

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

#Chapter 9 So petty - Read Help! My One-Night Stand Is Examining Me?! Chapter 9 So petty

"Respon...what?!" Alana was in total disbelief that he had the nerve to say that.

"I just said if anyone was even a victim in all this, it's me! I was the drunk woman!" She argued.

Stephan scoffed. "I was drunk too."

"That was my first time!"

"It was my first time too. And mind you, I wouldn't have lost my innocence that night if you hadn't seduced me. You seduced me because you wanted it, I was seduced against my will! You stole my virginity."

Alana was perplexed as to how he was saying this with a straight face.

She was utterly dumbfounded. She had assumed that by refusing to hold him accountable for pouncing on her and going at it for hours, they would move past this and pretend it never happened.

But now, he wanted her to take responsibility for him?!

How did that even work?

It didn't even make any sense.

She had never heard of any man demand something like this.

What?

She stole his virginity?!

"I...you...how am I supposed to take responsibility for you?"

He couldn't possibly demand money, could he?

Could she afford to pay any amount he called out?

His clothes and his watch looked expensive, even his car felt expensive.

She didn't know how rich he was but she could never afford to pay such a person.

"Figure it out yourself. So young lady, how are you going to take responsibility for me?"

This was becoming more and more absurd to Alana and at this point, she said, exasperatedly.

"I don't have any money to give you. All the money I have has already been budget. Even my salary for the coming months already have been planned for. I have my rent to think about, my... anyway, maybe I could spare 100 dollars, it's that or you can take my life."

Stephan eyed her. "What would I use your life for? How much is your life even worth?"

She scoffed. "I'm worth good money, alright! I heard kidneys are expensive, I still have both. Even my liver is okay."

He cocked an eyebrow. "Hmm, I guess I could sell your organs. I'll make good money from it."

Alana swallowed and lowered her voice, pleading. "I was just joking about the organs stuff. Please, sir. I really have nothing to offer you."

Stephan looked at her, frowning as he studied her from head to toe, seemingly deep in thought.

Alana, meeting his gaze, grew tense, instinctively covering her chest with both hands. "You...no... don't even think about it. I'm not doing that with you ever again."

Stephan smirked. "Why?"

"You know why!"

"I'll be gentle this time."

"No!"

"You know, you really don't have much say in this. You just offered me your life."

"I was joking."

"Did I laugh? No. It wasn't funny and I certainly didn't take it as a joke."

Alana bit her lower lip.

Gosh. What sort of trouble had she gotten herself?

She quickly thought of something.

"You... you just said I couldn't sleep with a man for now."

Stephan shrugged. "I didn't say it had to be now."

Alana choked on her words. "Then... when?"

Stephan paused. "When would you like to do it?"

She almost choked on nothing this time,

What the hell? He really wanted to do it with her?

Did he have no other women? Why must it be her?

Was it that easy to be with her?

But she had indeed blurted out giving him her life.

Damn it!

She had to escape this somehow.

Alana's cheeks flushed crimson. "Well... we'll have to wait until I'm feeling better..."

Stephan pulled out his phone. "Contact details."

"What?"

"Your contact details."

Alana understood. He intended to contact her once she was better, and then...oh no!

Her face flushed crimson as she recited eleven digits.

Stephan said nothing, instead typing the eleven digits Alana had given him into his phone and pressing call.

Almost immediately, a series of ringtones echoed through the car.

"Wake up beautiful lady!"

"Wake up, beautiful lady!"

"Get to work, early!"

"Get paid and spoil yourself!"

Stephan glanced at her little white handbag, the ringtone was coming from inside it. That ringtone... rather childish.

Alana was mortified, fumbling frantically to pull her phone from the white bag and desperately cutting off the call.

Her face flushed crimson as she stammered, "Why...why did you suddenly call me?"

Stephan replied coolly, "I was merely confirming whether the number you provided was indeed ours."

What if she'd given him a fake number?

How would he contact her then?

He hadn't expected her to actually dare give her mobile number.

Could it be she genuinely wished to be with him again?

Alana bit her lip. "I'm a responsible person. Since the mistake was mine, I won't shirk my responsibilities."

Or maybe, she might try to.

He retrieved a business card from the car's compartment and handed it to her.

Under her puzzled gaze, he explained in a calm tone, "My business card."

Alana accepted the man's card.

The pure black card felt substantial in her hand, embossed with gold lettering and a string of digits.

Alana couldn't help but read it aloud, "Stephan Hudson..."

"You're Stephan Hudson?"

Stephan's gaze swept over her. It seemed she had recognised his identity.

After all, his name was renowned throughout the capital; few would fail to recognise him. However, Stephan was overthinking it. Alana merely found his name familiar; she still didn't know who he was.

She couldn't help but remark, "Your name is rather unusual."

"Though your surname is identical to that of the Hudson family, the foremost aristocratic house in the capital. I wonder what connection you have to them. Anyway, people bear the same name all the time."

Now it was Stephan's turn to choke on nothing.

He frowned, turning to ask her, "You truly didn't know who I am? And you still don't know?"

Her face was a picture of confusion, as if to say, Who are you? Why should I recognize you?

Stephan narrowed his dark eyes.

Was she genuinely unable to recognise him, or was she feigning ignorance?!

Before the man could answer, Alana asked again, her curiosity piqued, "So, are you actually related to this Hudson family or not?"

"I am."

Her eyes widened in shock. "Then you're..."

Before she could finish, the man interjected, "A connection so tenuous it's practically nonexistent."

"Oh." She let out.

She was beginning to think this man before her was some wealthy aristocrat's son, but it turned out he was nothing of the sort.

Then again, what aristocratic scion would demand responsibility from a penniless girl?

If he was indeed wealthy, he wouldn't be so petty.

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