

Chapter 438 One Night Is Enough

In a luxuriously decorated chamber, a well-dressed man and a beautiful woman sat across from each other.

"Tyrone, I've been paying close attention to your situation. I'm glad you're fine." Mrs. George sat gracefully on the luxurious sofa, dressed in a high-end gown. A slender lady's cigarette dangled between her fingers with poise and elegance. She took a drag from her cigarette, exhaling a perfect smoke ring into the air.

A handsome male waiter stood behind her, gently kneading her tense shoulders.

"Thanks, you're so kind." Tyrone lounged on the armchair, his back propped against the sofa. He casually crossed his legs and rested his arms on the armrest. "How are you doing recently?"

Mrs. George gave Tyrone a wink and remarked, "We last saw each other a year ago. I missed you so much."

Tyrone remained collected, unfazed by Mrs. George's jest. "I came across a news article about Jason from the Decena Group being your companion on your trips around. With someone like him by your side, I'm sure you had a blast."

"No matter how good Jason is, he can't hold a candle to you." Mrs. George's tone was full of regret. "Tyrone, why don't you just satisfy me for a while so I don't keep obsessing over you? I'm not greedy. Just one night will do."

Mrs. George raised a finger, her flaming red lips curved in a provocative smile.

Mrs. George was a widow. She was the daughter of the Hall family and later married into the George family. On the surface, she and Mr. George appeared to respect each other, but in private, they secretly played their own games.

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Mrs. George was a bold and cheerful woman. After her husband's death, she chose not to remarry so that she could maintain the relationship between the two families. However, she was even more reckless in private.

Tyrone and Mrs. George met on a stock exchange.

The Blakely Group's Internet division was publicly traded on the stock exchange at that time. As the CEO of the company, Tyrone delivered a short speech on stage during the event.

Mrs. George noticed him then. He was a handsome and striking young man and she was immediately attracted to him.

In comparison to those around him, Tyrone stood significantly taller. As he greeted the person next to him with a firm handshake, he slightly inclined his body and nodded his head courteously and amiably.

Tyrone stood at the center, drawing the most attention in the group shots.

After snapping the last photo, Mrs. George eagerly made her way over to Tyrone to engage in conversation. She had made sure to get Tyrone's contact information before they left.

That evening, Mrs. George called him. However, the person who picked up the phone was not Tyrone but his secretary. The number he had given Mrs. George was his work number and it was managed by the secretary.

Mrs. George was disappointed but she still invited Tyrone for dinner in the name of cooperation.

While Mrs. George wanted to cooperate with Tyrone, she wanted to sleep with him.

Tyrone was well aware of Mrs. George's intentions, so he would make an effort to avoid any encounters with her. If any issues arose, he would delegate them to his secretary to handle.

The terms of the contract were finalized over dinner. But after dinner, Mrs. George asserted that her car broke down and asked Tyrone to give her a ride home.

In the car, Mrs. George boldly expressed her wishes, but Tyrone

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turned her down.

Finally, the contract was signed.

But Mrs. George didn't get what she was truly after. The more it eluded her, the more she obsessed over it.

During their encounters, Mrs. George always tried to ask Tyrone if he wanted to get laid with her, but Tyrone would turn her down every time.

This time was not an exception.

Tyrone flashed a smile and said calmly, "Please don't mock me. I've already made my feelings on this matter clear."

Mrs. George let out a deep sigh and said, "I assumed you had changed your mind since you asked me out."

"No. I want to ask for your help with something."

Mrs. George took a drag of her cigarette and arched her eyebrows questioningly. "If you are seeking my assistance, are you prepared to give yourself as a thank-you gift?"

Tyrone shook his head. "I've prepared other gifts for you."

"But I only want you."

"Mrs. George." Tyrone stared at Mrs. George calmly, his expression unwavering.

"All right," Mrs. George compromised. "What do you want me to do for you?"

If she couldn't be his lover, she could be his friend.

After hearing Tyrone's request, Mrs. George nodded her head. "It's not a big deal."

She sighed and continued, "Tyrone, your love for your wife is evident. I can't help but envy her."

After Tyrone left, Mrs. George gave the photo Tyrone had given her to her subordinates and asked them to bring the man in the photo to her as soon as possible.

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Tied up and with a hood over his head, Richard was taken to a strange place. He was so terrified that he kept shuddering uncontrollably as different nightmare-inducing scenarios kept playing through his mind.

Ever since Richard's contract with Sabrina came into full effect, he didn't need to do anything else but pretend to be Sabrina's boyfriend. Therefore, he didn't need to go to the bar. He was at home resting when he heard someone knock on his door.

Oblivious to what awaited him on the other side, he sauntered over and turned the door knob. The second the door was opened, a hand clamped over his mouth. Then, he was yanked outside. His arms bound tightly, he was taken into a nearby vehicle.

Richard's mind raced. Who were the kidnappers? Why did they kidnap him?

Richard's nerves were frayed and he felt lightheaded. He had no idea where he was, but all he could smell was the strong fragrance in the air.

"Madam, here he is," a man announced in a rough voice. Richard could tell that the person who spoke was standing to his side.

"Okay. Free him," the female voice drawled.

"Yes."

Richard garbled eagerly. The second his hands were untied, he quickly took off the hood and the rag in his mouth.

Finally free of his restraint, he looked up and saw that he was in an exquisite and gorgeous chamber. A strange woman sat on the sofa in front of him.

The woman was stunning, with impeccable makeup. Her bold red lips were impossible to ignore, and her permed hair cascaded in large, elegant waves behind her with effortless grace. She was wearing a limited-edition dress. It showcased her delicate thighs to perfection.

In an instant, Mrs. George caught Richard's attention.

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Mrs. George smiled when she noticed the glimmer in Richard's eyes. "Do you recognize me?" she asked sweetly.

But Richard didn't reply. He appeared dumbfounded and his stare was glassy.

Mrs. George cleared her throat and asked, "Richard?"

Finally, Richard snapped out of it. "What? What did you say? Sorry, I didn't hear you."

Richard blushed as he realized he had been lost in thought when he saw this stunning woman. The mere thought of her noticing his absent-mindedness made him feel timid and bashful.

"Do you know who I am?"

"No. I don't know." Richard shook his head.

"Allow me to introduce myself. My surname is Hall, and my late husband's surname is George. You may refer to me as Mrs. George or Miss Hall, whichever you prefer."

Surprised and delighted, Richard greeted, "Nice to meet you, Mrs. George."

Mrs. George used to be a regular customer at the bar. Richard had heard of her from one of the seniors there.

Mrs. George was known for her generosity and had the power to make anyone she favored wealthy. In fact, there was a senior who had managed to accumulate a lot of money after being kept by Mrs. George. Later, the senior quit his job at the bar and opened his own shop.

Moreover, Mrs. George had refined tastes and was protective of her belongings. If she took a liking to someone, she would keep them as a companion and expect them to cater to her needs. During this period, their only purpose was to serve her.

Richard was a little excited. Mrs. George had gone to great lengths to bring him here. Could it be that Mrs. George wanted to keep him as her companion?

"Young man, why haven't you asked me why I kidnapped and

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brought you here?" Mrs. George lifted her head and gave Richard a once-over, a hint of charm in her gaze.