

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 651: ARE YOU SLEEPING TOGETHER

List chapter

Helen's POV: Early in the morning on the weekend, George drove me to the hospital to pick up my mother. I spoke with the doctor to see if I could take her home for recuperation. The doctor thought it wasn't a good idea to discharge my mother from the hospital at this time. Although my mother had almost recovered, I still couldn't take her care lightly.. With the kind of mental disease that she had, she could relapse at any moment. So I decided to just pick her up and take her home on weekends as we had planned before. On the way home, my mother and I sat in the backseat while George drove. My mom kept looking at George and then at me, seemingly lost in thought. I hadn't figured out how to define the relationship that existed between me and George. I had once made my mind to break up with him, but because of my mental condition, he appeared again in my life, and I grew dependent on him. It was hard for me to say what George and I were to each other. We were clearly way past being just friends, but at the same time, we were not lovers. In my opinion, we were not quite there yet. My mother was being much calmer than I had anticipated. She was very quiet the entire trip. She didn't ask any questions or make any comments. When we were about to reach our destination, my mother suddenly whispered in my ear, "Are Libby and Jane causing trouble for you?" "No." Jane went abroad. Libby went to Philly to visit her family." I knew my mother was worried, so I answered honestly. "Okay," my mother said. After that, she didn't ask anything more. Soon, George pulled over in front of the apartment building. I didn't invite him in because my mother was with me. "Thank you so much for today." After saying that, I took my mother's hand and led her to my place. George didn't follow me, but my mother repeatedly looked back at him. When we entered the elevator, George was still standing there. My mother smiled at him. George returned her

smile and nodded politely to her. After the elevator doors whirred shut, my mother turned to me and asked curiously, "Are you and that man in a relationship?" "No. He was my friend from high school. We met again at work last year. Now he's one of my clients," I denied without hesitation. As we entered my place, my mother asked, "Client? Is he the one Jane likes? Jane and Libby came to the hospital last time and they told me that you worked in Jane's company. So Jane likes George, but George likes you. Am I right?" I couldn't help heaving a sigh. As it turned out, my mother hadn't lost her power of observation to her mental illness. It was like she wasn't even a psychiatric patient. "How did you piece all that together, Mom?" "Well, for one, I'm not stupid, and for another, isn't it obvious? Last time, he accompanied you to the hospital when you went to see me. Today, he gave you a ride and then took us home. A guy who doesn't like you won't do any of those things. Will an ordinary high school friend accompany you to a psychiatric hospital? Can he take good care of me without losing his patience?" My mother and I sat on the sofa. I rested my head on her lap and asked curiously, "Okay. But how did you know that Jane liked him?" My mother gently stroked my hair and explained in a soft voice, "I have been wondering why Libby and Jane suddenly came to me that day. At that time, we hadn't seen each other for years. The last time I saw them was when they took your father's money and ran away. Since then, I'd been expecting them to never show their faces to me again. But not only did they come back, they also pestered me at the hospital for an entire week." I listened carefully and frowned. My mother continued, "If they just intended to see how miserable I am now, they wouldn't have to go to the hospital for a whole week straight just to say nonsense in my face. At that time, I couldn't figure out their real purpose. The more I couldn't discern their objectives, the more scared I got. So I began to worry about you. What if you run into them and they bully you? The more I thought about it, the worse my headaches got. I was anxious, irritable, and couldn't get a good night's sleep, so I wanted to leave the hospital. But no matter what I did or how much I begged, they wouldn't let me leave. It's all Bob's fault for dying and leaving us with nothing but suffering. If he only made things clear before he passed, we wouldn't be in this predicament." When my mom finished her last sentence, I felt a lump in my throat. "It's all over, Mom. Don't think about it anymore. Besides, I'm a grown-up now. I'm no longer that girl that others used to bully." My mother rubbed her slightly tearful eyes and came to her senses. Then, she continued, "Very well. Let's not talk about those things anymore. Let's talk about Jane. I didn't understand why she and Libby came

to me before, but now I have an idea. It's because Jane likes George, and George likes you. Jane can't deal with that fact." There was a hint of joy in my mother's tone. Her hatred for Libby and Jane had been buried in her heart for more than a decade, and during all that time, she had no way to vent it. Now that she could finally let it out slowly, she was very happy. After thinking for a while, I explained to her the relationship between Jane and George. "George really has a deep relationship with Jane. They studied abroad together, started their own business, and trusted each other." What I said was objective and fair. But my mother saw through me at a glance. She looked into my eyes and asked, "And what about you? Do you have feelings for that man? Do you like him?" Did I like him? Of course I liked him. I had liked him for a long time. Especially when he jumped off the subway platform to save my life without any regard at all for his own safety. That moment had been imprinted in my mind since it happened, and I still thought about it from time to time. And when I did, I still felt warm in my heart. "You like him, don't you?" my mother pressed, as if taking my silence for acquiescence. "Yes, I do," I admitted, nodding. "Helen, if you like him, go after him. From now on, as long as I'm with you, if you like something, just go get it without worrying about those who also like it. Don't worry about what I think because you have my full support. Bob, that bastard, used to ask you to give in to Jane. At that time, I was stupid and selfish. I only cared about my dignity and pretended to be generous in front of him, which made you suffer a lot. But you're also my treasure, and moving forward, I will treat you as such by letting you make your own choices." "I know, Mom. I won't give in to Jane again." I curled into a ball on the sofa while my mother held me in her arms like when I was little. We chatted for a while, and then without realizing it, I fell asleep. I felt relaxed because of my mother's touch and presence. I didn't know how long I had slept. When I woke up, I was already starving. The pleasant smell of food wafted in from the kitchen, and from where I was sitting, I could hear my mother's voice. To whom was she speaking? I quickly got up and went to the kitchen only to find George there, cooking while having a seemingly enjoyable conversation with my mother. He was still wearing the white shirt that he had on when we went to pick up my mother. Even when he was cooking, he looked dignified and elegant. He was talking to my mother with a smile on his face, looking like a warm ray of sunshine in my kitchen. The cold and distant look that he usually sported was nowhere to be found, which tugged a bit on my heartstrings. I had no idea what he had been saying to my mother, but my mother seemed to be happy and at ease. Seeing me

standing at the door, Mom said, "Oh, there you are, sleepyhead. You were still soundly asleep when George arrived, so I didn't wake you." I was a little confused. Was I asleep for a long time? Why was my mother suddenly so close to George? George explained, "I figured you and your mom would need some time to catch up, so I thought I'd come and cook for you." I was still a little bit in a daze, so all I could say to that was, "Oh." George glanced at me and added, "I'll leave after I finish cooking." "Don't be silly. Let's eat together. You have cooked so many dishes. Helen and I won't be able to finish them all anyway," my mother interjected. She seemed to have warmed up to George. But George flashed me a questioning look. I ignored him, reluctantly took out three sets of tableware, and started setting the table. It would indeed be rude to drive him away after he exerted all that effort to make something to eat. George smiled and started putting some dishes on the table. My mother praised his cooking and looked at him with admiration and appreciation, as if she was staring at her future son-in-law. After the meal, I volunteered to wash the dishes but was refused by George. "I'll do the dishes. Go spend some more time with your mother." Then, he gathered the leftovers, collected the used tableware, and went to the kitchen. My mother and I sat in the living room and stared at each other. She pointed at George who was busy cleaning up in the kitchen and teased, "Do you still think you two have nothing to do with each other?" I felt a little embarrassed under her probing gaze and said stubbornly, "He just offered to wash the dishes, Mom. There's no need to make a big deal out of it." "He is much better than your father. He loves you." "I have nothing to do with him." When I said this, I couldn't help feeling a tad guilty. I didn't dare to admit it. On the one hand, I hadn't figured out how to deal with our relationship. On the other hand, I was afraid that if we didn't end up together, my mother would be disappointed. "If you have nothing to do with each other, then how come he's so familiar with your kitchen? When I first came here, I didn't know where things were." I didn't know why I was still trying to hide things from my mother. It was an exercise in futility since she could tell at a glance that I wasn't telling the truth. Looking into her eyes, I felt even guiltier..

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 652: WILLING TO MARRY HER

List chapter

Helen's POV: After that, my mother suddenly stood up and hurried to my bedroom. She started rummaging through my wardrobe, pulling out drawers and yanking out what was in them to look for something. She tossed all the clothes out and littered the floor with them. She even checked the drawers of my night stands. Before long, my bedroom was a complete mess. It instantly turned into a wasteland of random things. Mom's mood changed so fast that I didn't have time to react. When I snapped back to my senses, I saw her find a box of condoms in one of the drawers. My mother's hands began to tremble uncontrollably. Her eyes were fixed on the box, and her face turned frighteningly gloomy. I was dumbfounded as well. George used to keep a lot of condoms here when he was living here, but after he moved away, I threw them all out. I didn't know that I missed one box. Mom looked at me, her eyes red with rage and disappointment. She hurled the box of condoms at me and cursed, "How could you do this? How could you indulge yourself like this?" W My mother's mind was closed to things like this, and my father's betrayal had made her more sensitive about the topic of sex. She had allowed me to fall in love, but she couldn't stand the idea of me having sex before marriage. I understood that she was worried that I would be hurt or repeat her mistakes, so no matter how much she cursed me, I didn't react. I just let her take out her frustrations on me. Overwhelmed by her emotions, my mother soon became out of control and began hitting me with all her might. Every slap that I got from her was painful beyond words. I bit my lip to prevent myself from crying out in pain, and a sense of helplessness arose in my heart. The noise in the bedroom was so loud that it soon alerted George who was washing dishes in the kitchen. He rushed in, stood protectively in front of me, and took my mother's beating. "Please calm down." His appearance enraged my mother even more. She gritted her teeth, picked up the pen holder on the desk, and threw it at him. George had to protect me, so he wasn't able to dodge my mother's attack in time. The pen holder hit him in the forehead. My mother had lost herself in a fit of anger. She hit George so hard that she nicked his forehead and blood quickly came gushing out. I could only stare in horror. The sight of blood scared Mom. She suddenly halted and slowly came to her senses. Looking all

guilty, she stepped forward and looked at the wound on George's forehead. "Oh, my God. Are you okay? I didn't mean to do that. I'm so sorry." "I'm fine. Don't worry. Let's just take a deep breath and relax." George cared neither about the wound on his forehead nor my mother's temporary bout of madness. He patiently comforted her, treating her like she was his own mother. My mother took several deep breaths with George and finally calmed down and sobered up. She kept apologizing to George and to me. Looking at my mother's face, I felt sad, but my embarrassment was much greater. I had just been forced to show the worst side of my life to George. I sleepwalked, I saw things that didn't exist, I was going cuckoo and so was my mother. Everything was terrible, and he saw it all. Looking at the bloody wound on his forehead, I couldn't control my emotions anymore. I broke free from his arms and shouted at him, "Who told you to come here? Why did you have to show up? Get out!" I felt so humiliated that he saw this messy side of my life without my consent. "Don't be angry with George, Helen. It's all my fault. It really is. I lost my temper. I'm sorry." My mother gripped George's clothes tightly to stop him from leaving. "George, let me help you treat your wound and bandage it." George was forced to sit down on the living room sofa. My mother immediately took out the first aid kit and disinfected and treated his wound. She moved quickly and efficiently. Looking into her eyes, I found that she was lucid. There were no more traces of madness in her eyes at all. George's wound wasn't that big, but I supposed my mother had cut him deeply enough for his wound to take a bit of time to clot. A few drops of blood slid down the side of his face down onto his shirt, which made me wince. Sitting on the sofa, he stared at me with his bloodshot eyes. Nobody knew what he was thinking about. I returned his stare, and I thought that maybe it was good that he got to see all this. Although it was terrible, it was my current life, if he couldn't accept it, then he should just leave and never mess with me from now on. Nobody deserved a life like this, myself included. And anyone who would take the initiative to join me in this chaos was either stupid or also mad. "All right," my mother suddenly said. After cleaning and treating George's wound, my mother carefully bandaged it. I looked at his forehead and couldn't help laughing. I didn't mean to, but I just found it so funny. George looked like a ninja turtle after my mother was done with him. He was still a handsome man, but with the bulky bandage on his head, he looked like a cartoonish, disabled little animal. My mother had finally calmed down completely and stopped being hysterical. She sat on the sofa between me and George. She looked at the two of us and then said seriously, "What are you two going to do now?" "Don't get

involved in your business, Mom," I interrupted her immediately. My mother glared at me and snapped, "Shut up. George, tell me. What do you plan to do moving forward?" "Cut it out, Mom. He's busy. Maybe another day..." I tried my best to shake my head at George, gesturing him to leave. Normally, he would instantly get what I wasn't saying directly, but now, he just sat there and stared at me like he didn't understand what I was trying to tell him...

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 653: LOVE CAN BE LEARNED

List chapter

Helen's POV: I waited until George had left to take a few deep breaths to calm myself down. "Mom, George and I won't get married," I protested. "How could you say so? I can tell he's gentle, considerate, and kind. He's everything a woman can ever ask for. He can take good care of you. As a mother, I want my daughter to marry a good man," my mother reasoned out. She really seemed to like George. She would praise him every time she talked about him. I sighed in exasperation. "Mom, you've only met him twice! Do you seriously think that you already know him well? You don't know him at all. How can you be sure that he'll be a good husband?" "Does that even matter?" my mother retorted. I laughed sarcastically. "You're like this not because you want me to be happy but because you want to take revenge on Libby and her daughter. Libby took away your husband, so you want me to do the same thing to Jane. Am I right?" This was the first time I had spoken to my mother in such a tone. I could not help it. I was livid. I liked George, but I did not want to be with him for that reason. If I were to marry him, it should be because I believed he could make me happy and not because I was forced to do so. My mother held my hand and looked me in the eye. "Helen, do you really think that I'm that shallow? Am I someone who'll sacrifice my daughter's happiness to take revenge on those wretched

people? Come to think of it. Do they deserve my attention? I may hate them, but I'm not stupid enough to take advantage of you. In my heart, you're the only one that matters."

"Then why do you insist on bringing us together?" "Helen, I'm getting old. I'm starting to realize things I haven't thought before. First, he's rich. Money won't ever be a problem between the two of you. Second, I've observed George and saw that he has a good character. He even takes good care of me. He didn't say anything even when I lashed out at him. Only a few have such patience and attitude. And most importantly, he treats you well. I can see that he likes you very much. Even if you don't love him as much, with his upbringing and family background, he'll never mistreat you. These are the only conditions I have for my future son-in-law. Sure, if the whole situation could also piss Libby and Jane off, that'll be the extra bonus." My mother spoke slowly yet straight to the point. I, however, remained unmoved. "Mom, I won't disagree with what you've said. But, don't you think I can live a good and comfortable life on my own? My career is on the rise, and it'll grow more in the future." "You can't persuade me otherwise. You'll never get married? I don't think so. I know you can manage on your own. But have you thought about it this way? Sooner or later I'll die, and then you'll be all alone in this world. And that makes me really worried. You're my daughter. I know you better than anyone else. No matter how excellent your career is, you'll still need a man to help you with things. Think about it. If your pipe at home is leaky, the light bulb is busted, or the toilet is blocked, how are you going to handle it yourself? You can't even cook. How are you supposed to live alone? Trust me. You'll need a man to take care of you. Only in that way can I feel at ease." "Mom, stop talking nonsense. You're in good health, and you'll get better in the future. You'll definitely live a long and happy life with me! As for the problems you've mentioned, I can find a handyman to have them repaired. Besides, I don't have to cook since I can just order takeout. Restaurants are offering healthy options now, you know?" I grumbled. "Helen, haven't you heard the news? It's dangerous for a girl to live alone. What if a stranger breaks into your home and do something to you? Can't you just listen to me for once? I don't know when I'll recover. Even if I do, I'll probably have a relapse in the future. I'm worried about you. George has promised to marry you, so let's do this. I want you to invite him over for dinner before sending me back to the hospital. While I recuperate there, you two should learn to live with each other as a couple." Surprisingly, my mother's mind was clear and not like that of a mentally ill person. She made a long speech, and most of it had a point. In the end, my mother even

gave me an advice on how to live my life. How did things come to this point? Well, my relationship with George had gotten better. And at last, I was willing to open my heart to him. But it was still too early to even think about marrying him. My mother was mentally ill, so I could somehow understand where she was coming. However, why did George agree with her? Just as I was about to go to bed, I decided to send him a message. "What did you mean by that?" I asked without thinking. George replied not long after, but the message contained nothing but a question mark. Was he playing dumb? Infuriated, I decided to call him. "My mother was only talking nonsense. She's not in her right mind! Are you also out of your mind?!" I bellowed the instant the call connected. "Helen, if us being together will make your mother happy, then why don't you give it a try? Your mother is worried about you. Maybe her condition will improve if she sees you happy?" "Don't you think you're being ridiculous? I admit, I've been relying on you in the past few days. But you can't take advantage of me." "Take advantage of you?" George repeated in disbelief. "Wow. How ungrateful you are." I felt a little guilty. George never left my side when I needed him, but now I even accused him of being the bad guy who took advantage of me. Nevertheless, I was too prideful to take back my words. "We don't really love each other. For sure, a lot of problems will come our way, and we'll be too weak to overcome any of them." "Love can be learned, especially when we're married. And Helen, we have all the time in the world." George's attitude was firm, and his tone slightly showed his overbearing side. Love could be learned? I thought I had misheard him. Why did I not realize that this man was crazy? I was at a loss for words, so I just hung up the call. I tossed and turned the whole night. The memory of when I met George again in New York after years of separation and all the days we'd spent together played in my mind over and over again. In all honesty, I liked him. Very much. I was not in the right headspace in the past few days, but he was always by my side. I had no idea how I would be able to get through this if he had not been there. Marrying him was still something that never crossed my mind, though. Unable to take it any longer, I went to my mother's room and cuddled with her that night. She must have noticed that I was troubled, so she gave me a piece of advice. "Helen, I know you are scared, and I also know that you doubt marriage because of your father. But I assure you, not all men are like him. I don't mean to pressure you. It's just that I don't know if I'll ever recover or not. When I die, how are you going to live on? I know it's selfish to ask George to shoulder the burden with you. But all mothers are selfish. Helen, when I was on the rooftop of the

hospital, I was thinking of plunging to my death. For the first time in years, I was thinking straight. I know that when I die, everyone's life will be much easier. But at the very last moment, something occurred to me. I thought of you and wondered what would happen to you if I jumped off the roof. It was at that moment that I told myself I couldn't die yet. Helen, don't reject such an excellent man like George just because of Libby, her daughter, or even your father. They had ruined our lives before, we can't let them do it again. The best revenge is living a good life." Tears streamed down my face. I knew for a fact that my mother lived in misery for years because of me. She just wanted me to marry a good man and be happy. Only in this way could she feel at ease. I hugged her tightly. Now that she had explained her side, my attitude was also softer than it was a while ago. We chatted for a while until my mother felt sleepy. I still could not sleep, though. I lay awake until dawn. The next morning, George appeared in my apartment again. When I walked out of my bedroom, I saw him in the kitchen with my mother, preparing breakfast. "Wash up. Breakfast will be ready soon," he said with a smile when he saw me staring at him. However, I remained unmoved. My mother looked at me and asked, "Why are you still standing there? Hurry up." All of a sudden, my phone rang. It was Phil who was calling. "Helen, today is my uncle's last lecture. I save a seat for you. Please attend it later." Phil's uncle was an expert in matters regarding intellectual property rights. I learned a lot from him last time I went to his lecture. This was once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. As I did not have much knowledge about the topic, I decided to grab the chance to learn more from him. But if I left, my mother would be alone at home. I wondered if I could take her with me. "You should eat first. I'll drive you there after breakfast. I'm not really busy today, so I'll stay at home with your mother." That could work, I guessed. I only had a quick and light breakfast. Once I was done eating, I changed my clothes, put on a light makeup, and headed to the door. Just as George promised, he drove me to my destination. However, I was worried about my mother being alone at home, so I asked her to come with me in the car.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 654: WARNING JANE

List chapter

George's POV: Upon our arrival at the destination, Helen hurriedly opened the door and got out of the car. "Don't leave right away after the lecture. Wait for me to pick you up," I told her. "Sure." Helen waved at me and trotted inside. Meanwhile, I stood beside the car, watching her walk away. I didn't go back to the car until she disappeared from my sight. "Mrs. Dewar, I'm sorry but I need you to come with me to the company first. I still have to get my laptop, so that I can work from home." I had planned to go back to the company to work overtime today, and I still had a few online meetings to attend. However, I had to change my plans for Helen's mother's sake. "Got it." Helen's mother moved to the passenger seat, wearing a gentle smile. Along the way, she remarked, "From now on, you should stop spoiling Helen too much. She's steadfastly stubborn. Try to criticize her when she makes mistakes. Otherwise, her temper will only get worse. She can be willful and foolhardy whenever she's surrounded by her friends and family, otherwise, she's still a bit of a coward." "I'm more than willing to spoil her, Mrs. Dewar. And just so you know, she's not a coward. She just didn't care enough to argue with those people regarding meaningless things. She's actually extremely serious about the things she cares about, especially work related matters. Honestly, she always tries her best to complete her tasks flawlessly." I didn't tell Helen's mother that I actually agreed with her. Helen indeed could be really stubborn sometimes, and that attitude of hers could get on people's nerves, but there was nothing anyone could do to change that part of her personality. Her mother chuckled, seemingly relieved. "Sounds like you know her better than I do. I'm relieved to have you by her side." "Don't worry, Mrs. Dewar. I'll take good care of her," I promised. Thereafter, I took her to the company. She probably felt uncomfortable at the sight of so many strangers, so she followed me closely. I made sure to regulate my pace along with hers, and tried to comfort her. "No need to worry, ma'am. They're all employees of the company." As soon as I entered the office, the heads of every department approached me and gave their reports. They were all glancing at Mrs. Dewar from time to time out of curiosity. She had been staying in the hospital for a long time and hadn't interacted with strangers ever since. Whenever she noticed that someone was

looking at her, she'd nervously lower her head and avoid eye contact. I finished my work there as soon as possible and sent all the department heads away. Afterwards, I picked up my laptop and left along with Mrs. Dewar. The second we got back to Helen's apartment, I sat at her desk, turned on my laptop, and began working. There was an important online meeting that I needed to participate in today. It was a meeting between our company's research team abroad and the team here in New York. Jane was also going to be part of the meeting, because she was the point person of the foreign team, and she'd also be the one presiding over the meeting. R&D personnel from various product lines attended the meeting as well. During the meeting, Jane spoke in a decisive and swift manner, so nobody else had a chance to get a word in. From time to time, I would speak up to voice my remarks, but most of the time, I just listened to their conversation. Moments later, I decided to interrupt Jane's speech. "Wait... are you saying that you want to switch positions with Boswell so that you can go back here and he'll take over your position abroad?" "Yes, I've spoken to him about this already. We think that we can take turns to fully grasp the latest technology trends. Otherwise, our current perspective on the landscape of technology will be limited. We need a change of environment from time to time," Jane reasoned. Annoyed, I answered, "You've spoken to Boswell, huh? So, you're not asking me for my opinion anymore; you're just telling me what you've decided upon?" Jane and Boswell made a big decision without my knowledge. They had crossed the line, so I was understandably infuriated. Everyone else in the online meeting fell silent and tried not to make eye contact. "Jane? Answer me!" I stared at her, making no secret of my dissatisfaction with her. I was the one who transferred Jane abroad. On the one hand, I didn't want Helen to misunderstand our relationship. And on the other hand, I transferred her abroad because of work arrangements. Jane used to be in charge of the operations in our headquarters. She was more familiar with the environment and operational procedures there, so making use of her talents was a sound decision I tried my best to stay calm and stifle my emotions. I figured it would be necessary to talk to her about this properly. Jane looked straight into the camera, visibly calm. "In my opinion, since Zhester Technology's focus in the future is the domestic market, the research and development team should focus all their attention on it. We could even merge the headquarters team and the New York team together and make the best use of them! Personally, I believe that nobody is more suitable to take charge of this task than me." @ To be fair, Jane's point was in line with the future plans of Zhester Technology and the

direction of its future developments. Soon, the company would indeed focus on the domestic market, so it would make sense to attach great importance to the domestic team. Jane was undoubtedly the perfect person to lead such a team. However, she shouldn't act first and report later. She shouldn't make such a big decision without involving me, even though her idea was in line with Zhester Technology's strategic plan. I should have the authority to manage our company. Frankly speaking, Jane and Boswell's behavior was an open challenge to my authority. Honestly, authority wasn't something that I cared about that much, but that didn't mean that people could provoke me at will. Otherwise, I wouldn't be able to manage this company. I refused Jane's proposal decisively. I made sure to sound as authoritative as possible to prevent her from second guessing my decision. She didn't respond anymore, and Boswell proceeded to take over the meeting. The meeting lasted three hours. After the online meeting, Jane sent me a message. "I'm sorry for what happened today. I was a little emotional. Listen, I'll take care of the research and development team in the headquarters, but I really need to go back home. My mother went to Philly to visit her family, and I have to go back and pick her up." When I saw this message, I didn't want to reply. But in the end, I didn't have the heart to ignore it. "Jane, some lines just can't be crossed. I'm sure you don't need me to remind you of what you've done. I'm hoping that this will be the first and last time you'll do something like that. This will be my last warning to you as a friend." Jane didn't respond, and I ignored her for the rest of the day. I had made my intentions clear, so I hoped that she could just behave herself. After working for a few more hours, I was finally done with work for the day, so I sent Helen a message. "When will the lecture be over? I'll come by to pick you up." Strangely, she didn't reply to my message.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 655: BOYFRIEND

List chapter

Helen's POV: After the lecture, Phil offered to give me a ride home. By the time I received George's text message, I was already on my way back. Figuring I was only minutes away from home, I decided not to send a reply. Phil parked outside the apartment building and I was about to get out of the car when his question stopped me. "Would you like to have dinner at my place? For days now, my mother has been repeatedly asking of you. I feel as though my head will explode if I have to listen to her for another day." Even though Phil and I were not in a relationship, his mother was still very nice and accommodating towards me. On several occasions, she had invited me to dinner in their home. Just as Phil had said, his mother treated me as if I was her own daughter. "Thanks for the invitation, but I can't go today. Say hello to her on my behalf." I got out of the car, waved goodbye to Phil, and then quickly walked into the building. "Helen." Just as I was about to enter the elevator, I heard my mother's voice from behind me. I stopped in my tracks and turned around, only to find George and my mother standing behind me. They were probably talking a walk around the block. "What's wrong with you? Didn't you check your phone for messages? George has been waiting for you." The second my mother got close to me, she started scolding me. From my mother's tone, it was easy to conclude that she was treating George as her future son-in-law. Mouth twisted into a wry smile, I apologized flippantly, "Sorry, I didn't see it." I had actually seen the message a few minutes ago while I was in Phil's car, but I didn't feel it was necessary to explain why I hadn't replied. My mother mumbled, "You are not single anymore. You should keep a distance from your male colleagues in the future. If you don't, it will definitely lead to a misunderstanding." Blowing air through my nose, I decided to just let the issue go, since nothing would be gained from arguing with my mother. But when I saw George staring at me with a proud smile, as if he was so happy to have my mother on his side, my hackles rose and I bristled. "Mom, don't talk nonsense. I'm still single!" I snapped, feeling exasperated. "What are you talking about? Can't you see your boyfriend standing here?" My mother grabbed my arm and pushed me towards George. As I moved closer, his taller form dwarfed me. He reached out and rubbed my hair, as if coaxing a child. He smiled and said, "There, there. Let's go home and have dinner." "I don't want to eat. I have no appetite." I slapped his hand away. Still grumbling under my breath, I walked in the direction of the elevator. I had only taken a few steps though before my anger fizzled out. I didn't have the heart to stay angry with my mother. I turned around and walked back to

her; then I took her arm in mine and continued walking. When we got home, my mother sighed and whispered in my ear, "I'm going back to the hospital soon. Try and get along with George. Don't always act like a child. I hope that when I come back next weekend, you two will have already gotten married!" My mother chattered amiably, but what she said about my supposed marriage to George made me stunned. Finally, she took a breath and stopped talking. But before I could seize on the opportunity to set her straight, George spoke. "Sure thing. We will have gotten married by then." Shocked, I gaped at him for a second before my brain kicked into gear and I kicked his leg hard under the table. Did he even realize what he was agreeing to? How could we get married now? A pained expression crossed George's face when I kicked him, but he recovered a second later and his expression was calm once again. He turned to my mother and promised her in a serious tone that he would take good care of me. "Mom, please don't make it difficult for me, okay? I just agreed to try dating him a short while ago. It's too early to even consider marriage." "Try dating? The two of you have already had sex. What else do you want to do if you don't want to get married? You are a girl and you should be responsible for yourself!" My mother's face darkened. Her insistence was getting on my last nerve. In the end, I roared in a barely controlled voice, "Mom, we are all adults. Even if we slept together, it's not enough reason for us to get married. Why do you have to keep pushing me?" Again, George ran interference between mom and me. "Mrs. Dewar, you can be rest assured that I will always put Helen first, no matter what happens in the future. But right now, I think you should give her some time to think about it. She should be willing to get married. A forced marriage won't work." My mother's anger dissipated a little, and she scolded in disappointment, "Look at George. He is such a good man. He always thinks of you. Act your age, Helen! From now on, don't come to the hospital to pick me up if you don't want to get married. I don't want to see an unfilial daughter like you. It really upsets me." I was rendered speechless. How could she be so unreasonable? When she was scolding me and trying to force me to get married, she looked tough and domineering, which was a far cry from the weak psychiatric patient she had been for a long time. For a moment, I didn't know whether I should laugh or cry. If I hadn't spoken to the doctor before, I would have assumed that she had fully recovered! My mother used to be very tough and strict. When I was a child, she often forced me to learn piano and various courses. It was also because she was too tough and domineering that she had a mental breakdown when she found out that my father had betrayed her. It was hard to change

people's nature. After so many years, she was still as domineering as before. If it was in the past, I would put more effort into resisting her, but when I saw how much she looked like the lively and tough woman she used to be, my anger wilted beneath the sheer joy of seeing her look like her old self again. Later, we took my mother back to the hospital. She kept looking back at me with a reluctant expression as she followed the nurse to her ward. As I watched her go, I couldn't help but feel a little sad. The tip of my nose twitched faintly. On my way back, an absurd idea flashed through my mind. Maybe getting married really wasn't a big deal as I pictured it to be. As long as I could make my mother happy, I was willing to do anything. I turned around subconsciously to look at the man behind me and immediately stopped thinking about it. As though he was reading my mind, George said, "Helen, think about it carefully. Our marriage won't do you any harm. You don't have someone you like right now and you already made it clear that you don't have any intention of getting married in the future. If you want to get married just to make your mother happy, then I'm a better option for you than a total stranger. At least you know me well. I don't think I'm that bad." The reasonable words were slowly convincing me. I pursed my lips and seriously considered his proposal. When I remained silent, George continued, "In fact, getting married with me is just to make your mother rest assured, and it won't affect our lives. It's fine if you don't want to live together or if you don't want to make our relationship public. I don't mind if you wake up one day and decide that you want a divorce. But if we get married, I'm sure that I won't ever want to divorce you for the rest of my life. In case we really get divorced, you can still get half of my property. As your husband, I can also help you with your career. Of course, all I will really do is to introduce you to clients. As for whether you can win them over or not, it depends on your own ability." George had considered every single one of my concern and was highlighting them before I could even voice them. The conditions he made mention of were very tempting to me. I had to do was agree to marry him. Regardless of what our relationship turned out to be in the future, I would only get benefits from being married to him. I had to admit that except for the fact that he was being too close to Jane, he was perfect in other aspects. Most importantly, my mother liked him very much. I looked at him and asked the question that had been boggling my mind, "What about Jane? if I agree to marry you, how will you deal with your relationship with Jane? You know you can only choose one between me and her." This was my bottom line and I would never give in. Coincidentally, we met a red light at that very moment. George

suddenly stepped on the brake, turned around and asked me seriously, "One is my friend, and the other is my wife. Who do you think I will choose?"

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 656: THE DIAMOND RING

List chapter

Helen's POV: The boldest and most impulsive act I had ever committed in my whole life was to marry George. Although it was just the act of registering our marriage in the City Hall and not a public wedding, it was one helluva decision that I spontaneously made. It all happened so fast that my head was still spinning. I tossed and turned all night thinking about what George had said. After weighing the pros and cons of marrying George, I came to the final conclusion that the advantages far outweighed the disadvantages for me at this moment. Subsequently, I said yes to George's proposal. The procedures went through so fast that there was no room for me to rethink whether I'd made the right decision or not. I was in a state of daze when I walked out of building as a married woman. I never thought that I would get married so soon. Was I too impulsive in my actions? When I looked up at George, I found that he was also staring back at me, his eyes unblinking and earnest. He gazed at me without saying anything for a long time. I thought maybe he had changed his mind. If he did, we could get a divorce right away. Suddenly, he raised his smiling eyes. "Let's have dinner tonight to celebrate this momentous occasion. I was silent for a moment before I gladly nodded. "Okay." When I arrived at the law firm, I suddenly thought about something I hadn't thought about before. It was definitely advantageous to me to marry George, but what could he get from this marriage? It would not work in his favor. I picked up my phone and sent George a message. "Are you busy?" "What's wrong?" he replied immediately. "We've only been apart for a few minutes. Do you already miss me?" "Tell me. Why did you marry me? Is it

just because that's what my mother wants?" I still felt like it was just a dream, so I wanted to make sure again. I had pinched myself to make sure I was not dreaming, but I wanted to hear it from the horse's mouth. "I guess it's because I was trying to be the hero and save the damsel in distress." That was George's reply. I rubbed my forehead and noticed that George was only joking. "Seriously, why did you marry me? Our marriage hardly works to your advantage. In fact, you have to sacrifice your own happiness. So, why?" I asked again. "Do you want the truth?" George responded after a while. "I marry you because I love you. The other important reason is that I want to put an end to the blind dates that my family arranges for me. Helen, getting married is a win-win situation for both of us. We love each other and are not in it to gain something from the other person." Although I couldn't see his expression, I conjured an image of his serious face as he spoke. "So it's not because you feel sorry for me?" I asked, compressing my lips. I believed that was the most possible reason why he married me. "Am I supposed to marry everyone I feel sorry for?" George asked a rhetorical question. He had finally convinced me and I let it go. I then calmly went about my work. Once I got busy, time flew by quickly. Before I realized it, all my colleagues had already left and I was the only one in the office. I looked at my watch and was shocked that it was already 9 o'clock in the evening. I also saw an unread message from George on my phone. "Call me when you finish your work. I'll pick you up." I quickly gathered my stuff and went downstairs. As soon as I reached the curb and was about to call him, George's car screeched to a halt in front of me. He lowered the window. "Get in." I quickly opened the door to the passenger seat and got in. He stepped on the accelerator and turned the steering wheel skillfully. However, he wasn't driving towards my apartment. I looked at him in surprise. "I'm sure my apartment is in the opposite direction." "I know. I have a surprise planned for you. Let's go to a special place where we can celebrate our first day of marriage," explained George. Why did he take our first day of marriage so seriously? It was so unlike him to make such sentimental remarks. I felt ill at ease, and my cheeks began to burn. The car soon entered an upmarket neighborhood in the center of the city. This place looked familiar to me. It took me a while but then I remembered that it was the neighborhood that George had brought me to on New Year's Eve. "I've had someone clean the apartment here and furnish it. The furniture is similar in style to your own apartment. In fact, much of this place is decorated like your own apartment. But if you don't like it, I can change it," said George, as he led me into the elevator. "George, I didn't

say that I wanted to live with you." I looked at him oddly. "Helen, we're husband and wife now. That changes everything. Whatever I own, including this apartment, is yours. You have the right to use it and dispose of it," George reminded me matter-of-factly. When we got to the door, George took my hand and pressed it onto the fingerprint lock. Immediately, the door swung open. The last time I was here, he had pressed my hand and entered my fingerprint and facial features into the lock system. But today was the first time that I'd actually used it. "Welcome home, Mrs. Affleck!" George opened the door slowly and looked at me, his eyes exuding sincere love and respect. His voice was soft and magnetic. I stood in the doorway, feeling my face and ears redden. It was so heartwarming to be called Mrs. Affleck. Everything was smoothly flowing in a direction I least expected. It felt wonderful! I didn't expect any of this when I said yes to his proposal. I agreed to marry George on my mother's insistence and so that she would feel relieved. I personally had no interest in marriage and did not have time to spare to cultivate and sustain a relationship. Since my mother wanted to see me married and George was willing to marry me, I did not hesitate to satisfy them both. I had nothing to lose by doing this. Besides, marrying George, someone I knew for years, was better than marrying some random guy, right? I was very calm until I heard him call me 'Mrs. Affleck'. I was stunned. But I dare say it had a good ring to it. As we walked in, George held me in his arms. His minty breath warmed my cheeks. "Helen, I'm serious," said George in a deep, gentle voice. I buried my face in his chest. My body was rigid, but my heart was softer than melted butter. I used to shy away from exploring my love for him. I had erected solid walls around my heart to keep him away from me. But now, his loving words just blew over those walls and they came tumbling down. We hugged each other for a long time without saying anything, and then he let go of me and said, "Wait for me in the dining room. I'll be back in a jiffy." The dining room was simply yet elegantly decorated. The overall color of the place was similar to my own apartment. George had taken the trouble to decorate it the way I loved it. Soon George came in, pushing a food cart with a logo on it. I gathered he had not cooked the dishes himself. "I thought you would cook for me." I curled my lips, pretending to be disappointed. "Of course. Our kitchen wasn't ready yet, so I cooked in the kitchen of the clubhouse downstairs," replied George. We were not having simple home-cooked dishes tonight, but classic French meals. He gracefully set out the dishes from the food cart in the order to be consumed. We started with the appetizer, and then the soup, followed by the main course and finally the

desert. He had prepared everything meticulously. I savored my food quietly and all my tiredness gradually dissolved. After dinner, George reached out his hand to me. "Give me your hand," said George with a suggestion of pleasure in his voice. I gave him my hand. As soon as I touched the tip of his finger, he held my hand tightly. Then he unboxed a beautiful ring with the other hand. It was a flawless diamond ring, sparkling magnificently in the brilliant light. Before I had time to admire it further, George had slipped it on my ring finger. It felt so good to wear such a splendid diamond ring. I was almost blinded by the dazzling luminescence of this symbol of George's love for me. Instinctively, I tried to withdraw my hand, but George held it even more tightly. He looked at me with his deep and tenacious eyes. "Helen, I'm serious about you. I know what you are thinking. It's okay. You can take your time, and I will follow your pace." His eyes unfolded an enigma. I nodded for some reason and looked at him, lost in deep thought for a moment. "So, do you like it?" George held my hand and gently stroked my ring finger with his thumb, a bright smile in his eyes. "Yes, I do. I love it!" I nodded. "But George, I'm not ready to make our relationship public yet," I said after a moment of silence. Perhaps one day George would meet another woman whom he loved more and he would want to terminate our relationship. If we kept our relationship under wraps, then it wouldn't be too embarrassing for him to move on.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 657: LIBBY AND HER DAUGHTER

List chapter

Helen's POV: "Okay, it's up to you." George nodded easily, his expression open. "By the way, have you told your family about our marriage? Do you need my help to deal with them?" I asked, suddenly recalling what George had told me earlier in the day. The other reason he wanted us to get married was so he could stop his family from setting him

up with blind dates. He had helped me on so many occasions, and this was my opportunity to repay him. "Not yet. I'm waiting for a good opportunity. I will tell you when I need your help," George replied with a smile. "Okay." Later that night, we both went to bed. Even though we slept in the same bed, George kept his distance from me. Instead of holding me as he usually did, he lay as far away from me as he could get. The space between us was enough to accommodate two people, and that was not an exaggeration. A small smile curved my lips as I touched the diamond ring on my finger. I was lost in the various fantasies my mind kept conjuring. After what felt like an eternity, I rolled over to his side and gently poked his shoulder with my finger. I felt his body tense up in an instant. "Stop it," he said reproachfully with a stern voice. His reaction amused me, so I poked him again. He suddenly turned around and grabbed my hands to stop me from moving. When he turned around, the distance between our bodies was greatly shortened. I was left staring up at his face as I lay on my side. He was also lying on his side as he held my hands captive. The faint moonlight provided enough light for me to see the outline of his body. I could tell from the blue vein that stood out on his forehead and how tightly he was pressing his lips together that he was expending a lot of energy into restraining himself. Laughing, I couldn't help but tease him, "Do you feel hot?" He looked expressionless, but his hands holding mine were sweating, and his voice became hoarse. "Now, go back to sleep." "I can't fall asleep. Please talk to me." I purposely shifted closer, rubbing up against him as I stared into his eyes. A part of me just wanted to see how long he could resist me. "Helen, remember that you are the one who started it," he warned in a low voice. The next instant, I was staring up at him as he suddenly changed our position. He loomed over me as his body pressed mine into the bed. The kiss swept over me like a tidal wave, heady and undeniable. His thin lips sucked on mine until I gasped. His tongue stole between my lips and touched the tip of my tongue, inviting it to a sensual dance. His warm breath enveloped my face as the kiss turned dirty. Lost as I was in the passion of his kiss, I didn't realize when he took my clothes off. The next thing I felt was the heat from George's palm as his hands caressed my skin. Each part of my body seemed to be left burning in the wake of his touch. My body became overheated and I was nearly lost in the haze of need. While I was trembling beneath him, desperately in need of him to do something, George untied his robe at a leisure pace. Eventually, he gave me the touch I sought. But he didn't touch me where I expected. He spread my legs and his fingers unerringly found my clitoris with his fingertips. His fingers in me were a

switch. With a single flick of his hand, he had turned me into a ball of sensation. With one push, he controlled every part of me, my world narrowing to the fingers playing with my core. I writhed on the bed, fluid gushing out of me heavily as I fought to control my breathing. What felt like only moments later, he removed his fingers from my body. My vagina clenched around nothing and I felt so empty that I opened my mouth to beg for his fingers again when I felt him rub his hard and swollen cock against my pussy. He bent over and gently sucked on my earlobe. "Baby, I'm coming in." "Yes, please." His warm breath tickled my ear and it was another thing that was slowly driving me over the edge. I let out a whine, my burning desire threatening to overwhelm me. I spread my legs even further, telling him without words that I wanted him to get in me right this very second. Perhaps my answer was the go ahead he had been waiting for, because as soon as I answered him, he leaned forward and filled me up in a single thrust. Thankfully, my natural fluid acted as lube and eased his rough entry. "Ah... George, I can't stand it anymore. Move quickly," I demanded throatily, my world narrowing to the place where we were joined. I had this ridiculous notion that I would combust if he didn't move. I would be eternally grateful that George didn't let things get to that point. He set a quick rhythm that had me groaning from the pleasure of it. The sense of fulfillment I got from him moving in and out of me was enough to make me feel dizzy. Moans and low growls of pleasure escaped from my lips in increasing volume. "Baby, what did you just say?" "George... Hmm... Faster..." "Wrong answer." All of a sudden, George grabbed me by the waist and pulled out until only his tip was left in me. Before I could complain, he thrust into me with full force, sheathing himself completely. "Say it again, who am I?" "Ah..." I cried out from the force of his movements. I simultaneously wanted him to do it again and to stop. The dual pain-pleasure sensation fried my brain and I shouted, "Honey! You are my husband!" George smiled with satisfaction. He bent over and kissed my nipples, sucking hard. Then he straightened up and gripped my hips in preparation. The next second, he set a fast and punishing pace. My brain was turned to mush and it was all I could do to hold on for dear life. "Call me again," he demanded. "Honey... Ah... I can't stand it anymore. Slow down, please..." It was impossible to count how many times I came. One orgasm bled into another, and George fucked me through each one. He kissed my breasts and pistoned faster and faster, until whatever brain cells I had gave up the fight and I lost the ability to even form a single sentence. My body jiggled and lurched forward with the force of his movements, but George never once slowed down. I kept

begging for mercy. At last, when I was exhausted and didn't have any strength left, George finally let me go. When I was half asleep, my body was gently held up by a pair of arms, and a gentle and affectionate kiss fell on my forehead. After that, I fell asleep deeply. The next morning when I woke up, I didn't dare to dawdle. I quickly got up from bed, afraid that George would decide to have another go in the morning. However, when I was half dressed, I turned around and saw that George had already woken up. He propped himself up on one elbow on bed, staring at me leisurely. In an instant, I felt my cheeks burning. I quickly changed my clothes, washed my face and rinsed my mouth. Without eating breakfast, I carried my bag and walked out. During the time when I had been going through my morning routine, George had also changed his clothes. As I walked towards the elevator, George followed closely on my heels. In the elevator, he trapped me in a corner and said in a soft voice, "Let's have breakfast together downstairs." "I'm not hungry." I glared at him and turned my face sideways. "You used up so much energy last night. How could you not be hungry?" George asked with a faint smile on his lips. He was really annoying. I wanted to push him away, but when the elevator reached the next floor, the doors suddenly opened. I didn't care about it at first, but George suddenly withdrew his hand from my side. It was then that I saw the people who had just entered the elevator. They were Libby and Jane. I thought Jane was abroad? My face turned cold, but I fought not to let my emotions show. I looked up at George and said, "I do feel a little hungry. Where are we going to eat?" "The breakfast from the club downstairs is delicious. I'll drive you to work after you eat." "Okay." George looked down at me with a smile in his eyes. He didn't care about the others in the elevator at all. He pinched my chin with his slender fingers and kissed my lips. Shocked by the sudden move, I looked up at him helplessly. I didn't actually expect him to be so bold.. Wasn't he aware that his friend and partner was also in the elevator? I pushed him slightly away and created some distance between us. Just then, Libby's voice broke the tense silence. "George." Staring straight ahead, Jane didn't look at anyone nor did she say anything. But through the plain doors of the elevator, I could see that she was visibly trying to force herself to stay calm. After all, Libby was older and more experienced, which made her good at hiding her emotions. It didn't matter what her true opinion of a particular incident was, she always managed to pretend to be gentle. "Oh, Helen. You are also here." I had learned to be smart now. Besides, I didn't hate them as much as I used to. Therefore, I replied generously, "Yes, I am. Good morning to you two."

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 658: I CAN DO BETTER TONIGHT

List chapter

Helen's POV: I stood confidently beside George, allowing him hold my hand as I looked at Libby and Jane calmly. Now I could bravely face them without fear. In the past, I was steeped in the pain and suffering they had brought upon me and I could not extricate myself. So when I met them again, all the hurtful memories of the past came flooding back and I felt flustered. I was afraid that the past trauma would resurface. I was also very afraid that they would once again take away from me everything that I presently owned. But recently, I realized that my mother and I were innocent. It was Libby and Jane who should be guilty. Why should my mother and I have to feel ashamed when we had done nothing wrong? After I had figured it out, I suddenly felt enlightened. I no longer had to act like a coward in front of them. Libby and Jane also went to the club on the first floor to have breakfast, so the four of us went down together. George and I walked ahead of them and openly flirted with each other without any scruple. The two women behind just didn't exist to us. Several times, Libby tried to butt into our conversation and gain George's attention. Although he still replied politely, mainly in mono syllables, his attitude toward her was cold. Even a woman like Libby, who had a high emotional quotient, ended up with a long face. My heart felt light and happy. If I could, I would have given George a thumbs up. This was my first visit to the club downstairs. I was amazed by its size. I had thought that it probably just came with a small restaurant, but it was actually a huge luxuriously decorated multi-functional one that not only served regular meals, but could accommodate guests with special requests and banquets. As we walked into the club, I noticed a fully equipped gym to my right and the restaurant to my left. Suddenly, Libby walked up to George and me and asked, "George, do you mind if we share a table with you?" George didn't answer. Instead, being the gentleman that he

was, he looked at me and silently asked for my opinion. I responded readily, "Sure! Why not?" "Wait here while I get some food for us." George reached out and gently stroked my hair, with a faint smile on his lips. "Okay," I replied obediently and sat down. Jane glared at me and then followed George to get the food. After they left, only Libby and I were at the table. Libby also made herself comfortable at our table and looked at me with a smile. I never imagined myself sitting calmly at the same table as Libby one day. When I saw them again today, although I was a little bit apprehensive, at least I managed to stay cool, calm and collected. "Helen, you are smarter than I thought. And much smarter than your mother." Libby ventured to start a conversation with these words. "My mother is not stupid. She is just far too kind-hearted for her own good." She was too kind so they thought she was a pushover and took advantage of her kindness. Libby's crooked smile momentarily disappeared then mysteriously reappeared. She didn't get the response she was expecting from me, so she fell silent. The atmosphere at the table was strained for a moment. Soon, George and Jane returned to our table with plates laden with food. It seemed that they had not spoken to each other. Jane's and Libby's plates had a few simple items of food on them. Jane had only a slice of toast and a glass of orange juice for breakfast. Libby had a glass of milk, a slice of toast and a plate of salad. In contrast, the food George set out in front of me was much more abundant. He didn't eat much himself, so he pushed all the food towards me and said, "Eat enough. You are too thin." "Do you think I'm a pig? How can I eat so much?" I complained in a whisper. George smiled naughtily and added, "Come on. Give it a try. I chose your favorite dishes. If you can't finish them then I'll help you." "Okay." Since he promised me that he would help me finish my food, I stopped worrying and happily tucked into my meal. After what happened last night, I was really tired. But now when I smelled the aroma of breakfast, my stomach began to rumble and I forgot about my tiredness. When we finished eating and were about to leave, Libby suddenly said, "Helen, last time, Jane hit you first. I have already reprimanded her for her unladylike behavior. It's all her fault. Please do forgive her for my sake. If you really need to vent your anger somehow, then you can slap her back." What she said sounded sincere, but I knew better than anyone else that her words were meant for George, not me. After all, it was her usual trick to try and fool men by creating a graceful and considerate image of herself. Jane's long face became longer. She was a proud woman. She must have felt really bad that her beloved mother had berated her for her wrong doing in public. Jane glared at me frostily without saying a word and

then picked up her bag and left the restaurant. I smiled at Libby. When I was a child, I could not distinguish between the tricks she played. I used to mistake her sugar-coated words for kindness. But now I had become wiser. I would never fall for the same trick ever again! George nodded amiably at Libby and left with his arm around my shoulder. After leaving the restaurant, we went to the underground parking lot. When we were in the car, I heaped praises on him, "You did a fantastic job." An intriguing glint flashed across George's eyes. He raised his eyebrows and smiled mischievously. "Does that mean you were satisfied with my great performance last night?" I couldn't help but roll my eyes. Since when did he become so shameless? All of a sudden, George leaned forward and stared at me with his deep-set eyes. He parted his thin lips enough for me to get a whiff of his minty breath. He said seductively, "I can do better tonight!" "Stop it!" I scolded him with a coy smile. Then I pushed him away, fastened my seat belt and looked out of the window, ignoring him. I was referring to his behavior with Libby and Jane in the restaurant just now, not his bedroom skills. When he faced the mother-duo, he firmly took my side. No matter how much Libby tried to influence him, he stuck to his guns. His priority was to defend me. He was polite and formal to them whilst still being considerate of my feelings. I was no longer the stubborn and immature girl I used to be. I had begun to understand the complex world of adults. George and Jane had been friends for many years, and they had started this business together. It was impossible for him to sever all ties with Jane completely. They still maintained a business relationship even if they stopped being friends.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 659: HIS FEELINGS FOR HELEN

List chapter

George's POV: At the next turn, we would arrive at the Hesmor Law Firm. As I was about to drive to the gate of the building, Helen requested me to pull over. "It's only a short distance away. I can walk the rest of the way." "Is it necessary?" After all, we are married and our relationship was legal and sanctioned by the law. Why do I feel like we're actually having an affair? Even so, I knew her stubbornness too well, so I slowly brought the car to a stop at the side of the road. "It's normal working hours now. What if someone bumps into us?" Helen unfastened her seat belt and opened the door. "Slow down and watch your steps!" I rolled down the window while talking to Helen's receding back. But in her hurry she didn't hear me. She strutted off in her high heels, her laptop bag swaying on her side. I watched her till her figure disappeared from my sight. I shook my head and smiled with self-mockery. It seemed as if I were a father concerned about the safety of his daughter. Seeing her rush off in high heels, I was worried that she might sprain her ankle or not check the traffic lights before crossing the road. In short, I had endless worries when it came to her. But I enjoyed such a life, caring about the woman I loved. After dropping Helen off, I drove back to Zhester Technology. I found Jane discussing something with the engineers in the meeting room. My smile disappeared. I knocked on the door to get their attention and then instructed, "Jane, come to my office now." Without giving Jane a chance to answer back, I walked straight to my office. That morning, because Libby and Helen were present, I was unable to talk to Jane. There were some things that I could not say to Jane in their presence. Now that it was just Jane and me in the office, I no longer had to hide my tough, icy attitude toward her. I said authoritatively, "I'll ask Chana to book a ticket for you. You are needed at the headquarters now." This decision was not open for negotiation. Shocked, Jane complained in a subdued voice, "George, you have no right to interfere with my freedom. I thought you were different from other men. Your judgment was always dictated by reason and you always put business first. I've never known you to be influenced by any woman. But now you are oppressing me like this for Helen's sake. You are trying to alienate me and leave me alone in the headquarters abroad forever, for her sake. Have you forgotten about our past or must I remind you? I'm a human being, and I have feelings!" I glared at her maliciously. After she completed saying what seemed like a threat, I reminded her, "Jane, if I was not a rational person who puts his career first and who values our friendship, then you would be rotting in jail right now." Although I didn't spell it out directly, I knew that Jane, being a smart woman she was, would

understand what I was referring to. My words shot a lightning flash across Jane's face. She was panic stricken. "I have no idea what nonsense you are talking about." Jane quickly feigned ignorance and pretended as if she had not done anything wrong. "Nonsense?" I was amazed by her stubborn attitude and warned her in a low voice, "Jane, you know what I'm talking about. If it weren't for our long standing friendship, I wouldn't have covered it up for you. I didn't even tell Boswell. If you still have a little intelligence, you would know that after what you did, you are no longer suitable to manage the technology department!" Jane's body shook slightly, and her eyes widened. But she was still trying to deny the fact. "I don't understand what you mean." The anger that had accumulated in my chest instantly exploded. I asked angrily, "Are you still in denial, Jane? Do you need me to remind you of what you did to the intelligent system at Helen's apartment? If I hadn't found out about it in time, you would be in hot water if anything happened to Helen. You would have to bear the brunt of my wrath. Even your death would not make up for your mistake!" Jane's tough attitude suddenly softened. She shook her head defensively and retorted, "No, I didn't do anything! You are mistaken!" I had no conclusive evidence yet. But after confronting Jane and witnessing her reaction, I was almost certain that she was behind it. In fact, I was going to check the data in the database to confirm my theory, but Boswell stopped me from doing so. So I only had a raw suspicion in my mind. Later, I cut off the network of all the intelligent devices in Helen's apartment. When I returned the system to stand-alone working mode, Helen stopped experiencing hallucinations. I then left her to sleep alone at home, and she was perfectly fine. She thought she was getting better because she had seen a doctor. But I was one hundred percent sure that it was because I had turned off those intelligent devices. The only person who had access to tamper with the system was Jane. I sneered coldly. "Jane, you learnt the subtler skills and professional knowledge from me. Do you think you can hide anything from me?" This was not only about Helen's physical and mental health, but also about the security and trust of the users of Zhester Technology's products. Once it was discovered by the outside world or by our competitors that the technical director of Zhester Technology could plant plug-ins in their users' systems at any time, it could land us in serious trouble. If the public got wind of this, it would cause quite a sensation. Jane had always conducted herself in a professional manner at work all these years. She was responsible and conscientious. I never for a moment expected her to breach the moral code and stoop so low. After being exposed,

Jane was edgy for a moment, but she soon calmed down. She looked at me and suddenly smiled sarcastically, “So what if I did it? You and I both know that for the sake of Zhester Technology you won’t expose it to the public. Even though it hurt Helen, you will not tell her the truth, nor will you dare to punish me! Because in your heart, neither Helen nor I are half as important as your career. You love your company more than you love Helen!” Her words plunged into my heart like a steel knife. And then I imagined her twisting the knife I clenched my fists. Guilt and anger were about to flood me, but I could not deny the truth of what she blurted out. Jane was right. I could never destroy Zhester Technology for Helen. I had worked too hard to get it to where it was basking now. For this same reason, I couldn’t expose Jane to the public. It was not only about me. It was also about the whole industry, as well as tens of thousands of employees and investors who relied on Zhester Technology for their livelihoods. That was why I felt guilty and sorry for Helen. I wanted to try my best to make it up to her and protect her. Helen had asked me why I married her. I replied that I loved her and I wanted to spend the rest of my life with her. The other reason was that I was afraid that Helen would one day find out about the truth I was hiding, and then our relationship would come to an end. Helen was like a hedgehog, hiding all her softest parts and only showing those tough prickles to others when she got hurt. Even if she was only slightly hurt, she would never allow anyone near her anymore. Therefore, I could only use marriage to bind us together. No matter what happened in the future, I still had a chance to persuade her to stay by my side as long as we were still married. I had tried so hard to win Helen over. No matter what the future dealt us, I would never let her go. Jane continued, “George, you and Helen will never be able to live happily together. Mark my words, the Affleck family will never accept her.” At that moment, I stared at Jane again. Then I realized that my marriage with Helen couldn’t be announced to the public yet, so I had to hide it for the time being. Otherwise, once my parents got to know about it, it would cause a great uproar. I needed to wait until my relationship with Helen grew stronger. The conversation between Jane and me ended on a bitter note. After some compromise, she agreed to go abroad and not to come back unless she absolutely had to, since she did not want to tarnish her reputation. Before leaving, Jane said, “Before I go abroad, I have to go to Philly first. My mother has purchased houses for my Grandma and uncle in Philly. There’s some paper work that I need to help her complete there. Once I’m done there, I will leave.”

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 660: SHE IS YOUR COUSIN-IN-LAW

List chapter

Helen's POV: I worked from day to night at the law firm. And by the time I got home, it was already evening. I wanted to buy something for the new apartment George bought for us, so I began shopping online. All the furniture and other items in this apartment were bought by George on a whim, but we still have a lot of more to purchase if we were to live here. One look at this place anyone could tell that he and I got married hastily. While George was cooking in the kitchen, I felt at peace as I lay on the sofa, browsing about products that I want to buy online. Moments later, there dozens of goods in the shopping cart and the total price was astonishingly high! I tried to remove some of them from the cart, but it didn't seem possible for me to do so, because I spent so much time picking them out, and I absolutely love every one of them. George came out of the kitchen with plates of dishes in hand, smiling right at me. "What are you looking at? And why do you seem so absorbed?" He glanced at my phone and found that I was online shopping, so he took it from my hand. Then, he linked his credit card to my account. "Use my card to buy whatever you want." "I think I should use mine instead. You bought all of the stuff here in this apartment, while I haven't spent a penny." It wasn't because I didn't want to use his money, it was just that I was also a member of this family. Despite the fact that my account didn't have that much money in it, I still wanted to contribute to this household. "Having you here with me is enough for me." George bought all of the stuff in my cart and returned my phone. "They'll be delivered tomorrow. By then, we can redecorate our apartment. You can be in charge of that." "Aren't you worried that I might mess up our place?" I had never done this kind of chore before. Besides, I didn't have much life experience. I doubted that I could complete this task smoothly. As long as I didn't make the place look any worse, it would

be good enough for me. George sat next to me and smiled. "In that case, just let me handle it." The next day, more than twenty packages were delivered to the apartment. "What did you buy?" George creased his eyebrows when he saw all the piled up parcels in the living room. Despite his questioning gaze, I remained unfazed and even proud about my purchases. I had already changed my clothes and put on light makeup. I stood on tiptoe, squeezed through the pile of parcels carefully, and was about to go out. "Thanks for taking care of the deliveries. I'm going to Spacetime Finance today for a meeting, bye!" Once I had left home, I hailed a cab all the way to Spacetime Finance. Not long after arrived, Anya and Phil showed up, too. I didn't expect I'd run into Kendal here as well. He was dressed in a suit and a pair of silver-rimmed glasses today. His entire ensemble made him look refined and regal. He stood out amidst the crowd, able to attract anyone's attention. Besides him stood a long-haired girl. She looked haughty and spoiled. Upon seeing me, Kendal came over to greet me. "Hey, Helen! This is Velma Collins, my cousin." Velma pouted, casting an indifferent glance at me. "Why don't you greet her, Velma? Where's your manners, young lady? You're being rude. She's your cousin-in-law!" Kendal pretended to scold his cousin and then winked at me. I was shocked by his words. Cousin-in-law? Why would he say that in front of all these people? What if they misunderstood me and my relationship with him? Sure enough, the people around us who heard what Kendal said started looking at me and seemed to be judging me. Anya, Phil, and Velma all looked at us in disbelief. I could tell that Kendal was deliberately causing trouble for him, so I warned him with a glare, implying that he should stop this nonsense. "My cousin-in-law, you say? I don't believe it!" Velma scoffed as she became more indifferent towards me. It was said that the reason Spacetime Finance aimed to acquire Fantail Entertainment was because Velma, the little princess of the CEO of Spacetime Finance, wanted to enter the entertainment industry. I stared at Velma and assessed her. She was indeed a beauty, but I could see all of her emotions written on her face. With a personality like that, it was hard to imagine that she could be suitable for the cruel showbiz. Before, I never gave too much attention to the entertainment industry. But ever since I took over the case, I had collected a myriad of information about Fantail Entertainment, and in doing so, I had gained a general understanding of the industry. Perhaps Velma might really become famous in the future. With that in mind, I tried to be friendly with her. "You pulled some strings just because my father isn't in New York to stop you, didn't you? Once he finds out about this, you're

gonna be dead meat!” Velma looked at Kendal with dissatisfaction. Not taking her words seriously, he countered, “Nonsense! It’s not a big deal. I’m warning you, be polite to your cousin-in-law. If she gets upset with you, the consequences will be dire.” Pretty soon, the preparation meeting was over. Anya, Phil, and I went back to Hesmor Law Firm together, and held another meeting to discuss the key points of the case. “Miss Pierce, Phil, there are a few items that need to be researched, and this list has all the things that I can think of at present. Do you think there’s anything else that needs to be added to the list?” Both Anya and Phil had no objection after glancing through the list I made. “I think that’s good for now,” Anya said. . After the meeting, she suddenly asked me, “Are you really dating Kendal? If so, you should try to keep a low profile. We’re still working with Spacetime Finance. In the event that a scandal comes up, it could damage your career.” This wasn’t the first time that Anya had warned me about staying away from scandals. She was always so responsible at work. She didn’t want me to get involved in any scandals cause of personal reasons. It worried her that it could affect the cooperation between our law firm and Spacetime Finance, and she didn’t want me to get distracted from work. Phil also looked at me thoughtfully, waiting for the answer. Since I knew what Anya was thinking about, I solemnly explained, “Miss Pierce, believe me, I’m not in love with Kendal. He’s merely joking. Sometimes, he gets so into his jokes that he forgets to behave himself in serious situations.” In my opinion, aside from Cece, the only one who could keep Kendal in line was George. I figured it would be best to ask for George’s help after work tonight and let him have a good talk with Kendal. “What about George? Are you in a relationship with him?” Phil maintained eye contact with me, waiting for another answer. Even Anya was staring at me out of curiosity. I wasn’t that good at lying, so when they asked the question, I blushed. George and I got married, but we hadn’t told anyone yet. It was supposed to be a secret, at least for the time being In their point of view, I acquiesced to the question. Anya let out a sigh, her expression softening a bit. “You still like him, huh? What a silly girl!” “I’m worried you might get burned again,” Phil echoed. In their opinion, George was way more out of my league compared to Kendal. A nobody like me shouldn’t expect to be in a relationship with someone like George. Knowing that they cared about me this much only made me feel guiltier. I silently let out a sigh, thinking that I should tell them about my relationship with George once it was going steady.