

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

#Chapter 8 I'm The Victim Here - Read Help! My One-Night Stand Is Examining Me?! Chapter 8 I'm The Victim Here

"I... you can drop me off at the nearest bus station." She added but he didn't respond.

Her trepidation increased.

What was she planning?

Surely he wasn't thinking of taking her to an abandoned warehouse to rape and murder her?!

She stared at him with those crystal-clear eyes, looking pitifully helpless, more like a little white rabbit.

Stephan smirked, recalling how she had obediently followed his every instruction in the hospital room earlier, although she had panicked all through.

When he pretended to be a doctor, she had believed him completely.

He had watched her undress with those beautiful, embarrassed blushes painting her cheeks.

Stephan's Adam's apple bobbed slightly as he suppressed the faintest hint of wickedness within.

Instead of answering her question, he asked instead.

"Do you know my name?"

Alana shook her head. "No."

Stephan's grip tightened on the steering wheel. "Of course you don't."

His voice carried a bitter edge that made Alana glance at him uncertainly.

"You know what bothers me most about that night?"

Alana swallowed nervously. "What?"

"It wasn't just the night itself." His fingers drummed against the steering wheel with controlled irritation. "It was the morning after."

"The morning after?"

"I had to leave early for work—an emergency came up. But I didn't want you to wake up thinking I'd just abandoned you." His voice grew colder. "So I left you a note. With my number."

Alana's heart skipped. "A note?"

"On the nightstand, right next to the lamp. Clear as day." He turned to look at her briefly, his gray eyes flashing with something between hurt and anger. "I waited three days for you to call."

Alana felt her cheeks burn with embarrassment and realization. "I... I didn't see any note."

"Right," he said flatly, clearly not believing her.

"No, really! I swear I didn't see it!" She turned in her seat to face him. "That morning I woke up and you were already gone, and I was so panicked and embarrassed that I just grabbed my dress and ran out as fast as I could. I didn't look at anything, I didn't even properly look around the room."

Stephan's expression remained skeptical. "You expect me to believe that?"

"It's the truth! I was so mortified about what happened, all I could think about was getting out of there." She paused, then added quietly, "And I went straight to the pharmacy."

This caught his attention. His eyes sharpened. "The pharmacy?"

Alana's face turned an even deeper shade of red. "I... well... we didn't use protection, so I had to get the morning-after pill. And other... precautionary medication."

Understanding dawned on Stephan's face, followed by what looked suspiciously like concern.

"You were worried about..." He didn't finish the sentence.

"STDs, pregnancy, everything," she admitted miserably. "I was terrified. I'd never done anything like that before, and with a complete stranger no less. I was in such a state of panic that morning, I could barely think straight."

Stephan was quiet for a long moment, processing this information. The anger in his expression was slowly being replaced by something else—understanding, perhaps even a hint of guilt.

"Don't worry about that. I don't have any of that and that night was my first time but if you do, I'll like for you to be honest so I can know..." His bitter laughter cut her off.

"So if that night was your first time? Does that mean it wasn't mine?"

Her eyes widened.

No way.

"That...that was your first time too?"

Impossible.

He was handsome, tall with long legs, built like a male model, boasting eight-pack abs, well-endowed and skilled in the bedroom.

Sure, she hadn't liked that he went on and on for hours but at the beginning, she had enjoyed the sex.

And a man like him would definitely have countless admirers lining up.

Plus, he looked like the kind of men that loved jumping from one woman to the other.

Stephan curled his lips. "Why do you look so surprised? I don't look like it?"

She replied, honestly. "You don't."

He grimaced. "Why not?"

She hesitated and then replied. "You...you were very skilled so someone like you must have a lot of experiences."

The first four words she said made him feel proud and he had to beat back a smile.

He couldn't let this little woman know she was getting to him.

"You just had to ruin that compliment, didn't you? Let's just say I'm naturally good at everything." He boasted.

She eyed him.

So arrogant.

But then she thought, since it was his first time too, he didn't have any sexually transmitted disease, right?

Plus, his mother was a doctor so he must have grown up being conscious of his health.

Yeah, she didn't need to worry about catching that sort of thing.

Alana exhaled. "Okay then, back to the matter at hand, since what happened between us was just a misunderstanding and now that it's been cleared up, we should now peacefully part ways and never see each other again."

Stephan eyed her. "Is this your way of avoiding your responsibility, young lady?"

Her responsibility?

"What do you mean?"

"If there was a true victim in what happened between us. It is me and so, you need to take responsibility for me."

Alana's jaw dropped.

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