

Warning 571

[Chapter 571 Slept Together](#)

Helen's POV:

After work, I informed my friend Lucy that I would leave for Philadelphia soon.

So, she immediately called and asked me if we could have dinner before I left.

When I arrived at the restaurant, Lucy was talking to a waiter. Judging from the look on her face, she fancied him.

She must be flirting with him as his face was blushing in embarrassment. When he saw me, he sighed in relief and trotted away as if I were his savior.

I sat opposite Lucy and jokingly asked, "Did you ask for his number?"

"I did, but he said that servers aren't allowed to give their contact information to the customers," Lucy replied with a sigh, but it did not seem that she had taken my words seriously.

She liked handsome men. As long as a man caught her eye, she would flirt with him no matter where she was. Of course, she never did anything out of line.

Although it was not obvious, she was a headhunter. In her workplace, she practiced utmost professionalism, so she was always favored by clients. But little did everyone know, she was also a relationship blogger who had millions of fans all over the country.

Therefore, she was forthright and decisive. She knew what she wanted and did not.

"He's lucky he managed to dodge the bullet," I jokingly said.

Lucy had just ended her relationship with a man. At first, I wanted to comfort her. But seeing that she was not sad and had even started flirting with men again, I could not help but make fun of her.

Well, she had always been carefree. She must have moved on already. She once said that men were like disposable products. The trick was to always be ready to let go. If they were good, she would make use of them longer than she intended to. But if not, she would break up with them in a heartbeat. To her, the most important thing in her life would always be her own happiness.

"Are you sure you can go on a business trip to Philadelphia by yourself? Do you want me to go with you?" Lucy asked with concern.

"I'm good. A colleague and our boss will also come with me."

Lucy nodded, relieved. "That's good to hear. But just so you know, my phone will be on 24 hours a day. If you need anything, call me."

"Don't worry. Nothing will happen. Have you forgotten that I grew up there? Besides, Cece is there too."

At the mention of Cece's name, Lucy's face changed. "Don't even mention her! The last time she organized a get-together with your former high school friends, you guys didn't even call me!"

I swallowed the meat I was chewing and reasoned out, "We didn't go to the same high school. Besides, don't you hate alumni reunions?"

Lucy glared at me with dissatisfaction. But after a few seconds, her expression softened, and she let out a sigh. "It depends. Had I known George would be there, I would've gatecrashed the party. I'd even crawl there if I had to. I'm dying to know more about him."

George?

Upon hearing that name, I fell stunned and almost scalded my hand with soup.

"By the way, I heard from Cece that he drove you back after the dinner." Lucy put down the knife and fork and looked at me with a curious gaze.

"It's true," I answered as nonchalantly as I could. The way Lucy stared at me made me feel a little guilty. I was afraid if I said another word, she would see right through me. After all, her eyes were sharp and piercing.

Truth be told, I did not have to hide what had happened. I was sure she would be happy when she found out that my virginity was gone and that George was the one who had taken it.

But then again, since someone else was involved in the matter, I had to respect his privacy. I could not just go around and tell people we had slept together.

All of a sudden, Lucy stood up and sat next to me. "Does he remember that you two once slept together?" she whispered in my ear.

"Ahem..." I choked on the juice and began coughing violently.

How the hell did she find out I had slept with him? Did she install cameras in my room? No way! I was staying in a hotel at that time!

My heart was in my throat. I could not look into Lucy's eyes for fear I would blurt out what had happened that night.

Lucy patted me on the back and reminded me, "I'm talking about the time when we just graduated from

high school!"

"Oh, you were talking about that." I breathed a sigh of relief, and my tense nerves relaxed. She almost caught me.

What Lucy had said was actually just an inside joke.

Thanks to her, I suddenly remembered that I once had intimate contact with George after my high school graduation party.

On the night of the party, everyone got wasted. George and I were not an exception. When I awoke the next morning, I found that I had taken George, who was lying next to me, as my teddy bear. I was nestling on his chest and hugging him tightly.

Although nothing had happened between us, I could still remember his smell and the sound of his heartbeat.

Lucy looked at me with suspicion. "It's been a long time. Why are you still overreacting? Did anything happen that I don't know about?"

"No!" I denied without a second thought.

Lucy narrowed her eyes and stared at me. My heart was in my throat for fear that she would find out something.

But then, she looked away, rested her chin on her hands, and sighed. "Never mind. If your love life has made progress, then there's no need for me to worry about you so much."

Guilty, I touched the tip of my nose and continued eating with my head down.

At this time, Lucy's phone suddenly vibrated. When she read the message, her face lit up in excitement. She must have noticed my curiosity as she showed me the message. "Look! In order to make it up to me, Cece sent me George's WhatsApp account. I had sent him friend requests a couple of times, but he only accepted it now."

"What do you want from him?" I asked dully while looking at the screen of her phone.

Why did I get the impression that the whole world was looking for him?

"You don't know it? It's been widely known in the industry that Zhester Technology is going to acquire the Smart Technology Company. If the acquisition is successful, Zhester Technology will have to recruit hundreds, if not thousands, of employees. If I can cooperate with them and take part in some of their businesses, I will not only have stellar performance at work in the next two years, but I'll most likely be promoted to a business partner."

Lucy's tone was full of hope.

I looked at her in surprise. "Your company also wants to cooperate with Zhester Technology?" I asked incredulously.

Lucy's company was engaged in real estate and had practically no previous experiences regarding electronic technology. If anything, they had a slim to none chance that the Zhester Technology would cooperate with them.

"Yes, it is quite tempting. But the thing is, many companies all over the country have been trying to contact the Zhester Technology. It took me a long time to get in touch with their Human Resource department, but they just sent their assistant to deal with me. Thus, I thought of contacting George directly." Lucy chuckled as she looked at George's WhatsApp account. Judging from the look on her face, she was confident she would land the deal.

It was safe to say that at the very least I knew George better than she did. So, I could not help but think that Lucy might have misunderstood him. He would not soften his attitude just because they used to be classmates, which in reality, they didn't even go to the same high school!

The embarrassing memory of when I called him suddenly crossed my mind. "This is his work account. His assistant is the one managing this. It's very difficult to get close to him in person," I cautioned.

"Do you seriously think that I didn't know about that? How could I get his private number so easily? I'm just lucky enough to have his work account!"

Although Lucy was unable to get George's personal number, she was satisfied.

"Did he promise to help you?" I curiously asked.

"Well, not really. He said he's not in charge of this and asked me to contact his company's HR department. Honestly, that's fine with me. As long as he doesn't put me on the blacklist, I can work my way up," Lucy answered without an ounce of frustration.

Since she seemed resolute, there was nothing I could do but support her. "I'm sure you can make it."

[Chapter 572 Private Account](#)

Helen's POV:

This business trip to Philadelphia was only a week. It was brief, but the task at hand was heavy.

After taking a break at the hotel, we started working as planned.

Mattie took the initiative to negotiate with the target company. Her job was to review business deals and contracts. I, on the other hand, was responsible for the assessment of the company's qualifications.

Anya and I went to the company first and met the person in charge. It was our responsibility to assess the suspicious contents in the investigation list.

Although our work was quite similar, Mattie's task was more important than mine.

My boss, Anya, was a workaholic, especially when she was on a business trip. She did not like wasting time and always ensured we finished our jobs as soon as possible. When we returned to the hotel from the company, it was already ten o'clock in the evening.

Mattie and I began writing the report at the end of the day. I had done similar work before, so I had a rough idea about what I was supposed to do. Thankfully, I finished the report early just as I had hoped.

When I handed the report to Anya, she nodded in approval, which surprised me as she rarely showed her satisfaction. "If there's nothing else, you can go back now and have a rest."

"Thanks, Miss Pierce."

Before leaving, I caught a glimpse of investigation reports regarding Zhester Technology on her desk.

Truth be told, the real purpose of Anya's visit to Philadelphia was to meet Boswell Deleon, the technical director of Zhester Technology. It was said that he was George's most capable subordinate and also played an important role in the company. He happened to be in Philadelphia recently.

On my way out, I saw Mattie came over to hand her report. But the moment I closed the door, I heard Anya scolded Mattie.

"How many times do I have to tell you this? Don't download these documents from the Internet. Are you deaf or just plain stupid? Stop wasting my time. If you're just gonna give me rubbish, just throw them straight into the trash can!"

Fortunately, Mattie had a commendable attitude. She just apologized and accepted Anya's criticism, even though it was hurtful.

But even though Mattie was on the verge of tears, I did not offer help. After all, it was her job, and she had to be accountable for her mistakes.

With that, I left the hotel and went to a diner I often went to when I was in high school.

It had been years since I last visited this city. Surprisingly, nothing much changed over the years.

The diner was still open, but it was not as lively and noisy as it was in my memory. It was late at night

when I arrived, and only several customers were inside.

In the past, my classmates and I would often come to this diner to eat. We would chat with one another and laugh like there was no tomorrow.

The moment the owner saw me, he walked over and asked with a smile, "Miss, what can I get for you?"

I sat by the window and ordered some of my favorite dishes. This was the very same spot where I used to sit before.

The owner and his wife did not seem to recognize me. I could not blame them. So many years had passed, and I had changed a lot.

I cupped my face as I waited for the food.

The owner served my order not long after. The food was still just like I remembered. For a second, I felt as if I was back in high school.

Suddenly, something occurred to me. I put my fork down, took a picture of my meal with my phone, and posted it on Instagram.

As soon as I posted the picture, my former high school classmates commented one after another.

I smiled and replied to every one of them.

But then, the smile on my face froze when an unfamiliar account commented on my post.

"Is this diner still open?" a user named "G" asked.

Who was this? George?

Was this his private account?

Since when did we follow each other? Why did I not remember following him?

My finger hovered over his comment as I contemplated whether or not I should reply. After pondering for a moment, I decided not to and even blocked him.

I could not help but think of our video call the other day. He drew a very clear line between his professional and private life. Well, we only had to talk about business, and I had gotten his work account. There was no need for me to keep his private one.

I did not want to keep fantasizing about him.

I must admit, I was kinda sensitive with the way people talked to me.

If George and I did not have sex that night and he did not reject me harshly later, I would probably be happy to know his private social media account. Perhaps I would even take the initiative to talk to him.

But the way I looked at him had changed. Right now, his angry voice from that night kept echoing in my head.

"Your boss sent an assistant lawyer to speak with me? Is this her show of sincerity in working with me?"

Clearly, he was implying that I did not deserve to talk business with him.

He was right, though. I had overestimated myself.

It was enough that I had been humiliated once. I would just take it as a lesson.

When I returned to the hotel, Mattie was still revising her report under the table lamp. The sound of her typing on the keyboard was particularly harsh in the late night.

The noise became more and more intense. Mattie must have encountered more problems and become frustrated.

She and I shared the same room. After taking a shower, I lay on the bed and closed my eyes to sleep. But no matter how hard I tried, I could not sleep well because of the sound of Mattie typing.

Unable to take it any longer, I got up from the bed, tried to open my tired and sleepy eyes, and sat beside her.

"Do you need help?"

"Yes, please!" Mattie answered. She must have cried while I was away as her voice was hoarse and her eyes were bloodshot.

She placed the laptop in front of me, leaned against the back of her chair, and looked at me pitifully. "Miss Pierce's requirements are too strict. I-I think I'm not good enough for this."

I took over her laptop and quickly corrected her mistakes.

In all honesty, her work was not that bad. Her corrections were not that many, and the articles in the project were concise and orderly. It was just that her type arrangement was messy, the typeface was different, and a lot of words were written colloquially, making the article seem unprofessional.

As I leaned closer to the table and typed away, Mattie looked at me with admiration and fawningly said, "Helen, I didn't expect that you have such a good figure. You have an hourglass figure and a full chest."

You're nearly perfect."

With a chuckle, I got up, walked to my bed, and lay down to sleep. "Yours is good too. Anyway, send it to Miss Pierce now. I'm going to take my well-deserved sleep."

Just as I said, Mattie sent the report to our boss. "The Vlibert Company is just a small business deal. We've done similar cases before. I can't help but think that we're not learning anything new from Miss Pierce on this business trip," she casually said.

I closed my eyes and did not answer.

On the surface, Mattie and I were comrades-in-arms. But in truth, we were competing with each other.

This was the first time we had worked together on a project. She might not have noticed, but I cherished every case I was given, regardless if it was big or small.

The next day, we visited the factory of Vlibert Company. The director in charge of the merger case invited our team to lunch.

"I'm sorry. I won't be able to make it. I have an appointment this noon. How about we take a rain check?" Anya said with a polite smile.

Well, she had asked Boswell of Zhester Technology for lunch. That was the most important part of the business trip. She could not miss it.

Mattie and I, however, could not refuse the invitation, so we had no choice but to go.

Mattie and I, along with the business partners and management of Vlibert Company, went to a fancy restaurant. I was not used to meeting so many strangers. Fortunately, Mattie got along well with all of them.

As we were the only girls there, we soon became the focus of the topic.

At this moment, the middle-aged man sitting opposite me smiled and asked, "Helen, don't you remember me? I'm Breck Collins."

Breck Collins?

I took a serious look at him, and my eyes widened in panic and confusion. No wonder he looked familiar.

This was exactly the reason why I did not go back to Philadelphia for years. I was afraid of meeting someone I knew in the past.

Before I could reply, Mattie, who was sitting next to me, curiously asked, "Mr. Collins, do you know

Helen?"

"I used to work for her father. I watched Helen grow up, but I didn't see her for years after her father passed away."

At the recollection of the past, I felt as if I was on the verge of collapsing. But since many people were there, I hid my discomfort and raised my glass to the man. "Mr. Collins, I would like to propose a toast to give you my thanks."

With that, I drank up the wine in my glass and felt a burning feeling in my throat down to my stomach. Meanwhile, Breck simply took a sip of the wine and said, "You don't have to be so polite and formal to me, Helen. Since you are back in Philadelphia, you're welcome to my home anytime."

The people at the table were all well-mannered. They did not force me to drink, nor did they say any inappropriate jokes or remarks. After the meal, Mattie and I bade farewell to everyone.

[Chapter 573 Take The Blame](#)

Helen's POV:

Because the Vlibert Company's project this time was relatively simple, we were able to quickly collect relevant information. All we needed to do now was to go back and perfect the report.

However, Anya didn't tell us to go back right away. Instead, she gave us a day off.

Once Mattie was done with her report, she went to all the scenic spots in high spirits.

I grew up in Philadelphia, so nothing here seemed new and exciting to me. Besides, during our business trip, I didn't think we have any real free time.

Anya might've brought us here to Philadelphia with other motives in mind. After all, a small business deal with Vlibert Company wouldn't be enough to hold her attention. But in all honesty, it was hard to guess what she might be thinking.

Coincidentally, I noticed a poster that read "Philadelphia Youth Robotics Competition" in the lobby of our hotel. The sponsor of the competition happened to be Zhester Technology.

And just as I had expected, Anya was in the venue of the competition. She was chatting with Boswell, the chief technology officer of Zhester Technology.

"Helen!" Anya beckoned me to come closer and said, "Why don't you go help Mr. Deleon with the setup of the competition?"

I noticed that there was a female staff member busy setting up the site, so I hurriedly helped her.

Anya seemed to be in a good mood after successfully getting in touch with Boswell. He was no longer talking down on me.

Once we returned to New York, I got off the plane and went home right away.

After taking a shower, I checked all the reports for the past few days on my laptop. And once I was sure that everything was okay, I shut the laptop down.

This was my first project, so I didn't want to screw it up.

While I was away on a business trip to Philadelphia, I couldn't sleep well. It was rare for me to get some sleep until dawn, so when I woke up today to the first ray of sunshine, I was filled with energy and I was in a chipper mood.

The next day of work, I found that there was a tension in the air when we were holding a meeting to discuss the Vlibert Company's project.

Anya threw a pile of documents in front of Mattie and shouted, "What the hell is this pile of garbage? Is this all you have to show after we went on a business trip for four days?"

It was Mattie's report. There must be over a hundred pages in that report. Aside from the part that she wrote herself, the document contained all kinds of information provided by Vlibert Company. In all fairness, the report was comprehensive.

But for some reason, Anya was very dissatisfied with it.

Mattie's eyes turned red. She sorted the documents out one by one.

Suddenly, she looked at me with eyes filled with resentment.

Before I could think any further, she pointed at me and said, "Boss, I'm only responsible for collecting and summarizing the materials. As a matter of fact, the final review was completed by Helen!"

Her words left me stunned for a moment. It didn't take me long to realize that Mattie had pulled me down with her.

That night, in the hotel, I helped her modify the report out of kindness.

But now that I had time to think about it, I realized that she had an evil plan all along. She deliberately asked me for help on her report just to entrap me!

If Anya were satisfied with the report, Mattie could hog all the credit. But if she were dissatisfied, Mattie could just use me as a scapegoat and pass all the blame on me, because it was true that I had helped her with the report.

The meeting room fell into dead silence. One might even hear the sound of a needle dropping in here. Everyone's eyes fell on me, and I could tell that they were waiting for something entertaining to happen.

Anya frowned at me, visibly dissatisfied. "Did you really check her report? All the data that Vlibert Company provided can be falsified. Even as an assistant lawyer, you're supposed to know that already! Isn't it irresponsible for you to hand over data that hasn't been verified to the clients?"

The sound of her voice was frightening, but her piercing gaze was even more terrifying.

Meanwhile, Mattie was staring at me as though she had nothing to do with it.

The others didn't bother to analyze the situation further. Even though Mattie wrote the report, they believed that I should be responsible for it, considering that I did the final review.

"Yes, it's true that I'm charge of reviewing the data, but when I came home last night, I added some new info into it. However, I haven't had the time to communicate with Mattie. This new report here is the result of my investigation after visiting supermarkets, restaurants, and retail stores in Philadelphia yesterday afternoon."

Before Anya could scold me, I took out another report and handed it to her.

Thereafter, she read through the report intently.

Slowly, her creased eyebrows relaxed and she threw the report at Mattie. "This is how you're supposed to do a report! Learn from her. I gave you two a day off yesterday to do this. Do you honestly think that I want you to go sightseeing in Philadelphia?"

Mattie's face turned red, lowering her head in humiliation.

Now, Anya turned her gaze towards the others. "You're all the same as her! I gave you all the same opportunity. Whether you can seize it or not is dependent on how good you are. While you're out there, travelling and having fun, the others have already left you far behind!"

All of a sudden, someone stood up and spoke in defense of Mattie. "Helen, you and Mattie were on a business trip together. Why couldn't you negotiate between yourselves to work out a schedule? You acted on your own to hog all the credit. You have no idea how to help and cooperate with your coworkers!"

Some other lawyers nodded in agreement and echoed the sentiment.

The only one who defended me was Phil. "Why are you blaming those who take the initiative to work? Is being lazy something to be proud of? Think about this carefully. After Helen joined the company, she's done everything you asked her to do for you and she did a fine job at it! Her only problem is that she's

not very good at expressing herself. Miss Pierce, I'd like to put in a request to invite Helen into my team. I will personally mentor her!"

I was so shocked that I looked at Phil.

Ever since I joined the company, he had taken good care of me, but I never wanted to work for him.

His way of handling cases was too wild, and he never acted according to common sense. It wasn't that his methods weren't good, but they just weren't suited to my personality.

Just as I was thinking of how to politely refuse Phil's suggestion, Anya said, "Sadly, I can't give her to you for the time being. She'll be working on the Zhester Technology's case with me."

Everyone in the meeting room burst into an uproar upon hearing her declaration. My heart was racing so fast that I almost doubted if I heard her right.

If Zhester Technology really chose us to represent them and the acquisition case could be handled smoothly, it could be a new high to Hesmor Law Firm.

It was a really big case. Moreover, I was a newcomer. Even the senior lawyers in the department might not be qualified to participate in the case. Yet I got the precious opportunity!

As tears blurred my vision, I looked at Anya gratefully.

"Thank you for the opportunity, Miss Pierce. I'll do everything I can to make sure this case succeeds!"

That afternoon, Anya took me and Phil to Zhester Technology.

While we were in Philadelphia, Anya and Boswell was able to get acquainted with each other. Boswell showed us around the exhibition area and the office. He also showed us several high-tech products that their company had developed.

Later on, he took us to the meeting room.

"Miss Pierce, I have to be honest. Meeting with me now isn't going to help you. Mr. Affleck is currently abroad, and he won't be back until next week. All I can do is introduce you to him, but winning the case will depend on your abilities. What I can tell you now is that Mr. Affleck has already spoken to three law firms about this case," Boswell remarked solemnly.

I had run a background check on him and found out that he was one of George's most capable subordinates.

Naturally, Anya understood what he meant. Both parties had a good conversation, thereafter. About an hour later, we all stood up, bade our farewells, and left.

Just then, the door of the meeting room was opened.

A man came in to say, "Boswell, come see me in my office."

The sound of his listless voice made my body stiffen.

It was George!

[Chapter 574 He Wants To Sleep With You Again](#)

Helen's POV:

Even though I was initially a bit flustered after seeing George, I was able to manage myself and stay calm. After all, we only slept together once, and we were basically like total strangers.

Fortunately, he treated me like a stranger as well and didn't even bat an eyelash at me.

Perhaps this was for the best. It was the first time that Anya had included me in her project. I didn't want to lose this opportunity to learn more.

When I got off work and went home, I saw a tall man leaning against the door.

The sensor light in the corridor was flickering. The moment I saw who it was, I stopped in my tracks, unable to believe my own eyes. "George?"

He appeared to have been waiting there for a long time. When he heard my voice, he looked at my direction as he fiddled with his phone casually.

His intense gaze left me flustered. As I held the key in my hand, I was hesitant to go forward.

When I recalled how nonchalant he was in Zhester Technology today and what he said over the video call before, I couldn't understand why he'd suddenly show up in front of my apartment.

It was so quiet in the corridor that all I could hear was my own breathing and accelerated heartbeat.

"You don't want to go in?" George said abruptly.

"Of course, I do!" Thereafter, I opened the door with the key. However, I had no intention of inviting him in, so I stood at the door and asked, "What are you even doing here?"

George broke into laughter before saying, "Are you mad at me?"

Seeing as he saw through me, I straightened my back and looked into his eyes. "No, I'm not."

Suddenly, George ruffled my hair. "Did you block me on Instagram?"

His abrupt action confused me. But the moment his palm landed on my head, my mind went blank. It took me a few seconds before I gathered my composure.

During my time in Philly, I blocked an Instagram account named "G". It turned out that it really was him!

So, that was why he was waiting at my door tonight?

"I have no memories of this. I'm sure I didn't even follow you on Instagram." I averted my gaze from him and decided to play dumb.

To be fair, I wasn't sure whether the account belonged to him or not back then.

"Alright. Then follow me now. Gimme your phone." George opened his account and handed his phone to me. I reluctantly took out my phone and began searching for his account.

Moments later, I removed his account from my blacklist while he watched me.

"I see, so this is you!" I pretended like I had only just found out.

"Yep." George looked at his phone and changed his username to "George".

After that, he remained at the door, showing no intention of leaving.

Out of politeness, I decided to open the door wide and invite him in.

I was expecting him to refuse my offer, but to my surprise, he went into my apartment like he owned the place. When he walked into the living room, he suddenly stopped in his tracks.

"What's the matter?" I asked. Following his gaze, I saw water flowing from the kitchen, and my entire dining room was flooded.

This was the first time that I had encountered something like this, so I had no idea how to fix it.

"Don't move. I'll handle it," George said as he rolled up his sleeves. Then, he stepped on the water and entered the kitchen.

One by one, he opened the cupboards. He then got under the kitchen counter in search of the water valve. Moments later, he found it under the sink.

As soon as he shut the water valve off, the water stopped gurgling out.

George was completely different from how he usually appeared. He was always like a sophisticated elite. But now, the sleeves of his white shirt had been rolled up, and there were several stains on his shirt. His trousers were also sopping wet.

But even so, it didn't diminish his good looks. Despite looking a bit disheveled, he still looked as elegant and noble as ever.

When he walked out of the kitchen, I felt embarrassed that I let him clean up the mess on his own. Thus, I attempted to help clean up.

But then, he stopped me. "My clothes are already a mess, so just let me do this. You just stay there. I'll be done soon."

Pretty soon, he managed to clean up the dining room floor. Thereafter, he squatted beside the broken pipe and stared at it for a while. "You should call a pipe man to fix this tomorrow."

"Got it. Thank you."

It was lucky for me that he was around. Otherwise, I wouldn't have known what to do.

"Anyway... I'll go take a shower first." George stood up and walked out of the kitchen towards the bathroom.

"Sure, go ahead." My heart skipped a beat. His words made me lost in various flights of fancy, especially because we had been intimate once.

Once he had closed the door, I took out my phone and sent Lucy a message. "If you had a one-night stand with this guy, and he suddenly came to visit. What does this mean?"

Pretty soon, I received a response from her. "He probably wants another night of sex."

Upon reading the message, my heart raced and I began to panic.

No... no way!

How could it be possible? I made myself believe that George probably had lots of beautiful women waiting to sleep with him.

Lucy then asked, "Wait, when did you sleep with someone? And who is he? Is it safe around him?"

I glanced at the bathroom and replied, "It's safe, but I'm really not that close with him."

"It's fine then. The key here is whether you want to sleep with him again or not. How did you feel last time? Like I said before, sleeping with an excellent man is always a good thing, even it's just a one-time

thing," Lucy replied.

I covered my face and heaved an exasperated sigh. Right now, I was feeling very conflicted.

Truthfully, the problem wasn't whether I wanted to sleep with him again or not. George indeed had a great fascination for me. Just as Lucy told me, sleeping with someone as excellent as him was something you just couldn't refuse. However, he had a special identity. If Anya were to take the Zhester Technology's case, it meant that I'd have to see George more frequently. I didn't think I'd have a heart strong enough to deal with a situation like that.

While I was lost in thought, I suddenly heard George speaking from inside the bathroom.

"Helen, please give me a bath towel."

"Okay!"

I got up, fetched a fresh towel for him, and knocked on the bathroom door.

Suddenly, the door opened and George's perfect figure appeared before my eyes. Amidst the mist, I swallowed hard.

This was a contest between adults, and I was utterly defeated.

Suddenly, George grinned and his eyes sharpened. He dragged me into the bathroom before I could gather my composure.

Water was dripping from the top of his head. Pretty soon, his well-toned six-pack abs were pressed against my body.

The clothes on my back became wet and they clung to my body, revealing the outline of my underwear.

In the narrow bathroom, the steamy air pervaded and got on my face. I wasn't sure where to look for a moment.

George had one hand on the wall, and the other was on my jaw. He then forced me to look him in the eye.

He leaned over and pressed his lips against mine. The overwhelming kiss, and his manly scent enveloped me.

My back became stiff and my mind went blank. I was dazed for so long that I didn't come to my senses until I felt a biting sting on my lip.

Frowning, he asked, "Why are you so distracted?"

"I... I wasn't," I retorted. Right after that, my lips were covered with his, and I couldn't finish the end of my sentence.

His hands began to travel along my body. Not a second later, he unbuttoned my shirt and took off my clothes one piece after another.

I was so taken by his kiss. By the time I was able to think straight, I had almost been stripped naked. All but my underwear had been taken off. My panties were almost taken off and were hanging onto my legs.

Suddenly, George wrapped his arms around my waist and picked me up. He removed my panties and threw them to the floor.

As he held my legs around his waist, he pressed his huge hard cock against my pussy and rubbed them together.

The slightest movement sent a wave of pleasure to my nerves.

Because of that, I became so wet down there. Aroused and horny, I was eager for him to fuck me.

"Helen, can I do it?" George kissed my neck.

I wrapped my arms around his neck, nodding in agreement.

Pretty soon, his thick, hard cock went in.

[Chapter 575 Take The Subway Together](#)

Helen's POV:

"Hmm..." My spine went numb. I felt so nervous that my toes curled up.

George stroked my back, seemingly to comfort me. "Don't be so nervous. You're gripping me too tightly that I can't get in."

"Okay." I adjusted my breathing and slowly relaxed myself. The very next second, George slid his thick hard cock into me again.

The lewd sounds brought about by the wetness of my pussy made me blush.

He then pressed my back against the wall, held my ass, and slowly began thrusting in and out of me.

Once I had gotten used to it, I was no longer feeling shy. I even took the initiative to pull him closer and kiss him.

He paused for a second, and then he began speeding up while grabbing my breasts and sucking my nipples.

Waves of pleasure made my body numb. My legs began to tremble as I surrendered to desire, weakly leaning against his arms and moaning over and over.

"Does that feel good, Helen? You want me to fuck you even harder?" George shoved all of his cock into me, reaching the deepest parts of my pussy.

"It feels so fucking good! It's so good, George. Fuck me even faster!" I moaned even louder this time as he rammed his cock into my privates.

"I'll make sure to fuck your brains out." George chuckled. He sped up and thrust his hips at me even harder.

The pleasure was so intense that it made me feel like there were electric currents coursing through my veins. Pretty soon, I felt my pussy tighten as I came with his cock still inside me.

Almost at the same time, he came, leaving all of his thick hot fluids inside me. I moaned with pleasure, subconsciously scratching his back and leaving scratch marks on it.

Thereafter, he cleaned my body and carried me back to the bedroom.

This man... He was so energetic that he had sex with me one more time in bed.

Before I fell asleep, I remembered that he just came back from abroad today. He was probably jet lagged, so he wasn't feeling sleepy yet.

I slept until it was dawn. It was quite rare for me to sleep that well. So, when I woke up, I was in a good mood.

The second I opened my eyes, I saw a pair of deep-set eyes staring at me.

I was holding George, not the stuffed bear that I usually held while sleeping.

"What are you still doing here?" I stared at him, wondering why he didn't leave after we had sex.

"My clothes are wet, so I couldn't go out," George explained.

"I see." I turned my head and saw the dryer working.

Did he put our clothes in the washer and then set the dryer last night? He was such a gentleman.

If our relationship was more than just friends with benefits, I would've fallen in love with him already. Gentle and considerate men were my weakness.

What a shame...

I sat upright from the bed, realizing that we were both naked and that we slept together the whole night, cuddling.

My face felt like it was burning. I glanced at him and saw that he still looked as stoic as ever. Seeing his expression extinguished my excitement.

Whether I liked it or not, he probably had a lot of experience in casual dating. Every move he made and every gaze he gave could make the woman in his bed feel loved and respected.

If I were to fall in love with a guy like him, I might never be able to forget him.

I went to the bathroom at once and splashed my face with cold water, repeatedly patting my face in front of the mirror.

I shouldn't be indulging myself in various flights of fancy. Some people are more suited to just being friends with benefits.

After putting on my makeup and changing my clothes, I prepared to go to work.

By now, George had already dressed and went downstairs with me using the elevator.

"Allow me to drive you to the law firm," he suggested on our way out of the apartment building.

"No, thanks. The subway station is right around the corner," I replied.

Since it was the morning rush hour, the subway was filled with lots of people. After failing to get in twice, I managed to squeeze in during the third time. There were so many people around me, and I could barely reach the handgrip to steady myself.

When the subway arrived at the next station, the inertia made me sway to the left. I tried to grab the handgrip, but it turned out that its belt was broken, and I inevitably lost my balance.

Just as I gave up, someone supported me from behind and I heard a familiar voice.

"Watch out!"

George?

He took the subway with me?

"Why'd you take the subway?"

"Because taking the subway is more environment-friendly."

Taking advantage of his height, he put one hand on the handrail above the handgrip, and his other hand on my waist. We were so close to each other that I could smell his pleasant scent. Ah... now I no longer wondered why the smell was so familiar. He used my shampoo this morning, and his clothes even smelled like the laundry detergent that I used.

Once we were outside the subway station, he walked behind me. I couldn't help but wonder if he took the subway with me on purpose.

But the moment I saw his driver and assistant at the exit of the subway station, I realized that he was planning to go to the nearby commercial district to talk about business. We were just heading to the same direction.

When I arrived at the law firm, Mattie eagerly rushed in before I could even turn on my computer. "Guess who I saw at the subway station earlier?"

"Who was it?" Several of my colleagues looked at Mattie curiously.

I didn't dare to move or speak. Ever since Mattie had made me her scapegoat last time, I had decided not to speak to the bitch again.

I was more than willing to accept a fair competition, but I would never tolerate her dirty tricks.

"I saw Mr. George Affleck at the subway station!" Mattie exclaimed as she waved her phone in front of our coworkers.

"That's impossible! He's a wealthy man. Why would he take the subway?" The entire office was in an uproar. George was the key client that we were trying so hard to win over, so everyone paid special attention to any news related to him.

"It's really him! I even took a few photos of him in secret. Have a look at these!" Mattie handed her phone to the others, and it sent everyone into fits of excitement.

"Wow, it really is him! He's so dashing!"

"Damn! Even from the back, he's so handsome."

Hearing them talk about George made me feel anxious. I wasn't sure if Mattie saw him in the subway train or at the exit of the subway station. I was worried that she saw me with George!

George and I had become friends with benefits, but that was all and I'd like things to keep that way. I didn't want anyone to know that I knew him outside of work.

"Huh? Is that woman in front Helen?" The sharp-eyed receptionist girl pointed at the photo.

I didn't get to see the photos in Mattie's phone since I didn't join their conversation. But when I realized what the photo they were talking about could be, my heart almost leapt from my chest.

Inside the subway train, he was holding my waist almost the entire time. Anyone who saw us would probably think we were a couple.

If Mattie really took photo of us like that, how would I ever explain it?

She glanced at me and smirked triumphantly. "That's right! Helen was there but she didn't even notice that Mr. Affleck was right behind her. I called her twice, but she didn't hear me. What a pity, Helen. Otherwise, Mr. Affleck probably would've seen you and remembered that you two were high school classmates."

Having heard what she said, all the other lawyers in the office broke into laughter.

I was well-aware that they still remembered that I once volunteered to contact George during my first day in this law firm.

I ignored their mockery and heaved a sigh of relief.

"Mattie, never forget that you're a lawyer. You should know that taking photos of other people without their permission is considered an invasion of privacy, especially if they're our clients." Phil didn't mince words in criticizing her.

The office suddenly quieted down.

Aside from Anya, Phil was the most experienced lawyer among us. Though he usually appeared to be easy-going and lively, his imposing aura whenever he was serious was truly intimidating.

Mattie clammed up and her face turned red. She then sat back down, tightly grasping her phone.

[Chapter 576 Pursuer](#)

Helen's POV:

Anya came in, carrying a laptop bag in one hand and a small suitcase in the other. She looked like she was going on a business trip.

The second she entered the office, she ordered, "Everyone, set aside your work, and go to the conference room at once."

She breezed through the progress of all ongoing projects.

And at the end of the meeting, she gave me a special assignment, asking me to collect all relevant information I could get about Zhester Technology.

Before leaving, she told everyone, "I'm going abroad for two weeks. If you have any questions, you can either send me an email or ask Phil."

"Yes, ma'am!" Everyone nodded.

Anya had many projects that she personally handled, and she was the legal counselor of several listed companies. Almost all year round, she went on business trips across the world. We had no idea which project she was handling that needed her to go abroad this time.

Before leaving the meeting room, Phil approached me and whispered, "Boswell, and another designer named Jane have developed a product concept, but unfortunately, a competitor plagiarized it. They're now engaging in a lawsuit and Anya is their acting lawyer. The headquarters of Zhester Technology is abroad, so she has to go on a business trip with George."

I looked at Phil in shock. It was no wonder Anya went all the way to Philly just to meet with Boswell. It turned out that she just wanted to take an indirect path into reaching her goal.

Instead of directly talking about the merger and acquisition case, she decided to take on a small case to start with. Once she had gained the trust of Boswell and the company's legal department, she'd soon earn George's trust.

Now that I had heard that, I admired Anya even more. She was truly dependable!

Phil said to me, "You should learn from Anya. You have potential, tenacity, and you know when to think ahead. In our industry, professional knowledge is a gateway to success. But the chance to achieve long-term career growth depends on one's dedication to the job, attention to detail, and sense of responsibility."

I nodded eagerly and replied, "I'll make sure to work even harder! Thanks for the advice, Phil!"

Phil chuckled at my response. "Got any other way to thank me?"

"Well, let me treat you to lunch then! Are you available later this noon?"

"I am. Let's have lunch in the restaurant across the street," Phil agreed happily.

Once it was lunchtime, I went to the restaurant along with him.

And the second we entered the restaurant, I ran into Lucy.

She was wearing a well-tailored suit jacket along with a black camisole underneath with a plunging neckline. Her long curly hair was casually scattered, and the ends of her hair were dyed light blue. From her neatly done eyebrows, down to her pumps, she was a sight to behold.

She walked over to me, held my arm, and smirked with eyes filled with mischief. "What a coincidence that we ran into each other during lunch break! Tell me, who is this handsome guy?"

"Phil, this is my best friend, Lucy. And Lucy, this is my colleague, Phil." I glared at Lucy in secret, warning her not to take it too far.

"It's nice to finally meet you, Phil. I've heard a lot about you from Helen. Thank you for taking care of her."

Lucy was always such a sweet talker. In truth, I'd never mentioned Phil to her, not even once.

Phil shook Lucy's hand graciously. Once he had taken a seat, he began chatting with Lucy.

When the dishes were finally served, we chatted while eating.

Moments later, Phil's phone rang. The client he was supposed to meet this afternoon had arrived at the law firm ahead of schedule, so he had to go back immediately.

After he left, Lucy whispered to my ears, "I think Phil has a crush on you."

I almost choked on the juice I was drinking when I heard her. I coughed and firmly replied, "That's impossible! Phil is only concerned about work."

Lucy patted me on the back and continued, "Trust me. He likes you. But, he looks like a realist. He probably wants a girlfriend who's on par with him. I can tell that he likes you, but it doesn't seem like he wants to make any further commitments anytime soon. Which is why he's helping you out. On the one hand, he can win your favor. And on the other hand, he can observe if you have room to grow and you're qualified to be with a guy like him." She was analyzing the guy so solemnly.

I rolled my eyes at her and said, "If I didn't know him better, I would've believed your nonsense!"

Suddenly, Lucy held my chin and eyed me up and down. "Honey, you know nothing about your charms. It's a waste of your talents!"

Not wanting to continue with this subject, I asked, "You said that you had good news to tell me, right? What was it?"

"Oh! I almost forgot. I got the job offer from Zhester Technology! The HR director has asked me to sign

the contract tomorrow. I'll be responsible for anything related to recruitment for their technology department for a year." Lucy wrapped her arms around my neck, visibly excited.

"Whoa! It went that well?" I looked at her in surprise.

Lucy explained, "Actually, I have George to thank for this. Even though he refused me and said that it wasn't within his jurisdiction, he recommended me to their HR director. Think about it. The CEO personally recommended me. How can the HR Director not think highly of me?"

Upon hearing George's name, I felt kind of guilty. "That's great, Lucy. I wish you success!"

Lucy put down her cutlery and let out a sigh. "I didn't expect that I'd be able to get the job offer from Zhester Technology. I can finally brag to my fans that I'm a strong independent woman even in the workplace!"

Just as we were about to say goodbye, she habitually held my arm, took a selfie, and posted it on Instagram.

By the time I arrived at the law firm, Lucy had received lots of likes for the post.

She and I had many mutual friends, and Cece was one of them.

Cece commented, "Babe, you really should stop introducing men to Helen."

"What made you say that?" replied Lucy.

Cece answered, "There are three sets of cutlery on the table behind you. It's probably for some guy."

Lucy remarked, "You have sharp eyes. You're right. There was a man with us today, but I didn't introduce him to Helen. He's already Helen's admirer. And BTW, he's handsome!"

The two of them exchanged more than ten comments in the comments section, which was enough to occupy the whole page.

I had gotten used to this. Besides, I was preoccupied with work, so I just ignored them.

The three of us often chatted in the comments section like that. Not many people would care to see our conversations anyway.

But this time, I sensed that something was wrong. When I finished my work, something dawned on me.

George was also following Lucy's Instagram, so he could see the comments and interaction between her and Cece in the comments section.

I quickly checked Instagram and found that they were still talking.

Lucy's latest reply read, "Helen said that she was very pleased with her first time. Based on what she told me, she seemed to have had a fantastic experience."

Upon reading that, my hand trembled and I almost couldn't hold my phone.

I immediately called Lucy to ask her to delete her vile comment.

However, she refused my request. "It's the most popular comment I have to date. I'm not gonna delete it just because you said so."

"Please, Lucy. Can you delete all your comments with Cece?" I pleaded.

"Why should I delete them? There is no secret between us."

"George follows both you and Cece. He can probably see what you two are talking about!"

I was so anxious that I gripped my phone tightly, silently praying that George wouldn't find this wretched post.

"Fuck! I forgot about that. Okay. I'll delete the comments right away!" Lucy deleted the comment and comforted me. "It's going to be fine, bestie. There's no need to be so nervous. George is a busy man. He probably won't be idle enough to check my Instagram page, right? And even if he sees it, he's not gonna care. It's not like he's friends with us or something."

I leaned against the chair, feeling like weeping, but I had no tears to shed.

Lucy had no idea that George was my first man.

After the phone call, I prayed hard in my head that he didn't see that stupid post and all those comments.

[Chapter 577 A Fantastic Experience](#)

Helen's POV:

During the evening, I had already forgotten about the matter. After taking a shower, I went to bed, leaned against the headboard, and started working on my laptop.

Just as I was about to go to sleep, George sent me a message. "Let's talk when I get back."

"Talk about what? Work?" I replied in confusion.

After an intense day of working, I was already exhausted and drowsy. Before he could respond to my message, I had already drifted into sleep.

The following day, I found an unread message on my phone when I woke up.

It was a message from George, which was sent three hours after his previous message.

"Focus more on your work rather than meeting guys."

He sounded exactly like my mother. She was always telling me to study hard and to not date at a young age.

Now, I was even more certain that he saw the interaction between Lucy and Cece on Instagram yesterday, along with Lucy's comment about my admirer.

How on earth would I be in the mood to find a boyfriend right now? Besides, whether I had one or not had nothing to do with him.

Instead of sending him a response, I decided to delete our chat logs. Once I was busy with my work, I had already forgotten about this whole episode.

A few days later, George showed up at my door.

He came in with several grocery bags in hand. It looked like he had gone shopping in the nearby supermarket just now. Thereafter, he filled my fridge with food and even sorted them out in an orderly fashion.

I was well-aware of why he came here uninvited yet again. But because I was exhausted with work, I wasn't in the mood to have sex. All I wanted to do was to pass out on my bed and drift into sleep.

"I'm kind of exhausted, George. Tonight isn't a good time for me." As I looked at him from the back, I established that nothing would happen between us tonight.

In all honesty, I had no idea what this guy was thinking. He and I were just fuck buddies, and yet he came into my house uninvited again. He was already breaking the rules.

Aside from that, he was always bringing stuff along whenever he came by. It didn't look like he came here to stay the night. In fact, it looked like he was just coming home.

George paused for a moment to look at me and say, "If you're tired, go to sleep. I'll help you organize your fridge, and then I'll go home."

I nodded in response and thanked him. I actually wanted to take a shower before going to bed, but I decided not to because George was still around. Thus, I just went to my bedroom and changed into a set

of more comfortable clothes.

He stood in the kitchen with his sleeves rolled up, revealing his muscular arms.

The way he cooked in the kitchen was so organized.

He cooked two bowls of noodles. The noodles had few vegetables, a poached egg, and some chopped green onions. Even though they were simple, they looked very delicious.

George handed one bowl to me and said, "You should change your habit of not having dinner."

Shocked by his remark, I looked at him and asked, "How do you know that I don't eat dinner?"

"Based on your kitchen and your fridge, it's easy to guess." George looked at me knowingly. Blushing, I began to eat my noodles.

He sat across me, ladled a bowl of noodles for himself, and ate as well.

While eating, I asked tentatively, "Why did you come back ahead of time? Did Anya return with you?"

"I'm not sure. She's not obligated to tell me about her schedule," George replied in a flat voice.

Despite the setback, I gathered enough courage to ask, "How's the plagiarism case going?"

This time, George put down his bowl and put on a straight face. "Anya is looking to take over the merger and acquisition case of Zhester Technology, isn't she?"

Because he saw right through me, I touched the tip of my nose and chuckled. "Yes, she is." Honestly, I wanted to know how he felt about Anya.

George took out his phone and showed me a piece of news from the news channel's technology section. "It's already been settled."

The news was released this afternoon. Zhester Technology won the plagiarism case. I was busy working on a PowerPoint presentation that I'd use for the bidding case later, so I missed this piece of news.

"You should learn from Anya," George remarked. I could tell from his words that he admired Anya's capabilities as a professional.

Somehow, it made me feel relieved.

After we finished eating noodles, George stood up and cleaned up the table. Then, he turned around and went into the kitchen along with the tableware.

"I can wash the dishes."

I stood beside him and tried to get the bowls from his hands, but he dodged.

He turned on the tap, quickly washed the dishes, and put them back to the shelf.

Based on how methodical his movements were, I gleaned that this man enjoyed doing housework, even though it didn't match his personality.

Moreover, his hands were so smooth and soft. It didn't look like he often did household chores. This got me wondering how he was able to do these trivial tasks in my house so easily.

While I was lost in thought, George turned to me and said, "Let's talk."

"Talk about what?" I looked back at him, visibly confused.

George took out his phone and pointed at a screenshot of Lucy's Instagram. Then, he slowly read through the comments. "Helen said that she was very pleased with her first time. Based on what she told me, she seemed to have had a fantastic experience." After that, he looked at me and asked, "Aren't you going to explain this to me, Helen?"

The sound of his deep voice was tantalizing, and the look on his face was just as unreadable as his personality.

When I locked eyes with him, my mind went blank for a moment. I was so embarrassed that I just wanted to dig a hole for myself and hide there.

He did see it! He even got a screenshot of it!

As I looked at him, an absurd idea came to my mind. Did he come here ahead of schedule just to ask me about this?

"I wasn't talking about you!" I explained in a hurry.

"Oh? Did you sleep with someone else?" George raised his eyebrows and smirked.

"I didn't! What I meant was... Well actually... the experience wasn't that good..." I denied Lucy's comment, but I felt like he'd misunderstand me, so I had to figure out an excuse.

But when I did try to come up with an excuse, I realized that I had said something stupid. In the end, my voice trailed off.

I looked at George's face and saw that he appeared to be upset.

"Helen, am I that bad?" Right after he said that, he picked up his coat from the sofa and left. He looked like his mood had turned sour.

I decided not to dwell on it, took a shower, and chatted with Lucy for a while before going to sleep.

[Chapter 578 Split Personality](#)

Helen's POV:

The next morning, I received a call from Phil, asking me to pick Anya up at the airport at nine o'clock sharp.

With that, I took a taxi and headed to the airport. There I saw that Phil had arrived earlier than me and was waiting for Anya to disembark.

He greeted me and handed me a sandwich and a cup of coffee.

I took the food and smiled at him gratefully. "Thank you, Phil."

Phil soon wolfed down his sandwich. "Eat your breakfast quickly. When Anya arrives, I'm afraid there'll be a tough battle to fight," he reminded me while chewing.

"What happened?" I anxiously asked.

Based on George's tone last night, I could tell that he was quite satisfied with Anya's ability and professionalism. Moreover, she had won the plagiarism case.

Phil shook his head glumly. "I don't know yet. Before boarding, Anya called me and told me something unexpected. George was supposed to go back on the same plane as her, but he changed his flight and returned ahead of time. Anya's worried that there'll be a change of plan. As far as I know, several law firms are bidding for Zhester Technology's case. They'd met three of them today. And among all our competitors, I'm afraid we have no advantage."

I could not help but feel nervous when I heard Phil's analysis of the situation.

To be honest, I really hoped we would win the case to represent Zhester Technology. Anya was mentoring me in person this time and I would definitely learn a lot from a merger case of this scale. Whichever way I looked at it, it would be a great stepping stone for my future career.

At this moment, Anya got off the plane. I rushed over to her and took her suitcase.

Phil took us to the parking lot and reported the latest progress of Zhester Technology.

"Let's go to Zhester Technology. Hurry," Anya ordered to Phil as soon as she got into the car.

When we arrived at the said company, several other law firms were already there. Zhester Technology's legal department was having a meeting with them.

Anya led us into the meeting room confidently as if she had been here a lot of times.

Not long after, she excused herself and left the meeting room to go to the restroom.

For some reason, she did not show up until the meeting was over. "Come with me. I'll take you to George," she said quite loudly.

I believed that everyone in the meeting room heard what she had said.

This must be because Anya wanted the other competitors to know that she knew George better than everyone else. She wanted to put psychological pressure on her competitors.

This was the first time I had seen George working. He looked so serious, especially when he read the documents in his hand. It was like he was digesting every word on the report.

"Have a seat," George said curtly.

He looked different from what I remembered of him. Although I had only seen him a few times, he was always gentle to me and gave me a strong sense of security, regardless if we spoke or not.

Anya was well-prepared this time. Her presentation was logical and concise. First, she showed George her previous successful cases and then pointed out the case between Zhester Technology and Smart Technology was just her wheelhouse. She tried to prove to George that she was qualified for the merger case in terms of both ability and experience.

Her goal was clear. She did not say any nonsense nor did she try to flatter him.

Meanwhile, George listened intently to what Anya had to say. Although he was expressionless throughout the presentation, he did not interrupt her but carefully read the materials she had prepared.

Once Anya had finished speaking, George pointed at a few pages of the report and asked, "Miss Pierce, did you make this report?"

"Helen did. Though, I agree that polishing is indeed needed," Anya replied.

"As far as I know, she's just an assistant lawyer. Miss Pierce, do you think that it's right to ask an assistant lawyer to deal with me?"

George did not even bat an eye at me. Judging from the tone of his voice, I could tell he was dissatisfied with the report I had made.

"Mr. Affleck, with all due respect, Helen was simply outlining the framework of this case here. If we are to cooperate in the future, we will be able to discuss the details thoroughly and correct any mistakes. Besides, although Helen is only an assistant lawyer at present, she's hardworking and competent. I will have her make a more detailed report and send it to you if you don't mind."

I must admit, I was moved. I never expected that Anya would speak for me and even praise me in front of the clients.

George flipped through the report again. I thought he would criticize me again, but he did not. "Very well. I believe in your judgment, Miss Pierce."

For a second, I thought I had heard it wrong.

Although indirectly, did he just acknowledge my work?

On the way back to the law firm, Phil heaved a heavy sigh and said, "George is such a cunning fox. If we weren't prepared, we probably wouldn't have been allowed to even talk to him, let alone impress him. But, how did he know that Helen was just an assistant lawyer? I'm impressed. He's so observant!"

I lowered my head in guilt.

As a lawyer, I had to be careful all the time. Back at our reunion party, I casually mentioned that I was an assistant lawyer. I did not expect that George would remember it.

"The more difficult the case is, the more meaningful it is. Helen, perfect the report as soon as possible and send it to George in person," Anya ordered.

"I-I have to send the report to him myself?" I stammered in disbelief. It took me a moment before Anya's words sank in.

Suddenly, what Anya had said crossed my mind. "I will have her make a more detailed report and send it to you..."

It turned out that Anya deliberately used my flawed risk assessment report, so we would have the opportunity to meet George again. For sure, this would deepen his impression of our law firm.

As we were still in the negotiation stage, the report was dispensable and would not affect the result. However, by doing so, it just earned us another meeting with George!

As expected, Anya had everything calculated. It was not a coincidence or mere luck that she had those achievements.

I devoted myself to perfecting the report. When I got home, it was already 9 o'clock in the evening.

To my surprise, George was by the door, waiting for me.

He was visibly angry when he left last night. And earlier today, he did not bat an eye at me and even criticized me for not being able to make a proper report. I thought he would not come to see me again, yet here he was.

"I bought food yesterday. It'll spoil if I don't cook it today," George explained without me asking. From the looks of him, he was waiting for me to open the door.

"I see..." I looked at him with narrowed eyes and wondered if he had a split personality.

He looked totally different now from when he was in the company. I was in awe of the way he separated his work and personal life.

It was a good thing, though. After all, we were just adults who had an intimate physical relationship but no emotional attachment. We only had to take what we needed, so there was no need for us to interfere with each other's life.

Right now, we could have sex if he was in the mood for it. We could vent our lust in our bodies as much as we wanted and then collapse in each other's arms afterward.

Truth be told, I'd always had trouble sleeping. But with him, I slept like a baby.

At the thought of this, I opened the door for him. The moment he stepped in, I stood on tiptoe and pressed him against the wall. Then, without warning, I raised my head and pressed my lips against his.

[Chapter 579 You Don't Have To See Me Again](#)

Helen's POV:

George embraced me tightly and kissed me passionately.

His manly scent and fragrant cologne made him smell so good.

Once I was starting to feel out of breath, he finally let go of my lips.

At last, I had the chance to breathe. But the next second, he buried his face into my neck, sucking and licking it with fervor.

He then took me to the bedroom while stripping me of my formal suit one by one, leaving only my underwear.

Right now in my bedroom, he was still neatly dressed while I was almost naked.

Feeling dissatisfied, I nibbled on his earlobe, and hurriedly unbuttoned him.

"Ugh..." He took a deep breath and kissed me more intensely. He was completely different from how stoic he looked earlier.

Pretty soon, I unbuckled his belt. I looked down and found his bulging crotch through his underwear. I could feel the heat coming from it.

George carried me to the bed, and once he had laid me down, he couldn't wait to put his cock inside me.

Even though we didn't do much foreplay, my pussy was already so wet. Since we had made love many times over, I had begun adapting to the size of his cock. It no longer hurt as much as it did the first time. In fact, it felt so damn good.

He thrust his dick deep inside me, holding on to my waist as he moved his hips faster and harder.

Waves of pleasure began to overwhelm me, so much so that my body trembled. Pretty soon, I came and moaned his name. "Oh, fuck, George! It's so good. You're in too deep. Be more gentle."

"You're so tight, honey." George continued to kiss me. His breathing was unusually fast. And after a short pause, he started fucking me again.

I clung to his body. My arms were wrapped around his neck, enjoying the passion and eagerness of his kiss.

All of a sudden, I reached climax again right when he came inside my body.

Thereafter, George made out with me like a gentle, loving boyfriend.

"Are you hungry? I'm going to cook."

"Sure. I'll have some." I was so tired that I collapsed on the bed, and my voice was so weak.

How the hell did he still have so much energy left? Was he just obsessed with cooking or something?

George chuckled and ruffled my hair before getting up.

In all honest, the after-sex care made me feel very good. The sex itself was amazing, but the things he did afterwards made me feel even warmer inside.

Right after our intense session of sex, I was exhausted and hungry. As I lay on the bed, I found that I couldn't even move my fingers. I didn't put on my pajamas until I smelled the aroma of food coming from the kitchen.

George had finished preparing something for us, all of which looked delicious.

Without saying a word, he put a plate in front of me.

"Did you learn how to cook from a chef or something?"

I hadn't eaten home cooking food for years. I didn't know how to cook, and neither could Lucy. For me, food was just a way to sustain life. I usually ate whatever that was quick and easy. Being able to eat even simple home-made dishes was something of a luxury.

"Not really. When I was studying abroad, I couldn't get used to the cuisine there, so I taught myself how to cook. Practice makes perfect," he answered casually.

"I see. So, you developed a habit of doing housework abroad. And now, you like doing them, don't you?"

I remembered that he often cleaned my house, did the dirty laundry, threw out the garbage, washed the dishes, and even cleaned up the kitchen.

Just the thought of it was enough for me to admit that he was an excellent man. Any woman lucky enough to be his girlfriend would be very happy.

"Helen, no one likes doing housework," George said sternly as he put down his cutlery.

As I sat on the living room sofa after dinner, I wrapped myself in a blanket and began watching TV. All year round, there was only one channel I liked watching, and it was the law channel.

George didn't seem like he had any intention of leaving. He sat beside me and placed his arm around my shoulder.

"What are you looking at?"

Today's program was about a case where a mistress who used her illegitimate child to get the cheating husband's family's properties.

I watched the case intently. Seeing the court conclude that the illegitimate child could inherit half of the man's properties made me livid.

George laughed at me and said, "You're a lawyer. Why are you still so sensitive? Legally, the illegitimate child is still his child and therefore is also the heir."

His words got on my nerves and they seemed to hit a sore spot. I stood up and shouted, "I don't need you to teach me about the law!"

I thought that I must look really frightening right now. I gritted my teeth, wanting to bite anyone I'd see

like a madman.

The smile on George's face disappeared and he fell silent. Thereafter, he lifted the blanket and sprang to his feet.

"Good night." Right after he said that, he left my apartment.

I knew that I shouldn't have lashed out on him, but hearing about the topic of illegitimate child sent my emotions out of control.

Once George had left, Lucy came to my apartment for a drink.

She seemed to have noticed something that aroused her curiosity. Like the famous Sherlock Holmes, she looked around my apartment and finally concluded, "You had a male guest and he just left, didn't he?"

Shocked by her remark, I asked, "How did you know that?"

"Call it the sixth sense of a relationship expert."

Just as I had expected, there was nothing I could hide from my best friend. Feeling helpless, I began to feel nervous. I was worried that she'd ask who the man was. I still hadn't decided how to answer the question.

Fortunately, Lucy didn't probe into it deeper. In her opinion, as long as the act wasn't immoral and neither party involved was married, they could have as much sex as they wanted.

In the end, Lucy drank several bottles of beer, while I didn't even finish one. Gradually, I was able to calm down. Only a few sips of alcohol was enough to help me sleep soundly.

The next morning, I sat up from the sofa and habitually checked the time on my phone. Then, I saw several messages from Cece.

"Girl, you better stay away from Lucy from now on!"

I had no idea what she was talking about. But as I continued to read, I finally understood what was happening.

Lucy had gotten so hammered last night, and posted more than a dozen videos on INS, exposing our ugly drunk selves. Several of our old university friends barraged the comments section with sassy remarks and questions.

I broke into a helpless laughter and decided to wake Lucy up.

We were about to be late. Having no time to go back home and get changed, Lucy put on my clothes

and went to the subway with me.

"Why don't you just drive?" I asked.

As she stood next to me, Lucy complained, "So, I've just recently started working for Zhester Technology, right? I found out that it's really hard to find a parking spot, and to top it off, it's really expensive! That's why I prefer to take the subway now."

"Why can't you just work from home?"

I was a little absent-minded at the moment. Zhester Technology was starting to annoy me because I heard about it everywhere.

Lucy held my arm and explained, "The human resources department is making a recruitment plan for next year. They want me to get involved with it and get to know their needs, so that I can recruit suitable people for the company next year. In fact, they said that they want me to be the recruitment manager!"

"Well, what did you think about the offer?" I asked.

Lucy fiddled with her curly hair, filled with confidence and charm. "Naturally, I refused it. I was recommended by George to the director of the human resources department, which led to their misunderstanding that I have close ties with him. You know, someone this pretty like me is more likely to be misunderstood."

She was indeed a pretty woman. Several of the male passengers around her kept stealing glances at her.

Later on, we said goodbye. She went to Zhester Technology, while I went back to the law firm.

To my surprise, not long after I arrived, Anya sent me to Zhester Technology to hand in the modified report.

I knew that the report was just an excuse, and Anya's real intention was for me to make the necessary preparations. Before the official bidding, I had to go to Zhester Technology every day to familiarize myself with them. Aside from that, she wanted me to keep track of the movement of the other law firms. Just as the saying went, know thy enemy, know thyself.

Suddenly, I remembered how I lashed out at George last night and it made me feel guilty.

It was indeed my fault. He didn't do anything wrong. I could take this opportunity to apologize as well.

Thus, I sent him a message using my phone. "Are you at work? I'd like to see you."

He didn't reply until it was noon. "For business or personal affairs? If it's about business, you have to

make an appointment with my assistant first."

As I read his text message, I could imagine just how he looked and how the tone of his voice would sound when saying these words.

He seemed to be infuriated.

"It's regarding both business and personal affairs," I replied honestly.

The business was to hand over the report to him, and the personal affair was to apologize.

"I don't talk about personal affairs while I'm at work. Let's talk about that later tonight. As for the business, make an appointment with my assistant first." George had a clear distinction between business and personal affairs.

Did he say that he wanted to talk to me about it tonight? Did he think that he could just come by my home whenever he pleased?

No! Absolutely not. I wouldn't indulge him again!

Annoyed, I texted him back. "You know what? Actually I don't have any personal affairs to discuss with you. You don't have to see me again. Not tonight, not ever!"

[Chapter 580 Inborn Dullness](#)

Helen's POV:

After turning off my phone, I didn't leave Zhester Technology right away. I was planning to have lunch with Lucy, so I waited on the first floor hall.

"Miss Dewar?"

While I was waiting, I heard someone call out my name from the other side. I followed the voice and saw Soren Sugden. He was a lawyer and the director of Zhester Technology's legal department. Standing next to him was George, who claimed just minutes ago that he had a hectic schedule and had no time to talk to me.

"Mr. Sugden, Mr. Afflect, it's nice to see you today." I was angry at George, but I still had to greet him politely in public. Somehow, it made me feel like I also had a split personality or something. Even though I was furious at him, I had to pretend to be respectful.

Soren approached me and smiled. "Miss Dewar, why didn't you go upstairs? Miss Pierce informed me that you were dropping by to hand in a report."

I handed the report to Soren without even glancing at George.

Suddenly, I heard another voice coming from the elevator banks. Pretty soon, Lucy rushed over and hugged me. She was as lively and energetic as usual.

"I didn't have breakfast this morning. I'm starving, babe! Let's go!"

Right after she finished talking, she realized that there were people standing next to her. She immediately removed her hands from me and greeted them respectfully.

Soren looked at me and Lucy and suggested, "Since you're hungry, why don't you drop by our staff cafeteria? The chefs of our cafeteria are hired from five-star hotels."

I wanted to refuse, because I preferred not to have lunch with George. After all, the bastard refused to see me earlier. Having lunch together would only make things awkward.

But to my distress, Lucy agreed readily. She held my hand and walked beside Soren.

"Great! I've heard that the food in Zhester Technology's cafeteria is sensational. I've long wanted to visit it, but unfortunately, outsiders like me don't have employee IDs."

"Won't be a problem. I'll ask the executive department to issue one for you."

Lucy had already agreed without giving me a chance to decline.

I wanted to tell her to behave herself, but when I looked up, I realized that there was a different person standing beside me.

It was George. I had no idea when he walked next to me.

There was a private dining room reserved for George in the staff cafeteria. Soren urged us to sit down, while George ordered several dishes.

Lucy exclaimed, "Mr. Affleck, how did you know what kind of food we like? All the dishes you ordered are our favorite food!"

George didn't answer. He just silently put the tableware in front of me.

Then, I passed the tableware to Lucy.

Suddenly, a knowing smirk appeared on Soren's lips. "Did you both graduate from NYU? In that case, we're schoolmates. I was an exchange student at NYU for a year. People say that there are lots of beautiful women in NYU. You two were probably goddesses of the campus, weren't you?"

Lucy became talkative right away, and she began chatting with Soren. "Oh, that's very true! Especially

for Helen. You have no idea how many boys had a crush on her during our time in college. But, unfortunately for them, their love for her was unrequited, because she's an emotionless study machine. She's pretty dull."

Soren was now in high spirits. He asked with a smile, "Is that so?"

"Yup! Back when we were sophomores, this really funny thing happened. There was a senior who was so infatuated with Helen that he'd always save her a seat in the library and buy coffee for her every single day. He did all those things for her for an entire year. And before he graduated, he plucked up the courage to confess his love to Helen. Guess what she said?"

"What did she say?" Soren asked.

George suddenly looked at me, waiting for the answer.

I was so embarrassed that I just wanted to dig a hole and hide in there forever. I pulled the hem of Lucy's clothes, implying that she should shut up.

Obviously, she didn't pick up on my hint. She even held my arm and bantered, "She said, 'Excuse me but who are you?' So many similar things happened. As time went by, nobody pursued her anymore. Even until now, she's still single. I have no idea who'd be lucky enough to have her someday."

Soren smiled and said, "It's going to be fine. Ask George to introduce some guys to Helen in the future. Everyone around him are capable, dependable young men."

Lucy nodded at once. "Mr. Affleck, on behalf of Helen, I'd like to thank you first."

In an indifferent voice, George answered, "Do I look like I have that much free time? Let's just finish lunch and go back to work!"

The atmosphere became tense right away. Soren was merely kidding, but George took it seriously.

However, I had gotten accustomed to George's erratic behavior and sudden mood swings.

After lunch, we walked out of the canteen. There was a small step by the door, and it almost caused me to stumble down. Fortunately, George managed to hold my arm. "Watch your step. You should be more careful," he said in a steady voice.

He didn't loosen his grip on me until I was able to stand straight.

"Thank you." I looked down, visibly awkward as I hurriedly backed away from him.

George shot me a glance before leaving with Soren without another word.

That afternoon, when I returned to the law firm, Anya called a meeting. Our main topic was to discuss Zhester Technology's M&A case.

"Helen, I heard you had lunch with George and Soren today," Anya suddenly said while I was jotting down notes.

My mind went blank for a moment. Something dawned on me. How did Anya find out who I had lunch with? Even so, I still answered, "Yes, I did."

"Did either of them tell you anything?" Kody Payne asked. He was the one responsible for asset reorganization analysis.

"Not a word." While we were having lunch, all Lucy talked about were stories involving me in the university. We didn't really talk about anything serious.

Kody sighed in disappointment. He then turned to Anya and said, "Anya, I think we should let Mattie do it. Helen is far too obedient and timid for the job. It worries me that she might not be able to speak eloquently in front of George."

Upon hearing her own name, Mattie came to her senses and said, "Miss Pierce, I can do it! This time, I won't let you down. I'll certainly be more careful."

After the mishap regarding the Vlibert Company's case, I began to dislike Mattie.

In all honesty, working with her was the last thing I wanted to happen. If she were to join the Zhester Technology case, I might have to pick up the slack for her in the future.

Anya glanced at me and Mattie back and forth. After a moment of pondering, she made a decision. "I see. Well, from now on, Mattie will take responsibility for external relations and other related tasks. Helen will handle relevant reports, contract review, and similar task. I hope you two can learn to cooperate well with each other."

Mattie was blissful. She thanked Anya right away, while the other lawyers kept congratulating her.

Everyone present seemed to have forgotten about me, and nobody paid attention to me anymore. This decision definitely knocked me down a peg.

Lost in thought and feeling defeated, I went back to my desk after the meeting.

Even though the arrangement was reasonable, it still dampened my motivation. I even began to doubt my capabilities as a professional.

I wasn't that good with social contact, and I wasn't as good as getting along with others quickly like

Mattie. Was I really suited for this job?