


Bye

 +90 Points at most

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.

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"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. ①

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

Chapter 579 You Don't Have To See ...  +90 Points at most 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 sport. 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

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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!" 9