

Husband With Benefits Chapter 5 - The Demon

Chapter 5: The Demon

"Brace yourselves. The demon is here." A message popped onto the company's chat, and immediately, the atmosphere changed.

"Things don't look good. Let's hope that he doesn't freeze any of us today," one employee muttered anxiously.

As Demetri Frost entered the large building, his mere presence sent a ripple of tension through the air. With his dark hair slicked back and his tall, imposing frame, he exuded an aura of authority that demanded respect.

However, it wasn't just his appearance that earned him the moniker "demon" among his subordinates; it was his reputation for ruthless business practices that had everyone treading carefully around him. The Demon's impact on global businesses was profound, and his influence was unmatched.

As soon as Demetri stepped foot in the office, the atmosphere shifted. The hustle and bustle of the workplace seemed to quiet down as employees buried their noses in their work, not daring to give even the slightest hint of idleness.

Passing by the corridor, people would bend at ninety degrees, greeting him with forced cheerfulness, "Good morning, Chairman Frost." Yet, Demetri merely acknowledged them with a curt nod, not bothering to reciprocate their pleasantries.

Demetri had never been approachable, but today his mood was especially foul as he marched towards his office. No one in the world had the power to blackmail him, except his grandfather.

Usually, the old man did not have to resort to underhanded tactics, as Demetri was more than happy to indulge him. After all, the man had single-handedly raised him and his brothers over the years. But last night, the man had crossed all limits. He dared to threaten Demetri to get married.

As he reached the top floor where a few directors awaited him, he walked past them, sitting down and waiting for them to report.

As the various departments talked about their failure to acquire the company he had instructed them to work on, his mood went from bad to worst. "I do not need your fruitless ideas. I need results!" he barked when yet another director droned on about the difficulties in convincing the shareholders.

When everyone quietened down at the command, Demetri threw yet another glance at his employees, but they seemed to have no ideas. Cursing under his breath, he looked sharply at his youngest brother, also the head of the Finance Department. "We need to proceed with the acquisition of Galverson Corp. by the end of the month. I want a comprehensive plan on my desk by tomorrow morning. I don't care about their demands. Get it done. Or find someone who can."

His words were sharp, like daggers cutting through the air, and Ian nearly rolled his eyes but controlled the impulse and nodded hastily. Brother or not, the Demon would not hesitate to reprimand him if he sensed open disrespect.

Soon the meeting was adjourned, but Ian and their second brother Seb stayed behind. Seeing the office empty, Ian finally slouched a bit and questioned his brother, "Demon? Is grandfather still on your case?"

"Of course, he is still on my case. It is our grandfather's fondest wish that you get married. After all, you are already thirty-two!"

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The Demon raised his eyes and glared at his two brothers before speaking, "I am thinking of opening a new branch for our company office. It's a small, beautiful countryside town with immense potential. I think you two would be the perfect candidates for going there..."

"Uh... No. I am too busy with the details of the upcoming acquisition; let Seb go." Ian quickly walked out of the office.

Seb looked at his brother with a grin and said, "I am allergic to small towns and fresh air and all that. Also, I am not even qualified for this... Bye Demon."

As Demetri watched his brothers leave, he simply shook his head before getting back to his work. Soon, he was interrupted by a phone call, which he answered briskly.

"Demetri. I hope I am not disturbing you."

Demetri stilled when he heard his lawyer's voice and focused his attention on the caller, "No. What is it?"

"You called me last evening with a few requirements for a position. Is that position still available?"

Demetri thought back to his conversation and felt a headache coming on, "Yes, of course, it is."

The lawyer laughed loudly at that and spoke, "Very good. Then, Demetri Frost, I have the perfect candidate for the position of your wife. Come to my office at 6, and I'll introduce you to the future Mrs. Frost."

Demetri leaned back in his chair as he contemplated what his lawyer had said. The man was efficient in all things related to contracts, but he was also efficient in finding a woman. He must be moonlighting as some matchmaker.

It seemed the fates really were aligned to get him married. But first, "Is she really clear on all my conditions? How much money does she want?"

"Demetri, I suggest we meet here, and you can talk face to face. What I can assure you is that she will be the perfect wife for you."

"Pretend wife. I need a pretend wife," he muttered to remind the man that he had no intention of getting a real wife. Getting a wife would simply be too troublesome.

"Demetri, she is perfect for what you need. Why don't you come to my office tomorrow, and you can see for yourself." The man insisted, not even acknowledging anything else.

"Very well. If you think she is perfect, prepare the contract. If we can negotiate the terms and come to an agreement, I want this matter settled right away."

"Don't you want to know her name at least? Her name is Nora. Pretty name isn't it?" The man asked curiously.

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As the phone call ended, Demetri had already forgotten about his wife-to-be and could not have remembered her name if his life depended on it. There was no curiosity or any other feelings because, as far as he was concerned, it

was simply a business deal and nothing more. However, little did he know that this contract might change his life in ways he never expected.