

## Chapter 575 Take The Subway Together

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Helen's POV:

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

George stroked my back, seemingly to comfort me. "Don't be so nervous. You're gripping me too tightly that I can't get in." <sup>1</sup>

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

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

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

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

He paused for a second, and then he began

speeding up while grabbing my breasts and sucking my nipples.

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

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

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

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

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

Almost at the same time, he came, leaving

all of his thick hot fluids inside me. I moaned with pleasure, subconsciously scratching his back and leaving scratch marks on it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

What a shame...

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

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

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

If I were to fall in love with a guy like him, I

might never be able to forget him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When the subway arrived at the next station,



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

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

"Watch out!"

George?

He took the subway with me?

"Why'd you take the subway?"

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

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

Once we were outside the subway station, he walked behind me. I couldn't help but

wonder if he took the subway with me on purpose.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Huh? Is that woman in front Helen?" The



sharp-eyed receptionist girl pointed at the photo.

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

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

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

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

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

I was well-aware that they still remembered

that I once volunteered to contact George during my first day in this law firm.

I ignored their mockery and heaved a sigh of relief.

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

The office suddenly quieted down.

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

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