

# Bye, My Irresistible Love

## CHAPTER 681: REVENGE ON JANE

### List chapter

Helen's POV: Once Libby and Jane were gone, Anya walked up to me and considerately said, "I'll give you a day off. Go home and rest. You deserve it." "Thank God, it's over. But please, save us trouble in the future," Phil retorted. He was as sharp-tongued as ever. But even though he said such words, I knew he would help me when I needed it. I looked at the two of them, moved. I was so lucky to have such good bosses. "Thank you so much. I'm really sorry for inconveniencing you," I solemnly said. I did not know what else to say to express my gratitude. The two did not say anything more and just drove away. I went to the parking space on the other side. George had driven me here today. He had been waiting for me in the car for a while now. Because of his identity, it was inconvenient for him to appear in the public gallery. Well, I did not intend to expose our relationship anyway. I had asked him to go back and wait for the news, but he insisted on waiting for me. So, even though I was reluctant, I had to agree. As soon as I stepped out of the courthouse, I received a message from George. I walked toward his car. When I got near, the door on the driver's side opened. George got out and, to my surprise, sat in the passenger seat. He did not ask about the verdict of the lawsuit and just said, "You drive." <https://novelebook.com/my-baby-s-daddy-bd2216.htm> I looked at him with a puzzled expression but did not refuse. With that, I threw my bag into the backseat and sat behind the wheel. Thankfully, he did not have much complaints about my driving skills like last time. "Why'd you let me drive? Aren't you worried I'll damage your luxury car?" I asked sarcastically. "I'm not. I believe in Raul. Since you learned from him, I believe your driving skills won't be as bad as before. I have confidence in him," George replied while fiddling with his iPad for work-related stuff. He did not even raise his head to look at me. Why couldn't he just praise me for once? It was true that Raul was a good

teacher. But I was also a good student! I shot daggers at him. "Do you wanna go to the company?" I asked, seeing that he was busy with work. If he had work to do, then why did he insist on waiting for me? Would the hearing go more smoothly if he waited outside? "No need. Let's just go home. I'm almost done," George answered dully. "Am I your driver?" I complained, but I still drove to his apartment nevertheless. He lived in the city center anyway. It would not take long to drive him there from the courthouse. George finished his work at the same time I parked the car in the parking lot. He looked outside the window and then turned to me with a satisfied smile. Surprisingly, he held me in a tight embrace and stroked my hair with his warm hand. "Good girl." Confused, I pushed him away, unfastened my seatbelt, and got out of the car. George did not seem to get annoyed. He got out of the car shortly after and followed me. With his iPad in one hand, he held my hand in the other. He interlocked his fingers with mine, and we walked to the elevator hand in hand. When we reached the elevator banks, we happened to see Libby and Jane, who had also just come back from the courthouse. They arrived before me and George and were already in the elevator. It seemed that Libby had returned to her usual elegant and gentle self, quite the opposite of the woman who was in hysterics and threatening me outside the courthouse. The smile on George's face faltered. He nodded at the two out of politeness, but I merely glanced at them. I had never been this calm in front of Libby and her daughter. Well, as long as they did not say or do anything to offend me, I would not snap at them. But if they dared to play tricks on me, I would be sure to make them have the taste of their own medicine. As the elevator arrived and we walked in, a deafening silence filled the space. It was Libby who broke the silence. "George, can we talk in private?" she asked while looking at George with doe eyes. If it were someone else, they would surely agree to her request without hesitation. I looked at him, curious if he would say yes. With George's character and upbringing, he would not refuse an elder, would he? Maybe Libby was aware of this, so she made such blatant request to provoke me. Unfortunately for her, she miscalculated. "What's the matter? Whatever you want to say to me, you can say it now," George replied. Although his tone was polite, his attitude was firm. What was more, he tightened his grip on my hand and slightly stepped forward as if he were protecting me. I could not help but stare at his handsome side profile. I must admit, I was touched by his gesture. Libby glanced at me sideways. I could tell that she was unhappy with George's attitude, but she remained composed. "If you say so. Well, you've heard about Jane and Helen's relationship, right? I was just wondering when you

and Helen got together. Is it before or after Jane came back? Did her mother agree with your relationship?" I could not help but sneer. How dare this woman mention my mother? George gently stroked his thumb against the back of my hand, comforting me. He did not answer Libby's question and just waited for her to finish what she had to say. "George, I don't mean to pry. I just don't want you to be deceived. I think I have the right to believe that she and her mother approached you for a reason. I'm worried that this woman doesn't even love you and is simply using you to have revenge on Jane." Her tone was full of concern, but her words meant otherwise. I had never seen such a person who dared to sow dissension so blatantly. Infuriated, I stepped forward and snapped, "You know you've done something wrong, so you're afraid that I'll take revenge. It's true. I want to take revenge. But so what? An eye for an eye!" Wrong move. As soon as I said those words, a sinking feeling emerged at the pit of my stomach. I anxiously peeked at George from the corner of my eye. Did he misunderstand what I had said? I only said those words in a fit of anger. It was only after I finished speaking that I realized I had jumped into Libby's trap. George looked into my eye, his face as calm as it usually was. Ironically, he seemed to be looking at me with encouragement. Was he not angry? I was stunned. Meanwhile, Libby smiled smugly as if she had uncovered a dirty secret of mine. "George, did you hear what she said? She finally spoke out her real intentions. Helen is as scheming as her mother. She'll do whatever it takes to have you. I'm afraid she's just deceiving you." "Ma'am, are you doubting my judgment? Do you seriously think I can't tell the truth from the lie?" George asked with a sneer. His questions rendered Libby speechless. For a second, she almost dropped her facade and revealed her disdain. However, no amount of restraint could hide the fierce look on her face. Just then, the elevator door opened. Libby and Jane had arrived at their floor. But before stepping out, the former said, "Did your parents approve of your relationship?" Without waiting for George's reply, she pulled Jane's hand and led her out of the elevator. Now, only George and I were left in the elevator. "Haven't you told your parents about me? When will I get to meet them?" I asked while staring at the dangerous gleam in his eyes. George slowly approached me. I had a bad feeling about this, so I unconsciously took a step back. He kept walking toward me until my back hit the wall. "Did you agree to be with me just so you could have revenge on Jane? Answer me," George coldly asked. I averted my gaze and answered guiltily, "I just said that to piss Libby off." In all honesty, it was indeed one of the reasons why I agreed to be with George. But, of course, that was not the main reason why. I was

not stupid. I would not throw my happiness away just to have revenge on those two. George heaved a sigh and held me in his arms. "I'm glad that I'm of use to you," he whispered in my ear. Feeling warm in my heart. I put my arms around George's neck, stood on tiptoe, and kissed him. "Thank you, George." All of a sudden, his eyes lit up with lust. He held my waist with one hand and held the back of my head with the other. Then, ever so slowly, he lowered his head and kissed me. As we kissed, he pulled the hem of my clothes in anticipation. I could feel his lust and desire through his kiss. I gently pushed him on the chest and reminded him, "Not here. Let's go home first." We were still inside the elevator. Although I felt hot all over, we could not do it here. When the elevator door opened, George tightened his grasp on my waist, picked me up, and walked out with me in his arms. When we got in front of his unit, he reached out his hand and quickly unlocked the door with his fingerprint. The instant the door opened, our overwhelming desire was the only thing we could think of.

## **Bye, My Irresistible Love**

### **CHAPTER 682: HAVE THE APARTMENT'S OWNERSHIP TRANSFERRED**

#### **List chapter**

Helen's POV: George and I had wild, adventurous sex all afternoon. I felt so tired as if I had run a marathon. I lost count of how many times we had a go at it. I only knew that he kept inserting his manhood deep into me as if he didn't know the meaning of fatigue. We hopped around in the nude, experimenting with every pose mentioned in the kama sutra from the bedroom to the living room to the bathroom. The apartment was full of traces of love juices and the scent of sex filled the whole place. In the end, I had to beg for mercy as the insatiable George clamored for more. At long last, he finally stopped! My body felt sore and weak. I covered myself with the quilt and didn't want to move. George was still as frisky as a lamb and put his arms around me and the quilt in a tight embrace. He gently

stroked my face with his fingertips and joked. "You have poor physical strength. You need to exercise more. Then maybe we can have more fun together!" "Get the hell out!" I yelled at him. It was not that my physical strength was poor. It was he that was too strong. He would transform into an animal in heat every time we had sex. My throat was almost hoarse and I felt like I was going to fall apart, but he was still as energetic as a child set free to play outdoors. George pinched my cheek and said with a smile, "You ungrateful woman! How can you just use me and then throw me out onto the sidewalk like an old bicycle?" [https://https://novelebook.com/my-baby-s-daddy-bd2216.htm](https://novelebook.com/my-baby-s-daddy-bd2216.htm) How could he be so shameless? After hours of ongoing relentless action, he made it seem as if he had had no fun at all! Ungrateful beast! I glared at him and said, "Use your energy to go and cook. I'm hungry." If he persisted for another hour, he might have broken me and I would not be able to get out of bed. I had taken the day off from work to recuperate so that I would be able to work to my optimum ability the next day. I had certainly not taken leave so that George could tire me out. "Wait here." George got up from the bed with a bright smile. This apartment had been empty for a while now so there was no food in the fridge. It was too much trouble to go to buy things now, so George called the chief cook of the club downstairs and asked him to send some food up. "What do you feel like eating?" He showed me the menu. "Anything will do." While he was ordering, I quickly found a set of conservative home clothes to change into. Although it was summer, I chose to wear a long-sleeved shirt and pants. George saw through me at a glance. He couldn't help but chuckle. "It's a waste of time. Trying to cover yourself up won't stop me from doing whatever I want to, whenever I want to." "Mind your own business." I glared at him, making a face. Soon, the chief cook arrived and served the dishes in person. During dinner, I received a video call from Lucy. "Helen, aren't you at home? I called out for a long time but there was no answer." What sounded like a complaint was actually the voice of a worried friend. "Sorry, I was busy. My phone was muted and I didn't hear it," I explained, trying not to sound guilty. George looked up at me and mustered an obscene gesture. I blushed and gave him a secret wink, indicating to him not to speak. "So you won the case! How about we go out and celebrate? We haven't seen each other for such a long time." "No, I'm so busy. Maybe another day." I just wanted to have a good sleep to regain my strength. I didn't have an ounce of strength to step out this apartment. Besides, it wouldn't take Lucy long to see through what I had done just now. She would certainly chastise me. But Lucy was shrewder than I thought. I could not get one past her. She read

me like a book and said, "I bet George is with you, isn't he? Are you at George's place?" Before I could answer, George decided to put her curiosity to rest. "Yes, Helen is with me, but I have to correct you that this is not my place but hers." "Don't act smart with me. What do you mean by her place? Did you put her name on the property ownership certificate?" Lucy asked sarcastically. George answered patiently, "Yes, you are absolutely right." Lucy and I were both shocked out of our wits. Was my name on the property ownership certificate of this apartment? When did George do it? Why didn't he tell me? He had to seek my permission before he bought me an apartment, didn't he? "Lucy, I have to go. Bye." I immediately hung up the video call, looked at the man sitting opposite me and asked, perplexed, "What do you mean? How could my name appear on the property owner certificate?" George explained in a calm tone, "Before we got married, your mother left your identity documents here so I had the apartment transferred under your name." He spoke so casually as if it was no big deal. I put down the fork in my hand and stopped eating. Then I said seriously, "Please take the apartment back." I didn't want to have any financial entanglements with George. Besides, I had my own apartment. I didn't need George to buy another one for me. "There is no need to do that. This is our common property. We share everything. Whatever belongs to me belongs to you," George explained coolly. I asked curiously, "Aren't you afraid that I married you just for your money?" "Did you?" He answered my question with one of his own. Seeing his attitude, I stopped questioning but continued to eat silently. George was always like this. He never expressed his true feelings to me directly. He also often evaded my questions. Since he didn't want to pursue a discussion on this topic, I lost interest. Seeing that I was unhappy, George said seriously, "Helen, I would be glad if you really want my money. I actually have nothing except for some money and properties. If you like them, you are welcome to take them all." What he meant was that in life, all he had was money, nothing else. If his eyes were not so sincere, I would have thought that he was bragging. I slowly calmed down and still firmly refused his offer. George scowled and asked, "Why won't you accept it? You are my wife. Can't I give my wife a wedding gift?" I calculated the property management fee for this building in my mind and then ground my teeth. "Because I can't afford the property management fee." The problem was a very realistic one. The monthly property management fee was higher than my salary. I wouldn't be so insane to burden myself. George looked at me helplessly "I'll pay the property management fee. If you don't want it, I will leave it to our child in the future." When he

mentioned our child out of the blue, I refused him vehemently, "What child? I don't want a baby yet." I wanted him to understand in no uncertain terms that my career was just taking shape and I did not wish to complicate matters by having a baby in the near future. George respected my decision. "It doesn't matter. Sooner or later, we will have a child. It's always important to plan ahead for the future. By the way, do you like boys or girls?" He managed to successfully distract my thoughts. I answered without hesitation, "Boys." "Why?" "Because boys are made of tougher stuff. It's too hard for girls to survive in this world." George was stunned for a moment. Then he stroked my hair lovingly and said in a loving whisper, "Okay, then we will have a son in the future." Since he was so open to my opinion, I added in a mood of compromise, "In fact, I don't mind if we have a daughter. I think you will be a great father." George was a complete contrast to my father. He was a responsible and reliable man. Irrespective of whether it was a boy or a girl, if I really became a mother one day, I would love my child with all my heart and soul. George nodded with a smile. "Let's treat Lucy, Cece, and Kendal to dinner tomorrow at home. I'll book Cece's air ticket." "What do you want to do?" "It's time for us to officially tell them that we are married. We will have a little celebration with our closest friends. At a later date, we can plan a lovely wedding ceremony. What do you think?" "Can we discuss it later? The Spacetime Finance case is not yet over. I was busy with the lawsuit for a good few days and now I'm saddled with a backlog of work. I'll be busy for the next couple of days." I knew that there were still many little problems between George and me that needed to be ironed out. I guessed George hadn't told his parents about our marriage yet. Since he didn't want to talk about it to his parents now, I dropped the subject. I wanted to wait until he convinced his parents. Then it would be suitable to tell others. I was also a proud woman. I wanted my marriage to be respectfully accepted by everyone.

## **Bye, My Irresistible Love**

### **CHAPTER 683: GEORGE WAS SCOLDED BY HIS PARENTS**

**List chapter**

Helen's POV: After dinner, George took me downstairs for a walk. But he appeared to be lost in thoughts far away. I had no idea what he was thinking about. I asked him a question with the sole objective of disturbing his thought pattern. "Do you have a legitimate wife at home?" George was jolted back to reality and he snapped, "Bigamy is against the law." He accompanied his worn statement by flicking my forehead with his thumb. "I'm glad you know that." I rubbed my forehead and couldn't stop laughing. George also smiled at his own joke. There was a big man-made lake near the apartment building. This was the first time that I had walked to the lake. I sat lazily on the grass surrounding the lake and patted the seat beside me, indicating to George to join me. It was unthought of for a sophisticated and noble man like George to sit on the ground and relax. So he was reluctant. After being literally dragged down by me, he finally plonked himself next to me in an untidy heap. We sat side by side, taking in the beautiful view of nature at its best. <https://novelebook.com/my-baby-s-daddy-bd2216.htm> A gust of cool wind blew, refreshing us. I couldn't help but notice how handsome George looked as the wind blew through his hair, creating little waves. Then I ruined the moment by looking at George and saying, "Oh no! It seems that someone has walked their dog in your seat and forgot to pick up the dog poo!" George's smile turned to a frown. He jumped up from his sitting position and tried to look at the ground and then his pants. Seeing his comedic act, I couldn't help but laugh and gloat. George was always indifferent to everything. But a joke like that always brought out his funny side. "You dirty liar!" The property management here was very good, and the dog owners were responsible. How could such a thing happen here? "How dare you make fun of me, you vile woman?" George bent over revengefully and pressed me under his body. He also had my hands transfixed to the ground as I lay down on the lawn. After tricking him and seeing his semi-serious face, I was not afraid. I teased, "I didn't expect you to be so gullible." George lowered his head and leaned over to kiss me. He bit my tongue as if he was punishing me for playing a prank on him. Ilem Coway My back is wet." I was breathless after his intense kisses, so I panted like a dog. It was humid by the lake and the lawn was watered every day. Being pressed against the lawn, I felt my clothes getting soaked. With a raunchy smile, George asked deliberately, "Where are you wet?" He was full of sexual innuendos. I couldn't help



blushing and deliberately whispered, "Down there." George froze and asked in disbelief, "Are you really my Helen?" Just when I thought I had succeeded in making him stop talking nonsense, he added, "But I like it.Go on." As he spoke, he held my waist with both hands and we swapped positions.He was lying with his back against the lawn and I lay closely on top of him. There was only a heartbeat separating the two of us. This position was absolutely intimate. He narrowed his eyes and sighed, "Truly wet." Lascivious lout! He did it on purpose! I was embarrassed and waved my fist to hit him, but he easily grabbed my hands. He teased, "I was talking about the grass.What are you thinking about?" He loved to play with words.I couldn't help but roll my eyes at him. Did I look stupid to him? George chuckled and chortled, then lifted me off the ground. "I prefer to do this on the bed." "Shut up!" I scolded. "You started it." George was not to be outdone. We kept on talking ambiguously and in riddles, trying to outwit each other, till we reached home. As soon as we entered the apartment, he embraced me tightly. His nature was completely revealed behind closed doors.He lowered his head and kissed me, holding my face in one hand.He ripped off my clothes with the other hand and carried me to the bedroom. When I woke up the next morning, I saw several hickeys on my body and his handprints were still on my waist.I couldn't help but scold George. My summer clothes were cool, sleeveless and thin and they could hide nothing. My neck was now covered with hickeys like an embroidered scarf.It was proof enough of how relentless and vicious he was in bed last night. However, George said with an expression of innocence, "Don't blame me.I controlled my strength.I can't help it if your skin is so delicate and soft, and oh so sweet...that even a gentle kiss will leave marks." I picked up a pillow and threw it at him. "You are anything but gentle.You bit me all over like a savage beast!" I stood in front of the wardrobe looking for suitable clothes to wear to hide my hickey's. George walked over and picked out a white silk shirt and a silk scarf for me.I tried to match them, and it looked good. Not only did it hide my hickeys, but I still looked like a professional. By the time I got changed, I had calmed down. Then I grabbed my bag and went out. Today, I had to go to Spacetime Finance to report on the progress of the case. When I arrived at the parking lot of their company building, I took out a small mirror from my purse to fix my lipstick. Then I carefully tidied up my silk scarf to hide my love bites so that I would not have to deal with queer stares. Then, when I was satisfied that I was presentable, I got out of the car.I was reporting to Korbin, the project director of Spacetime Finance.I had only met him a few times before, but I was well acquainted with

his assistant. When she saw me, she gushed, "Did you receive any good news recently? You are glowing with happiness!" "Well, thanks to you, the case went well." We arrived at Korbin's office and the assistant made a polite gesture and beckoned me in. Korbin's attitude towards me was totally different from our first meeting. Perhaps it was because Kendal and I were friends that he was polite to me. He personally served me tea, and asked me to sit down with him. "Miss Dewar, you don't have to come here in person. You are very responsible and our legal officers raved over the quality of your detailed reports. If they need clarification on any matter, they will call or e-mail you." At that moment, Velma burst in and pointed at me angrily as she shouted, "Your lawyers are too inefficient. How long has it been? Haven't you finished the investigation yet? Spacetime Finance is willing to buy Fantail Entertainment and they're willing to sell. We have an understanding with each other. So what's so difficult about drawing up a simple contract? How difficult can it be? Why is it taking so long?" As a lawyer myself, I knew how difficult it was to write a foolproof, legally binding contract. If things were really that simple as she described, why would people need lawyers? My signature would appear on the due diligence report. If I failed to investigate every single detail in advance before they drawing up a contract and something went wrong, I would be held accountable for it. Anya had told me how much weight my signature carried on any document. Even if the client or the target company specifically told me that it was a mere formality, I couldn't slack off. However, I didn't intend to explain this to Velma. I simply replied, "You are right. We will speed up the process." Velma was not satisfied. "Don't think you can be arrogant just because you know my cousin. Let me tell you, Kendal was born a gentleman and he has helped a lot of women. You are just the insignificant one of them. When he meets a woman he is more interested in, he will forget who you are." "Oh, I see. I'll talk to your cousin later and ask him who exactly he had generously helped before me." Velma was so angry that she turned her head and ignored me. After my meeting with Korbin, I happened to bump into Velma again on my way to Fantail Entertainment. She looked at me and asked rudely, "Where is your car? I need a ride to Zhester Technology." It was on the same direction as I was going, so I agreed to give her a ride. When Velma followed me to the garage and saw my car, she was amused. "Did Kendal buy you this crappy car? One of his meals may cost more than this car. It seems that he doesn't like you that much." "A meal that costs more than this car? Does he eat gold for food perhaps? He must find it hard to digest it." "Humph, how idiotic of you!"

With a snort and a grunt, she sat on the passenger seat and stared out of the window, in order to limit interaction with me. I stared at the back of her head and chuckled. As expected, she was a spoiled brat. Her family was responsible for creating such a pampered princess. After a while, she suddenly said, "Actually, you are not so useless. You deserve my praise for at least one thing." "Oh? And what is that?" "Remember the last time, you messed up George's company and got him into trouble? Well, his parents finally seized the chance to reprimand him severely."

## **Bye, My Irresistible Love**

### **CHAPTER 684: GEORGE'S CONTROL FREAK MOTHER**

#### **List chapter**

Helen's POV: "Did his parents reprimand him?" I asked, buzzing with curiosity. George had never mentioned his parents to me. When Zhester Technology was in a crisis. He just dealt with everything by himself. When he got home, he only told me that the problem had been resolved and asked me to rest assured. Velma snorted scornfully. Her attitude towards George was full of contempt. "He deserves it! He always assumes an air of superiority, even to his parents. Why does he have to be so condescending? It was his mother who saved his hide when he was taken away by the police last time. She had to call in her contacts to help him out. But instead of feeling grateful, he accused his parents of interfering in his career and said that he could resolve it by himself. How could he say something like that to his parents? Even Kendal, who is generally so rude, is more grateful than him." "I couldn't help but secretly snigger after hearing what Velma said. For some reason, she was biased against George. What she described was probably far from the truth. I knew George better than most people. Yes, he was proud but he was never an ungrateful man. Velma leaned over and asked mysteriously, "Do you know why I want to go to Zhester Technology now?" "Pray, tell." <https://novelebook.com/my-baby-s->

daddy-bd2216.htm "George's mother, Erin, asked me to find out if that woman named Jane is still working at Zhester Technology. In fact, Erin knew Jane since the New Year. The minute she found out about Jane, she was against the idea. Being afraid that George would bring such a dubious woman to their home, she arranged a blind date for him. Since then, the relationship between the two of them has been strained." I couldn't believe my ears. I remembered that George did go back to Washington to spend the New Year Holidays with his family and he stayed there for a long time. Not only did he spend his time with his family, but he also attended various meetings with Jane and even went on a blind date! Velma said sternly, "Although you fell out with Jane for the sake of your own interests this time, you indirectly helped George's parents get rid of her. She was a royal pain in the neck to them. You've unknowingly made a great contribution. I'll ask Kendal to buy you a better car one of these days. This one is just way too cheap and embarrassing." She eyed my car with disgust. Velma was a lively and bubbly girl. She always spoke out whatever was on her mind. Soon, she changed the topic to cars. I intentionally didn't clarify my relationship with Kendal. On the one hand, it was too much of a bother to explain. After all, Kendal had helped me simply for George's sake and I didn't want to make my relationship with George public yet. On the other hand, I didn't think I owed Velma an explanation. After all, we were not that close. When we reached Zhester Technology, I was about to park the car on the side of the road. Just then, Velma changed her mind. "On second thought, I don't want to go to Zhester Technology now. I won't help Erin spy on George. Although he looks gentle on the surface, in reality he is very shrewd. If he sees me, he will immediately guess that Erin sent me to keep tabs on him. I would rather offend Erin than George! If you are going to Fantail Entertainment, I'll go with you. Sanford will be there today!" She was such a pampered princess who always did whatever popped into her mind. Now she mistook me for her driver. I asked in surprise, "How do you know that Sanford will be in the company today?" Raising her chin unashamedly, Velma explained, "His assistant is my spy. I know his schedules only too well." "Are you a groupie?" "Do I need to chase a celebrity? I'm chasing after my future husband! Just watch me! I'll get him!" Velma didn't hide her feelings for Sanford at all. Her candor somehow impressed me. When my professional ethics kicked in, I reminded her in a soft voice, "Miss Collins, please bear one thing in mind. The news that Spacetime Finance is going to acquire Fantail Entertainment hasn't been announced yet. I hope you don't mention it in front of Sanford by accident." "Okay, I won't," Velma said

nonchalantly. I had no idea whether she had taken it seriously or not. I decided not to say anything anymore. Anyway, I had given her a reminder and that would suffice. It was not possible for me to follow her and watch her all day long. After a while, I snuck in what I wanted to know, "So, George's mother...Is she the unapproachable type?" Velma became excited. "Yes! Truth be told, none of the Affleck family members are easy to get along with. They are all cunning people. When I was little, I thought George was handsome and I had a crush on him. I walked around with stars in my eyes thinking that one day I would be his bride. Thank God I got over him and didn't marry into that horrible family!" "What do you mean?" "The Affleck family had way too many rules and social conventions to adhere to. I had to be prim and proper at all times. They thought I was too vulgar and coarse. I couldn't enjoy a meal without them commenting on my table manners. After a few visits there. I lost my patience with them. No matter how handsome I thought George was, I was not prepared to live such a suffocating life. Later I realized that Erin was making things difficult for me on purpose. She knew that I was fond of her son, so she deliberately made those rules to drive me away. Just think about it. I was just a young girl at that time, and she didn't cut me some slack. Can you imagine how strong her desire for control is?" As Velma spoke, she shook her head vigorously with relief. In the end, with a sinister look on her face, Velma added, "Believe it or not, as long as George's grandfather and parents are still alive, he is doomed to be single." I drove the car into the garage and thought that Velma was wrong this time. George was already married. To me! Velma got out of the car and looked at my car deprecatingly, "What kind of crap is this? It's so ugly and uncomfortable." I smiled lightly and had the sense to keep quiet. As soon as we arrived in my so-called junk car at Fantail Entertainment, Velma went straight to look for Sanford. The employees of the company were accustomed to it. I went directly to the exclusive office of the legal department to work. When I arrived at the office door, I saw Sanford walking toward me and squeezing himself into the office. "Shh!" He gestured for me to keep silent and close the door quickly. This was the first time that I had seen Sanford at close distance. He was very handsome. The simple T-shirt and jeans he wore made him look fashionable and refreshing. His skin was flawless and surprisingly good for a man. He had a well-chiseled, delicate face. No wonder so many girls were chasing after him. Tina and Melissa were also in the office of the legal department. It was probably also the first time that they saw Sanford in person. They were so brazen that they picked up their phones to take photos of him. I frowned and

stopped them with my sharp eyes, before pulling a chair for Sanford. "Please take a seat," I said. "Thank you," said Sanford politely, but he didn't sit down. Instead, to our amusement, he stood at the door and anxiously peeped out through a crack.

## **Bye, My Irresistible Love**

### **CHAPTER 685: INVITE LUCY TO THE NEW APARTMENT**

#### **List chapter**

Helen's POV: I looked out through the door seam as well, only to find that Velma was standing outside the door with her hands on her hips, looking angrily at Sanford.

Obviously, he had run in to seek refuge from her. Sanford felt quite embarrassed as if he had been caught with his pants down, and slowly pushed the door open. "Sanford, you scoundrel!" "How dare you run away after kissing me full on the lips?" Velma chided angrily. Was she telling the truth? I was stunned. Tina and Melissa also looked up in surprise and then leaned towards the door to take in more of the juicy gossip. "What nonsense are you talking? I didn't kiss you," explained Sanford in his defense. "I just accidentally touched your lips when we were playing games last night."

<https://novelebook.com/my-baby-s-daddy-bd2216.htm> However, Velma turned a deaf ear to his excuse. "Just tell me if your lips touched mine or not?" Sanford was red faced in the light of her accusation, and small beads of perspiration began to appear on his handsome face. "Yes, but I didn't mean to kiss you. It was a pure accident." "That was a kiss! You said so yourself. Many relationships start by accident. If everyone acted rationally, the human race would have been extinct long ago! You are in denial." Velma had her own reasoning and you could not argue with her so-called logic. Sanford seemed so embarrassed that he didn't know in which direction to turn. He dared not look her in the eye. I stood there, amused by their childish exchange. It suddenly occurred to me that George resembled Velma every time he quibbled! And then I thought of Kendal. He

confused right and wrong when he was unreasonable. It just so happened that I was in the midst of reviewing Sanford's contract. He was one of the most popular stars of Fantail Entertainment. In fact, he had signed up with the company before he started college. In addition to his gorgeous appearance, he had solid basic skills. His acting talent had been acknowledged by internationally recognized directors and his work in movies and on TV spoke of his popularity. But after looking at his contract with Fantail Entertainment, I found that he was underpaid for his ability. His talent was being stretched to the limit yet his remuneration was not on par. His ten-year contract was signed well before he became a celebrity. Even when he later indeed became a famous star, the company did not include any supplemental clause with him to increase his income. In other words, Sanford kept only a fraction of the money he earned. The contract was over seven years old and would expire in less than three years. His fans had been persuading him to terminate the contract with the company. Logically speaking, when he first signed the contract a few years ago, no one knew that he would become such a famous actor, so the penalty mentioned on the contract wouldn't be too much to pay. However, this problem hadn't been resolved yet, and Sanford had even publicly expressed his loyalty to the company. "Without the support of Fantail Entertainment, I would not be where I am today. I will not terminate the contract with the company that helped me gain such a strong foothold in the entertainment industry." Because of his attitude of gratitude, his fans loved him even more, and the public opinion of him was all round praiseworthy. Although he had emphasized that he wouldn't terminate his contract with the company ahead of time, doubts remained as to whether he would renew his contract after expiration. Spacetime Finance's acquisition of Fantail Entertainment was an attempt to use its resources to enter the sphere of the entertainment industry. In addition, their main reason of doing so was to appease the spoiled Velma. She was in love with Sanford and wanted to be with him. Therefore, the key to finalizing the whole case lay in Sanford's hands. If he terminated the contract now or didn't renew it in two years' time, the significance of the acquisition of Fantail Entertainment would be greatly diminished. I checked the TV series that Fantail Entertainment planned to shoot in the next two years and discovered that Sanford was not the main character in any of them. It was clear that Fantail Entertainment shrewdly intended to take advantage of Sanford's popularity to bring other entertainers to the public's awareness over the next two years. In other words, the company probably suspected that Sanford wouldn't renew his contract with them, so they were trying to

make maximum use of him before he quitted. I decided to talk to Sanford about his future plans to get a better perspective on matters. However, when I was handed this case, Fantail Entertainment told me that the acquisition must remain confidential and couldn't be disclosed to their entertainers, so it was impossible for me to directly communicate with Sanford about how unfairly the company was treating him. If I didn't talk with him however, the due diligence report couldn't be detailed. I had no choice but to report the situation to Korbin of Spacetime Finance and ask him to look into the matter. Because of Kendal, Korbin had been very cooperative with me. After listening to my concerns, he immediately had the lawyer in charge of the acquisition consult with the company official of Fantail Entertainment. Spacetime Finance had previously invested huge sums of money in several films of Fantail Entertainment before the acquisition, so Fantail Entertainment quickly agreed to let me talk to Sanford when Korbin requested such a meeting. Although Sanford looked innocent on the surface, he was actually very wary of me. After all, he was an intelligent man who had been in the entertainment circle for many years. Every word he said was very precise and official. It seemed as if he was answering all my questions, but on reflection, I found that he didn't add any useful information. I talked with him for a while, but it didn't pay any dividends, so I couldn't help feeling a little frustrated. "He was more cautious than I thought, choosing his words very carefully as he spoke to me. I talked with him for a long time, but he was not prepared to budge. He was so shrewd at such a young age. No wonder he had lasted in the entertainment circle for so many years," I complained to Lucy when I got home. "I wonder if I can someday be that cautious like him. He never let down his guard even for a moment." "You are good now. You don't have to be like anyone else. Have you thought about that maybe he just has no choice but to be cautious about everything? The public may never understand how difficult it was for someone to become famous at such a young age. It looked all fun and glamorous on the surface, but in reality, it involved a great deal of private suffering. Besides, you are not his family or close friend, so why would he tell you the truth?" said Lucy. "You are making a lot of sense." I nodded in agreement. Lucy had a point. I had only met him a few times, so he would obviously not take me into his confidence and divulge his plans to me. "Hey, when will you invite me to your new apartment? George was so generous to give you a new apartment as a gift. I was really taken aback," said Lucy. Her attitude towards George had improved since she found out that George had gifted the fancy apartment to me. Previously, she used to look



disgusted at the mere mention of his name. "You are so easily bought off by him," I said in jest. "Not by him, but by his money! If he had been so generous earlier, I would have been softer toward him. How about showing me around your new apartment today? I'll come by shortly," Lucy said, sounding excited. I texted her the address and told her to call me when she got to the gate. This was a high-end gated community with and strict management. Non-residents were not allowed to enter. By the time George got home from work, Lucy had already arrived and was lounging on the sofa, savoring some fruit. He looked at me, perplexed. Just as I was about to explain, Lucy blurted out, "George, go cook something. We are starving." She had really made herself at home. George looked at me helplessly. He went into the cloakroom and changed into something more comfortable. Then he rolled up his sleeves, walked over to me and kissed me on the forehead. In a soft voice, he asked, "What would you like to eat?" "Shouldn't you ask your guest what would satisfy her palate?" "Are you always this rude to your guests?" asked Lucy, complaining. "The guest should comply with what is convenient for the host. Haven't you heard of it before?" asked George. Lucy was left speechless. George turned and went to the kitchen to check the menu on the smart fridge's screen. Lucy leaned in and pointed to some dishes on the screen that she felt like eating. Without saying anything, George quickly took out the ingredients for the dishes that Lucy had ordered and started cooking.

## **Bye, My Irresistible Love**

### **CHAPTER 686: LUCY'S ADVICE**

#### **List chapter**

Helen's POV "Thank you." I was aware that George had been dissatisfied with Lucy for a long time. The only reason that he did not lose his temper was that she was my best friend. I knew better than to stay in the kitchen. So, when George was about to cook, I

decided to leave and let him do the work. I knew myself well enough. I would only make a mess if I stayed there. But just as I was about to walk to the door, George turned his head and faced me. "Where are you going? Come here." "What do you want?" I stopped in my tracks and looked at him confusedly. "Help me roll up my sleeves," George politely asked. It turned out that while he was washing the vegetables in the sink, his rolled-up sleeves went loose and got wet. "Oh. Okay." I walked over to him and carefully did as he requested. Once done, I raised my head and asked, "Is it okay now?" George's deep-set eyes, along with his tantalizing smile, made my heart skip a beat. Without warning, he lowered his head and kissed me on the lips. "Yes. Thank you, darling," he said in a low and gentle voice. My cheeks turned beet red. Embarrassed, I looked down, wiped my lips, and turned around to leave. But before I could take a step, he grabbed my wrist and pulled me close. "Wait." <https://novelebook.com/my-baby-s-daddy-bd2216.htm> "What is it this time?" I asked impatiently after being stopped again. "Did you see Velma today?" George asked with a smile. "Yes. So what?" "Oh, nothing. I just asked." At the mention of Velma, what she had told me earlier suddenly crossed my mind, and my mood changed in an instant. I walked up to him and raised my head to look at him. "Did you go on a blind date while you were in Washington?" George's hand, which was cutting the vegetables, froze. "Did Velma tell you that?" he asked incredulously. "Oh my God! George, how could you go on a blind date when you're with Helen? I was right about you. You're a playboy! Who was the woman? Is she from a rich family like yours? You'd better tell us the truth!" Lucy interjected while walking towards us. She must have heard my conversation with George, which made her anger get the best of her. "Does it matter who told me? I'm asking you now." I straightened up, feeling more confident with Lucy by my side. George put down the knife, wiped his hands, and calmly replied, "My family was the one who arranged it. I had no knowledge about it until I arrived at the venue. Of course, I refused to participate in that blind date." "Did you refuse it yourself, or did you ask Jane to help you?" I queried with a sneer tugging at the corners of my mouth. "What?! You not only went on a blind date but also asked Jane for help?" Lucy turned to me and added, "Helen, how could you let him off? Come with me. Let's go home now. I've been telling you not to trust this womanizer, but you never listen!" As she spoke, she held my hand pulled me out of the kitchen. Despite Lucy making a fuss in the kitchen, I remained calm. Without a word, I pulled her back to the living room. "Helen, how could you let him do that to you? He's like that because he's confident you won't

leave him." Lucy sighed helplessly. "Let bygones be bygones. By the way, why don't you call Dyer over?" "He went back to Florida today. He said he had something important to deal with." "I think you're in no position to reprimand me. If he hadn't gone to Florida, you wouldn't have remembered me, would you?" I jokingly said. Lucy put her arm around my shoulder and fawningly replied, "Who says I need him to be gone in order to remember you? You're in my heart all the time." I got goosebumps all over when I heard her say such sweet words. Although it was touching, it was cringy. While George was cooking, I decided to give Lucy a tour of the apartment. The place was so enormous. I honestly had not been to some of the rooms yet. So, when I showed Lucy around, I took the opportunity to see the rooms as well. Suddenly, Lucy pointed at the two rooms next to the nanny's room and remarked, "George is so far ahead. He even has the children's rooms ready." "What? Where?" I walked into the rooms Lucy were pertaining to and looked around. They were empty, so I was confused as to why she was sure they were children's rooms. "If you'll look closely, the interior design of this house is as cold as George's temperament. However, this room has been painted pink and the other light blue. It's obvious that they're for children." I took a careful look at the said rooms and found that the color of the walls was indeed different from the rest of the house. Lucy frowned and put her hands on her hips. "Haven't you realized it? George wants you to give birth to his children!" "We made a deal that we wouldn't have a child in the near future. I've just started at my job. How could I get pregnant?" "And he said yes?" I nodded. "Yes." "That's good. At last, he finally learned how to consider your feelings. Besides, it'll be troublesome if you get pregnant out of wedlock." Lucy still had not known that George and I had registered for marriage. I pondered for a moment and decided to tell her the truth. "Actually George and I are already married." Lucy gasped in shock. "Really? When?" "It's been quite a while now. When my mother was in poor health, George and I registered for marriage to make her feel at ease. But at the time, our relationship was not stable enough. I was worried our marriage wouldn't last long, so I kept it a secret," I explained. Lucy looked at me with narrowed eyes. "So is your relationship with George now stable? And you're ready to tell everyone about it now?" Her question rendered me speechless. Judging from the look on Lucy's face, she was hurt. We were best friends, after all. I should have trusted her and not kept such an important matter a secret from her. However, the situation at the time was too complicated for me to involve other people. Well, I had no idea how to tell her about this,

so I said nothing. Besides, knowing Lucy, she would strongly object to my marriage with George. A deafening silence filled the empty room. At this moment, Lucy and I were in a stalemate. After a long time, she sighed deeply and said, "Forget it. I don't mean to lecture you. It's your life anyway. What matters most is that you're happy." By this time, George had finished preparing the food. He came to fetch us himself and invited us to the dining room. Lucy did not say a word during the meal. I kept glancing at her, worried that she would suddenly blow up on me. When she was done eating, she put down her fork and reprimanded me with a chuckle. "Stop it. Stop pretending to be guilty. Do you think I can't see through you? I know you like the back of my hand. If I wasn't worried about you getting hurt, I wouldn't bother to ask about your love life!" I sighed in relief. Seeing that she had calmed down, I held her hand and asked, "Why don't you stay here tonight? We haven't had a sleep over a long time." Meanwhile, George's face darkened. "Lucy, think it over very carefully," he advised in a cold voice. When Lucy met his eyes, she drew back her neck and answered, "No, thanks. I don't wanna be a third wheel." George and I then walked Lucy all the way to the parking lot. She got into her car shortly. But before leaving, she rolled down the window and solemnly said, "Now that you and Helen are married, as her husband, you should protect her well. She's a sensitive woman, so you should always give her affection and a strong sense of security." "I will," George sincerely promised. I was so moved by Lucy's words that I almost cried. She often goofed around and was rarely serious. But when it came to me, she always made sure I was well. I was so lucky to have such a best friend. Once Lucy was gone, I stifled a sob and ordered George, "Be good to her in the company." George nodded in agreement. "Okay. Whatever makes you happy." "By the way, I want you to help me make an appointment with Dyer. I'll tell him what Lucy just said to you. Not only that, but I'll also assure him that I will never let anyone hurt my Lucy." "You're so childish!" George remarked with a chuckle. Without another word, he put his arm around my shoulder, and we went to the elevator side by side. I did not expect that things would change abruptly before George could make the arrangement.

## **Bye, My Irresistible Love**

**CHAPTER 687: WAS LUCY A HOLE**

## List chapter

Helen's POV: On Monday morning, I went back to the law firm to turn in my report to Anya. When I got out of the conference room after the meeting concluded, Phil pulled me aside. In a voice that only the two of us could hear, he asked, "Have you spoken to Lucy lately?" "We met up last week. But we haven't spoken to each other the past two days. What's up?" I asked. Visibly conflicted, Phil handed me his phone. "Why don't you take a look at this?" I stared at his phone's screen and saw that someone had exposed Lucy's social media account with millions of followers on the Internet. I didn't take the news seriously at first. After all, Lucy was a very famous blogger, so chances were, someone did it out of envy. But upon clicking on the post, I was stupefied. Aside from Lucy's account, all her personal information had been exposed to the public. "Lucy Clark took advantage of her position to hook up with a married man and broke up my family! I want Zhester Technology to give me a proper explanation." The article described in detail how Lucy ruined someone's family, including the specific dates and time, and screenshots of her chatting with this so-called married man. What surprised me the most was that the married man mentioned in the article was actually Dyer. The article was written by a person claiming to be his wife Martha, and it was posted in the form of a letter. She said she had been married to Dyer for many years, and they had a child together. In the letter, Martha humbled herself. "I'm writing you this letter as a wife and a mother. I'm begging you, Miss Clark. Please give him back to me and my daughter." It sounded like she was really desperate to get Dyer back. At the end of the article attached Lucy's photos, her work address, and even her chat logs with Dyer. Whenever a man and a woman were in love, it was inevitable for them to chat about things sexual in nature. Lucy was outgoing and she enjoyed teasing Dyer.

<https://novelebook.com/my-baby-s-daddy-bd2216.htm> He, on the other hand, was a man of few words. He only responded with short sentences each time. Thus, it seemed as though Lucy was too into him. Taking that into consideration along with what Martha said, it was easy to understand why many people believed that Lucy indeed seduced Dyer. Having seen the post, I was so flummoxed that it took a long time before I

managed to compose myself. "I have faith in Lucy. She'd never do something like that! There's gotta be more to the story," I remarked firmly. I knew my best friend well. Lucy might've dated a lot of men, but she'd never be the other woman in other people's relationships. Even if she liked Dyer, she'd never cross that line. I returned Phil's phone and gradually calmed down. I called Lucy several times after that, but she wasn't answering me. It was hard for me not to worry about her. After pondering for a moment, I decided to call George. To my chagrin, he was currently in a meeting, so he couldn't talk either. Every passing minute made me more worried about Lucy. Thus, I drove directly to Zhester Technology. Upon entering the office building, the receptionist halted me. The public had no idea about my relationship with George. All they knew was that I once drove Zhester Technology into a bad situation. Aside from that, Jane's reputation was ruined and she got fired because of me. Because of those reasons, the receptionist was on guard against me. She stopped me and asked, "Miss Dewar, what brings you here? If you want to leave a message for someone, I can convey it for you." I hesitated for a moment, wondering if I should ask the receptionist to call Lucy out for me. Just then, I heard Velma's voice from behind me. "Miss Dewar, are you here to see your best friend?" She walked up to me, casting a defiance gaze at me. This woman enjoyed gossiping, so she had probably heard about Lucy's situation by now. "Yes," I answered frankly. A smug look appeared on Velma's face. "As thanks for driving me around last time, you can come with me." The receptionist was caught in a dilemma. She didn't want me in, but neither could she dare to stop Velma, because she knew who the latter was. I tailed Velma into the Zhester Technology building hurriedly. All of a sudden, a pair of small hands tugged at the hem of my clothes. "Hi, Miss!" I stopped in my tracks and looked back, only to find a five-year-old girl looking up at me. She looked familiar. After taking a closer look, I remembered that I had seen this little girl at the subway the other day. Back then, Jane slapped me in front of everyone, and I ran away and cried bitterly in the subway for hours. This same little girl and her mother accompanied me the entire time, fearing that something might happen to me. Later on, we went to eat some cake together. I had forgotten to ask their contact information last time, and we hadn't seen each other since then. Even so, I had kept their kindness in mind. I squatted down and asked the little girl, "Hey there, sweetie! What are you doing here?" The little girl was so adorable. Her bright eyes were dazzling. She pointed at the person standing next to her and said, "I'm here with Mommy to find Daddy!" Only then did I notice that her mother was also there.

Upon seeing the woman's face, my head suddenly buzzed. All the dots in my head were connected at this moment. The little girl was here to with her mommy to find her daddy. Was her mother the same person claiming to be Dyer's wife and saying that Lucy was a home-wrecker? Slowly, I got up while locking my gaze on Martha. Her face was gaunt, and her eyes were red and swollen. She wasn't as mild-mannered and charming as she was when I met her in the subway the other day. Our roles had reversed this time we met each other. Back then, I was the one crying so hard and I looked gaunt and disheveled just like her now. Perhaps the kindness they gave me at the time left a good impression on me. Even though I knew that Martha was the one who leaked Lucy's private information on the Internet, I couldn't just immediately take Lucy's side and scorn Martha for what she did. Velma invited Martha and her daughter, seemingly wanting to witness something entertaining. The receptionist, on the other hand, was frightened. She hurriedly tried to stop Velma. "Miss Collins, please don't let them inside. If Mr. Affleck finds out about it, he will be furious!" "I don't care if he gets angry. Since they're already here, we should solve their problem. Instead of causing a scene in public, I believe it's better to invite them in, so that they could find a quiet place and talk properly." Velma was clearly trying to stir trouble. Personally, I knew things could get complicated and troublesome for Lucy, so I didn't want Martha and her daughter to see Lucy. Out of the goodness of my heart, I decided to take the little girl's hand and asked, "Would you like to have some cake with me?" I wanted to take them outside for the time being. Once Martha had calmed down, I planned to tell Lucy to come out, so that they could talk. If I were to bring Martha and her daughter into Zhester Technology haphazardly, things could get out of hand before I knew it. However, Martha grabbed her daughter's hand and shook her head at me. She stood her ground, waiting for Dyer and Lucy to come out. "Come on, ma'am. I'll take you in. Whatever happens, I'll take responsibility for it." Velma pushed Martha and the little girl inside. There was nothing I could do to stop her. Hurriedly, I decided to call Lucy and tell her about it, but she didn't answer. Thus, I sent her a message. Even then, she didn't respond. I was so worried that they'd run into each other in an unfavorable situation. Lucy was a hothead, so if she were to see Martha and her daughter, things could spiral out of control. As a last resort, I called George, so that he could alert Lucy about what was happening at the soonest possible time. Since Velma had taken Martha and her daughter upstairs already, I had to wait for the next elevator to arrive. Along the way, I held my phone close to my chest, feeling like my heart was about

to leap from my chest. By the time I had gone upstairs, they had already arrived at Lucy's office. She was sitting at her desk, reading through some resumes and carefully selecting the potential candidates. She was so calm. It was as if nothing had happened yet. Eventually, Lucy averted her gaze from the computer screen and glanced at us. She looked at the little girl and then at Martha. "Are you sure you want to talk to me in front of your daughter?" she asked calmly. There was no visible sign of guilt nor fear in Lucy's eyes while facing Martha. I breathed a sigh of relief. Just seeing her so composed assured me that Lucy didn't do anything wrong. "Oh, my God! I've never seen such an arrogant home-wrecker before!" Velma exclaimed. She was staring at Lucy with utter disgust. The tension in the office rose at once. Annoyed, I glared at Velma. I knew that she was a straightforward person who always spoke things before thinking carefully, but hearing someone chastise Lucy was pretty annoying and definitely unacceptable! Just as I was about to fire back, George came in a hurry. "Shut up, Velma!" Frowning, he grabbed Velma's collar and dragged her out of Lucy's office like she was a piece of trash. "George, stop it! I'm not done yet." "This is none of your business. What are you even doing here?" "George, are you even listening to me? I said let me go!" Velma's incessant screaming gradually faded. It seemed George had taken her away. Lucy, on the other hand, was particularly calm. "Helen, please take the kid somewhere else. I need to speak to her mother in private." Even though she was normally carefree, she always knew what she was doing. Glancing at her worriedly, I eventually decided to trust my friend and took the child's hand before leaving Lucy's office. Just then, George returned, waving at me. "Miss Dewar, please come with me." He took me and the little girl to his office and told his assistant to bring in some snacks and juice for the little girl. Meanwhile, Velma was sitting aside, watching the scene unfold and visibly annoyed. Once the little girl was sitting obediently on the sofa and eating some snacks, I breathed a sigh of relief. Even after lazing around in George's office for a while, I was still worried. I shot him a look, implying that he should look after the child for the time being, while I go and check on Lucy. But before I could even reach the door, George stopped me. "Come back here." The sound of his voice was so powerful that nobody could refuse to listen to him. Instinctively, I stopped in my tracks, daring not to go out. Velma sprang to her feet, shouting at George, "You've crossed the line! If you want to scold me, fine. But why do you have to do the same to my cousin-in-law?" "Your cousin-in-law?" George's eyes gleamed beneath the light, making him look dangerous. Since Velma wasn't that vigilant,



she was oblivious to how his eyes appeared at the moment and she continued challenging his patience. "That's right! Kendal has asked me to show her some respect and treat her like my cousin-in-law. I'm warning you! She's my cousin's woman. If you dare to bully her, you're going to regret it!" George chuckled at me, playfully saying, "She's your cousin's woman, huh?" Velma said it multiple times already, and yet I didn't find it strange. But hearing it come from George's mouth sounded so weird. It was then that I glared at George. Instead of getting angry, he smiled even brighter. "True enough. You should be nicer to her. Try to be more patient with her, okay?" he said to Velma. Velma just stared daggers at George before dragging me out of his office.

## **Bye, My Irresistible Love**

### **CHAPTER 688: QUARREL WITH HELEN**

#### **List chapter**

Lucy's POV: After Helen left with the child, only Martha and I were left alone in the office. I opened my mouth and spoke in a confident yet unemotional tone. "Firstly, it's useless for you to come to me. If you want to solve the problem, you should confront Dyer. Secondly, you exposed all my personal information on the Internet without my consent. I will pursue a legal course of action against you. Thirdly, as far as I know, you and Dyer have been divorced for many years now. I am definitely not a home-wrecker as I only got to know him well after your divorce. I am done with what I wished to say, and I do not wish to meet you ever again. I hope that this is our first and last meeting." I looked at the woman in front of me scornfully. Martha had been harassing me via text messages for a while, accusing me of being Dyer's mistress and ruining their relationship. When I had had my fill of her, I blocked her number. I thought she would stop pestering me, but I didn't expect her to slander me and even expose my personal information on the Internet. My blog account with millions of followers, which I had been operating for many years,

was ruined as a result of this. Many business partners requested to terminate their contracts with me after this matter came to light. I had been dealing with the termination of these contracts these days. Seeing Martha's tear stained face and aggrieved look, I couldn't help but sneer inwardly. She felt wronged, but I was the real innocent one in this whole shit! I didn't do anything wrong, but I was accused as a home-wrecker and suffered major losses as a result. Clenching her fists, Martha sobbed, "We are not divorced! We never get divorced!" "What?" My mind went blank and my ears started buzzing. I was completely dumbfounded. When Zhester Technology hired Dyer, I did a thorough background check on him. He was single. Before I started dating him, he told me frankly that he was married before, but that he got divorced three years ago. I didn't really know what I had been afraid of, but I had actually distanced myself from him for a while after finding out about it. But in the end, I couldn't resist his attraction to me and carefully trod into a relationship with him. At the end of the day, I was not a conservative person. Even if he had married before, so what? People divorced all the time and moved on with their lives. The most important thing was to enjoy the present moment. "Lucy, I'm begging you. As long as you leave him, he will come back to our daughter and me. You are such a beautiful and talented young woman. You will be able to find another man very easily. In fact, you will be better off without Dyer. But I can't live without my husband! And my child needs her father." Martha had been humble all the time. She brought on the tears and sobbed bitterly. She indeed looked pitiful. But I was not a young, naive girl who had never seen the world. I had been in and out of several relationships and I was an experienced relationship blogger for many years. I had seen more than my share of drama between mistresses and legal wives. Actually, Martha was very cunning. She knew how to guilty-trip me and further her cause. But I did not feel guilty at all for I did nothing wrong. Her copious tears got no sympathy out of me. "I have said all that needed to be said, and there's nothing more we can talk about. Please leave now."

<https://novelebook.com/my-baby-s-daddy-bd2216.htm> "Lucy, please! Please say yes. Please take pity on Dyer's child and me. Leave him." Suddenly Martha became very emotional and a sea of tears cascaded down her cheeks. I was so annoyed by her emotional outburst that I stood up angrily and was about to leave. I had nothing to say to Martha. She should go to Dyer for answers, not me. She had exposed my personal life online and made a mess of my work life. I already had a bone to pick with her. Why should I now give up my boyfriend for her? "Lucy, just promise that you will leave my

husband! If you don't then I will kill myself!" Martha was standing near the window. When she sensed that I was unwilling to give in to her demands, she edged towards the window sill and climbed onto it. She held tightly onto the window frame and begged me with tears in her eyes. Martha was a gentle, beautiful woman. With her hair disheveled, she looked so fragile and vulnerable at that moment. My head started throbbing and my mind went blank. No matter how experienced a relationship expert I was, I had never prepared myself for something like this. Martha was in an emotionally fragile state now and I didn't dare to upset her anymore. I was silently considering how to tempt her to get off the window sill first. At that precise moment, the office door was suddenly pushed open. Helen came in and looked at Martha coldly. "If you want to jump, just do it. I'll just take your daughter downstairs to pick up your dead body." She walked in quickly and stood beside the other window in the room. She poked her head out and looked down, saying, "We are on the twenty-sixth floor. If you jump down, you will definitely die. Your head will hit the ground first, splattering your brains at least three feet away. The impact will shatter all your internal organs inside your body. But don't worry, as long as you fall straight down, without encountering any object such as an open window on your way, your corpse should more or less remain intact when it hits the ground with a thud. At least we will have a relatively blood free body to show your daughter so she won't be too frightened." When Helen gave this grisly account, her expression was as icy as her tone. Perhaps she was recalling the day when her father jumped off a building and died before her very eyes. Martha was horrified by the picture that Helen had painted. She carefully descended from the window sill, collapsed on the ground, and cried inconsolably. I didn't know what to do to comfort the others. When I saw Martha crying hysterically, I stiffened into a block of ice. I rarely showed my weaknesses to others. No matter how painful it seemed, I would bear it myself and gradually digest it. Even though I had dated a lot of men before, I had never loved a man as much as I loved Dyer. This was literally the only time that I was this serious about a man. When Dyer hurried over, the tension in my heart suddenly decreased and I felt the urge to weep. I didn't walk over to him. I just stood at the door silently, my head bowed. Dyer walked up to me and held me tightly in his arms. "Are you all right? Sorry, I'm so late." I detected worry and love in his deep voice. He lowered his head and stared at me, completely ignoring Martha. I was much more relaxed now. But when I thought of what Martha had just attempted to do, I still felt scared. Afraid that our intimacy might agitate Martha again, I pushed Dyer away and said

firmly, "Dyer, let's have a talk." Dyer glanced at Martha frostily, as if this woman who was willing to die for him, meant nothing to him at all. His attitude irked Helen. She walked up to me and whispered, "Lucy, such a man doesn't deserve someone like you." I was deeply annoyed by Helen's words. I asked in a hoarse voice, "What kind of man is he? Do you know him well enough to pass judgment? How can you draw a conclusion after only listening to one side of the story? It takes two to tango, you know!" I admitted that I was partial to Dyer, but I was disgruntled with Helen's attitude. When I was vulnerable and needed the love and support of my best friend, she told me that I had made a poor choice in men. I was more hurt by her one comment than the hundreds of thousands of comments abusing me online. Helen didn't retort. I kept asking, "Do you also think I'm a shameless home-wrecker? That I got into their marriage? Am I such a shrew in your eyes?" "I didn't!" Helen replied vehemently. "Yes, you did. From the moment you saw me today, you regarded me as a shameless mistress. That's why you are so kind and polite to Martha and even take care of her daughter." "I've never regarded you as a mistress. I just don't think Dyer deserves you." Helen's tone strained with grief. She looked at Dyer with disgust and disdain in her eyes. Her look of disdain fueled my anger. I lost control and yelled at her, "Helen! Dyer is not your father! Not everyone is like your father!" Helen froze on the spot and her face turned deathly pale. Too late, I realized that I had blurted out such painful words to her ears so impulsively. "Helen, I'm sorry...I didn't mean it. Please forgive me!" Damn it! Love indeed drove people crazy, but not always in a good way! Helen shook her head and said that she was fine, but I knew she was not. My words had pierced her heart like a spear. She took a few steps back, leaned against the wall of the corridor for support, and remained silent. Just then, Dyer's daughter ran over with Velma. She shouted, "Dad! Dad!" The girl ran towards Dyer, ready for a hug. But Dyer stepped back and stopped his daughter from approaching him. Seeing Dyer's indifference towards his daughter, Helen continued, "Lucy, you deserve a better man. Dyer is so cruel to even his own daughter. Surely you can tell how ruthless he really is." That was the last straw. Helen had succeeded in destroying my firmness and confidence. "Helen, I thought you were different from others. I thought I could trust you to support me unconditionally. I repeat, I am not a home-wrecker. Even if I was, I thought our friendship would be strong enough for you to support my decisions, regardless." Helen and I had been very close friends for so many years. We regarded each other as family. Whenever she was in trouble, I would stand on her side, support her and

encourage her without any hesitation. And I wanted her to do the same for me. All I wanted was her trust and support. I didn't need her to rationally analyze whether what I was doing was right or wrong. I just needed her unconditional favor and support. Was that too much to ask? Even if I was cursed by the whole world, I wouldn't feel helpless as long as the person I cared about the most was still on my side. I needed Helen to do this for me. "Helen, Dyer is not your father, and I'm not Libby or Jane. You can't expect me to deny my love just because your family was destroyed by your adulterous father." I looked at Helen and felt greatly disappointed. Her attitude hurt me more than the fact that Dyer hadn't divorced Martha yet. After saying that, I left without looking back at anyone. It was the first time that Helen and I had had such a fierce quarrel since we became friends. My heart shattered into a thousand pieces at this moment, and hot tears just streamed down my face as I walked out of my office..

## **Bye, My Irresistible Love**

### **CHAPTER 689: DYER'S LOVE CONFESSION**

#### **List chapter**

Lucy's POV: After leaving Zhester Technology I walked aimlessly on the road like a wanderer for hours. What happened today was so unexpected. I used to think that I was mentally strong, that I could weather any degree of pain and frustration and that nothing could bring me down. I was wrong! When Martha came to confront me, armed with her daughter as her ammunition, my indestructible heart was pierced and crushed into a million pieces. This was the first time in my life that I'd suffered loss of my pride and self-confidence because of a man. After a while, I guided myself home and I turned on my phone to check my social media account. There was a torrent of abuse online. Words like "mistress" and "home wrecker" were highlighted in bold font. Almost every comment echoed these words and disparaged me, casting aspersions on my character. A rising tide

of madness swept over me. I firmly believed that I had never been the other woman, and I wouldn't easily give up on Dyer. Helen scolded me for being stubborn, claiming that Dyer was insensitive and not good enough for me. But I trusted my instinct. "It is true that I am dating Dyer, but our relationship is based on the premise that we are both single. So based on that, the question of destroying anyone's family or hurting anyone, does not arise." I posted that statement online. It felt as if I was arguing with Martha. This was my way of handling such matters. I preferred toughness to clarification. My statement sparked an outrage online, and even people claiming to be ex-girlfriends of my ex-boyfriends revealed that their ex-boyfriends were actually seduced by me. Everybody took a dig at me. They portrayed me as a shameless tramp who loved to interfere in other people's relationships. These revelations served as a catalyst to bring in greater abuse. More people believed Martha's words now and she was portrayed as a victim. So I became engulfed in another barrage of fierce criticism. I browsed through the comments and smiled sarcastically. Finally I turned off my phone and lay still in bed, ignoring the uproar I had caused on the Internet. The curtains of my room were tightly drawn and only a faint shred of light peeped in. My heart felt like a rat was gnawing away at tiny pieces every minute. Whilst I was wallowing in my misery, the sound of the doorbell ringing, interrupted my thoughts. I lay still in bed, turning a deaf ear to the doorbell. I didn't want company right now. I hoped that whoever it was, would have the good sense to leave immediately. However, the person outside was persistent and kept ringing the doorbell. Being thoroughly annoyed by the urgency of the loud ring, I sat up unwillingly and then went to answer the door. The moment I opened the door, I recognized the tall figure standing outside. The anxiety on Dyer's face made him look ill. He hugged me tightly and asked in a distressed voice, "Lucy! Are you okay?" "What do you think?" I shoved him away, turned around and walked back inside. Dyer closed the door behind him and followed me in. "Lucy, I'm so sorry." Dyer was apologetic. Even at such a time, he offered no further explanation, which really pissed me off. I scoffed inwardly and became even angrier with him. <https://novelebook.com/my-baby-s-daddy-bd2216.htm> Why did he keep saying just "sorry"? Would that solve anything at all? "Didn't you divorce Martha?" I stood in front of him and interrogated softly. "Why did you lie to me?" Now the whole world held me responsible for breaking up Dyer's marriage to Martha and for robbing their innocent daughter of a father. My social media account, which I had been running for years, had been destroyed in minutes. All my business

partners now wanted to terminate their contracts with me. But these were not the issues that bothered me the most. What I was in a tizz about the most was that Dyer had lied to me. The man that I loved had lied to me and put me in a position to be reviled by the public. Dyer looked at me with his soulful eyes and took a step forward. I took a half-step back subconsciously and glared at him warily. "Lucy, it's difficult to explain the relationship between Martha and me in a few words," said Dyer as deep seated sadness trespassed across his eyes. "I have time. Now explain!" I wanted an explanation badly. Dyer was always aloof and unapproachable. He was rarely ever so emotional. When I first met him, I got the impression that he was cold on the outside but hot on the inside. Once someone touched his heart, he would melt. And I believed that someone would be me. I didn't like men who was too forward and talked too much, so I thought Dyer was perfect for me. But at that moment, I finally realized that I had overestimated myself. I could never melt this cold man. No one could. I gave a wry smile. My heart became a frozen lake and my bones began to glaciare as cold, hard reality struck me. I'd been trying to melt an iceberg without any success. What was worse, I'd got frostbitten in the process. Dyer kept silent for a long time, avoiding eye contact with me, while considering how to explain his plight to me. I just stood there, looking at him silently and waiting for his answer. He was generally very curt and liked to keep people guessing what he was thinking. Well, I didn't work for him and why should I have to read his mind? This matter involved our future. What I wanted was a definite answer. If he was willing to talk, I would listen patiently. If he was going to be evasive, I would break up with him right away. "We signed a divorce agreement in which I promised to give up all my possessions. Since then, I haven't had any contact with her and I've even forgotten what she looks like," said Dyer slowly, looking up at me. I looked at him suspiciously. "Why did you give up all your possessions? Only people who are in the wrong make such huge sacrifices. Did you wrong them in some way?" I'd been a relationship blogger for many years, so I knew a lot about marriages and relationships. In many broken marriages, even the spouse who was in the wrong, would usually fight over assets in their divorce settlement. It was almost unheard of for a man to willingly give up his assets. How serious a mistake must he have made to give up his whole fortune? I didn't believe that he was such a man, but I was prepared to give him the benefit of the doubt. I wanted to hear the truth from the horse's mouth. If we wanted to continue our relationship, this was bound to be the biggest obstacle to us being together. If Dyer didn't come out with the truth

now, there would surely be more conflicts in the future. Instead of hiding what I really thought, I preferred to be straightforward and put all our cards on the table. I took the initiative to ask him out of respect for our relationship. I didn't want us to misunderstand each other. I wanted to give our relationship a chance. After all, I still loved Dyer insanely and wanted to be with him. Dyer bit his lower lip. "I didn't do anything wrong to them, and the child has nothing to do with me." His short sentence was loaded with information. I looked up at him in astonishment. Had Martha cheated on Dyer? And she even got pregnant with her lover's child? Dyer nodded in acquiescence to my guess. My mind fell into total disarray. Just before he spoke, I was so disillusioned with our relationship that I wanted to break up with him. But now I felt really sorry for him, and his words cooled my anger. "You shouldn't have just let her go. It wasn't fair for you," I said sadly. Although it was not difficult for Dyer to earn the money back, I was furious when I thought of Martha's betrayal, their unfair divorce settlement and now the fact that Martha had described him as the unfaithful spouse. My heart ached for him. "After all, she's been with me for so many years, and it's not easy for her to raise a child on her own," Dyer said, smiling faintly. "I just wanted my conscience to be clear." I looked him up and down. "Was that really the reason? Or did you just still have feelings for her?" Dyer smiled openly, his face no longer so glum. "What do you think?" "I don't know!" I replied, exasperated. I wanted him to spell it out to me clearly. I was in no mood for guessing games. Dyer held me tightly in his arms and rubbed his face against my shoulder. His tone was still cold, but he was a little gentler. "Lucy, I married Martha under compulsion. My mother was very sick back then and it was her wish that I marry Martha. As a dutiful son, I obeyed my mother and married Martha. I had to do it for my mother's sake." When I heard the reason for his marriage with Martha, I breathed an intense sigh of relief. "So you didn't love her?" I asked with a straight face, curling my lips. "I never loved her," replied Dyer decisively. "Who do you love then?" I asked, hoping to flatter myself. Dyer lifted his face from my shoulder and looked me deep in the eye. "I love you. You are the only one in my heart," he answered earnestly. "My biggest mistake, Lucy, was that I shouldn't have been so self-righteous in my divorce settlement. Also, I should not have hooked up with you till my divorce was finalized. It would have spared you all the insults and abuse that you are facing now. Perhaps we should take some time apart. When I get things sorted out and I am officially single, I will get back with you," Dyer promised. "I think Martha is making such a big deal out of this



so you'll have no choice but to accept it and be with her. Are you sure you can convince her to change her mind?" I asked uncertainly. Obviously, Martha was going to destroy Dyer if she couldn't have him. "I have to give it my best shot. As far as I know, Martha was in a steady relationship with some man. But I think something went wrong because he seems to have disappeared from the scene. That's why she wants me back," explained Dyer as he rubbed his temples wearily. He seemed to regret not following up on the divorce matter. Had he completed the necessary procedures, he wouldn't have landed himself in this dilemma now. Had any other woman been in this predicament, I would have given her an earful and told her to stay away from such a man. But when it came to myself, the same advice just didn't work. I was obsessed with Dyer, and I couldn't bear to part with him, or share him. Thankfully, I still had a trace of sanity left in me. "It's all because you didn't tie up your loose ends that it has snowballed into such a mess. Because of your failure to complete your divorce procedures, I'm being attacked so maliciously on the Internet. I could probably lose my job as a headhunter. Martha has also exposed my personal details online and now I'm on the receiving end of so many crank calls," I complained grievously, digging my face into his chest. After all, with all my relationship experience, I knew that I had to show my weakness and vulnerability to him. The guiltier Dyer felt, the more he would care about this matter. Although he had promised to take care of it, a man's promise couldn't always be fully trusted, or I would end up getting hurt. As expected, Dyer easily blamed himself all the more. "I'm so sorry." "Can't you say anything else except 'I'm sorry'?" I glared at him and let go of his waist. However, his hands still firmly held my waist. "I will deal with everything right away. I will not expose you to any more suffering. I promise," he declared.

## **Bye, My Irresistible Love**

### **CHAPTER 690: PDA**

**List chapter**

Helen's POV: I still went to see Lucy several times after the day we fought. Although we still cared about each other, there was now a crack in our relationship after she said those words. Our trust had been broken, and we gradually drifted apart from each other. And now, we seldom talked for fear that we would only hurt each other again. Impressively, Lucy remained as light-hearted as before despite what the public thought of her and even though her colleagues were giving her strange gazes. She dressed up and went to work just as she usually did. Just like all issues, the matter died down after a few days. People began to lose interest and started talking about something new. As for me, I did not try to persuade her anymore. I knew that if I brought up the topic, we would only end up arguing again. It might even hurt our friendship further. Meanwhile, the due diligence in Fantail Entertainment was drawing to an end. I was getting busier day by day, so I did not have time to worry about Lucy. Fantail Entertainment was an entertainment company. Tens of thousands of people were watching the company all the time, so the company's qualifications, financial situation, and operation were perfectly in accordance with the law. As a result, it only took me a while to write these reports. However, data collection work of the contracts, such as employment contracts, business contracts, and project contracts, was a little complicated. It took me quite a while to classify and sort them all out. I had talked to Sanford several times, but in the end, I still had no idea whether or not he would renew his contract with Fantail Entertainment when his current contract expired. Of course, I had to write what we had talked about in the report. This was a key risk that needed special attention in the acquisition process. Everything went smoothly according to plan. <https://novelebook.com/my-baby-s-daddy-bd2216.htm>

However, something went wrong in the negotiation process. Spacetime Finance, which had plans to acquire Fantail Entertainment, had taken a fancy to Sanford's business value. However, I had written in the due diligence report that the contract between Sanford and Fantail Entertainment would expire in less than three years. And until then, nobody knew if he would stay or not. There was no doubt that this would greatly reduce the value of this acquisition. When the two parties were negotiating, Spacetime Finance insisted that Fantail Entertainment sign another ten-year contract with Sanford. Otherwise, their offer would have to be far lower than the previous one. Fantail Entertainment could not force Sanford to renew the contract, though. The negotiation between the two sides was in a deadlock. I was not surprised by this. Truthfully speaking, I did not regret my decision to

document everything truthfully because I just did what I was supposed to do as a lawyer. Just as I was about to step out of the meeting room, Velma stopped me. She rushed to me with a fierce look on her face and asked, "What did I tell you before? I told you not to include everything in the report! Why did you have to mention Sanford's contract?" "Miss Collins, I just did my job," I answered without beating around the bush. "You...Just you wait!" Velma shot daggers at me and then left in a huff. I was at a loss for words as I watched her walk away. This young lady was indeed headstrong. Nonetheless, I just want to do my job well.

Kendal's POV: In the afternoon, when I came to Spacetime Finance, I happened to bump into Velma, who was rushing out of the building angrily. Before I could say anything to greet her, she complained, "Do you think Helen did it on purpose? She knew that I wanted to get close to Sanford, but she still wrote the contract issue in the report!" "As you've said, your target is Sanford. Of course, Helen was going to investigate him. It's her job. If she doesn't state it clearly in the report, as the main lawyer, she'll have to shoulder the consequences if anything goes wrong." "I defended Helen as I believed that she was in the right." Velma glared at me. "Which side are you on?" "On the right one," I firmly replied. Infuriated, she complained, "You're as rigid as Dad. Why should you have to acquire the Fantail Entertainment and make things so complicated? Can't you just poach Sanford from Fantail Entertainment to Spacetime Finance?" "What will he do there anyway? Fool around with you all day long?" I retorted. I did not want to explain anything to Velma anymore. Besides, arguing with her was like talking to a wall. Did she really believe that Spacetime Finance's acquisition plan was for her? After a thorough evaluation, Spacetime Finance had put a high mark on Fantail Entertainment's resources in the industry and its mature operation mode. "Of course, not! What do you take me for? Do you think you're better than me? You pretended to be loyal to Cece, but you ended up falling in love with Helen. Go ahead and keep defending her. Sadly for you, she won't appreciate your help." "You idiot." I knew very well that Velma was simple-minded. I did not expect her to be so blind, though. If she had only taken the time to observe things, she would have noticed that something fishy was going on between Helen and George. But she still believed that I liked Helen. How funny. While we were talking, Helen came out of Spacetime Finance's office building. Even though I tried to do something for her out of kindness, I ended up messing it up. I had not seen her since, nor did I dare to visit George. It was not every day I got to meet her here. So, I took the initiative to greet her to try and make amends. "Helen, are you done with work? How about I drive you home?" I

asked with a smile. Helen looked at me and answered, "Sure." "I want to go with you!" Velma interjected. She was undoubtedly gossipy. She even wanted to follow us, but I stopped her. Erin had sent her to monitor George, and Velma was not someone who could be trusted with secrets. I could not let her know about George and Helen's relationship; otherwise, Erin would soon know about it too. It would be a disaster if Erin found out that George had married Helen behind her back. "Humph! Whatever!" Velma let out a snort and left. She was no longer a child, but she would still throw tantrums if she did not get what she wanted. I glanced at her and shook my head helplessly. With that, I drove Helen back to the high end community where she and George lived. By the time we reached the parking space, George was already there, waiting for us. As soon as Helen got out of the car, George walked up to her and took her bag. He then held her hand and kissed her on the forehead. "Are you tired?" Helen wrapped her arms around George and looked up at him. "Yeah. I'm exhausted." George raised his hand and gently touched her cheek. It seemed as though she was the only one that he could see. I could not help but roll my eyes as I watched the scene in front of me. I could not stand their PDA. Without a word, I turned around and walked to the other side, giving them some privacy. To my surprise, I ran into Velma, who turned out to be following us here. She had just gotten out of the car and was pointing at the two people behind me, who were hugging each other, with her eyes wide in shock. "You...she... they..." She was too stunned to utter a complete sentence. George and Helen turned their heads to look at the person who had just spoken. The former slowly let go of his beloved wife and looked at Velma with an intense gaze. "What did you see?" he coldly asked.