

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

#Chapter 7 Still a Stranger? - Read Help! My One-Night Stand Is Examining Me?! Chapter 7 Still a Stranger?

Alana walked away in hurried steps, collected her medication, and prepared to head home, where she would feel safe again.

Outside the hospital, the weather was fine and sunny, with clear blue skies stretching endlessly.

But why was her life so rotten?

As if running into that man from the other night wasn't bad enough, she had to meet him here. And the worst part of it all was how he had acted as a doctor.

Man, he was such a good actor. She didn't even suspect that he was impersonating his own mother.

Sure, Alana was upset about that.

But upset enough to press charges? Not really.

Maybe if it were someone else, she would.

But that man—she didn't like how he set her body on fire. So she just wanted to avoid him from now on.

He was trouble.

She could sense it, feel it, and she had to avoid it.

She was glad he didn't seem to recognize her—wait, actually, after what just happened in there, she wasn't sure about anything anymore. But regardless, she had to flee these premises right now.

In fact, she would never come to this hospital again!

She wanted to erase every possibility of ever running into him.

Quickly, Alana booked a ride. She felt too tense to take public transportation. About five minutes later, a black car pulled up nearby.

Thinking it was the Uber, she hurried up to it.

"Hello, driv—" She paused as the window rolled down, revealing a sharply chiseled, handsome profile.

As if carved by divine hands, his gorgeousness seemed almost unearthly, making Alana's breath catch in her throat.

It was him again!

She had just made a decision to avoid him at all costs. And just five minutes later—ugh! Seriously?

Was she really being punished?!

The man in the car turned his face slightly.

"Get in."

She frowned.

Why would she?

She quickly stepped back.

"Sorry, I thought you were my Uber."

"Let me give you a ride," he offered.

"I don't accept rides from strangers," she said firmly.

"Stranger? Am I still a stranger after that night?"

Alana's eyes widened.

Her last sliver of hope disappeared!

He knew!

He recognized her!

He knew they had slept together.

But why didn't he say anything?

Even when his mother was berating the mystery "boyfriend," he still acted clueless.

Yeah, someone definitely needed to give him a best actor award.

Why did he pretend not to know her though?

Could it be he had been deliberately toying with her all along?

The man's deep voice interrupted her thoughts.

"Get in the car."

"Or would you rather we discuss that night right here, in front of the hospital? I don't mind talking about how you seduced me and what exactly I did to leave you in such a... delicate condition."

Alana's face went pale.

She still didn't know him well enough to trust him.

Would he possibly kidnap her in broad daylight?

Maybe worse?

His mother had seemed like an upright person.

Still, she couldn't use the mother's behavior to judge the son's character.

And from the little she knew about him, he was far from predictable!

Weighing the risks, Alana hesitated no longer and reached for the back door.

But to her surprise, it wouldn't budge.

She shot a suspicious glance at the man inside.

"Take the front passenger seat," he ordered.

After a moment's hesitation, she grasped the passenger door handle and opened it.

Glancing at the man inside, whose cool demeanor carried an air of danger, she took a deep calming breath and got into the car.

Trapping herself inside with this unknown force of nature.

What was she even doing?

Stephan saw her huddled awkwardly in the seat by the edge, as if wanting to jump out the moment he tried something.

He stifled a laugh.

He wasn't going to eat her—at least, not yet.

But Stephan had to make sure of safety and so he leaned towards her.

Alana's eyes widened as she almost disappeared into her seat.

"Stop! What are you doing!" She let out, tensed.

He sighed. "Fastening your seatbelt."

"I can do it myself."

He then moved back without a flicker of emotion.

Alana fumbled awkwardly to fasten her seatbelt.

Only after fastening it did she overthink even more.

Why did she even get into this car?

Where was he taking her?

A wave of unease washed over her once more.

Her lips trembled, timidly.

"Where are you taking me? You didn't even ask for my house address."

No!

That was a bad idea.

He shouldn't know her house address. She still didn't know much about him. He could be a creep or a stalker, she had to make sure to get away from him for good.

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