

## Husband With Benefits Chapter 29 - [Bonus chapter]Bewildered

### Chapter 29: [Bonus chapter]Bewildered

Demetri Frost opened the door to his house and paused on the threshold, momentarily doubting if this was indeed his own home. Firstly, loud music was blasting from the speakers. Secondly, his usually odorless home now carried the fragrance of a vanilla-scented bomb explosion. And thirdly, his normally empty and serene living room was a complete mess!

Sitting right in the heart of this chaos, her face buried in a book, was his wife. Unaware of his presence, she was cursing in a manner that would have made a sailor blush.

Casually, he walked over to her and peered over her shoulder, curiosity piqued about what had compelled the typically reserved woman to curse in such a manner. Usually, upon his return, he would find her curled up on the couch with a novel in hand.

If not for laying eyes on her, one would hardly know she was there; she was an expert at being invisible, and this suited him just fine. He cherished the quiet and did not have to regret marrying her.

1

She stiffened as she felt his closeness but did not move. Turning her head a bit, she looked up at him with wide eyes before quickly turning back to her work. He peered down at the jumble of formulas she had used to solve her assignment and raised his eyebrows.

Without a word, he extended his hand and held hers. Taking the pen from her, he quickly wrote down the correct formula, marking her mistakes.

As he moved closer to finish the entire solution, Nora stood there frozen. She could feel his heat surrounding her and she already had goosebumps all over her.

She felt his other hand move around her waist, and she was even more startled as it settled on her hip. Gently, he nudged her closer to the kitchen island and pointed with his other finger, "Here, this is not how this is

calculated. For this function, you need to imagine that you are driving on a curvy road, and you want to know how fast your speed is changing at a specific moment—basically, to calculate change. But if you use this formula..."

Even though Nora remained hyperaware of him, his hand still on her hip, she was even more engrossed in what he was teaching her. This was the most basic problem, but the way he explained it... wow. She was actually understanding this! As he finished solving the entire problem and was about to step back, she quickly grabbed his wrist, peered through the scattered books, and pulled out a few sheets of paper stapled together, pointing at them. "Help me with this, please! I am totally hopeless with all these calculations! I just don't understand why we have to do all these calculations! I just want to start a small business in the future! It's not like I am going to need derivatives and integers for that!"

1

"Derivatives are essential in understanding rates of change, which is crucial in economics, finance, and decision-making within businesses. They are used in areas like calculating marginal costs, analyzing demand curves, and evaluating investment opportunities. If you want to have your own business, then you need to understand them."

2

Stepping away from her, he held the sheets in one hand and pulled her towards the couch. Sitting down, he pulled her onto his lap. Holding out the papers in front of the two of them, he then questioned, "When do you have to submit this paper?"

"Uhh... next week," Nora almost squeaked, her voice betraying her nervousness. The syllables hung in the air, pregnant with a mix of anxiety and something she couldn't quite put her finger on. She had never, ever in her life, found herself in a situation like this — sitting in someone's lap. The experience was surreal and she struggled to make sense of it.

Subtly, she shifted her weight, attempting to reposition herself, but her movements were hesitant and awkward. Her mind raced, inundated by an overwhelming whirlwind of thoughts. What if he misinterpreted her fidgeting, mistaking it for some sort of subtle advance? What if he assumed she was attempting to seduce him?

She watched his hands as they turned the sheet, her gaze fixed on them as if utterly fascinated. Finally, she sensed his nod of approval. "Learn all these formulae. Tomorrow morning, we will finish the first page, and in the evening, the second. We'll start with the basics, and if you have any doubts, don't hesitate to ask me."

"Okay." The words came out with a mix of relief and anticipation. She wished to request permission to move, to ease the discomfort that was slowly settling in from sitting in the same spot for so long. Yet, before she could voice her thoughts, she felt a faint vibration beneath her, a subtle tremor that sent her heart racing. Reacting instinctively, she leapt up as if startled, her actions mirroring that of a frightened rabbit. Demetri extended the phone to her, his tone authoritative. "Tell the person that I am busy now and not to call me. I'll come later."

1

Using the phone as an excuse to create some distance between herself and the man whose lap she had occupied just moments ago. It was as if the universe had conspired to offer her a timely exit strategy.

As she answered the call, a voice on the other end began to speak urgently, "Come on, Demon. Thank God you answered the call! You have to come here and save us from the..."

Swiftly, Nora interjected, her voice clear and concise, "Demetri is not here. He asked that you call him later. Goodbye." With the message swiftly delivered, she hung up, her fingers returning the phone to Demetri with a restrained smile.

2

Walking away, Nora couldn't help but feel a sense of relief mixed with the lingering traces of bewilderment. She had escaped.

Behind her, Demetri's mouth kicked up in a small smirk. He'd already accomplished what he needed. His brothers had heard her voice and he could already smell her scent clinging to him. Now was the perfect time to visit the old man when the rest of his family was there. And his 'fiancée as well

2

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On the other end of the line, Demetri's clever ruse had plunged three individuals into shocked silence, their minds struggling to process the unexpected turn of events.