

Bye

+90 Points at most

## Chapter 581 Each Takes What He Needs

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Helen's POV:

Even as I got home, I still had thoughts of self-doubt and sadness. When I stepped out of the elevator and saw George outside my door, I got annoyed at him all over again.

"What did you want to talk to me about this morning?" he asked, stopping in front of me.

I had to stop to think about what it was before realizing that he was talking about the "private affairs" that I mentioned in my text message this morning.

"Nothing."

This morning, I wanted to apologize for my bad attitude last night. But now, I didn't think it was necessary.

George looked at me intently and concluded, "You are in a bad mood."

I didn't answer. I just took out the key from

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my bag, ready to open the door.

Suddenly, George took a step forward and grabbed my hand while I was putting the key into the keyhole. He turned me around and made me face him. "Are you mad because I asked Soren to take your report in my stead?"

Honestly, I didn't want to vent my frustrations at him, but when he brought this stuff up, I was overcome by my anger. "Of course not, Mr. Affleck. You are our most distinguished client. It's only natural for you to value your time over ours. I wouldn't have the audacity to ask you to personally accept my report."

George tucked my scattered hair behind my ears and asked in a soft voice, "Did Anya criticize you because I didn't take your report?"

After letting out a sigh, he embraced me. His chiseled jaw rubbed against my head as he explained, "The final winner to represent Zhester Technology will be determined after a comprehensive evaluation. It's not that I don't want to give you an answer, Helen. It's

just that I don't have one yet. Anya is professional, experienced, and quite dependable. However, there are many other lawyers on par with her. Do you get what I'm trying to say?"

Just as Phil had said, George was indeed a shrewd man.

I knew that he had more or less made up his mind. He just didn't want to share it with me.

However, this wasn't his fault. Given our relationship, he wasn't obliged to tell me anything. In his eyes, I was just some girl he used to satisfy his carnal desires.

And of course, he was the same to me. We were just taking what we needed from each other.

Now that I had figured out the boundaries of our relationship, I was able to rid myself of the inner struggle that had been troubling me these days.

George ruffled my hair and let go of me. Then, he took the key from me, opened the door and went straight to the kitchen to prepare

dinner.

By the time I got out of the bathroom, the dining table was already full of steaming, scrumptious food.

George put a set of tableware in front of me. Thereafter, I sat down and began eating.

Despite not being an approachable man, I must admit that he was an incredible cook.

The meals he cooked were satisfying. It would be nice to have long-term relationship just like this. In any case, I would benefit well.

After dinner, George cleaned up the table and then he took a shower.

When he came out of the bathroom, he sat beside me on the sofa, watching TV in silence.

I had no idea who initiated it, but pretty soon, kissing sounds resonated in the living room.

I was so dazed by his kiss. My body felt so numb that I couldn't gather any energy. Thus, I leaned against the sofa and let him do whatever he wanted.



Not long after, he took off my clothes. I pushed his chest and said, "Let's take this to the bedroom."

"I want to do it here." George leaned over, spread my legs, and began fingering me. It felt so damn good.

"Ah..." I bit my lower lip to prevent myself from moaning. The fluids from my vagina soaked his fingers.

He chuckled and whispered to my ear, "You wanna do it, Helen?"

"Yeah... Do me!" My body was twitching. Burning desire began to overwhelm me. All I wanted in this moment was for him to fuck me.

"What do you want? Tell me what you want, baby." The sound of his voice was deep and steady, making me blush.

"I want it. I want your dick inside me!" Right after I said that, he kissed me aggressively and stuck his tongue into my mouth.

Pretty soon, he rubbed his thick hard cock against my pussy, put it inside, and started

thrusting his hips back and forth.

His kiss made me feel obsessed. Waves of pleasure spread across my body. As I bit my lip, I moaned his name.

"Helen, baby, does it feel good?" George let go of my lips and buried his face in my cleavage. Not long after, he nibbled on my nipples and licked them.

His thick, hot dick sped up, pounding my insides with pleasure. Soon, the waves of pleasure spread across my body.

"Fuck! It's so good! Slow down, George. Don't fuck me so deep inside. No!" My pussy quivered from the pleasure of being fucked. I trembled so much because of how good it felt, and I could feel fluids coming out of my vagina.

When George pulled his cock out, I saw that it was still rock hard.

He picked me up from the sofa and took me to the bedroom.

I was hanging onto him with my legs wrapped around his waist. Every time he

moved, his cock rubbed against my pussy.

It felt so damn good. I lay on his shoulder and purred like a kitten.

Seconds later, he put me on the bed. Before I could even catch a breath, he began fucking me again.

I couldn't remember how many rounds we did. But the pleasure was so overwhelming that I just gave in. ①

The next morning, I woke up late. George insisted on driving me to the law firm so that I wouldn't be late for work, and I accepted. My entire body felt sore, and my feet felt feeble. I didn't want to move at all.

Along the way, George pulled over and trotted over to the convenience store. Minutes later, he showed up with a bottle of milk and a sandwich, which he handed to me. "Sorry about oversleeping this morning and failing to make you breakfast."

"It's fine. Thank you."

I was worried that my coworkers would see me in George's car, so I asked him to drop me

off one block away from the office building. But then, he insisted on driving me to the underground parking lot.

Before getting off the car, he said to me, "I don't drive this car that often."

I didn't get what he meant until I had closed the door. He was telling me that nobody would recognize this car, so I could rest assured.

Once I was at the entrance of the law firm, I saw Mattie walking out with her purse. She was wearing a light perfume, and it looked like she had her hair done. Aside from that, her makeup was on fleek. Needless to say, she was on her way to Zhester Technology.

"The legal department of Zhester Technology just called and has asked us to hand over the report. Helen, I'll make a triumphant return." Her tone sounded friendly, but in truth, it was an act of arrogant provocation. ①

I nodded in response, sat at my desk, and turned on the computer to start working. Somehow, I felt disappointed and in disbelief.



Near noon, I received a call from Lucy. "What is Anya thinking about? Why did she send this idiot over here?"

"Are you talking about Mattie? She's my colleague. What's going on?" I asked.

"Mattie? What does she think of Zhester Technology? A fashion show? After visiting the legal department and the human resources, she dropped by the secretariat department to have a chat with people there. She's a social butterfly."

"Well, that sounds good, doesn't it? It just means Anya chose the right person for the job." I felt defeated, but I also admired how Mattie was so good at interpersonal relations.

"Guess what? When I passed by the secretariat department earlier, I heard that George shouted at the secretaries for letting a stranger walk around the company without permission. I'm fairly sure Mattie left Zhester Technology with tears in her eyes." Lucy broke into laughter after she said that.

I, on the other hand, couldn't laugh. No

matter what feud Mattie and I had, I still hoped that things would go smoothly with regards to the Zhester Technology case.

Moments later, Mattie went back to the law firm and went straight into Anya's office, clearly upset.

During the afternoon meeting, Anya was livid, but she didn't chastise Mattie too much. Mattie wanted to defend herself, but Anya waved her hand to tell Mattie to shut up.

Phil whispered to me, "Mattie's father is the president of a major bank. He's one of Anya's bigger clients." <sup>1</sup>

I now understood why Anya didn't scold Mattie.