

## **Warning 581**

### [Chapter 581 Each Takes What He Needs](#)

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 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.

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.

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."

I now understood why Anya didn't scold Mattie.

### [Chapter 582 Friends With Benefits](#)

Helen's POV:

Soren from Zhester Technology called and informed us of the assigned time for the bidding. According to the invitation he had sent to Anya, the event would be held on Monday.

Because of this, I had to finish the tender before Friday and give it to Anya as a reference.

As soon as I finished the first draft, I sent it to Phil.

"The presentation is nicely done. It's well-framed and logical. But I suggest you include the timeframe and price list," he quickly replied.

Although Phil was not my mentor and had no obligation helping me, he was always patient and gave me lots of advice.

To express my gratitude, I planned to invite him to dinner once the bidding was over.

While George was cooking dinner, I sat on the sofa in the living room and revised the presentation once again.

"Wash your hands now. The dinner will be ready in a bit," George said a few moments later.

I pretended not to hear him and just continued working.

George called me a few more times. However, I still did not want to talk to him. As I was not responding to his calls, he walked behind me and bent over to look at the screen. "I'll help you with that after dinner."

I unconsciously raised my head and look at him. "You're going to help me? Do you know which case I'm working on?"

"Of course. It's the tender for Zhester Technology's M&A case, and the open bidding will be held on Monday. Anyway, let's eat first, shall we?" George put the laptop aside and led me to the dining room. Gentleman as he was, he even pulled a chair for me.

In all honesty, I was in doubt. If George would help me revise the tender, or even give me some advice at the very least, it would be extremely helpful for my team.

I picked up my fork and smiled at him. "Fine, I'll believe you for once."

George chuckled and urged me to eat more.

I finished all the food he had cooked. And now, I felt full.

With a look of contentment, I leaned against the chair and rubbed my slightly bulging belly. Suddenly, I recalled what he had said before dinner, which made me look at George suspiciously.

While he was washing the dishes, I ran back to the living room, took the laptop, and waited patiently behind him.

A few moments later, George had finished washing the dishes and was wiping his hands with a towel. When he turned around, he seemed stunned at the sight of me holding the laptop and looking at him with pleading eyes. We stared at each other in silence, and then he laughed.

"Let me have a look." He took the laptop from me and sat on the table nearby. With a serious look on his face, he scrolled through the first page to the last.

With a pen and notebook in my hand, I waited for his corrections and recommendations.

To my surprise, he smiled with satisfaction and remarked, "It's good. You don't need to change anything."

What?

I looked at him confusedly and could not believe my ears.

Was he tricking me again?

"Given your knowledge and skills, your report is great. The content is concise yet complete, and everything that should be mentioned in the case is there." George then returned the laptop to me.

"But that's not enough! I'm just an assistant lawyer and there's only so much I can do! What I want is your honest opinion and expertise," I said with a hint of annoyance.

I knew very well that there was a clear distinction between George's work and personal affairs. So, even though we had been together for the past few days, I never asked him for help. It just happened that he offered to help me. How could I refuse it?

However, this was not something I was expecting. I took the laptop in a huff and turned around to leave.

What was I looking forward to? It was impossible to take advantage of this man.

Unlike me, George remained calm. He put his warm hand on the top of my hair and stroked it as if I were a kitten. "You should believe in yourself. Your tender is already perfect. If I am to give you a

suggestion, it's about the price list in the end. Relax. You don't have precise to the last detail. After all, there would be various fees that you couldn't have expected."

I looked at him in surprise. So, he really read it thoroughly? What was more, he could tell at a glance what I was uncertain about.

Thanks to George, I calmed down a little and became confident in revising the tender based on what he had said. As soon as I finished, I sent it to Anya by e-mail.

"Have a nice weekend. Don't forget to go to Zhester Technology on Monday, and make sure you arrive there an hour earlier," Anya's reply read.

I put away the laptop and sat on the sofa leisurely. All I needed to do was prepare for the bidding. But for the time being, I was free to rest and do whatever I wanted. Suddenly, something occurred to me. "Just between you and me, what's our chance of winning?" I asked George out of curiosity.

"I'm not sure," he cautiously replied. Just as I had anticipated, he would never leak anything related to work.

"I see. Hmm. Considering our relationship, can I request something? If, in the open bidding, the other competitors are at the same level as us, can you consider Miss Pierce first?" I asked on a whim.

"What's our relationship first?" George asked back. His eyes were fixed on the TV screen, and he did not look at me as he spoke.

I suddenly lost interest in talking to him. This man was too realistic. He did not want me to take advantage of our relationship. Well, it was understandable since we were only friends with benefits.

Although he never put it into words, the message was very clear to me from the very beginning. We would just enjoy the sex and that we were not allowed to fall in love with each other.

He probably did not want me to pester him.

All of a sudden, I felt a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. I cleared my throat and answered in a serious tone, "I understand. We're just friends with benefits anyway. Don't worry. I won't bother you anymore."

"Friends with benefits?" George turned his head and looked at me with a sneer. "Helen, I really did underestimate you."

His cold and piercing gaze terrified me that I shrank back on the sofa. A foreboding feeling washed over me, so I tried to get up to get away from him. However, George put his arms on my sides, rendering me helpless.

George then pressed my body under his and kissed me.

He locked his lips into mine, leaving me no chance to resist.

In the past, his kiss was always gentle yet passionate, which made me feel that I was loved.

But tonight was different.

He forced his tongue into my mouth. As if that was not enough, he hooked his tongue with mine. It was as if he wanted to devour me whole.

Meanwhile, his hard chest was as hot as a soldering iron. He took off my pajamas effortlessly. And before I knew it, my body was already exposed. Then, without warning, he inserted his hard dick into me.

"Ugh!" I groaned and bit my lower lip as an unspeakable pain came from the lower part of my body. I tried pushing him on the chest. But because he was stronger and bigger than me, he did not even budge.

George finally let go of my lips but turned to my nipples. At the same time, he stimulated the part where our bodies intertwined and ordered in a low and hoarse voice, "Don't clamp me so hard."

"O-okay..." I loosened up a bit. And then, a familiar pleasant sensation came from my nipples, which, as seconds went by, turned into a current that swept through my body. The pain down there gradually disappeared, replaced by endless pleasure.

George held my legs up and fucked me without mercy. Our bodily fluids gurgled out, and I could only succumb to the pleasure.

His thick and hard cock slowly moved in and out of my hole. Suddenly, he thrust his hips harder than ever, making my body jolt.

"Ah... Be gentle..." I wrapped my arms around his neck. My body trembled like a leaf as his cock went in and out. I could barely say a coherent sentence as the pleasure was becoming more intense by the minute.

"Gentle? Are you sure?" George paused and fondled my breasts while looking into my eyes.

I moaned in pleasure, but it was inadequate. I soon felt an unbearable itch from the lower part of my body, craving for more. I moved my hips and pleaded, "You... Keep going... Please..."

My face was burning in shame, and I wanted to find a hole to hide. However, I held back my embarrassment and asked him to help me get the pleasure I was craving.



"Didn't you say that you wanted me to be gentle?" George bent over and nibbled my nipples. The way he sucked and licked them was turning me on so badly.

If I had not seen the veins standing out on his forehead and the monster cock stuffing my vagina, I would have believed that he was actually calm at the moment.

I swallowed my pride and put my legs around his waist. "George, faster... please."

"If that's what you want, I'll give it to you." George adjusted his position. He held my waist with his both hands and thrust his hips as hard as he could. My mind went blank, and the only thing I knew was that he was fucking my brains out.

The anticipation inside me was building up. I could not help but scratch his back, leaving bright red marks. My moans also became louder and louder.

Before I knew it, hot fluid gushed out of my hole, and my body convulsed uncontrollably.

I thought that that was the end of it, but I was wrong. I did not feel his usual tenderness, only his lust and desire. It was as if he was taking revenge on me.

He went on again and again, even though I was already exhausted. And now, my voice had become hoarse from screaming and moaning, and my whole body was drenched in sweat and fluids.

That was when George coldly looked down at me and said in an even colder tone, "This is what fuck buddies do."

### [Chapter 583 It Depends On Your Performance Tonigh](#)

Helen's POV:

When I got up from bed the next morning, I felt sore all over my body. George, however, seemed fine. He even prepared breakfast and waited for me to get up.

I looked at his signature expressionless face and felt it necessary to show my stand. "I don't like the way you treated me last night," I firmly said.

"Sorry. I'll be gentle next time," he promised.

Although his words sounded sincere, I still felt inexplicably uncomfortable. Until now, I still could not figure out why he suddenly became so rough and aggressive last night. He was like a starving lion, devouring his prey.

It was as if he had changed into a completely different person. It was almost dawn when he finished and finally let go of me.

I ate a few bites of the food he had cooked and went back to the bedroom to catch up on sleep. I did not talk to him, still angry because of what he had done.

I fell asleep not long after.

When I woke up at noon, George was on his laptop, working in the living room. He was in a video meeting. I tried to eavesdrop on their call, but his voice was low that I could only vaguely hear what he was saying.

The person with whom George was having a video meeting with was Boswell, the chief technology director of Zhester Technology.

Noticing my presence, George glanced at me and said to Boswell, "That's it for today."

"Okay. May I ask where you are right now? The background seems strange," Boswell curiously asked.

George did not answer and just hung up the video call.

"Why are you still here?" I asked with a hint of annoyance.

It was strange. Why did he not go to the company for the meeting and instead stayed at my home and worked from here?

Was he trying to keep me company?

Upon realizing what I was thinking, I immediately pushed these thoughts to the back of my mind.

George closed his laptop and put it on the table. Then, he slowly stood up and asked, "Kendal wants to have lunch with us. What do you say?"

"No. I barely know the guy," I refused without a second thought.

"He wants to ask for your help in pursuing Cece. You're the best friend of the woman he likes, after all," George explained.

Kendal wanted to pursue Cece?

I was a little surprised. But after pondering for a moment, my answer remained the same. "I can't help him. He and Cece both have their careers. She can't move to New York for him, and he won't go to Philly for her. So, we have nothing to talk about."

"Okay. I'll cancel his invitation." George nodded slightly. He did not seem surprised by what I said.

He stayed in my apartment for the whole weekend. However, George and I did not talk much. I pretty much ignored him most of the time.

I had nothing to say to him, after all. Besides, he was very busy. He seemed to have endless meetings from day to night. Well, it was a good thing I was also busy preparing for the open bidding on Monday. Funnily enough, we talked to each other more when we were having sex at night.

On Sunday night, before I went to bed, George walked up to me and said, "Take my car to the company tomorrow morning."

"I can't. It's Monday morning, and we'll probably be stuck in a traffic jam. I plan on taking the subway. I don't want to be late," I replied. At the moment, I lay on the bed, too weak to move.

George slowly approached me and chuckled. "You won't be late. They won't start the bidding without me."

"Then, can you please take special care of our law firm tomorrow?" I jokingly asked.

"Well, it depends on your performance tonight." George turned me over and got on top of me again.

"So is this what they call a bribe—"

Before I could finish my words, he pressed his lips against mine.

I had already taken a shower and changed my clothes, but he just pulled my nightdress down effortlessly. His lips trailed down to my jaw and then to my nipples. As he made his way through my body, he left hickeys as if to mark his territory.

I could feel myself succumbing to the pleasure, but I restrained myself and stopped him. "Stop. I have work tomorrow!"

George paused for a moment. I thought he would do what I said, but he poked his finger into my hole, stimulating it and making me want for more. "One last time, I promise," he whispered in my ear.

My words got stuck in my throat and I could only curse him in my heart as he ravaged my body once again.

On Monday morning, without turning the lights on, I tiptoed to the bathroom to take a shower. Meanwhile, George was still sleeping.

When I returned to the bedroom to get dressed, George had already woken up. He was leaning against the head of the bed and looking at me leisurely.

Not wanting to talk to him, I faced the other way and took a business suit from the wardrobe. Then, I

walked to my dresser and put on my makeup.

Today was the bidding of the Zhester Technology, so I needed to wear formal clothes.

George got up from the bed and walked over to me. I caught a glimpse of malice in his eyes. I knew very well what he was thinking.

Sure enough, he reached out and pulled me into his arms. With one hand around my waist, he wiped the lipstick on my lips with his thumb in his other hand.

"Your lipstick is too red. It doesn't suit you."

"Hey! It took me a long time to put on my lipstick!" I punched George in a fit of anger. In order to be presentable, I had put a lot of effort into doing my makeup today.

I usually went out barefaced, so it was a little difficult for me to perfect my make-up.

But George just messed everything up!

At this moment, he took out a chapstick from the dressing table and curled his lips with satisfaction. "Your lips are already beautiful. Besides, if your lips are too red, the judge will simply be distracted by them when you speak."

His explanation made sense.

The anger in my heart subsided a little. I was about to take the chapstick from him, but he dodged my hand.

"Let me help you..." George lowered his head and cupped my face so that he could apply the chapstick for me.

There was nothing I could do but let him do as he wished.

I waited for him to do it, but he did not and just stared into my eyes. "Before that, I think I need to do something first."

Before I could react, he pressed his lips onto mine. At first, it was just a light kiss, but then it went deeper and deeper.

George did not let go of me until I was out of breath.

He stared at my face for a long time and chuckled. "Don't move. I'll help you apply it."

Just as I expected, I ended up going to the company late.

When I arrived, Anya stared daggers at me and asked, "What happened? I told you to get here an hour early, not the other way around."

"I'm sorry," I uttered, a little embarrassed. Without wasting any second, I took out my laptop to keep up with their discussion.

I sat by the door and waited for the bidding to begin. George arrived a few minutes after me. As soon as he walked into the room, the huge conference room quieted down in an instant. Everyone held their breaths and looked at him.

Even I could not help but take glances at him. He was wearing a crisp suit, which made him look superior to everyone else.

He walked straight to his seat and announced expressionlessly, "Let's get started."

The instant he gave the order, a rustling sound was heard in the meeting room as everyone turned over their papers and submitted their bids.

The shortlisted law firms were not a joke. Whether it was the PowerPoint presentation they made, the ability to express themselves on spot, or the power to liven up the atmosphere, they were astounding.

I listened to every one of them carefully and took notes of their speech.

Soon, it was Anya's turn to speak. My heart skipped a beat when she opened the PowerPoint presentation.

She used what I had made. It was a proud moment for me. I felt nervous and excited at the same time.

I could not help but take a look at George. I recalled the time when he assured me that my presentation was perfect and did not need to be modified.

Did that mean that he was satisfied with my work?

After Anya's speech, George, who had been silent the whole time, suddenly asked, "Miss Pierce, please turn to page 26. Can you explain to us about those partners you've mentioned?"

"Mr. Affleck, these three cases were all led by me. Just like you're going to buy out Smart Technology, these are cases of foreign-funded enterprises acquired domestic businesses. The partners mentioned in the cases are the Hosmal Accountant Firm and MA Assessment Agency. We have cooperated with them nearly ten times in the past..."

This was the only content Anya added to the original file.

I felt a little guilty. I glanced at George and was taken aback when I saw him staring at me expressionlessly. I could not tell if he was mad.

His gaze made me feel guiltier. I lowered my head and avoided looking at his direction.

Zhester Technology had decided to cooperate with Hosmal Accountant Firm and MA Assessment Agency. But the thing was, the former had not made the cooperation public, so nobody else knew about it.

Last weekend, I overheard George mention this to Boswell and Soren. I kept their conversation in mind and told Anya, who brazenly mentioned in the presentation that she had cooperated with these two companies to show off her abilities and leave a good impression on George.

The other law firms did not know this, so they were undoubtedly at a disadvantage.

And now, the whole bidding was over. The bids of all the law firms would now be assessed, and the results would be announced in the afternoon. Anya refused to go back and asked us to wait for the results with her near Zhester Technology.

#### [Chapter 584 Prying](#)

Helen's POV:

I wasn't sure about the result, because George's attitude remained virtually the same from beginning until the end.

Mattie couldn't wait any longer. Upon our arrival at the restaurant where we would have lunch, she asked, "Boss, do you think we can win the bidding?"

Anya didn't answer. It seemed that she wasn't sure either.

Among all of us, Phil was the most relaxed. He noticed that Mattie was staring at Zhester Technology's building not too far away with gleeful eye. He smiled at her and asked, "Are you looking at George, Mattie?"

I followed his gaze and saw George, Boswell, and Soren coming out of the building and heading towards the restaurant.

George was wearing a black windbreaker. When he walked, the hem of his coat fluttered along with the breeze. It was a picturesque sight, making him look regal and dashing.

My heart skipped a beat. I immediately looked away before getting noticed.

"George is so dreamy. I bet no woman could take her eyes off him." Mattie continued staring at George. Based on how she was blushing and looking embarrassed, Phil was clearly correct.

Phil sighed and said, "Sadly, you'll have to stick to fantasies, Mattie. Don't you see that beauty next to George? You're not his type."

I glanced at the group again and saw that following behind George, Lucy was walking side by side with Soren.

She looked so gorgeous today. Despite the slightly cold weather, she was wearing revealing clothes.

She and George were completely different. But now that they were standing together, they indeed looked like a good match.

When Mattie saw Lucy, she appeared to be disappointed. "George is from a wealthy family. He's dependable, talented, and incredibly amazing. You think he'll take a girl like that seriously? He's just keeping her around for fun."

"What kind of girl do you think she is?" I asked, casting Mattie a cold glance.

I wasn't going to let anyone badmouth Lucy. Mattie's harsh comment was filled with strong malice, which was utterly unacceptable for me.

Phil and Anya turned their gaze towards me at the same time, visibly surprised.

Mattie pointed at Lucy who was approaching us, and remarked, "Just look at her! Does she look like a decent woman to you? It's so cold outside, and yet she's wearing a deep V-neck shirt. What? Is she worried that others won't know that she has big boobs? She probably just thinks of seducing men all the time, and that's her real job here. It's all because of people like her, women in the workplace have been suffering from prejudices."

I frowned at her and became more furious. "Mattie, why are you saying those things just because of her appearance? You're badmouthing others before you even know them. What does that make you, huh?"

Hearing her ridicule me was fine, but I wouldn't allow her to slander my best friend!

Stunned by my question, Mattie retorted, "What does it even have to do with you? It's none of your damned business, Helen. Butt out!"

Anya shouted, "Shut up! Both of you, behave yourselves! You are professional lawyers, but you're acting like kids. Shut the hell up!"

Mattie and I clammed up. Her eyes turned red though, and it looked like she felt wronged.

To me, this was a ridiculous resolution. This bitch was the one who insulted Lucy, and yet she was acting like the victim.

But because Anya was around, I decided to just drop the argument.

When Lucy came in, she was still chatting with Soren. The moment she saw me, she excused herself from the Zhester Technology people and approached me. "What's up, girl? Why the long face?"

I was aware that Lucy had a short temper, so I didn't answer her question. "I'm fine. Just go ahead. Soren and the others are waiting for you. Let's talk about it at home tonight."

"Come with me! You know George and Soren anyway." Lucy held my hand and tried to lead me to George's table before I could say a word.

"Um... Lucy? You should go there by yourself. It's not appropriate for me to leave at the moment."

My boss and coworkers were still here, so I couldn't just leave.

Right after I refused Lucy's request, Anya said, "Helen, you should go."

Phil echoed the sentiment. "Yeah, you should. They're from Zhester Technology. Go and see if you can get any useful information out of them"

I pressed my hand against my forehead and let out a sigh. George always separated personal affairs from his work, and there were clear boundaries. He'd never disclose the result before it officially came out.

But when I saw the anticipation in their eyes, I swallowed my words and followed Lucy to another table.

"Oh, hey, it's Helen! Come; sit over here," said Soren.

I sat next to Lucy. I wasn't sure if it was a coincidence or not, but my seat was right next to George's.

He poured a glass of lemonade for me. I didn't think about it too much, and handed it to Lucy.

Then, he poured another glass of lemonade and put it in front of me.

Because of what Mattie said about Lucy earlier, I was in a bad mood. Aside from that, I was thinking about the result that would be announced this afternoon, so I wasn't in the mood to eat. After only taking a few bites, I put down my knife and fork and simply listened to their conversation.

"Not hungry?" George suddenly asked me.

"Yes, I'm already full." I was absent-minded, and all I'd been thinking about was how I could get information from Soren.



Would Zhester Technology be willing to work with Anya?

But before I could say anything, Lucy seemed to have read my mind and asked, "Hey, guys! Since you're all here, can I ask about the result of the bidding this morning? Have you reached a decision?"

I turned my attention to her. She was such a good friend! She knew me all too well.

Lucy winked at me.

Everyone else at the table quieted down. Soren and Boswell turned to George, who had been silent this whole time.

No matter where he went, he was the focus of the crowd. Without looking at Lucy, he asked, "Do you want to know the result or does Helen want to know?"

Right after he said that, his eyes inadvertently glanced at me. Because of what he said, everyone else was now staring at me.

Lucy smiled awkwardly. "Mr. Affleck, you did a good job in keeping it a secret," she said, deciding to drop her question.

Even I was speechless. However, I had gotten accustomed to George's behavior. If he were willing to leak that critical information, he wouldn't be the George I knew.

Just as I was starting to feel disappointed, he said, "Miss Pierce is a talented lawyer, and Helen is good at gathering information."

It was a sarcastic remark.

At first, I felt a little guilty. But then, it occurred to me that when we were at my house at the time when I overheard his conversation with his people. It wasn't my intention to eavesdrop, so naturally it wouldn't be my fault. Thinking about that, I was able to regain some confidence.

#### [Chapter 585 I've Got You Now!](#)

Helen's POV:

Right after lunch break, it was finally time to announce the result, so Anya took us back to Zhester Technology.

The representatives of other law firms had arrived as well. This time, George, Boswell, and the others didn't show up. Only Soren was here to announce the result.

Anya and Phil were experienced lawyers and had gotten accustomed to an event like this one, so they were rather calm. I, on the other hand, felt nervous.

This had been my first formal project since I worked for Hesmor Law firm. It was such a big case that it could affect the entire trajectory of my career as a lawyer.

Seeing that I was nervous, Phil attempted to comfort me. "Whether we win the bidding or not, Anya has already witnessed and acknowledged your hard work and abilities. There's no need for you to worry."

"I see. Thank you, Phil." I looked at him gratefully before turning my gaze back to the stage.

Soren was onstage, giving a speech. After feeling tense the whole time, when he finally announced "Hesmor Law Firm", I breathed a deep sigh of relief.

We had won the bidding!

Later on, Anya and Soren talked about the details of the M&A case, while I took notes intently.

Suddenly, Soren raised his head. "Mr. Affleck wants a lawyer from Hesmor Law Firm to be stationed in Zhester Technology, so that it will be more convenient for both parties to communicate with each other. Helen has worked for the legal department of an enterprise before, and she's skilled at internal communications. With that said, I'd like you to consider assigning Helen to Zhester Technology, Miss Pierce."

He wanted me to come work in Zhester Technology?

I paused from taking notes, too stunned to move a muscle. I couldn't believe what I just heard.

Anya glanced at me before saying yes to Soren's request.

After a brief discussion of other details, the two parties finally drew up the contract and signed it on the spot. At last, we would be formally representing Zhester Technology for the M&A case.

Though it wasn't exactly a thrilling day, this was my first time going through a bidding for a case, so I learned a lot. When I went home that night, I still felt so damn excited.

I was in a good mood. And when I saw George at my home yet again, I even thought he was more handsome and attractive than before.

He ruffled my hair and grinned. "You look like you're in a good mood."

"Of course!" I nodded and looked at him. "Were you the one who decided to work with my boss before?"

"Not really, but this was a joint decision made by several department directors of my company today," he answered.

Not wanting to give up, I adjusted my sitting position and looked into his eyes intently. "Was it your idea to let me work in Zhester Technology?"

"Nah. It was Soren's choice," George replied flatly.

While we were talking, he put his arms around my waist. We cuddled, and he answered all of my questions patiently.

"George, you're a man of principles. You can't win over a girl's heart like that. You're gonna be alone for the rest of your life," I remarked.

He lowered his head and looked at me with a piercing gaze. Seconds later, he asked sincerely, "If I abandon my principles, do you think I'd have a chance?"

After giving it some thought, I answered, "Not necessarily. It still depends on the kind of woman you're trying to pursue."

"How about you?" He tightened his grip on my waist, staring at me as though he was trying to peer into my soul.

For a moment, I was confused. Me? Would I like a man of principles or not?

I had never thought about this before. I was merely joking with him.

I seldom thought about my love life, and I'd never imagined what my future lover would be like. Just as Lucy had said, I was dull and careless in that regard.

George let out an inconspicuous sigh. His other hand moved to the back of my head and he kissed me passionately.

His passionate, aggressive kiss drew me in. He sucked the tip of my tongue and it sent waves of pleasure to my body, causing my toes to curl up.

I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and kissed him back. By now, I had adapted to his rhythm.

He bent over, picked me up, and walked towards the bedroom while eagerly making out with me.

By the time we got to the bedroom, both of us were naked already.

Gently, he put me on the bed. And before I could get ahold of myself, he spread my legs and shoved his cock into my wet pussy, slowly moving in and out.

He didn't speed up until I was able to adapt to it.

Now that the whole Zhester Technology thing had been settled, the heavy burden had been lifted from my heart. Tightly, I held his neck and kissed him back. "Faster, George! I want you to fuck me faster."

"Okay, baby. I'm going to make you feel so good." George's eyes lit up when he heard me. His kiss got more intense, and so did his breathing. The sound of our privates pounding against each other resonated in my ears.

As waves of pleasure engulfed me, my body trembled. Despite how shy I felt at this moment, I was completely immersed in his tenderness.

Pretty soon, it was midnight. Because I was too exhausted, I wasn't sure if everything that happened was just a dream or something. I felt that Lucy had come to my house, and I seemed to hear her knocking at the bedroom door. I still had some consciousness in me, but I couldn't move a muscle.

"Go to sleep." Someone whispered in my ear and patted me on the back.

Perhaps it really was just a dream. Moments later, I drifted into slumber.

Lucy's POV:

I had a few drinks with my friends and got drunk. By the time I left the bar, I remembered that Helen just won the bidding today. Wanting to celebrate with her, I decided to drop by her apartment.

Even after ringing the doorbell a few times, nobody answered. Thus, I decided to use the spare key I had to open the door.

She and I gave spare keys to each other, so that we could use it in times of emergencies.

By now, I was already feeling dizzy. When I walked to the door of the bedroom, I found that the door was locked from the inside. Because I was inebriated, I couldn't think straight. I leaned against the door and banged it while screaming, "Helen? Helen! Have you abandoned me? Open the door, bestie! I want to sleep with you."

Later on, when I got tired, I just sat with my back to the door, sobbing.

While I was in a daze, I felt the door open. Pretty soon, I felt like someone was dragging me across the living room and all the way to the sofa. Even though the person wasn't being violent, he wasn't exactly gentle.

I thought it was just a dream. But then, the next day, I woke up from thirst and I found myself lying on the sofa. I really did fall asleep here!

Although I was drunk, I could still recall some parts of what happened last night. A man seemed to have

brought me to the sofa last night.

Since I was hammered last night, I couldn't remember everything perfectly. But now that I was awake, I realized that something was wrong about that incident.

Suddenly, I heard footsteps coming from the bedroom. I turned my head and stared at the door in anticipation.

"I've got you now!" I muttered to myself.

Just then, the bedroom door open, letting out a bright light. George was wearing casual clothing, walking out against the light. He looked so devastatingly dashing.

I wanted to make fun of Helen's man, but when I saw George, I was too shocked to utter a word.

He walked out of the bedroom, casting me an indifferent glance before ignoring me and heading to the kitchen.

Compared to his apathetic attitude, Helen, on the other hand, appeared to be embarrassed. Her ears were blushing as she followed behind him closely.

"Fuck!" Finally snapping out of it, I screamed and almost jumped up from the sofa.

#### [Chapter 586 Rumors](#)

Lucy's POV:

"Aren't you gonna explain what I've just seen?" I pointed at George and looked at Helen with eyes wide in shock. What I had just witnessed was making me angry.

I was mad not because Helen had slept with someone, but because that someone was George Affleck.

The three of us had hung out several times before, but I did not notice anything unusual between the two. As a professional relationship blogger, it was an insult not being able to see through them.

Helen looked the other way, her face as red as a tomato.

She probably could not handle my intense gaze that she sighed and admitted the truth. "It's exactly what you saw."

I gasped in disbelief. "So your so-called friend with benefits is him?"

"Yes," Helen replied with her head lowered to the ground. Her face turned even redder now that the truth was out.

I pulled her to the sofa, sat next to her, and whispered, "Are you out of your mind?! Why are you settling for 'friends with benefits'? You should make him your boyfriend. He's an excellent man! What were you thinking?"

Helen opened her mouth to defend herself. But before she could utter a word, I interrupted her.

"Don't. I swear if you say anything now, you'll just piss me off."

I was not interested in her explanation. What was the point anyway? When the truth finally sank in, I looked around the room for George. And there he was, busy in the kitchen.

I rubbed my eyes, unable to believe what I was seeing. "What... what is he doing?" I asked confusedly.

"Oh, he's making breakfast. He's good at cooking," Helen answered nonchalantly. Obviously, this was not the first time that George had cooked for her.

I wanted to scream and say bad words. However, I held myself back as George came out of the kitchen and walked over to us with a tray in his hand. "Breakfast is ready."

Just as we were about to eat, George poured Helen a glass of milk and handed her a sandwich.

The scene looked familiar, so I racked my brain to recall where I had seen it. Suddenly, my face lit up. In the cafeteria of Zhester Technology, as well as at that restaurant, George poured Helen a glass of water, but then, she handed it to me. I did not think much of it, not until now.

It turned out that something was already going on between them.

I was just too blind to see it!

While we were having breakfast, I gazed back and forth at George and Helen and, all of a sudden, burst into laughter.

I had a good eye. As I had said before, nobody could ever resist Helen's charm.

Not long after I said that, she and George slept with each other.

"George, can you give me a ride to Zhester Technology later?" I asked once we were done eating.

George did not answer, but I took it as a yes.

The three of us changed into our work clothes and went out. George first drove to the law firm. When we arrived there, he parked the car across the road and patiently waited for Helen to get out of the car.

He did not close the window until he saw Helen's figure disappear through the revolving door of the

building.

"George, do you like Helen?" I curiously asked.

He ignored my question and just drove off.

I cleared my throat and asked again, "Helen listens to me the most. Do you need my help in pursuing her?"

My questions merely fell on George's deaf ear.

Annoyed, I quickly assessed the characteristics of the kind of man he was.

He came from a rich and prominent family. What was more, he had a successful career, educational background, and social status. This kind of person was often snobbish and upfront. Men like him must want a girlfriend on the same level as he was.

Come to think of it, he must be playing with Helen's feelings and treating her as a plaything because of her beauty and innocence.

What an asshole!

I cursed George out inwardly. Of course, I did not show it on my face. I was in his car, after all.

But with a man like him, it was not Helen's loss to sleep with him.

It was the rushed hour when we arrived at Zhester Technology, so there happened to be more employees in the lobby. When I got out of George's car, everyone eyed us with suspicion.

I had a bad feeling about this. It did not take long before I confirmed my hunch. I overheard from one of the employees that she believed I got into the company because of George.

They must be thinking he and I were in a relationship now that they saw I came to work riding his car.

If it was in the past, I would not have cared if I heard gossips about myself. I would even try to use it to my advantage. But this time was different. George was Helen's.

She and I were best friends. There was no way I would have anything to do with her man.

Not wanting to cause drama, I requested to be transferred back to my original company. Unfortunately, my superior refused it and even advised me earnestly. "The task of entering the intelligence industry has been handed over to you. Since it appears that your current position is inadequate for you, I will promote you to the partner of the intelligence department."

What the hell?! That was not what I asked for.

The whole day, I sat in my desk and did not go anywhere. I thought the rumor would die down by now, but I was wrong. In the afternoon, someone told me that there was a new rumor going around the company that George and I were living together and would be married soon.

It became far worse than I had imagined. I was helpless.

Yes, I was thick-skinned, but there was no way I could endure the tittle-tattles of the employees of Zhester Technology forever.

Everyone now thought that I was George's girlfriend. This was a huge problem.

Helen's POV:

I officially registered at Zhester Technology in the afternoon. Soren was nice enough to warmly welcome me and arranged a desk and everything else for me. Once I had settled down, he handed over all the work to me.

While I was arranging my things, my phone suddenly kept buzzing. I looked at the screen and saw that Lucy had sent me several messages. However, I was too busy to read them. "Hey, Lucy. I'm a little busy right now. Let's talk when we get off work later," I said in the voice message.

"Lucy seems to have something important to tell you. Why not talk to her first? The paperwork can wait. Besides, we're not in a hurry," Soren said considerately.

"It's probably nothing. Let's continue, shall we?"

I was here to work, and not to hang out with my friend. So, even though my phone had been buzzing relentlessly, I just let it be.

After work, I saw Lucy waiting for me in the lobby of the building.

Just as we were about to exit, George's car passed by in front of us. He rolled down the window and said, "Get in."

My instincts told me to say no. But before I could say anything, Lucy held my hand and pulled me into the car in front of everyone.

Although I was reluctant, I had no choice but to follow her.

It was time to get off work. Because of this, all the employees who were about to walk out of the building saw us.



I was discomfited by their curious gazes, so I hurriedly closed the door of the car, blocking their sight.

Just like we usually did, after dinner, George and I watched the boring legal program in the living room. All of a sudden, my phone rang. I picked it up, perplexed as to who might be calling at this hour. It turned out that it was a call from the hospital.

"Miss Dewar, I would like to remind you that the bill for this month has been sent to your e-mail last week. Tomorrow is the deadline. I called as I was worried you didn't see the notice. I hope you haven't forgotten about it."

"I see. I'll check it out right away. Thank you."

I was so busy these past few days that I had forgotten to check my personal e-mail.

I clicked on the bill, and a sinking feeling emerged in the pit of my stomach. All the medicine used, as well as the hospital fees, were itemized in the bill.

My eyes then fell on the total amount at the bottom.

After sorting out the hospital bills and monthly expenses, only a few dollars were left in my bank account. It seemed that I would have to tighten my belt as I still had to wait for twenty days for my next pay.

I looked at the meager balance on my account and got lost in thought.

Truth be told, the hospital had advised me to transfer my mother to a public hospital. If I did that, my monthly expenses would be cut in half, and I would have more money for myself. But I refused to do so. I had sworn to myself that I would give my mother the best treatment for as long as I could.

"Do you need help?" George suddenly asked, startling me.

I quickly exited the tab and shook my head in refusal. "You've done a lot for me."

That night, George just hugged me from behind and did not do more. Except during my period, this was the first night he stayed over but didn't have sex with me.

I tossed and turned all night long. I could not sleep, worried about the single-digit balance in my bank account, the pressure on my work, and my mother's illness. I could feel the pressure literally, making me feel suffocated.

Unable to take it any longer, I tried to break free from George's arms to get some fresh air, but he held me tighter. "Helen, tell me what happened after you graduated from high school," he whispered in my ear.

His words were like a bolt from the blue, shocking me to the bones.

My whole body stiffened upon hearing his question. When I regained my composure, I shook my head and said nothing.

Well, I had nothing to say in the first place.

Every time I recalled my past, I would feel pain all over my body. It was as if my scars were torn open and rubbed with salt. It was bloody and excruciating.

"George, let's not forget our place. Don't ask personal questions or do anything more," I firmly said. I did not want my family affairs to be known to the world, nor did I want to shatter the peaceful life I had worked so hard to achieve.

George did not say anything more and just let me go.

I knew he was mad. Even I would be upset if someone reminded me of my place. Anyway, sooner or later, George would get tired of my body and lose his patience with me anyway.

If we were to break up, I just hoped the cooperation between the two companies would not be affected. But then again, George was not one to let his personal affairs affect his work life. He would not do something like that, would he?

#### [Chapter 587 He Likes You](#)

George's POV:

The sound of Helen's voice was cold as ice, and it pierced through my heart.

She had her back to me, so I couldn't see the look on her face. However, I could feel that she was giving me the cold shoulder.

My heart ached as I let go of her, got out of the bed, and went to the living room to answer the phone. It was a call from Boswell.

Sounding surprised, he asked, "What happened, George? The news has already spread to the headquarters. They say that you're planning to get married to Lucy?"

I didn't answer him. I just leaned against the back of the sofa in silence.

Boswell thought that I acquiesced to his question, and he sounded even more shocked this time. "Is it true? Man, I just went abroad and now this? When did you two get together anyway? Why didn't I know about it?"

To be honest, I didn't want to talk to him, but Boswell was lost in various conjectures and flights of

fancy. "Is it not convenient for you to talk over the phone right now? Am I interrupting you from something?" he asked.

"Anything else?" I asked irritably.

Boswell chuckled awkwardly. "No, but Jane knows about your scandal. Care to explain to her?"

"I don't have to. She's a lot smarter than you," I said.

"What are you implying?" Boswell was so pissed off that he broke into laughter.

Somehow, it made me feel better. "If you don't have anything important to say, I'm hanging up."

But before I could hang up, Boswell added, "By the way, Jane said that she's coming back to work for a while to help you with the merger case."

"She's already told me about it. I'll make the necessary arrangements."

Right after I said that, I ended the phone call.

Helen's POV:

After that day, I didn't see George for a while. Soren told me that Zhester Technology was launching a new product on the market at the end of the year and it was in the final testing stage, so both George and Boswell went abroad to the headquarters.

I didn't probe into that too much, because the M&A case had officially begun. Their target corporation, Smart Technology, had held a startup ceremony. Legal processes, auditing, and evaluations had begun one after another. As a member of Hesmor Law Firm, I was busy every day.

Aside from Phil, Mattie, and myself, Anya brought in three other senior lawyers with her.

Everyone in the team had their own duties, but I, on the other hand, wasn't given any specific orders. I was more like Anya's assistant, responsible for the overall planning and communications.

Phil remarked, "Anya is training you. Project management is a complicated task. If you manage to keep everything in order and follow through a proper scheduling, you might be able to take over a case on your own and lead your own team next time."

"I understand. Thanks for the advice, Phil." Even though Anya was strict and didn't say much, she had been mentoring me this whole time. I understood her intentions, so I worked even harder.

During this period of time, I was so busy that I hardly had time to sleep. Occasionally, I'd receive a message from George. However, I didn't have any time to read it, let alone send a response. Besides,

they were just some unimportant stuff.

After nearly ten days had passed, George sent me another message. "I'll return at the end of this month," he texted.

Confused, I wondered why he took the initiative to tell me about his schedule.

The day I saw the message was a Friday night. Lucy forced me to shut down my laptop and took me out for dinner. I received George's message when we were eating.

"Is it from George?" Lucy asked with a mischievous smile.

Her gaze made me feel uncomfortable, but I still nodded and said, "Yeah..."

I thought he'd be mad at me after what I said to him that day, but he still sent me messages like usual while he was abroad.

It was hard to figure out what he could be thinking, so I decided to just drop it for the time being.

"Do you really not have any feelings for him?" Lucy asked tentatively.

"Feelings? What feelings?" It was rare for me to have the time to rest these past few days, so I leaned against the chair and let my mind go blank. At this moment, there was barely anything going on in my brain.

"George may not have explicitly stated that he has feelings for you, but I can tell that he obviously likes you," Lucy remarked.

I didn't agree to her opinion. Thus, I looked at her and said, "You said that when a man wants to sleep with a woman, he'll become a gentleman and be very considerate. You also said that if a man truly likes you, he'll tell you about it clearly. Otherwise he just wants to fuck."

"I may have said that, but it's different in your case. Look, you're dealing with George here. He can have any woman he wants! If all he wanted was just a fuck buddy, then he wouldn't bother making so much effort for you. Think about all he's done for you. There's no way he just wants to be friends with benefits," Lucy countered.

I thought that she was just messing with me or something.

The thought of George falling in love with me was so ridiculous that even I found it funny. Because from the very beginning of our relationship, all we'd ever enjoyed was the pleasure of sex.

But I must admit, he had taken really good care of me in my daily life. However, that didn't necessarily mean that he liked me. Perhaps it was because he really was a gentleman.

If he were dealing with any other girl, he probably would've taken good care of her as well.

And the reason he kept coming back for me was probably because we were compatible in bed more than any other. It was possible that he found it troublesome to find another fuck buddy, so he didn't bother and chose to stick with me.

George having feelings for me was definitely out of the question.

I couldn't imagine what it would be like if he ever fell in love with anyone.

But, that didn't have much to do with me. After all, he and I were just fuck buddies; no more, no less.

"Honey, I've always told you that you need to cut yourself loose and live in the moment! Aside from letting your body get what it wants, you should also follow your heart and have a romantic relationship. You don't have to think about the future or the end result. Just follow your damn heart! Listen to me. I truly feel that George will be a good boyfriend to you," Lucy earnestly responded while holding my hand.

I stared at her for a good few seconds before asking, "That doesn't sound like something you'd say. Did you have a concussion or something?"

Putting on a straight face, Lucy explained, "I'm serious, bestie! You've been so busy lately that it's making me worry that you'll die all of a sudden without even getting to experience what it's like to be in love."

I didn't know how to react to that. It was true that my work had kept me nailed to my desk lately. Lucy must've pulled me out of the company because she wanted to instill this idea into my head.

"Fine! Once I'm done with this case, I'll find a good relationship."

When I got home, I decided to listen to Lucy's advice and had some rest. I didn't turn on the laptop to work overtime anymore.

As I lay in bed, I watched TV for a while. Once I was about to fall asleep, George sent me a video call request.

### [Chapter 588 An Appointment](#)

Helen's POV:

The name flickering on the screen of my phone made my heart skip a beat. I hurriedly got up from the bed.

The phone kept on ringing, but honestly I didn't want to answer it. However, I then remembered what

Lucy told me earlier that night. She said that I should try to open my heart.

Thus, I decided to answer the video call.

It was already late at night where I was, while the sun shone brightly abroad. I could see that George was in his office. He had dark circles under his eyes, looking quite exhausted.

"Were you about to go to bed?" he asked.

Hearing his voice was like music to my ears. It was very pleasant to hear.

I pursed my lips and replied, "Yes, I was just about to go to sleep."

Thereafter, we fell into silence. There was nothing for us to talk about. He could read through my work report in detail every single day.

With regards to our personal affairs, it was hard for me to think of what to say.

George was still working on his computer. He was typing something on the keyboard, making it a little less awkward between us.

While I was thinking whether I should speak or not, he suddenly stopped working and turned his gaze towards his smartphone.

"Turn on the light. I want to see you," he said.

I turned on the bedside lamp, illuminating the dark bedroom with a warm yellow light.

A smile appeared on George's face. "Do you want me to bring you anything? I'll be back next week."

"But aren't you scheduled to come back at the end of the month?" I asked, visibly surprised.

The look on George's face softened and a smile was born on his lips. "Well, that's true, but I want to come back early."

After pondering on his question, I thought of something that I wanted to buy from abroad. The doctor suggested that I should get a different medicine for my mother. Her body had built up a tolerance to the current medication she was taking, and the new type of medicine was rather expensive in our country.

I had contemplated on asking him this several times, but in the end, I shook my head and cast aside the idea.

There was no way I could talk to George about it. I didn't want him to know about my family.

After a lengthy silence between us, he said, "I see. Good night then."

"Good night." After putting down my phone, I drifted into sleep.

During the weekend, I decided to stay at home to sort out the research materials that I gathered last week regarding Smart Technology's branches around the globe, and arranged our team's work schedule for the next week. Eventually, I drafted a report of my research and sent it to Anya, along with the schedule.

On Monday morning, I went back to the law firm to have our weekly meeting. After that, Anya told me, "You're going to Philly for a business trip this week."

"Philly?"

"That's right. One of Smart Technology's factories is located there. It's involved in a land dispute issue, and another issue regarding employee equity. I'll need you to verify the situation and provide a legal opinion on the matter. You're from Philly, so I'm sure you're familiar with the locale. Besides, you're the only one our team can send out at the moment." I could see the trust in Anya's eyes when she looked at me.

For that reason, I nodded earnestly and replied, "Yes, ma'am! I'll go there today."

The last time I went to Philly was to handle the Vlibert Company's case. So, I no longer felt too nervous or uneasy coming back this time.

Upon arriving at Philly, Cece picked me up at the airport. Contrary to Lucy's bubbly personality, Cece was a little more introverted.

She smiled at me and suggested, "Why don't you stay at my house while you're here? I'm sure my parents miss you, too!"

"It's alright, Cece. I've already booked a hotel. I may be too busy with work, and it wouldn't be convenient for me to stay at your home. Just say hello to your parents for me," I answered.

"All right." Cece didn't insist on her suggestion, and she just drove me to the hotel. Before I got off the car, she asked, "How long will you be staying this time?"

I pondered on the question and replied, "It's hard to say. Perhaps a week, at least. My stay here will depend on the case's progress. This one is a bit tricky, because it's related to employee equity."

"Wait, you're working on Zhester Technology's case, right? Is George being nice to you? If he tries to be harsh to you, just let me know. I'll ask Kendal to teach him a lesson or two!"

When Cece brought up George's name, my heart skipped a beat. I bantered, "He's Zhester Technology's

big boss now. How could he have the time to pay attention to my affairs?"

George had always separated his professional and private lives. Even if I asked him to give me preferential treatment, he wouldn't do it.

"Yeah, you're probably right." Cece nodded in agreement. "I heard from Kendal that you've spoken to George several times after the party last time."

"Did George say that to him?" A question popped in my head. I thought George didn't want anyone to know about our relationship, especially our mutual acquaintances?

After all, it must be embarrassing to tell people about the nature of our relationship.

"I suppose so. Kendal said that George wasn't as standoffish as he appeared to be. I've told you before that in New York, you should make full use of your connections to garner resources for yourself. We live in a realistic and cold reality. The only way you can move up in the world is through the use of connections and other resources that you can get your hands on." Cece and Lucy had conflicting opinions. Lucy was always encouraging me to be in a romantic relationship as soon as possible, while Cece was persuading me to focus on my career.

Her words put a sardonic smile on my lips. "You're right. We live in a cold, harsh reality, so I have to be on George's level first. Otherwise, what reason would he have to help me? What good will it do to him?"

After spending so much time with him, I had realized one fact. More than anyone else, George was materialistic. He would never give me preferential treatment at work just because we were fuck buddies.

Besides, I'd rather not ask him for favors. If I did that, what difference would I have with a hooker?

Cece sighed, "You know... you're too stubborn sometimes. The world of adults like us can't always be defined by black and white. Sooner or later, you'll realize that there are morally gray areas as well."

I shrugged and said, "Personally, I don't think it's that bad."

Soon, Cece and I got off the car. After checking in at the lobby and dropping off my stuff in the room, we went out for a meal together. Later on, she was called away by a client.

Meanwhile, I started working on the Smart Technology case.

Before I came here, I had already studied the relevant documents for the case. I made an appointment with the general manager of the factory to discuss the details of the dispute further. However, he seemed unwilling to work with me.

"The headquarters can't just sell the factory! Do they think they can push us around that easily? If the



factory gets sold, how are we supposed to make a living?"

I listened to his complaints quietly. I was a lawyer, so it wouldn't be appropriate for me to make comments regarding the situation.

Moreover, the general manager was probably just whining. This was the decision of the headquarters of their company, and all they could do as employees of the factory was to obey.

After following the case here for five days, I managed to get some information from the workers and found that the situation wasn't as simple as I had initially believed.

It turned out that this factory was doing business with other companies in secret. If Zhester Technology would acquire this factory along with Smart Technology's headquarters, then it would mean that this factory's secret source of wealth would be cut off.

I honestly never imagined that I'd discover something like this. Before coming here, I didn't think that there'd be such a complicated money-making scheme behind it.

After my findings, I reported the situation of the factory to Anya. I thought that she'd be anxious as I was, but she wasn't. Since she was much more experienced than I was, she was able to stay calm. "In that case, you should come back for now."

"What about the factory?" I couldn't just leave like this. It made me feel uneasy whenever things were left unsolved.

"I'm not asking you to drop the case. What you should do is to find evidence after a thorough investigation, write them in your report in detail, and then issue a legal opinion. Do you understand?"

Anya's words edified me. The duty of an M&A lawyer wasn't to solve the problems, but to find them.

Solving the problems should be left to our clients, Smart Technology and Zhester Technology.

"I understand. Thank you, Miss Pierce. I have a meeting later with the union leader of the factory. I'll go back to New York after that."

My appointment with the union leader of the factory was scheduled on Friday afternoon. I thought that we'd meet in the factory's office, but instead, he called me. "There's something that I need to tell you that I can't say within the factory. Miss Dewar, please come to Quizas Cafe, so we can discuss it in detail."

I was kind of nervous when he said that to me, but then I figured I wouldn't be in any danger inside a cafe in broad daylight, so I agreed.

Helen's POV:

When I arrived at the cafe, I took a picture at the door and posted it on INS, along with my location.

The union leader was a middle-aged fat man. He looked very kind and amiable. With a warm smile, he took me to the reserved private room.

At first, I was a little vigilant, but when I saw that there were many customers in the cafe, and the union leader was polite the whole time, I gradually relaxed.

We talked about the issue of the employees' equity for a while. What the union leader said was quite sincere.

As usual, I listened carefully and wrote his ideas down in my notebook. While I refrained from making any comments, I thought about the legal risks of the merger case of Zhester Technology and then I mentally plotted how I wanted to write about the legal opinion.

Unbeknownst to me, the sun had soon waned and it was getting quite dark. The union leader suddenly asked, "Miss Dewar, you are also from Philly, right? I was lucky enough to see your father once. By the way, do you know Mr. Breck Collins? He used to work for your father."

At the mention of my father, I felt a sharp pain in my heart. I managed to suppress the discomfort in my heart and said coldly, "If there is nothing else, let's call it a day."

I picked up my bag and was about to leave.

But the union leader blocked my path with his body. The amiable expression on his face was suddenly replaced by an insidious smirk. "There is no need to hurry. Since you are here, just stay and have a chat with Mr. Collins. You can talk about the good old days together."

Why Breck again?

When I came back to Philly to take charge of the case of Vlibert Company, Breck was there. Once again, I had come across him in this merger case.

After my father passed away, I only returned to Philly twice and each time, I crossed paths with Breck. I didn't believe it was a coincidence.

For the time being, I could see that he had a great influence in Philly, but I didn't understand what he wanted from me.

"I don't know the person you just mentioned, nor do I have anything to discuss with him. Get out of the way," I said with an expressionless face, but internally, I was actually a little flustered. I wanted to take out my phone and call Cece.

At this time, the door was suddenly opened and Breck walked in. There was a warm smile on his face that failed to ease my growing discomfort. Although he was no longer a young man, there was still a suave quality about him.

"Helen, how can you say something like that? Have you really forgotten me? I am so sad."

Surprised, I watched him walk closer. Now, I was absolutely certain that this whole incident was not a coincidence.

My gut told me that Breck had been in the cafe for a while now. It was also possible that he had done something to make sure that the meeting place was changed into this cafe.

Cold sweat broke out on my back at the realization.

Even though I was now apprehensive of whatever their agenda was, I still tried to present a calm facade. Widening my eyes, I pretended to be hit with an epiphany. "Of course, I remember you. I still remember that Mrs. Collins' father was my dad's supervisor."

I was talking about Breck's wife, Ella Collins. Back then, his career only prospered after marrying her. I mentioned her now to warn him not to act recklessly.

Unexpectedly, Breck laughed wantonly after hearing this. "Ella often mentions you even now. You should pay her a visit one of these days. She will be happy to see you again."

After saying that, he winked at the union leader.

The latter left obediently and closed the door of the private room.

My heart skipped a beat and I had a sudden impulse to make a run for it.

However, before I could move, Breck had already walked closer to me.

"Come and sit next to me. I haven't seen you in years. I actually didn't expect that you would turn out to be so charming and beautiful," Breck said flippantly. He grabbed my hand and pulled. Caught off guard, I fell on the sofa next to him.

The moment I fell gave Breck the opportunity to hold me captive against the sofa. He leaned over me, his bad breath fanning my face. "Are you too impatient to wait? You are definitely Bob's daughter. You understand the situation and act accordingly, just like he did before."

My body was stiff and I got goosebumps. I was afraid and felt very disgusted.

"Let go of me! Or I'll scream!" The cafe was full of people. If Breck really cared about his reputation, he

would not be so stupid as to hurt me here.

However, Breck didn't panic at all. On the contrary, he laughed out loud. "Just scream as loudly as you can! Let's see if anyone dares to come in and save you."

He lowered his head to kiss me and he tried to tear off my clothes.

It was in this moment that I truly understood the meaning of the word despair. Terrified, I struggled as hard as I could and I shouted as loud as my lungs could go.

The harder I struggled, the more excited Breck became. He held both my hands tightly and pressed the full weight of his body against me, crushing me into the sofa. The lust in his eyes was undisguised and I nearly retched at the sight of it.

No matter what I did, I couldn't break free of him and his hands were getting bolder. Gradually, I fell into despair. It felt like I was in a trance. The whole thing felt like an out-of-body experience, like it was happening to someone else, not me. When my clothes were torn from my body however, the cold that hit my body caused me to shiver.

A sudden scream pushed me back into my body.

With a lurch, I looked around frantically, my brain trying to parse the information I was seeing into something sensible. A moment later, I was able to see clearly and realized that the angry face looming over me belonged not to Breck, but George.

A small snarl escaped his mouth and he hurriedly took off his coat. I was still laying on the sofa in shock when he wrapped the coat around me tightly. Then he carried me to the corner of the room and said softly, "It's alright now."

In the next second, he turned and walked towards Breck. It was as if George became unglued. He pulled Breck to his feet with his collar and beat him to a stupor. Breck was strong outside but weak inside. A single punch from George knocked him off his feet, but George was in no mood to give him any breathing space. He leaned over Breck's prone body and punched every part of him he could find.

In the room, there was only the sound of punching and kicking and Breck's painful wails.

I fought my fear and panic and got to my feet. Slowly, I walked over and pulled on the hem of George's shirt to stop him. "Stop. Don't kill him. I don't want you to go to jail for murder; he's not worth it."

It took a few moments, but George eventually stopped beating him. He stood still, but I could see his palms trembling slightly.

"Okay." Suppressing his obvious anger, George obliged my request with a single word.

Just then, the private room was a total mess. Table was turned, glass shattered into pieces, and Breck huddled in the corner, groaning in pain after he was almost beaten to death.

The police officers showed up not long after. My guess was that someone called the police.

"Catch him! Arrest him!" Breck shouted as soon as he saw the police officers.

"Mr. Collins?" When the policeman recognized Breck, his countenance changed and he turned a hostile glare on George and I. "Did you hit him?"

George glanced at the policeman and said in a disdainful tone, "I won't say anything unless my lawyer is present."

"Cut the crap. Catch him. I want him to be jailed for life. I will never accept a compromise!" Breck pointed a trembling finger at George and me. He covered his swollen face with the other hand and shouted madly.

I looked at him coldly, stepped forward, and said to the police, "I need medical exams."

"What?" The policeman looked at me in confusion.

Stoically, I unbuttoned the coat and my skin was instantly exposed. There were several bruises and bite marks left by Breck, which were particularly offensive to the eye.

I fought back the tears and endured the shame in my heart, and then said through gritted teeth, "Breck Collins sexually assaulted me. This is the evidence. I need medical exams and DNA comparisons to fix the evidence."

Breck became absolutely livid at my accusation and started screaming his head off. "Fuck you! I didn't even take off my pants! How could I have sexually assaulted you?!"

"Watch your mouth!" George growled and advanced on him, but I quickly stepped in his path before he could punch Breck.

"Okay. You want medical exams, right? Let's go to the police station for an examination." Breck sneered and stood up with the help of his bodyguards, looking fearless.

### [Chapter 590 I'm Here With You](#)

Helen's POV:

Now that I was in the car, I gradually calmed down. I turned my gaze towards George. He was sitting beside me, wearing a straight face. "What are you doing here?" I asked.

He was like Superman coming to my rescue just now. He was still supposed to be abroad. Even if he

came back in advance, he should've gone back to New York. But in a surprising turn of events, he showed up in Philly.

When I really needed help, he swooped in and saved the day.

"Hmm." George had never been this quiet before. No matter what I asked him, he wouldn't answer me. It appeared that he was still in a bad mood.

It was hard to figure out what he was thinking. But, I did find his silence a little odd.

Pretty soon, the police car took us to the police station. From a distance, I noticed dozens of people standing in front of their gates. They were probably Breck's men who came to support him.

Breck grinned devilishly. "Nobody would dare lay a finger on me in Philly! Helen, you really disappointed me."

He reached his hand out to my face, intending to grab it.

"Fuck off, you piece of shit! Don't touch her!"

George grabbed Breck's wrist and stared daggers at him. The latter immediately bellowed in pain.

"Who the hell do you think you are? I won't forgive you, punk! You all saw it, right? He attacked me first!" Breck covered his wrist, complaining to the police in front of him.

"Yes, Mr. Collins. We'll be in the police station in minutes. Don't worry. We'll give you the justice you deserve," the policeman said to Breck respectfully.

For some reason, the way they interacted made me feel uneasy.

Judging from the policeman's attitude towards Breck, I could tell that this bastard was more powerful than I'd imagined.

Somehow, it made me nervous. When I talked to Anya this morning, I never expected something like this to happen, let alone get George into trouble.

Even though he had made great achievements in his career, he had been abroad for many years, so he probably didn't know much about the situation at home, let alone the forces slithering in the dark in Philly. George was a proud man. I was worried that he might do something reckless again when provoked.

A wise man wouldn't fight when the odds were stacked against him. While we were getting out of the police car, I whispered to him, "Don't say anything about your involvement in this incident. Just pin the blame on me. This matter has nothing to do with you, after all."

I didn't want to get him involved, and I sure as hell wouldn't stand by and watch him go to jail because of him.

Upon hearing my words, George stopped in his tracks to look at me in disbelief. "Do you think I'm a coward?"

The way he spoke left me stunned for a few seconds. "You're a prominent man, George. If you get involved in a lawsuit, it could have a negative effect on Zhester Technology! You've got nothing to do with this incident. You're only here because you were trying to help me."

George scoffed and entered the police station before me. It seemed as though his mood had turned even worse.

He completely ignored my suggestion. When the police asked about his personal information, he answered all of it honestly.

But when the police asked questions relating to the incident back in the cafe, he told them, "I have the right to remain silent. I will not say anything until my lawyer arrives."

The policeman kept looking between George and the form of his information. Upon checking George's full name again, he appeared to be worried.

Perhaps he had heard about Zhester Technology or George Affleck.

Once the police interrogated me, I didn't hide anything. I told them the entire story. I didn't tell them too much details about how George hit Breck, and simply emphasized on the fact that Breck assaulted me.

Just then, Breck, who was sitting at a different table, stood up, pointed at his wound, and growled, "Do not slander me, woman! I'm the one who got injured. Many people witnessed him hitting me! How dare he hit me like some common thug? Mark my words: I will not let any of you go!"

The wounds on his face were still bleeding. George must've hit Breck with all his might, and as a result, the latter's face was beaten and battered.

I noticed that the police were trying to protect him. For that reason, George and I were at a disadvantage in this case.

Thus, I decided to stop talking. I had told them my side of the story. The only thing I had to do now was to resign myself to fate.

After the interrogation, we were taken to a small room and got locked up.

George sat down in one of the chairs. Even the manner in which he sat had an air of nobility and pride. He wasn't supposed to be here. It was all my fault.

Feeling guilty, I whispered to him, "Where's your lawyer?"

"He's in New York. He won't be able to make it here right away," George answered unhurriedly. He sounded as calm as ever.

I, on the other hand, was panicking already.

Even though I was the victim, the odds were stacked against me. Based on how Breck acted earlier, he definitely wouldn't let us go.

If we were to settle this case out of court, with Breck's power and influence, George and I might not be able to leave Philly alive. And if we were to follow procedures and wound identification, Breck could manipulate the results and turn the tables. And once that happened, George would be sentenced to prison for assault.

If George were to be involved in a criminal case, things could get really bad for Zhester Technology.

This was a dead end!

All of this shit happened because of me.

I looked at George with tears streaming down my cheeks, feeling remorseful because of what happened.

While awkwardly wiping the tears on my face, I felt uncharacteristically dejected. "I'm so sorry, George."

He stood up, approached me, put his palm on top of my head, and stroked my hair. "There's no need to be afraid. I'm here with you."

Hearing him speak like that gave me an indescribably sense of security. I somehow felt like everything was really going to be fine.

I looked down, bit my lower lip, and clammed up. I didn't want him to see me this dismal.

George heaved a sigh, withdrew his hand, borrowed a phone from someone, and walked to a corner to make a call.

His voice was faint, but I could vaguely hear him saying, "Mr. Miller, it's George. I'm in Philly right now. Yes, the police station. Got it. Thank you."