

# Bye, My Irresistible Love

## CHAPTER 711 DIVORCE GEORGE IMMEDIATELY

### List chapter

Helen's POV: "This is the only way to solve the problem. It's a generous compromise already. I came to negotiate with you by giving you what you want, all the resources and connections from George, except marrying him." George's mother made her point clear. She would tolerate my relationship with her son if I agreed to be only his mistress. As long as I had no plans of marrying into the Affleck family, she would leave us alone. But someday in the future, George would have to marry someone, a woman of his caliber and social standing. "Why don't you go talk to George about this and ask if he's okay with this setup or not?" I countered out of sympathy for George. His parents valued family interests more than anything else. For the glory of their name, they would go to great lengths to protect it, even if it meant denying their son's happiness. They didn't care about what George wanted. He had been living with such a family since his childhood. It was quite a surprise that he turned out to be a better person than them. I didn't want to be in her presence anymore, so I turned my back on her and left to spare myself from further stress. When I got home in the evening, I didn't discuss with George the meeting I had earlier with his mother. If he got even the slightest whiff, he would only be caught up in a dilemma between his parents and me, and I didn't want anything like that for him. His mother's words kept me from sleeping, though. Finally, I couldn't help but nudge George and ask, "Is Josie beautiful?" "Who?" George muttered in his sleep. "The girl you dated over the New Year's holiday. Is she beautiful?" I pressed lightly, awaiting his answer. "I was deceived into meeting her. We met as kids, yet I barely remembered her when I grew up. Mrs. Affleck, if you have the energy for this, we better use it to do something else." It seemed that George didn't want to sleep now. He got on top of me and started fondling my body. "You're right! We should just sleep!" I shut up immediately, sinking into his arms

as I drifted to slumber. When the project managed by Yeadon Real Estate was officially handed over to Leeson Holdings, I recommended Cece to Devin. He was so pleased after meeting and talking with her that he decided to give her the pre-promotion and planning work. After I finished the project, I wasn't that busy anymore and even had some time to spare. As I had no new project currently, to kill time, I helped Phil sort out some documents of the cases they handled. Since I joined the law firm, I'd come a long way and I could now see things from a whole new perspective. I'd now learn something new even by reading the reports I used to handle, which amounted to training myself. With the several projects I completed, it was safe to say that I had grown a lot. Near the end of my shift, I was busy organizing the files when the office suddenly quieted down. I wondered what might have happened and looked up. Someone then threw a pile of documents at my face before I could see what was going on. They hit my forehead and eventually crashed to the floor. As dizzy as I was, I raised my head. Oh, great. It was my husband's mother fuming. The usual air of elegance was gone the moment she charged at me. She completely lost it and roared, "Why did you lie to me, Helen?" I was still processing her question when I felt a sharp sting on my cheek. Did she really just slap me? My jaw almost dropped from the blow. George's mother unleashed all her anger with that one hit causing my body to fall to the ground. Everything happened so fast that I had no chance to even dodge it. I knelt on the cold tiles. My mind went blank, and my ears were ringing. It took me a while to grasp the situation. Phil dashed out of his office to help me up. He growled at George's mother, "The law firm is not a place for you to run wild! How can you hurt my colleague like that?" I came to my senses slowly. That seething woman must have struck me with the papers that were now scattered all over. Moving my eyes around, I noticed they seemed familiar. They were copies of my marriage certificate. What I had feared just became real. George's mother found out about us. I panicked upon the realization, but I soon composed myself and said, "Let's talk in the meeting room." Everyone's eyes peered through me. I didn't want to wash my dirty laundry with an audience. Phil supported me and checked, "Do you need me to go with you?" "No, thanks, Phil." I waved at him, squeezing out a faint smile for assurance, and took George's mother to discuss in private. Once I closed the door, she lashed out at me. "I don't care what you did to fool my son into marrying you. Divorce him right this instant! Otherwise, there will be consequences. You should know your place. If you are smart enough, you shouldn't pester George anymore!" The side of my

face was still burning, and the buzzing in my head had not stopped. Her demand irritated the hell out of me. If it weren't for George's sake, I would have slapped his mother back right away. "Talk to George first. If he agrees, I won't object," I replied. I didn't want to get involved with the Affleck family's business. She should be dealing with George, not me. Why did she go to me as soon as she discovered our marriage? Perhaps she thought I was vulnerable to following her will. If I really gave in, it would mean disrespecting George. I would not allow his efforts fighting for our relationship to go to waste. Unfortunately, his mother thought differently. She snapped back, "Are you threatening me? Do you think there's nothing I can do to you?" "Please calm down, or everyone will know that I married George. I have no prestige and high social status, so I'm not bothered about this. Yet, you care a lot, don't you?" If possible, I would prefer that I get along with the Afflecks. However, his mother's reaction alone confirmed one thing. I would not be at their mercy.

## **Bye, My Irresistible Love**

### **CHAPTER 712 ON SHAKY GROUND**

#### **List chapter**

Erin's POV: This afternoon, I was surprised when a package from an anonymous sender was delivered to me at home. When I opened it and saw the copy Georges' and Helen's marriage certificate, I was livid! @ George and Helen were already married! What the hell! Even before I knew that Helen existed, George had married that gold digger without my permission! I quickly had someone look into this matter and it turned out to be true. They were really legally married! My blood churned with anger and resentment. By the time I reached Hesmor Law Firm and saw Helen, my anger had reached boiling point. I couldn't care less about where I was and who was present. I just flung the papers in my hand into her face. What on earth had Helen done to trap my naive son into marriage?

Even a resounding slap would not be enough to make her see sense. After a long time, I managed to calm down a little. I was still seething, though. I began to re-evaluate this woman. Sadly, I had underestimated her cunning. She was more scheming than Cinderella's stepmother! If such a vile woman married into the Affleck family, she would stain the pure reputation that we had upheld for so many generations. I would never welcome her into our family. Before leaving, I threatened her vociferously, "Helen, this slap is just my early warning to you. I want you to divorce George right away or I will torture you so badly that you will only find relief in your own suicide!" When I walked out of Hesmor Law Firm, my head was spinning like it was ready to explode. My brain buzzed like there were a million bees inside. Before going to see Helen, I had asked the maid for some painkillers and a couple of blood-pressure pills. With my stress levels being so high, I was afraid that I would collapse before meeting Helen. I generally took pretty good care of my health. But as I was aging, my physical condition was deteriorating and because I was experiencing so much of emotional turmoil, my hair was starting to turn grey. As soon as I reached home, I was greeted by Morton's loud, angry voice. I rushed to his side to ascertain the cause of his fury. A maid immediately came up and gave me the phone. She said anxiously, "It's old Mr. Affleck. They just had a terrible argument!" When I took the phone, the headache I had earlier, worsened. My head felt like a thousand bongo drums were pounding inside. But I still had to maintain calm in front of my father-in-law. "Dad, what happened?" "Are you seriously asking me what happened? What kind of idiotic parents are you? How can you not know anything about it when your son's already married? Before the whole world gets to know about it, you better have it annulled." He gave a strict instruction in a menacing tone and then hung up the phone. I didn't even get a chance to defend myself against his stream of invective. Morton rebuked me disapprovingly as if I was responsible for what George had done. "How could you, his mother, not know about such an important thing?" Although I wanted to lash out at Morton, I had to be the one to keep a cool head and contain my anger. George was not only my son. Morton was his father but he had always been indifferent to George. Now that we had landed ourselves in such a crisis, he just blamed me for it. But when I saw his unyielding look, I replied calmly, "I'll find a way out of this." "Whatever you do, remember to keep a low profile. Don't let the paparazzi get wind of this bad news before the election is over," Morton ordered in a hoarse voice. "Okay, I'll keep that in mind." I knew how serious the matter was. Although I was most

dissatisfied with his selfish attitude, I bottled up all my anger. I was physically and mentally exhausted. The maid helped me back to my bedroom and I lay down on the bed. I was too upset to bother with dinner.

ισνελεβσοκ.ζσm Helen's POV: After George's mother left in a flurry, I sank into the chair in the meeting room. My face was burning and I experienced a bit of vertigo. I only pretended to be strong in front of George's mother. But I had been mocked, humiliated and castigated so many times that my faith in my marriage was becoming a little shaky. It was not that I doubted or distrusted George's love for me but rather that I meant nothing to the Affleck family. I was insignificant in their lives. In fact, they all seemed to hate me with a passion. George's mother's words rang true as they echoed in my mind. She could easily destroy me. Given her contacts, I wouldn't have a snowball's chance in hell to survive against her. I would not have the strength to hold on. I kindly asked Phil to step out as I wanted to be alone for a while. Phil sensibly obliged and closed the door behind him. The moment I was left alone in the meeting room, my straight back collapsed and I melted into a pathetic heap. At that very moment, George messaged me. "Are you done with work? Shall I come over and pick you up?" I stared at the message for a long time and hot tears slowly blurred my vision. Then I finally replied, "No, I need to see Cece tonight, so I won't go back. She has only just come back to New York and needs some help adjusting to her new life here." I hated lying to George, but sadly I had to. The truth was, Cece was very independent and didn't need my help at all. Besides, I didn't want Cece to see me in this state now. Cece had had a conflict with Kendal's mother a long time ago. If I went to see her and opened up about my dilemma, it would remind her of the past and depress her. Whenever I felt that I had hit rock bottom, I always thought of Lucy. She was my anchor. If only I had her here with me now through this tough time... When Jane slapped me in public that time, it was also Lucy who defended me and slapped Jane back. But this time she was not here to witness that humiliating slap... How would she have reacted? After thinking for a while and really missing Lucy, I sent her a message. "Hello, Lucy! Where are you now?" Lucy's reply came through quickly. "On vacation in Hawaii." Her answer was succinct but at least she had replied. My relationship with Lucy had been strained ever since I told her that I disapproved of her relationship with Dyer. Now I was guilt ridden and didn't know how to reply to her. Just then Lucy sent another message. "What's wrong?" "Nothing. I just miss you a lot. Take care of yourself, okay?" I knew Lucy went away to get over her personal pain too, so I didn't want to burden her with my troubles. "I'm sorry, Helen. I will only be

back in about two months' time." Lucy had quit her jobs as a headhunter and as a relationship blogger. Her relationship with Dyer was still complicated so she needed some space. She felt a vacation would help relax her and clear her mind. I then transferred all the money I owed Lucy into her account. I didn't think too much when transferring the money. I simply figured that she had lost her income and she might need the money. But Lucy misunderstood me. She texted me back immediately. "What's that supposed to mean? Do you want to disassociate yourself from me? I'll say this one last time, Helen. I am not a home-wrecker and I have never harmed anyone in my life!" I was deeply pained when I saw her message. I tried to call her to set the record straight, but I found that she had switched off her phone. My heart became too heavy for me to carry it. In the end, I didn't reply to her message. I turned off my phone and threw it onto the table. I was too exhausted to defend myself.

## **Bye, My Irresistible Love**

### **CHAPTER 713: GEORGE'S GUILT**

#### **List chapter**

Helen's POV: I remained holed up in the meeting room till all my colleagues left. I was clueless about where to go. Perhaps I should book a room in a hotel for a few days. I needed to hide my red swollen cheek from George. I thought the office was deserted, but when I stepped out, I found Phil still sitting at his desk, busy as usual. He had obviously remained behind out of concern for me. He looked up at me when I finally came out of the meeting room, turned off the computer, and approached me. "Where are you going? I'll drop you off." Phil was always such a caring and considerate man. I was greatly touched by his compassion so I gave him the name of the hotel I planned to stay at. "Okay! Let's go." Phil picked up the car keys and we walked to the garage. He was so understanding that he didn't ask about the unpleasant incident involving George's mother earlier. After

entering the elevator, Phil suggested, "Helen, instead of going to the hotel now, may I suggest that we pop in at my home? You can visit with my mother for a bit. She hasn't seen you in a while and really misses you." "Thank you, but I'd rather not. I'm afraid the sight of my swollen face will give rise to too many questions." I had finally managed to calm down after spending hours alone in the meeting room. "Okay." Phil didn't insist and opened the door for me like a true gentleman. I fixed my gaze out of the window as we traveled to the hotel. I was in a stupor and my heart felt like a deep, dark, bottomless pit. It was not until Phil called my name that I returned to the present. "Helen, your phone is ringing. Answer it." Actually my phone had been ringing for quite a while but I really didn't hear it. My mind was so far away. When I saw George's name pop up on the screen, I was hesitant to answer it. Finally, I took his call. "I'll give you one more chance. When will you come back?" George's voice was sad but firm. I couldn't hold back any longer and I shed bitter tears. I felt so aggrieved by the incident that I almost choked on my heavy sobs. "I don't want to come home tonight." I couldn't let him see his mother's handiwork on my face. As it was, George was torn between his mother and me. He was already deeply saddened by the manner in which his mother had treated me of late. If he learnt that his mother had slapped me so hard, there was no telling what he would do. I was not afraid of his mother's threats. I just didn't want George to suffer, being caught up in this merry mess. Phil and I were sitting close enough for him to overhear our conversation. Then he said, "I think the car behind us is George's. I noticed him following us for a long time." I looked up at the rearview mirror and saw that George was indeed following us. The pain in my heart began to slowly ease like a ray of sunlight passing through the clouds. As soon as Phil finished his words, George accelerated and caught up with us. He made a sharp turn and stopped in front of us. Phil braked in time to avoid a collision. My body jerked forward and then bounced back into place. Fortunately I was wearing my seat belt. I looked out and realized that my mind was still hazy. George got out of his car and strode towards me. He knocked on my window and gestured to me to get off. Unfastened the seat belt obediently and got off the car. When George saw me, there was horror in his eyes. He held my face in his hands and stared at me. He then asked with much angst, "What happened to you?" Only then did I recall the tight slap. I held his hand and reassured him. "It's okay. It doesn't hurt anymore." "Did my mother do this?" "She found it hard to accept our marriage." I quickly recounted to him what had happened. George's face became paler and paler as he tried to digest the information I



shared with him. He tried to touch my cheek but then quickly withdrew his hand for fear of hurting me. He asked worriedly, "Does it still hurt?" "No, it's much better now."

Although George's mother had used all her strength to slap me, I could bear it because I have a high threshold for pain. But I was very sad. I knew that my marriage with George would be received with objection, but I never expected to be assaulted by his overbearing mother. In the afternoon, when she rushed in, she glared at me as if she were the wolf and I was little Red Riding Hood, ready to be eaten up. George bit his lips, took my hand, and helped me back into Phil's car. Then he said to Phil, "Mr. Mason, please do me a favor and drop Helen off at home." I sensed that something was terribly wrong. I rolled down the window and asked, "Where are you going?" George stopped and comforted me, "Don't worry. Go home and wait for me there. I'll be back very soon." "Are you going back to your parents' home?" I asked agonizingly. "Don't think too much. I'll be back before you can miss me." "Don't be too impulsive. Talk sensibly and peacefully with them, okay? They're your parents after all." "Okay." George waved at me and drove away.

George's POV: I promised myself that I would not act impulsively. I was actually very calm, and I know the way I tried to communicate with my parents backfired. I had talked to them several times and had told them how much I loved Helen. I had warned them not to hurt Helen, but they still disrespected the both of us. So they couldn't blame me for being brash and disregarding their feelings now. I could still vividly remember the time at the staff canteen of Zhester Technology, I stopped Helen without first finding out the facts, which directly resulted in Jane slapping her. I would carry that pain in my heart for the rest of my life. That guilt was eating away at my soul. Today, sadly, Helen was slapped again because of me. When I saw the swollen, red palm print on her face, I was devastated. I felt her pain. The person I loved and cherished so much had been humiliated and hurt by my own family! I could not stomach that. For the entire duration of my flight, my hands trembled, but my mind was as clear as a mountain stream. As soon as I got home, a very disturbed maid came out to meet me. "Mr. George, you're back. Mrs. Affleck is too angry to have dinner. She has locked herself in her room for hours. Recently she has been in poor health. What if something happens to her?" This maid had been working for my mother for many years. She was brought here by my mother when my parents just got married. I had grown up before her very eyes, so I knew she was staunchly devoted to my mother. "Please ask her to come down. My father is also home, right? Call them both here," I ordered calmly. I'd never had a close bond with my family. But now I was so



disappointed with my parents and the family for suddenly feeling the need to shape my life. The maid went upstairs and summoned them. Soon, my parents came downstairs. My mother was under the impression that I had come to apologize, so as soon as she came downstairs, she scolded, "So you've finally realized your mistake? Look at what you have done. You insist on marrying a scheming gold digger and hiding it from us. If this family means anything to you, you will divorce her immediately!" I ignored her unwarranted outburst. When they were both seated on the sofa, I faceted Grandpa. "What's the need to call your grandfather?" my father asked, uncomprehending. Grandpa was the most dignified and most powerful person in the family. Even my parents were afraid of him. We never bothered him with our daily affairs. So my calling him up was a big deal. When the phone was connected, I said, "I have something of utmost importance to announce to everyone."

## **Bye, My Irresistible Love**

### **CHAPTER 714: RUIN THE WHOLE FAMILY TO PROTECT HELEN**

#### **List chapter**

Chapter 714: Ruin The Whole Family To Protect Helen George's POV: "You ought to have known that Helen and I got married. The reason I neglected to tell you before marrying her should be clear to all of you." My tone was unfeeling and heartless. "I've arranged this meeting with all of you to make myself crystal clear. I will never divorce Helen. Period. So do yourself a favor and stop interfering in our lives." The three elders looked at me aghast, their eyes citing disapproval. My mother opened her mouth to speak, but I interrupted her rudely. "Mom, you promised me that no matter what happened, you would avoid clashing with Helen and would refrain from making our lives difficult. Did you keep your promise? Hell no! You went to her place of work and even slapped her!" The anger in my chest was rising like an airplane taking off. Only now did I realize what

callous and downright nasty people my parents were. It was never my desire to confront and threaten my parents in this way. I would have avoided it at all costs if I could. But they left me with no choice. "I've told you umpteen times how important Helen is to me, but you choose to ignore my sentiments. You are pushing my boundaries now. I bet you have no idea how far I would go for her!" Then I flung a thick stack of documents in front of my parents. The expressions on their faces changed from anger at me to shock. They clearly wondered what I had up my sleeve. My mother stood up and picked up a document. After a swift scan of the document, she fell back in her seat. She began to shiver and breathe heavily as if she was having a panic attack, but her anger did not leave her. The maid, who had been standing nearby, hurriedly brought my mother's chronic medication. "Mrs. Affleck! It's bad for your health. Please calm down." She gave my mother a glass of water and her pills and tried to comfort her. My mother was lying on the sofa, very weak and gasping for breath. "You ungrateful child! What the hell do you want?" my father roared at me after he saw the documents scattered in front of him like bust beer bottles. I had specifically and painstakingly collected these documents. They clearly documented my father's scandalous life, including the affairs he had with various women when he was young. It also detailed his serious misconduct in his political career. For people who were fighting for power, no one was clean enough and could withstand investigation. "George, how did you find about all that forgotten history? Were you shameless enough to investigate your own father?" My mother looked pale but was more stable than before. However, her voice was still strained and shaky when she spoke. This reminder of her painful past hurt her badly. When my father was young, he had multiple affairs with a string of women. In order to maintain the reputation of the Affleck family, my grandfather deviously took care of all his dirty linen. If my parents had not pushed me to the limit, I would not have spent valuable time gathering this damning evidence. Because I wasn't into politics, they openly spoke about these matters in my presence when I was younger. Now that I was in the Internet business, I could easily dig up dirt on someone however deep their secrets were buried. So now I had the upper hand. Even these small matters I'd found were enough to make them afraid. My plan would invariably work. These things never bothered me before, but now I found them useful. They were my leverage against my family. I frowned inwardly because I didn't feel that I had done anything wrong. I was not indifferent to my family. I just wanted to show them my tenacity. I could beat them at their own game. I would never back down on Helen.

There was no way I was going to divorce her. Come hell or high water, I would stick with Helen. The whole living room went dead silent. My parents felt suffocated. My grandfather on the other side of the video call kept quiet as well. His face was covered in shame. "Grandpa! Dad! Mom! My decision to marry Helen is mine alone, not yours. If you give Helen any more trouble, these documents won't just sit here idle. I promise I will make them public. I can, and I will do anything to protect Helen from the likes of you" I reiterated my intention that I was willing to ruin the whole family to protect Helen. I wanted to make sure that they knew that I meant every word I just said. My father was currently busy canvassing in the upcoming election. Since my grandfather's time, the Affleck family had gained a lot of support. Exposing my father at this critical time would undo all my grandfather's hard work. If any scandal broke out at this juncture, it would be devastating to the Affleck family and other interested parties. They would lose favor with the electorate and suffer a humiliating defeat. I would have never threatened my family with this if they hadn't gone so far. But they were really pressing my buttons. "You are a real disgrace. Your son is threatening to expose all your scandals!" my grandfather growled at my father. Having said that, my grandfather ended the video call, seething with anger. I put my phone away and walked out of the house, ignoring my parents' grumpy faces. I had said everything that I needed to say, and I didn't want to be in their presence even a minute longer. Erin's POV: "You can't do anything right. You literally just added new meaning to the word useless!" Morton lashed out at me spitefully with a sour face after George left. His hurtful remark plunged into my heart like a sharp knife. I worked as a respected official, but he never spoke to me with respect at home. "Are these my scandals or yours?" I retorted, setting free my angry emotions like a popped champagne bottle. "If you hadn't been romancing other women and embezzling money, would your son be able to hold a gun to your head today? You dug your own grave, so lie in it! Why didn't you say these hateful things to your father or your son? Because you are afraid of them. You just abuse your power over me because you think I'm a sponge that can absorb anything! Well, I'll have you know that after all these years, I've finally had enough of your nonsense!" All the words that I had hidden in my heart for too long, suddenly surfaced in one big, outburst. After all the drama, I felt my blood pressure soar again. I almost lost my balance and swayed unsteadily. The maid hurried to help me. "Mrs. Affleck, why are you stressing yourself when you know you are unwell?! Please relax," she was always there for me. She helped me back onto the sofa. "I have nothing

left in my life but the title of Mrs. Affleck," I grieved. That was the only reason I was prepared to keep my marriage alive. After being married to Morton for donkey's years, I understood him best. For him, having numerous affairs when he was young, was just a novelty. We had married with the interests of our families in mind. As long as the purpose of our families remained, our marriage would stay intact. Now in his old age, he was not distracted by any skirt. All that mattered to him now was his supreme position and his powerful identity. My rage caused him to calm down quickly and he stopped arguing with me. "How much do you know about this Helen?" he asked directly. Have you had someone investigate her background?" After taking the medicine, I felt much better. "Yes. She comes from an ordinary family. Her father died a long time ago, and her mother lives with her in New York," I told him the result of my investigation. There was nothing more that I could add on yet. After a moment's contemplation, Morton said, "I don't think a girl from an ordinary background can stir up any trouble. Let's wait and see after the election if we need to do anything. But until then, George's marriage must remain a secret."

## **Bye, My Irresistible Love**

### **CHAPTER 715: OUR HEARTS ARE VERY CLOSE**

#### **List chapter**

George's POV: After leaving my parents' house in Washington, I flew back to New York through the night. I felt terrible when I fought with them. I actually had been trying hard and holding back from the very beginning, or else they would have messed with Helen even more. But they really went too far this time. Fortunately, I picked up on my mother investigating Helen's family background before it was too late. I intercepted her findings with fake reports to avoid unnecessary trouble. Despite my efforts, I knew that I couldn't hide it forever. Sooner or later, they will find out the truth. The fact that Helen's mother

was staying in a psychiatric ward would be frowned upon by the Affleck family. I loved Helen so much that I would do anything to protect her. When I got home, Helen sat on the sofa, watching TV alone. Her tender skin glowed under the light from the television. While admiring her from a distance, a faint red mark on her face caught my attention. She seemed to be sleepy that she struggled to keep her eyes open. Maybe she was looking forward to my arrival that she hadn't gone to bed. My heart softened. I walked quickly to my wife and checked, "Why don't you go to bed?" "I'm waiting for you." Helen stood up and threw herself into my arms. She reached out and cupped my face, giving me a concerned look. Her eyes were misty. The touch of her hand felt warm on my cheek, so I leaned in to kiss her. Helen raised her head to meet my lips. I caressed her soft hair and went to the fridge to get an ice bag to apply to her face. "Does it still hurt?" She shook her head. How could it not hurt? She was only saying it to make me feel better. My mother probably slapped her forcefully to think the mark it left had not faded away. Helen must have been helpless. My mother lashed out at her, yet she would rather hide it from me so I wouldn't get worried. I couldn't help but kiss her forehead, hoping it would ease her pain. I wouldn't let anyone hurt her anymore. After a while, I handed the ice pack to her and went to the bathroom to clean up. Helen followed me. As I brushed my teeth and washed my face in front of the wash basin, she stood by the bathroom door and peered at me quietly like a little lost puppy. Once done, I headed to the shower. Much to my surprise, the love of my life was still by the door, ogling at me. I teased, "Why are you still here? Do you want to shower together with me?" Perhaps I was smiling like an idiot while unbuttoning my shirt. To have my dear wife stare at me like this swept all of my qualms away, a sense of relief taking over me. Helen lifted her chin, snorted, and left with the ice pack still on her face. Watching her receding figure, I let out a chuckle before freshening up. When I came out, Helen was almost asleep. I hugged her from behind, my head against her neck, and held her hands tightly. Just being in this position with her made me feel giddy. Each time our hands touched, it was electrifying. I grew fond of being this intimate with her that I always interlocked my fingers with her. Helen tilted her head and wondered why I liked holding her hands like this. I replied, "It's the same as connecting our hearts." It was one of the reasons. The other was that I just liked Helen's hands. They were soft and slender. I noticed it when I saw Helen playing the piano on the stage back in high school. Her fingers danced along with the music. At that moment, I knew it was love at first sight. After chatting with her, I craved more of her. Cradling her

in my arms to sleep did not satisfy me. I kissed her again and again, eventually lifting the hem of her clothes and stroking her delicate skin. My movements kept her awake. She wrapped her arms around my neck and returned my kisses passionately. Her eyes were brimming with affection, assuring me that I was the only one in her heart. Our kisses became more intense all of a sudden. I tried to be as gentle as I could though, avoiding my wife's inflamed cheek. Finally, Helen felt like dozing off. She rested herself against my chest. I kissed her forehead and said, "Honey, let's go on our honeymoon." Conveniently, there wasn't much to attend to in the company. The Zhester Technology suffered through a storm, but it was now stable. I was training a professional manager recently to do things on my behalf. Plus, Helen had already finished her work with Leeson Holdings, which meant she had some free time to spare at the moment. It was the best time to go on a trip with her. "Let's do it later. I know that the real estate project is over. Still, I don't know when the next one will be, and I have to look for clients myself." Helen sounded uninterested. She then drifted to slumber while I, on the other hand, couldn't sleep a wink. I took out my phone to browse for ideal honeymoon places. We couldn't go too far, considering Helen's mother was staying in a hospital. We needed a place with good scenery so we could do our wedding photo shoot as well. I glanced at the woman sleeping soundly in my arms. I brushed my fingers lightly against her cheek, and my heart ached for how much I loved her. When we were in high school, I was still kind of confused about love. True, I mustered up the courage to call Helen to tell her how I felt about her, but sadly things didn't work out as I expected. During the years I studied abroad, it had become a habit of mine to check Helen's social media account. I had no idea what I wanted. Then I returned home, planning to pursue Helen by taking things slowly. However, I failed to control myself and just slept with her the very night we met again. I acknowledged that it was a mere infatuation, denying it was anything more than that. However, my feelings for her fervently burned as time went by. Once the realization hit me, I was already deeply in love with her. For me, Helen was my soul mate. All of the qualities I imagined my wife would have, she possessed. I stared at her the whole night, still in awe that I had married the woman of my dreams. When Helen woke up that morning, she asked, "Did you stay up all night?"

## **Bye, My Irresistible Love**

### **CHAPTER 716: HONEYMOON**



## List chapter

Helen's POV: George answered my question by turning on his phone and handing it to me. I felt exhilarated by what I saw. It contained the full schedule of our honeymoon. The itinerary was detailed and full of activities for almost every day. "So did you stay up all night arranging our honeymoon?" Initially I was not too excited about the honeymoon. Although the Leeson Holdings project had been completed successfully, unlike Anya and Phil, I didn't have any other stable projects to work on all the time, so I was a little unsettled. But seeing how attentive George was about the planning, I was moved and suddenly looked forward to a blissful honeymoon. "All you need to do is to request leave from the law firm. I'll take care of the rest from booking our flights and hotels to packing and arranging our daily activities. So much has happened over the past few weeks. I think we both deserve a nice, long break away from all this nonsense. I'm sure it will help restore our positive vibes." I relaxed in George's arms and enjoyed listening to him making the arrangements. With him around, I didn't need to worry about anything. He would attend to every little detail and I just needed to follow him. George chuckled and rubbed his chin against my head. He seemed to be in a bubbly mood so I ventured to ask, "How did your talk with your parents go? Did they make life difficult for you?" George looked awful when he came home last night. I could guess that his parents must have given him a really hard time and demanded that he divorce me. His mother was on the warpath yesterday. I still had deep seated fears when I thought about it. If it weren't for my deep love for George, I would have never tolerated his parents. Although my family was not very rich, I was the apple of my parents' eye from the day I was born. So there was no reason for me to just allow George's mother to humiliate me. "No. I extracted a promise from them that they will not bother you again." George patted me on the shoulder protectively. I didn't know much about rich family politics. I asked out of genuine concern, "If your parents are angry with you, won't they break off all ties with

you?" Although I was touched by George's love for me, I didn't want to be the reason that his family disowned him. "Well, it's very likely," he replied, treating it as a joke. "Then I will be your only family from now on." I played along with a smile. I knew very well that his parents were so tough that they wouldn't give in so easily. I held him tightly and rested my head against his strong chest, feeling sorry for him. "Okay, skip work today. Request leave now. We can have the day off at home and leave first thing tomorrow." "Why are you in such a hurry to go? I'm not even sure if Anya will sanction my leave." I sighed and called Anya. Anya had probably heard from Phil that George and I were married. When I requested leave to go on honeymoon, she agreed with a chirpy voice. Before hanging up the phone, she said, "Helen, you deserve all the happiness in the I world. Have a wonderful honeymoon!" Although it was a simple blessing, it warmed the cockles of my heart. Ever since I joined Hesmor Law Firm, Anya had taken good care of me and treated me with respect. No doubt she was very strict, but she also did her best to provide me with proper work guidance. Whenever I got into any scrapes, she reprimanded me but with unmistakable love. She always helped me solve my problems and encouraged me. No matter what happened, she never gave up on me. I am eternally grateful for all that I learnt from her rich store of wisdom. I was blessed to meet such good leaders like Anya and colleagues like Phil. They made a difference in my life and I really appreciated it. "Thank you so much." I was touched by her sincere wish for me. "Well, since you have decided to go on leave, take a good break and forget about work." "I will!" After my leave was approved, George and I went downstairs to catch a bite. As we were leaving for our honeymoon tomorrow, George had to go to the company and make arrangements for the next few days. I was left at home alone. Feeling bored, I turned on the application on my phone and watched the surveillance video of my mother in the hospital. The doctor reported that my mother was physically fine. Her mental state remained unchanged. Her daily routine was to go to the yard every morning and every evening accompanied by the nurses. She spent the rest of the time in her ward. Today, she was sitting in the ward, knitting a sweater. She wore a pair of bifocal glasses. Although her movements were slow and deliberate, she was engaged and focused. I asked the doctor, "Her knitting needles are quite sharp. Won't she hurt herself with them?" The doctor replied, "No. Your mother has made a remarkable recovery but she seems reluctant to leave the hospital. We have actually suggested to her to leave but she is adamant that she wants to stay here." I sighed helplessly. My mother was a very stubborn woman. She had made up the mind not to

leave the hospital because she didn't want to impose on my relationship with George. We had visited her several times in hospital and begged her to come and live with us, but she would hear nothing of it. She later just refused to see us and even threatened to break her relationship with me. After watching her for a while, I noticed that the clothes that my mother was knitting was intended for a baby. It was small and cute. Perhaps she was making it for my future baby? I was always against the idea of having a baby so soon. My career was only just taking off, my relationship with George was not stable enough and I was not mentally prepared. But when I saw the lovely baby clothes in my mother's hands, the image of a gorgeous baby instantly occupied my mind. The idea of having a baby suddenly appealed to me. When George and I were busy at work, my mother could come over and take care of our baby. In that way, we would see more of her. Maybe if I had a baby with George then my mother would voluntarily leave the hospital.

## **Bye, My Irresistible Love**

### **CHAPTER 717: THE BACKSTAGE MANIPULATOR**

#### **List chapter**

Erin's POV: I tossed and turned in bed all night, thinking about what had happened today. For the sake of the upcoming election and Morton's career, I resisted the urge to go to Helen. I had never been so aggrieved in my life. The more I thought about it, the more upset I felt. I could not understand why my excellent son would fall in love with such a worthless woman like Helen. She did not have a good family background, nor could she give George help in his career. Except for her beauty, there was nothing remarkable about her. I could not figure out what my son saw in her that made him choose her among all the excellent ones around him. If George preferred young and beautiful girls, Josie, the lady whom I introduced to him before, should be at the top of the list. In the morning, my maid brought me my medication that helped control my blood pressure. Then she said,

"Mrs. Affleck, let the young deal with it themselves. Mr. George has been obedient since he was a child and has never let you down. If you push him too hard, he might rebel against you. Besides, he's already married. Everything will be fine once they have a son." I was anxious as it was. And when I heard what the maid said, I was enraged. "What son? Helen was born in a humble family. What makes you think she's deserving to give birth to the children of the Affleck family? A woman like her should only be used as a plaything. How could George make a hasty decision on such an important thing as marriage? What if the brilliant genes of our family get affected?" I firmly believed in the importance of genes. Other things could be obtained through hard work, but IQ was innate. Only those with good genes could give birth to outstanding children. In my eyes, my maid must have been born with poor genes, so her IQ and EQ were low. Ordinary people like her could not understand the importance of genes. That was the reason why they were at the bottom of the society. Despite being scolded by me, the maid continued to defend her opinion. "Mrs. Affleck, Helen is an excellent woman. She's already a lawyer in a law firm at such a young age. She works as hard as she can and is responsible. Her genes shouldn't be that bad. I've never seen George get so hung up on a girl before." I could not control my anger anymore. In the past, this maid would agree to whatever I said. But today, she kept refuting me and even had the nerve to praise Helen in front of me. I was infuriated. "Shut the fuck up! Who said you could speak? Get the hell out of here!" I roared. "S-sorry." The maid flinched and then hurried to the kitchen. A sneer tugged at the corners of my mouth as I watched her run away. She must be thinking that Helen was a great lady because they were of the same class. But unlike them, Affleck family was rich and powerful. A woman like Helen was not qualified to be a part of us. If anyone found out that George had married an ordinary woman, people would laugh at me. I clutched my chest and collapsed onto the sofa. I felt like my head was about to explode and a boulder was pressing on my chest, making it difficult to breathe. At noon, I had some soup and eventually felt better. Once I calmed down, I put on my makeup and dressed up. Just as I was about to step out of my house, my phone beeped. An anonymous person had sent me an e-mail. Perplexed, I opened it and saw that it was a brief message containing a time and an address of a coffee shop. Although the message came from an unknown account, I figured that it must have come from the same person who had tipped me off about George and Helen. I was unsure about their motive, but curiosity got the better of me. I was curious to know who this person was, their motive, and why they had sent

me the e-mail. To be discreet, I decided to take a taxi. A few moments later, I arrived at the cafe at the agreed time. I did not get out of the car right away, though. Instead, I looked through the window for a familiar face just to be safe. Unfortunately, the cafe was full, and I could not tell which of them had asked me out. Just then, my phone chimed with an incoming message. I immediately clicked on it. "I can see you, Mrs. Affleck. Come in," the message read. I looked around the place. The brief message was making me uneasy. It appeared that this person knew me and had been watching me for a while. I looked up at the coffee shop again and saw a familiar young woman waving at me. It was Jane Campbell. When I saw her, I felt a slight sense of relief. I was vigilant these past few days. I had suspected that the person who had sent me these photos meant harm to the Affleck family. It turned out that I was worried for nothing. Thankfully, it was just Jane, George's rumored girlfriend. There was no need for me to be so vigilant after all. Even if she was George's business partner, she would always be a lower class. I did not want to even talk to her as doing so would demean my status. So, I turned to the driver and asked him to drive away. He had just driven for several feet when I received another message from Jane. "Do you think Helen's background is clean?" her text read. Attached on the text was a picture of a woman in a hospital gown. My eyes fell on the logo of a certain mental hospital behind her, and the sight of it made me gasp in shock. "Stop the car!" I shouted. The driver hit the brakes, and the car screeched to a halt. Without missing a beat, I opened the door, got out, and made a beeline to the cafe. Sitting by the window, Jane smiled as if she had anticipated this. I suppressed my anger and sat down opposite her. "The woman in the photo is Helen's mother. She's in a mental hospital right now. If you want to see her, I can arrange it for you," Jane said without beating around the bush. "I'm too busy to verify whether what you said is true or not," I calmly said. Before anything else, I wanted to see what Jane really wanted to happen. "Mrs. Affleck, I know you've already had her investigated. The result came back perfect, didn't it? You probably didn't realize that George had sent his men to tamper with it already." I was in utter shock. I never imagined that the information I had gathered was fake. Meanwhile, I clenched my fists in anger. I tried, with all my might, to control my emotions so Jane would not see my discomfiture. "Why are you telling me this?" I asked with narrowed eyes. Jane had reached out to me to tell me about George and Helen. She must be planning something. First the photos, then the copy of their marriage certificate... This woman was more cunning than I had imagined. "Mrs. Affleck, calm down. Just like you, I don't want George

and Helen to be together. We share the same goal." "You want me to collude with you to deal with my son? Oh, please. Don't be ridiculous" "No, no. I don't plan on dealing with him. Although he's been cruel to me, my feelings for him remained the same. I'm doing this with Helen in mind. I believe that you don't want her to marry into your family, do you?" Even though I could sense Jane's candor, I disdained to cooperate with her. Besides, George seemed to be pretty serious with his threats that day. I knew my son like the back of my hand. I was certain he would do as he said if we crossed the line, so I did not dare to act against Helen rashly. "Helen's mother is mentally ill. I've done some research and found that her illness is genetic. Helen kept saying I had hypnotized her, but hypnosis doesn't work on people without mental problems. If she's fine, why would she be affected? What if their child inherits this disease? You don't want something like that to happen, right?" For a second, I felt as though a bucket of cold water was poured onto me, making me lose what was left of my rationality. "Which hospital is Helen's mother admitted to?"

## **Bye, My Irresistible Love**

### **CHAPTER 718: GEORGE'S MOTHER WENT TO THE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL**

#### **List chapter**

Helen's POV: During the afternoon, I checked on the real-time surveillance video again, noticing another woman in the ward besides my mother. Although it was her back facing the camera, I recognized in no time who she was. It was George's mother. At that moment, she stood in front of my mother's bed and said something that sent her into a state of shock. My mother's eyes filled with horror and she looked helpless. My heart ached, so I hurried downstairs to get my car and drove to the hospital immediately. On my way there, I kept calling the care workers and doctors, but no one answered. When I heard the prompt alert from my phone, mixed emotions took over me, mostly anger and



anxiety. How did she know my mother was in the psychiatric hospital? Did she go there to bother her? If George's mother had any problem, she should have just taken it to me. My mother had nothing to do with all of this and she shouldn't be involved. Once I arrived, I rushed into the ward, but George's mother had already left. On the other hand, my mother was alone in the room. She was gathering something from the ground. When I approached, I realized the sweater she had been trying hard to knit was ripped apart, its wool scattered all over. I couldn't bear to see her like this. Kneeling down next to her, I squeezed her hand and asked, "Mom, are you okay?" Her calm expression welcomed me when she raised her head. "Don't visit me anymore. I'm fine living here." She didn't mention anything about what had happened before I got here. Tears welled up in my eyes. Whatever George's mother had said clearly terrified her. The coldness in her voice further confirmed my suspicions that she was distancing herself from me. I snatched the yarn in her hand and pulled her to get out of her room. "Mom, come home with me." My conscience could never allow my mom to stay here. I lost confidence in this hospital as well. George's mother setting foot here was the last straw. They had once let Jane and Libby break in to disturb my mother, worsening her condition. And now they were doing it again! It almost seemed like anyone could now break in and hurt my mother now. The caregiver had been hiding by the door, peering inside. She didn't dare to enter. After all the favors I gave her in secret, she shamelessly assisted George's mother in infiltrating without informing me. Would she have kept it from me if I hadn't seen it from the security camera? I was seething in rage, but I had to keep my composure. All I wanted was to take my mother out of here. Seeing that I tried to take my mom away, the care worker scooted forward and explained, "Miss Dewar, we didn't mean to let the lady in. She barged in, and we couldn't stop her, not even the doctors." I ignored her. My mother would no longer be in their care from now on. So, I grabbed her wrist. She struggled to rid of my hand and insisted, "I'm fine living here. I don't need to worry about food and everything. Plus, they are taking care of me. You've been busy with work that you can't look after me all day, which means I'll be home alone. I won't leave here." To avoid causing any trouble for me, she had to be stubborn about this. I felt even worse. "Mom, I need you by my side. Go back with me." "Aren't you living with George? You don't need me anymore. You need him. I have taken care of you for so long. Can't you just let me enjoy some time off here?" Persuading her didn't seem to work. I countered, "It's alright. I'll move in with you then." Anyway, I couldn't let her be on her own anymore. I'd

be worried sick. I could tolerate George's mother making my life difficult, but I would never allow her to hurt my mother. My mother fell silent as if she was contemplating something. After a while, she suddenly asked, "Did you know that George's mother was here?" "Yes." She sighed while picking up the ripped sweater to show it to me. "She came here and ruined this sweater. The clothes you wore as a child inspired me to make this. I intended to give it to your future baby. It must be nice when worn, I don't know if you will give birth to a boy or a girl, so I planned to make both blue and pink ones. I'm useless. The only gift I could give my future grandchildren is this. Tell that woman that what I have isn't hereditary, I swear. The doctor assured me." My heart was in shambles, like the torn sweater in my mother's hand. I had a hard time breathing. I couldn't stop crying in pain and then said between sobs, "Mom, you don't have to listen to anything she said. I will do my best to keep her away from you, don't worry." She shook her head and looked at me in disapproval. "Marriage is not only about two people. It concerns both of your families. I have always asked you to forget about me for that reason. We do not belong in their class and I can totally understand why she's rejecting you. She won't be able to do anything as long as you and George have children of your own." I didn't want to argue with her. She was talking from experience, after all. My grandmother and her mother-in-law brought hardships upon her. She endured it all because she loved my father, anything for the sake of a harmonious relationship with them. Thinking about it now, I found her resilience to be ridiculous. After all the sacrifices she made, my father cheated in return and my grandmother hated her even more. In the end, only my mother and I suffered. I learned from her lesson and so pleasing George's mother had never crossed my mind. If she couldn't accept my mother, I wouldn't have any business with her. "Mom, I want nothing but the best for you. No matter how powerful their family is, they shouldn't harass you like this. I will confront her later and tell her not to bother you again." "Helen, it's our fault for hiding my condition from his family. It's only natural for her to be mad about it. You should at least understand her feelings as a mother. If George suffers from what I have, I will stop you from marrying him. I can only hope I am not a hindrance to your relationship." My mother tried to sway me into being considerate of George's mother, saying nothing about the fact that she was the one who got mistreated here. "Please leave the hospital and stay with me at home," I begged. "Let's talk about it later. I've been having recurring headaches, and I want the doctors to put me under observation. You and George won't have the time to accommodate me at home. What if I

have a relapse? I'll be better off here," she reasoned. I knew she said that on purpose, yet I didn't know how to talk her out of it. She was determined to remain here, regardless of my efforts. After the hospital promised me again and again they would give my mother the utmost care and security for protection, I left reluctantly. I'd been upset since I came home. How could I be in the mood for a honeymoon now?

## **Bye, My Irresistible Love**

### **CHAPTER 719: THREATENING HIM**

#### **List chapter**

Erin's POV: Even after I left the mental hospital and went back to my residence in New York, my body was still trembling in anger. I took out my phone and sent a message to George. "If you don't divorce Helen, you will lose me." He didn't reply. "We've never asked anything from you since you were a child. We even permitted you to study abroad or start your own business. Can't you think of the Affleck family for once when you decide to get married? Your grandfather was so mad yesterday that he got rushed to the hospital. Are you happy to destroy your family over a woman?" I typed furiously and then hit send. My head was spinning, so I leaned against the sofa, gasping for breath to calm myself down. After a while, I still had not received a single response from George. I itched to throw another message at him. "Did you know that Helen's mother is a psychiatric patient? Their family didn't even tell you about it. They must have conspired from the start. Mental illnesses can be hereditary. Do you want your child to inherit that in the future?" For three generations, the Affleck family had always been impeccable. I would not tolerate such a messy family as Helen's. He had to divorce her! No matter what it might take, I would never allow that woman to marry into the Affleck family. Unlike before, George quickly answered, "Helen has never hidden her mother's condition to me. I knew it from the very beginning. If it's hereditary, that's still no problem because in that

case we won't be having any children." Reading it brought chills down to my spine. I checked it several times to see if he was kidding. He was not. How could he willingly give up our precious bloodline for someone like Helen? He was being ridiculous and irrational. What did Helen do to him that made him even drop the idea of having children of his own? I sent a voice message to George, quivering, "Your love for her has blinded you. You're a hopeless case!" It was as if cold water splashed all over me. My hands and feet were cold from exhaustion. George had been independent since he was a kid. He was usually too stubborn to follow his family's wishes, and we always just respected his decisions, partly because I could do nothing to him. Now he still had something on Morton. We had to talk about it after the election, so I needed to be careful in case George would do something extreme. The maid prepared some tea for me. Drinking it helped me relax, its warmth taking over me. "Is there any cake you baked this morning?" "Yes. Do you want to have some now?" the maid asked. I instructed in a low voice, "No. Pack it up instead and accompany me to George's place." "Oh, you'll visit Mr. George? Should we tell him in advance? Won't he get upset if we pop in there unannounced?" The maid stopped, hesitating in fear of annoying me further. I sneered, "Do I need to inform my son ahead of time when I drop by his home? Who made that rule? If I don't go there now, who knows what Helen might have already told George about me?" After all, such a lowly woman would only cry in front of men to gain sympathy, selling her miserable experience. I knew the likes of that filthy woman. "Then I'll pack it up right away." Once I arrived at my son's home, my mood turned sour when Helen opened the door. George was cooking in the kitchen. From the looks of it, he had done it all the time. Anyway, as his mother, I had never tried any of the food George cooked. When I was here last time, Helen admitted she couldn't cook. Did that mean my son had to do all the housework like cooking and cleaning? I could feel my blood boiling at the thought, so I glared at Helen. George was my only son. We raised him to have a privileged lifestyle. How could she have him do chores for her like a mere servant? The maid was in disbelief, rushing to my son's aid. "Mr. George, let me do it." Only then did George turn around to look at me, stumped while still holding a knife in his hand. He implored, "Why are you here?" "This is the cake I made this morning. I delivered it to you because I remember that you liked it very much when you were still little," I explained, winking at the maid. "Mr. George, I'll take care of the kitchen. Go and attend to your mother. She even arranged a flight to see you." The maid took out the cake. George glanced at me indifferently without a word. I

then sat on the sofa in the living room. Brushing my eyes sideways at Helen, I wondered if she had shared with George about my visit to the mental hospital. It was such a precious opportunity. I wouldn't be surprised if Helen seized it to discredit me in front of George. However, she had been so polite that no one could find a single flaw in her. I couldn't tell what she was thinking. I scoffed internally. Helen was a scheming woman, no doubt. The atmosphere was heavy, so I broke the silence and mentioned, "The environment of the hospital where Helen's mother stays isn't quite conducive. Let me arrange a better accommodation for her." "My mother asked me to thank you for visiting her today. Your stay was quite brief, and so she didn't have much time to talk with you. She wanted to have dinner together sometime in the future so we can all talk properly." The faint smile on her face made me sick to my stomach. How I wished I could stay away from them! They even had the nerve to invite me over for a meal?! Who did they think they were? Did they deserve my presence to grace their measly dinner? I lifted my chin proudly and ignored her. "Mom, the hospital is a great choice already. They have real-time monitoring in her ward twenty-four-seven. It's very safe," George assured me. I was not happy to see my son defend Helen like this, but I controlled myself. The maid soon came out of the kitchen once she was done cooking and asked us to gather in the dining area to eat. With that, our conversation ended. Although we failed to make things clear, the three of us had reached a tacit understanding to maintain our seemingly harmonious relationship. None of us dared to ruin our current situation. Of course, there would still be conflicts, but it still wouldn't hurt to acknowledge that we were doing better than expected. After dinner, I noticed their luggage, which reminded me of their upcoming honeymoon plan. I became more irritated. Holding myself back, I chatted casually with my son, and unfortunately, Helen, for a while and then left with the maid. On our way back, the maid kept singing praises for Helen and blabbered, "Madam, I think Helen is a good girl. She is beautiful and sensible. She knows you don't like her, yet she didn't make it a big deal, which makes her much better than many young ladies from affluent families. Sometimes, the more you object, the more they resist and the better their relationship will be. If you let them be, they may eventually find they aren't compatible at all. They just got married, and they love each other most now. You can't separate those two that easily." I was too drained to entertain the maid's musings. Soon enough, I fell asleep in the car.

## **Bye, My Irresistible Love**

## CHAPTER 720: HONEYMOON TRI

### List chapter

Helen's POV: After his mother left, George's face grew dim as he sat in the living room without saying a word. I held his hand and comforted him. "It's okay. My mother can understand where she's coming from." He reached out to stroke my hair gently. "I'm sorry," he said, his voice laced with guilt. I shook my head and uttered, "It doesn't matter." After all, I had already seen this coming, but hurdles hit me without warning. It had been overwhelming. Although my relationship with my husband's mother seemed to be doing better, I could tell she still despised my roots. I realized we couldn't solve these conflicts soon, so I didn't expect her to accept me anymore. As long as we could maintain this peace like we currently did, that was enough. The next day, we went to the airport early in the morning. While in the waiting area, George brought out his laptop to deal with emails sent to him. Despite having business matters arranged for the next few days in advance, he still had a lot of urgent files to manage in person. "Take some rest for now. I'll remind you when we have to board the plane." My work kept bothering my mind. I even remained to keep tabs on the project I handled for Leeson Holdings post-completion. Cece's advertising company won the bid and became a partner for it. She had always been excellent at work. I was happy for her when I saw the news. George swigged his coffee and tossed it back immediately in disgust. "I'll go out for a bit." I put my phone away and got up. George shifted his eyes from the screen to look at me. "Do you need me to go with you?" "No need. I'll be back soon." I found a cafe nearby and ordered George's favorite. When I came back, I chanced upon the broadcast of our flight boarding. I quickened my pace to the waiting room. George moved his laptop aside and walked up to me, snatching the coffee in my hand. "That's so sweet of you, Mrs. Affleck." This honeymoon getaway suddenly seemed like a brilliant plan. Setting foot on the plane alone already made me feel giddy. exhausted myself with work every day, so I didn't have



much time to rest, let alone go on trips. If I could recall correctly, my last travel was with Lucy. We were on a tight budget which kept us from splurging. In the end, we didn't enjoy ourselves to the fullest. George reached for my hand, our fingers intertwined as we watched a movie throughout the flight. Finally, we landed in a coastal city in California. The breeze felt warm on my skin, and the place was a comforting change of environment. George had always kept a low profile, and this time was no exception. He rented a car and drove us to the hotel. A mesmerizing scenery welcomed us upon checking into the luxury suite he booked. Our bedroom faced the sea. It even had a pool stretching along the balcony adjacent to our living room. The sun shone brightly, the water sparkling from its light. As a finishing touch, petals adorned the floor and our bed, highlighting the romantic ambiance. George opened the suitcases to organize our luggage. On the other hand, I sat by the pool, skimming through our schedule and itinerary. We would have our off days in between to enjoy ourselves, dedicating the last two days to our photo shoot. I was delighted with this setup. George probably tailored it to my preference, giving us room to breathe. He knew me well. After attending to our belongings, he walked out and sat beside me. "Can you swim?" "Of course!" I bluffed, knowing I couldn't even stay afloat on the water. Still, I bought a lot of daring swimsuits. If only I knew what would happen, I wouldn't have lied. George pushed me. Before I could process what was happening, I was cold and wet, frightened. As the water reached my face, I gasped for air. A wave of panic enveloped me. I kept flapping my arms in hopes of surviving. Calling for help was my last chance, but the moment I opened my mouth, the water gushed down my throat, leaving me wheezing. George jumped into the pool without hesitation and grabbed me into his arms. He asked anxiously, "Are you alright?" I clung to his body until I felt at ease, somehow. Then I bit his shoulder and snapped, "You've gone too far!" "I'm sorry. I thought you could swim. Did you choke on water?" George hugged me tightly and caressed my back to calm me down. When I stared at him, I could tell there was relief in his eyes. "What were you thinking?" I sneered, glaring at him. "I'm sorry. I won't do that again. Change into your swimsuit, and I'll teach you how to swim." He carried me to the stairs in the pool and lovingly consoled me. I went ahead and did as he instructed. When I came out, he narrowed his eyes in disapproval. He demanded, "Wear something else." "What's wrong? Don't I look good in this?" I was quite satisfied with how it accentuated my figure. I refused to change into something else. At the poolside, George leaned over, darting his gaze to my chest. He confessed, "You're strikingly gorgeous that I'll get

distracted while teaching you. Cover up." His burning eyes made me feel naked and vulnerable, so I placed my hands over my breasts. Somehow I got the feeling that even if I wore a scuba suit, he wouldn't let me off the hook easily. Regardless, I obliged and changed into the most conservative one-piece swimsuit I could find in my wardrobe. It was neither fitted nor revealing. George escorted me back to the pool without protest. He was terrifyingly strict when he taught me how to drive, which ignited fights between us. I admittedly got traumatized. However, he was more amicable now, which was a pleasant surprise. Still, my arms and legs were stiff, and I just didn't know how to move them. I was grateful that he was patient with me this time. He eagerly encouraged me to do better. Once we got past the basics, he lifted my body, his hands holding me firmly while he guided me through the water. After a few laps, I got used to it. I could tell I didn't need much help floating, but I didn't dare to let go of him. "It doesn't matter. Take your time." His words boosted my confidence. We kept going in circles until I was positive I could swim. "Let me have a try" I initiated. "Okay." He slowly released my hands. Without his support, I immediately began sinking. Terrified, I struggled hard and almost choked on water again. George swiftly came to my aid, tapping my back after pulling me up. "Am I stupid? I can't even swim." I lay on his shoulders and sighed in disappointment. "You were actually doing great. You don't have to rush yourself, okay? We'll do it at your pace tomorrow. Let's go downstairs and have some dinner first," George implored. He then hoisted me into his arms and got out of the pool. Since we had just arrived, we didn't have any plans set for the day other than having the hotel to ourselves. We tidied ourselves and slipped into a different set of clothes. After that, we went to the dining area within the building. I sat by the window, waiting for him to fetch our food. I appreciated him caring for me like this, spoiling me with affection. He wouldn't even let me lift a finger if he could do it for me. A woman of elegance and beauty from the table beside us soon caught my attention. She donned a long dress, and her hair scattered gracefully on her shoulders. Anyone would be captivated by her. I couldn't shake off that she peered at me repeatedly, casually taking a sip of the drink in her hand. Confused with how she was acting, I smiled at her, but she looked away in disdain.