

Chapter 583 It Depends On Your Performance Tonight

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. 2

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

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 +90 Points at most

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.

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