "Stephan, stop! Don't you dare!"

“Get out now!!!”

Her hands and legs kicked wildly.

The man slightly brought his knees together, easily restraining her flailing legs.

Her hands were also captured and pinned above her head.

Alana couldn't help but cry, feeling like a fish on a cutting board, completely at his mercy.

She had no power to resist.

“Stephan, please... don't...”

Her eyes instantly reddened, brimming with wet tears.

So wronged, so wronged.

Why did he repeatedly bully her without consent, treating her with such reckless abandon?

His thuggish behavior terrified her...

Stephan heard the tremor in her voice, laced with tears.

He paused his movements and lifted his gaze to meet hers.

Her wet eyes held inexpressible resentment.

As if she'd suffered the greatest injustice.

His brow furrowed. He realized he'd gone too far.

Ever since hearing about her boyfriend, he'd lost control.

He had told himself: don't rush things, take it slow.

Yet some uncontrollable force had thrown his actions into chaos.

His heart was simply too unsettled.

Loss of control be damned, heart in turmoil be damned, he felt no regret.

After all, he knew exactly how exhilarating it felt to kiss her, how his very blood had boiled.

Stephan released Alana's hand. "I'm sorry..."

He reached out, his fingertip gently wiping away the tear from the corner of her eye.

"Stop crying. I won't tease you anymore."

Liar. Just words to placate her.

Truthfully, seeing her pitifully vulnerable like this made him want to tease her even more.

But in the end, he surrendered to her tears.

Alana flinched at his touch, her shoulders trembling slightly. She looked like a fragile, helpless little white rabbit.

"You... you go first..."

Stephan stared at her for a long moment. Her wet, reddened eyes were like a cinnabar birthmark etched onto his heart, painfully vivid.

"Fine. I'll leave."

He stood up, straightening his rumpled shirt slightly.

Glancing at the trembling girl on the bed, he pressed his thin lips together. His voice grew heavy. "Remember to lock your door tonight. That way, scoundrels like me won't sneak in to take advantage of you."

Alana bit her lip, clutching the light blue quilt, offering no reply.

The man, not getting a response, frowned. "Did you hear me?"

She replied muffledly, "Mm, heard you."

Besides him, this scoundrel, who else would sneak in here to bully her?

Never seen a thief cry thief before.

Stephan, satisfied at her acknowledgment, left with a final "Get some rest" before turning away.

Soon after, the sound of the front door closing echoed through the night.

Alana lay still on her bed for a moment before quietly rising. She tiptoed to the entrance and carefully locked the door from the inside.

After leaving Alana's place, Stephan didn't return immediately. Instead, he drove aimlessly for a while.

The wind whistled in his ears, yet it couldn't blow away his restless thoughts.

The memory of Alana resisting his kiss, rejecting his affection, grew more bitter the more he dwelled on it.

Did she truly loathe his touch that much?

Last night, he had clearly felt her passion for him.

But her claim of being drugged had shattered his self-assuredness.

It had all been his own delusion.

So, what should he do about that woman, Alana?

Should he continue drawing closer, or restrain himself and distance himself from her?

His mood was restless, and he couldn't decide.

Early the next morning.

Alana rose early, tidied herself, and took the document folder Stephan had given her. Riding her electric scooter to the nearby post office, she prepared to send the documents to the company anonymously.

This way, no one would discover she'd leaked them, sparing her unnecessary trouble.

After mailing the express package, she finally headed to the office.

Arriving at the project department, Alana placed the breakfast she'd brought on Carla's desk.

"Carla, I brought you buns and soy milk."

Carla was both surprised and delighted, immediately hugging Alana and planting a big kiss on her cheek.

"Wow, thank you, Lana fairy! You know I don't often have breakfast, yet you remembered to bring me some!"

Alana chuckled. It was just a few yuan worth of steamed buns and soy milk, no need for such excitement.

Suddenly, Carla studied Alana, curiously. “Lana, why aren’t you wearing a skirt today? You look so pretty in skirts! Like a fairy!”

Today, Alana wore a simple shirt and jeans, a typical office worker’s outfit.

She owned several similar outfits.

Dresses, on the other hand, were scarce in her wardrobe.

Moreover, she realized that all the pretty dresses she’d been wearing lately were bought for her by Stephan.

The dresses she bought herself were nowhere near as nice as the ones he chose.

Thinking of Stephan, she couldn’t help but recall last night’s loss of control.

In the end, she’d told him to leave, and he really had left.

He must be... angry with her.

Fine, let him be angry. Their relationship...what kind of relationship did they even have?

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

[Home](#) [Chapter 57 Forgive me](#)

Alana smiled faintly. “Wear whatever you want. As long as you’re happy.”

“True.”

Carla chuckled, patted Alana’s shoulder, then returned to her seat to enjoy her breakfast.

Alana sat down at her desk, booted up her computer, and began processing the data and files on her screen.

“Holy crap!”

“Everyone, check the company group chat! Someone anonymously reported our Manager Dane for a messy private life, hooking up with multiple young female college students!”

“What?! Where?! Which college girls?!”

The office instantly switched to gossip mode, work abandoned as everyone rushed to open WhatsApp and check the group chat.

The company group was flooded with photos of Dane's alleged mistresses.

The pictures were explosive, some even bedroom shots.

However, the women's faces were all obscured with black marker, making their identities unrecognizable.

Only their clothing and body shapes hinted at their distinct identities.

Yet Dane's chubby face remained untouched.

It seemed the person who posted the photos deliberately spared the women's dignity.

Suddenly, someone gasped.

"Vera?!"

"How are there photos of Vera and Manager Dane in there?!"

Because among all the women, only Vera's face remained unblurred.

There she was, starkly visible in a bed photo with Dane.

Vera had just joined the project team. Hearing the gossip and seeing the suggestive glances directed at her,

she felt utterly baffled.

Suddenly, her gaze froze.

Because she saw a photo on a colleague's phone, a picture of her and Dane checking into a hotel room.

Vera screamed, lunging madly to grab the colleague's phone.

"Ah!"

"No one is allowed to look!"

"Delete it! Delete everything!"

Her colleagues weren't about to indulge Vera.

“Why should we delete them? This was sent out by the company group chat!”

“Vera, you dared to do that with Manager Dane, but you won’t let us see it?”

“Exactly! You put on this act of being pure and innocent, but behind closed doors, you’re this despicable!”

“Wow, you even went for a married man with a potbelly like Manager Dane. Looks like you were really hungry!”

Faced with her colleagues’ vicious taunts, Vera couldn’t hold back her tears.

“It’s not like that!”

“Manager Dane forced me. I didn’t want to be with him...”

Her colleagues weren’t buying it.

“Tsk tsK tsK. Look at that look on your face when you were underneath Manager Dane. You say you were forced? I think you enjoyed every second of it!”

“Exactly!”

Vera shook her head frantically. “No, no, I didn’t! Who sent these photos?! Who’s so jealous of me?!”

“Someone anonymously mailed them to the company’s complaints department!”

“Who? Who was it?! Alana, was it you??”

Vera suddenly fixed her gaze on Alana, her eyes filled with fury.

Lately, she and Alana had been at odds.

Reasonable suspicion pointed to her as the one who mailed the photos to the company. Otherwise, how could it be that all the girls’ faces were defaced except hers?!

But how could Alana possibly have the clout to dig up these compromising photos?!

Alana gave Vera a cool glance, neither confirming nor denying.

Vera was so furious she wanted to strangle her on the spot. “Alana, it must be you!”

Carla couldn’t hold back. “Vera, just leave already! Stop making a fool of yourself!”

“You did those dirty deeds yourself, and now you have the nerve to blame others!”

“Besides, you say Alana did it, do you have any proof? Don’t falsely accuse her without proof. She’s beautiful and kind-hearted, why would she target you for no reason?”

Vera’s eyes turned bloodshot with rage, her teeth gnashing, yet she had no rebuttal.

As she felt her colleagues’ mocking stares one by one, she could no longer bear to stay. She turned and fled.

Alana watched Vera’s retreating figure with an expressionless gaze.

She truly wouldn’t target someone for no reason.

It was Vera who had struck first, prompting her retaliation.

That’s why she only defaced the other girls’ faces, Vera remained untouched.

It was simply a warning, mess with her, and you’d pay the price.

The other girls had done nothing to her, so she saw no reason to expose them and make them look foolish.

What if they really had been coerced by Dane? If she reported him, not only would she fail to do a good deed, but she might also drag these girls into an even bigger whirlpool of rumors and slander.

Meanwhile.

Dane, lying in his hospital bed, received news that the company had fired him.

The reason? Alana had reported him for his chaotic personal life, being married yet involved with multiple women.

Had he concealed it well enough, the company might have turned a blind eye.

But once exposed, the company couldn’t stand idly by.

To prevent further damage and protect the company’s reputation, they terminated Dane outright, a clean break.

Recovering from his injuries, Dane felt his world collapse in an instant.

After all, he had worked tirelessly for years to secure his managerial position with its seven-figure salary.

Never did he imagine that his private life would be exposed, effectively sentencing him to professional death by the company!

Furious, Dane slammed his fist into the hospital bed.

“Who the hell did this?!”

Already crushed by being beaten and sent to the hospital, now he was exposed of a messy private life? Was this some attempt to finish him off?

His mind drifted to Alana and that man who had suddenly appeared to rescue her that night. Could this be connected to that man?

After all, he knew exactly what Alana was capable of. If she had any real power, would he even bother with her?

So it probably wasn't Alana who did this, it was that man who exposed him.

So that man had his eye on Alana and was helping her take him down?!

Dane gritted his teeth in fury. Who the hell was that arrogant brat?!

If he weren't afraid the police would uncover his what he almost did to Alana, he'd have that bastard rotting in jail for at least ten days!

Mid-thought, the hospital door slammed open.

“You old bastard! Meeting all these other women behind my back!”

“I'll kill you today!”

She charged straight at Dane, ignoring his wounds and launching into a beating him.

Shocked and flustered, Dane frantically blocked with his hands. “Honey, stop! I'm innocent! Those photos are fake! They're not real! My love for you is as true as heaven and earth!”

“Heaven and earth can attest to your sincerity? I had those photos verified, they're real! You old bastard! I won't rest until I beat you to death today!”

Furious, the woman swung her thick, muscular arms, landing slap after slap on Dane until he was in agony.

“Honey, please stop! Waaah, I'm sorry, I won't do it again... forgive me...”

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

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

Chapter 58 Leave the door open

Chapter 58 Leave the door open

“Help! Doctor! Someone! This fat hag is abusing me! Save me!!”

“You old bald-ass donkey, calling me a fat hag?! I’ll kill you!”

Suddenly, the woman exerted all her strength, leaping up with a flying kick. Her nearly 200-pound frame landed squarely on Dane.

The gravely injured Dane couldn’t dodge in time. After a scream like a pig being slaughtered, the old bald donkey instantly became a dead donkey.

Alana was unaware of what had happened to Dane, but she had already learned from her colleagues that the company had decided to lay him off.

If Dane left the company, her life would finally be a little more peaceful.

Moreover, Alana had received a 10,000 dollars commission, which had been deposited into her payroll account along with her salary.

The moment she received her paycheck, she felt a surge of joy.

But when she thought about the 10,000 dollars she had to repay to a certain man, she couldn’t stay happy.

She still owed 30,000 dollars.

After paying back 10,000, there’s still 20,000 left, what on earth is she going to do? Alana shook her head and decided to take things one step at a time.

She’d pay him back the 10,000 first and worry about the rest later. Alana tapped on the man’s black WhatsApp profile picture and sent the receipt to him.

Note: Debt repayment.

After a moment’s hesitation, she sent a message.

Alana: Um, thanks for your help. That scumbag who almost hurt me has already been fired by the company.

Alana didn't see a reply from the man, and he hadn't accepted the 10,000 dollars transfer either.

He must be busy.

Alana didn't think much of it; she put down her phone and went back to work. Stephan was indeed busy, busy having dinner with his family.

When he received Alana message, his mother, Cynthia, was asking him how things were going with the girl he'd been pursuing lately, whether he'd managed to win her over.

Stephan gave a few perfunctory replies, but his mind was already preoccupied with Alana.

Cynthia could easily tell her son was being evasive.

Frowning, she asked, "You haven't heard from her in so long, doesn't she have any interest in you? If she's not interested, then don't force yourself on her. Move on to someone else. I have another pretty doctor in my office in case you didn't like the last one I told you about..."

Stephan picked up on a particular word and looked up, asking, "What's wrong with forcing myself on her?"

Cynthia snapped, "What do you mean, 'what's wrong with forcing myself on her'? The girl clearly isn't interested in you, how can you have the nerve to keep pursuing her? You can't force a relationship, cut your losses while you still can!"

Stephan remained expressionless. "Who says a forced relationship isn't sweet? I find it quite sweet, actually. With every bite, the flavor seeps deep into my bones."

Cynthia was speechless.

What? Did her son really force himself on that young girl?!

Her husband felt awkward and couldn't help but clear his throat, "Ahem, ahem..."

Cynthia snapped back to reality and glared at her son, "You little rascal, don't go messing around! We're a respectable family, we don't do anything illegal!"

Stephan's expression remained impassive. "Rest assured, your son is a law-abiding citizen. He would never commit a single crime." He spoke with the utmost seriousness, but whether his true intentions were equally serious was another matter.

Cynthia felt she knew her son fairly well; he was usually well-mannered, dignified, and self-restrained.

He wouldn't do anything to force himself on a young girl against her will.

What he'd just said was probably just a joke meant for them as his parents.

Cynthia didn't give it a second thought and continued, "Anyway, this doctor is a good match. You should consider it. I've mentioned you to her, and she's very impressed with you. If you feel like you can't pursue that girl any further, have a meal with her and get to know her."

"If you're not satisfied with her, I have plenty of other options, the Darwin family's daughter, the Fosters family's daughter, and so on. They're all quite suitable..."

"I'm too busy right now."

"No time, no time. Every time I set you up on a blind date, you say you're too busy. How come you're never too busy to be busy?"

"Honey, hurry up and tell us about your rebellious son, he never gives his family a moment's peace!" Bernard Hudson, prodded by his wife, added half-heartedly, "Stephan, it's time for you to find a girlfriend, get married, and start a family."

"Your mom's been dying to hold a grandchild!"

Stephan chuckled and offered a rather sincere suggestion, "Why don't you try a little harder, Dad, and have another one with Mom? Have a well-behaved, obedient one, so this rebellious son of yours doesn't have to torment you two every day."

Cynthia laughed in exasperation, "Your dad's too old, he can't have kids anymore!"

Bernard couldn't help but defend himself, "Honey, I don't think I'm that old yet. I can still have kids..."

"If I say you can't have kids, you can't! Don't try to prove me wrong! I'm the doctor here!"

Bernard pouted.

After exchanging a few lighthearted banter with his parents, Stephan stepped outside, lit a cigarette, and put it in his mouth.

He hadn't accepted Alana's money transfer yet.

He realized that for every moment he delayed accepting it, his mind grew more preoccupied with it.

It was as if he'd been bewitched.

Stephan furrowed his brow, paused for a moment, then pulled out his phone and opened Alana's WhatsApp.

A 10,000 dollars receipt lay waiting for him.

And there was her message:

Alana: Um, thanks for your help. That scumbag who almost hurt me has already been fired by the company.

Stephan chuckled, his long fingers tapping away as he quickly typed out a message.

Stephan: No need to thank me. Leave the door open for me tonight, I'm coming over to stay.

There was an element of jest in it, but only he knew how much of it was true.

By the time she received his reply, it had already been an hour since she'd gotten off work.

Alana's cheeks flushed slightly, and she silently cursed him a "scoundrel"!

But she didn't send it; she just reminded him.

Alana: Don't forget to accept the transfer.

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

Chapter 59 Coming over

Chapter 59 Coming over

The very next second, a notification popped up saying the transfer had been received.

Alana pouted. He had to wait for her to remind him before he'd accept it.

It's all that man's fault.

As for the man's remark, "Leave the door open for me tonight, I'm coming over to stay,"

It made her ride her scooter home and immediately lock the door from the inside.

And so, several peaceful days passed.

During those days, Alana didn't get in touch with Stephan.

She felt that his lines, "Be my girlfriend" and "Be my woman" were nothing more than a joke; she hadn't taken them seriously at all.

A man like him surely had no shortage of women around him, how could he possibly stay loyal to her?

He was just looking to have some fun with her.

She couldn't outmaneuver him; the only thing she could do was stay away from him, guard her heart, and never waver.

Little did she know, Stephan hadn't been around her these past few days because he'd been away on a business trip.

Immersing himself in work might actually help him forget certain people and events.

For instance, when Stephan was busy, he wouldn't think of Alana.

Or perhaps he was deliberately suppressing his thoughts, forcing himself not to think of her.

But as it turned out, the more he suppressed his feelings, the more they came back to haunt him.

Whenever the night grew late and all was quiet, a sense of emptiness would wash over him, and he couldn't help but sink into deep insomnia.

After wrapping up his busy work schedule, Stephan boarded a flight back home.

He took the back seat of the car.

Stephan couldn't help but pull out his phone and glance at WhatsApp.

A woman with a rabbit avatar sat there silently, not moving a muscle.

He clenched his teeth involuntarily as a surge of silent rage welled up inside him.

Damn it, she hadn't contacted him for a whole week.

Does she really not miss him at all?

And yet, even while he was away on a business trip, he couldn't help but think of her.

What should he do?

He wanted to rush over to her place right now and give her a good thrashing!

His assistant, Vance, asked, "Mr. President, where are you going?"

Usually, when the CEO returns from a business trip, he goes back to his apartment to rest.

But since the CEO didn't say anything, he wouldn't just take it upon himself to drive to the apartment.

Stephan furrowed his brow. "Take me to a residential complex called Morzi!"

Upon his return, his first thought wasn't to rest at his own place, but rather... to go see that woman and find out how she'd been doing these past few days.

It wasn't easy to have a woman constantly on his mind.

This uneasy feeling couldn't be eased unless he saw her with his own eyes.

Vance was quite surprised. Morzi Residential Complex? What kind of place was that? Despite his curiosity, he didn't dare to pry.

After all, the CEO's personal affairs weren't something a lowly assistant like him could pry into. The car arrived at Morzi Community.

Stephan glanced down at his wristwatch.

It was exactly the time when Alana would be coming home from work. If he waited in the car for a while, he should be able to catch her on her way back.

Little did he know that Alana had plans for after work today.

She had arranged to meet a friend of her best friend, Eve.

She had mentioned to Eve that she wanted to find a part-time job to earn some money, and Eve actually found one for her.

Apparently, a friend of hers was going on a month-long business trip and needed someone to look after her pets.

It was just pet-sitting, no need to watch them constantly. All she had to do was feed them daily and take them for a walk in the park.

Since walks were usually in the evening, Alana figured she had plenty of time after work and could take on this part-time job.

So, Eve gave Alana her friend's contact information and told her to add her on WhatsApp to discuss the details.

They had a preliminary chat on WhatsApp, but the specifics would need to be discussed in person.

Alana arranged to meet at a certain coffee shop.

When she arrived at the café, her friend was already there, sitting at a table in the corner.

He had also ordered two cups of coffee.

Alana walked over and politely asked,

"Hello, are you Mr. Luca King, Eve's friend?"

Luca wore black-rimmed glasses, a gray-and-white striped checkered shirt, and black pants, giving him a neat and refined appearance.

When he saw Alana, his eyes lit up.

He seemed surprised by how beautiful she was.

The girl had a fresh, unadorned face, no makeup, yet her skin was as smooth as jade, and her cheeks were as rosy as peach blossoms.

Her white chiffon blouse and floral maxi skirt perfectly accentuated her gentle and refined demeanor.

Although he had already heard from Eve that Alana was very beautiful, he couldn't help but be taken aback by her beauty when he saw her in person.

He stood up, a smile lighting his eyes. "It's me. Are you Miss Alana Martin?"

Alana nodded. "Yes."

Luca smiled and said, "Have a seat first."

“I asked Eve, and she said you like your coffee with sugar and milk, so I ordered one for you in advance. I hope you don’t mind.”

Alana nodded, sat down across from Luca, and then said politely, “Of course not.

Thank you so much.”

Luca couldn’t help but stare at Alana’s beautiful, dewy-skinned face until she tapped her coffee cup with a spoon, snapping him back to reality.

He couldn’t help but feel a bit embarrassed; it was rare to see such an angelic beautiful girl, and he’d inevitably gotten lost in her beauty.

Alana, however, didn’t mind. She smiled and said, “Mr. King, if you have any requests, please feel free to ask.”

Luca gave a shy smile. “Please don’t call me ‘Mr. King, it sounds too formal. You’re Eve’s friend, which means you’re my friend too. Eve calls me Luca so you can just call me that as well.”

Alana nodded. “Okay, Luca.”

Luca got straight to the point.

“Here’s the thing, we’ve already discussed this online. I’m going on a business trip for a week starting next week, and I have a cat and a dog at home that needs someone to look after them.”

“Of course, it’s not much work. Just stop by my place every night after work to feed them some fresh cat and dog food, give them some water, and take them for a one-hour walk in the nearby park. My cat and dog are both up to date on their vaccinations. They’re usually very well-behaved, they won’t bite or cause any trouble. If you’re still worried, you’re welcome to come over and meet them to get to know them a bit.”

“As for the pay...I’ll give you 10,000. How does that sound?”

Hearing the salary of 10,000 dollars, Alana agreed without hesitation, “Sure!”

This might not seem much to rich people but it was a lot to her.

All she had to do was come home after work to feed them some cat and dog food, give them water, and take them for a walk, and get paid 10,000 dollars after everything. It felt like there was no better job than this.

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

Chapter 60 Waiting for her

Chapter 60 Waiting for her

So Alana had no reason to refuse.

Luca smiled. "That's settled, then. I currently live in the Ford Estate. If it's convenient for you, let's set a time and I'll

take you to see my place."

Upon hearing "Ford Estate," Alana's expression shifted slightly.

Isn't that...where Stephan lives?

No way?

Luca actually lives in the same Estate as Stephan?

That's such a coincidence!

Noticing the change in Alana's expression, Luca couldn't help but ask with concern.

"What's wrong? Is there a problem?"

Alana forced a smile. "No, nothing's wrong."

She had already agreed to his request; it wouldn't be right to back out now.

Besides, with a monthly salary of 10,000 dollars, she didn't want to miss out on this opportunity. With that ten thousand, she'd have the money to pay back that man next month.

Besides, there were so many buildings and villas in that Estate; even if they were in the same neighborhood, they might not run into each other.

Besides, she hadn't seen him in over a week; maybe he'd already forgotten her and found someone new.

After getting discussing a few more minutes, the matter was settled.

It was getting late.

Alana was ready to head home.

Seeing that it was getting late, Luca offered thoughtfully, "Let me take you home."

Alana nodded. "Okay."

Luca drove his car over.

It was a Mercedes-Benz.

He opened the door and invited her to sit in the passenger seat.

Alana politely thanked him and got in.

In the car, the two chatted and laughed, growing much closer.

By the time they returned to her neighborhood, it was already past ten o'clock.

Alana got out of the car and said gratefully to Luca, "Thank you, Luca, for driving me home. See you tomorrow."

They had plans to visit his home to see his pets the next day.

Luca also stepped out of the car. As the night grew darker, he gazed at Alana with a somewhat dreamy look. "See you tomorrow."

"Well, I'll be going now."

"Okay."

"Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

After exchanging goodbyes, Alana turned and walked into the residential complex.

Luca, however, stared at Alana's slender figure for a long time.

He seemed to recall Eve mentioning that Alana was still single.

A girl this beautiful, and she was still single?

The night was beautiful. As he watched her retreating figure, he felt a strange flutter in his heart.

Little did they know that, out of their sight, a cold, dark gaze had been watching them the entire time.

Like a beast lurking in the shadows, creeping through the darkness, waiting for the right moment to pounce, ready to tear its prey to pieces at any second.

Danger at its peak.

Alana walked to the elevator door, pressed the button, and stepped inside.

The elevator doors were about to close.

Suddenly, a muscular male arm reached into the elevator out of nowhere, stopping the doors from closing.

Alana was startled.

She watched in disbelief as the elevator doors, which had been about to close, slowly opened again.

As the elevator doors slowly swung open, a man dressed in a black suit, tall and broad-shouldered, exuding an icy aura, gradually came into her view.

Alana's eyes widened involuntarily.

"W-what? It's you?"

Stephan forcefully pushed the elevator doors open and walked in, his hands in his pockets. His icy gaze fixed on her, his eyes churning with dark, indecipherable emotions.

"Expecting someone else?"

His voice was low and icy, exuding a suffocating sense of pressure.

Seeing the man's stern, handsome features and the relentless pressure he exuded, Alana couldn't help but step back, her mind racing with panic.

She had thought he had forgotten her and would no longer appear by her side. But she never expected...

Stephan cornered the girl against the wall.

The icy aura emanating from him was intense.

The girl tried to escape, but he caught her with both hands, trapping her between his body and his arms.

She was like a caged beast, completely unable to break free from his grip.

His dark eyes fixed on her, a flicker of jealousy and rage flaring in their depths.

“Who was that man just now?”

Alana froze, momentarily unable to process the question. “What do you mean, who was that man?”

Stephan’s tone was stiff, as if he were struggling to restrain himself. “The one who just drove you home!”

“Oh, Luca. He’s a friend of my best friend.”

Luca?

Stephan furrowed his brow. So that man wasn’t her boyfriend?

Wait, why did she call that man “Luca,” and in such an intimate way?

When she addressed him, she rarely called him by his first name.

Always Mr Hudson.

It was only when she was upset that she addresses him by his first name.

Stephan locked his gaze on the girl’s beautiful eyes, his deep voice as cold as mist. “It’s late at night. Did you ask him to take you home?”

“It’s past ten o’clock. It’s been several hours since work ended. Don’t tell me you’ve been with this Luca the whole time?”

As the accusatory words poured out, he didn’t even realize how bitter his tone had become. Like the bitterness of being soaked in concentrated sulfuric acid.

He had waited for her for hours, and during those hours, she had been with another man. What had they been doing together?

Jealousy mingled with rage, leaving him in a state of turmoil.

Alana raised her eyes to look at the man standing before her.

His gaze was icy at that moment, and even the tips of his eyebrows carried a hint of coldness. Was he angry?

Was he angry that another man had took her home?

But they weren't in a relationship, he had no reason to be angry about this, did he?

Alana bit her lip, hesitating over whether to explain it to him.

Stephan couldn't stand her silence. "Alana, answer me!" He knew he had overstepped his bounds, but so what?

In his eyes, she was practically his woman now.

Alana bit her lip but admitted it anyway. "Yes, I've been off work for hours, and I've been with Luca."

Stephan breath caught in his throat.

For hours?

The whole time?!

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

Chapter 61 About to explode

Chapter 61 About to explode

They were together for two hours?!

The words echoed over and over in his mind, making his head feel like it was about to explode.

Stephan struggled to control his emotions, a cold, enigmatic smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

"Your boyfriend knows you're with another man?"

“Alana, don’t forget you’re a woman with a boyfriend. Why are you still fooling around with other men? Aren’t you afraid your boyfriend will find out?”

Alana blinked.

This sounded a bit ridiculous.

Her “boyfriend” hadn’t even asked anything, yet here he was, asking first.

And he was asking with such a self-righteous tone.

Alana took a deep breath and felt compelled to explain, “I’m meeting Lucas because I want to discuss a part-time job with him. He’s going on a business trip next week for a month, and he has two pets at home that need taking care of, so he asked me to look after them for a month. He’s paying me 10,000 dollars.”

Stephan furrowed his brow. “Is that all?”

“What else could it be?”

“After all, I have a boyfriend. Why would I be fooling around with other men?”

Alana fought the urge to roll her eyes and used his own words against him.

The tension in Stephan’s chest eased considerably.

All right, so she’d just met up with him to discuss a part-time job, she hadn’t done anything inappropriate with another man.

It seemed his worries were unfounded.

But when he recalled the lingering, adoring gaze that man had cast at Alana’s retreating figure just moments ago, he couldn’t shake the feeling that the man had ulterior motives and harbored ill intentions toward her.

He fixed his deep gaze on her, his thin lips parting slightly. “Keep your distance from him from now on.”

After all, she was so strikingly beautiful that she easily attracted men’s attention.

It was bad enough that she’d caught the eye of one man; there was no need to attract any more scum.

That man she called Luca was clearly no match for him, not even worth a single one of his fingers.

Seeing she hadn't answered, the man furrowed his brow slightly. "Did you hear me?"

Alana was at a loss for words. He was getting more and more controlling, even to the point of dictating which men she could associate with.

But having known him for sometime now, she was well aware of his relentless nature, he wouldn't give up until he got what he wanted, so she just gave him a perfunctory reply. "Got it."

Stephan's expression softened slightly.

Not bad, she was being obedient to him.

The frustration in his heart dissipated almost entirely.

Alana watched the man whose expression had suddenly changed. Just a moment ago, his face had been cold and tense.

Now he'd suddenly softened.

It was like watching a master of disguise, it felt strangely unsettling.

"You still haven't told me, how did you get here? And when did you get here?"

Here he was, out of nowhere, it was kind of scary.

Plus, who knows how long he's been here? He even knew that Luca had driven her home.

Stephan looked at the well-behaved girl in front of him. They hadn't seen each other for over a week, and upon meeting again, he realized just how much he'd been missing her. He'd been trying so hard not to think about her.

But the moment he saw her, all that restraint went out the window.

This time, he didn't want to hold back his longing for her anymore.

So, gazing intently at her, he spoke, "I missed you. I came to see you."

Then, he watched as the girl in his arms blushed, her cheeks turning pink and then red before his very eyes.

Like a rose, she was exquisitely beautiful and utterly captivating.

The sight made the man feel a surge of desire.

His voice low and hoarse, he asked, “We haven’t seen each other for a week, did you miss me even a little?”

He wasn’t asking for much, even just a little would do.

Did she missed him at all?

Alana’s eyes widened in surprise.

It seemed, she really did miss him just a little. Wondering if he’d found someone new.

But with him showing up out of the blue like this, she couldn’t quite figure out what he was thinking or how she felt now.

She said, “No.”

Stephan narrowed his dark eyes. The girl pouted her rosy lips slightly, opening and closing them as she uttered a half-hearted,

“I don’t want to.”

It sounded strangely off-putting.

A hint of irritation mixed with a touch of disappointment swirled in his chest.

His voice dropped several notches. “Alana, I’ve noticed you have a pretty sharp tongue.”

“So what?”

The man clenched his teeth slightly. “You’re asking for a kiss!”

“I’m not.” Alana froze for a moment, then her face flushed.

This man, he spouts dirty talk at the drop of a hat.

He’s acting like a hooligan!

She realized they were still in a very intimate position, with his hands braced on either side of her shoulders, holding her fast.

His heavy breath enveloped her from all sides.

And they were still in the elevator, the doors were closed, but they hadn’t pressed a floor button yet, so someone could walk in at any moment.

She couldn’t help but reach out and push him away. “You...move over a little.”

Stephan didn't move, and said stubbornly,

"Just say you missed me, and I'll move."

He'd traveled all this way just to see her, and he hadn't gotten even the slightest bit of satisfaction, how could he possibly accept that?

Alana's face turned bright red. "Stephan!"

He was getting more and more outrageous.

The louder and angrier she yelled, the more he enjoyed it. It was the kind of secret, inner thrill.

After all, when she got angry, she was completely harmless, as soft and cute as a little kitten with its fur all ruffled.

She wasn't intimidating at all; on the contrary, it just made him want to tease her even more.

Stephan pinched her delicate chin between his fingers, his eyes burning with intensity. "Are you going to tell me? If not, I'll kiss you."

That bastard, he was always acting a pervert the moment he shows up!

Although Alana was inwardly grumbling, she was afraid he might actually kiss her, so she had no choice but to say,

"I missed you...I missed you..."

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

Chapter 62 On his chest

Chapter 62 On his chest

The moment the words left her lips, even her toes curled up in shame.

Alana felt so weak, completely at his mercy.

Hearing those soft, sweet words, “I’ve missed you” come from the girl’s lips, Stephan felt his blood boil.

Like a young lad, he felt an indescribable excitement.

Though outwardly he showed no sign of it, that seething, almost overwhelming sensation had already burned its way up to his throat.

His eyes darkened to a frightening degree, his voice hoarse to the extreme.

“Say it again!”

He wanted to hear it again!

“I won’t...”

Before Alana could finish her angry retort, the man suddenly lowered his head and fiercely captured her soft, delicate lips.

The man’s sudden kiss left Alana mind blank.

Why was he kissing her again?

Didn’t he say he wouldn’t kiss her if she admitted she missed him? That bastard!

He was such a flip-flopper!

She’d never trust him again!

Realizing what was happening, Alana couldn’t help but struggle.

They were in the elevator, he couldn’t take this too far.

It had been a week since he’d tasted a girl’s lips.

As he kissed her again, the soft, sweet sensation made his blood race even faster.

Unable to control himself, he kissed her more fiercely, more passionately.

He wanted nothing more than to devour her whole.

She suddenly resisted.

Stephan wrapped one arm around her waist and clasped her head with the other, continuing to kiss her.

“Mmm, mmm...”

The man was too forceful; Alana couldn't resist at all.

His strength was not something a frail woman like her could possibly withstand.

Alana was kissed fiercely by the man, her lips were repeatedly nibbled, bitten, and sucked until they swelled, and her tongue went numb.

The air between them was filled with his scorching, hot breath, and the sound of their saliva mingling filled her ears.

Their breaths intertwined.

The position was suggestive.

She was kissed until she felt suffocated, her legs weak and trembling. Her struggles grew weaker and weaker.

She even found herself involuntarily losing herself in the moment.

Until faint, scattered footsteps and fragmented voices drifted in from outside the elevator doors.

Alana snapped out of her trance.

She let out a muffled cry, and in her panic, she actually bit through the man's lip.

Far from being angry, the man with the bitten lip seemed very aroused.

That sensation, a mix of stinging pain and sweetness, was even more addictive, making it impossible to stop.

Seeing that biting his lip hadn't made him let her go, Alana grew even more desperate. Frustrated, she couldn't help but reach out, wrapping her hand around his neck to the back of his head, grabbing his hair, and yanking hard.

One tug wasn't enough; she kept pulling.

The man finally reacted, furrowing his brow as he reluctantly let go of her.

But his gaze remained fixed on the girl's lips, swollen and red from the kisses, as if he were biding his time.

Alana couldn't let the man continue his reckless behavior any longer. She pressed both hands firmly against his chest and pushed him away.

“Stephan, that’s enough. Stop kissing me. Let me go. Someone’s coming.”

Her face was flushed, her lips a vivid red, and she was panting heavily, her chest rising and falling violently, a clear sign of how fiercely he had kissed her.

Stephan’s Adam’s apple bobbed as he couldn’t resist raising his hand to cup her delicate, rosy cheeks; her anxious eyes looked utterly flustered.

But he remained calm and composed, as if deliberately teasing her, and leaned down to bite her tender, alluringly red earlobe.

“So what if someone’s coming?”

“It won’t stop me from kissing you.”

That was a lie. He didn’t want anyone else to see her shy, adorable expression while he was kissing her.

Not by anyone, male or female.

Her passionate gasps, her glistening eyes, her flushed cheeks, they were meant only for him to see; they were his alone.

But Alana had no idea about the dark thoughts in a man’s mind. Hearing the footsteps outside getting closer and closer, she was so anxious she almost started stamping her feet on the spot.

She kept pushing him hard, exclaiming anxiously, “Stephan, I really don’t have time to play games with you! If anyone finds out we’re doing this in the elevator, I’ll lose all face!”

Stephan furrowed his brow slightly. “Kissing me is embarrassing?!”

Alana replied, her face flushing, “Yes, it’s embarrassing. I don’t want to be caught kissing a man in the elevator. I’ll be the talk of the whole complex.”

“Alright, then let’s go back to your apartment and continue.”

What?

He actually wanted to keep kissing her!

Alana glared at him, once again looking like she dared not speak her mind.

Because he hadn’t pressed the elevator button yet.

Footsteps were getting louder and louder.

She was so frantic she was on the verge of tears. “Stephan, stop messing around! Go press the elevator button already!”

Stephan chuckled, but in the end, he stopped teasing her. He turned around, stretched out his long arm, and pressed the number 5 on the elevator panel.

The elevator started up and rose quickly.

The person outside arrived just in time.

Seeing the elevator rising, they let out a surprised. “What?”

“There’s actually someone in the elevator? It hadn’t moved for so long, I thought no one was in there.”

“Could someone be up to no good in there?”

“That’s impossible, there are security cameras in the elevator. Who would be that bold?”

Alana blushed bright red, wishing she could just die right there.

At the same time, panic began to creep into her mind: With security cameras in the elevator, could it be that someone was watching them and saw something they shouldn’t have? Thinking back to how the man had just pinned her against the corner and kissed her passionately, she felt a wave of embarrassment wash over her.

Stephan lowered his gaze to look at her. Seeing her flushed cheeks, he couldn’t help but smile.

“Still savoring the moment? Want to continue later?”

Alana instantly looked up, clenching her teeth in embarrassment, and declared sternly, “Stephan, don’t push it too far! I’m not some woman you can just kiss whenever you feel like it!”

He watched her fierce expression and found her even more adorable.

He took her soft hand and placed it on his chest.

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

Chapter 63 No one else

Chapter 63 No one else

Stephan coaxed her in a low voice.

“Be good. I’ll only kiss you. I won’t touch you until you agree to be my woman.”

Alana gasped.

What does “just kissing her, not touching her” even mean?

Does that even make a difference?

Before they confirmed their relationship, they weren’t even supposed to kiss or hug!

But what he was doing to her was already within the bounds of what normal couples do.

Treating a girl like that before they had even confirmed their relationship? This was just plain harassment!

It showed absolutely no respect for a girl!

So, Alana said very seriously, “Stephan, if you want to act like a creep, go find another woman to do it with, don’t come after me!”

She couldn’t outmaneuver him!

Stephan snorted with a laugh. He wasn’t interested in other women, how could he play games with them?

He asked, “Alana, in your eyes, who would do something like this to you without being a pervert?”

Alana answered instinctively, “Of course, a boyfriend!”

Stephan raised an eyebrow and said earnestly, “Exactly. Since you don’t consider me your boyfriend, if I do this to you, it’s naturally being a hooligan. But if you give me that status, my behavior becomes perfectly reasonable and doesn’t count as harassment.”

She glared at him, momentarily at a loss for words in the face of his twisted logic.

Stephan's long, slender fingers gripped her chin as his deep, magnetic voice spoke, enunciating each word clearly.

"So, when are you going to give me that status, so I'm no longer just being a hooligan with you?"

A hint of earnestness flashed in the man's eyes; it seemed he genuinely wanted to claim a legitimate status.

Alana looked into his deep eyes and bit her lip. "I..."

Before she could finish her sentence, the elevator doors suddenly opened.

Realizing what was happening, she pushed the man blocking her path aside and hurried out. She turned back and saw the man she'd shoved into the corner of the elevator, his figure strikingly tall and imposing.

"You think I'd agree to be your girlfriend? You're dreaming!"

She wasn't about to do something so foolish, let him use a romantic relationship as an excuse to do whatever he pleased with her!

After all, he was terrifyingly fierce in bed, just thinking about it made her legs go weak.

Plus, every time they were intimate, it would last all night long, and his desire was incredibly intense.

What woman could possibly handle that?

She certainly couldn't.

If she became his girlfriend, she'd end up dying in his bed sooner or later!

With that, she didn't look back at the man, but hurried over to the door of Room 513, unlocked it with her key, and was about to step inside and close the door.

But just as she slipped inside, her hand on the doorknob, ready to close the door, a black leather shoe suddenly appeared, blocking the door.

The man's imposing figure and chiseled, handsome features instantly appeared before Alana.

Alana bit her lip. "Take your foot away!"

Her voice was soft and gentle; even when she spoke angrily, it remained soft and slightly high-pitched, lacking any real force.

Stephan could have easily pushed the door open with just a slight pressure from his foot.

But he didn't; he simply kept his foot against the door to prevent her from closing it.

He raised an eyebrow at her, a faint smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

"Miss Martin, I'm thirsty. May I come in for a glass of water?"

Watching the man's deadpan expression, she couldn't tell if he was serious or just spouting nonsense with a straight face.

Either way, letting this wild wolf into her house would be tantamount to suicide.

So Alana flatly refused, "No!"

Who knew what he might do once he got inside, he might lose all restraint!

The girl stared at him, her face a mask of wariness and vigilance.

Stephan curved his lips into a faint smile. "I wonder which floor the person who wanted to take the elevator just now was on. What if it was your floor? When they come up later and see me standing at your door, tugging at you, who knows what

they'll think about our relationship..."

Alana couldn't help but glare at him. "Then move your foot out of the way!"

Stephan seemed to have her completely figured out; he was utterly unfazed.

"If you won't let me in to get a drink, I'm not moving."

Alana was furious inside, but there was nothing she could do about him.

She couldn't beat him, and she couldn't drive him away by yelling.

Besides, she was afraid that if she made a scene with Stephan at the door, the neighbors would all come out to gawk.

She had no choice but to give in. "Fine, I'll let you in for a drink of water."

"Once you've finished drinking, you have to leave right away, okay?"

By the end, her tone had taken on a pitiful, pleading quality.

Soft and adorable.

Stephan curled the corners of his lips but didn't agree. "Let me in first, then we'll talk."

Alana pouted, clearly displeased.

But just then, the elevator doors began to open.

Alana's expression shifted, and she grabbed the man's wrist, yanking him inside.

The next second, she slammed the door shut.

Then, unable to resist, she pressed her ear against the door, looking as if she'd done something wrong.

But after listening carefully, she heard no sound from outside.

So no one should have seen her drag the man into the room.

Just as she let out a sigh of relief, a new headache arose.

Stephan had already slipped out of her grasp and was sitting right there on her sofa, as if it were his own.

It was as if he'd claimed her little territory as his own.

Watching her act like this in this day and age was actually so funny.

She was such a prude and he was glad that her prudish attitude had led him into her house again.

Alana just wanted to get rid of this giant as quickly as possible. She hurried straight to the kitchen, grabbed a disposable cup, and poured a glass of water.

Stephan took off his black coat, casually draping it over the armrest of the sofa, then sat back down on the girl's sofa.

He loosened his red tie, crossed his legs, and leaned back against the cushion.

The sofa was soft, clean, and fragrant.

It smelled exactly like the girl herself.

But if they were talking about pleasant scents, the one on her was a bit more direct and fresh. While Alana was in the kitchen getting a glass of water, Stephan couldn't help but take a look around her small apartment.

The room was still spotless, filled with a youthful, girlish atmosphere.

Moreover, there seemed to be no signs of anyone else having being there.

So, had she been living here alone this past week, with no one else visiting?

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

Chapter 64 Out of sight

Chapter 64 Out of sight

Of course, that “no one else” including her boyfriend, whose whereabouts remained unknown.

However, the pair of men’s slippers on the shoe rack was an eyesore no matter how he looked at them. Those shoes weren’t his size. If he got the chance, he’d toss them in the trash, out of sight, out of mind.

Alana walked out of the kitchen carrying a glass of water. She walked over to Stephan and handed him the glass.

“Here you go. I only have plain water at home.”

Stephan glanced at the glass of plain water the girl handed him.

The girl seemed rather reluctant, offering it with just one hand.

Her rosy lips were slightly pursed, and she didn’t look at him, instead gazing sideways at the ceiling.

She looked as if she couldn’t care less about him.

Well, who would want to see him, an uninvited guest who showed up unannounced?!

Truth be told, he hadn’t seen her in a week and selfishly wanted to spend a little more time with her, which was why he’d thick-skinned enough to show up unannounced and ask for a drink of water.

But now that he’d successfully barged in, when he left was no longer up to her. Stephan reached out and took the water glass from Alana’s hand.

As he took it, he deliberately brushed against the back of her hand.

It tickled.

Alana couldn't help but pull her fingers back. She bit her lip and glared at the man, her face flushing red at his malicious teasing.

Stephan raised an eyebrow, taking his time to savor the sight of her seething but unable to speak up.

He really enjoyed teasing her.

He loved seeing her completely preoccupied with him.

He didn't like it when she ignored him.

He spoke slowly, "Has anyone else been staying here this week?"

Alana puffed out her cheeks, exasperated. "No, I live here alone."

Stephan's lips curved upward; he was thoroughly delighted.

Not bad, she's quite the devoted wife.

He changed the subject. "So, is the phone I gave you working well?"

Alana furrowed her brow. Out of the blue, why was he suddenly asking about the phone? But the phone he'd given her was indeed excellent.

It was in a league of its own compared to phones that cost a few hundred dollars.

So, she nodded honestly, "It works well."

Stephan snorted coldly, "If it's so good, why haven't you contacted me even once in a week?"

Not even once.

It made him keep staring at his phone late at night, hoping she might surprise him.

Why would I contact him?

It was as if they're so close that he has to reach out.

Besides, hasn't he contacted her either?

Alana didn't want to answer his pointless question, so she blurted out, "Hurry up and drink. Once you're done, get out of here."

Great, she was shooin him away again.

Stephan took a leisurely sip of water.

As he drank, the bite mark on his lip stung slightly.

Thinking that this was the unique mark the woman had left on him, he felt a strange, faint sense of satisfaction.

He couldn't help but pat the spot next to him, his deep voice tinged with a sense of contentment.

"Stay and sit with me for a while."

She didn't want to deal with him.

Stephan set down his glass, reached out, and effortlessly grabbed the girl's hand, pulling her into his embrace.

His large hand naturally wrapped around her slender waist. Looking at her startled face, he said with a straight face, "If you don't want to sit next to me, then sit in my lap."

In the blink of an eye, Alana found herself sitting on the man's lap, held tightly in his arms:

She glared at him angrily, her almond-shaped eyes wide.

"Didn't you say you'd leave after drinking some water?"

Stephan sighed. "I want to sit here for a while."

Alana felt silly, she actually believed a word he said. She deserved to be completely fooled by him.

But she had no choice but to let him fool her in hopes that he might keep to his words at least once.

She clenched her teeth, her cheeks puffing out with anger.

The man was clearly pushing his luck, but she was powerless to stop him.

Stephan's held the warm, delicate form in his arms, inhaling the sweet scent of her skin, and suddenly felt a wave of drowsiness wash over him.

He couldn't resist burying his face in the crook of her neck and closing his eyes.

Alana couldn't help but grow tense again, like a bird startled by a bowstring. "W-what are you doing?"

Sometimes she was absolutely terrified of him getting physical with her.

She had never been in a relationship before and didn't know how boyfriends and girlfriends were supposed to interact.

Did all men act this way with their girlfriends, getting all handsy?

Besides, they weren't even a couple.

Stephan had no idea what the girl was thinking; he just felt that holding her like this, leaning against her, was incredibly comfortable.

It was as if his entire body and mind were wrapped in soft, fragrant cotton candy, leaving him feeling completely at ease.

He let out a deep, nasal sound. "Hmm, I'm exhausted. I want to rest for a few minutes."

Alana took a deep breath and said patiently, "If you want to rest, go home and rest. I don't have room for you to rest here."

The man's chin rested on her shoulder, rubbing against it softly, just like a big golden retriever rubbing against its owner's pant leg to get attention.

"Alana, I've been on a business trip for a week. I've been running around nonstop for days, and as soon as I got off the plane, I rushed over to see you."

"I've been waiting for you downstairs for hours. I'm exhausted. Just let me rest in your arms for a bit, okay?"

Alana was taken aback.

So he'd been away on a business trip for the past week?

She had thought...that he'd found someone new.

And, he said he'd be away on a business trip for a few days, but he came to see her as soon as he got off the plane, and he'd even been waiting downstairs for her for hours?

For some reason, a strange sensation welled up inside her.

She couldn't help but look down and saw the man's face buried in her shoulder, his deep eyes slightly closed.

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

Chapter 65 Defiled her towel

Chapter 65 Defiled her towel

His breathing was shallow, and he looked serene and at peace.

It seemed he had already fallen asleep.

And honestly, he looked quite handsome even while asleep.

Just look at that face, well-defined features, deep-set brow bones, and a high, straight nose. His lips...

Alana noticed the lip she'd bitten until it bled, a faint red mark that had already scabbed over. She couldn't help but recall the passionate kiss they'd shared in the elevator just moments ago, and her cheeks began to redden up again.

Never mind, never mind. She shouldn't think about it.

The night grew deeper.

The man still held Alana in his arms, sleeping with his head nestled in the crook of her neck.

Alana lay quietly, not disturbing him.

Watching him sleep so soundly, she felt a bit sleepy herself.

A stranger had barged into her home and was holding her while he slept, she should have been on guard.

But for some reason, not only was she not on guard, she actually allowed herself to relax and drift off into a drowsy state.

Finally, without knowing why, she rested her cheek against his forehead and slowly closed her eyes.

Alana didn't know how much time had passed.

She faintly heard the sound of trickling water coming from the bathroom.

The sound made her feel a little restless, and she couldn't help but roll over, intending to go back to sleep.

But as if realizing something, she suddenly opened her eyes.

Only then did she realize she was actually lying in her own bedroom bed.

Yet she clearly remembered that before she closed her eyes, she had been on the living room sofa.

At that time, Stephan had been holding her as they slept, and she, overcome by drowsiness, had fallen asleep too.

But now, she was lying in bed.

And the sound of trickling water was.

Alana lifted her head and saw the bathroom light on in the bedroom.

Through the frosted glass door, a tall, imposing figure was reflected.

Her breath caught in her throat.

So, Stephan was currently in the bathroom of her bedroom, taking a shower?!

Did she give him permission to enter her bedroom, let alone take a shower?

Alana snapped back to her senses, her face flushing with indignation. She desperately wanted to storm into the bathroom, grab that rude, ill-mannered man, and throw him out the door.

But her anger lasted only a moment.

Instead, she began to worry about her situation.

It was barely dawn, and a man and a woman were alone together in the same room. And the man was still in the bathroom taking a shower.

Wasn't she... in great danger?!

Should she run away?

But where could she possibly run to?

This was her own home!

Alana couldn't help but run her fingers through her hair.

She was filled with regret. If only she hadn't been so soft-hearted and let the man in, what on earth was she going to do now?!

This man was going to pounce on her again!

"Ah! I'm going crazy!"

After shouting, she quickly covered her mouth, afraid that the man in the bathroom might hear her.

Stephan was in the bathroom, showering under the running water.

He tilted his head back slightly, letting the water from the shower-head trickle down over his body.

The wet water soaked his fine, black hair, trickling down his chiseled, handsome face and along his smooth, angular jawline.

Stephan's Adam's apple bobbed slightly as he turned around and began to survey the cramped bathroom.

Though the bathroom appeared small, it was fully equipped.

His eyes fell upon the toiletries a young woman would typically use.

A pink towel, body wash, shampoo, facial cleanser.

Everything was neatly arranged.

Moreover, they were all items typically used by women; there were no men's toiletries.

There was only one toothbrush and one cup, indicating that only one person usually lives here. This discovery put the man in an even better mood.

It meant her boyfriend had never stayed over here.

Stephan felt he himself was far more impressive, not only had he successfully spent the night, but he'd also used

her bathroom.

He couldn't resist reaching out to pick up the shower gel the girl usually used, it had a jasmine scent.

Without hesitation, he squeezed a dollop into his palm, worked it into a lather, and rubbed it over his body.

A faint scent of jasmine wafted through the air.

It actually smelled quite nice.

She usually carried a faint scent of jasmine with her, so that was where it came from.

After using the body wash, he used the shampoo, and even the facial cleanser.

He didn't know what had gotten into him, but he just loved using her things.

It was as if doing so would help him keep her scent on him.

He was almost done washing.

Suddenly, he heard a noise outside the bathroom.

"Ah! I'm going crazy!"

Stephan snorted. That woman, who'd been sleeping like a log, had finally woken up?!

He carried her from the sofa all the way back to her bedroom and laid her down on the bed, where she remained as motionless as ever.

Just like a pig.

But way cuter than a pig.

He decisively turned off the shower.

He tried to walk out, only to realize he had nothing to wear.

After all, the clothes he'd worn today hadn't been washed yet, so there was no way he could wear them again.

Besides, the clothes he'd taken off and left on the sink had just been drenched by the shower, so they were definitely out of the question.

He certainly couldn't just walk out there naked.

What if that girl mistook him for a flasher? She already saw him as quite the pervert.

Even though he'd been completely naked in front of her three times already, thinking of how easily she blushed and turned shy, he wasn't sure how much of a shock it would be to her if he went out naked like this.

In the bathroom, the only thing that could cover his private parts was that pink towel.

Stephan picked up the pink towel and wrapped it around his lower body.

Ugh, this towel, why was it so small?

It barely covered him, if he moved even slightly, the towel might fall off.

Oh well, if it falls off, it falls off.

He'd just consider it a little perk for that woman for letting him stay and rest.

With that in mind, he deliberately tugged at the towel, loosening it a bit on purpose. Only then did he stride over at a leisurely pace and open the bathroom door...

Alana was still lying in bed, dejected and full of regret. Suddenly, she heard a snap.

The bathroom door swung open.

The man, fresh from his shower and shrouded in steam, walked out at a leisurely pace.

Alana instinctively looked up and instantly held her breath.

The man was wrapped in nothing but a pink towel.

The pink towel was very short, barely covering his thighs.

Moreover, the towel was wrapped loosely around him, as if it might fall off at any moment.

He didn't seem to have dried himself off yet; droplets of water still glistened on his bare skin, giving it a seductive sheen.

Alana gasped, "Ah, you! How could you come out like this?!"

What's more, the towel he was wearing was the very one she usually used to dry off after her shower.

Now, all wet and glistening, it was being used by a man as a loincloth, covering his private parts!

He had defiled her favorite towel!

Alana was both shocked and furious.

She felt as though her clean, cute, pink bunny-print towel had been sullied for life.

How was she ever going to look at the towel the same?

Stephan, however, was brazen and completely unperturbed. "There aren't any of my clothes here, so I had no choice but to come out like this."

Alana was both ashamed and furious. "But you still shouldn't have used my towel..."

If he didn't use the towel, what was he supposed to use then?

There was only one towel in the house.

She hadn't bought a spare one yet.

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

Chapter 66 All her might

Chapter 66 All her might

Stephan raised an eyebrow, amused by the girl's flushed, rosy cheeks, so adorable it was off the charts.

He crossed his arms, asking with a smug air, "If I didn't use your towel, would you have preferred for me to come out naked? Since that's what you want, I'll take it off and give it back to you."

Saying this, he made a move to reach out and yank the loose, flimsy towel that was teetering on the brink of falling off.

Alana instinctively stopped him. “Don’t! Don’t pull it!”

Stephan raised an eyebrow, smiling with a hint of amusement. “So, should I pull it, or shouldn’t I?”

She forced a smile, one so strained it bordered on tears.

“Don’t pull it. Just leave it tied like this.”

The towel had already been “contaminated” by him anyway; she certainly couldn’t very well use a towel he’d touched to wipe herself down, could she?

Besides, it had covered that particular area, the very thought was humiliating.

Stephan smiled. “Thanks. This towel of yours works pretty well.”

Alana forced a smile. “No, you’re welcome. Just make sure it stays tied properly.”

Please...don’t let it fall off.

“Okay.”

As he spoke, the man strode toward Alana, the towel tied around his waist hanging precariously.

His muscular upper body, with its well-defined lines, and his long, straight legs were fully exposed.

Alana couldn’t bear to look; her face flushed, and she averted her gaze.

Stephan walked up to Alana. Seeing her blushing and averting her eyes, unable to look at him, he gave a soft snort.

He’d deliberately left it exposed for her to see, yet she refused to look.

She has no sense of propriety.

He asked casually, “Where’s your hair dryer?”

Alana bit her lip and pointed casually. “It’s...it’s in the drawer. You can get it yourself...”

Stephan walked over to the bedside table, pulled open the drawer, and sure enough, found the hair dryer.

He took out the hair dryer, glanced at Alana, and offered, "Will you blow-dry my hair?"

She wished she could just close her eyes; her cheeks puffed out in frustration. "No way. You dry your own hair!"

Stephan chuckled softly, said nothing, plugged in the cord, and began drying his own dripping wet hair.

Hearing the sound of the hair dryer, Alana bit her lip and couldn't help but say,

"Once you're done drying your hair, leave immediately."

He'd already stayed long enough.

Staying any longer would be even more upsetting.

The sound of the hair dryer stopped.

The man put the hair dryer back in the drawer.

Hearing the sound, Alana couldn't help but ask again, "Did you hear what I just said?"

"I'll leave as soon as I finish drying my hair!"

Suddenly, the bed sank.

A man who had just finished showering was lying perfectly straight on her small bed.

Alana's breath caught in her throat, and she couldn't help but look at him, her eyes wide with surprise.

"Stephan, what are you doing?"

Stephan lay on the girl's soft, fragrant bed, then picked up the pillow she had been using and placed it under his head.

He saw the girl staring at him with wide, disbelieving eyes.

His thin lips twitched, and he said in a tone that was barely more than a whisper,

"Sleeping."

His tone was as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Alana was furious. “Wait, you’re lying on my bed and using my pillow! If you want to sleep, go back to your own bed in your house. Don’t sleep in mine.”

“I’ve been kind enough to let you rest in my house for so long, you can’t just hog my bed. Get out of here!”

Stephan lay there looking quite content, without even covering himself with a blanket, exposing himself openly to Alana.

After all, he worked out regularly and was confident in his physique; there was nothing to hide. He rested his hands behind his head, half-closing his eyes, and spoke slowly, “It’s the middle of the night, and I just took a shower. I don’t have any clothes to wear. How am I supposed to go back?”

So I’ll just have to make do and stay here for the night.”

“Middle of the night what? It’s morning!”

“Barely morning.” He retorted.

Alana’s face flushed, and she sounded a bit exasperated. “No way, you can’t stay here!”

“A man and a woman alone together, that’s against the rules!”

Stephan asked with a chuckle, “How is that against the rules? I’m just lying in your bed, I haven’t done anything to you.”

Alana gritted her teeth. “Even if you didn’t do anything to me, it’s still not allowed! Besides, if you’re taking my bed, where am I supposed to sleep? I need to get more sleep before dawn!”

Stephan shifted slightly, then patted the empty spot beside him with his large hand.

“Sleep next to me. I saved a spot just for you.”

Alana stared at him in disbelief.

He actually wanted her to sleep with him?!

He was so shameless!

It was bad enough that he barged right in, but now he was not only hogging her bed, he actually wanted to sleep with her.

He was taking everything she had to offer, he was getting the best of both worlds!

“No way! I’m not sleeping with you!”

“Get up already!”

“If you want to sleep, sleep on the sofa out there!” Alana couldn’t help but reach out, grabbing the man’s arm to pull him up and drag him away from her bed.

To get him off her beloved bed, she had even compromised on the unreasonable demand that he stay until it was bright outside.

Stephan watched the girl’s flustered reaction with amusement. “Be good, stop fussing…”

The way she looked right now really did resemble a little kitten with its fur all ruffled, so adorably cute.

Fucking adorable.

Even when she was angry, she was still so cute and adorable.

Alana puffed out her cheeks and said angrily, “You’re the one causing the trouble, aren’t you! Who’s as shameless and brazen as you, hogging someone else’s bed to sleep in?!”

“Get up right now!!!”

She yanked at the man with all her might.

She managed to pull him up, only for him to sink back down.

This happened over and over again.

She simply couldn’t drag him off the bed and was left panting heavily.

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

Chapter 67 Too much

Chapter 67 Too much

Alana was at a loss for what to do; she was so furious she was on the verge of tears, her beautiful eyes filling with tears, and her little face flushed bright red.

“Stephan, this is too much!”

Stephan exerted a little more force, pulling the girl sitting on the bed down and into his arms. His arms naturally wrapped around her slender waist.

“Stephan, what are you doing?! Let me go!”

Forced into the man’s embrace, Alana was terrified, fearing he might take advantage of her. She couldn’t help but struggle.

But her struggles were quickly and easily subdued by him.

Not only did he wrap his arms around her, but he also wrapped his long legs around her, clinging to her tightly like a koala.

“Be a good girl. Let’s go to sleep.” The man’s intense scent completely enveloped her.

The firm, hard sensation and the scorching heat made Alana’s face flush and her heart race instantly.

This position was far too intimate and suggestive.

She pressed her hands against his chest and couldn’t help but struggle.

Her slender, delicate body twisted involuntarily in resistance.

“No, we can’t...”

“This is just too abnormal...”

Even though they’d been skin-to-skin several times already, she still wasn’t used to it, being held by him as she fell asleep.

The girl in his arms kept squirming, rubbing against him haphazardly.

Her soft, delicate touch generated heat through friction.

It set his body ablaze.

Didn’t she realize how much her restless movements were arousing him?

Stephan furrowed his brow slightly, his voice growing hoarse with a hint of warning.

“Alana, stop moving.”

“If you move again, I can’t guarantee if I’ll be able to control myself, I might do something very inappropriate to you.”

Alana’s breath caught. “What kind of inappropriate things?”

Stephan moved slightly closer to her, his tone growing increasingly dangerous. “Like this...”

The man suddenly pressed himself against her.

She turned pale with fear and dared not move a muscle.

What terrifying strength.

She bit her lip and looked at him with eyes full of tension and helplessness, as if begging him to spare her.

Stephan chuckled. “Now you’re scared, aren’t you?”

It was all her own doing.

But he was just talking; he had no intention of touching her.

He leaned down and kissed her slightly trembling lips, wrapping his large hand around her back and patting her gently. His deep voice softened slightly, tinged with a hint of soothing comfort. “Go to sleep.”

Alana’s eyes were wet and pitiful, a look meant to stir the conscience of the wicked man deep within him. “I...I haven’t taken a shower yet...”

However, the man replied casually, “It’s okay, I don’t mind.”

Her hopes were completely shattered.

Besides, with the man in her bedroom, she couldn’t dare go to the bathroom to shower. She was terrified that he might lose control and burst into the bathroom.

That agonizing night finally came to an end.

Alana never would have imagined that, in the end, she actually fell asleep in Stephan’s arms.

It must have been because she was so exhausted from work.

Looking at the man whose arms still held her tightly, she fought the urge to bite him awake. Instead, she carefully shifted her body and struggled to free herself from his embrace.

She stepped off the bed and glanced back. Seeing that the man seemed to still be asleep, she tiptoed over to find a clean set of clothes and entered the bathroom.

Once inside the bathroom, Alana immediately locked the door.

Only then did she feel at ease enough to take off her clothes and stand under the shower.

The moment Alana entered the bathroom, Stephan opened his dark eyes.

He rolled over, and through the frosted glass door, a faint, slender silhouette was faintly reflected.

In his mind, he couldn't help but imagine the girl bathing inside.

Sensual, thrilling.

The woman stood beneath the shower, completely naked, her delicate skin flushed a soft pink by the warm water.

Water droplets trickled down from her soft, black hair, gliding over her peach-blossom cheeks, then tracing her delicate chin and beautiful collarbone, all the way down... Stephan's Adam's apple bobbed.

A burning intensity had already ignited in his eyes.

Oh, how it'd feel to fuck her in there. He would wrap her legs around his waist, her arms around his shoulder and back as he fucked her against the glass door.

Her sweet moans would fill his ears as he sunk even deeper inside her heavenly pussy.

Perhaps it was because it was morning.

His reaction was a bit intense.

His mouth was parched, and his body felt as if it were on fire.

The man couldn't help but grind his teeth.

A powerful urge welled up inside him.

He wanted to rush in and take her, press her against the door and make her surrender.

But in the end, he simply tore off the towel in silence.

There was a long silence.

Stephan's breathing gradually steadied.

He stood up and tidied up the scene of the crime a little.

He threw everything that needed to be discarded into the trash can.

Then he picked up his phone and made a call.

"Bring a clean set of clothes to Room 513, Building B, Morzi Residential Complex."

Vance had just woken up and was still half-asleep when he received the call from his boss.
"Clean clothes? Whose?"

"Mine."

Vance blinked.

He suddenly snapped out of his daze.

Morzi Residential Complex?!

Wasn't that the complex he drove the CEO to last night?

Could it be that the CEO didn't return to his own apartment all night?!

If he didn't go back to his own apartment, where did he stay last night?

This Unit 513 in Building B?

Was there a man or a woman living in that apartment?

What happened last night that left the CEO without even a change of clothes?!

Countless gossip thoughts swirled through Vance's mind. He felt he was about to uncover something truly sensational about the CEO!

Stephan paused for a moment before speaking again, "Bring a few extra sets of clothes. Oh, and buy a towel, the one a woman would like, a pink one with... a little bunny pattern. Get a men's towel too. Hmm... bring a bathrobe as well."

“And a pair of black slippers, in my size.”

“Uh, okay, okay, I’ll bring them right over.”

“Hurry up.”

With that, the man hung up the phone.

Vance was completely baffled.

A towel, the one a woman would like?

Pink, with little bunnies on it...

The CEO, did he spend the night at a woman’s place last night?!

Damn!

This was huge!

Vance did a somersault, leaping out of bed, and at top speed, brushed his teeth, washed his face, and got himself ready.

Then, without a moment’s delay, he grabbed his car keys and sprinted out, determined to be the first on the scene.

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

Chapter 68 Calm as ever

Chapter 68 Calm as ever

Vance moved quickly.

He made it there in less than half an hour.

He arrived at the door of Room 513 and knocked politely.

He waited anxiously for the person to open the door.

It must be a woman opening the door, right? After all, the CEO had told him to buy pink towels for women.

The door clicked open.

It was opened from the inside.

Vance's eyes widened as he looked.

The moment the door opened.

His heart raced, his hands trembled.

Yet his wide eyes met Stephan's dark, bottomless gaze.

He blinked. Stephan stood behind the door, his figure tall and slender. His upper body was bare, while his lower half seemed to be covered by a blanket, a pale pink one, which looked rather comical.

Yet, despite the comical scene, Vance dared not laugh.

Moreover, he keenly noticed that there appeared to be a scabbed wound on Stephan's lip.

A scabbed cut in that spot certainly left one's imagination running wild. Seeing Vance staring at his lips, Stephan seemed to realize something, and his thin lips curled up ever so slightly.

Vance, unable to suppress his curiosity, blurted out, "Mr. Hudson, your lips..."

Stephan expression remained impassive, and his tone was as calm as ever.

"Isn't it obvious? Besides a woman's teeth, who else could it be?"

Vance sucked in a sharp breath.

Sure enough, the CEO has a woman!

Last time, when the CEO had him investigate an old bald guy, he'd thought the CEO had some kind of kink, that he was into old bald guys.

Now it turns out the CEO's tastes were perfectly normal. It was his own mind that was twisted.

"CEO, who is that woman...?"

"Don't ask questions you shouldn't. Did you bring the stuff?"

Vance cleared his throat and quickly handed over several bags with both hands.

“Here, here they are. It’s all here.”

Stephan gave a faint “Hmm” in response, then took the bags and bent down to inspect them. While the man was bent over inspecting the items, Vance’s curiosity got the better of him. He couldn’t help but tiptoe to see if there was anyone else in the house.

But the very next second, the man looked up and coldly began to shoo him away.

“Since you’ve brought everything, you can go now.”

“Okay, alright...”

Vance turned away, feeling quite disappointed that he hadn’t gotten to see the woman the CEO was secretly keeping in this golden nest.

Suddenly, the man spoke up, “Wait.”

Vance turned back excitedly. Could it be that the CEO had changed his mind and wanted him to...

Just as he turned, a pair of black slippers was shoved into his arms.

“Take these slippers and throw them in the trash.”

Vance frowned. “Huh?!”

These slippers look pretty clean, they were still wearable. Why throw them away?

What a waste!

But he certainly couldn’t ask the CEO what he was thinking. After seeing Vance off, Stephan closed the door and placed the new pair of black slippers Vance had brought, which fit him perfectly, in the spot where the black slippers he’d just thrown away had been.

The man raised an eyebrow in satisfaction. Hmm, looking at the shoe rack now, it doesn’t look so out of place anymore.

After her shower, Alana used a washcloth to wipe the dripping water off her body.

She could have used a towel, but that towel had been taken by that jerk, Stephan

The thought of him wrapping her pink towel around that area for hours, it might even have absorbed some moisture from him. Even if it were washed clean, she wouldn’t use it.

Besides, there was no way she'd use it.

Just thinking about it made her feel tensed.

She hurried out of the bathroom before the man woke up.

Alana got dressed, then carefully turned the doorknob, poked her head out, and immediately looked toward the bed.

She'd expected to see him lying there.

But to her surprise, the bed was completely empty.

She glanced around the rest of the room, but there was no one there.

Could it be that Stephan had already left?

But his dirty clothes were still in the bathroom.

Wrapped only in a pink towel, how could he have left? If someone saw him, they might accuse him of being a flasher.

Alana went out to check and discovered that her bedsheets were missing. She walked over to the bed, just as she was about to bend down to check.

Suddenly, a tall, slender figure appeared silently behind her.

A deep, magnetic voice rang out.

"Looking for me?"

Alana jumped in surprise and turned around without warning.

The man was standing right behind her, his dark, piercing eyes fixed on her.

His eyes were unfathomable, seeming to stir with complex emotions she couldn't decipher. Facing the man's piercing gaze, Alana couldn't help but feel nervous.

"Why...why would I? And why haven't you

left yet?!"

Stephan stepped forward to stand before her, raising an eyebrow in a feigned ignorance.

"Tell me, what were you doing just now?"

The man's intense presence closed in on her, making her feel extremely uneasy.

Moreover, that intense scent was very similar to the one lingering on her fingertips.

She bit her lip, naturally refusing to admit it, and turned her face slightly away, saying, “I wasn’t doing anything.”

He chuckled, choosing not to call her out on it.

If he called her out on it directly, she’d probably be so furious she’d be jumping up and down. Silence lingered for a moment.

Alana couldn’t help but turn back and ask, “It’s morning already. Why haven’t you left yet?” Suddenly, her gaze froze as she stared in shock at the spot beneath him.

“Wait...you... you actually used my sheets too...You used my towel to cover yourself, I’d have let it slide if you’d just thrown it in the trash, but why did you use my sheets too, why are you contaminating everything?!” Alana felt both embarrassed and furious. How could she ever feel at ease using this sheet again?

Every time she covered herself with it, she’d think of him using this very sheet to cover himself... The more she thought about it, the angrier she became.

Stephan laughed. “Contaminate? Isn’t that a bit too much?”

He found it amusing to see the girl’s cheeks puffed out in anger, her face all scowling. So what if the sheet had picked up a little of his scent?

Was she really going to get this upset over it?

“I accidentally got the towel dirty, so I threw it in the trash. I know you wouldn’t bring yourself to use it anymore.”

The man paused for a moment, pulled the bag from behind his back, and raised an eyebrow. “Here’s a brand-new towel I just bought. Consider this compensation.”

Alana looked at the bag being handed to her and paused for a moment. She instinctively took the bag and looked inside, it really was a towel. And it was pink, with a little bunny pattern.

They were clearly the same type as her old towels.

But the style and material were different.

The one she was holding now was clearly made of much better fabric; it felt soft and fluffy, just like cotton.

Plus, the tag was still attached, so it must be brand new.

Alana's expression softened slightly, but not by much.

"What about my sheets?"

Stephan had already prepared his response and said calmly, "Leave the door open for me tonight, and I'll bring you a new one myself."

Alana couldn't help but glare at him, seething with anger.

Leave the door open for him?!

No way!

Never in a million years!

If she ever let him stay over at her place again, she'd be a dog!

"I don't need the sheets; I have spares."

"Are you sure? I'll get you a more expensive one."

If she wanted, he'd even be willing to give her a new house.

After all, her place was run-down and tiny.

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

Chapter 69 Had it coming

Chapter 69 Had it coming

It might look clean and tidy, but it was still tiny.

Last night, when he lay on her small bed, he couldn't even stretch his legs out.

The bathroom was the same, just a tiny space that could barely fit two or three people.

If he were to stay over here again in the future, he might not sleep as comfortably.

And if they were to have sex in the bathroom, they would literally be sandwiched together.

Now thinking about it, he wouldn't mind the "Sandwiched" part though.

Alana refused flatly, "No, thanks."

She wasn't foolish enough to give the man a second chance to come over.

Stephan showed no surprise.

He'd guessed she wouldn't budge.

Alana clenched her teeth slightly and looked at him. "I'm heading to work now."

In other words, it was time for him to leave. Stephan could tell the girl was still upset, so he decided to cut his losses.

"Alright, I'll go change."

After a moment's pause, he added with a smile, "Oh, and Miss Martin, could you please wash the dirty clothes in the bathroom? I'll come pick them up when I have time."

Alana gasped.

Stephan grabbed another bag and headed to the bathroom to change.

She couldn't be bothered to ask where the clothes came from; all she wanted now was for him to leave as soon as possible.

She quickly gathered her things to get ready for work.

Finally, she glanced at her bed.

She wondered if she should take the sheets off and wash them again.

After all, it had a strange smell.

But if she was going to wash it, she'd have to do it when she got home tonight;

she had to rush to work now.

Besides, that smell on the bed, it felt somewhat familiar, as if...

Alana bit her lip, her cheeks flushing involuntarily.

She did her best to suppress the urge to dwell on it further.

Hmm, that possibility she'd just thought of, she must be overthinking it.

It must be.

Alana had originally planned to cook a bowl of noodles at home before heading out, but with that jerk around, she had neither the appetite nor the mood.

She waited patiently for him to get dressed and come out.

When she saw him, fully dressed in a suit and tie, he looked cool and handsome, dignified and self-possessed, exuding the mature aura of a stoic heartthrob.

Who would have thought that once he took his clothes off, he'd be so sexy and naughty?

A classic case of a hypocrite, all polished and respectable on the outside.

Alana reached out to open the door and looked at him. "Time to go."

Stephan strolled leisurely over to her side. "Let me take you to work."

Alana clenched her teeth. "No need. I'll ride my scooter."

Stephan fixed his gaze on her for a moment, then let it go.

"Alright, be careful on your way."

Alana let him leave first, then followed behind. She just didn't dare get too close to him. She didn't even want to ride the elevator with him.

She was afraid someone might find out she'd let him stay over at her place for the night.

Stephan chuckled and simply pulled the girl behind him close, stepping into the elevator together.

He glanced at her, completely unfazed.

"What are you so nervous about? If anyone finds out, I'll take full responsibility for you."

She puffed out her cheeks.

"Taking responsibility for her" how easy it was to say, without even asking if she agreed.

The elevator doors opened.

Alana quickly shook off the man's hand and slipped out without a moment's delay.

Seeing the girl's slender figure hurrying away, Stephan's eyes darkened.

Running so fast, was she that resistant to his approach?

Or perhaps his behavior last night had been too forward, causing her to develop a distaste for him?

He had simply been away on business for too long and missed her a little; he'd just wanted to spend time with her.

He'd intended to stay just a little while before leaving.

But human greed was insatiable; once you get something, you always want more.

So he thick-skinnedly decided to stay.

Little did he know that his eagerness would only end up turning her off.

He kept telling himself, "Haste makes waste; take it slow."

Yet every time he saw her, he couldn't control himself and always acted on impulse.

Oh well, if he couldn't control himself, so be it.

Anyway, now that he had set his sights on her, she won't be able to escape his grasp.

Alana arrived at the office, going through the same routine of clocking in day after day.

When she arrived at the project department and turned on her computer, she could still hear her colleagues gossiping.

They said Vera hadn't been to the office for several days, and that she seemed to have decided to quit.

After all, having lost so much face at the company, she probably didn't have the nerve to stay any longer.

They also said that after the company fired Dane, a new project manager would be brought in from outside.

They speculated about whether the new project manager would be male or female, how old they'd be, and whether they'd be attractive or not.

Alana wasn't really interested.

After all, she was just an intern who hadn't been officially hired yet, so she didn't need to worry about too many things.

Work when there was work to do; slack off when there wasn't.

It was that simple.

While she was goofing off during a break, she saw a message from Luca.

He asked if she was free today to come over and check on his two pets.

If she was free, he asked what time frame would work so he could make arrangements.

Alana replied.

Alana: I'm free after I get off work at six.

Luca: Where's your workplace? Do you need me to pick you up?

Alana didn't want to trouble him.

Alana: No need, I'll just take a taxi over.

Luca didn't press the issue.

Luca: Alright.

The conversation came to an abrupt halt.

Just as Alana was about to put her phone down, she received another new message on WhatsApp.

It was from Stephan.

And, as if by some strange impulse, she tapped on it.

The man had sent a photo.

When she tapped on it, it was a selfie of him.

That chiseled, flawlessly handsome face, perfect from every angle, suddenly burst into her line of sight.

Staring at his face, so strikingly handsome it seemed almost inhuman, Alana instinctively held her breath.

What the hell was this jerk sending her a selfie for?

Was he trying to show off how handsome he is and charm her?

He was really quite full of himself.

The next second, the man sent another message.

Stephan: Miss Martin, you really bit down hard last night. My lips are still throbbing. You're responsible for this.

She scoffed.

Alana couldn't help but glance at the man's lips.

A pale, pink scab stood out prominently on his sensual upper lip.

His eyes were deep and intense, his thick eyebrows arched slightly, and his knuckled index finger even lightly tapped that pale scab, the meaning was clear.

The thought that he was currently wandering around with a lip she'd bitten open and scabbed over made her face flush uncontrollably.

She clenched her teeth and typed out a message.

Alana: I'm not responsible!

It was clearly him who had forced a kiss on her, yet he acted as if he were in the right.

He got bitten, he had it coming!

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

Chapter 70 Stay away from me

Chapter 70 Stay away from me

After sending it, she didn't bother to check if he'd replied or what he'd said; she simply set her phone aside and went back to work.

Out of sight, out of mind!

Stephan was in his office, recalling how many employees had stared at his lips when he arrived at the office that morning, each with a look of curiosity on their faces. On a whim, he snapped a selfie and sent it to Alana.

So she could fully appreciate the masterpiece she'd created.

And to tease her a little while he was at it.

Seeing her reply, a message that read she wasn't responsible followed by three exclamation points, he couldn't help but chuckle softly.

He could almost picture her cheeks puffed out in a huff as she typed the message, her face full of indignation.

How adorable was she?

His slender fingers tapped the screen, and he replied.

Stephan. You ungrateful woman. It doesn't matter if you're responsible or not, I've already captured the evidence. You can't escape.

Just then, Vance walked in carrying a stack of documents. "President, you mentioned earlier that you wanted to hold an impromptu morning meeting. I've already notified all the company executives; they've arrived in the conference room."

"Mm, got it. I'll be right there."

Stephan rose from his chair with a neutral expression.

Vance eyed him as he thought to himself.

'What's this about a last-minute morning meeting? Our CEO couldn't possibly have any ulterior motives, he's just trying to secretly show off the bite mark on his lip. After all, not everyone gets the chance to flaunt such a glorious mark.'

Vance shook his head. His boss was going crazy.

Stephan arrived at the conference room.

Sure enough, the senior executives were all staring intently at his lips.

Their eyes were brimming with curiosity and gossip.

Stephan appeared calm and composed, his demeanor as cool and misty as ever.

But inside, he was secretly delighted.

He took his seat at the head of the conference table without haste, leaning lazily back in his chair with his legs crossed.

“Let the meeting begin.”

After about an hour, the tedious meeting came to an end.

As Stephan walked out of the conference room, he heard the senior executives whispering behind him.

“Did you notice? The CEO has a scab on his lip.”

“I noticed. The CEO kept touching that scab with his hand during the meeting, it was impossible not to notice.”

“Yeah, yeah, it’s so obvious. I just wonder how he got it.”

“It’s on his lip. Could it be...did his girlfriend bite him?”

“The CEO has a girlfriend? Is that true?! Wasn’t he the type who always stayed away from women?”

“I’m not sure about that, but that scab on his lip, it couldn’t have been caused by a cat or a dog, can it? It’s clearly from a human bite!”

“It’s either a woman or a man!”

“But the CEO doesn’t really have any women around him, and he doesn’t seem to be interested in the opposite sex at all. I’m starting to suspect it was a man who bit him.”

Stephan blinked.

He was straight!

He had pretty much confirmed it with Alana!

“Right, right, right! It must have been a guy who bit him!”

“It might even be Assistant Vance who bit him, since the CEO is practically glued to Assistant Vance every day. Hehe, it looks like there’s something going on between the two of them!” Vance, trailing behind Stephan almost collapsed in shock.

A wave of embarrassment washed over him.

A sense of exhaustion, as if he’d been caught in the crossfire without even trying.

Stephan furrowed his brow slightly, his handsome face darkening.

He shot Vance a glance, his tone slightly stern. “From now on, stay away from me. Don’t stick to me like glue every day.”

Vance gasped.

This wasn’t his fault!

Serving the emperor was like serving a tiger, who would want to cling to you, you arrogant man!

If it weren’t for work matters, requiring Vance to report to him every single moment, he’d never have gotten stuck with the CEO in the first place!

And then there was this morning, the CEO was the one who literally called him any time of the day or night without a care if he had his own personal life.

This morning, he was still asleep. Stephan’s call had woken him up to go run some errands.

So who was clinging to who here?!

Stephan returned to his office and sat down in his chair.

The first thing he did was pull out his phone and glance at his chat history with Alana. A soft snort escaped from the man’s nostrils.

Still no reply after all this time?

His fingers twitched, as if to send another message. But on second thought, he decided against it.

A man should maintain his composure and keep a cool, aloof demeanor.

Just then, his phone rang.

It was Gary calling.

Stephan answered the call, his long, slender fingers tapping lightly on the tabletop, while the black Patek Philippe watch on his wrist glistened in the light.

“What’s up?”

Gary asked with a laugh, “Bro, it’s my birthday today. I’m throwing a party at Spring Banquet tonight. Want to come?”

Stephan was about to say no, but then he thought better of it. He raised his hand and gently stroked the scab on his lip, raising his thick eyebrows slightly. “What time exactly?”

“Around eight tonight.”

“Alright.”

It was time to clock out.

Carla wanted to ask Alana to go out for dinner, and maybe do some shopping and catch a movie while they were at it.

She said there was a particularly good movie out recently, an art-house romance with handsome men and beautiful women.

Seeing how Carla was raving about the movie, describing it in far greater detail and with more enthusiasm than the promotional materials.

She also had two movie discount coupons; if they bought tickets during this time slot, they could get them for half price.

Alana felt helpless and politely declined the invitation.

“Sorry, find someone else to go with. I have plans later.”

Carla immediately sensed a scoop and asked with a piercing gaze.

“A date? With whom? A guy or a girl?!”

Alana sighed, “A guy, but just a regular friend. And it’s not a date.”

Carla blinked. “It’s not that super-hot guy who gave you a phone last time, is it?”

Alana couldn’t help but picture Stephan’s cool yet slightly brooding face. She bit her lip.

“It’s not him.”

Carla stared at Alana’s pretty face, her curiosity piqued even more. “If it’s not him, then why are you blushing?”

Alana shot Carla a playful glare. “Stop teasing me. I’m leaving now.” She picked up her handbag, said goodbye to Carla, and left first.

Ford Estate was a bit far from the office, so she decided to take a taxi there. As she got into the car, she sent a message to Luca.

She told him she was already on her way.

Luca quickly replied with an “OK.”

About half an hour later, she arrived at the entrance.

Because of the gate security, the taxi couldn’t drive in, so the driver dropped Alana off at the entrance to the Estate.

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

[Home](#) [Chapter 71](#) [To my place](#)

Fortunately, Luca was already there to meet her.

Alana got out of the car and saw Luca waiting for her at the security booth.

She walked over and smiled apologetically. “Sorry to keep you waiting.”

Luca couldn’t help but take a good look at Alana.

Today, she was wearing a light purple knit top paired with a matching purple midi skirt, looking gentle and fresh, exuding a refined, ladylike charm.

Her soft, black hair cascaded down her back. A gentle breeze blew, causing strands to flutter lightly across her delicate features, her refined nose and rosy lips, giving her a soft and lovely appearance.

He blushed slightly as he looked at her and cleared his throat. "It's fine. I just got here too."

"Let's go. I'll take you to my place."

Alana nodded. "Okay."

Luca's place wasn't far.

It was a two-story detached apartment, clean and uncluttered. He opened the door.

"Ollie, Jerry, come here!"

Alana felt a flash before her eyes as a large golden retriever and a round, plump, mustard-yellow tabby cat came racing toward her.

They shot right up to her.

Alana had never seen anything like this before; she was slightly startled and instinctively hid behind Luca.

But the dog and cat had already charged over, surrounding her, the unfamiliar intruder. They sniffed her relentlessly.

This left Alana feeling both nervous and scared.

Eventually, she couldn't help but cower in the corner.

Luca was amused by her reaction. "Don't be afraid. They're very friendly. Maybe they're just extra excited to see such a beautiful woman."

Alana felt terribly tensed. She looked at the big dog and the big orange one sniffing around her feet, completely at a loss.

"I'm...I'm sorry. They're just so enthusiastic. I'm not really used to this."

"It's okay, you'll get used to it in a minute." Luca walked over to help her shoo the Golden Retriever and the orange cat away. Under his guidance, the two pets moved a little further away from her, though they still stared at her intently and curiously.

The big Golden Retriever was sticking out its pink tongue, its tail wagging like a propeller.

It was clearly very interested in Alana.

Alana gave the Golden Retriever a faint smile, and the dog seemed to get even more excited, its tail wagging so fast it looked like it might take off.

Although the orange cat didn't react as strongly as the Golden Retriever, it still meowed at Alana a few times.

It was quite cute.

Luca was delighted. "I can tell they really like you."

If the two pets hadn't taken a liking to Alana, he might have had to find someone else to look after them.

But now, there was no need to worry about that.

Alana gave a faint smile. By now, her nerves had settled, and she wasn't as tense anymore.

She looked at Luca. "Did you just call them Ollie and Jerry?"

"Yes, the golden retriever is Ollie, and the orange cat is Jerry."

"Those are nice names."

"Oh, I just picked them at random." Luca scratched the back of his head shyly.

"Um, why don't you take a seat on the couch? I'll go get you a glass of water."

Alana asked, "Do I need to change your shoes?"

Luca shook his head. "No need. Just walk right in."

"Okay."

Meanwhile.

Spring Banquet.

Gary had reserved a VIP private room.

The private room was bustling with men and women.

Someone asked, "Young Master Gary, isn't Young Master Stephan coming? When will he arrive?"

Gary, however, remained calm and unconcerned. "What's the rush? The party's just getting started."

seductive.

The sweet-looking girl asked, “Young Master Gary, I heard Young Master Stephan has been going on blind dates lately, is that true?”

Gary glanced at the girl. “What? Do you want to go on a blind date with him?”

The girl’s cheeks flushed slightly.

Her intentions were obvious.

Gary raised an eyebrow. “When he gets here, go ask him. See if he’d be willing to go on a date with you.”

“Okay, sure.”

The sweet-looking girl, tugging on another girl’s arm, walked away shyly. Just then, the private room door opened.

A tall, slender figure stepped slowly inside.

The man wore a black shirt, a gray vest, and gray dress pants.

His shirt was buttoned all the way to the top.

Broad shoulders, a narrow waist, and long, slender legs.

He exuded an air of cool, restrained elegance.

Someone spoke up.

“Young Master Stephan is here!”

“Young Master Stephan is as handsome and charming as ever!”

“Oh, Young Master Stephan even brought a birthday present. Looks like he really loves Young Master Gary!”

Gary looked over at Stephan with curiosity and saw that he was carrying a plastic bag.

The bag was quite large; he had no idea what was inside.

As Stephan walked toward him, Gary couldn’t wait to snatch the plastic bag from the man’s hand.

“Is this my birthday present? Let me see, what is it, exactly?” Gary looked down and his face fell. “What?! It’s a stuffed animal?!”

He took it out and saw that it was a little white rabbit stuffed animal. Its little white paws were clutching a red carrot.

Everyone else glanced over, curiously examining Stephan's gift.

But when they saw the little white rabbit stuffed animal, they all couldn't help but laugh.

Gary was speechless. "Dude, even if you wanted to give me a birthday present, you could've at least gotten something decent, right? What's the point of giving me a little white rabbit stuffed animal? Isn't this the kind of thing you give to women? I don't like this stuff!"

animal from his hands.

His movement was crisp and decisive.

"Who said I was giving it to you? Give me back the bunny!"

His tone was cold and ruthless.

Gary wasn't worthy of such a cute little white rabbit.

Gary froze, confused. "You weren't giving it to me? Then who is it for?"

Stephan cast a casual glance at him and spoke slowly, "I'm not telling you."

Gary blinked. Stephan took the little white rabbit and even patted the spot Gary had just touched. He seemed a bit disgusted.

Gary watched in utter speechlessness.

Cruz, flanked by two beautiful women, suddenly asked, "Since the stuffed animal isn't for Young Master Gary, then... it can't possibly be for a woman, can it?" After all, only girls like this sort of thing.

Stephan cradled the little white rabbit in his arms, found a spot to sit, and said nothing.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

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

Chapter 72 The other man

Chapter 72 The other man

Everyone couldn't help but feel curious.

Could it be that the little white rabbit Stephan was holding was really a gift for a woman?

Which woman?

Someone, who caught note of something, suddenly gasped.

"Mr. Hudson, um, your...your lip...it looks like there's a scab on it. What happened? Who did that?" Hearing this, everyone turned to look at Stephan's lips.

Sure enough, the pale scab had darkened and become more prominent.

Gary raised an eyebrow, a smirk playing on his lips. "Let me guess, in such an intimate spot, was it a woman who bit you?"

Stephan's expression remained impassive as he leisurely poured himself a glass of red wine and took a small sip.

He looked thoroughly at ease.

His expression spoke volumes.

Everyone looked on, their eyes sharp and perceptive.

This was going to be interesting!

There was definitely something going on!

Someone asked curiously, "Young Master Stephan, which woman bit you? She must have bitten you pretty hard."

"Yeah, she even drew blood. That must have been a pretty intense kiss, right?"

The girl who had a crush on Stephan felt a sudden pang of heartache when she saw the scab on his lip.

She asked, "Mr. Hudson, do you have a girlfriend now?"

Stephan's expression remained impassive.

"That's a personal matter. I'm not telling."

He wasn't in a relationship yet, so he couldn't make it public.

Upon hearing this, the sweet girl couldn't hide the disappointment in her eyes.

Gary had a vague hunch about what was going on. He clicked his tongue, a playful smile on his face.

"Do I know who this mystery girl is?"

Stephan shot Gary a glance and curled his lips in a casual smirk.

"Take a good look at yourself, do you even think you're worthy of knowing her?"

Gary gasped.

From the sound of it, Stephan implied that the girl was exceptionally noble.

Not even Gary was worthy of knowing her.

They grew even more curious, just who was this stunning beauty that could earn such high praise from Stephan?

However, Stephan seemed unwilling to reveal the girl's specific identity, so no matter how curious they were, they couldn't get any further details.

Gary gritted his teeth, approached Stephan reluctantly, and asked in a low voice.

"Stephan, tell me the truth, is it the girl in the white dress I saw on the first floor of the restaurant that day? When you seemed to be arguing in front of a waitress?"

Stephan shot Gary a withering glance. Did he really need to ask?

Gary couldn't help but laugh out loud. "It really is her! But I seem to recall you telling me she had a boyfriend and even advised me not to pursue her."

"What's this? You told me not to go after her, but you went and became the third wheel yourself? Way to go, buddy. You've really made me look at you in a whole new light!"

Stephan almost choked.

Just then, a guy was spreading some gossip.

“Hey, hey, hey, let me tell you guys about something funny that happened recently.”

“What’s so funny?”

“Spill it!”

“One of my friends has recently fallen for a married woman, he’s been acting like a total suck-up to her every single day!”

“What? That’s wild!”

“Who’s this friend of yours? Why’d he have to set his sights on a married woman of all people?”

“Isn’t he basically setting himself up to be the other man?”

“That’s so shady. Tell your friend to cut his losses. There are all kinds of women out there, why get hung up on someone who’s already taken?”

“Exactly!”

“I’d love to talk some sense into him, but it’s no use. His brain’s completely muddled, he’s determined to throw himself at that woman!”

“The woman isn’t even interested in him, yet he has the nerve to check in on her every day, pouring his heart out to her about everything. He’s beyond help!”

“He really is beyond help. I seriously suspect your friend has a mental problem, and it’s not a minor one. You should get him to see a psychiatrist right away and have his head checked!”

“Not only is there something wrong with his brain, but he’s also a total jerk!”

“Hurry up and spill your friend’s name, I’d love to see which man is so stupid, he’s practically a pig!”

“Hahaha, it’s...”

Stephan suddenly interrupted in a deep voice, “Enough!”

“Everyone, shut up!”

The group of jokers fell silent instantly, all turning to look at him.

The overhead lights fell on the man’s handsome face, casting sharp, angular shadows that made him look cold and brooding.

He was clearly furious.

Had they said something wrong?

Had they managed to anger this big shot?

The man who had started the conversation spoke awkwardly, “Young Master Hudson, I was just talking about my friend Jay, who’s the other man in a relationship, I didn’t say it was you...”

Stephan narrowed his eyes, grinding his back teeth silently.

Every word wasn’t directed at him, yet it felt as though every word was aimed squarely at him. Rage welled up in his chest, and his thin lips twitched. “What’s wrong with being the other man? Does that mean the other man isn’t worthy of finding true love?”

“He finally found the woman he loves and is willing to risk everything to win her heart, is there something wrong with that?”

The man blinked, confused. Well...”

Stephan scoffed. “As his friend, making jokes about his feelings behind his back, I’m truly ashamed of you on his behalf!”

The man’s face flushed with embarrassment; he was clearly at a loss.

He didn’t even understand what he’d done wrong. He’d just been joking around, everyone was chatting and laughing why was Stephan picking on him?

He felt genuinely wronged.

Stephan suddenly lost all interest in staying. He stood up, his tone icy.

“I have things to do. I’m leaving.”

With that, he grabbed the little white rabbit, which seemed completely out of place with his demeanor, and strode out.

Seeing Stephan leave, the crowd exchanged bewildered glances, completely at a loss for words.

Only Gary stared in the direction Stephan had left, his gaze filled with deep meaning.

After leaving the Spring club, Stephan drove to the building where Alana lived.

He glanced at the little white rabbit stuffed animal in the passenger seat.

Originally, he had gone to the mall intending to buy a gift for Gary.

Then he spotted this little white rabbit and, on a whim, bought it.

After bringing it to the party, Gary snatched it away, but he didn't want to give it to him, so he decisively snatched the little white rabbit back.

Now, looking closely at the little white rabbit, hugging and licking a carrot, looking adorably dazed and exuding a certain air of innocence.

It looked just like that woman, Alana.

Didn't he often think Alana looked like a silly little white rabbit?

So he decided not to give this little white rabbit to Gary.

If he were to give one away, it should be to Alana, that little white rabbit. And so, he ended up driving over to her place on a whim.

Stephan couldn't help but pinch the bridge of his nose. It seemed like he'd been influenced by her more and more lately.

He wasn't sure if that was a good thing or a bad thing.

Thinking back to the people at the party just now, mocking him one after another, calling him a male mistress, a pathetic, shameless man...

It left him feeling thoroughly unsettled.

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

Chapter 73 Track you down

Chapter 73 Track you down

The issue he'd been avoiding had finally caught up with him.

He was shamelessly pursuing a woman who's already taken, and she was not even interested in him. Knowing he was the other man and yet being repeatedly rejected by her, if that wasn't being pathetic, then what was?

Stephan felt even more agitated. He clenched his jaw and was about to drive off.

But then he saw the soft, cute little bunny in the passenger seat, staring at him with pleading eyes.

It was exactly like the way Alana looked at him, those beautiful, clear, and pitiful eyes.

As if by some strange impulse, Stephan picked up the little white rabbit again.

Looking at the little white rabbit's pleading expression, he inexplicably imagined Alana's bright, sparkling eyes, gazing at him with the same pleading look. It was truly, a love-hate relationship!

Stephan couldn't resist pinching the little white rabbit's jet-black nose, imagining that he was pinching Alana's delicate, dainty little nose right then and there.

"You've got me bad."

"Alana, listen to me!"

"That boyfriend of yours, he doesn't care about you at all. He's trash, a good-for-nothing!"

"When you're in danger, he's not by your side. When you're sick, he's not by your side. He's completely useless! He doesn't care about you, and he doesn't deserve you. Break up with him right now, and let

me take his place! I don't want to be some male mistress if that's even a thing, you hear me?"

"Do you get it, hmm?"

The man pinched the little white rabbit's nose and tugged on its long ears, as if trying to wake it up.

"Will you agree?"

"If you don't agree, I'll yank your ears!"

"I'll spank your bottom!"

The little white rabbit, of course, couldn't respond, but just looked at him with an adorable, dazed expression.

As if looking at a fool.

Finally, his senses returned, and he couldn't help but pinch the aching spot between his eyebrows. "I really am crazy."

He'd actually mistaken a stuffed white rabbit for Alana and tried to persuade her to leave her boyfriend.

If that isn't being crazy, what is?

Stephan sat in the car for a while.

Finally, he picked up the little white rabbit, opened the car door, and got out.

Just as he'd said, he really was at a loss when it came to that woman, Alana. Stephan took the elevator to Alana's doorstep and knocked.

No response.

He knocked again.

Still no answer.

Stephan sighed.

He knew she didn't like him, and if she found out it was him knocking, she definitely wouldn't open the door.

So he deliberately didn't speak, just knocked. But he'd been knocking for so long, and there was still no response from inside. That was strange.

So, that woman wasn't home.

Then where is she?

Stephan furrowed his brows, but he couldn't suppress the deep sense of worry welling up inside him.

It was already getting so late. If she wasn't home, where could she be?

Meanwhile.

Alana had already bonded with Luca's two pets.

Both pets adored her and were very affectionate toward her.

At first she had been nervous, but now she had gradually relaxed and could play and roughhouse with them.

Now that she'd established a bond with them, taking care of them wouldn't be a problem. Besides, Luca had already explained most of the care details to her, and she had taken them all to heart.

Just in case she forgot anything, she'd also jotted it down in her phone's notes.

Alana glanced at the time on her phone, it was already past nine o'clock.

She put down the cat teaser, stood up, and said, "Luca, it's getting late. I'll head home now."

Luca felt as though he had already fallen for Alana.

The scene of her gently playing with the cat and dog was beautiful, playful, bright and warm.

It was just like a beautiful painting, so lovely that one couldn't help but stop and admire it.

He admitted that he'd been staring at Alana a bit too intently just now. Now that he heard she was leaving, he felt an intense sense of reluctance.

"Have you eaten yet? Would you like to grab a bite to eat, and then I'll drive you home?"

Alana smiled and politely declined, "No, thank you."

Luca felt disappointed, but settled for the next best option. "Then I'll just drive you home."

She fell silent for a moment.

For some reason, Stephan's deep, firm words suddenly came to mind.

Keep your distance from him.

Alana pursed her lips but still refused. "Never mind, I won't trouble you. It's quite a distance from here to where I live, so I'll just take a taxi back."

Luca couldn't help but say, "But it's getting late. It might not be safe for you to take a taxi home."

Alana paused, realizing he had a point.

She'd recently heard about quite a few drivers harassing female passengers late at night.

Besides, the middle-aged driver of the car she'd just ridden in had also made a few inappropriate remarks to her.

Although it was just verbal harassment, it still made her feel very uncomfortable.

After a moment's hesitation, she decided to compromise for her own safety. "Well, thank you for your help."

Luca's lips curled into a smile. "It's no trouble at all, don't mention it." Luca went to drive his car out and opened the passenger door for her.

Alana said thank you, got in, closed the door, and fastened her seatbelt.

Luca was about to set the navigation. "Where do you live? It's called..."

Alana replied, "Morzi Community."

"Alright, Morzi Community."

Luca typed "Morzi Community" into the navigation system, confirmed the exact location, and then pulled away.

Alana couldn't help but recall that when Stephan had driven her home for the second time, she had assumed he didn't know where she lived.

But it turned out he had actually remembered it.

He could take her home without even using the navigation.

It was clear he had a pretty good memory.

He remembered the route perfectly, even though they'd only driven it once.

Strange?

Why had she been thinking about him so often today?

Alana decisively shook her head, pushing aside the jumbled thoughts in her mind.

Suddenly, her phone vibrated.

She picked it up and saw it was a WhatsApp message.

Alana tapped to open it, it was from Stephan.

Stephan: Where are you? If you don't reply soon, I'm calling you and tracking you down!

Alana's fingers trembled slightly.

The tone in his message was forceful and domineering, as if he were about to call her the very next second to demand an explanation.

But why was he suddenly messaging her to ask where she was?

Could it be... that he'd gone to her place again?

Alana clenched her teeth and immediately typed back.

Alana: Where are you right now?

When Stephan saw that Alana had replied, he stopped the call he was about to make. Good. The fact that she could reply and ask where he was meant she was okay.

His slender fingers twitched slightly. He decided not to hide it from her.

Stephan: At your place.

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

Chapter 74 Something for you

Chapter 74 Something for you

Alana was furious. Gritting her teeth, she typed.

Alana: What are you doing at my place? Get out of there right now!

Stephan chuckled softly, his mind inexplicably conjuring an image of the girl losing her temper.

Stephan: I have something for you.

Alana replied without hesitation.

Alana: I don't want it.

Stephan snorted lightly.

Stephan: You're refusing before you even know what I'm giving you?

Her reply came again.

Alana I don't want it! don't want any of it. Go home!

Stephan remained unmoved.

Stephan: Before I go, I want to know where you've been. It's so late and you haven't come home yet.

Alana: I'm not telling you.

They weren't exactly close, so why would she tell him where she is?

If she tells him, he'll just get even more pushy.

Stephan: If you're not telling me, does that mean you're secretly up to something behind my back?

Stephan's dark eyes narrowed dangerously, as if he'd guessed something.

Stephan: Could it be that you're secretly meeting some other man behind my back?

Alana didn't know how to reply.

His texts came again.

Stephan: Alana, isn't having me as your "man" enough?

What on earth did he just say?!

He actually called him self her "man"!

Alana saw the man's reply and couldn't help but blush, feeling inexplicably nervous.

Alana: What do you mean, "man"? Mr. Fu, watch your language. You're not my "man."

Stephan quickly tried to salvage the situation:

Stephan: I am your man!

Alana was so furious she didn't want to speak to him.

How could this man be such a jerk?!

Luca noticed Alana's sudden emotional outburst and asked curiously, "What's wrong?"

Alana clenched her jaw slightly.

She turned her head and gave Luca an awkward smile. "Nothing. It's nothing."

Luca smiled back. "Who were you chatting with? You seem pretty upset..."

Alana answered instinctively, "A dog."

Luca was taken aback. "Huh?"

Alana realized what she'd said and quickly explained, "No, no, it's just...a regular friend..."

"An ordinary friend? Male or female?"

Luca was a bit curious. Who could possibly have the power to make this usually elegant and quiet pretty girl suddenly become so tensed?

Alana bit her lip, racking her brain for an excuse. "A guy. He's my... my creditor. He came over to collect a debt from me.

So... well, you know."

Luca was surprised. "You're in debt? How much? Do you need me to help you?"

Alana. "No, no need. It's not much, and I'll pay it back soon..."

"No wonder Eve said you were in such a hurry to find a part-time job. So you owe someone money and you are rushing to pay it back."

Alana felt awkward and just smiled without saying a word.

Luca, concerned, said, "If you really can't pay it back, I don't mind lending you some money to tide you over. We're friends, don't be shy about asking me."

"Okay..."She drawled

Luca added, “Besides, I’ve heard debt collectors have been pretty aggressive lately. Some people will stop at nothing to get their money back, they’ll do anything. Like harassing you with text messages and phone calls, showing up at your door to block your way, or even, if they see you’re pretty, bullying you and humiliating you. So, you need to be careful. If you run into any danger you can’t handle on your own, call me or call the police.”

Alana awkwardly ran her fingers through her hair. “Okay, sure.”

It really was awkward, he’d hit the nail on the head.

Luca walked Alana to the entrance of her apartment complex.

Alana politely thanked him and said goodbye before leaving.

Luca watched her slender figure fade into the distance. Even after she had completely disappeared from his sight, he still couldn’t tear his eyes away.

He felt that Alana’s appearance and personality perfectly matched his ideal girlfriend. Plus, his two pets really liked her too.

If Alana could be his girlfriend, it would be a great decision.

A woman at home, pets by his side, life would be complete. He’d wait until he returned from his business trip.

Once he returns from his business trip, he’ll make a serious effort to pursue her.

As Alana walked back to her apartment complex, she couldn’t help but wonder.

She wondered if that man had left yet.

What if he was still standing at her doorstep.

Alana felt an inexplicable shiver run through her.

Fortunately, when she stepped out of the elevator, she didn’t see him anywhere.

Maybe he didn’t know she was coming home and had already left.

Alana let out a sigh of relief, walked slowly to her front door, looked down for her keys, inserted them into the lock, and opened the door.

Just as she was about to step inside, a large hand suddenly grabbed her wrist.

Instantly, she was shoved through the door by that force.

With a bang, the door slammed shut.

Alana's slender body was forcefully pressed against the wall by a powerful, muscular male frame.

The coldness of the wall stood in stark contrast to the man's scorching, burning body.

The jarring sensation of ice and fire made her shiver and flinch.

Looking at the man pinning her down, her breathing quickened, her red lips trembling slightly, her voice quivering with vulnerability.

"Step...Stephan...You... why haven't you left yet?"

His eyes were deep and intense as his slender fingers gently lifted the girl's delicate chin.

He saw the panic and helplessness in her eyes clearly, leaving her nowhere to hide.

He gazed into her beautiful, mist-like eyes and whispered, "How could I possibly leave without you being here?"

Facing his intense gaze, Alana couldn't help but feel nervous and at a loss.

"I...I'm back now. Can you rest easy now? Let, let me go first..."

Her left hand was still held fast by him, pinned against the wall along with her.

Also, he was pressed so close to her that every breath she took was filled with the scorching heat of his breath, so intense it felt suffocating.

His chest was as hard as iron, almost pressing painfully against her soft bosom.

The man remained unmoved, his deep, dark eyes fixed on her fair, porcelain-like face as he asked, "Where did you go just now?"

Alana thought to herself, What business was it of his where she went?

She had her own freedom; did she really need to report every detail to him?

Besides, they weren't even in a relationship.

Although that was what she was thinking, pinned down by him like this, she didn't dare answer that way.

She was afraid of provoking his anger and facing his terrible punishment.

She replied, "No, I didn't go anywhere. I was just wandering around..."

She didn't dare tell him she'd gone to Luca's house to see his pets.

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

Chapter 75 Bad things

Chapter 75 Bad things

Stephan had just told her last night to keep her distance from Luca.

To avoid unnecessary trouble, she chose to keep it to herself.

The facade of calm the man had been maintaining was instantly torn apart.

He fought desperately to suppress the overwhelming pang of jealousy welling up inside him, and retorted with a cold laugh.

"Oh, really? But I clearly saw you get out of that stranger's car last night when he drove you home. Why didn't you tell me the truth? Could it be that you really snuck off to fool around with him again?"

Stephan's chest began to rise and fall faster, and flecks of crimson flashed in his dark eyes.

He simply couldn't bear to see her with another man.

Seeing her get close to another man filled him with an indescribable sense of irritation and unease.

It was a feeling he'd never experienced before, like countless ants crawling all over his chest, leaving him restless and unsettled.

Perhaps he was too angry, or perhaps it was seeing her remain silent, but he couldn't control himself; he leaned down and bit her lip. Damn it!

What good was this mouth of hers?

It can't even speak the words he wanted to hear!

Caught off guard, Alana let out a muffled cry.

Her soft lips stung from the man's bite.

Her beautiful eyes suddenly became misty and hazy.

"Ugh, no, it hurts..."

Stephan released her lips, leaving a toothmark of his own on her lower lip.

It was his exclusive mark, imprinted on her. He stared at her, his voice deep and husky.

"If it hurts, why didn't you say so? If you don't explain yourself clearly, I'll make you hurt even more in a minute!"

He would leave his mark on every inch of her skin. So she would clearly realize that she belonged to him.

No other man could covet her.

Seeing the threatening tone in the man's voice, Alana's heart shook, and her eyes welled up with tears, glistening with moisture.

"I...I was just having a work-related conversation with Luca...I already told you last night, I'm going to work part-time at his place, taking care of his two pets. And then, we agreed to go to his place tonight to check on the two pets and get to know them better. That's all. It's that simple."

It wasn't as sleazy as he was imagining, that she'd gone there to have an affair.

Stephan furrowed his brows, his tone turning grave. "You went to his house?"

Alana looked at him with reddened eyes, her voice soft and full of hurt.

She'd clearly been treated quite harshly by him.

"If I didn't go to his place, how would I know if I get along with his two pets?"

Stephan clenched his teeth slightly, struggling to suppress the jealousy and anger bubbling up inside him.

“Even so, you shouldn’t just go to a man’s house like that. Especially at night, what if he tries to take advantage of you? If that happens, you’ll be crying out to heaven and earth with no one to answer, who’s going to save you?”

Alana thought back to her interactions with Luca over the past couple of days.

Luca had always presented himself as polite and considerate, someone who knew how to take care of others.

He was nothing like the outrageous person Stephan had described.

“Stephan, you’re overthinking this. Luca isn’t the kind of person you think he is. He’s a friend of my best friend’s, and my best friend has good character, the friends she hangs out with should be decent enough.”

Stephan snorted coldly. “How do you know he isn’t that kind of person? Maybe he’s just like me, up to no good with you...”

“You...”

Alana blushed fiercely at his words. “Stephan, even if Luca has ulterior motives toward me, so what? It’s none of your business.”

“How is it none of my business?”

Stephan brushed her hair aside with his finger, slowly leaning in toward her pale, delicate ear.

He gave it a gentle nibble, his voice low, hoarse, and seductive.

“As far as I’m concerned, you’re only allowed to be lusted after by me.”

Alana stared at him in shock.

Her beautiful, bright eyes were filled with astonishment and a touch of anger. It was as if she didn’t know what to do with him.

She simply glared at him, saying nothing.

Because she knew she couldn’t out-argue him.

She could only seethe with helpless rage inside. Stephan brushed a strand of her hair from behind her ear.

The hair carried the scent of shampoo, the scent of jasmine, so sweet it was almost distracting. He gazed at her with a deep, intense look. "Tell me, do you like that type of guy?"

Alana blushed. "I'm not telling you."

The man gave a faint, dismissive snort, as if he had plenty of ways to get the better of her.

"If you don't tell me, I'll kiss you." Alana's face flushed again at the man's flirtatious, playful tone. She had no choice but to

speak.

"I don't."

Upon receiving the girl's firm reply, Stephan felt his pent-up frustration dissipate considerably.

But what he wanted wasn't that simple.

"Since you don't like him, how about liking me instead?"

He...wasn't half bad, after all.

Alana bit her lip and answered without hesitation, "You're so bad, I don't like you either..."

Stephan chuckled. Was he bad?

In what way was he bad?

He'd done so much for her, yet in her eyes he was utterly wicked?

What an ungrateful little thing!

"How am I so terrible?"

Alana glared at him with a pout and launched into her list of complaints, "You're always hugging me, kissing me, barging into my apartment, using my stuff, and hogging my bed. There are so many, I can't even count them all."

Stephan laughed in exasperation. He'd done so much for her, yet she didn't remember any of it, instead, she only held onto the times he'd "been bad" to her.

Besides, in his eyes, that wasn't being "bad" to her, it was simply being unable to control himself, wanting to shower her with all his love.

Stephan slowly leaned toward her, his warm breath brushing freely against her fair, jade-like cheeks.

"So what if I'm mean to you? Men just love to be mean to women, especially to a woman like you, who looks so sweet and

innocent yet so alluring. I want to tease you, to tease you thoroughly, completely, from the inside out..."

"You!" Alana's cheeks flushed instantly, and she glared at him angrily.

Stephan's deep eyes fixed on her. "You don't like it when I'm bad to you?"

She cheeks puffed out in anger. "I don't like it!"

The man's voice was low and hoarse. "But I'm going to be bad to you anyway."

Was there a man who can resist being naughty to the woman he loves?

The more he liked her, the more he wanted to tease her and do "bad" things to her.

With that, he leaned down without hesitation and captured her soft lips.

He forcefully parted her lips and teeth, his tongue wildly entwining with hers.

Her lips were delicate and sweet, full of juicy sweetness, making him unable to resist taking deep nibbles on them again and again, becoming wildly addicted.

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

Chapter 76 Seducing her again

Chapter 76 Seducing her again

Alana stared in shock, her eyes widening at the handsome face mere inches away and her soft lips and sweet tongue being claimed and devoured by the man once again.

Ah!

This wicked man was seducing her again!

She couldn't help but try to push him away, to break free from this suffocating kiss. But to him, her feeble resistance was nothing more than a game of push and pull, utterly powerless.

His large hands involuntarily roamed over her body, his movements growing increasingly bold. Alana couldn't help but panic; her clear, beautiful eyes were filled with fear and dread.

She wanted to resist, yet she simply couldn't.

Just as the man released her lips and moved his attention to her neck, she finally managed to speak, her lips trembling, "No, don't..."

The sound that emerged was a delicate, completely non-threatening voice.

Soft and delicate, it not only failed to stop him but only made the man feel even more aroused. He wanted to tease her even more.

Stephan's deep voice was hoarse to the extreme. "Lana, say it. Say you like me..."

Alana shook her head instinctively. "No..."

Stephan lowered his voice menacingly, "Are you going to say it or not? If you don't, I'll keep kissing you."

Alana resisted fiercely, determined to defend her dignity to the death.

"No, I won't say it..."

The man was persistent, asking over and over, "Are you going to tell me or not?"

"Hmm?"

"Hurry up and say you like me."

Alana had lost all sense of reason from the man's predatory behavior, her eyes brimming with tears.

She was afraid he would kiss her again, or even do something even worse. She could only speak in a soft, weak voice.

"I... I like you..."

Stephan's eyes darkened as he struggled to suppress the pounding of his heart.

"I didn't catch that. Say it again!"

Alana looked at him with reddened eyes, her moist gaze clouded with tears, appearing pitiful, more like a little white rabbit begging to be teased and tormented.

Her lips trembled, her voice weak and feeble.

"I... like... I like you... um..."

The moment the words "I like you" fell from her lips, the man swiftly pressed his lips against hers.

She had thought that her surrender would make him let her go.

But to her surprise, he only became more aggressive, even more unrestrained.

Ever since Stephan heard her say she liked him, he could no longer control his emotions. Overwhelmed by excitement and ecstasy, for the first time, he kissed her impulsively, like a naive young man who'd never seen the world.

It was chaotic, yet fiercely intense.

His blood was boiling inside, and the heat radiating from his body was terrifyingly intense.

Alana wanted to pull away from the heat, but behind her was only the cold wall. The contrast between the cold and the heat sent shivers running through her body. The man seemed to sense this; his large hand clamped around her slender waist. With a swift turn, he reversed their positions.

Alana instinctively tried to escape, but the man pressed her back step by step.

Until she was cornered against the sofa, and both of them tumbled onto it.

She was overcome with shyness, yet her mind was a blur; as if she had lost all sense of reason, she could no longer even muster the strength to resist.

Her body felt limp and weak, devoid of any strength.

If it hadn't been for her phone suddenly ringing, she might have let things continue.

The abrupt ring of her phone echoed through the empty living room.

It rang incessantly.

Alana's senses snapped back instantly. Seeing the dark head sucking on her breast, she was both aroused and shocked.

Summoning all her strength, she pushed the man away.

"Ah! Enough!"

Stephan was still lost in the girl's body. Caught off guard by her forceful shove, he was sent tumbling straight to the floor.

He landed somewhat awkwardly on the cold floor. Lifting his gaze, he saw the girl on the sofa, almost completely naked.

Her face was flushed, and even the skin on her body had taken on a faint, rosy hue.

Her soft lips, moistened by him, were unusually swollen and vividly red.

Her entire being exuded a tantalizing aura, so alluring it seemed she might burst with beauty at any moment.

His Adam's apple bobbed as he couldn't help but stand up, wanting to pounce on her again.

But Alana was quicker. Just as he was about to reach her, she lifted her slender, fair leg, pressing her delicate toes against his chest to stop him.

She was mortified and furious. "Stephan! Enough! Stop this!"

Stephan's gaze fell on the jade-like leg pressed against his chest, soft and fair, petite and delicate, assaulting his visual senses.

Her breathing grew increasingly ragged, and her eyes radiated an intense, almost overflowing desire.

"We've come this far, how can we stop now?"

Alana pressed herself against him with all her strength, shaking her head frantically. "I don't care. I can't keep doing this with you. I...stay away from me!"

The man remained silent, and Alana's tone softened involuntarily, her eyes taking on a pitiful, pleading look.

"I'm begging you..."

"My phone is still ringing. Please let me go so I can answer it, okay?"

The man stared intently at her, his deep eyes burning with intense heat and brimming with aggression.

As if he were eyeing a succulent prey, hesitating whether to devour it right away.

For a moment, he didn't move.

Alana quickly pulled her slender, shapely legs back and grabbed a piece of clothing from the floor to cover herself.

During their struggle moments ago, the man had stripped her of almost all her clothes, and she was too dazed to remember.

She also seized the opportunity to pick up her phone, which had fallen to the ground. Without even checking who was calling, she hurriedly answered it.

Subconsciously, she believed that as long as she managed to answer the call, the man wouldn't dare to continue.

The moment the call connected, Alana's lips trembled as she spoke.

"Hello..."

As she spoke, her gaze couldn't help but fix on the man, who was still glaring at her menacingly, filled with wariness and vigilance, fearing he might lunge at her without hesitation. Her fingers trembled uncontrollably as well.

Without realizing it, she had accidentally pressed the speaker button.

So, Luca's worried voice came through the phone, crystal clear.

"Alana, what's wrong with you!"

There was something off about his tone.

Alana froze, the person calling her was actually Luca?

Upon hearing Luca's voice, Stephan's eyes instantly darkened.

His eyes were as deep as an abyss; no one could guess what emotions lay within them or what thoughts were swirling in his mind.

Alana looked at him with a pained expression, biting her full lips. It took her a long moment to steady her trembling voice and regain some composure.

"I...I'm fine..."

She certainly couldn't confess to Luca that her home had been invaded by a creditor, and that she'd nearly engaged in unspeakable acts with him.

Thinking of how she'd nearly succumbed to that man just moments ago, she blushed so fiercely that even her toes curled involuntarily.

Luca looked at her skeptically. "Are you really okay? Your voice...you don't sound okay. Also, I've been calling for a while now. Why did it take you so long to answer?"

Alana curled up on the sofa, hugging her delicate, alluring body close.

Because the man who had been standing there just moments ago was now approaching her step by step.

Her breathing quickened as she nervously watched his movements, yet she had to distract herself to respond to Luca's questions. "I...I was just taking a shower in the bathroom."

"So you didn't hear your phone ringing..."

Luca let out a sigh of relief and smiled. "Oh, I see. Well, that puts my mind at ease. I thought something had happened to you. I almost called 911 to report it."

There was a hint of jest in his tone.

But Alana was currently in a dangerous predicament, with the big bad wolf closing in on her, she had no time to argue about whether he was joking or not.

She could see Stephan closing in on her.

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

Chapter 77 No choice

Chapter 77 No choice

Alana had no choice but to extend her slender legs once more, pressing them against the man's chest.

She fixed him with a pleading gaze, signaling him not to make a move.

“Lu...Luca, what...what did you call me about?”

Stephan watched as the girl once again used her leg to push against him, stopping him from getting closer.

He didn't feel angry; on the contrary, he found it somewhat thrilling.

His blood was boiling, feeling an uncontrollable excitement.

This excitement drove his actions, making him unable to resist raising his hand.

His large hand, calloused with a thin layer of skin, involuntarily brushed against the girl's fair, delicate foot, caressing it gently, a teasing touch, whether intentional or not.

Alana's breath caught in her throat.

She never expected the man to be so bold, to actually have such intentions while she was on the phone, teasing her and taking advantage of her. How, how despicable! How wicked!

Alana glared at him in anger.

Yet she dared not speak her anger.

Because she was on the phone with Luca.

If she spoke up to rebuke him, Luca would surely hear her.

And if Luca heard her, how could she possibly explain it?

There was simply no way to explain it.

So she could only watch helplessly as the man did whatever he pleased to her.

Luca couldn't see Alana, so naturally he had no way of sensing the danger she was currently facing.

He cleared his throat and asked tentatively, “Um, I wanted to ask you, I'm going on a business trip next Monday, so, this weekend, should we meet up one more time?”

Alana was momentarily taken aback. “Wh...what?”

Meet up this weekend?

Why would they meet?

“Well, it’s just that tonight’s a bit rushed, and I haven’t had a chance to take you to the spots where I usually walk my two pets. I think I should take you out for a walk with the two pets before I leave. That way, it’ll be easier for you to take them out while I’m away for a month.”

“You don’t have to go far, there’s a park just outside the Estate. Just take them for a walk around there.”

“If you’re not sure how to do it, how about we take a walk around the park together this weekend? What do you think?”

Luca rattled off a string of words, unable to hide his nervousness.

After all, walking the cat and dog was just an excuse; what he really wanted was a romantic date with Alana, just the two of them.

Strolling through the park at night, a man and a woman walking side by side, one holding the dog’s leash, the other the cat’s.

Walking and stopping along the way, admiring the shimmering lake.

That scene would surely be lovely.

Alana didn’t sense Luca’s intentions toward her; she thought his request was perfectly reasonable.

First, he’d take her on a walk with the two pets to their usual spots; that way, she could get familiar with the area and wouldn’t be wandering around blindly.

Besides, what if she wandered too far and the two pets got lost, unable to find their way home? So she felt that Luca’s suggestion was made with her and the two pets in mind, and there was nothing wrong with it.

Alana opened her mouth, about to agree.

“Okay, I...”

Suddenly, she couldn’t help but let out a scream.

Hearing her scream, Luca couldn’t help but feel anxious and worried. “Alana, what’s wrong?”

Alana’s face flushed crimson, and her body tensed uncontrollably.

Like a taut string, ready to snap at any moment. Her eyes widened as she watched the man, who had somehow already taken a seat on the sofa. His long, slender fingers gripped her ankle, and he leaned down to bite it.

And the reason she screamed was because the man had suddenly bitten her plump toe, she couldn't help but cry out.

The man lowered his head and bit down on her toe, his deep, intense gaze fixed on her, rich and bottomless.

Filled with intense, unbridled desire.

Teasing, wicked, calculating, the air was thick with aggression.

Alana felt her ears burning under his gaze. She clenched her teeth, trying to pull her foot back.

But her ankle, already firmly gripped by him, wasn't going to let go so easily.

No matter how hard she struggled, she couldn't budge it an inch.

She was mortified and furious, yet she couldn't bring herself to speak up and stop him. Luca's urgent voice rang in her ears.

"Alana?!"

"Alana, what's wrong? Why did you suddenly go quiet?"

"What on earth is happening over there?"

Alana struggled to steady her uneven breathing.

She forced herself to sound calm. "No...nothing. It's nothing. I...I just saw a cockroach fly past me, and it gave me quite a scare."

"Oh, I see. I heard you scream so loudly just now; I thought you were in some kind of danger."

"No, it's nothing."

"I'm at home. It's safe here. No, there's no danger..."

Alana looked at Stephan with pitiful eyes once more, begging him to stop teasing her. Because she really couldn't stand his teasing like this.

The girl's eyes were clear and bright, as transparent as crystal.

They were moist and tinged with a touch of pitiful, soft innocence. Her gaze was filled with grievance and a hint of accusation, as if she were accusing the man of committing some heinous crime against her.

Stephan raised his thick eyebrows.

He simply watched as the girl looked at him with a pitiful and helpless expression.

While she sought to stir his protective instincts, she also unwittingly aroused his desire to dominate her.

He couldn't help but lower his head to kiss her fragrant, soft, jade-like leg. Lifting his deep, piercing eyes, his thin lips parted, speaking without a sound.

"Reject him."

Alana glared at him in frustration, her lips parting just as silently. "Why?"

Stephan stared at her. "I don't like him."

Alana scoffed.

Just because he doesn't like Luca, does that mean she had to do whatever he said.

That jerk!

Though she seethed inside, she had no choice but to give in.

Who knows what kind of abuse she'd suffer if she didn't give in?

Who knows? He might pounce on her like a hungry wolf and do whatever he pleased while she was on the phone.

Meanwhile, on the other end of the line, Luca kept pressing her.

"Alana, about what I said just now, do you agree? If you agree, I'll come pick you up this weekend..."

Before Luca could finish, Alana couldn't help but interrupt, "Luca, I'm sorry,

but I just remembered I have some personal business this weekend. I won't be able to go out with you to walk the cat and dog."

"Huh? You're not free this weekend?"

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

Chapter 78 Be available

Chapter 78 Be available

“Then when are you free? I’ll be available before I leave for my trip and as soon as I get back.”

“I...”

Alana’s breath caught in her throat.

Because while she was distracted by the phone call, the man had already moved in on her.

Her delicate body was curled up in the corner of the sofa, and the man had pressed himself directly against her, his powerful frame pressed tightly against hers.

His masculine scent was intense, enveloping her completely, leaving no corner untouched.

His impeccably handsome face was mere inches away.

His dark eyes were like thick, inky night, dangerous and mysterious.

His hot, scorching breath brushed against her delicate cheek, instantly sending a faint shiver through her body.

Alana had no idea what the man intended to do; her clear, lively eyes widened in nervous panic as she stared at him.

Her body tensed up completely.

She didn’t even have time to pay attention to Luca’s still talking on the phone.

“Alana?”

“Why aren’t you saying anything again?”

“Did something happen again? Are there cockroaches again?”

“No, Luca, I...”

Alana hadn't expected the man to be so intense; before she knew it, his lips were pressed against hers again.

Not hearing her reply for a long time, Luca grew a little anxious. "Alana?"

"Lana, why aren't you saying anything again! Are you sure you're okay?"

"Did something happen again? Your breathing sounds off..."

Not only that, but he seemed to hear some strange noises...like there was someone there, he could hear gasping sounds and heavy breathing.

He wasn't sure exactly what it was.

Beep...

The call was abruptly cut off.

Luca grew even more anxious. Why did the call suddenly get cut off?

What on earth was happening over there?

He couldn't help but call back.

On the other end.

On the sofa.

Alana had just managed to hang up when the man completely wrapped himself around her. "Stephan!"

"You, you stop messing around!"

"Stop it!"

She pushed him away with all her might.

Stephan pinned the girl beneath him, leaning down to kiss her cheek. "Be a good girl. Let's continue."

"No, stop..." Alana couldn't help but cry; tears streamed down her cheeks.

As Stephan leaned down to kiss her, his lips brushed against her salty, wet tears.

He paused for a moment and sat up slightly.

Her beautiful eyes were brimming with tears, wet and reddened.

She looked as if raindrops were falling from her face, a sight so pitiful it tugged at the heartstrings.

Stephan frowned, his heart aching at the sight.

He leaned down and kissed the corner of her eye. "Please stop crying, okay?"

Alana sobbed, her tears flowing even more freely. "Who gave you the right to bully me?"

Her whole body trembled as she wept.

Seeing the girl cry like this left him feeling utterly distraught.

He stood up from where he was lying with her, then picked up her clothes from the floor and covered her with them.

Then he held her close again and whispered soothingly.

"All right, you win. I won't touch you anymore...for now."

God, he was fucking hard!

This woman was so stubborn.

He could recalled the other women he had met always threw themselves at him. He was the one who didn't want them at all.

Now, he had finally found someone he wanted, someone who was on his mind 24/7, someone who makes him throw away every sense of reasoning and logic, someone he always threw himself at.

But she was still resisting!

Fuck! He had the money and looks!

What more does she want?!

"Stop crying. I was wrong, okay?" He cooed

Alana said, sounding aggrieved, "You... you've been picking on me..."

Stephan raised his hand and gently wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes with his fingertip, asking deliberately, "How did I pick on you?"

Alana choked back her tears, her breathing uneven. “When... when I was on the phone, you kissed me and harassed me, isn’t that bullying? Just now, we almost got... caught by Luca.”

Stephan, however, looked completely unperturbed. “So what if he heard? That way, he won’t try to hit on you.”

“You!” Alana was so furious she didn’t want to speak to him, let alone look at him.

She couldn’t help but push him away. “Get out! I don’t want to see you!”

Seeing that she seemed genuinely upset, both angry and tearful, Stephan stared at her for a few seconds, seemingly realizing he’d gone a bit too far. After a moment of silence, he let go of her, stood up, and walked away.

Alana sniffled, feeling wronged, thinking the man had really left.

But to her surprise, he turned back.

“Here, this little white rabbit is for you. Don’t be mad anymore.”

A fluffy little white rabbit was simply thrust into her arms.

Alana instinctively glanced at the little white rabbit stuffed into her arms.

It was fluffy, white, and soft.

It had jet-black eyes, a red nose, two big white teeth peeking out, and was clutching a carrot in its paws.

It looked pretty cute.

Except for its long ears, which looked a bit wrinkled.

As if they’d been roughened up.

Alana sniffed her red nose and looked at him in confusion. “Where... where did you find this little white rabbit?”

Stephan shrugged. “I bought it.”

Alana seemed to remember something.

“You just said you had something to give me, is this it?”

Stephan raised an eyebrow. “That’s right. Do you like it?”

Alana blinked.

She did like it.

But thinking about what he'd just done to her, she couldn't bring herself to be happy.

She angrily tossed the little white rabbit to the other side of the sofa. "It's just a little white rabbit. You think that's enough to make up for what you did earlier? You're dreaming."

Stephan sat back down on the sofa and watched her with a calm, composed air.

"So what do you want? Tell me, so I can make it up to you."

Alana couldn't help but glare at him. "Get out of my house right now!"

His eyes darkened.

She still rejected him so strongly, which left him feeling a bit down.

"I'll leave, but you have to promise me you won't have anything to do with that bastard named Luca this weekend."

Alana eyed him.

"If you don't agree, I'm staying put and not leaving."

Hearing this, her face flushed red with anger.

Just then, her phone rang again.

It kept ringing nonstop.

Stephan glanced at Alana's phone lying on the floor. The large letters flashing on the screen made him snort lightly.

"That bastard is calling again. Looks like he hasn't had enough of the sound of us kissing just now."

Alana shot the man a shy, reproachful glance, then picked up her phone from the floor.

"Stephan, I'm warning you, this time, you're not allowed to play any tricks on me! Or else..."

Stephan raised an eyebrow. "Or else what?"

Alana bit her lip, hesitating for several seconds. “No, or else I’ll call the police and report you for trespassing.”

Stephan chuckled.

This little bunny must really be cornered, she was even threatening to call the police.

“Then turn him down.”

Alana pouted, then finally answered the call.

Luca’s anxious voice came through again.

He asked Alana what had just happened.

Alana reassured him, “Luca, I’m fine. My phone just ran out of battery and shut down on its own. I just plugged it in.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

Since she was lying, Alana felt a little guilty.

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

Chapter 79 Turned him down

Chapter 79 Turned him down

“So, do you have any time this week...”

Before Luca could finish, Alana quickly interjected, “Sorry, Luca, I’ve been pretty busy lately and don’t have much time.”

“As for walking the pets, just give me a rough idea of the route, and I’ll do my homework later. I promise I won’t take the pets too far.”

“Oh, I see...Well, all right then.” Luca felt a bit disappointed, but there was nothing he could do, after all, Alana was busy.

It seemed he’d just have to wait until he returned from his business trip to find another opportunity to get to know her better.

“Luca, I have to go. I’ll hang up now.”

“Okay, sure.”

“Bye.”

“Goodbye.”

Alana hung up the phone impatiently, then looked at the man, her eyes still wet but guarded. “I’ve already turned him down. Now, can you leave?”

Stephan gave her a long, deep look but said nothing.

He reached down, picked up the clothes from the floor, and put them back on.

Until he had regained the polished, mature, and composed demeanor of a business executive. Once he had composed himself, Stephan pressed his thin lips together and looked at the girl on the sofa.

“Should I go?”

Alana suppressed her inner eagerness. “Go ahead. The front door is over there. I won’t see you out.”

Seeing the look in her eyes, eager to see him gone, he chuckled darkly. As if to punish her, he bent down and, just as Alana tried to dodge, he kissed the corner of her mouth.

“Alana, you can’t escape me...”

His deep, magnetic voice carried an indescribable air of dominance and authority.

After saying that, the man raised his large hand and gently stroked her head before turning to leave.

Alana’s cheeks flushed crimson.

Her mind was filled with the man’s words: she couldn’t escape...

What should she do?

It was as if she'd been targeted by a pack of wolves and tigers, there was no way to escape... Suddenly, she spotted the fluffy little white rabbit on the other side of the sofa.

“Wait, your little white rabbit...”

Stephan turned his head, a faint smile playing at the corners of his mouth. “It’s a gift for you. This little white rabbit looks just like you, Lana, the Little Rabbit!”

Alana was stunned. What?

It looks just like her?

Lana, the Little Rabbit?!

Wait a minute, how was she like this little white rabbit?

And so clueless.

The man just walked away.

Alana’s lips still felt numb and swollen, and the man’s scent lingered on them.

It was so intense she couldn’t ignore it.

Thinking back to the moment they’d kissed, the sound of their saliva mingling, she couldn’t help but blush.

Bastard!

Rogue!

He was getting more and more out of line!

She spotted the little white rabbit the man had left on the sofa. Alana picked it up, intending to throw it in the trash.

But seeing how cute the little white rabbit was, she couldn’t bring herself to do it.

Never mind, there was no need to take her anger out on a fluffy little stuffed rabbit. It was Stephan who was making her angry, not the little white rabbit.

So, she put the little white rabbit back on the sofa. Then she picked up the clothes scattered on the floor and put them back on. But that was strange, where had her panties gone?

Alana searched everywhere but couldn’t find them, so she finally gave up.

Finally, she went back to the bathroom and took a nice, hot shower.

After her shower, she changed all the bedding on the bed, the duvet, duvet cover, and sheets. She threw the used bedding and clothes into the washing machine to wash.

Once they were done, she took them out to the balcony to air-dry.

Once everything was taken care of, she felt completely exhausted and couldn't resist lying down on the bed for a short nap.

Just then, the phone on the bed vibrated. Alana picked up her phone to check.

It was a message from that jerk, Stephan.

Stephan: Little White Rabbit Lana, I'm back home. Remember to lock the door tonight, so that big bad wolf who's been thinking about you doesn't sneak in and do bad things to you.

Alana's eyelid twitched.

Only then did she realize she hadn't double-locked the front door.

She quickly scrambled out of bed, slipped on her slippers, and scurried to the front door, where she swiftly bolted it.

Once the lock clicked into place, she finally let out a sigh of relief.

She turned her attention back to the message Stephan had sent her.

Forget it, she wouldn't respond.

Besides, she'd have to be more careful from now on, she couldn't let that scoundrel Stephan sneak into her home and do whatever he pleased to her again. But could she really resist him?

Just as she was thinking that, her phone vibrated again.

A photo popped up.

Alana instinctively tapped on the photo, and her beautiful eyes widened instantly.

Her purple lace-trimmed panties in the photo, weren't they the very ones she'd just been wearing.

Stephan rushed home as fast as he could. The first thing he did was head straight to the bathroom and take a cold shower.

After the cold shower, the restlessness that had been coursing through his body finally subsided.

God only knows, if it hadn't been for his strong self-control just now, he probably wouldn't have been able to resist pouncing on that little white rabbit.

After all, he was already on the verge of it. If that stupid punk named Luca hadn't suddenly called and interrupted him, he probably would've already had his fill.

So, while Alana was on the phone with that punk, he came up with the idea to toy with her.

On one hand, he did it on purpose so the person on the other end of the line could hear.

On the other hand, he wanted Alana to end the call as soon as possible.

Unfortunately, the stranger on the other end of the line must have been an idiot.

He toyed with Alana so much, yet Luca didn't notice there was a man with her.

But it didn't matter; she didn't think much of Luca anyway.

After getting out of the shower.

Stephan seemed to think of something; he picked up his phone and sent Alana a message.

Stephan: Little White Rabbit Lana, I'm back home. Remember to lock the door tonight, so that big bad wolf who's been thinking about you doesn't sneak in and do bad things to you.

The message was sent, but Alana didn't reply.

She probably didn't want to deal with him.

Stephan chuckled softly, then suddenly remembered something. He took out the purple panties he'd taken off Alana. When he had thought they were doing it. He had hurriedly undressed her and stuffed her panties in his pocket.

He had forgotten to give it back or maybe he didn't. Stephan spread them out on the bed, snapped a photo, and sent it to her.

Stephan: Sorry about this. This purple lace panties is yours, right? When I got home just now, I found them stuck to my clothes. If they're yours, I'll bring them back to you tomorrow.

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

Chapter 80 Took it home

Chapter 80 Took it home

Alana's eyes dilated on seeing that message.

What?!

Her panties was actually stuck to his clothes, and he'd accidentally took it home?!

Alana's cheeks flushed bright red.

What kind of lie was that?

What if he was telling the truth?

She wondered if anyone noticed it on the way home.

Oh my God, this was so embarrassing!

Alana: Forget it. Throw it away!

Stephan: But it smells so good, I can't bear to throw it away.

Alana's face turned bright red.

Wh...what?

He was actually doing that with her panties, was he?

Uncontrollably, a scene played out in her mind: the man holding her purple panties, bringing it to his nose to take a long sniff.

It was so incredibly erotic!

Alana blushed even more.

Her fingers trembled as she tried to type out a few choice insults.

But she was afraid he might send something even more inappropriate in return.

Alana: I'm tired, I'm going to sleep, don't bother me!

After sending it, she turned off her phone immediately to stop herself from overthinking.

Meanwhile, on the other end.

The man, who hadn't received a reply from Alana, held the purple lace-trimmed panties in his slender fingers.

Like a pervert, he held them to his nose and took a long sniff.

It smell so good.

His dark eyes stared intently, their gaze growing increasingly dark and intense.

"Alana, have you fallen for me too?" He let out.

It must be!

Otherwise, she wouldn't...

Stephan's Adam's apple bobbed as he lowered his gaze slightly, hiding the fiery crimson that was welling up in his eyes.

Wait. There was no rush.

Once he had lured that little white rabbit, Alana, into his clutches, he'll tie her to the bed and she won't go anywhere until he was done, he was so going to devour the living daylight out of her.

Early the next morning. Alana got up and made herself breakfast.

There were still some meat buns in the fridge that she'd made a few days earlier; she just took out two and heated them up.

She also made herself a cup of hot soy milk.

While eating breakfast, she habitually checked the work group chat.

Sometimes, her boss would have these random, sporadic outbursts, popping up in the middle of the night with a few work-related messages.

At first, Alana hadn't muted the work group, so she was often woken up in the middle of the night.

After she muted the group, she slept much more soundly.

She gave it a quick scan, nothing new.

She was about to put her phone down and enjoy her breakfast in peace.

Suddenly, a new message popped up.

Alana's hand trembled slightly, and she accidentally tapped it.

It was a photo sent by Stephan.

In the photo was a plate of exquisitely arranged sandwiches and a steak, grilled to a golden crisp.

Beside it sat a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice.

It looked absolutely delicious.

Alana frowned and, puzzled, sent back a question mark.

What was this for?

Why on earth would he send her a photo like this out of the blue?

The man replied.

Stephan: Have you had breakfast yet?

Alana didn't reply and he sent another message.

Stephan: If you haven't, I'll pack some up and bring it over to you.

Alana: No thanks, keep it for yourself!

Stephan: Breakfast isn't as good as you are.

Alana blushed and gritted her teeth, muttering;

Alana: You jerk.

Stephan curved his lips; that “Jerk” actually felt kind of good.

Alana cursed at the man, then remembered that her underwear was still in his hands.

Suppressing her embarrassment, she asked,

Alana: My panties, did you throw it away?

Stephan: I didn’t. It’s under the pillow in my bed. I can take it out and smell it anytime I want to. Even jerk off to it.

Alana’s eyes widened.

Oh God, what a pervert!

Gritting her teeth, she couldn’t take it anymore.

Alana: Just throw my panties away already!

Stephan: I won’t throw it away. I can’t bear to part with it.

Alana: Then give it back to me!

Stephan: Call me ‘husband’ once, and I’ll give it back to you.

Her teeth clenched.

Forget it, she was not going to deal with this.

She would just pretend that panties never existed.

After breakfast.

Alana gathered her thoughts and headed to the office.

Arriving at the project department, she had just turned on her computer.

Suddenly, a young man’s voice rang out.

“Excuse me, is there a Ms. Alana Martin here?”

Alana looked up and saw a food delivery guy from a certain company standing at the entrance to the project department.

She wasn't sure what was going on, but she raised her hand anyway. "That's me."

The delivery guy saw Alana and hurried over. "Hello, here's your order. Could you please sign for it?"

Alana was even more puzzled. "Did you deliver this to the wrong person? I didn't order anything."

The delivery guy replied, "No, I didn't make a mistake. Someone specifically sent this to you."

Someone...sent it to her on purpose?

Who?

Could it be her best friend, Eve?

Although Alana was puzzled, she still signed for it.

The delivery guy handed her a package.

Alana opened the package and found a boxed meal inside.

She opened the box.

A sandwich, a golden, crispy steak...

If she still couldn't guess who sent it, she'd be practically an idiot.

Carla was drawn over, staring wide-eyed, her mouth watering.

"Wow, it smells so good! This breakfast smells amazing! There's even steak, it looks crispy and tender, so juicy and fresh.

Who sent it to you?"

Alana felt even more awkward and stammered, "A... a good friend."

Carla was very curious. "A good friend? Male or female?"

"A...a female friend."

"A girl?"

Carla blinked. "I thought it was a guy trying to woo you."

Alana couldn't help but feel a wave of embarrassment wash over her, and she said, her face flushing.

"No, that's not it. Um, I've already had breakfast. Have you eaten? If not, here, have this."

She was indeed full and couldn't eat another bite.

Carla was pleasantly surprised. "You're really willing to give this to me?"

She hadn't had breakfast and was starting to feel hungry.

Alana nodded. "Mm-hmm."

"Thanks, Lana, I love you so much!"

Carla couldn't help but cup Alana's fair, pretty face and plant a big kiss on her, then took the breakfast the delivery guy had brought over.

Seeing Carla walk off with the lunch box, Alana couldn't help but pull out her phone and send a message to the man.

Alana: Please don't send breakfast to my office. I don't like it.

Stephan saw the message Alana had sent and his brow furrowed slightly.

She doesn't like him bringing her breakfast?

Then what exactly does she like?

Flowers, jewelry, handbags?

If he sent her those, would she even want them?

Stephan had never courted a woman before, so naturally he didn't understand a woman's mind.

Especially Alana, she was particularly hard to figure out.

Sometimes, he thought she was very innocent, even a bit naive. Easy to deceive and even easier to take advantage of.

But other times...

She was stubborn and obstinate, completely unyielding.

He felt that what he needed now was a strategist.

A strategist who could help him win Alana over smoothly.

Just as he was thinking that, his phone suddenly rang.

Stephan quickly glanced at his phone and saw the caller ID, he felt disappointed. But he answered it anyway.

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

Chapter 81 Stiff tone

Chapter 81 Stiff tone

“Mom.”

Cynthia’s stiff tone came through the phone, “Come home for dinner tonight.”

Stephan replied. “Okay.”

Cynthia was surprised that he agreed readily without arguing but she didn’t push it.

Maybe she was lucky this time.

So she hummed in acknowledgment and hung up.

Stephan frowned. She called just to tell him to come home for dinner?

That was a bit strange.

Meanwhile, at the hospital.

As soon as Cynthia hung up the phone, she smiled at the young woman in a white lab coat standing next to her and said,

“I’ve already let my son know. He’s coming home for dinner tonight. After you finish work this afternoon, come home with me so you can have a proper chat with him.”

The girl nodded shyly. “Okay.”

She had seen Cynthia’s son in a photo, the twenty-eight years old, the CEO of a publicly traded company, dressed in a suit and tie, exuding the austere, self-restrained aura of a business elite. Rumor had it that he’d never been in a relationship and had never been with a woman.

In other words, he was pure and untouched, still a virgin.

A man who keeps himself so pure and untainted was rare in this world; she simply had to go and meet him.

Around 7:00 p.m.

In the living room of Hudson Mansion.

Cynthia was chatting happily with Darla.

As they chatted, she kept glancing at the clock. “That good-for-nothing, why hasn’t he come home yet? If he doesn’t come home soon, the food will get cold.”

Darla smiled, her expression gentle and composed.

“Auntie, don’t worry. He must have been held up by some urgent business at the office.”

Cynthia frowned. “Forget it, I’m going to call and ask. He promised me he’d come home for dinner after work. How late is it now? No matter how busy he is at work, he has to make time to come home for dinner!”

Cynthia was just about to pull out her phone to make a call.

Suddenly, the sound of screeching brakes came from outside.

Cynthia immediately put her phone down, a smile spreading across her face.

“He must be here!”

Darla, on the other hand, looked a bit flustered.

She stared nervously toward the doorway.

Seeing Darla nervously clutching the hem of her skirt, Cynthia said with a chuckle,

“Don’t be nervous. My son may seem serious and aloof on the surface, but he’s actually warm-hearted. Once you get to know him, you’ll see his warm side.”

“Okay.”

Just as Darla nodded, she noticed a tall, slender figure in black walking in at a leisurely pace.

The man had striking, chiseled features and an exceptionally fine bone structure.

He had sharp, arched eyebrows and starry eyes, with a high, straight nose.

Every feature was exquisitely refined, without a single flaw.

With broad shoulders, a narrow waist, and long, slender legs, his physique rivaled that of a model.

The well-tailored black suit he wore exuded the composure and refined elegance of a mature man.

In every respect, the man appeared flawless; aside from his slightly aloof expression, there was nothing to criticize.

Darla stared at the man’s handsome features and couldn’t help but blush.

She hadn’t expected him to be even more handsome in person than in the photos.

She had thought the man in the photo was already absurdly handsome and assumed it had been heavily retouched.

She hadn’t expected that he actually didn’t photograph well, the photos had made him look less attractive than he really was.

Stephan noticed the woman sitting beside his mother, dressed in a form-fitting

emerald-green cheongsam, exuding a gentle and virtuous demeanor.

Her long, lustrous hair was pinned up with a hairpin, exuding the gentle grace of a well-bred young lady.

The woman was looking his way, her eyes betraying a touch of a young girl’s shyness, the meaning was clear without words.

Cynthia glanced at Darla, noticing the shyness in her eyes. She couldn't help but smile and nod, then turned to Stephan.

"Stephan, you're back. This is the girl I've wanted to introduce to you several times. Her name is Darla Gordon; she's my colleague and has a wonderful personality."

Darla was the first to greet him, speaking politely and gently, "Hello, Mr. Hudson."

Stephan expression remained impassive. "Hello."

As clever as he was, how could he not see through his mother's intentions?

But he was afraid he would disappoint her, he had no interest in the woman she'd chosen for him.

Cynthia had been worrying herself sick over her son's marriage prospects.

Seeing Stephan standing motionless, with no sign of him approaching the young woman to strike up a conversation, she grew so anxious she wanted to grab him by the ear and pull him over.

"Don't just stand there, come sit down and get to know Darla properly."

Darla was visibly shy.

Stephan paused for a moment, then walked over and sat down, though he sat quite a distance away from Darla.

Seeing this, Darla couldn't help but glare at her son. "Why are you sitting so far away? It's hard to even have a conversation!"

Darla spoke with thoughtful consideration, "It's okay, Auntie. We've just met; it's normal for strangers to keep their distance."

Cynthia smiled. Seeing how well-behaved and sensible Darla was, she felt even more pleased with her.

She just couldn't figure out what her son was thinking.

Still, she thought to herself, Darla was beautiful and carried herself with the grace of a well-bred young lady; surely her son wouldn't have anything to complain about.

Cynthia glanced at Stephan again, smiling warmly. "Son, look at Darla. She has such a lovely personality, it's the perfect complement to your aloof nature."

Stephan's handsome face remained cold and distant, and his thin lips twitched slightly. "Mom, just get to the point. I have things to do later and don't have time to waste with you two."

Cynthia's expression darkened instantly. "How dare you speak to me like that! It's Darla's first day at our house, you could at least be a little polite to the young lady."

Stephan sighed. "Fine. How do you want me to be polite to her?"

Cynthia replied, "Have a proper chat with her and get to know each other better."

Stephan nodded indifferently and simply said, "Alright."

Then he turned to Darla. "Miss Gordon, I'm currently doing business with a Chinese investor and I happen to like the country, China very much so let's talk about it, when was China's first hybrid rice variety developed?"

Darla was still nervous about what questions Stephan might ask her, but she never expected that his very first question would leave her speechless.

"Huh? Huh?"

He grimaced. "Don't you know? I'll tell you the answer: in 1973, Yuan Longping and his assistants successfully cultivated the

first hybrid indica rice."

Darla felt awkward. "Oh, I...I see."

He continued. "Then tell me, when was China's first atomic bomb detonated?"

Darla gasped.

How was she supposed to know that?

Not only Darla couldn't stand it anymore, but Cynthia couldn't stand it either.

Are these the kinds of questions a normal person would ask on a blind date?!

Cynthia glared at him. "You brat, can't you ask questions that normal people can actually discuss and answer?!"

What was with all this talk about hybrid rice and the first missile?

Was he here to test the girl on history of another country?!

Stephan replied calmly, “Then what should I ask?”

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

Chapter 82 No chance between us

Cynthia snapped, “You could ask how old Darla is, where she went to school, where she graduated from, what she’s doing for work now, and how her job is going...”

Seeing this, Darla chimed in, “I’m twenty-five this year, and I graduated from Columbia University’s medical school. I’m currently working as a surgeon at a top-tier hospital in the city with Aunt Cynthia.”

Cynthia, unable to contain her curiosity, asked, “Darla dear, what kind of guy do you like? Do you like someone like my son?”

Darla glanced at Stephan, a faint blush spreading across her cheeks.

She replied demurely, “Well, I suppose I’ll have to get to know him better to find out.”

Cynthia sensed there was a chance and laughed, “No problem, you two have plenty of time to get to know each other.”

After saying that, she turned to Stephan.

“Son, so what about Darla...”

Before she could finish, the man spoke in a calm tone.

“I don’t like her.”

Cynthia’s face froze.

She hadn’t even finished speaking yet, why was he in such a hurry?!

Was he in such a hurry to be reincarnated?

Besides, just because he doesn’t like her now doesn’t mean he won’t like her later!

Don’t be so absolute about everything!

Cynthia smiled and tried to smooth things over for Stephan. “Darla, don’t get the wrong idea. What my son means is, he doesn’t like taking things slowly, he likes to get to know someone as quickly as possible.”

Darla felt a moment of awkwardness, then laughed in relief, “Oh, I see. So that’s it.”

She glanced at the handsome, yet cool and reserved man, and a faint blush spread across her cheeks.

“Although I’m pretty busy at the hospital, as long as you ask me out, I’ll make time as soon as possible to go on a date with you. Chatting, dining out, or watching a movie, anything works. You just make the plans.”

It was clear that Darla was quite taken with Stephan, she’d even started planning their dates.

Cynthia felt that this blind date was practically a sure thing, and she gave Stephan a subtle nod.

“Son, make your intentions clear.”

Stephan actually did speak up: “Miss Gordon, I’m sorry, but I’m not interested in you. So let’s just forget about the date.”

Darla swallowed.

Cynthia couldn’t help but glare at him.

Wait, what exactly is wrong with Darla?

Her background, education, looks, and manners, she’s got it all. How could he possibly not be interested?!

Darla found it hard to believe. “Mr. Hudson, this is the first time we’ve met, and you’ve already decided you’re not interested in me? We haven’t even really gotten to know each other yet...”

“No need to get to know each other. I’m the type who goes by first impressions. If I don’t like you at first sight, I certainly won’t come to like you later.”

Darla paused for a moment. “So, Mr. Hudson, you believe in love at first sight?”

Stephan nodded, slightly. “Pretty much.”

Darla bit her lip and couldn’t help but say, “Love at first sight is certainly nice, but love that grows over time is even more fulfilling.”

Stephan's tone was extremely flat. "Miss Gordon, you're right. But if you didn't even have a favorable impression of me from the start, would you be willing to grow fond of me over time?"

Darla was at a loss for words and couldn't answer right away.

If she were to be honest with herself, if she hadn't felt even the slightest attraction to Stephan when she saw his picture, she wouldn't have even agreed to meet him, let alone be willing to let love grow over time.

It was precisely because she was interested in him that she had agreed to come here and meet him at Aunt Cynthia's request.

Darla asked, "So, does that mean there's absolutely no chance for me with you?"

Did he really have absolutely no interest in her?

"Yes."

His answer was without hesitation.

Darla was instantly devastated, her expression turning grim.

After all, she had plenty of suitors, which proved she was both outstanding and charming.

But most of them were simply unable to win her over, since she wasn't interested in any of them, she had rejected them all without mercy.

She wanted to find a man she was interested in.

And this man had just appeared, but he wasn't interested in her.

And he had flat-out rejected her.

One can only imagine how upset she felt.

Cynthia couldn't stand it anymore. "Son, rein it in a bit. Don't go too far."

Stephan remained expressionless.

How was he going too far?

He was just telling the truth.

If you don't like someone, you reject them, was there anything wrong with that?

Darla didn't want to lose face completely. "Mr. Hudson, don't speak so definitively. Perhaps I'm the exception, the one who might make you fall for me over time. You never know."

She didn't think she was lacking in any way; as long as she was willing to put in the effort, she believed she could win a man over.

After all, he's never been in a relationship, has he?

Stephan calmly dismissed her. "You won't be that exception. Because I've already met a girl I fell for at first sight."

Darla's expression shifted, then she seemed to think of something and couldn't help but laugh.

"That's impossible. Aunt Cynthia said you've never had a girlfriend, that you've never been with a woman, and that you're still a virgin."

Stephan frowned and shot a displeased glance at Cynthia.

So that was how his mother goes around badmouthing her own son?!

Cynthia retorted irritably, "What are you looking at? Did I say anything wrong?"

Stephan scoffed.

Not only was she wrong, she was completely off the mark.

He snorted coldly. "Mom, have you been crawling under my bed every night to spy on me? How else would you know that I'm still a virgin or not?"

Besides, even if he was a virgin, did she really need to broadcast it to the whole world?

Didn't she think of his pride?!

Cynthia's words got stuck in her throat.

Fine, this son had left her, his mother, speechless.

Stephan glanced at Darla and continued, "Miss Gordon, I do have a girl I like. Believe it or not, it's up to you. And whether you believe it or not, there's absolutely no chance between us."

Chapter 83 My friend not me

Darla bit her lip.

The repeated blows left her feeling deeply resentful.

Could she really not win him over?

She was reluctant to believe it.

The more he rejected her, the more it sparked an unwarranted desire to conquer him. She wanted to conquer him completely.

Darla looked up and asked, "What about the girl you like? Surely this isn't just an excuse you made up to reject me? Actually, there's no such girl."

Cynthia nodded. "Exactly. Where is she? If she really exists, why don't you bring her home so I, as your mother, can meet her?"

If he were to bring any woman home, would she really be worrying so much about him?

What Cynthia feared most was that he wouldn't bring a woman home, but a man.

If that day ever came, she'd surely have a heart attack from the shock. But she knew she'd have to get over it, eventually.

If her son was gay, there was nothing she could do about it.

Love is love at the end of the day.

But she really wanted a daughter-in-law.

Stephan lowered his gaze, his deep voice tinged with impatience. "I've told you, I'm still courting her. Once I've won her over, I'll be more than happy to bring her home for you to see." In fact, he was even more impatient than his own mother right now.

He was eager to bring that little white rabbit, Alana, home.

But what could he do? She wasn't interested in him yet.

So he just had to be patient for now.

Darla was surprised. "I never would have thought you'd be the one to actively pursue a girl!" She'd assumed that a man like him would just wait for women to come after him.

Stephan shot her a sidelong glance with his deep, dark eyes, his tone utterly detached. "What's wrong with taking the initiative to pursue a girl? I enjoy the thrill of the chase."

Darla curved her lips slightly. "As it happens, so do I. It seems we have quite similar personalities."

Stephan rolled his eyes. "Similar personalities don't necessarily mean we're compatible."

Darla, however, was confident in herself. "It doesn't matter. Since you haven't won that girl over yet, you're single right now. I still have a chance."

She wouldn't budge an inch.

Stephan couldn't be bothered to waste any more time with her. He stood up. "Suit yourself. I've got things to do. I'm leaving."

Cynthia frowned. "Wait, we haven't had dinner yet!"

Stephan remained expressionless. "Eat what? I'm not in the mood. Aren't you the one who's been pushing me to bring a woman home? I'm going to work on that right now, so you don't have to worry about setting me up on blind dates every day."

Cynthia gasped.

Stephan left just like that, without a moment's hesitation or a single glance back.

Leaving a mess behind, it was naturally Cynthia, his mother, who had to clean it up.

"I'm sorry, Darla. My son is just like that, he doesn't take to discipline." But he's just cold on the outside and warm on the inside. He may speak harshly, but deep

down..."

Oh, she had no idea what was going on in his mind.

But his sharp tongue was real.

Darla smiled, understandingly saying, "I know. Maybe this is just his way of testing me."

Cynthia looked surprised. "You... don't blame my son for treating you that way?"

Darla shook her head. "I don't blame him. Actually, I think he's quite interesting."

Cynthia chuckled. "If you find my son interesting, feel free to keep in touch with him. I'll make sure you have opportunities to see each other."

"Okay, thank you, Auntie."

Darla thanked her, then watched Stephan's retreating figure, a determined gleam flashing in her eyes.

Stephan drove away from Hudson Mansion, with no particular destination in mind, simply driving aimlessly.

He didn't head straight back to his house, nor did he go to Alana's complex.

After all, even if he went to her apartment, there was no guarantee she would open the door and let him in.

But he couldn't stop thinking about her.

Not seeing her for even a day made him feel uneasy.

Stephan pulled over to the side of the road and rolled down the window.

Feeling restless, he lit a cigarette.

Suddenly, as if remembering something, he took out his phone, hesitated for a moment, then sent a message to Gary.

Stephan. Hey. So a good friend of mine asked me to ask you a question.

Gary was bored anyway, so he replied right away.

Gary: What's up?

Stephan took a drag on his cigarette and lazily blew out a smoke ring.

His slender, jade-like fingers tapped the screen casually.

Stephan: My friend asked me to ask you: how do you go about pursuing a girl?

Gary frowned.

Gary: Which friend of yours? You didn't just make that friend up, did you?

Stephan: Cut the crap and answer my friend's question.

Gary laughed.

He kept going on and on about his friend.

He'd never seen Stephan be so devoted to a friend before.

This "friend" was clearly Stephan himself.

Gary: Is that "friend" of yours a homewrecker, trying to steal someone else's woman?

Stephan's jaw clenched.

Couldn't they just have a normal conversation?

Stephan: If you won't say it, then forget it.

Gary. Fine. Fine. Sorry. I will help your "friend" out. You've come to the right person for this, I'm the best at chasing girls! No matter how hard a woman is to win over, in my hands, she can't escape the three-day rule!

Stephan grimaced: What do you mean?

Gary: It means that within three days, I guarantee I'll help you, no, help your friend, win that girl over!

Stephan perked up.

Stephan: Go on, I'd love to hear the details.

Gary: Seduce her!

Hasn't he been doing that already?

Or wasn't he doing it the right way?

He assumed it would involve sending flowers or things girls like, then waiting for the right moment to make a proper confession.

Stephan frowned.

Stephan: Explain. But this doesn't seem very reliable.

Gary: Of course, it is! With your looks and physique, what woman could possibly resist you? If you send her a pic of your abs, I guarantee she'll be head over heels for you, she won't be able to sleep at night thinking about you!

Stephan's eyelid twitched.

Stephan: I told you, it's my friend, not me."

Gary: Fine, fine, fine. It's your friend, not you. Anyway, that's exactly how I used to chase girls, I'd send them a pic of my abs, or more seductive picture and every single one of them couldn't get enough of me. Women, no matter how aloof and reserved they seem on the outside, are actually even more lustful than men deep down! Who knows, maybe at night, she's hiding under the covers, secretly scrolling through short

videos, checking out male models' abs! Go on, go seduce her and win her over!

Upon hearing this, Stephan couldn't help but look down, lift the hem of his shirt, and glance at his abs.

Eight perfectly defined, rock-hard abs.

Each one radiated pure testosterone.

Brimming with masculine allure.

He couldn't help but recall the last time he'd taken a shower at her place, he'd walked out wearing only her towel.

Alana's face had been flushed with embarrassment; she didn't even dared to look.

If he sent her a photo of his abs, would she...look at them closely and intently?

Or would she...get all flustered and distracted all night and day?

Chapter 84 This will work

Chapter 84 This will work

Thinking of that pretty, flushed, bashful little face, Stephan felt a stir of excitement, but he still issued a warning to Gary.

Stephan: You'd better be telling the truth.

Gary: This will work. Trust me.

Alana got off work and went to the supermarket to buy some fresh vegetables to take home.

When she reached her front door, she looked around warily, left and right, until she saw no suspicious figures. Only then did she feel at ease, pull out her keys, and open the door to go inside.

As soon as she stepped inside, she immediately closed the door and locked it from the inside. She let out a sigh of relief.

Thankfully, Stephan hadn't come over tonight.

She changed her shoes, set down her bag, and, carrying the groceries, headed into the kitchen to cook.

One meat dish, one vegetable dish, and a soup, simple, home-style meals.

It took her less than half an hour to finish.

The meat dish was chili pork, the vegetable dish was pickled bamboo shoots stir-fried with sweet potato leaves, and the soup was tomato and egg soup.

Alana served herself a bowl of rice and a bowl of soup, then sat down to eat.

Just as she started eating, her phone vibrated.

Alana took out her phone, didn't bother to check who it was from, and just tapped to open it. The moment she looked closely, the rice in her mouth shot right out.

Stephan drove back home. Feeling hot all over, he immediately went into the bathroom to take a cold shower.

He took off his shirt, revealing his well-defined muscles. He turned on the shower, and the trickling water cascaded down the contours of his muscles.

Stephan couldn't help but look at his reflection in the mirror.

The man in the mirror had sharp, chiseled features and a striking, three-dimensional appearance.

His eyes were deep and enigmatic, like bottomless whirlpools.

Drops of water glistened all over his body, and the misty steam exuded the sensual allure of a mature man.

Stephan stared at himself for a moment, then suddenly had an idea.

At the dining table, Alana had merely caught a glimpse of a photo by accident, yet she blushed fiercely.

She quickly turned off her phone and tucked it away, refusing to look at the photo again.

But the image in the photo seemed to have been etched into her mind, refusing to fade away. Alana never would have imagined that Stephan would actually send her a photo of himself right after a shower.

In the photo, he wasn't wearing a shirt.

Although steam was rising from his body, it couldn't hide his sexy, model-like physique.

The way he held the phone to take a selfie, his chiseled features, chin slightly raised, exuded a lazy, effortless charm.

His well-defined fingers lightly traced his chiseled, firm, and well-defined eight-pack abs.

It exuded an intangible allure.

Even through the screen, you could feel the raw sensuality radiating from his very core.

And it was a brazen, unapologetic kind of sexiness.

Alana's face flushed and her heart raced; her nose grew hot, as if something were about to spill out.

Did that bastard send this to the wrong person? Was this supposed to be sent to another person, but he accidentally sent it to her?

What kind of man would send a suggestive photo of his abs to a single woman late at night?

He was so far from decent! Alana couldn't help herself; she picked up her phone again and turned it on.

Trying not to stare at the picture, she sent him a message.

Alana: Did you send this to the wrong person? Delete it.

The man replied quickly.

Stephan: Do you like it?

Alana gasped.

So he didn't send it by mistake?

Did he send this to her on purpose?!

Alana's cheeks grew even hotter.

She couldn't take it anymore.

Alana: Stephan, behave yourself!

The man stubbornly asked.

Stephan: Do you like it?

Alana couldn't stand it anymore, so she quickly put her phone down and went back to eating. However, Stephan's interruption had left her feeling restless even while eating.

Stephan didn't see Alana's reply and assumed she must be too shy to respond.

So, what was she doing right now?

Was she secretly holding her phone, staring at the photo of his abs over and over again until her face flushed and her heart raced?!

Thinking of her blushing, bashful expression, a wave of heat inevitably surged through the man's body, and his breathing gradually became uneven.

That night.

Alana didn't sleep soundly.

Ever since she saw the photo of his abs that he'd sent her, she'd been completely bewitched, even dreaming about it.

She dreamed that Stephan pinned her beneath him, grabbed her hands, and pressed them against his abs.

He leaned down to nibble on her soft, pale ear, kissing and licking it, his voice low, hoarse, and husky.

“Baby, feel it...this belongs to you...”

Alana jolted awake.

When she woke up, her mouth was parched.

She got out of bed, walked to the kitchen, poured herself a glass of cold water, and drank more than half of it before feeling slightly better.

She took a deep breath, recalling what had happened in her dream, and her face flushed slightly.

How could she...have such a shameful dream?

It was all that jerk Stephan’s fault. Out of the blue, he sent her those kinds of photos, throwing her mind into a whirl.

After drinking the water, Alana lay back down on the bed. However, she tossed and turned, taking a long time to fall asleep.

The next day was the weekend.

Alana woke up as soon as her body clock kicked in. But since she didn’t have to work today, she planned to sleep in. Suddenly, her phone vibrated.

She thought it might be an important message, so she picked up her phone and opened it, still half-asleep.

The moment she saw it, she was instantly wide awake.

It was another photo.

The man in the photo was shirtless, looking as if he’d just finished working out. His toned muscles were glistening with sweat, taut and defined.

A pair of black workout shorts hung loosely around his narrow waist and abdomen; the winding trail of sweat trickled down his abs and into the waistband, revealing a faint V-line that sparked the imagination.

Oh she could still remember what he could do to her, what that huge thing between his legs could do.

Alana felt a wave of heat wash over her, and her nose suddenly grew warm.

She couldn't help but raise her hand to touch her nose, it was damp and warm.

Was she actually bleeding from her nose?!

Alana pressed her hand to her nose. Unable to stay in bed any longer, she rushed into the bathroom, splashed water on her face, and tried to clear her head.

Once the nosebleed had stopped, Alana stepped out of the bathroom.

The strands of hair on her cheeks and temples were damp.

She was wide awake now, not a trace of sleepiness left.

And the culprit had no idea he'd disrupted an innocent girl's peaceful morning slumber.

Alana was being a bit of a masochist; the moment she stepped out, she glanced at her phone to see what kind of tricks that dog Stephan was up to. She picked up her phone and looked.

The latest message the man had sent.

She couldn't bear to look at it.

Stephan: Just finished working out. Do you like it?

Alana's face flushed, and she quickly replied.

Alana: Stop messing around. Don't ever send me photos like this again!

Stephan: Do you like it or not?

Seriously, what on earth was he so obsessed with?!

She was on the verge of breaking down from his antics.

Alana: I don't like it! If you message me again, I'm blocking you!

After that, the man stopped replying.

Alana puffed out her cheeks, set down her phone, and headed to the kitchen to make herself breakfast.

However, while she was making breakfast, the kitchen drain suddenly got clogged, and the water in the sink wouldn't drain.

It had just gotten clogged last month; it hadn't even been a month since it was cleared, and now it was clogged again.

Besides, in these older residential buildings, the facilities were outdated, and things breaking down here and there was a common occurrence.

With no other choice, Alana had to call the landlord for help.

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

Chapter 85 Too big

Chapter 85 Too big

The landlord agreed to come over, immediately.

Before long, there was a knock at the door. Alana thought it was the landlord and walked over to open the door.

A tall, slender figure instantly came into view. The man was wearing a red shirt and black dress pants.

His strikingly handsome features and deep, piercing eyes were fixed intently on her.

Alana's breath caught in her throat, she hadn't expected it to be him.

She instinctively closed the door.

But the man acted first.

With a slight lift of his foot, he easily pushed the door open. Seeing she couldn't stop him, Alana instinctively stepped back.

But her slender waist was seized by the man's long, strong hand, and with a gentle tug, pulling her into his embrace.

The man held Alana close in a clingy embrace, his powerful frame pressed against her petite form.

Half-resisting, half-yielding, the two of them stepped inside, and the door slammed shut.

Alana pressed her hands helplessly against the man's chest, utterly nervous.

"Ste...Stephan, it's early in the morning. What are you doing..."

Stephan lowered his gaze, looking at the girl's flushed cheeks and her soft, delicate body. His eyes were filled with an intense, unmasked desire for her.

"I missed you. So I came to see you."

Alana bit her lip, thinking to herself, We haven't even been apart for a whole day.

Stephan raised his long, slender fingers and cupped her fair chin. "Did you take a good look at the abs photo I sent you?"

At the mention of the abs photo, Alana blushed even more.

"Why...why did you send me a photo like that?"

Doesn't he have any self-respect?

She'd never seen a man act so...so vulgar.

On the surface, he looked so aloof and reserved, but in private, he was like this with her...

Stephan leaned in close, his warm breath deliberately brushing against her delicate cheek. "What do you think it was for?"

Alana's eyelashes fluttered.

She was too embarrassed to answer.

She wasn't some clueless fool, how could she not see...that he was seducing her?

She was just pretending not to understand on purpose.

Stephan stared at her beautiful, slightly shy eyes. "When you said you didn't like it, was that true?"

Alana bit her lip, her mind racing with wild thoughts.

Could it be that he came all the way over just to ask her because of that one sentence she said, that she didn't like it?

Stephan cupped her chin, applying a little pressure. "Answer me."

Alana took a deep breath, feigning composure. "I don't like it. Please don't send them anymore..."

"I don't believe you."

"Then why don't you take another look with your own eyes, so I can see for myself whether you like it or not."

His dark eyes locked onto hers, intense and focused.

His long fingers lifted the hem of his shirt, then grasped Alana's delicate hand and slowly placed it there.

Caught off guard, Alana's slender fingers were pressed against his firm abs.

Her head buzzed, and suddenly she remembered.

In her dream, he had done the same, so forcefully placing her hand on his abs, eagerly demanding that she touch them...

Alana could feel the heat in the palm of her hand growing increasingly scorching.

She couldn't tell if it was her own body temperature rising or the man's body becoming fiery hot.

Her fingers trembled, and she couldn't help but want to pull her hand away.

But he held her hand firmly in place, refusing to let go.

Unable to resist, he lowered his head and bit her delicate, pale earlobe, his voice hoarse to the extreme.

"Tell me, do you like it or not? If you say you like it, you can touch me whenever and however you want from now on."

Alana's ear was caught between his teeth, sending a tingling, numbing sensation through her. Startled and embarrassed, she tried to pull away, but couldn't escape.

His dominance left her with nowhere to run.

"Stephan, please don't do this...What we're doing is wrong... mmm..."

Before she could finish her sentence, her lips were forcefully sealed by his.

He couldn't bear to hear her refuse him for the umpteenth time .

He wanted her to crave him just as much as he craved her. Alana's lips were captured by the man's, locked in a fiery embrace.

Her hands instinctively pressed against his chest, offering a slight resistance.

Yet despite her resistance, for some reason, the initial aversion had vanished from her heart. She was a little afraid of this subtle change within herself; it was as if... she was gradually getting used to his kisses.

Suddenly, a few urgent knocks on the door interrupted the couple in the midst of their passionate kiss.

Alana's dazed eyes snapped back to clarity.

She quickly pushed the man away from her, her breath uneven. "Wait, someone's coming..."

Stephan furrowed his brow slightly.

Who was so inconsiderate as to disturb people this early in the morning? A warm, friendly voice came from outside the door.

"Alana, are you there?"

"It's Mark. My Dad just told me your drain is clogged and asked me to come take a look."

Alana snapped back to reality and remembered the reason for his visit.

She hurriedly explained to the man, "Yes, it's the landlord's son. My kitchen drain is clogged, and he's here to check it out."

"Go hide in my room first. Don't come out."

She couldn't let the landlord's son discover that she had a man in her home.

If he found out and word got around, her reputation would be ruined.

She thought to herself that once Mark went to check the kitchen drain, she would send the man out.

Stephan frowned but said nothing.

Outside the door, Mark was still asking if Alana was in there.

Alana replied, "I'm here. Just a moment, I'll be right there to open the door!"

She hurriedly pushed the man inside, her face betraying her anxiety. “Hurry up and go in!”

Stephan watched the girl frantically pushing him into her room. Though she seemed reluctant, the corners of her mouth were turning up slightly.

Alana pushed Stephan into the room, then quickly shut the door. She was completely out of breath, a thin sheen of sweat beading on her forehead.

Pushing a grown man like him was such a struggle. She wiped the sweat from her forehead and caught her breath before saying,

“Stephan, no matter what you hear in a moment, you’re not allowed to come out. Do you hear me?!”

The man in the room didn’t answer.

But Alana knew full well that he had heard her. She turned around nervously, walked to the door, and opened it.

Sure enough, there stood Mark, the landlord’s kind-hearted, heavysset son.

Alana said apologetically, “Sorry to keep you waiting. The place was a bit messy, so I tidied it up.”

Mark gave a good-natured smile. “No problem, no problem.”

“May I come in now?”

Alana stepped aside. “Come on in.”

Mark had come over before to fix Alana’s drain and replace a broken light bulb, so he was fairly familiar with the layout of her place.

He walked in, took off his heavy sneakers, and reached for a pair of black slippers on Alana’s shoe rack.

Mark picked up the slippers and looked at them, a bit puzzled.

“Hey, Lana, did you replace your slippers with a new pair?”

Alana was taken aback. “No, I didn’t replaced them.”

“But these slippers look pretty clean, as if no one’s ever worn them. And...”

Mark tossed the black slippers onto the floor and measured them against his own foot; they seemed to be quite a bit too big.

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

Chapter 86 An affair

Chapter 86 An affair

Alana stared at the black slippers on the floor; they really didn't look much like the pair she'd bought before.

She kept a pair of men's slippers at home to help maintain her image as someone in a relationship.

She'd bought the slippers two months ago and had left them on the shoe rack, completely ignoring them ever since.

They'd only been worn twice, once when the landlord's son came over to fix the drain, and another time when he changed a light bulb, otherwise, no one had worn them. She hadn't really taken a close look at the black slippers either.

She couldn't tell what the specific differences were.

They all just looked black and pretty much the same to her.

Could it be that these slippers weren't the original pair?

Then who exactly swapped out these slippers?

Alana had a vague idea who it might be, but to avoid giving the landlord's son any cause for suspicion, she lied.

"Oh, I remember now. A while back, my boyfriend came home, wore out the slippers, and then he went to the supermarket to buy a new pair and put them on top. I was so busy just now that I completely forgot about it."

Mark went, "Oh," but couldn't help but feel suspicious.

But the shoe size doesn't quite match, does it?

The last pair was a bit smaller, but this one was almost two sizes bigger.

Could it be that Alana broke up with her old boyfriend and found a new one?!

It wasn't out of the question.

Mark asked curiously, "Lana, is your boyfriend still the same one as before? Is it still the one who's always traveling for work?"

No one had ever met Alana's "boyfriend," so no one knew what he looked like.

According to Alana, her boyfriend was very busy with work and was often away on business trips. He spent most of the month on business trips, so they rarely get to see each other.

"Uh, yes."

Mark scratched his head. "Oh, okay. I thought you'd gotten a new boyfriend."

Alana swallowed.

Just then, a loud clang came from inside the room.

Mark immediately looked toward her bedroom. "What was that?"

Alana's breath caught in her throat.

"It should be nothing. Mark, could you please check the sewer for me? I'll go back to my room in a bit to take a look. Maybe... maybe there's a rat. Uh, running around everywhere."

"Rat? Then I'll go help you kill it. You're a girl, you probably can't handle those disgusting, stinky rats!" Saying this, Mark slipped on his slippers, his expression resolute, and headed toward her bedroom without hesitation.

Alana couldn't stay calm; she rushed over to stop him.

"Mark, my room isn't tidied up yet. Please don't go in, there are a lot of my personal belongings inside, so it's not really appropriate for you to go in. Besides, it might not even be a rat. The wind's blowing hard outside, and I left the window open. Maybe the wind blew something around and made a noise. Anyway, you should check the kitchen drain first. I'll check the room myself in a bit..." She rattled out.

Mark belatedly realized that entering a young woman's bedroom wasn't appropriate, so he nodded in agreement.

"Alright, I'll go check the kitchen drain first. You'll have to check your bedroom yourself. If there really is a rat and you can't handle it, just call me for help."

Alana quickly agreed, "Okay, okay!"

She quickly led him into the kitchen.

Seeing him carefully inspecting the drain, she slipped out of the kitchen, intending to chase the man out of the bedroom.

But just as she stepped out of the kitchen, she saw the bedroom door swing open, and Stephan actually strode out as if he owned the place.

As if he were walking through his own home.

Alana quickly glanced toward the kitchen, afraid the landlord's son might see him when he came out.

Seeing that the landlord's son was still working in the kitchen, Alana immediately rushed over to the man to stop him from wandering around.

"Stephan, I told you to stay quietly in your room. You're not allowed to come out without my permission!"

"You... how could you..." His expression remained impassive as he casually curled the corner of his lips.

"What did I do?!"

"It's stuffy in there. You won't let me come out for a walk?"

Alana was almost speechless at his retort.

She widened her beautiful eyes, her gaze brimming with accusation.

"Then what was all that commotion you were making in there just now? Do you have any idea? Just now, the landlord's son almost..."

Stephan cast a casual glance her way, his expression impassive, betraying no emotion.

"I just got a little carried away after hearing some bad news. Besides, nobody noticed, did they? What's the deal with you?" A hint of sarcasm lurked beneath the man's deep, husky tone.

It seemed to carry a faint hint of displeasure.

Alana found this odd. What had she done to upset him this time?

She glanced quickly toward the kitchen again, took a deep breath, and nodded.

“Alright, I won’t hold it against you. The landlord’s son is working on the drain in my kitchen right now. You should leave first. If he finds you here later, it’ll be hard to explain.”

Stephan narrowed his dark eyes as his towering figure inched closer to her. “Why would it be hard to explain?”

She glared at him.

Seeing her reaction, Stephan’s lips twitched into a mocking smile.

“Afraid your boyfriend on a business trip might find out?”

He’d been wondering why her boyfriend hadn’t shown up, turns out he’d gone on a business trip.

Hmph, all the better that he’s on a business trip.

If he was on a business trip, he would be able to keep his eyes on Alana, this little white rabbit. So, she’d have no choice but to be the object of his desire, this rogue’s.

Ideally, before that boyfriend returns, he’ll have Alana completely under his thumb, so she’ll never be able to leave him.

Alana had no idea about the dark, sordid thoughts in the man’s mind; she just wanted to get him out of there as quickly as possible.

“It’s not like that. You go out first. If someone else finds out, it’ll be hard to explain our relationship.”

Stephan’s eyes were as dark and deep as pitch, bottomless, with not a glimmer of light. “Wouldn’t it be just fine if we were discovered? Then everyone will know that you’re cheating on your boyfriend, who’s away on a business trip, with me...Come to think of it, that’s actually pretty thrilling...”

Alana’s breath caught in her throat as she stared at him in disbelief.

She hadn’t expected him to say something like that.

He’d thought she had a boyfriend, and yet...

Suddenly, Mark's voice came from the kitchen.

"Lana, are you there? The drain is totally clogged. Can you come over and give me a hand?!"

"I..."

Before Alana could even speak, the man in front of her suddenly pressed against her, pinning her against the cold wall.

His warm, moist lips pressed against her delicate ear.

He sucked gently.

Sensual, suggestive.

Her body trembled uncontrollably; a tingling sensation, like an electric shock, made her go weak all over.

Her lips trembled. "Step...Stephan, what are you doing? There's still someone in the kitchen..."

Even if he wanted to, he couldn't wait for Mark to leave?!

Stephan bit her ear, his voice low and hoarse. "It's more exciting with people around. After all, what we're doing right now is an affair, isn't it? Tell me, what do you think would happen if the landlord's son caught us getting intimate like this?"

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

Chapter 87 Closer and closer

Chapter 87 Closer and closer

Alana couldn't help but push him away, panic flashing in her clear eyes. "Stephan, don't do this..."

"I...I have a boyfriend. Don't do this..."

In her panic, she once again used her nonexistent boyfriend as a shield. She hoped this would make him see reason and let her go.

Little did she know, this had just struck a nerve with him. Flames instantly flared in Stephan's eyes.

His chest was consumed by a surge of jealousy, burying all reason beneath it.

His long fingers gripped her chin. "So what if you have a boyfriend?"

"Alana, even if you have a boyfriend, it won't stop me from wanting to make love to you here until the sky turns dark and the earth grows dim!"

He'd already resolved to be the other man and steal her away.

Then he'd be her only man.

Why would he be afraid of her boyfriend, who was away on a business trip?

After all, her boyfriend was always away on a business trip, wasn't he?

Since he was not here, she shouldn't blame him for taking everything she had to offer and claiming her completely!

"You..."

Alana was stunned by the man's words. He...what on earth was he talking about?

He wanted to... do that to her...

Oh, this scoundrel, this pervert...

How could he be so outrageous?!

Her face flushed with embarrassment, and she instinctively pushed him away from her. But she couldn't push him away; he hooked his arm around her slender waist, gripped her chin, and kissed her fiercely...

He devoured her lips, sucking and nibbling, prying open her rosy lips with a kiss that was fierce and relentless.

Alana couldn't resist at all.

Her tongue tingled from his sucking.

"Alana?"

“Alana?”

Mark’s voice grew closer, as if he were coming out of the kitchen. Alana was frantic. She wriggled her body and pushed against the man’s chest, trying to break

free.

But all she got in return was his even deeper, more possessive kiss.

She felt as if her breath were being snatched away. Her breathing was ragged, her saliva tangled.

The sound was terrifyingly clear.

Even more terrifying was Mark’s voice growing ever closer.

What if Mark got close enough to hear the sounds of her and Stephan being intimate, or to see their entwined figures?

Alana grew even more frantic and opened her mouth to bite the man’s lips.

But the man had anticipated this; he pinched her chin, preventing her from biting him.

Alana’s eyes welled up with tears, glistening with moisture as she looked utterly wronged, on the verge of breaking down. It was as if she were silently accusing him of being too harsh.

Stephan looked at the girl’s pitiful expression, his heart softening slightly, and he released her lips.

Yet his dark eyes still revealed his unmasked desire and longing for her, growing ever more intense.

His warm, moist lips brushed against her cheek. “I want to make love to you so badly. What should I do?”

He’d been driving himself crazy thinking about it for so many days and nights.

Alana’s body trembled slightly, and she instinctively refused, “No, don’t...”

Stephan narrowed his dark eyes. “Sleep with me just once, and I’ll let you go.”

Hearing the footsteps drawing closer, Alana was on edge. After hesitating for less than a second, she agreed. “Okay, I’ll do it.”

Mark walked out of the kitchen and into the living room.

He saw that Alana had just closed the bedroom door.

She was biting her soft, unnaturally red lips, her cheeks flushed slightly, and her expression seemed a bit awkward.

Mark felt that she was acting strangely, though he couldn't quite put his finger on what was off.

He asked, "Lana, I called you just now. Did you hear me?"

Alana lifted a finger to gently tuck a strand of hair behind her ear, feigning composure. "I...I heard you."

"Sorry, I was just tidying up some things in the room, so I didn't respond right away."

"Um, didn't you say you needed a hand? I'll go help you right now."

Mark paused for a moment, then nodded. "Uh, okay."

The two of them went into the kitchen to work on the drain. After fiddling with it for a while, the drain finally cleared.

Alana offered Mark a glass of water and thanked him, saying, "Thanks for your help, Mark."

Mark took the glass, took a big gulp, and then smiled. "No problem. If you run into any trouble, just give me a call. I'll come over to help whenever I'm free."

Alana nodded. "Okay."

Mark set down the glass and asked earnestly, "Is there anything else you need help with right now?"

After all, there had been a noise in Alana's bedroom just now, and she wasn't sure if there really was a mouse.

He was worried she might not be able to handle it on her own as a young woman.

Alana shook her head; all she wanted now was for Mark to leave as soon as possible.

"No."

Mark nodded. "Then... should I go now?"

Alana nodded. "Okay, goodbye."

“Goodbye.”

Alana saw Mark out and, after closing the door, finally let out a sigh of relief.

That was a close call.

However, while Mark had left, there was still a far more dangerous person in her house.

As long as that dangerous person remained, her personal safety could not be guaranteed for even a moment.

Suddenly, a deep, magnetic voice sounded behind her.

“Did that fat guy leave?”

Alana turned around and saw the man emerging from her bedroom again.

She pursed her full lips, nodded, and then said,

“He’s not ‘the fat guy.’ His name is Mark; he’s the landlord’s son.”

Stephan’s dark eyes fixed on her intently.

“He seems quite friendly and helpful toward you.”

Alana replied earnestly, “He’s like that with all the tenants.”

Stephan narrowed his dark eyes. What a naive woman.

If a man had even the slightest interest in a woman, would he really linger in her apartment for so long?

He even needed a hand fixing the drain, something he could clearly handle on his own, yet he insisted she help.

What kind of help could she possibly offer?

Besides, she didn’t even realize that when that fat guy looked at her, his eyes went wide, he didn’t even try to hide it.

Not only was she oblivious, but she kept being polite to that fat guy, greeting him with a smile. Wasn’t she afraid other men would notice her?

A faint pang of jealousy flashed through his mind. Frowning, he said, “If anything goes wrong with this little place of yours in the future, just call me directly.”

Alana didn't dare to agree right away.

Calling him over, what's the difference between that and inviting a wolf into her home? She wasn't that foolish.

"Do...you know how to fix a drain?"

"Just fiddle with some tools, it's not exactly a highly technical job."

His own drain had broken down before; sometimes, when the repairmen didn't show up in time, he'd just tinker with them himself and fix them.

Alana let out a nervous "Oh."

With the man there, she felt incredibly awkward and didn't know what to say.

She really wanted to send him away, but just a moment ago.

In a moment of panic, she'd agreed to that thing he asked, and now she felt lost and full of regret.

She was hoping he would take the initiative to mention that he had to leave.

But... that seemed highly unlikely.

Suddenly, Stephan walked toward her.

Alana couldn't help but feel nervous and tried to step back.

But she realized she was pressed right up against the door, with nowhere left to go.

She watched as the man gradually closed in on her, getting closer and closer.

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

[Home](#) [Chapter 88](#) Unable to move

Chapter 88 Unable to move

Her fingers clenched the door behind her involuntarily, and her heart, pounding with anxiety, seemed to be stuck in her throat, unable to move.

In the space of a few breaths, the man had already reached her.

Alana was in a panic; her rosy lips parted, as if she wanted to say something.

But she didn't know what to say.

Her mind went completely blank.

Stephan lowered his eyelids, looking at the woman before him.

Perhaps because she was at home, she was dressed quite casually today.

A loose white T-shirt and a pair of super-short jeans.

The shorts hugged her hips, accentuating their round, full curves.

Her slender, long legs, exposed, were as white and tender as jade, glowing with a delicate sheen.

She had just been in the kitchen, and the air was a bit stuffy, causing her to break a light sweat. The fabric across her chest was tinged with a translucent sheen of moisture.

Stephan couldn't help but reach out and brush aside a strand of her beautiful, soft black hair that had fallen across her chest.

"Does the promise you just made to me still stand?"

Alana's breath caught, and panic deepened in her clear eyes.

"Stephan, just now I...I must have lost my mind, don't take it seriously..."

He tilted his head slightly, drawing closer to her jade-like cheek, pale with a hint of pink, exquisitely delicate.

"You may have lost your mind, but I haven't. I heard you loud and clear. You agreed to sleep with me."

His warm breath blew freely across her cheek.

His intense scent enveloped her completely, leaving no corner untouched.

Alana couldn't help but breathe faster. "That...that was...you forced me..."

He knew full well that, under those circumstances, she had no choice but to agree...

The man's gaze was intense and highly aggressive. "But you agreed, didn't you?"

Alana was both embarrassed and angry. "You... you took advantage of me..."

Stephan pursed his thin lips and spoke softly, “So what? My own wicked intentions toward you are just as brazen.”

His desire for her, his lust to sleep with her, those sordid thoughts were laid bare, never once concealed.

Alana’s face flushed crimson, yet she found herself unable to refute him.

Stephan reached out, his slender fingers gently cupping her flushed cheek.

The shame, tension, and panic on her face were laid bare before him.

He thought she was afraid.

Afraid that her boyfriend, who was away on a business trip, would find out...

His thin lips brushed against her cheek, his deep, magnetic voice coaxing her, doing everything in his power to tempt her into doing something that crossed moral boundaries.

“Lana, I don’t believe you don’t desire me. Clearly, when we were together, your body was telling me you were enjoying it, wasn’t it?”

“If it felt good, then why not follow your heart and make love to me properly? You clearly want it too, don’t you? Why keep holding back? It’s normal for a woman to have those physical needs; there’s no need to hold back. Besides, you don’t want your boyfriend, who’s away on a business trip, to find out about our inappropriate relationship, do you?”

Alana blushed even more deeply, her eyes glistening with tears as she looked at him helplessly.

It was as if she’d been frightened by him.

Stephan’s gaze darkened slightly as his thin lips gently pressed against her soft, trembling, quivering lips, rubbing against them lightly and suggestively.

His breath was hot, and his deep voice carried a hint of gentle reassurance.

“Don’t worry, I won’t tell your boyfriend who’s away on business. And I promise, I’ll make you feel even more ecstatic than ever...”

He kept emphasizing that the boyfriend of hers was on a business trip because he needed to remind her of who was here right now.

And who would always be here.

Alana's eyelashes fluttered.

Listening to the man's seductive words, she said nothing, nor did she refuse.

No one knew what she was thinking.

But in the man's eyes, silence meant consent.

Had she agreed?

Had she agreed to sleep with him?

Stephan's eyes darkened further, and without hesitation, he picked her up.

Kissing her, he made his way toward the bedroom.

As they both tumbled onto the girl's pink bed, the man couldn't resist and frantically tore at her clothes.

Alana seemed to remember something; she stretched out her hands, pressing them against the man's chest, and softly tried to stop him.

"Wait, I...I don't want to get pregnant...Should we go to the pharmacy and get some birth control pills first..."

"I brought some!"

The man's voice was hoarse as he reached into his pocket and suddenly pulled out eight or nine packs of condoms.

Seeing so many packs of condoms suddenly spring from the man's pocket,

Alana was stunned. She lifted her wide, round eyes and looked at him, both flustered and shocked. "You..."

He'd actually been prepared all along!

Which meant he'd planned to sleep with her before he even arrived.

Little did she know, Stephan had been prepared even earlier than she imagined.

Ever since the moment he first desired her, he'd always kept condoms in his pocket.

This morning, he'd even brought a few extra boxes.

Perhaps he had a premonition that today would be the day he'd get to taste her again.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 89 So beautiful

Chapter 89 So beautiful

Left with just her bra and panties, Stephan whispered.

“You’re so beautiful.”

Their eyes met. There was a long pause and then he leaned in slow to kiss her.

He paused 3/4 of the way to judge her reaction. He could see she was willing but a bit nervous. He continued the rest of the way, kissing her lips softly.

He felt her lips pressing against his as they kissed. He began to kiss neck down to her shoulders and then back up. She arched her back and moaned in appreciation. He worked his way to her lips.

He kissed her softly and touched her lips with the tip of his tongue. Alana parted her lips and he slipped his tongue inside. She started to lean back on the bed.

His cock was as hard as a rock as he moved backwards to admire her again, her red lacy panties were in a bikini cut. The vee of the panties barely concealed her pussy.

He leaned forward as if to get a better view. He slipped two fingers in between her panties and her pussy.

“So soft.” He commented as he rubbed her pussy with the back of his fingers.

He watched her expression the entire time. She exhaled softly as she put a hand on his fingers pressing them against her pussy.

He could tell she was ready to be fucked now. But, he wanted to tease her a little more.

Her nipples were straining through her small bra. He moved upwards and kissed her nipples through the fabric.

Alana exhaled softly. Stephan then started to suck one while squeezing the other breast.

“Ahh...ahhh.” She moaned.

She had always liked how he handled her boobs. Vaguely. She wondered why she had fought against doing this.

Stephan removed her bra and sucked and licked her nipples until they were fully erect and firm.

He sat back on the bed and pulled her between his legs by her hips. Alana slipped her arms around his neck as she leaned forward to kiss her. He gradually leaned back as she climbed on top of him while continuing to kiss him. She spread her legs and straddled him.

She propped herself up on her hands and grinded her hips into his.

Stephan held her hips as he rolled over and reversed their position.

He stood up and began to remove his shirt. She quickly sat up and began to undo his belt.

He watched as she slowly pulled down the zipper. She pulled down his pants and underwear in one pass. She gasped as his hardened cock popped out. She took it gently in her one hand as she gave him a sideways look.

He looked down at her and smiled, encouragingly.

Fuck!

He loved it whenever she stopped fighting what her body needed. Alana parted her lips and slipped the head slowly into her mouth. He grunted softly as she worked her wet lips up and down his shaft. She slowly worked his cock into the back of her mouth.

Alana opened wide and pushed her head forward. Stephan could feel it sliding down her throat. Then she gagged and quickly backed off. She gave it another go. She held it in a little longer, but she wasn't experienced enough to get it to go all the way.

“You're doing so well, baby.” He praised as he bent over and kissed her on the neck.

He repositioned her further back on the bed.

She looked a bit uneasy now.

He smiled, he was going to make her feel so good, she would forget about anything else. She would only think about how much she loved his cock.

He continued kissing his way down the middle of her body. He caressed and sucked her nipples as he passed by them. The lower he went the heavier her breathing became.

He lingered just above the top of her panties. Alana arched her back and pushed my head lower.

He pushed her thigh up and slide her tongue along the edge of her panties. He could already taste her juice. He moved her panties to one side exposing her wet slit.

Stephan ran his tongue from the bottom to the top flicking it several times when he got to her clit. She moaned with approval.

Stephan continued applying more pressure. He stroked and licked her pussy as she moaned with pleasure. After a while, he felt her thighs stiffened as she climaxed. He pressed her thighs open as he ran his tongue over her clit.

Alana let out a long moan nearly coming off the bed as she arched her back from the sensation.

He put her legs together and he pulled her panties off. He then reached in the nightstand where he had previously dropped the condom.

He quickly put one on and then opened her legs and maneuvered her hips into position. Her legs were weak and trembling as he pushed them forward exposing her pussy. He inserted the head of his cock into her pussy.

Alana inhaled softly. Her pussy was very tight from her orgasm.

Stephan knew it had been a while since she last done it. It pleased him to know that she wasn't even sleeping with that "busy boyfriend" of hers. Just him.

And so he tried to take it slow until he loosened her up to keep from exploding too soon and to make it pleasurable for her as well. He thrust his hips forward driving his cock past her tight opening and into her wet hole.

She inhaled sharply as each inch slid inside. He didn't go all the way in. He still had to loosen her up a bit. He slowly began thrusting in and out. The pace of her breathing quickened and grew louder as he increased his tempo. Her pussy started to loosen up as her juices began to flow. By now, her orgasms were almost non-stop. Now she was good and wet.

He spread her legs and placed his hands just above her hips so her thighs were between the back of his forearms and hips.

This locked her legs in place so she would not move once he started deep thrusting. Stephan pushed as hard as he could, driving deeper inside her with each stroke. Wave upon wave of orgasms racked her body as she arched her back and screamed.

He could feel her pussy twitching with pleasure. He wanted to explode too, but held back. He slowed down the pace, taking long slow strokes and holding it deep inside her.

Alana's breathing slowed and began to match her stroke. In an orgasmic haze, she gently opened her eyes. He smiled at her and she shyly smiled back.

God, she felt a bit embarrassed. She always claimed she didn't want him. But here she was coming so much in such a short time.

It was as if she had bottled all of this inside her for awhile.

And now, she wanted even more, Alana grabbed his hips and pulled him inside her.

Stephan held it there while she grinded her hips against his. He could feel her pussy starting to tighten up. He almost lost it.

He dropped it down and kissed her lips to distract himself. They were soft and wet and anxious to be kissed. He slipped her tongue into her waiting mouth. Alana aggressively shoved hers into his.

He picked up the tempo as he dropped down and started sucking and squeezing her breast. She thrust her breast in his face as she moaned with pleasure.

He could feel her juices starting to flow again as her pussy loosened up.

"Make this pussy mine, Alana. Make it only mine and I'll make you feel good for the rest of your life." He let out, fucking her hard and fast.

"Stephan...Stephan..."

"Yes baby? you like that?"

"Yes...more..."

He went from her breast to her neck as she threw her head back exposing her neck.

He then turned, making her on top.

"Come on, beautiful, ride me."

Alana straddled him taking his dick in her hand. She rubbed his latex jacketed cock with her pussy lips to wet it before guiding it into her hot, tight, wet hole. In three strokes it was sliding smoothly in and out of her wet pussy.

She placed her hands on his chest. She closed her eyes and began slowly grinding her hips in a circular motion. Alana increased her rhythm pressing her nails into his chest. Her pussy jerked several times as she orgasmed.

She began to nibble on his ear.

“Come with me,” She whispered.

Alana got back into position and quickened her pace slamming her hips against hers. Her pussy was tight again and he quickly reached a climax.

He grabbed her ass with both hands and held her firmly in place as he felt a strong surge in his cock. The cum filled the condom.

“It’s hot, so hot,” Alana moaned as his cock surged a second time.

His cock pumped several times before he was done.

He could feel her pussy twitching as she rested her head on his chest.

He had come, but his cock was still relatively hard. He squeezed her firm tight ass and began thrusting his dick inside her.

Alana slowly roused from her brief slumber. He could see she was drained but still willing. He had a little more in the tank.

Stephan slipped from under her and quickly slipped on a new condom and had her get on all fours.

He slid his cock inside her as soon as she got into position. He encountered a little resistance. Her pussy had tightened up again. So, he had to force his cock inside her with several firm thrusts.

She moaned with pleasure and quickly loosened up. She dropped her head and thrust her ass into the air giving him a better angle of entry.

Stephan grabbed her waist and he drove deep inside her feeling his sack resting against her pussy lips. Alana exhaled sharply with the rhythm of his stroke.

He got on one knee to get in a little deeper. She was enjoying the deep penetration and was soon coming non-stop again.

He tried to keep it up as long as he could but her pussy seemed to be milking his cock with every thrust. So, he concentrated on blowing his own load.

Alana let out a loud moan as he suddenly rammed his dick deep inside her and exploded.

He saw bright flashes of lights as his cock spasmed and jerked spitting semen.

He hunched over her breathing heavy while kissing her softly between the shoulder blades. He relished the taste of her sweat mixed with her scent. Her body was trembling and Alana was breathing heavy.

He started to come out, but she reached back and touched his hips wordlessly telling to stay inside. How could he say no?

They stayed like that until her pussy stopped twitching.

Then he slipped out of her as they shifted into a spooning position.

Stephan asked in a hoarse voice, “Did you enjoy that?”

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

Chapter 90 Another portion

Chapter 90 Another portion

Alana shook her head, her face flushed, unwilling to answer.

Stephan smirked. She was acting shy again after sex. He must force the answer out of her.

“If you don’t answer me, I’m going to fuck you again.” He threatened, rubbing his dick against her.

His eyes widened, realizing he was hard again.

She was really tired and needed to rest now.

Alana couldn’t take it anymore. With a hint of tears in her voice, she replied softly.

“Yes, it felt good...really good...”

He knew she enjoyed him. The way she moaned, the way she responded to them, the look on her face when he was inside her.

Thinking about that, Stephan got more aroused.

He kept kissing her, trying to suppress his overwhelming excitement.

“Baby, be a good girl. Call me ‘husband’...”

Alana’s eyes were glistening with tears, and upon hearing this, she glared at him with wide, round eyes.

“Are you going to say it?”

“No, I won’t, you’re not my husband...”

“Then, I’m going to...”

“Fine, fine, husband.” She quickly let out before he would threaten her with something else.

“Hmm? Say it again? Are you going to say it?”

“Hus... husband...”

Alana was forced to give in, and her soft, helpless whisper of “husband” sent the man’s adrenaline skyrocketing.

After that, he forced her to call him “husband” over and over again.

And some overly suggestive sweet nothings.

Alana couldn’t help but sighed.

She never imagined a man could be so naughty in bed.

Well, she hadn’t been with a man in this manner before.

He pulled out all sorts of tricks, and the threats kept changing.

Feeling him still rubbing himself against her, she let out.

“Enough already...Didn’t we agree it would only be once? We’ve done it two times.”

Stephan raised his hand, gently cupping her flushed cheeks, then leaned down to kiss her red lips, his eyes burning with intense desire.

“Didn’t I tell you that a man’s words are lies, utterly untrustworthy? Just twice? How could that be enough?!”

Alana’s eyes welled up with tears as she looked at him helplessly. “Th-then, how many times do you want...?”

The man continued to kiss her, his response a kiss. “We’ll talk about it after we run out of condoms.”

Wh...what?

Her beautiful eyes widened in utter shock.

No way!

There must be at least up to like 10 condoms that he brought.

Ah!

She couldn’t do it!

There was no way she could handle this!

But before she could even process her shock, the man forcefully robbed her of all her senses and her breath.

He slid my cock in and out rapidly as she wondered why was she enjoying this again.

It felt so good. Alana gasped for breath beneath him. For a minute she seemed lost, but surprisingly, she started to move with him.

Her body began moving in rhythm with his own. She moved lithely beneath him. His pussy sucking in his cock over and over again.

She was moaning and panting hungrily in his ear.

“Oh yes," she whimpered. "Ahh...ahh.”

Stephan chuckled, darkly.

Didn’t she just say two times was enough.

This woman.

He groaned out in deep pleasure. The sensation of being inside her was unbelievable. Her pussy seemed hotter and tighter than before. Her movement seemed more fluid and perfect

Within a matter of seconds she was screaming out her orgasm, and that was all it took to push him over the edge. For the third time that night, he came heavily with her pussy clenching around him.

But he still didn't have his fill.

Seeing the look on his eyes, Alana instantly knew she might not get any sleep tonight.

But she didn't expect that this time, he had become even more insatiable.

Not only did he go at it for the entire day and night, but for the rest of the weekend!

She didn't have a chance to step outside the apartment. All she did was eat, get fucked and sleep a little. Even waking up with his cock sliding in and out of her body.

And as if on purpose, every corner of the small apartment bore traces of their wild passion.

The living room, the kitchen, the bedroom, the bathroom.

Even when he ran out of condoms, he still didn't stop. He assured her that he wouldn't come inside of her but she felt him come inside of her a few times.

Luckily, she had some emergency birth controls.

Damn this man!

Once he finally promised her that a certain round was the last, she was beyond exhausted.

She didn't even want to move a muscle.

Even though she hadn't been the one exerting herself that much, she felt completely drained, as if every ounce of energy had been squeezed out of her.

The room was a complete mess.

Stephan quickly tidied up, tossing what needed to be thrown away into the trash and changing the sheets and bedding.

Then he picked her up, carried her to the bathroom, and gave her a quick wash.

After they finished, he carried her back to bed and lay down with her.

Stephan pulled the covers up over both of them, leaned down to kiss her, and asked,
“Are you satisfied?”

His hoarse voice carried a lazy, satisfied tone, magnetic and pleasing to the ear.

Alana closed her eyes; exhausted as she was, she didn't even feel like responding.

Stephan chuckled.

He greatly hoped he had succeeded in taking over her body and soul.

When he repeatedly taken her any chance he got, he had done so in hopes that her body was always crave his. Only his.

Then she would break up with her boyfriend, who was away on a business trip, once and for all, cutting all ties.

And want to be only in his arms.

But what he didn't know was what Alana was actually thinking.

She found him terrifying.

Sure, the sex was great!

But he was an animal!

An insatiable animal and she really couldn't handle him.

Was this how it was going to be all the time?

She almost died beneath him.

He's taken her so many times now, surely he must be satisfied by now?

Satisfied...so he probably won't... bother her anymore.

She should be able to live a peaceful, quiet life from now on, shouldn't she?

Alana fantasized that the man would leave her alone, she closed her eyes, and slowly drifted off to sleep.

Each lost in their own thoughts, they fell asleep in each other's arms.

It felt peaceful and warm to sleep together.

Alana didn't know how long she had slept.

She was awakened by hunger.

When she woke up, it was still dark outside.

How long was she asleep?

No wonder she was so hungry.

Alana rubbed her aching, stiff legs before slowly climbing out of bed.

She slipped on her pink slippers and walked step by step toward the door.

As she opened the door, she suddenly caught the scent of cooking.

It was coming from the kitchen. She paused for a moment, unable to resist walking over.

Suddenly, a tall figure emerged from the kitchen, carrying a plate of steaming vegetables.

He was wearing her pink apron.

Seeing her standing there, Stephan raised an eyebrow slightly. "You're awake?"

"I just made us some food. Come have some."

Alana stared at him in disbelief. "You... can cook?"

Seeing the look of disbelief on the girl's face, Stephan gave a faint snort.
"Underestimating me?"

It wasn't that he couldn't cook; he just couldn't be bothered.

Besides, he was busy with company affairs and social engagements every day, he simply didn't have the time to cook.

Rather than wasting time and energy on cooking, it would be more cost-effective to hire a cook. However, it was late at night, he had woken up hungry and thinking she might be too, he had to go do something as there was no cook here, and he wasn't in the habit of ordering takeout, so he had no choice but to roll up his sleeves and whip up a few simple dishes himself.

He saw eggs, tomatoes, beef, chili peppers, and a bunch of greens in the fridge.

So he made scrambled eggs with tomatoes, stir-fried beef with chili peppers, and stir-fried mixed vegetables.

Just three simple dishes.

He looked at her and said, "It's been so long since I've cooked. If it doesn't taste good, just don't complain."

Alana bit her lip, thinking to herself that she was so hungry she could eat a whole cow.

Whether it tasted good or not didn't matter, as long as it filled her stomach.

She asked, "Is the rice ready? I'll go serve it."

"No need."

Stephan set the dishes on the coffee table, then walked over to her and, just like that, picked her up.

Caught off guard, Alana let out a startled gasp and instinctively wrapped her arms around his slender neck.

She lifted her flustered gaze and met the man's eyes.

Deep, dark, and tinged with a hint of amusement.

Alana's cheeks flushed, and she quickly looked away. Stephan gazed at the girl's flushed face and couldn't resist teasing her. Holding her close, he suddenly gave her a firm jolt.

Alana's body jolted violently. Her face flushed, and she couldn't help but scold him, "You..."

"Put me down. I can walk on my own..."

Stephan curved his lips. "I'll hold you for a little while longer. I'll put you down later."

Her body was so delicate and soft, it felt wonderful to hold her.

As he spoke, he lowered his head and kissed her rosy cheek.

Alana blushed even more deeply and found it even harder to look at him.

In high spirits, Stephan lifted his long legs and carried her all the way to the sofa, where they sat down.

After setting her down, he reached out and ruffled her soft hair. “Sit tight. I’ll go get you some food.”

Alana’s body felt limp and weak; she truly had no strength left, so she simply let the man do as he pleased.

Stephan turned and went into the kitchen, returning shortly with two bowls of rice.

He pushed one bowl of rice toward Alana and placed a pair of chopsticks beside it.

“Eat up.”

Alana spoke up, “Thank you.”

But Stephan didn’t particularly like it when she kept saying “thank you” to him.

Polite words are usually reserved for strangers. They were both far from just acquaintances now.

He said casually, “Rather than ‘thank you,’ I’d prefer a kiss from you.”

Alana had just picked up her spoon when she heard this, and her fingers trembled slightly.

She lowered her gaze, biting her lip, unsure of what to say.

Stephan watched the girl’s silent expression and didn’t press her. Instead, he picked up his fork and spoon and served her some meat and greens.

“You’re so thin. Eat a little more.”

Alana’s lips moved slightly, her voice soft. “I can serve myself.”

She wasn’t used to him being so considerate. Or perhaps she wasn’t used to someone suddenly barging into her life with such force, offering her warmth.

Her parents divorced when she was five, cruelly abandoning her and leaving her in her grandmother’s care.

Apart from the time she spent with her grandmother, she had always been a loner.

She was used to taking care of herself and didn’t need to rely on anyone.

Stephan fixed his gaze intently on her and said casually, “If I serve you food, just eat it. It’s not like everyone gets to enjoy my one-on-one service.”

Alana eyed him.

She fell silent, picked up her spoon, and began eating the food in her bowl in silence.

To be honest, the food this man cooked was actually quite flavorful.

Stephan couldn't help but watch her reaction as she ate. "Is it good?"

Alana nodded, offering a straightforward assessment, "Hmm, it's okay."

"Then have some more."

The man's lips curved slightly upward as he served her another portion.

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

Chapter 91 Serve me

Chapter 91 Serve me

Watching as the man piled her bowl high with food, Alana couldn't help but say,

"Don't just keep serving me, you should eat too."

Stephan raised an eyebrow. "Alright, you serve me."

Alana gasped.

She'd spoken out of turn. This man was so...

She didn't even know the word to describe him at this point.

They ate the meal in complete silence.

They finished every last bite.

Stephan gave her a casual glance. "You really saved my face. It's the first time I've cooked for a woman, and you cleaned your plate."

Alana was taken aback.

His first time cooking for a woman?

Did that mean she was the first woman to eat a meal he'd cooked? No, that wasn't it.

Why was he emphasizing this in front of her?

Could it be that he wanted to prove she was special?

Alana shook her head and offered, "I'll go wash the dishes." She reached out to gather the bowls and chopsticks.

The man suddenly raised his hand, stopping her.

Alana looked up at him, a hint of puzzlement flickering in her clear, bright eyes. Stephan's deep, dark eyes fixed on her, his gaze intense and focused.

"I cooked you a meal. Don't you think you owe me a little something in return?"

Alana sighed.

What now?

Who asks for a reward like this, and so brazenly at that?

She'd already eaten the meal, if she didn't give him something, wouldn't that make her seem ungrateful?

She took a deep breath. "What kind of reward do you want?"

Stephan curved his lips. This time, he didn't bother asking; he simply leaned down and captured her lips.

Alana's eyelashes trembled involuntarily.

The moment their lips touched, that soft sensation felt like an electric shock, a tingling sensation that spread throughout her body.

She could also clearly feel the man's cool, crisp breath, like a feather, brushing against her cheek again and again.

It felt as though it could burrow into her heart and stir it up at will.

Fortunately, the man didn't choose to deepen the kiss; he merely gently pressed his lips against hers, gave a tender suck, and then released her.

Stephan pressed his forehead against hers, his eyes as deep as the abyss. “Next time I ask you for a favor, be a little more proactive, like this.”

Alana closed her eyes.

She thought to herself, That’s too much.

Stephan gazed at the girl before him with her eyes closed. Even though she hadn’t spoken, he could sense she was cursing him in her heart.

He chuckled softly, reaching up to ruffle her hair. “I’ll wash the dishes. You just sit there. If you’re tired, take a rest.”

After all, he’d been putting her through her paces for quite a while.

He’d been holding it in for a long time and had finally let it all out at once.

Hearing this, Alana stopped being coy. She simply looked at the man as he gathered the bowls and other cutlery set in front of her and took them to the kitchen to wash.

She heard the sound of the faucet turning on and the rush of water coming from the kitchen. Her mind was in a jumble as she pondered her current relationship with Stephan.

She knew that their current situation was very wrong.

She clearly wanted to cut her losses, but he kept clinging to her.

And she didn’t want things to go any further with him. Or perhaps she was afraid of taking things further with him.

She had witnessed her parents’ failed marriage firsthand. She had witnessed their endless arguments.

As a child, she was powerless to intervene; she would hide in a corner, trembling with fear, feeling helpless and tormented.

She remembered one time, late at night, when they were arguing on the street. Then, in a fit of anger, they walked away, leaving her, only four years old, alone on the road, with no one to care for her.

She stood alone in the pitch-black night,

too afraid to walk or even move, feeling utterly lonely and helpless. In the end, it was the police who took her away and personally brought her home.

She remembered that her parents had once been deeply in love. Why, in the end, did they come to loathe each other?

She didn't understand, and she didn't want to understand. Even with Cole, it was the same thing.

So she had wanted shut off her emotions now, believing that as long as she avoided romance, she wouldn't have to go through what her parents had gone through or go through any more pain again..

This was also the reason she had been enjoying his advances. It wasn't that she didn't feel anything for him, it was that she just was too scared of accepting him and watching it blow up in her face.

Just as she was thinking this, the man emerged from the kitchen. Alana's breath caught, and she felt uneasy again.

A full stomach leads to lust, was he about to make a move on her again?

The more she thought about it, the more her mind raced.

Especially since the explicit scenes from just moments ago, when he'd fucked her raw and hard were still vivid in her mind, making her blush and her heart race.

She couldn't help but stand up and say, "Um, I'm still a little tired. I'm going back to my room to rest."

But her legs were still too weak; after sitting for so long, she swayed slightly as she stood up. The man moved quickly to catch her, wrapping his arms around her slender waist.

Stephan lowered his gaze. "Your legs are so weak you can't even walk. How are you going to get back to your room?"

Alana's eyes glistened with tears as she couldn't help but whisper a complaint, "It's all your fault... you have no self-control..."

He'd taken her so many times in a row, she wasn't Superwoman, after all. How could she possibly withstand his repeated, relentless...

Stephan held her tighter. He knew his desires were intense, especially when it came to her. So he accepted her complaints and accusations without reservation.

His long fingers gently brushed her soft hair as his gaze fixed on her delicate cheeks, his voice low and hoarse.

"Does it hurt?"

As for where he meant it hurt, even a fool could tell exactly where that was.

Alana bit her lip, her face flushing as she thought to herself, Doesn't he have the slightest clue whether it hurts or not? After taking her so many times?!

Of course it would hurt!

Stephan raised an eyebrow, as if he'd read her mind. "Do you still have the ointment I prescribed last time?"

Her eyelashes fluttered slightly, and she replied, somewhat embarrassed, "There's...there's still a little left."

In truth, she hadn't used it very many times at all.

That area was so sensitive and embarrassing that even the slightest touch made her blush.

Stephan stared at her, his thin lips moving slightly. "Bring it out. I'll apply it for you."

Her breath caught, and she said urgently, "No, it's okay. I'll handle it myself."

Stephan curved his lips and cupped half her face. "What are you shy about? I've seen everything about you, eaten and sucked on your pussy a lot of..."

"I get it! I get it!" She screamed.

He laughed. "Now be a good girl. Let me apply the ointment."

"Really, really, you don't have to...I'll go back to my room and do it myself."

Alana tried to push away the man holding her, but she couldn't budge him.

The difference in strength between a man and a woman was just too great.

She couldn't move him at all.

Stephan simply picked her up. "I'll carry you back to your room and we'll talk then."

Alana couldn't resist, so she let him have his way.

Her small hands nervously clutched his black shirt, pulling it until it became slightly wrinkled. Suddenly, she realized that the shirt he was wearing wasn't the red one from yesterday, it was a black one.

He hadn't left the house yesterday, just like her, so where had this black shirt come from?

Her mind was filled with questions, but she didn't ask.

Stephan carried the girl back to the bedroom and set her down on the bed.

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

Chapter 92 Like a fool

Chapter 92 Like a fool

He stood up. "Where's the ointment?"

Alana glanced toward the drawer. "In the drawer."

Stephan got up, walked to the drawer, pulled it open, and rummaged through it until he found the anti-inflammatory ointment.

He turned and walked over to Alana.

His towering figure loomed over her.

He looked down at her from above, creating an overwhelming sense of pressure. "Are you going to take your pants off yourself, or should I help you?"

A blush spread from Alana's cheeks to the nape of her neck. The man clearly hadn't heeded what she'd just said.

So she couldn't help but step back.

But where could she possibly go?

In the end, wouldn't he just grab her legs, pull her back, and do as he pleased?

So, by the time the man had finished applying the ointment, Alana could no longer bear it and buried her burning face in the blankets, pretending to be dead.

Seeing that the girl had already slipped into a state of feigned unconsciousness,

Stephan curved his lips, lay down on the bed, and pulled the girl, along with the quilt, into his embrace.

Alana's body stiffened slightly.

Stephan patted her back gently with his large hand to reassure her. "Don't worry, I won't touch you."

Hearing this, Alana's tense body finally relaxed a little.

Stephan wrapped his arms around her, his legs instinctively wrapping around her slender calves, pressing her petite frame tightly against his own.

Gazing at the still, docile, and quiet girl in his arms, he felt an indescribable flutter in his heart.

His large hand gently stroked the back of her head as he spoke in a hoarse, low voice, "Lana, will you be my girlfriend?"

First a girlfriend, then a wife.

Of course, if she wanted to, he'd be happy to go get a marriage certificate with her right away. Besides, his mother was already pressuring him to get married.

Most importantly, he was hooked on her, not just physically, but... hooked on her as a person. He'd never cared so deeply about a girl before.

She was the first.

So, he didn't want to give her up.

So what if she has a boyfriend?

Her boyfriend was away on a business trip anyway. He'd just have to snatch her away before he gets back.

Alana lay quietly in his arms, saying nothing.

Stephan didn't press her to speak, giving her time to think.

The room was deathly quiet, so quiet that the sound of their pounding hearts could be heard clearly.

Alana closed her eyes, her breathing shallow. Though her mind was in turmoil, her thoughts were clearer now than ever before.

She didn't want to be his girlfriend.

She didn't want to have anything to do with him. The pain from her family of origin and her ex made her want to avoid any kind of intimate relationship.

If she simply rejected him outright, she wouldn't have to think about what might happen between them next.

But if she agreed to be his girlfriend, then she would have to wonder: how much of his feelings for her were genuine, and how much were just pretense?

If his feelings for her were genuine, then she should reciprocate with an equal amount of love.

But once she becomes deeply entangled in this relationship, how long could it possibly last? Thinking back to her parents' endless arguments, which ultimately led to the family falling apart, and how she was cruelly abandoned.

She didn't want to go through what happened between her parents all over again.

Nor did she want to become a love-crazed person again.

Reject him, and it'll all be over.

If she didn't reject him, her future romantic prospects would be bleak.

Whether it would bring happiness or pain was anyone's guess.

So, she might as well settle for the status quo.

Alana took a deep breath and spoke slowly, "Stephan, I'm sorry. Let's just...consider this our last time of crossing the line."

Stephan's breathing suddenly grew tight; his dark eyes sharpened, like blades, cutting straight into her delicate cheeks.

His deep voice carried a chill.

"What do you mean?"

Alana raised her eyes and looked at him earnestly. "It means we can put an end to this ridiculous game."

He couldn't help but grind his back teeth fiercely, a flicker of rage igniting in his eyes. Good grief!

What a heartless woman!

Last night, she was fiery with passion beneath him, even calling him “husband,” and now she wants to cut ties with him and end it all completely!

Did she really think this is just a game, something she can start whenever she wanted and end whenever she pleases?

“Alana, don’t forget, you’re the one who led me on first!”

If it should be over, he should be the one to decide!

Alana lowered her eyes and murmured softly, “I’m sorry. I regret...”

Stephan laughed in exasperation. “Regret, my foot!”

Was she really that regretful about sleeping with him?

Then what exactly were all those days of entanglement between them?

Was he just being a fool?!

Fine!

He admitted it, there was definitely a touch of self-abasement in him!

Stephan reached out, his long, slender fingers gripping the girl’s delicate jaw. His dark, brooding eyes fixed on her, cold to the extreme.

“Lana, do you think I can’t live without you? Is that why you keep treating me like this?!”

Alana’s eyelashes trembled uncontrollably as she bit her lip. “No, no...”

She had never thought that.

Stephan looked at the small girl before him, clenching his teeth tightly to suppress his rage.

He decisively let go of her. “Fine! Since you want to end this game, then let’s end it. But let me tell you this: I’m the one ending it. You... don’t have the right!”

With that, the man got out of bed without hesitation and left her room decisively.

With a loud thud, the door slammed shut.

Alana’s body trembled slightly, and she slowly closed her eyes.

It was clear he was furious.

This time, she should be able to get rid of him for good.

But somehow, she didn't feel as happy as she'd imagined.

It's okay, Lana. It will all pass.

That night, Alana slept with great anguish.

Stephan stormed out of Alana's apartment.

As he left, he inexplicably grabbed those black slippers as well.

Then, as if to vent his anger, he tossed them into the trash can.

He hadn't even worn them yet, and now another man had.

And naturally, he wouldn't wear a pair that had been worn by another man.

So, since that woman, Alana, already had a boyfriend, he shouldn't have coveted her!

Why force something that doesn't belong to him?

Stephan drove like a maniac all night long, but he still couldn't shake off the pent-up frustration in his heart.

He turned the car around and drove straight to Meise.

He booked a private room at Meise and ordered several cases of liquor.

As it happened, Gary was also at Meise and had come upon hearing the commotion. Seeing Stephan guzzling alcohol like it was water,

He leaned in curiously, "What's going on? Didn't manage to win over that girl who's already taken? Heartbroken?"

Stephan shot Gary a fierce glare.

It was all because of the crazy idea he'd come up with!

What was that nonsense about taking photos of his abs to seduce women, as if that would make them fall head over heels for him?

He took the abs photos, he made his move, and he went all out to woo her for so long, and he still couldn't win over that ungrateful woman?!

Gary rubbed his nose nervously. "Why are you glaring at me? Your heartbreak has nothing to do with me. Who told you to set your sights on a woman who's already taken?"

Stephan sneered, "Did I say it was me?!"

Gary scoffed. "It wasn't you. Then why are you drinking so much for no reason?"

Stephan's face was tense, his eyes dark and menacing.

"I felt like it. Is that a problem?"

Gary grimaced.

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

Chapter 93 A hopeless fool

Chapter 93 A hopeless fool

Fine, if the sky falls, you can prop it up with your mouth.

"Fine, I'll drink with you!"

"No way. If you drink, who's going to take me home?"

Gary gasped.

So he came over just to be a sucker who has to eat, drink, and get forced to be the designated driver, huh?!

Watching Stephan down several bottles of liquor, Gary couldn't help but speak up.

"Hey, is that woman really that great? To have you so smitten."

A hint of intoxication flickered in Stephan's eyes; he narrowed his dark eyes and offered no answer.

Was she that great?

He didn't know but he always had this indescribable feeling.

Like he was under a spell.

His mind was filled with her.

Stephan strongly suspected that Alana, that wicked woman, had drugged him.

A drug that made him think of her day and night.

Stephan's gaze gradually grew unfocused.

"Tell me, a woman who was so passionate with you in bed, she even called you 'husband'. But why, the moment she gets out of bed, does she put on a skirt and act like she doesn't even know you?"

Gary's eyes dilated.

Wow, so he's already slept with that woman!

Looks like there was more to this story than meets the eye.

He cleared his throat. "Women, you know, actually really like to say one thing and mean another. Either you didn't give her a good experience, or... you didn't give her enough."

Stephan frowned, looking quite puzzled. "We've been at it for a whole day and night and that's still not enough?"

Gary choked on water. "Whoa! Dude, you didn't just kill her, did you?!"

Was Stephan that obsessed with her?

"Bro, maybe you should tone it down a bit. She might not be able to handle it."

Stephan sighed.

He didn't want to say anything more. It was over between him and her anyway. From now on, they would never see each other again.

If he goes looking for her again, then he was a hopeless fool!

Alana didn't sleep very soundly that night.

When she woke up, she had heavy dark circles under her eyes.

When she arrived at the office, Carla was taken completely by surprise. “Lana, did you pull an all-nighter in the dark last night? Why do you look like a zombie?”

Alana forced a smile but didn’t explain. “I do? I just couldn’t sleep.”

Carla studied Alana’s beautiful face closely, stroking her chin as she asked,

“Do you think you might be pregnant? Looking at your complexion, it seems like it’s more than just a simple case of insomnia.”

Alana gasped.

Carla thought about it and realized something was off. “Wait a minute, you don’t even have a man. How could you possibly get pregnant? Still, why don’t you go to the hospital and get checked out?!”

Alana swallowed. “Thanks for the suggestion. I’ll find time to get checked out.”

She wasn’t pregnant though!

She had been as careful as possible even though that man had been reckless.

After brushing it off with a few words, Alana turned on her computer and switched into work mode.

After working for a while, she suddenly received a message from Luke on her phone.

It said he was about to board his flight.

He asked her to take care of their two pets at home.

He also mentioned that he’d already made a checklist of how to care for them, which he’d left on the coffee table so she’d see it when she got there.

After reading the message, Alana replied with an “Okay.”

Luca replied just as quickly.

Luca; If you have any questions, just give me a call or send me a message.

Alana: Okay.

Her tone was strictly business. Luca sighed in exasperation.

Why does it feel like Alana was treating him like a Boss?

Sure, he was paying her, but he'd much rather be her friend and get closer to her.

But there was no rush, he'd wait until he got back from his business trip.

Luca: I'm about to board the plane. Let's talk after I land.

Alana: Okay.

Seriously?

Okay again?!

Luca sighed and turned off his phone.

All day long, Alana had devoted herself entirely to her work.

When a colleague asked her to do something, she got right to it without a word. In the past, she might have had some reservations. But now, she just wanted to keep herself busy.

As long as she kept herself busy, she wouldn't have time to overthink things.

When it was time to leave work, Alana grabbed a quick bite to eat outside and then hurried over to Luca's house.

She had a key to his house and unlocked the door.

The golden retriever and the chubby orange cat rushed toward her, circling around her.

They clearly still recognized her.

Seeing the two adorable pets, Alana felt that her heart, weary from a long day's work, was perfectly soothed.

"Jerry and Ollie!"

"Long time no see!"

Alana couldn't resist hugging the golden retriever and giving it a kiss on the cheek.

Not wanting to neglect the other, she picked up the chubby orange cat and gave it a kiss too. After petting the cat and dog for a while, she checked their food and water.

There was still a little left.

She refilled them. She filled both the dog bowl and the cat bowl to the brim.

She also changed the water in both bowls and filled them up.

The living room was where the cat and dog usually hang out, so there was a lot of cat and dog hair.

She gave it a quick clean-up. After working for quite a while, she realized she hadn't taken them for a walk yet.

The two pets were staring at her with pleading eyes. Alana sighed, thinking to herself, "It's no easy task taking care of two pets."

She reached out and petted the heads of both the cat and the dog.

"I'll get your leashes and take you for a walk outside."

Hearing this, the two pets immediately began jumping up and down with excitement.

After putting the leashes on them, Alana said to them with a worried look, "Remember, don't run off anywhere. If you get lost, you'll end up as unwanted strays. You don't want to lose your steady food supply, do you?!"

The two pets sat in front of Alana, seemingly understanding, but they kept jumping up and down.

Alana blinked.

They seemed well behaved.

But the reality was that the moment she let them out, they were like wild horses breaking free, running wild.

If it weren't for the leashes holding them back, Alana probably wouldn't be able to keep up with the cat and the dog.

Luca even claimed his two pets were well-behaved and obedient, what a load of nonsense!

After walking them around the park near the Estate, Alana was completely exhausted, so she quickly grabbed the leashes and led the two pets back home.

But just like that, an accident happened.

The big Golden Retriever suddenly broke free from the leash and bolted.

Alana was both shocked and terrified, afraid the big golden retriever would run away. She quickly scooped up the big orange cat and ran after the Golden Retriever.

A woman, a cat, and a dog were running back and forth through the Estate gates.

Stephan had just gotten home from work when he heard a familiar voice from a distance.

“Ollie. Stop right there! Stop running!”

“Please...”

Stephan turned his head and saw Alana, clutching a plump orange cat, chasing after a large golden retriever.

She was wearing a blue dress with a fitted waist that hugged her slender waist.

Her skirt fluttered as she ran, dancing gracefully like a butterfly.

Her beautiful long hair danced through the air, tracing lovely arcs.

Against the faint night sky, the scene was breathtakingly beautiful.

The girl clearly couldn’t outrun this big golden retriever; she was running with great effort, her face flushed and her expression pained.

Especially since she was holding a chubby orange cat in her arms.

Stephan frowned.

So these were the two pets she said she’d be taking care of part-time for Luca?!

That silly woman really knows how to get herself into trouble.

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

Chapter 94 With unease

Chapter 94 With unease

He certainly wasn't one for such hassles.

Never mind.

He couldn't control her, nor did he want to.

After all, he'd already decided to end things with her. Since he ran into her now, he'd just pretend not to notice.

Stephan turned around, ready to unlock the door with his fingerprint and enter the house.

Suddenly, a cry of pain rang out behind him. He instinctively turned around and saw the girl who had been running just moments

ago suddenly stumble and fall to the ground.

His pupils contracted sharply, and a sudden wave of anxiety washed over him.

For a split second, he wanted to rush over and pick her up from the ground.

But the last shred of his rationality held him back.

Alana fell to the ground, scraping the skin on her palms and knees until they bled.

She winced, accidentally brushing against the wounds, and her eyes welled up with tears.

"Ouch!"

It hurt so much.

She never expected to suffer a workplace injury on her very first day on the job.

Maybe she should ask Luca to reimburse me later?

But when she thought about how Luca and Eve were close friends, she felt too embarrassed to bring it up.

It looks like she'll just have to suffer through this little injury on her own.

The big golden retriever knew he'd caused trouble.

It ran a long way, but when it saw Alana hadn't followed, it turned around and looked back.

Seeing her lying on the ground, it immediately scampered back.

It barked at Alana a few times, “Woof, woof, woof...”

It stopped frolicking, sticking out its tongue with a pleading expression, looking as if it felt a bit guilty toward Alana.

Seeing the Golden Retriever’s expression, Alana couldn’t bring herself to scold it.

She could only offer a token reprimand.

“Ollie, it’s all your fault. You’ve made my knees and palms bleed. Next time, you’re not allowed to break free from the leash and run so fast. Otherwise, I’ll never play with you again.”

“Woof, woof, woof!”

The Golden Retriever barked a few times, as if agreeing with her.

Alana took the opportunity to put the leash back on the Golden Retriever.

Just as she was about to stand up, she suddenly sensed something and instinctively looked up. Almost immediately, she spotted a familiar building in the distance and a familiar black figure.

The man stood beneath a streetlight, his shadow stretched long on the ground.

His three-dimensional silhouette was shrouded in the faint night, appearing hazy and mysterious.

He seemed to have been standing there for quite some time, completely motionless.

Even though the night was deep, she still... sensed his gaze directed at her, intense and impossible to ignore.

Alana bit her lip, feeling a bit flustered.

Had he seen her just now, chasing after the dog and then falling down?

It was a bit embarrassing.

So be it.

After all, it was over between them.

Stephan frowned when he saw Alana had noticed him.

At the same time, he kept telling himself:

Lameass, just walk away. Don't pay her any mind.

He'd told himself: if he pays her any more attention, he's a hopeless.

He didn't want to be a fool and certainly not an hopeless one at that.

But his legs seemed rooted to the ground, and he remained motionless.

Meanwhile, Alana said to herself, "He's standing there like a statue, is he making fun of me?"

She bit her lip, trying to get up from the ground.

But the scrape on her knee was pretty bad; before she could even stand up, the pain made her sit back down.

The big golden retriever saw the scrapes on her knees and stuck out his tongue to lick them.

"Ah, don't touch it, it hurts so much..."

Tears welled up in Alana's eyes from the pain.

The big golden retriever looked helpless.

It stood there, barking anxiously several times.

Then, it spotted Stephan standing motionless.

Suddenly, it dashed toward him.

When it reached him, it opened its mouth wide.

"Woof, woof, woof..."

As if begging him for help.

Stephan frowned, narrowing his dark eyes as he glared disapprovingly at the large golden retriever before him.

It must be this dog, running around recklessly without a care in the world.

Now it's gotten into trouble, injured the woman who was taking care of it, and thinks it's a good idea to come running over for help?!

He really wanted to kick it across the room. The golden retriever sensed the man's hostility. Though it felt intimidated inside, thinking of the injured Alana, it mustered its courage, ran up, and grabbed Stephan's pant leg, trying to pull him toward Alana.

Seeing this, Alana gritted her teeth. "Ollie, don't be rude to strangers!"

Stephan, who was being dragged along by the golden retriever and pretending to be very reluctant paused.

What did she just say?

Did she call him a stranger?

Hah!

Fine!

He would act like a stranger!

He couldn't help but kick the big golden retriever. "Get lost!"

He didn't kick very hard.

So the golden retriever kept holding onto his pant leg, pulling him forcefully toward Alana.

Stephan shot Alana a cold, displeased glance. "What's wrong with your dog? Why are you resorting to personal attacks?"

Alana felt too embarrassed to look the man in the eye. "I'm...I'm sorry...It's not my dog; it belongs to my employer, Luca. That's why it doesn't really listen to me."

Stephan curled his thin lips into a cold smile. "So what?! Just because it's not your dog, you don't have to take responsibility?"

She bit her lip and glanced at the giant golden retriever that was clinging tightly to the man's pant leg.

"Ollie, let go of him."

Stephan's tone was icy, like that of an emotionless machine.

"Letting go won't help, it's already torn a hole in my slacks with its teeth."

Alana sighed.

Stephan lowered his gaze to look at her. “These trousers are custom-made and worth over a hundred thousand. Think about how you’re going to compensate me.”

Alana stared at him in stunned disbelief.

A pair of trousers worth over a hundred thousand?!

Even if she sold herself, she couldn’t afford to pay for them...

Stephan looked at the girl sitting on the ground; the scrape on her knee instantly came into sharp focus in his eyes.

He hadn’t noticed from a distance just now, her knee was that badly injured.

A patch of skin had been scraped away, and blood was still seeping out.

Besides her knees, the palms of her hands seemed to have suffered some scrapes as well. Just seeing her injuries, Stephan felt an uncontrollable ache in his chest.

He clenched and unclenched his fist, but he couldn’t control himself. He bent down and picked up the girl from the ground.

Alana was suddenly lifted into the man’s arms, and her beautiful eyes instantly filled with confusion. “Wa...what are you doing?”

Stephan lowered his gaze to the girl in his arms; his eyes were deep, bottomless.

His deep voice was like November ice, unbearably cold.

“Come home with me. Pay for my dress pants, and then I’ll let you go! If you dare to run... I’ll call the police!”

The man’s threat worked.

Alana bit her lip, too afraid to say a word, and could only let the man carry her as they walked step by step toward his home.

The big orange cat was nestled in her arms.

The big golden retriever let go of the man’s pant leg, wagging its head and sticking out its tongue as it followed behind.

Stephan carried Alana over and sat her down on his gray sofa.

She tried to shift her position, but was immediately pinned down by the man's long fingers on her shoulders.

"Sit still. Don't move."

Alana froze immediately.

However, sitting on his sofa, a place where he had once pinned her down, she couldn't help but feel a bit uneasy.

Seeing that the girl was sitting quietly and still, Stephan turned and walked toward the dining room.

Alana watched the man's aloof back recede, her heart filled with unease.

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

Chapter 95 Here she was again

Chapter 95 Here she was again

He wasn't going to, actually make her pay him over a hundred thousand for those pants, was he?

The very thought was terrifying.

"Ollie, look at the mess you've gotten me into. Now I'm stuck at this man's house. If I can't afford to pay for his pants, he might have..."

What would he do to her?

Alana bit her lip, not daring to think about it further.

The big golden retriever seemed to realize he'd caused trouble too; he barked twice and walked over to lick the back of Alana's hand in an attempt to win her favor.

She sighed, realizing this was no longer something she could handle on her own.

It would be best to let Luca know.

Alana pulled out her phone, found Luca contact information, and typed a text message, telling him exactly what had just happened.

Just as she hit send, the man walked over again.

Alana quickly put her phone down and stared intently at the man walking toward her with clear eyes, her gaze betraying a hint of deer-like unease.

Stephan, his face expressionless, placed the disinfectants he was holding, iodine solution, gauze, and cotton swabs, one by one on the coffee table in front of her.

Alana froze for a moment at the sight of the supplies.

Had he just...been preparing to bring out these supplies to treat her wound?

Suddenly, a faint ripple stirred in her heart.

Stephan walked over to her, knelt down on one knee, and said, "Stretch out your leg." He held a cotton swab and a bottle of povidone-iodine in his hand.

Alana felt a bit awkward. "I...I'll do it myself..."

"I don't want to say it again. Stretch out your leg."

Alana bit her lip but slowly extended her injured knee slightly toward him.

Stephan raised his eyes, glanced at Alana, and said indifferently, "Don't think I'm applying this medicine because I care about you. I'm just afraid that you, with your ungrateful nature, might try to extort money from me without distinguishing right from wrong."

Alana's eyelashes fluttered slightly. She lowered her head, too embarrassed to speak. "I...I know. Don't worry. My knee injury has nothing to do with you. I won't try to extort you."

She'd tripped and fallen by accident, how could she possibly blame him?

Stephan's expression was stern, and his tone was chillingly cold. "Who knows? After all, a certain woman has repeatedly taken advantage of men's bodies without paying a dime, very irresponsible."

Alana gasped. As if the previous times were her trying to seduce him.

She had no idea who was the one acting so indecently day after day, trying every trick in the book to seduce a respectable young woman like her.

Although she had a few internal complaints, she kept her wits about her and didn't voice them aloud.

After all, she couldn't win an argument against him.

Stephan dipped a cotton swab in some iodine solution and applied it to the scrape on the girl's knee.

"Ow!"

The moment the swab touched the wound, Alana instinctively pulled her leg back.

Frowning, she looked up at his chiseled yet aloof face, her voice soft, part pleading, part petulant.

"Gently... gently... it hurts..."

Stephan's eyes darkened.

So what if it hurts? Why was she moaning so seductively?

Was she trying to seduce him?

She knew full well he couldn't resist her seduction.

Despite that, his touch grew a little gentler. After applying iodine to her knee, he looked up at her. "Your hand."

Alana blinked her slightly moist eyes and said, "My hand's fine, it's not as bad as my knee."

Stephan frowned. "Don't think just because it's not serious, you can ignore it. If the wound gets inflamed or infected and leaves a scar, you'll regret it."

"Oh, all right..."

Alana held out her hand anyway.

The scrape on her palm was, as expected, not as bad as the one on her knee. But Stephan remained serious as he carefully cleaned away the scraped skin.

The girl sniffled softly in pain.

She looked as if she wanted to cry but was holding back.

He couldn't help but look up, and before he knew it, his gaze met the girl's beautiful,

tear-filled eyes.

They were bright and glistening.

Like a wounded little white rabbit, looking utterly pitiful.

Alana saw the man's deep, piercing gaze and bit her lip, shyly turning her face away.

She didn't want him to see her looking so disheveled.

Just looking at the girl with her slightly reddened eyes, Stephan already felt a pang of sympathy for her.

He furrowed his brow slightly, almost wanting to scold himself for being so weak at this moment.

Of all the women in the world, why did his heart ache for her?

Stephan suppressed his emotions. "Bear with it. We haven't even started applying the medicine yet."

Alana's eyes were red, and she pouted slightly before nodding, looking very obedient.

Stephan's breath caught in his throat, overcome by an impulse to pin her down, kiss her forcefully, and make her gasp for air in his embrace.

He shook off those unwelcome thoughts and picked up the powder again.

He continued to dip a cotton swab into the powder and apply it to the wound.

The powder stung her skin, and she instinctively wanted to cry out, but she bit her lip and held back the sound.

Stephan seemed to notice this; he furrowed his brow, then suddenly leaned close to her wound and blew gently on it.

His cool breath touched her wound, mingling with the powder as it seeped in.

The sensation made Alana's heart flutter.

She bit her lip and couldn't help but lower her gaze, watching the man crouched before her as he carefully applied the medicine.

Her breathing grew lighter.

The man's thick eyebrows were slightly furrowed, his thin lips pressed together, his gaze focused.

They say a man looks his best when he's focused.

She hadn't seen it for herself, so she wouldn't comment.

But seeing him now, applying the medicine with such care, made her heart flutter for some inexplicable reason.

At that moment. She was watching him intently. He was carefully applying the ointment to her wound.

Noticing that she was distracted, he blew gently on her wound.

The scene was a rare moment of warmth.

Two pets, a cat and a dog, sat right beside them, staring blankly and intently.

It seemed as though they understood something; in perfect unison, they remained silent and didn't disturb them.

Stephan wrapped Alana's wound with gauze and secured it with a bandage.

When he was done, he looked up and caught Alana staring right back at him.

The girl's round, beautiful eyes were like a clear spring, crystal-clear to the very bottom.

Having just cried, the corners of her eyes were still tinged with a moist redness, adding a touch of heartbreaking vulnerability.

It made me want to kiss her. Alana caught him staring and blinked.

Then, without warning, she turned her head away. Stephan struggled to suppress the faint, wicked thought stirring within him.

He gave a faint snort and said, "Alright, as for this injury, you're not allowed to get it wet for a week."

"Oh, thank you."

Furrowing his brow, he suddenly stood up and placed both hands on either side of her. Caught off guard, Alana leaned back against the sofa.

Before her stood the man's powerful, scorching body, along with a pair of piercing eyes that radiated an overwhelming sense of aggression.

“Didn’t I tell you that instead of saying ‘thank you,’ I’d much rather you make it up to me with some concrete action?”

Alana’s cheeks flushed slightly as she awkwardly turned her face away. “This... isn’t appropriate...You said it was over between us...”

Stephan couldn’t help but grip her chin, turning her face toward him.

The color of his dark eyes was deep and intense, like a pitch-black night, bottomless. “It’s true we’re over, but then why did you show up in front of me? And you even tripped right in front of me, is this some ploy to get my attention?”

Just when he barely tried to moved on, here she was again, making his heart flutter for her so bad.

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

Chapter 96 Hold back

Chapter 96 Hold back

Stephan couldn’t control himself at all.

If she hadn’t come to him of her own accord, he might have been able to hold back. But now that she was here...

How could he possibly hold back?!

Alana felt utterly innocent, her moist eyes fixed on him, as innocent as a fawn.

“I...I didn’t...I just accidentally...”

The man glared at her, gritting his teeth. “I don’t believe you!”

Alana’s breath caught in her throat, her eyes filled with panic and helplessness. “If you...don’t believe me, then forget it.”

Stephan clenched his jaw, unable to suppress a bitter laugh.

This ungrateful woman, was it really that hard to say something he wanted to hear?

Clearly, he was so easy to placate.

He gripped her chin firmly. “Figure out a way to pay me over a hundred thousand for my pants. Otherwise, you, along with your cat and dog, won’t be leaving here.”

Alana gasped.

She took a deep breath. “Right now, I don’t have that amount.”

Stephan remained expressionless, his tone leaving no room for negotiation.

“Since you don’t have it, you’ll have to pay with yourself.”

Alana’s almond-shaped eyes widened in shock. “Me? How am I supposed to pay?”

“With...” Stephan’s gaze fell upon her soft, delicate form, and his thin lips parted. “With your body.”

Alana gulped.

Just as she thought!

He simply lusted after her body.

This utterly wicked man!

Just a moment ago, she thought he was being such a sweetheart by applying the ointment for her, and she couldn’t help but feel a tiny bit of affection for him.

Now, she just thought he was a bad guy, and that all his kindness toward her was calculated.

Alana lowered her eyes and muttered softly, “I can’t. If I agree to what you want one more time, my body will be ruined...”

“What?” Stephan couldn’t make her out clearly and furrowed his brow.

Alana’s cheeks flushed slightly. “I’ll compensate you financially, but my body, I can’t use that as payment.”

Stephan sighed.

It was clear she didn’t want anything more to do with him.

He remained expressionless. “You still owe me about 20,000. Can you even afford to pay for this pants?”

“I...” Alana was at a loss for words; she certainly couldn’t afford it.

She didn’t have the money to pay. What was she supposed to do?

The 20,000 she owed him was already a headache enough.

And now she owed over a hundred thousand dollars?

How could she possibly pay that back?

She couldn’t possibly pay it off with her body, could she?

Stephan could tell Alana was hesitating. His thin lips parted coldly. “One time equals 100,000.”

Her breath caught in her throat.

One session equals 100,000?

Even the top hostess at a nightclub wasn’t worth that much.

What should I do?

Deep down, she felt a tiny, shameful flutter of excitement.

Alana couldn’t believe herself.

Had she fallen so low?

How could she sell her body for money?

Stephan suddenly pressed himself against her, carefully avoiding her wound.

His dark, piercing eyes fixed intently on her.

Hiding a beast-like desire for her.

“I’ll give you three seconds to think it over. Once those three seconds are up, once we pass this shop, that price is off the table.”

Alana bit her lip.

With the man pressing against her like this, the scorching heat radiating from his body kept flowing into hers.

It was so intense it made her blood boil.

Her once clear-headed rationality was now inexplicably thrown into disarray, a chaotic mess. “One...”

“Two...”

Stephan could tell that Alana’s resolve was crumbling.

He stared at her red lips, gently bitten by her pearly white teeth, his gaze growing ever more intense. He waited for her to say “three,” ready to seize her sweet, honeyed mouth.

So that she would never be able to resist him again. He lowered his handsome face, his hot breath unashamedly washing over the girl’s delicate cheeks as he watched the blush spread from her cheeks to the roots of her ears. Her thin lips parted, ready to say “three.”

Suddenly, a cell phone rang.

Drowning out the word the man was about to utter.

Alana snapped back to her senses and frantically pushed him away.

“My...my phone’s ringing.”

Stephan’s was ruthlessly pushed away by the woman, a deep, intense irritation flashing across his thick eyebrows and eyes.

Who was so tactless as to interrupt at such a crucial moment?

He was so close to succeeding.

Alana paid no heed to the man’s expression. Feeling awkward, she fumbled for her phone and answered immediately.

“Hello, this is...”

A voice came from the other end immediately, “Lana, it’s me. It’s Luca.”

“Lu...Luca.”

Alana let out a sigh of relief. Only then did she remember that she had just sent Luca a message, and he must have seen it.

Luca's anxious voice came through, "Lana, I'm sorry. I just saw your message and was afraid something had happened to you, so I called right away. Are you okay? You mentioned earlier that you fell. Is it serious?"

Alana glanced down at her knee, which was wrapped in gauze. "It's not serious. Now... my wound has been bandaged up. I'm fine."

Luca finally let out a sigh of relief. "That's good, that's good. I'm sorry. My pets are such a handful. They're usually not like this with me. I'll give them a good scolding when I get home!"

Alana glanced at her two pets. "It's okay. They...already know they were wrong. They're being very well-behaved now, sitting quietly without making a sound."

"Regardless, I'm still sorry."

"It's fine, really. You don't need to feel bad at all."

Stephan listened as Alana bantered back and forth with the man on the phone, the displeasure in his eyes growing ever more intense. She sure was patient with other men. But with him, she acted as if she couldn't care less.

The difference in treatment was stark!

The more he thought about it, the more a sharp pang of bitterness gripped his chest.

So much so that it felt like it was about to rise up into his throat.

Luca was relieved to confirm that Alana was truly okay.

Suddenly, he remembered something. "Oh, right, Lana. You just mentioned that my dog, Ollie, tore a man's pants. Those pants cost over a hundred thousand dollars, do I need you to pay for them?"

Alana couldn't help but lift her gaze to look at the man standing before her.

He looked down at her from above, his expression stern.

His tall, slender frame seemed shrouded in a layer of icy chill.

She bit her lip and nodded slightly. "Mm-hmm."

Luca immediately said, "I'll pay for it. After all, it was my dog that tore his pants. Logically, I should take responsibility. You don't need to feel guilty about it."

“But are those pants really worth that much? Have him send me the receipt for the pants. If I confirm they’re worth that much, I’ll compensate him right away.”

Hearing Luca say he would compensate Stephan, Alana breathed a slight sigh of relief.

“Okay, I’ll ask him for you.”

She covered the phone with her hand, looked at Stephan, and whispered, “Luca said he’ll compensate you for the pants, but he wants to see the receipt to verify if they’re really worth that much.”

Stephan shot her a cold glance, picked up his phone, looked up the receipt for the pants online, and handed it directly to Alana.

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

Chapter 97 Hard to breathe

Chapter 97 Hard to breathe

Alana glanced at the price on the receipt and found it hard to breathe.

“Luca, he showed me the electronic receipt for the pants. It really does cost over a hundred thousand dollars...”

She never would have imagined that a mere pair of dress pants could be so expensive...

She couldn’t earn enough in a years to afford a single pair of his pants.

The gap between them was just too vast.

With such a vast gap between them, it was even less appropriate for them to get entangled.

Luca wasn’t short on money either; he was a rich second-generation heir, with his parents’ financial backing and his own company to fall back on.

So when he heard it would cost over that much, he agreed without hesitation.

“Alright, have him give me his bank account number, and I’ll transfer the money to him.”

Anyone living in Ford estate complex was either wealthy or well-connected; he

should have realized the other party wouldn’t try to extort him.

Alana looked up at Stephan again. “Your bank account number...”

Stephan’s tone was icy, his voice strained. “I don’t have it on me. I’ll give it to you later.”

Alana relayed this to Luca exactly as he’d said, her voice soft and delicate, with the

gentle, sweet tone of a woman from the royal family.

It was practically like she was being coy.

Stephan listened, feeling a tight, aching sensation in his chest, as if it were about to explode. “Alright, then I’ll just wait for him to send me the bank account number, and I’ll transfer the money to him.”

Alana nodded. “Okay.”

Luca added, “By the way, Lana, it’s so late, haven’t you gone home yet? Since you haven’t gone home, you don’t have to go home tonight either. Stay at my place. I have a few spare guest rooms; you can stay in whichever one you like.”

“After all, you’re injured, and I wouldn’t feel right letting you go home.”

Stephan felt like his ears were about to explode.

It was bad enough that they’d been chatting this long, but now that man actually wanted Alana to stay at his place?!

He must be out of his mind!

Alana, just try agreeing to that if you dare!

Alana felt the intensely piercing gaze from above, like an electric wire, wrapping itself tightly around her.

She bit her lip and asked uneasily, “Luca, is it really convenient for me to stay at your place?”

Luca replied, “It’s convenient, as long as you don’t mind.”

“I...of course I don’t mind.”

“Then it’s settled. Just stay at my place tonight; no need to go back.”

“But...”

“No ‘buts.’ Do you really think it’s safe for you to go home?”

“It’s dangerous for an injured girl to take a taxi home, isn’t it?”

Alana was momentarily at a loss for words.

Stephan could no longer contain his anger. He immediately reached out and snatched Alana’s phone from her.

“It’s none of your business,” he said coldly. “I’ll take her home myself!”

The sudden voice of a man startled Luca, and he instinctively asked, “Who are you?!”

Stephan stared intently at Alana, his thin lips parting slightly as he enunciated each word, clearly, “Her man!”

Alana’s almond-shaped eyes widened in shock. And in disbelief.

Luca was also thrown into shock as well.

Before he could ask any further questions, Stephan hung up the phone with a cold expression.

Alana’s face flushed with embarrassment, and she glared at him with wide eyes.

“You... what are you talking about? Who said you’re my man?”

She reached out, speaking urgently, “Give me the phone! I’ll explain to Luca!”

Stephan grabbed her outstretched wrist and narrowed his slanted eyes as he looked at her.

“Why do you need to explain to him? Do you care about him?”

“No.”

The furrow between Stephan’s brows eased slightly. “Since you don’t, then there’s no need to explain.”

Alana opened her mouth to speak, but in the end, she didn’t argue.

He was so domineering, whether she explained or not, he was going to interfere either way.

Weren't they supposed to be over?

Why does this man say one thing and do another?

She just didn't get it.

Alana took a deep breath. "Um, could you give me my phone back?"

"I'm heading back now. Send me your bank account number later, and I'll pass it on to Luca. He'll transfer the money for the pants to you."

With that debt settled, she felt a sense of relief wash over her from head to toe.

It felt so good not to be burdened by debt.

Stephan's tone grew a bit more serious. "Your knee's injured. How are you going to get back?"

Alana whispered, "It's just a knee injury, not a broken leg. I can make it back."

Stephan furrowed his brow; his tendency to be a bit of a jerk was rearing its head again. "Where are you going? To your place, or to Luca's house? What kind of example does it set for a woman with a boyfriend to be staying at a grown man's house? Aren't you afraid your boyfriend will find out?"

He blurted out a string of words, and that pang of heartache welled up in her chest again, impossible to suppress.

Alana looked utterly innocent, her big, bright eyes wide as she stared at him. "I...I didn't say I was going to stay at Luca's place. Why are you getting so worked up? I don't need you to remind me. I know it's not right for a girl to stay at a man's house, even if he's not home. I'm not like you, just barging into a girl's house and hogging her bed."

By the end of her sentence, her soft tone carried a tiny hint of reproach.

Stephan felt much better hearing that.

As for her little complaint.

He glanced at her nonchalantly. "I'm a rogue; naturally, I can't be compared to a proper young lady like you."

Alana hissed.

What was that supposed to mean?

Judging by his tone, was he actually proud of being a rogue?

She muttered to herself, but she didn't voice her thoughts.

She held out her hand toward the man. "My phone."

Stephan narrowed his dark eyes dangerously, his deep voice carrying a faint sense of menace. "Miss Martin, as I recall, I gave you this phone."

It seemed to imply that she had no right to ask for it back.

Alana paused for a moment, then withdrew her hand. "Then I'll give it back to you."

Stephan frowned, quickly grabbing her retreating hand and shoving the phone into it. "I was just kidding. Once I give something away, there's no reason for me to take it back."

Alana looked at the white phone now resting once again in her palm.

Hearing his words, her feelings were slightly complicated.

She didn't understand what kind of person he really was.

Sometimes he was clearly frivolous, scheming, and teasing.

Yet, in the little things, he always managed to touch her heart without even trying.

She braced herself and struggled to her feet. "Ollie, Jerry, let's go home."

The big golden retriever and the chubby orange cat seemed to have just watched a play; they wagged their heads and trotted over to Alana.

Both the cat and the dog had carefree personalities and weren't particularly wary of strangers, but when they saw Stephan, they didn't even treat him like a human.

As the golden retriever passed by Stephan, it accidentally bumped into his calf, then gave him a sideways glance with its tongue hanging out.

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

Chapter 98 Great temperaments

Chapter 98 Great temperaments

Stephan frowned.

Why did it feel like he'd been provoked by a dog?

Noticing the dark look on Stephan's face, Alana cleared her throat. "Ahem, don't worry. They have great temperaments and won't attack you."

Stephan's thin lips twitched slightly, a hint of sarcasm in his voice. "Just because they won't attack doesn't mean they won't provoke people."

Alana blinked innocently and asked, "What? Did they provoke you?"

Admitting he'd been provoked by a pet dog was more humiliating than eating shit.

Alana reached out and gently petted the two pets before picking up their leashes.

She looked up at the man again.

"Stephan, thank you for tonight. I'm leaving."

Stephan remained expressionless, his cold eyes fixed on her.

Was she saying goodbye just to make him try to keep her?

Alana lowered her eyes, avoiding his probing gaze, then struggled to take a few steps, limping along as she led the cat and dog.

Stephan watched as the girl struggled to move past him.

His handsome, impassive face showed faint signs of cracking.

With injuries like hers, crawling along as slowly as a turtle, how could she possibly make it home on her own?

Never mind getting home, even just taking those two pets back would be a struggle.

And what if the two pets started acting up and ran off recklessly? What would she do then? Even if she cherished this part-time job, she had to look out for her own health, there was no need to risk her life.

But he had already said it was over between them. Even if she were to risk her life, what business was it of his?

She doesn't even care about herself, why should he meddle in her affairs?

Stephan's mind was in turmoil, as if two little figures were fighting each other, neither willing to back down.

Alana, holding her two pets, reached out to open the front door, ready to leave.

But before she could take a step, she heard a sound behind her.

She instinctively turned around. The man strode toward her, taking two steps at a time. Without a word, he scooped her up into his arms.

His face darkened, and he gritted his teeth. "Alana, I've truly been bewitched by you!"

Caught off guard, Alana found herself in the man's arms, her arms instinctively wrapping around his neck.

Her head felt a little dizzy as she thought.

Did he say he'd been bewitched by her?

In what way had he been bewitched by her?

Before she could figure it out, the man suddenly spoke up, "So where does that guy live?"

Alana snapped back to her senses and realized that Stephan had already carried her out of his house.

She pointed in a certain direction.

Stephan's face remained expressionless; he didn't respond, but his steps instinctively headed in that direction.

His stride was steady, each step firm and sure.

Alana, held in his arms, was a very petite figure.

Enveloped by his warm breath, she felt a surge of security wash over her.

She clutched the leashes of the two pets in one hand and tugged at the fabric of his shirt across his chest with the other.

Her fingers pressed against the man's firm muscles through the thin fabric.

She listened quietly as the steady, powerful beat of his heart echoed from his chest.

For some reason, she felt a sense of peaceful contentment. It seemed that being held by him like this wouldn't be so bad.

Stephan carried her to Luca's place.

Alana put her two pets in their designated room.

"I'm going back now. I'll come see you again tomorrow."

The cat and the dog didn't want her to leave; they wagged their heads and circled around her, refusing to let her go.

Alana bent down, ruffled their heads, and said gently, "Good boys, stop fussing. Be good and watch the house. I'll really come see you again tomorrow. But since you two hurt my knee, I might not be able to take you for a walk."

The moment the two pets heard this, their heads drooped immediately.

The big orange cat even went so far as to extend a paw and scratch the golden retriever. It was all that playful idiot's fault, now he wouldn't get to go out and play tomorrow.

It even had a date with the little calico girl next door.

What a frustrating dog!

Alana looked at her two clever, adorable pets, and a smile spread across her face. She was in a great mood.

Seeing how kind Alana was to the two pets, Stephan felt an indescribable tightness in his chest.

She was so gentle with another man's pets, why wasn't she a little gentler with him then? Doesn't he treat her well enough?

Couldn't she spare a little kindness for him too?

The more he thought about it, the more frustrated he became.

Stephan spoke coldly, "Aren't you leaving yet? If you don't leave now, do you want to spend the night at another man's house then?"

Alana glanced at him, sensing his displeasure, and gave a brief reply.

"Oh, I'll be right out."

She waved goodbye to Ollie and Jerry, then closed the door.

Turning around, she saw the man standing behind her. His features were stern, and an icy aura surrounded him, giving off an aloof and cold demeanor

that seemed to say, “Keep your distance.”

She bit her lip, momentarily at a loss for words.

He had just helped her so much; she really should thank him again.

But simply saying “thank you” seemed like it wouldn’t be enough for him.

Or...maybe she should do just what he suggested, kiss him?

But seeing the man’s expression, so stern it seemed devoid of any warmth, she held back the urge to lean in and kiss him.

He seemed a bit unhappy right now. Better to be smart about this and not provoke him. Besides, those ridiculous games between them were over now.

Alana hesitated, then said softly, “That was really a lot of trouble for you just now. Thank you. I’ll just take a cab back from here. You don’t need to...”

Before she could finish, Alana let out a startled gasp.

The man suddenly stepped forward, bent down with a swift motion, and picked her up again.

Holding her close, he walked back at a leisurely pace.

Alana couldn’t help but feel anxious.

“You...where are you taking me?”

Stephan said coldly, “You don’t have to go home tonight. Come home with me. Sleep in my bed.”

Alana was shocked. “No, I can’t. I have to go home! You just said that as a girl, it’s not appropriate for me to stay at another man’s house...”

Besides, he said she should sleep in his bed...

What happens after she slept in his bed?

Wouldn’t he...

Stop, stop, Alana, stop thinking about it!

Stephan lowered his gaze to look at her, his thin lips parting slightly as he spoke, enunciating each word clearly.

“Lana, I want you to understand one thing: I’m not like other men. I’m the man who’s slept with you countless times!”

At his words, her fair cheeks flushed crimson in an instant, the blush spreading all the way to the nape of her neck.

She clutched the front of his shirt tightly with both hands, wanting to say something but unable to find the strength to argue.

Besides, the disparity in strength between a man and a woman was too great.

Alana knew that even if she struggled, she wouldn’t be able to overpower him, so she simply let him carry her back.

She was afraid, what if, just in case, she struggled too hard, fell, and suffered a second injury? It wouldn’t be worth the risk.

Stephan carried her straight to his bedroom and laid her on the bed.

Sitting on the man’s large gray bed, Alana couldn’t help but feel anxious. She struggled, trying to stand up.

But he pressed her back down with his hand.

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

Chapter 99 Rare display

Chapter 99 Rare display

His thick palm cupped her rounded shoulders. Narrowing his dark eyes, he looked down at her from above,

“Don’t worry. Since I said it’s over between us, I won’t touch you. Just lie there and relax. If you don’t behave and try to sneak away, then I’d be force to...”

Alana detected the threat in the man’s tone and shuddered slightly. She bit her lip and said helplessly, “I...I understand. I won’t run away.”

Stephan watched her rare display of obedience and compliance, and the corners of his mouth lifted ever so slightly.

To be honest, with her injured knee, he wasn’t entirely comfortable with sending her home to be alone.

It would be better to keep her on his turf, where she’d stay put. As for the bitter words she’d been hinting at, that if he kept meddling in her affairs, he’d be nothing but a fool, he’d long since cast them to the winds.

After much hesitation, Alana couldn’t help but ask, “Um, could I... could I have a different room?”

After all, this room was filled with his scent. She felt a bit uncomfortable.

Stephan replied indifferently, “No, this is the only room available.”

Alana blushed and said, “Well, then I can sleep on the sofa in the living room?”

Stephan cupped her chin, taking in every inch of her flushed, alluring little face. His dark eyes narrowed, his tone dangerous.

“The sofa? It’s so small, do you think it can handle you tossing and turning? You might roll over in your sleep and fall right off. If you end up crippled, don’t come begging me to take responsibility for you.”

Alana blushed even more deeply, clearly rendered speechless by the man’s sharp retort. Her slightly pouted red lips betrayed a hint of defiance.

Yet she felt utterly helpless.

Her moist eyes were bright and alluring.

They looked so tempting that one couldn’t help but want to tease her mercilessly.

Stephan stared at her rosy, soft little mouth, struggling to suppress the urge to kiss her.

He decisively released her chin. “Get some rest.”

Leaving those words behind, he turned and walked away. It wasn't that he wanted to leave; he was afraid that if he lingered even a moment longer, he wouldn't be able to resist pinning her down on the bed and taking her.

After all, she was so delicate and vulnerable right now, sitting on his bed, perfect for him to.

Alana hadn't expected him to actually leave. As she watched him close the door, she felt a sense of relief, yet at the same time, a vague, indescribable emotion crept into her heart.

It seemed he had truly decided to end things with her.

Hmm, well... that was probably for the best.

Alana took a moment to compose herself, then suddenly remembered something. She couldn't help but walk over to the head of the bed and lift the pillow. Underneath the pillow, there was nothing.

Wasn't she supposed to have hidden her purple lace panties under his pillow? Why weren't they there now?

Had he deceived her again?!

So, where did the man hide her panties?

Her mind went blank.

Maybe he was just pretending to hide them, and they're actually lost.

After all, they were already worn. Alana bit her lip, quickly quelling her wild imagination.

If she couldn't find her underwear, so be it. She wasn't in the habit of rummaging through a man's house, it would be too rude.

But she still had to take a shower on his turf.

After all, she'd just taken the two pets for a walk, stopping, starting, and running around, and had worked up a sticky sweat.

Plus, she'd fallen to the ground, and her skirt was dirty. Realizing the man had already left, Alana steeled her nerves and walked step by step toward his bathroom.

Stephan left the bedroom and went straight to the kitchen, where he poured himself a glass of cold water and drank several gulps in one go.

His long, slender knuckles gripped the glass tightly.

He thought of Alana, who was currently in his room, lying on his bed, resting her head on his pillow, and covered with his blanket.

Stephan's Adam's apple bobbed, and a wave of heat washed over his body, making him feel unbearably restless.

He wondered if that woman, lying in a bed filled with his scent, was fantasizing about him even a little.

Stephan suddenly thought of something, set down the glass, and turned to walk out.

Alana took a quick shower in the men's restroom. Since her skirt was dirty, she couldn't wear it.

So in the end, she emerged wearing the man's bathrobe.

The man's gray bathrobe was loose and oversized; when she put it on, it nearly reached her feet.

She shuffled along in small steps, preparing to lie back down on the bed.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

A deep, masculine voice called out.

"Are you asleep yet?"

In the silent room, the man's uniquely magnetic voice sounded exceptionally clear and pleasant.

Alana instinctively pulled the collar of her loose bathrobe tighter and asked nervously, staring at the door, "Is there...is there something you need?"

"I'm bringing you something."

Alana asked, "What is it?"

"Clothes."

Alana hesitated for a moment, but then walked over and opened the door for him.

After all, this was his home, his bedroom.

The fact that he didn't just walk in with the clothes was already a big concession on his part.

Stephan stood in the doorway, holding several bags. They were the clothes and underwear he'd just bought for her.

He'd noticed that her blue dress had been stained with a bit of blood and had a tear in it, it was probably unwearable now.

Thinking she'd need something to wear to work tomorrow, he'd gone out and picked up a dress for her on the spot.

He waited patiently for the girl inside to open the door. The door clicked open.

The door swung open slowly.

Stephan looked up and saw a girl wrapped head to toe in a gray bathrobe.

Her hands clutched the loose collar tightly, and her petite face, as delicate as jade, was framed by her palms.

A pair of crystal-clear eyes, filled with nervousness and unease, met his gaze.

Perhaps because she had just finished bathing, her fair, delicate skin was soft and rosy, and a clean, pleasant fragrance wafted from her.

Moreover, she was wearing the very bathrobe he usually favored, one that still carried his scent.

The two scents mingled together.

For some reason, images of him and her entangled together flashed through his mind.

Stephan's gaze grew even deeper and darker, and the look he cast at Alana held an intriguing, intense heat.

Alana felt extremely uncomfortable under the man's gaze; beneath the bathrobe, she was completely bare, wearing nothing at all.

Being stared at so intently by him, she felt as if she might lose control at any moment.

She bit her lip and explained timidly, "I'm...I'm sorry. I just used your bathroom to take a shower. And since I didn't have any clean clothes to change into, I just borrowed your bathrobe...I'll wash your bathrobe and return it to you."

“No need to wash it.’Last time I borrowed your bathroom and used your towel; this time, you’ve used mine. We’re even.”

Alana blushed and replied awkwardly, “Oh, okay.”

Stephan heard the girl’s robotic reply again, and he must admit, it was actually quite irritating.

He narrowed his dark eyes and asked deliberately, “Miss Martin, does my bathrobe fit well?”

Alana’s body trembled slightly, and her cheeks flushed even deeper.

She didn’t know how to answer.

“Why aren’t you speaking? Is my bathrobe comfortable to wear?”

The man deliberately emphasized the words “my bathrobe,” his tone laced with a hint of mischief.

Alana blushed even more, inwardly grumbling, How can he be so serious one moment and so frivolous the next?

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

Chapter 100 Kiss me

Chapter 100 Kiss me

Even Peking Opera face-changing couldn’t keep up with how fast he shifts.

It was making her feel completely unsettled.

“No, didn’t you say you got me some clothes? I’ll get the clothes and change right away.”

Stephan gazed at the girl’s increasingly flushed cheeks, his thin lips twitching. “Kiss me, and I’ll give you the clothes.”

Of course, he was just teasing her out of habit; he didn’t really expect Alana to kiss him.

But he never expected that she would actually. Alana's eyelashes fluttered at the man's request.

Although she was deeply shaken inside, she wasn't surprised.

She and he...had already done it several times.

Now, it was just a kiss.

At first, she had strongly resisted his unreasonable demands. But perhaps because they'd been intimate so many times, she no longer felt as resistant, she

could even accept it now.

Alana lifted her clear, luminous eyes to gaze at the handsome face mere inches away, and those two thin, rosy lips.

In the soft light, they glowed with a sensual, alluring sheen. She hesitated for only a moment before standing on her tiptoes and pressing her lips against his. It was a fleeting touch, barely a brush, before she pulled back.

"Is that enough?"

Little did she know that this single, proactive kiss had stirred up a storm of emotion within the man.

Stephan stared at her in disbelief, his heart pounding violently.

It felt as though he'd suddenly ran dozens of kilometers; his adrenaline was surging wildly. The scent of the girl's soft, fragrant lips still lingered on his own.

So clear, so intense.

His breathing was slightly ragged as he fixed his gaze intently on the girl before him, his voice dropping several notches.

"Lana, what do you mean?"

Alana bit her lip, suppressing the indescribable shyness welling up inside her. "Just exactly what you said. I kissed you, and you gave me the clothes."

Stephan stared at her exquisitely lovely face, his eyes deep and dark, resembling the abyss of desire.

"I told you to kiss me, and you actually did? You weren't like this before."

Before, when he'd asked her to kiss him, she'd resisted fiercely, preferring to refuse his help rather than initiate a kiss herself.

But this time, she kissed him?!

What happened to her initial resistance? What about her former principles?

Alana was too embarrassed to answer the man's question. "Are you going to give me the clothes or not?"

Stephan pressed his tongue firmly against his back molars and seized the moment to make a demand.

"Kiss me again. That wasn't enough."

"You!"

Alana glared at him in a mix of shame and anger. "You tricked me again!"

Even though she was furious, her tone remained soft, just like the playful, flirtatious banter between lovers.

How could Stephan resist? He took a step forward, cupped her face in his warm hands, and coaxed her in a hoarse whisper.

"Be a good girl, let's kiss again. That wasn't enough just now."

Besides, this time she'd initiated the kiss, it meant something entirely different.

Alana blushed, pressing her soft little hands against the man's chest. Her almond-shaped eyes widened in mock reproach. "You...don't push your luck..."

Stephan admitted thick-skinnedly, "Hmm, I just love taking advantage of you. Besides, I've been taking advantage of you for ages, you know that."

Alana's face flushed crimson; she didn't know how to retort.

"Be a good girl. Kiss me again."

His eyes were filled with longing, making no attempt to hide his desire for her.

Alana was mortified and tried to pull away, but he cupped her cheeks, leaving her with nowhere to hide.

He was very close to her, just inches away. His skin was so smooth you couldn't even see his pores.

His breath was hot, and the crisp scent of his body enveloped her, sending her heart into a flutter before she knew it.

Alana didn't know how they ended up kissing, nor whether he had initiated it or she had.

And just like that, they found themselves kissing, caught up in the moment. Their tongues entwined, their breaths mingled.

It added a touch of sensuality to the quiet night.

Before she knew it, Alana found herself pinned down on the bed by the man.

Her breathing was ragged, her legs felt weak, and she pushed him away feebly with her hands. "Enough, enough, stop kissing me..."

Stephan was pushed away slightly. He propped himself up on his hands, resting them beside Alana, and looked down at her from above.

The girl had just endured his first round of assault. Her face was flushed, her eyes moist and hazy. Her soft, delicate lips were swollen and glossy, glistening with a faint sheen of moisture.

Her lips parted slightly, exhaling a fragrant breath; the sweet, aromatic opening beckoned one to explore it, to keep taking.

Stephan couldn't help but raise his hand, his fingertips gently tracing the girl's tender red lips before slowly slipping inside.

The warm, moist sensation, combined with the girl's clear, moist, and soft eyes staring at him, dazed and pitiful.

It only further stoked the man's desire to ravish her. Her long, lustrous black hair lay in soft, disheveled strands.

The man's bathrobe she wore had become hopelessly loose. The fabric that should have covered her chest had spread wide to either side.

The white, supple curves in the center were fully exposed.

The man stared at the girl beneath him, his Adam's apple bobbing as he spoke in a hoarse, low voice, "No more kissing."

Upon hearing this, Alana was just about to breathe a sigh of relief. But the man's next words left her breathless.

"But... can we do it?"

Alana's slender body shuddered violently.

Do it?

Wasn't what he did the other day enough?

How could a man's needs in that department be so outrageously excessive? Her lips trembled; though nervous, she managed to stay calm.

"Stephan, you said it was over between us."

Stephan stared at her with a deep, intense gaze.

Then, he let his body slowly lower, pressing down on top of her. Unabashedly, he felt the softness against his chest.

Their bodies pressed tightly together, the intimacy almost too much.

Alana squirmed uncomfortably.

The slight movement of her body intensified the friction between them. She looked at him helplessly, reminding him, "Steph...Stephan...you said..."

Stephan stared at her, feigning ignorance. "What did I say?"

Alana said, her face flushing, "You... you said...that we're over...You wouldn't cling to me, and you wouldn't touch me..."

His cold, pale fingertips gently traced the outline of her lips. "But just now, you were the one who initiated it."

Alana's soft lips were teased by the man's fingertips, leaving her heart in turmoil.

"You...you asked me..."

His eyes darkened as he continued to tease her.

"Just because I asked you, you still had the choice to do it or not. Well, I'm asking you now to be with me now. Are you willing to do it with me?"

Alana was utterly flustered; the question was too shameful for her to even respond to. Between them, she had never been the one in control.

Stephan stared intently at her, not missing even the slightest flicker of reaction on her face. "Why aren't you answering? It's because deep down, you want to, don't you?"

Alana's breathing quickened as she shook her head. "No, that's not it..."

Stephan's lips curved into a slow smile. "Whether that's true or not, I'll find out for myself." His long fingers moved downward, grasping the robe's sash tied around her waist. Slowly, deliberately, inch by inch, he began to untie it...With a torturously slow pace.

Alana gasped and reached out to stop him. "No!"

But her feeble strength was no match for him.

With just a slight tug, he easily untied it.

And the look in his eyes was unashamedly predatory, as if she were a lamb awaiting slaughter.

Alana's eyelashes were damp, veiled in a mist, her eyes filled with a pitiful plea.

Begging him to spare her.

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