


Bye

 +90 Points at most

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.

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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. ¹

"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." ②