

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 621: FIX ME UP WITH JANE

List chapter

George's POV: I had always been grateful to Libby. When I was studying abroad a few years ago, she took good care of me and made sure I was comfortable in a foreign country. I always kept her kindness in mind. "George, I'd like to invite you over. Let's have dinner together after you and Jane get off work. I'll do the cooking. See you later!" Before I could say anything, she hung up the phone. Well, Libby had just returned. Whether she invited me over or not, it was necessary for me to welcome her back. After work, I drove to her house with Jane. While we were at the intersection and waiting for the traffic lights to go green, I saw Helen at the side of the road. She was walking toward the subway station carrying several plastic bags. I could vaguely see packs of frozen meals inside. Was that what she had been eating all this time? No, I should stop caring about her. After all, her cold and heartless words bruised my ego. I could not take my eyes off her, though. Helen... What should do with you? The plastic bags looked too heavy to carry by herself. After taking a few steps, she stopped and tried to catch her breath. Once she rested for a bit, she picked up the bags once again and walked on. I frowned and clenched the steering wheel unconsciously. "What are you looking at?" Jane suddenly asked. I pursed my lips and did not answer. I just watched as Helen's figure disappear from view. When I finally got ahold of myself, the traffic lights had turned green. The cacophony of horns and curses from irate drivers came from behind me. Without a word, I started the engine and went my way. Jane and her mother lived in an apartment downtown. The truth was, I was the one who had found it for them. It was directly below my penthouse, the one in which I had brought Helen on New Year's Eve. I had no idea that things would get out of hand at that time. Jane was not only my business partner but also my friend. As she needed a place to stay in New York, I volunteered to look for one

for her. The apartment was downtown and close to Zhester Technology. It was convenient for commuting. I did not think that there was something wrong with what I had done. But much to my surprise, Helen was hostile to Jane and even broke up with me. At this moment, I parked the car in the underground garage. Before getting off the car, I rubbed my throbbing temples and took a deep breath. Then I went upstairs with Jane. "George, you're here! Go wash your hands. The dinner is ready," Libby said with a smile. She had prepared a feast of my favorite dishes, She had always been a good cook. When I had first gone abroad, I could not get used to eating local food, so she often invited me over for dinner. I thanked her politely and sat down at the dining table after washing my hands. Libby knew very well how to enliven the atmosphere. While eating, she talked a lot about our shared experiences while we were abroad. Her words were neither stiff nor dull. There was not even a single dead air. "In my opinion, you two don't need to come back to New York. You can manage the company from abroad, can't you? Besides, you have Boswell here," Libby advised. "Mom, you don't know much about George's plan. He wants to develop the domestic market to expand his business. Besides, his parents are here, and he's their only child. He has to go back for them," Jane explained on my behalf. I did not refute her words. But the truth was, many of my decisions had nothing to do with my parents. In my heart, my parents and I were independent of each other. Since Libby was the host for the night, she was more talkative than usual. She did not stop talking about Jane and me. Although she did not exactly say it out loud, I knew what she was implying. She was trying to fix me up with her daughter. I was surprised. After all, I only treated Jane as a friend through all these years. I would relate to her at times, just like Boswell, I believed that Jane felt the same way I did. Besides, she never expressed any desire to have something more than friendship with me. Tonight, however, Jane did not deny any of Libby's implications and just let her mother poke fun at us. I recalled the years I had spent with her, most of which were work-related. I could not help but wonder if I was just over-analyzing things. "Jane, you've been the best business partner I've ever had, and I hope you'll always be," I said after careful consideration while she and I were walking out of the apartment. This was the best response I had thought of to avoid misunderstanding. Knowing Jane, she would understand what I meant. "I see," Jane smiled at me. She did not seem concerned that I suddenly drew a line between After bidding farewell with each other, I took the elevator to go to my penthouse. It was bare and empty, just like it had been since New Year's Eve. There was not a single piece of

furniture here. As I walked to the balcony, the night of New Year's Eve crossed my mind. Here, Helen and I stood side by side, counting down and wishing each other a happy new year. We held each other in our arms. The moment the clock struck midnight, I leaned over and kissed her on the lips. She then stood on tiptoe, put her arms around me, and kissed me back. I could see the love in her eyes. It was vivid, just like the fireworks. I knew she loved me. But why did she break up with me when Jane showed up? Without much thought, I drove to Helen's house again.

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CHAPTER 622: PICK UP MOM AND BRING HER HOME

List chapter

Helen's POV: As soon as I got home, I set my hunger aside and started cleaning up my apartment, especially the bedroom I had prepared for my mother. Within a couple of hours I had a perfectly neat, presentable room. I was surprised at how much of waste I had hoarded in my apartment. This was the third time that I dragged a trash bag downstairs to the trash can. When I dusted my clothes and turned around, I saw George. He was leisurely leaning against his car. The shadow of his tall figure was lengthened by the dim street light. His handsome face was slightly obscured by the darkness of the night. It was somewhat difficult to glean the expression on his visage. He slowly straightened up and walked up to me. After stopping just one step away from me, he teased, "Are you enjoying the stench of the trash can?" I quickly jolted back to my senses and moved away from the trash can. His unexpected presence had ruffled me so much that I had even lost my sense of smell! "Are you here to see me?" I looked up at him with knitted eyebrows. Our relationship had been under severe strain recently. When we did meet occasionally in the company, he treated me like a total stranger. Sometimes when we passed each other, he wouldn't even spare a look at me. I couldn't figure out what he was thinking. Since

he'd decided to treat me as a total stranger, he had no business getting involved in my private life. That being said, why did he still come here from time to time? I just couldn't fathom out this man. "What are you doing?" George asked, ignoring my question. He pointed at the waste I had deposited beside the trash can. "Cleaning up the room." I didn't want to answer him, but George just stood there and had no intention of leaving. I would have given him the silent treatment had he not been so clingy. I decided to behave with him as if I had simply met a colleague. It was no big deal. "I saw you near the subway station after work today. Do you think you can survive on all those frozen food products and be healthy?" He cleverly changed the topic. I was a little irritated with his question and didn't feel like replying. What I ate was my business and didn't concern him. This man really was unbelievable! George didn't seem to bother about my indifference as usual and continued with a smile, "if you need help with the cooking, just tell me. I'll be glad to help out." I looked at him in disbelief, still puzzled about his motives. What was that supposed to mean? Why did he sound conciliatory? Why did it even seem like he was trying to make a concession after our quarrel? But I dismissed that ridiculous idea as soon as it surfaced. George was such a proud man. How could he offer a concession? Besides, I had made myself clear the other day that he would have to choose between Jane and me. He couldn't have his cake and eat it too. If he still refused to make a choice and we reconciled, then this problem would still crop up its ugly head in the future. It was better to end our relationship while I was still in love with him and remembered him as a good man than to quarrel time and again and grow to hate each other in the future. In this way, we would still have the sweet and beautiful memories that had filled our lives earlier. I turned around and tried to leave. I didn't want to entwine my life with his anymore. But he suddenly grabbed my wrist and trapped me between himself and the car. His tall figure pressed down against my limp body, and his deep eyes were glaring at me. I read confusion and unwillingness in his eyes. "Why?" "I've told you a thousand times. I only have one request. You have to choose between Jane and me. If you can't make a choice, I will leave voluntarily." I elbowed him away and ran home without looking back. In fact, there were many things that could not be explained. All our lives, Jane and I could not get along. If George, Jane and I continued interacting and were constantly at loggerheads, then we were destined to end up like our parents. I had a strong sense of déjà vu. I didn't want to be a nameless woman like Libby. I definitely didn't want my children to be scorned as illegitimates. What's more, I didn't want to turn into

someone like my mother. She thought my father loved her very much, but when he died, it was revealed that he had long betrayed us. She didn't even get a proper explanation for what had happened. And she'd never know why he did this to her. That kind of experience was too unbearable. I know how much my mother had suffered and I was not prepared to go down that road. As Saturday morning dawned, bright and cheerful, I prepared to pick up my mother from the hospital for her weekend visit. Lucy seemed more excited than me. She drove early to my apartment to pick me up. When I got into the car, Lucy suddenly said, "If I'm not mistaken, I saw George's car here just now. Did he stay at your place last night? Have you two reconciled?" "No! I have nothing to do with him now." I looked out of the window because I was kind of lying. Did Lucy say he had just left? Did that mean that he spent the whole night here? That was hardly likely. Lucy must be mistaken. I changed the topic and Lucy didn't pursue her questioning. It was my first time to pick up my mother and bring her home. I was very excited. My mother had been recovering in the hospital for so long so I was looking forward to having her home today. "Mrs. Dewar, do you remember me? I'm Lucy; Helen's friend," Lucy said happily. "Yes, of course I remember you!" my mother replied with a beautiful smile. In the first two years of my college life, my mother's condition wasn't that severe. She often visited me at the college and invited Lucy over for dinner. Lucy was a flamboyant and bold woman. My mother didn't generally like such extroverts, but Lucy was an exception. She often spoke about Lucy even we were alone. "Helen, you are too quiet and introverted. People can easily take advantage of your kindness. You need to toughen up like Lucy." "Lucy, I'm pleased that Helen has a friend like you." She also told Lucy this all the time. Then my mother began to suffer relapses more often and had to be hospitalized for treatment. I was so panicky, I didn't know what to do. It was then that Lucy unselfishly stepped forward and arranged a hospital for my mother to be admitted to. She paid more attention to my mother than I did. "Mom, Lucy and I are here to pick you up. You are coming home with us!" When I held my mother's arm, my eyes suddenly became moist and tears rolled down uncontrollably. My mother had become so thin. Although her eyes were focused on me and she smiled joyfully, she looked a little dull. There was almost no flesh on her arm. She was all skin and bones. It seemed that with no effort, her arm could be broken like a dry stick. I hugged her lovingly, tears streaming down my cheeks. "Don't worry, my dear. I'm fine." My mother stoked me on the back and comforted me gently. Because she would only stay for the weekend, she didn't bring

too much luggage. She just took with her the medication and some clothes. Lucy drove us home safely. She left shortly after dropping us off as she knew that we had a lot to talk about. As soon as my mother arrived home, she took a slow walk around and had a good look at the place. I quickly brought a glass of warm water and placed it on the table. Then I hurried to the kitchen and heated up the frozen meals I had purchased from the grocery store. Then I set the dishes out on the table. My mother looked at me with concern. "Is this what you eat every day?" "Only once in a while, Mom. I generally eat very well. Don't worry. I'll take good care of myself." I didn't want my mother to worry about me, so I held her hand and comforted her. My mother sighed and said nothing more. After lunch, she said to me, "Take me to the grocery store in the afternoon to buy some food." "Okay! But you take a nap first. Let's go after you wake up, okay?" "Okay." I took my mother back to her room and she lay down on the bed. I felt so happy to see her resting so peacefully. I hadn't felt so genuinely glad for a long time. When Mom recovered fully and she was discharged from the hospital, she could stay here with me forever!

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CHAPTER 623: MOTHER'S COOKING

List chapter

Helen's POV: While my mother was taking a nap, I sat on the desk next to the bed and turned on my laptop to process some work documents. After having a power nap, she woke up. I told her to sleep some more, but she just waved her hand in dismissal and said that she didn't feel sleepy anymore. Thus, I conceded and took her to a nearby supermarket to shop. The supermarket was quite close to my apartment. My mother and I used to come here to shop whenever we needed something. Unfortunately, she fell ill later on and had been confined in the hospital. Since I was too busy to go shopping, I came here less and less as time passed by. Along the way, I held my mother's hand. It felt

so damn good to have her by my side again! It felt like I was filled with so much strength all over again. We finished shopping quickly and went home. As soon as we got home, my mother prepared dinner. I knew nothing about cooking, so I couldn't do anything to help her. I just stood at the kitchen door, watching her get busy. "Helen, you need to eat less junk food and take out food from now on. They're not as healthy and sanitary as home cooked meals," Mom mumbled while she was handling ingredients. "I'll cook weekday meals for you every weekend from now on. You can heat them up after work. I'll come here again next weekend to cook more delicious food for you, okay?" This scene felt so familiar to me. It felt like I suddenly heard George's deep, gentle voice ringing in my ears. Just like my mom, he used to cook for me all the time. Even when he was tired after a long day at work, he'd still cook for me. Every time he went out of town, he'd prepare dinner for me in advance and all I needed to do was to heat the food in my fridge. Suddenly, it felt like a void opened up in my heart. It felt like I had lost something very important that I could never get back anymore. As a matter of fact, most of the time that I thought of George, I was quite rational. I'd always tell myself that we were over and that there was no future in store for us. But sometimes, his image would flash through my mind, making me feel empty inside... Hiding my sadness, I walked over to my mother with a smile on my face and hugged her from behind. "Thank you, Mom. It's so good to have you around." "Let go off me, dear! I can't cook properly like this." Mom broke into laughter. "Fine. I can wait." I pouted. Reluctantly, I let go of her. However, I didn't want to leave the kitchen. As I watched my mother busy herself with cooking, tears welled up in my eyes and rolled down my cheeks. She looked much more haggard than before. Despite the fact that she was the same age as Libby, her back was hunched already. She looked so thin from the back that it looked like a gust of wind could blow her away. Quietly, I wiped my tears away, determined to work harder and make more money to give her all the best things in life. During the evening, my mother slept in the guest bedroom. Once I was done with work, I slipped into her bed and laid beside her. "Is it okay if I sleep next to you tonight, Mom?" My mother readily agreed. She scooped over and made some room for me to make sure that I'd be sleep comfortably. "Helen, I'll try my hardest to get well, so that I can be with you as soon as possible," she said abruptly. "I believe you can do it, Mom. Nothing can bring you down! Surely, you'll get better soon," I said, attempting to comfort her. I leaned closer to her arms as affectionately as I did when I was little. My mother had been confined in the hospital for many years, and she

usually smelled like medicine and sometimes bleach, but strangely enough, I still smelled her unique scent. It smelled so good and reassuring. "Honey, you've been working for years on end. I think it's time you think about settling down," said my mother. Her eyes were clearer than ever. The first person who came into my mind was George, and it made my heart skip a beat. Soon, I overcame the feeling of being flustered and nodded in response. "Okay, Mom." "Is there anyone special?" My mother was trying to get more information out of me. I immediately shook my head. All I wanted to do right now was to make more money to cure my mother's illness and take good care of her health. I didn't have time for a relationship. "When I took you away from Philly and came to New York, I simply hoped that you'd let go of the past and begin a new life. If and when you fall in love with someone, don't tell him the truth about our family, especially my illness. In New York, no one will ever know about your past. If it's necessary, I'll just stay in the hospital for the rest of my life and leave you alone," said Mom. "What are you talking about, Mom? If he despises you and our family, I will not marry him!" I said firmly. "I want to live with you for the rest of my life, Mom. Why would I leave you behind for a man?" I said, holding her hand to comfort her. "My dear, you're too young to understand how cruel and relentless life could be. I'm the one holding you back. The only way you could live a better life is without me. I'm serious! As long as you can be happy, I don't mind being out of your life," she countered. "Mom, I'm exhausted. We should go to sleep." There was no point in arguing about this with her. At any given moment, I would prioritize my mother above all else. Perhaps due to her reassuring scent, I fell asleep quickly and didn't wake up until the break of dawn. I hadn't slept this well since George moved out. I usually tossed and turned the whole night, and had nightmares even when I managed to fall asleep. Sadly, the good times were fleeting. It was soon Sunday night, so I had to take Mom back to the hospital. As I held her hand, reluctant to let her go, I said, "I'll pick you up next Saturday morning, Mom. Remember to cooperate with the doctor's treatment, okay?" "Okay, darling. I'll wait for you," my mother replied. Before leaving, she gently brushed my hair as her eyes were filled with love and tenderness.

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CHAPTER 624: PHIL'S LOVE CONFESSION

List chapter

Helen's POV: The caregiver waited for my mother at the hospital gate. Even as my mother's back disappeared from my sight, I still didn't want to leave. I'd never felt that a weekend was very short until this moment. There were a lot of things I still wanted to do with my mother and tell her. I wanted to catch up with her and take her home, but my sanity told me not to do that. "Come on. Don't be so sentimental. You'll see each other again. A week will pass so quickly, you won't even notice it!" Lucy grumped when she couldn't stand to watch me staring at the hospital gate anymore. She grabbed my hand and pulled me towards her car. I was pushed into the passenger seat and Lucy got in behind the wheel and drove me home. "You know what? You look like a mother taking her kid to kindergarten for the first time," Lucy complained. "You are right. In fact, my mother didn't want to go back to the hospital. If I didn't have to work, I would take care of her by myself. I'll feel better that way," I explained. The doctor said that my mother was at the stage where her recovery would be aided by being around family. Unfortunately, I was my mother's only family and I needed to work. So I compromised by bringing my mother home on weekends and taking her back to the hospital during the weekdays. "Don't be sad. Your mother will recover soon," Lucy comforted me, patting me on the shoulder. "Let me tell you the truth. You will soon get tired of living with your mother. She will nag you every day to get married. You can imagine how annoying that is. You'll soon grow afraid to even go home." Lucy's mother occasionally came to New York to stay with her for a few days. In those days, Lucy usually couldn't stand her mother's nagging and came to live with me. "I don't mind my mother nagging me to get married at all." I laughed helplessly. "If she wants me to marry, I'll find someone." I could find someone who was simple and had nothing to do with Jane. He would never hesitate between Jane and I. "Forget about George. The right person has always been in front of you, but you're not paying attention," Lucy quipped with a smirk. "Are you saying you're the right one?" I asked with a light laugh. "Don't talk nonsense! I'm only interested in men. I was actually talking about Phil Mason. He's been doing really well lately. And the most important thing is that he doesn't hide his feelings for you anymore. He takes good care of you and also

helps you with your work. You're both very well matched," Lucy concluded in a very rational voice. "Phil?" I repeated, examining Lucy's points with all the concentration of a scientist carrying out experiments. Phil had a strong professional ability. Although he looked like a ladies' man, I knew he was very self-disciplined and honest. Besides, he was well aware that my mother was in the hospital. Some time ago, I was searching for a new hospital to admit my mother in, so I needed time off work every day to do my research. As my supervisor, if he hadn't given me his permission, things would have been a bit more difficult for me. He was very concerned about my mother's illness and had never frowned on her conditions. "You and Phil are both lawyers, so you have a lot in common. Besides, you work at the same law firm and naturally have more time to bond with each other. Although Phil is not as handsome as George, he is the ideal husband for many women in your law firm," Lucy continued her thorough analysis as she drove. "Forget it. I don't want an office romance. If it doesn't work out, I may end up losing my job. It's not worth it." I smiled, shaking my head. Even if I didn't have to leave, it would be too awkward for us to work together after we broke up. "All these are excuses. You're just not over George yet," Lucy snorted. "I can understand. After all, you've been with a man as perfect as George. It must be hard for you to accept anyone else." Why did she mention George again? "Don't talk nonsense." I wanted to wrap this up as soon as possible. "I just hope I can talk some sense into you. George is not for you. Don't waste your time on him. Time does heal everything, but starting a new relationship is a quicker way to get over someone. For now, Phil is your best shot to start over," Lucy said. "I know," I agreed. Lucy was right. No matter how much I loved George, it couldn't change the fact that we were not meant for each other. It turned out that Lucy was not only persistent but accurate in her matchmaking efforts as well. She found several opportunities to get me closer to Phil in the following days. Phil's apartment was in the same direction as mine, so he offered me a ride to and from work. Before, I always refused his offer because I knew I could never be with him. I was still very firm in my stance. I didn't want an office romance, and I... In all honesty, I was not over George yet. It wouldn't be fair to Phil if I decided to date him when I still had feelings for someone else. Besides, the most important reason was that I only respected Phil as a senior. I didn't love him as a man. However, Lucy still tried to fix us up. She even asked Phil to drive me to and from work without asking for my permission. I stared at her angrily. "I am not in the mood to have a relationship with someone for now. If you think Phil is so good, why

aren't you going out with him?" "He is not into me, neither is he my type." Lucy grabbed my hand in hers and patiently tried to explain her point to me. "Phil has showed his affection for you. Why don't you give him a chance and also give yourself a chance to move on? If you really can't be lovers, you can still work together." Phil and I were working on the same case. Now we were almost inseparable because we went to work and had meals together every day. With Lucy's help, rumors of Phil and I dating each other spread all over Zhester Technology. Ever since the rumors spread, our colleagues started to look at Phil and I with teasing smiles. A few times, they made jokes or innuendos. Instead of setting them straight, Phil would just smile at them. One day, Phil drove me home after work and I decided to use the opportunity to clear the air. After deliberating for a long time, I finally spoke when I was sure that I had organized my thoughts. "Phil, I want to apologize on Lucy's behalf. As you know, she is fond of matchmaking. I'll clarify the rumors about you and me as soon as possible." "Helen, you know I like you very much," Phil said seriously, looking at me. "If you want, we can try dating. I know I may not be Mr. Perfect, but my financial condition is not bad. At the very least, I can guarantee you a comfortable life. I will try my best to take good care of you and your mother." It was the first time I had heard such a direct love confession. No one had ever offered to help me take care of my mother before. For a minute, my stance wavered. Just as Lucy said, Phil was indeed an ideal husband material. We had a great deal in common to talk over, and he was willing to help me take care of my mother. Maybe I should date Phil? Perhaps he was the one I could lean on for the rest of my life. But was it fair to Phil? Even if he was willing to take the responsibility and burden off my shoulders, should I let him do it? No, I couldn't. "I'm sorry, Phil. You are too good for me," I replied in a grave tone. Phil didn't get angry at my rejection. Instead, he smiled congenially. "It doesn't matter, Helen. I only wanted to express my love to you. You don't need to feel pressured. As colleagues, we still have a lot of time ahead of us. You don't have to give me an answer in a hurry."

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 625: WE CAN'T GO BACK ANYMORE

List chapter

Helen's POV: I admire Phil's maturity and understanding. Even after I rejected him, he just put the past behind him and still treated me how a colleague should. At work, he would guide me, point out my mistakes, and give me credit where credit was due. This was how adults should deal with rejection. Whether we ended up together or not, personal affairs should not interfere with work. I was glad that things worked out this way. One morning, Anya came to Zhester Technology to report the case's progress like she always did. And just like the last time, Soren and George sat at the same table with us at lunch. I was sitting next to Phil and opposite to George. While we were eating, Soren glanced at Phil and me meaningfully and joked, "Anya could rest assured. It's a good news for your law firm that Phil is dating Helen!" As soon as he finished speaking, the atmosphere at the table changed. The quiet yet light atmosphere became somber and awkward. George, who had not said a word the whole time, asked Soren, "Since when did you become so gossipy? Don't you have anything else better to do?" Being scolded by George, Soren swallowed hard and shut up at once. Meanwhile, I felt a little embarrassed. It was uncomfortable being teased in front of so many people, especially George. So, from that moment on, I ate with my head down, so I would not be the center of attention again. "It's true. I'm pursuing Helen, but she hasn't agreed to be my girlfriend." Phil smiled and added, "But I won't give up." I could feel that his eyes were fixed on me as he spoke. He also sounded confident as if he was certain I would say yes to him in the future. I lowered my head. The food in my mouth that I was just enjoying had lost its taste. I was not used to making my private life public, especially like this. Although I kept my head down the whole time, I felt someone staring at me. I lifted my eyes and met George's deep and piercing gaze. I immediately looked away. God, how I hoped I could just drop my fork and run away! I had thought that George would no longer come to the staff canteen for lunch. After all, our relationship had become so awkward. Being around him felt like walking on eggshells. It would be troublesome if we kept running into each other. The next day however, I saw George in the staff canteen again. This time, instead of sitting in his exclusive seat, he sat opposite me and slowly ate

his food. On the day after that, he sat down in front of me once again, a tray of food in his hand. He did not talk to me and just regarded me as a stranger. It felt like he was purposely making things difficult for me. I could not figure out what he was thinking, and I doubted anyone could. Although the atmosphere around us was becoming more and more awkward, I just continued eating. Phil tried talking to George but only got a cold shoulder. Because of this, he decided to stop talking and just ate in silence. Talking to a person who did not want to talk to you was tiring, after all. Whenever George was here, the atmosphere was cold and bleak. He seemed to be transforming the places he was in into an ice cellar. After several days of awkward lunch time, Phil was unable to endure the deafening silence any longer. One day he just politely asked, "Mr. Affleck, is there anything you want to say about our work? I'd like to hear your advice." Phil's question just fell into George's deaf ear. The latter merely glanced at Phil and continued eating. It was at this moment that it became clear to me that George was doing it on purpose. The more I thought about it, the angrier I felt. After taking a few bites of my food, I stood up and left the canteen with Phil.

Jane's POV: When I came out of my office and was about to make some coffee in the tea room, I saw George and Boswell walking towards me. Boswell looked at George and asked confusedly, "Since you like Helen so much, why not chase her? Come to think of it. Phil is always around Helen and has a lot of chances to get close to her. If you don't do anything now, she might fall for him. You'll regret it." George cast a cold glance at Boswell and entered his office, slamming the door shut. Boswell shrugged helplessly and complained to me, "I don't know what magic Helen has that makes George so obsessed with her. I've known him for years, but I've never seen him like this." My heart sank upon hearing this, but I did not show it. Instead, I forced a smile and went to the tea room to make coffee. It was true, though. George had always been confident and proud. But now, he was sulky and depressed because of a woman. I had been removing Helen from my memory little by little. I no longer gave a shit about her. But because of George, my memories of her came flooding back to me.. Just like when we were children, I was filled with jealousy and resentment, Why did I have to work hard to get the things Helen could easily get? Although we were half sisters, Helen could live with our father while I could only call him "Dad" when nobody was around. Working with George was not easy. Helen, however, got all his attention without even doing much. Was this my fate? Was I destined to be overtaken by that woman? No. I would not let things continue like this. Even if life was unfair, I would do whatever I could to get

what was rightfully mine. "Boswell, do you know what I miss the most?" I asked with a nostalgic smile. "What is it?" "I miss the time when Zhester Technology was first being established. There were only the three of us. We ate and slept together in that small studio. We often quarreled because of the disagreements and wanted to twist each other's heads off. But whenever we solved a problem, we would forget our anger and hug each other in excitement." I began to miss the good old days. Boswell had to pull several all-nighters at the time. Although it was exhausting, it was worth it. Once the problem was solved, he would turn the computer off and find a spot to lie down to catch some sleep. George, on the other hand, seemed to have unlimited energy. After staying up late with Boswell, he still had the strength to meet the clients and introduce our products to them. I was once hospitalized due to gastrorrhagia. But when I woke up, the two of them informed me that our products had been successfully launched. That news worked better than my medicine. Boswell reminisced about the past as well. "We were really passionate at that time. How memorable." "I'm glad that our hard work has paid off. But at the same time, I could not help but be sad. Look at us. We may be successful now and even have our own separate offices, but we have grown apart." Tears welled up in my eyes, and my heart ached as if a knife had pierced through it. Boswell took out a piece of tissue and handed it to me. "Jane, don't think like that. Yes, so many things have changed, but the three of us will always be on the same team." With a bitter smile, I shook my head and replied, "No, it's different. We can't go back to the way it was. Haven't you noticed that George has been indifferent to me since I came back? I don't know if I've done something wrong..." Boswell held my shoulder and assured me, "No, Jane. You'll always have a special place in his heart." "Really? Does he really care about me?" I asked Boswell with uncertainty. If I was important, why was he keeping a distance from me for Helen's comfort? "Of course. If you don't believe me, why don't you ask him tonight?" Boswell replied with a smile.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 626: ANOTHER CHANCE

List chapter

Jane's POV: Boswell took George and me to dinner after work that day. "How long has Jane been back? Ever since she returned, the three of us haven't gotten together for dinner. Is that appropriate?" Boswell asked in a plaintive whine. "It's my fault," George announced in a low voice and gulped down the wine in his glass at a go. He didn't look nor sound sorry regardless of the murmured apology. It appeared to me like he just wanted to use the opportunity of the dinner to drown his Sorrows. George looked forlorn as he drank two glasses of wine in a row. When he was about to drink the third glass, I quickly snatched the glass from his hand. "Don't drink anymore. If you get drunk, Boswell and I won't take you home." Boswell took the glass from me and gave it back to George with a smile. "He is the best drinker among the three of us. Do you remember once when the investor tried to get you drunk when we attended the party? George kept drinking all the wine the investor gave you. At the end of the night, the investor was drunk and unconscious but George was totally fine." The tale thankfully brought a genuine smile to George's face. I remembered the event Boswell was referring to very clearly. It was true that I didn't get drunk because George drank up the wine the investor was trying to force down my throat. However, we failed to get the investment because George had inadvertently dragged the investor into a drinking contest. The investor was drunk and unconscious by the end of the night. For a very long time after that night, I felt very guilty that we lost the investor. It was George who comforted and cheered me up. He reminded me that the Zhester Technology needed to select its investors. Not everyone was qualified to cooperate with us just because they were rich. "Things were so good then," I mused with a heavy sigh. "It's still the same now. As long as the three of us are still together, nothing will ever change, isn't that right?" Boswell nudged George with his arm. "Yes." George spared a moment to look at me intently before answering Boswell's statement in a low voice. On the surface, things appeared the same as they always were, but I knew that something had changed, and we couldn't go back to the way things were. "George, did I do something wrong? You have been cold to me since I came back." I had had enough of his cold attitude so I plucked up my courage and asked him bluntly. I stared at him squarely, not even giving him the chance to avoid me. However, George

was unfazed by my question. He gently shook the glass of wine in his hand and asked me a question of his own. "Jane, I think we both need to be honest with each other, don't you agree?" His meaning was crystal clear to me. He was referring to the relationship between Helen and I. In the beginning, I hadn't told the truth because I didn't take Helen seriously and more importantly, I didn't want George to find out that I was a child born out of wedlock. But now I knew better how important Helen was in his heart, I was more determined to not say anything. I knew first-hand how calm and composed George had always been. However, he lost his cool every time Helen was involved. To George, I was his long-term partner and friend. But Helen was a whole different case. Once George knew the true relationship between Helen and I, he would definitely choose Helen without hesitation. And that was why I couldn't tell him.

Helen's POV: In the evening, when I was about to go to bed after taking a shower, the doorbell suddenly rang I walked out of the bedroom slowly, every one of my senses on high alert. It was so late already. Who would come to my home at a time like this? Still feeling nervous, I opened the front door just a smidge only to find George and a man I didn't know standing outside my door. For some reason, the man was holding George up and taking most of his weight. But when George saw me, his eyes became clear and focused on me. The man looked up when I opened the door all the way and stepped out. He immediately pushed George, who was reeking of alcohol, over to me. "This gentleman has had a lot to drink. He asked me to bring him here." Then the man turned around and left. George bumped into me. His arms immediately encircled my waist as he leaned against me. His warm breath sprayed on my skin with a strong smell of alcohol. The sudden hug left me staggering back a few steps until I was able to press my back against the door to stop us from falling to the ground. Frowning, I looked at him. This was the first time that I had ever seen him so drunk. He smelled of alcohol and his face was flushed. His deep and unpredictable eyes were slightly blurred at the moment. Perhaps, it was because he was drunk that his austere and unflappable aura was slightly diminished just as I was debating whether I should take him inside or not, George let go of me and stood straight. His expression turned grim and he muttered in a low voice, "I'm sorry for bothering you. I'll leave now." Then he turned around and left. Well, he could say a complete sentence, which only meant that he was not too drunk. But he couldn't walk in a straight line. Completely at odds with the concise sentence that just left his mouth, George kept drifting to the side and bumping to the wall as he walked forward. Eventually, he had to hold on to the wall

so he could walk forward. Speechless, I watched him stumble his way forward. If I let him go back home like this, who would be there to help him if something happened to him? I had no choice but to take him back to my home. Sleeping on the sofa was better than spending the night on the street. Having made my decision, I rushed forward quickly and grabbed his hand. He didn't resist and I was able to guide him back into my apartment. Without a word, he released my hand and fell on the sofa. "Helen, I'm not drunk." He smiled and looked straight at me. He looked drunk, but his voice was stable and firm. He spoke in the same manner he always had. Judging by the sound of his voice, he wasn't drunk at all. But the smell of alcohol coming off him and the slightly blurred way he looked at me said something completely different. I knew that it was a waste of time to argue with him on the level of his drunkenness or lack thereof, so I agreed with him. "You are right. You are not drunk." When I was about to get up and get him a glass of water from the kitchen, he grabbed my hand. His palm was so hot. I tried to snatch my hand back, but he held on tightly. Thanks to his grip on my hand, I fell against him. I looked up at him and asked, "What are you doing?" "Helen, don't accept Phil. Don't fall in love with him. Wait for me." He was such a proud man, but right now, he sounded so humble. He was begging me to wait for him. I tried to push him away, but his hold was steadfast. He leaned forward and rubbed his chin against my head gently. The gesture was oddly intimate. I had no choice but to let him hold me. The smell of alcohol mixed with his scent, and it was not unpleasant at all. All of a sudden, I felt sad and was on the verge of crying. When it came to George, I always chose to escape instead of facing the issue head on. Held securely in his arms and breathing in his scent, I had a sudden epiphany. What if I just waited a while? I could wait until my mother recovered and left the hospital. When I grew stronger and could work as a real lawyer, maybe then I could give myself and George another chance. I was past the point of lying to myself. I had feelings for George even if I didn't show it. After a while, George's even breathing came from above my head. I looked up at him and found that he had fallen asleep. In sleep, his face had a softer quality to it that wasn't there when he was awake. His eyes were closed right now, so he couldn't look at me in a cold and detached manner. Ever since we parted on that fateful day, we had never been as close to each other as we were right now. At this moment, it almost felt like those disputes had never happened. Like everything had just been a dream. If I closed my eyes, I could almost pretend that we were still living together. I was lost in my trance for a few minutes before I suddenly came to my senses.

As carefully as I could, I removed his hand from my waist and got up from the sofa. The sofa was not big enough to accommodate a man of his size. His legs were bent as he contorted himself to fit the sofa. It looked uncomfortable. I took off his socks and unbuttoned the collar and sleeves of his shirt so that he could sleep more comfortably. Then I got a thin blanket and placed it over his body before returning to my room. In the middle of the night, he woke up. I heard him walking around in the living room and taking a shower in the bathroom. In fact, I never went to bed in the first place. I was at my table where I was busy working. The sound insulation effect of this house was not good, so no matter what happened in the living room, I could hear easily. I didn't go out because I didn't know what to say to him and I didn't want to be alone with him at night. Soon, the living room returned to silence. I didn't know if he had fallen asleep again. When I woke up the next day, George had left. Since I went to bed late and slept so deeply, I not only woke up late but didn't have any idea when he left. In recent times, I had taken up the habit of staying up late and sleeping for only two or three hours before getting up for the day. The bad news from my new sleeping routine was that I barely make it to work on time every morning. In the subway, I suddenly received a call from the hospital. "Miss Dewar, please come to the hospital right away." The doctor's voice was curt and grim. Whenever I received calls from the hospital, my heart would beat faster : When I heard the doctor's urgent request, my heart raced even faster and my hands trembled out of fear. I didn't dare to ask more, so I changed the line and hurried to the hospital.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 627: THE SLAP

List chapter

George's POV: I attended a product research and development meeting with Jane in the morning, and I had a meeting with the manufacturer in the afternoon. So, I had lunch with

Jane in the staff canteen. After a satisfactory lunch, we left side by side, still discussing aspects of the meeting scheduled for that afternoon. But before we could walk out of the staff canteen, I saw an impatient Helen hurrying towards us. I'd never seen Helen walk in that brisk fashion before. Her body language with the tense strides and fiery eyes, conveyed that she was on the warpath. "Jane, you bitch! What did you say to my mother?" Helen's tone was furious and resentful. She marched up to Jane and raised her hand to slap her. Helen was bordering on hysteria. Her eyes were filled with hatred for Jane. It seemed that given the chance, she could kill Jane then and there. I instinctively grabbed Helen's wrist to stop her from creating a scene in public. No matter what the conflict she had with Jane, it was no reason for her to wash her dirty linen in public. And inciting violence on the premises was a definite no-no. But the situation turned calamitous. A crisp slap resounded in the staff canteen. I was shocked beyond belief. Helen didn't manage to slap Jane, because I had restrained her. But at that moment, a bright red palm print appeared on Helen's face. It was shocking. Helen's head turned swiftly to the side with the impact of that power packed slap. When she came to her senses, she looked at me incredulously. The dull light in her eyes disappeared and turned into a cold void. I stared at Helen in a complete daze. All of a sudden, the wrist in my hand was so heavy that I couldn't hold it. The coldness in her eyes, like winter frost, almost devoured me. I never expected Jane to hit Helen. Jane had taken the opportunity when I blocked Helen's slap, to land her a blow. It all happened so suddenly, I could not react. When I came to my senses, I realized how much my instinctive action had hurt Helen. "Helen..." I called her name and wanted to explain. But I was at a loss for words. She glared at me with such fury that I felt too choked to speak. Her anger, coupled with astonishment, floored her. Helen shook off my hand and took a step back. She glared at me with disappointment. Her glare was like countless sharp, cold knives, stabbing into my heart, riddling it with bloody holes. "So, this is your final choice." She let out a wry chuckle. Then with endless sadness and desolation in her eyes, she looked away from me and ran off. "Damn it! How dare you hit Helen? Do you think no one has her back? I'll rip your face off of your skull!" Lucy appeared from nowhere and roared angrily. She passed by me like a tornado and grabbed Jane's hair. Jane was no match for the strong Lucy, Jane ran behind me to hide. I wanted to chase after Helen, but Jane grabbed my clothes and used me as a shield against Lucy, who was standing in front of me. I was literally trapped between two mad women, This embarrassing situation in my place of

work was indeed a dark blotch in my life. I shouted at the dozens of onlookers who had gathered around us. "Call the security!" I didn't want to help Lucy or Jane. I just wanted to find Helen as soon as possible and explain that she had misunderstood my action. I pushed past the two squealing women and ran out. But Helen had already left. Several people walked past me, but none of them were Helen. By now, I was feeling really frustrated. Helen had been avoiding me recently. And now she must be so disappointed in me. My intention in holding Helen's wrist was to prevent her from creating a scene for all and sundry to witness and gossip about. People could be mean sometimes, and I just didn't want her to get hurt. But now, everyone would be gossiping and speculating about this unfortunate incident. I never in a thousand years expected prim and proper Jane to slap Helen so hard and so quickly. Helen must feel so hurt. It was all my fault. The worst part was, it almost looked like I spurred Jane on to slap Helen. I stood dejectedly downstairs the office building, and my heart ached badly.

Helen's POV: I didn't manage to hit Jane. Instead, I was slapped by her. My face was burning from the slap. I couldn't believe that George grabbed my hand and allowed Jane to hit me. A part of my heart collapsed and crushed into pieces. George's face overlapped with my father's in my mind at this moment. When I was a child, Jane always provoked me with hurtful words. It used to irritate me but I could not compete with her verbally. So I would try to beat her up for being mean to me. But every time I tried to beat Jane, my father would come and catch me in the act. He would grab me and then Jane would take the opportunity to punch me hard. Just like what had happened today, she hit me without sparing any strength. It hurt deeply. She had always hit me on my covered areas. So no matter how hard she hit me, people never noticed any trace left on my body. I could not win against her. My father would always force me to apologize to her. There was no exception. Now George made the same choice as my father. He was a replica of the man I despised. I had nowhere to go. My face was burning and my heart seemed to be crushed by a giant wheel. The image of George grabbing my wrist tightly and protecting Jane behind him lingered in my mind. It turned out that this was his choice. He was no different from my father. They said people's subconscious actions mirrored their real thoughts. So, when I had a conflict with Jane, he subconsciously chose to protect Jane. I had asked him many times who he would choose between Jane and me. Now it seemed that this question was ridiculous. His choice was obvious, wasn't it? Perhaps, it had always been clear and I was too blind to see it. He would rather break up with me than give up Jane. Even if he hadn't spelt it out to me. I

should have read between the lines. So, when I asked that question, he must have considered it rhetorical. How could I even compare with the high and mighty Jane? .

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 628: MENTAL BREAKDOWN

List chapter

Helen's POV: After I ran out of the company canteen, I didn't know where to go. I just wanted to be miles away from that place and those horrible people. So I got onto the subway and just went wherever it took me. I was directionless and broken. This morning, I received an urgent call from the doctor, saying that my mother had suddenly suffered a mental breakdown. When I arrived at the hospital, I was informed that the caregiver had allowed my mother to meet Libby and Jane on several occasions in the past week. The caregiver explained, "I don't know how matters took such a drastic turn. When those two people came to visit your mother, she did not refuse them. Instead, she asked me to excuse them so that they could chat in private." "What did they talk about?" I asked sternly. "I don't know. They requested me to leave so I didn't listen in at all. I thought they were your mother's friends and it was just a normal visit so I left and went about my other duties." The caregiver was eager to shirk the responsibility. I didn't interrogate her any further. The unexpected visit by Libby and Jane posed a near fatal shock to my mother. I couldn't imagine how much of torture my mother must have suffered at their stained hands all week. She just agonized in silence. As a normal person, just the sight of that evil duo would upset me emotionally. I couldn't imagine what my mother had to endure when Libby and Jane confronted her. At my father's funeral, many dirty facts came to light that shocked my mother and me. Many matters that I couldn't figure out earlier, suddenly fell into place with their revelation I was wearing my heart on my sleeve, exposed to the blistering sun. It hurt pretty badly and I had no way of cooling it. When my mother was

faced with the truth of my father's betrayal, she was devastated. She had loved my father so much and never had an inkling of his betrayal during their time together. She suffered more mental anguish than me. I couldn't imagine how much my mother must have suffered when Libby and Jane suddenly appeared in front of her out of thin air. Her old nightmares must have returned with their untimely visit. It was a waste of my precious time to hold the caregiver accountable for what had transpired. I had to focus all my energies on my mother now. "How is my mother now?" My voice trembled as I enquired. My mother was recovering so well. She had made breakthrough progress. But she suffered a relapse after Libby's and Jane's visit. She had to have urgent treatment. If her condition was not getting worse, the doctor would not have personally called me. The caregiver looked at me apologetically and then lowered her head in shame. She informed me about my mother's condition. "Your mother kept asking to leave the hospital recently. Whenever she was awake, she would cry for you. Last night while the doctors were inspecting the wards, they noticed your mother trying to escape. They immediately stopped her. Then she threatened to commit suicide if we didn't let her go." These words rang like a satanic chant in my ears and I became dizzy. "Suicide?" I asked in a trembling voice. My heart had endured so much pain recently, I wondered if I still had one. No! That was not possible. In the past, no matter how sick my mother was, she never contemplated suicide. What exactly did Libby and Jane say to her that made her fall over the edge? "Don't worry. We stopped her in time. Because she put up such a fight, we compromised and told her that we would allow you to visit her. Follow me." The doctor comforted me in a soft voice and then took me to my mother's ward. On the way, he continued to say to me, "Your mother is very weak. With whatever strength she had, she would ask to leave the hospital. She shouted so loudly that her voice was hoarse. We were worried that she would overreact, so we gave her a tranquilizer to sedate her. But she is probably awake now" I stood outside the ward and looked inside. It pained me to see my mother's hands handcuffed to the head of the bed and a mouth guard stuffed in her mouth. When I came, the nurse removed the handcuffs and mouth guard. As soon as my mother was freed, she immediately got up from the bed and grabbed the doctor's clothes. Her voice was hoarse, but she kept pleading with the doctor. "I'm fine now. Please let me leave the hospital. Please, let me go out just for a day. I want to see my daughter. I need to go to her. She will be bullied if there is no one there to protect her. What if she is bullied?" I stopped, and tears instantly surfaced in my eyes. It turned out that my mother risked her

life to leave the hospital in order to protect me from being bullied by Libby and Jane. She was afraid of what they would do to me. "Your mother has been shouting these words for days. She seems to think that someone is out to harm you. Go inside and talk to her. Remember not to antagonize her." The doctor warned me and then opened the door. I wiped my tears and followed him in. I didn't want my mother to see how fragile I was. "Mom" "Helen? My mother turned around and looked at me as soon as she heard my voice. She let go of the doctor's clothes and quickly got out of bed. She staggered to me and held my shoulder. Then she looked me up and down anxiously. "Helen, did Libby and her daughter come to see you? Did they try to hurt you? When did they even come back from abroad? Tell me now." Her concerns couldn't be hidden. I held her hand and helped her sit back on the bed. I comforted her in a soft voice, "I'm fine. They don't scare me. Mom, I've grown up. I can take care of myself. Don't worry." "Helen, you have always been too kind, Jane has been bullying you from the time you were a child. I feel so guilty now when I remember those moments of injustice when you were a child. Back then, I pretended to be magnanimous and sometimes even spoke for Jane. Your father was an imbecile. He always protected Jane. Every time you and Jane quarreled, you had to bear the brunt of your father's one sidedness. It's all my fault. If I had known the truth earlier, I would have saved you a lot of suffering." My mother gently touched my face, and her eyes were swollen with regret. "Mom, let bygones be bygones. No one can touch us now. I'm living a happy life now. Didn't you see that when you came to visit over the weekend? I'm no longer the little girl who would cry when she was bullied. I have learnt to fight back." I threw myself into my mother's arms and hugged her tightly. She felt like a bag of bones. Maybe she had lost weight because of the upsetting events of that week I rubbed my head against her shoulder lovingly, feeling helpless. When I saw my mother's haggard condition in the hospital, I was flabbergasted. The moment I closed my mother's ward door, my anger and hatred spilled out. I had been suppressing it for far too long. It had to find an outlet now. Carrying all this volatile negative energy in me, I rushed to Zhester Technology with the intention of beating Jane to a pulp. However, because of George's intrusion, I was the one who ended up getting slapped by Jane. A crowd of curious onlookers had gathered around us in the canteen. I was slapped by Jane in front of all of them. I would never forget the provocative complacency with which she stared at me. Her eyes were exactly the same as when she had hit me as a child. In a state of stupefaction, I felt as if I had returned to my childhood. Those nightmares played

themselves out in my head. At this moment, I was sitting on the subway, and my face was burning from that sharp slap. My phone kept ringing Calls came non-stop from George, Lucy and Phil. I didn't bother to answer. "Here you are, Miss." A little girl next to me kindly handed me a tissue.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 629: DOES IT STILL HURT

List chapter

Helen's POV: I looked at the little girl blankly. She was sitting next to me, and on the other side sat a beautiful, young woman who was probably her mother. The little girl handed the tissue to me and said softly, "Here you are, miss. Please don't cry. Everything will be all right." Only then did I realize that there were a few more people sitting in the subway car. They were all staring at me with curious eyes. Perhaps in all my heavy crying, I hadn't realize what a mess I was. "Thank you." I took the tissue and wiped my tears. As soon as I touched my injured cheek, it hurt so much that I started sobbing uncontrollably again. "Do you want to go to the hospital? I will be happy to take you," the little girl's mother said in a soft, gentle voice. "No, thank you. I'm fine." My nose twitched again. The kindness from a stranger stirred the grievance deep inside my heart, and tears fell unabated again. I hurriedly turned around to wipe my tears. I didn't want anyone to see me cry. "Miss, don't cry, please. I'll blow your booboo for you so it will stop hurting." The little girl was about three or four years old. She naively thought that as long as she blew my cheek, the pain would go away. "Honey, if she wants to cry, just let her cry. She will feel fine after crying," the little girl's mother explained to her gently. I felt warmth from total strangers, and my cold heart gradually warmed up, little by little. My rivulet of tears had stopped but my eyes were dry and hurt. "Thank you." I expressed my sincere gratitude to them. "You are welcome. We all encounter various kinds of problems when

we least expect it. We just have to be brave and face them," the little girl's mother said, trying to console me. Only then did I realize that I had already passed several stops in the subway. All the other passengers had alighted. Only the little girl and her mom hadn't gotten off yet. Maybe I cried too hard just now and they were worried about me, so they stayed with me to make sure I would be fine. Their kindness cheered me up a bit and I got a better grip on myself. In fact, I was a little disappointed in myself. I had shown my weakness in public, all thanks to Jane and Libby. I had also created such a fiasco at Zhester Technology, thanks again to the decadent duo. I couldn't participate in this case anymore because I couldn't stand to be in the same building as Jane. Since I couldn't afford to offend her, I had no choice but to walk away, God seemed to have played a cruel trick on me. I had finally seen a glimmer of light in my life. I thought my mother would soon recover and leave the hospital, and that my career would soon take off. Everything seemed to be heading in a positive direction. But soon, the light disappeared without a trace and I was plunged into darkness again. The endless darkness and cold enveloped me, suffocating me. When I got home, it was already dark. The sensor light was on as I walked in the corridor. George was already waiting for me when I reached the door. He stood there erect, with a serious expression on his face. He was no longer as casual and relaxed as before. There was a small bag in his hand, probably containing some ointment. As soon as I saw him, I instinctively took two steps back, fearfully. I was crazy enough to think that he would grab my hand again and let Jane hit me, albeit she was not there, George fixed his deep-set eyes on me. There was no mistaking the regret and pity in his eyes. "Does it still hurt?" I didn't answer him. I just looked at him warily from afar and slowly moved further away from him. I backed up against the wall in the corridor. The wall behind me, although cold, gave me a sense of security and support. "Helen, please give me a chance to explain..." George suddenly stepped towards me. At this moment, he looked like a dangerous beast in front of me, ready to attack its prey. "Just stay away from me!" I shouted at him tempestuously. Perhaps it was because I had cried so much in the afternoon that my dry eyes began to ache again. Tears gathered in my eye sockets and hindered my sight. His tall figure began to double and blur. I didn't want to have anything to do with this ill-fated man now, even at the cost of losing my job. His very sight conjured up images of my father protecting Jane against me. Fear and sadness engulfed my being. I had suffered a lot because of Jane since I was a child. In fact, I attributed eighty percent of my suffering to her. I didn't want to experience those

nightmares any more. It hurt so much I felt wronged and aggrieved. Sadly I had no place to vent my anger and air my grievances. I had to silently swallow it, acidic as it was. It was enough to have tasted it once. There was no need for another person to remind me that the abusive pattern of my childhood would follow me into my adulthood. In the heart of the person I cared most about, I was no match to judicious Jane! George stopped in his tracks and his large eyes were full of guilt. "Helen, I'm sorry..." I lowered my head and clenched my fists, trying not to break down in front of George "Go away. I don't want to see you!" "I've got you some pain relieving cream and other stuff. Don't forget to apply them." He hung the small plastic bag on the doorknob and obediently stepped back. I quickly went over and took out the key from my bag to open the door. With trembling fingers, I unlocked the door. As soon as I opened the door, I rushed in, closed the door and locked it without a second thought. I casually threw the bag of medicines onto the ground. Since I had made up my mind to cut ties with him, I refused to use the cream he had brought. That evening, Lucy visited me. She brought along the very same soothing balm. She helped me apply the ointment. Although it was a gentle touch, I still grimaced in pain, gritted my teeth and gasped. "Ouch! That hurts! Hold on!" Lucy ignored me and continued to apply the ointment. Then she said reproachfully. "Are you stupid? If you want to hit Jane, please advise me in advance! How dare she bully you? I'll twist her head off!" There was also a scratch on Lucy's face. Jane had scratched her when she was trying to intervene on my behalf. Suddenly, I felt a little guilty. "It's all my fault that you got scratched." "It's just a small scratch. It's no big deal. You have no idea how badly I beat up Jane. I pulled out tufts of her hair, ha-ha! She has some bald spots now! It's been a while since I fought someone. I've still got it!" Lucy said victoriously. "Thank you, Lucy." I felt much better with my friend by my side. Lucy always stuck with me through thick and thin. I had a terrible nervous breakdown today. Partly because of my mother's relapse and attempted suicide, and also because George grabbed my wrist and restrained me from slapping Jane. When he held my hand, many warm feelings that I had for him dissipated into ice water that I allowed to flow away from me. From that moment on, George just ceased to hold an important place in my life.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 630: IT WAS JANE WHO STARTED IT

List chapter

Lucy's POV I felt so sorry for Helen. Her face was swollen from the hard slap. The red palm print was still on her face as a horrible reminder of Jane's viciousness. But Helen was not a vindictive brat. No matter how much of injustice she had suffered, she would quietly internalize it and suffer in silence. Pitiably as it was, she felt that it was the sensible thing to do. I beat Jane up badly today and helped Helen teach her a lesson. Some people were used to bullying the weak and fearing the strong. Jane was such a bully. I had to let her know that Helen was not a woman she could trample on and that I would protect her! Helen had me to stand up for her! If she dared to hurt Helen again, I would definitely teach her a harder lesson! However, I chose not to tell Helen that Jane had called the police on me today. I was detained in the police station for questioning the entire afternoon. Jane insisted on suing me for assault. It was only when George reasoned with her that she dropped the charges. To be honest, when I saw Jane in the police station, she looked badly roughed up. Her hair was disheveled and her shirt was torn in several places. I took full credit for her condition. Although there were no visible bruises on her body, I indeed mercilessly hit her with all my might. She was no longer elegant and graceful as she used to be. She looked like a tramp. Later, Jane's mother, Libby, rushed over when she heard the news. The moment she saw George coming, she immediately walked up to him and complained how barbaric I was and how much Jane had suffered. "George, it's so good that you are finally here! We must sue this vixen. This matter can't be settled out of court! You know, Jane has never been wronged like this in her life. How could that wildcat, Lucy, hit her?" Libby and Jane were both in favor of suing me. Jane bowed her head and cried to win sympathy, while Libby asked George to speak on Jane's behalf. They acted like the victims here and people who didn't know what really happened would totally buy it. There was no way that Helen could ever handle such scheming people on her own. George ignored them at first. But after Libby finished

speaking, he looked at them and said calmly. "It was Jane who started it." His voice was calm, but his eyes were as sharp and as cold as ice cones. He was blaming her in no uncertain terms. Both Libby and Jane were taken aback and looked at George in disbelief. They probably thought that George was on their side and had come to support them. I was also shocked by his words for a moment, Nonetheless, I curled my lips in mockery. What had caused him to cross the floor? First he allowed Jane to slap Helen and now he was blaming Jane for inciting violence. Under the watchful eyes of dozens of gossipmongers, Helen was slapped. Every time I thought about it, I wanted to beat Jane up again. If it was someone else who had defended Jane in the canteen fiasco, then things might have been easier to handle. But it was George for crying out loud! That added a new dimension to this problem. As Helen's best friend, I knew her feelings for George best. They were more than just friends with benefits. She was in love with him. How devastated Helen must have felt when George grabbed her wrist and allowed Jane to hit her! George testified on my behalf and signed his statement before I was released from police custody. After walking out of the police station, I didn't even thank George. Instead, I issued him a stern warning. "Stay away from Helen. She is not interested in playing games with you." After saying that, I left, not caring how terrible George felt. I reached Helen's home late because I had stopped by the hospital to see her mother first. I had called Helen several times but she did not answer my calls. I assumed that she had gone to the hospital to see her mother. It was there that I learnt from the doctor why Helen wanted to hit Jane. Her mother was her greatest weakness. If I was in a similar situation, I guessed my reaction would have been worse than Helen's. Now that I thought about it, I felt that I had let Jane off too lightly. I was way too gentle with her. A few more kicks and slaps would have taught her a better lesson. "Helen, it's okay. I went to visit your mother this afternoon. The doctor said she is recovering well. It's just that she was provoked this time. It's only temporary, and she'll be fine." In the evening, I lay on the bed next to Helen and comforted her in a soft, gentle voice. "I know. She will pull through." Helen had already calmed down. When she mentioned her mother, her eyes lit up with love and hope.

Helen's POV: The next day, I found that the swelling on my cheek had gone down considerably. It didn't look so bad. I used a little extra foundation to cover the bruise. One had to look really hard to see traces of injury on my face. The foundation provided a good disguise. Before I went out, I received a call from Anya. She asked me to report to the Hesmor Law Firm. I thought that I would be criticized or even fired by Anya. After all, I

had mishandled this matter. When I entered Anya's office, Phil was also there with her. When he saw me, he didn't say anything. With a long face, Anya questioned me coldly. "Helen, do you think you are fit to be a lawyer? You are clearly unable to control your emotions." I lowered my head in shame and couldn't defend myself. This was the second time that I had lost control. The first time was when Jane first came back from abroad, and the second time was when my mother suffered a relapse. But no matter what excuses I came up with to justify my behavior to myself, it amounted to dereliction of duty in the workplace. So no matter what punitive measures were taken against me by Anya, I would accept it. In fact, I heard from Lucy last night that the canteen incident was the central topic of discussion on everyone's lips at Zhester Technology. The gossip spread like wildfire. Now even juicy tidbits had been added to the rumors. No one cared about the truth but just fueled the rumors further. Even Anya seemed to regard it as a personal dispute, caused by the love triangle between George, Jane and me. She reprimanded me severely. "Helen, your outrageous behavior has really disappointed me. Do you think I am blind to your lascivious desire for George? But that is your private matter. I have no interest in questioning you about your personal affairs. However, do not allow your personal life to interfere with your work. You should be able to separate the two. Don't ever bring your personal matters out in public. People don't care who you are since you're literally just a nobody. It is the Hesmor Law firm and my name that you've smeared here! Now people are questioning our professionalism! You've disgraced not only me, but also all your coworkers, our entire law firm!" I was ashamed of myself. Her words were hard hitting and rang true. I didn't know how to respond to her. I had always been in good control of my emotions and dealt with work in the most professional way. But ever since Jane reappeared in my life, my emotions had never been in balance. I knew that Anya had always been mature and consistent. She hated people who had no clear distinction between public and private interests. So I was willing to apologize and take accountability for my actions. "I'm sorry, Miss Pierce. I didn't live up to your expectation. I will hand in my resignation letter and issue a public apology clarifying that I acted in my personal capacity on a private matter and that it has nothing to do with Hesmor Law firm. I will clear the name of the law firm." "Resign? Is that the best solution you could come up with?" Anya was so vexed that her eyes burned with anger. Phil, who had been silent all the time, suddenly stood up. He walked up to me and said, "Helen, do you honestly think that resigning will solve the problem? You have a strong, professional

work ethic You are hardworking and diligent. You are responsible and intelligent Why would you resign over such a small matter? Do you want to be seen as a coward? Anya has spent so much time training you How can you just throw it all away like that "I don't care what kind of conflict you have with George and Jane You have to face it and resolve it on your own terms Somewhere along the line, you lost your heart Go and retrace your steps and find that heart of yours," Anya added, still looking furious Where did I lose my heart? Maybe it was on the day when my father died in front of me when Libby and Jane came to my father's funeral and spilled poison over us When my mother started suffering with mental problems Over the years, I had turned so hard to look tough and strong But it was a mere facade. My heart was always fragile and exposed.it was as if someone had ripped my heart out of my chest and had thrown it on the sidewalk for all to trample on.I had been trying my best to protect my fragile heart carefully when there was a problem, I would escape and hide in my own safe haven But this safe haven was getting smaller and smaller. Now, I had no place to hide anymore.I was being pushed out of my shelter to face the demons head on Phil let go of my shoulders and said to me seriously, "Helen.I don't believe that you are a person who would run away from her problem.I have full confidence that you will pick up the pieces of your life and move forward.I know my assessment of you is correct.So get back on your horse." Anya said in a cold voice. "You have brought shame on the Hesmor Law Firm and me.You have to redeem yourself here by proving your professional ability No one, but you can clean up your mess.So get started." Anya and Phil trusted me and still encouraged me to prove myself. It seemed that the courage and confidence that had been hidden deep in my heart had been gradually awakened Anya ordered, "Come with me to Zhester Technology this afternoon and apologize to George and Jane.That's our starting point."