

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 721: ENCOUNTER WITH JOSIE

List chapter

Helen's POV: I was more than a little confused, so I erased my smile and ignored her. Shortly thereafter, George returned with the tray. Even though we were together every day and I had the privilege of admiring him all the time, I couldn't help but still sigh like a love-sick school girl when I saw him approaching us. He was so bloody handsome! Not only was he drop dead gorgeous, but he had a charming temperament too. With that deadly combination, he could knock the socks off anyone. He was a real head turner but he didn't even notice it, nor did it bother him. The restaurant guests all looked at him in awe, mesmerized by his good looks. Had he not come directly and sat down next to me, I guess the single girls would have made a beeline for him. He was not distracted by anything and came calmly to me. He set the cutlery and dishes well and took good care of me. Seeing his natural and skillful movements, endeared him to me even more. I felt pampered. Just as we were about to dig in, the beautiful woman who was sitting at the next table, suddenly stood up and walked seductively up to our table. "George! What a lovely coincidence! I didn't expect to bump into you here." She greeted George, oozing enormous amounts of charm and didn't even look at me like I didn't even exist! From a distance, I had noticed her exquisite beauty when she was sitting at the next table. Now that she was standing in front of us, I could see her close up. She was indeed beautiful. Her beauty was different from the many beautiful women I knew. It was aggressive, vivid, and flamboyant. However, George seemed annoyed by her intrusion. As George's wife, I didn't think that there was anything to worry because I trusted my husband. Nonetheless, I stuck around with some yearning in my heart to see how this show would unfold! George asked abruptly, "Who are you?" "Don't you remember me? I'm Josie Burke." The lovely lady introduced herself with a faint smile and then promptly sat down beside me,

gazing unblinkingly at George and shamelessly smacking her red lips. She was not shy enough to hide her admiration for my man. Josie Burke? The name rang a bell. I cast my mind back a little and then remembered that she was the girl that his parents had introduced him to when he went to Washington for the New Year. When George's mother had spoken to me earlier in her usual unfriendly tone, she mentioned Josie to me. She emphasized how suitably qualified Josie's background was. A perfect match for her family. His mom hinted that I should be sensible enough not to fantasize about things that belonged to sophisticated, rich, upper class girls. Perhaps it was not until then that George realized who she was. He nodded but still maintained an icy tone. "The table is not big enough and you are literally squeezing my companion. Please excuse us." He tried to drive her away rudely. "I'm fine. You guys chat. What would you like to eat? I'll fetch it for you." On the contrary, I wished I could give way to them and allow them to have a little chit-chat. George held my hand possessively to stop me from leaving and then asked Josie, "Is there anything else? If not, we'd like to get on with our meal." Josie deliberately glanced in my direction and said with a husky voice, "You have great taste." I smiled but kept quiet. Did she mean my taste in food or men? I was thankful that I had enough experience dealing with George's mother and Velma, so now I could easily deal with people in that egotistical circle. Josie definitely was one of them. These people, including George, were born and bred with superiority and arrogance and it was present in every breath that they took. Of course, George had transformed remarkably since his early days. "Sorry, I hope you don't mind, but I want to have dinner in private with my wife." George darted her a hateful, impatient look. Then he picked up our food and led me to another table. He was a real gentleman. Even though Josie's persistence had annoyed him, he didn't shout at her or anything. Instead, he chose to walk away. If that woman had any sense at all, she would have got the message and left. I had to say that she was really a pain in the neck. After we changed tables, I teased, "Are you feeling guilty about something? Is that why you chose to ditch her and leave so quickly?" George stopped eating and glared at me. "You are so liberal-minded. Your husband was openly seduced by another woman, yet you chose to sit back and watch the fun. How promiscuous can you be?" "Don't you feel it in your bones that the two of you are destined to meet? After all, of all places in California, you ran into each other on such a small island and even stayed in the same hotel. Sounds like fate to me," I continued. I was thoroughly enjoying myself teasing him. "Hmm? Now that you put it that way, I think you are right. Do you

think I should go after her?" George retorted, flaring his nostrils. Seeing that he was really getting angry, I stopped my silly game. But in the middle of the meal, I couldn't help saying, "Josie is a very beautiful woman with an amazing dress sense. That's reason enough for your mother to want to push you two together. Don't you think so, my..." Before I could finish my words, George picked up a bread roll and stuffed it into my mouth, silencing me. I was just trying to draw a rational conclusion. Whether it was her hour glass figure, her rough beauty or her family background, Josie definitely seemed like a perfect match for George. If I were his mother, I would also go all out to make Josie my daughter-in-law. George warned, "Concentrate on your meal. Don't let your mind wander idly. Silly girl!"

Josie's POV: I'd been secretly staring in the direction of George and Helen and also observed their interaction. Their chemistry was fantastic. I had never seen George like this before. In my mind, he was a polite, modest, kind gentleman. But deep inside, he was cold and callous. But now, he was gentle and over pampered Helen. He could be his true self with her, whether happy or sad. It made me sick to see how often he indulged her. He was totally different from his usual cold and alienated self. He exuded such warmth when he was around her. I just heard George call Helen his wife. Were they married? Maybe I just misheard him. If they were married, his mother wouldn't send us on a blind date in the first place. When I first met George, possibly like every other girl who had met him, I had a crush on him, but I didn't get that attached. I just occasionally followed the social media posts to check what he was up to. After all, our families were well matched. Our parents had already pre-approved a union between us. Sooner or later, we would be together. In my mind, that was a foregone conclusion. I had landed here for a vacation because a friend of mine had asked me out. I honestly didn't expect to see George here. Just then, my phone rang. It was my friend announcing that she would reach here by the evening flight. When she came, there would be some real action to look forward to. Actually, she was not my friend, but the enemy of my enemy. My enemy was Helen. Jane was Helen's enemy. Now that Jane wanted to deal with her enemy, we teamed up together. I knew that we would make a formidable team. It was actually also Jane who called me and invited me to this island. She enticed me to come here with the promise of some real entertainment. How could I refuse? After the meal, I smugly put on my sunglasses and left, looking forward to Jane's arrival. With Jane in charge, there would never be a dull moment!

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 722: JANE'S ARRIVAL

List chapter

Helen's POV: After having lunch, I went back to the hotel room upstairs with George. I got up early this morning to catch the plane and learned how to swim when we arrived at the hotel. The day wasn't done, but I was already exhausted. And now, I was full and yawning. I could barely keep my eyes open. George chuckled. "Sleepy already?" The next second, he lifted me up and carried me to bed as he whispered, "Let's go to sleep." His voice sounded so soothing that I wrapped my hands around his neck, buried my face in his embrace, and drifted into sleep. By the time I woke up again, it was already afternoon. George was working in the study. Even on vacation, he was still slaving away with work. "Are you feeling better now?" He looked into my eyes and smiled. "Yup!" George turned off his laptop, stood up, and took me out to bask in the sunset. This was the first time that we strolled by the sea without thinking about work. Thus, we both relaxed ourselves. We didn't go back to the hotel until it was dark. When we entered the hotel lobby, I saw Josie and Jane sitting together. George took one glance at them before looking away. He placed his arm around my shoulder and led me upstairs. "Let's go to another place. Squeezing time for this honeymoon wasn't easy for both of us. I don't want it to be ruined because of irrelevant people," he remarked. Though I felt distressed about Jane's sudden appearance, I countered, "There's no need for that. If they were really here for us, it won't make any difference which hotel we go, because they'll find us anyway." As long as they didn't stir up trouble, I could pretend that they didn't exist. Moments later, the hotel staff brought us the food we ordered. George and I were sitting by a simple table beside the swimming pool for our late dinner. He had specially lit some candles for the dinner. The swimming pool was shimmering from the candlelight, and the surging sea could be seen in the distance. When we looked up, we could see the night sky and enjoy the romance of being

finally alone with each other. After dinner, George put his arms around my waist and pulled me into his arms before kissing me. He had his other hand on the back of my head as he kissed me passionately. His kiss was so addicting that I eventually gave in. Pretty soon, he carried me back to the bed, and he was all I could see. We had sex almost all night long. George and I didn't get up from the bed until it was almost noon the next day. For the second day of their trip, we went mountain climbing. Behind the hotel, there was this mountain with a seemingly endless forest. People could either climb the mountain or ride a cable car to the summit. I didn't like sports, and I especially hated the idea of hiking. Thus, I grabbed George's clothes while we were still at the foot of the mountain and said, "Honey, can we just ride the cable car up the mountain?" "Nope. The mountain looks high, but it won't take long before we can get to the summit. Besides, you could use some exercises," George replied firmly. "But I'm tired! I don't want to climb the mountain." I stared at the winding mountain road. My legs trembled before we could even begin the trek. "If you feel like you can't walk anymore, I'll carry you." George held my hand, unwilling to give in. With no other choice, I accepted my fate and let him lead me up the mountain. It was actually a lot easier than I thought it would be. The mountain forest was lush, and the air was fresh. From time to time, a breeze would go by, cooling down my body. Worried that I wouldn't be able to continue with the trek, George made sure to stop and rest with me every once in a while. Around three hours later, we finally reached the mountaintop. Up there, I saw a glass bridge connecting the peak we were on to another one. It was at least three hundred meters long and it hung in midair. Below the glass bridge, there was a dense jungle deep in the valley, making it look quite exciting. The cable car and the way down the mountain were in opposite directions. So, if we wanted to go down, we'd have to go through the glass bridge. I had regained some of my strength, and I actually wanted to experience walking along the glass bridge. "George, let's try it out!" I held his hand, wanting to go with him to the bridge. But to my surprise, he wouldn't move. Confused, I looked up at him and found that he seemed terrified. His head was beading with sweat, and I could tell that he was scared. I looked ahead at the glass bridge, unable to resist the urge to laugh at him. It turned out that he also had his fair share of fears. George gave off this vibe that no matter the situation, he could handle it with a level head. I had never seen him this scared, and I was kind of curious why he felt afraid. "You should try walking along the bridge, George. It's pretty safe. You'll see!" I went on the glass bridge ahead of him, and looked back, hoping he'd follow. Even so,

George remained in place, reluctant to go. "If you want, you can hold my hand. The road may look dangerous, but it's not. If you're that scared, just don't look down. Maybe walking through this glass bridge can help you overcome your fear of heights!" I walked back to his side and held his hand. I noticed that his palm was wet. It was easy to tell that he was really scared. I encouraged him gleefully. At last, I found something to laugh at about him, and it pleased me so much. George held my hand tightly as we moved along the glass road. He looked stiff and his jaw tightened. He was far too scared to look down, and he was focusing on the distant sky. Upon seeing how pale he was, I stopped joking and picked up the pace to drag him to the other side of the bridge. It was only a few minutes away, but it felt like a long walk. Once we had crossed the glass bridge, George ran to the nearest trash can and threw up. Meanwhile, I stood beside him, opened a water bottle, and handed it to him. "I'm so sorry. I didn't know that you were scared of heights." He had never mentioned this to me before. Our condo unit was a penthouse, so it was on the top floor, and he seemed perfectly alright the entire time we lived there. He didn't act scared whenever he was in an airplane, and he didn't seem afraid at the hotel either. Why did he feel scared to be up here? If I had known this would happen, I would've insisted that we went down the mountain along the same route. George waved his hand weakly. He seemed to be faring a little better now, but he was still in a bad condition. He said, "It's fine. As long as I'm not hanging in midair, I won't react this way. Heights don't really scare me. It's the specific environment. Back when I was a child, I had an accident in a cable car, and I had to wait to be rescued in the sky for six whole hours. The cable car was made of glass. That's why I was against riding a cable car and walking through the glass bridge." I couldn't imagine how painful it must've been to be trapped in a cable car for six long hours. The incident must've traumatized him, and I could tell that he still hadn't gotten over it. I hugged him, feeling both guilty and distressed. "Let's never climb a mountain again." Once George felt better, we went down the mountain. It was so much easier to go down than to hike up a mountain. We walked slowly and cautiously. I really wanted to take some photos on the glass bridge. Taking wedding photos in midair was so romantic an idea to me. Seemingly having read my mind, George suggested all of a sudden, "The photographer showed me a few sample wedding photos. They were taken here. We can also have our pictures taken here if you like." I was tempted at first, but the thought of him being so scared made me give up on the idea. "Forget it. I don't want to climb the mountain anymore." By the time we returned to the hotel, it was already dark. I

took a shower, and then I lay on the bed, exhausted. I thought George would also rest, but to my surprise, he still had the energy to work. After taking a nap for an hour, I had recovered a little. When I got up from the bed, my entire body felt sore. The moment I walked into the study, I found George having a video conference. He lowered the volume of his laptop just to make sure that he wouldn't wake me up. Since he was so focused on his work, I decided not to bother him. I quietly closed the door, and intended to walk around by myself. On the private beach of the hotel, a party was being held and there was a band performing. Many guests were holding beer bottles and glasses of liquor. Some of them were chatting among themselves, and others were dancing to the band's music. The atmosphere was quite lively. I ordered a glass of juice and sat down to watch the festivities. The ambiance of the lively place actually relaxed me. Just then, Jane approached me.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 723: THE TRUTH OF DAD'S SUICIDE

List chapter

Helen's POV: I was not surprised at Jane's appearance. This hotel had been her residence, I presume, because of me. So I wondered what her purpose might be, given that she flew from New York. When she sat next to me, I glanced at her casually. "What would you like to drink?" Jane ordered the same juice I had and we both leisurely watched the fun by the sea. After a while, she confessed, "Helen, you know what? I've been envious of you since I was a child. Back then, no matter how enthusiastic Dad was during his stay with me, he still rushed to be with you once our time was up. He never failed to prioritize you. Later on, the realization hit me in the head. Early in life, he wanted me to learn that we're very different. An illegitimate child will always be an illegitimate child. His legal wife's child would always hold a special place in his heart." The absence of emotions in

her voice made her seem distant. It was like she was sharing her story with a mere stranger. I gaped at her, puzzled why she suddenly mentioned our father. It had been the first time we talked about him so peacefully since he passed away. I thought it was ridiculous, but lots of things had already happened. What was the point of bringing it up now? Jane continued, "I'm jealous of you. When we were little, Dad drove you to and from school every day, while I could only call him uncle in public. Do you know how much it pained me to call him that? When the teacher praised you for playing the piano well, he looked very proud. From then on, I studied hard to be better than you, yet my excellent grades still meant nothing to him." She sighed and fell silent. "Do you think Dad spoiling me made me happy? He actually didn't care about my mother and me, not in the real way. I didn't need to be excellent as long as I played the obedient daughter and let him raise me the way he like. I didn't figure it out until I wised up." "What are you trying to say, Jane?" I interrupted. The ghosts of our past still haunted us. Dad was so strict that he pressured me to do my best. Otherwise, I got punished. $\eta\sigma\upsilon\lambda\epsilon\beta\sigma\kappa.\zeta\sigma\mu$ His death helped us see things in a new light, though we had varying perspectives. According to Jane, Dad never treated them like his own. On the other hand, she couldn't understand the misery my mother and I endured at his hands. If he loved us, why did he let us suffer? Jane fell silent for a moment, probably contemplating. She sighed and finally said, "I assure you that our father loved you and your mother until the end. Despite embezzling tons of money, he refused to take it to your home for your safety. He managed to provide your family a comfortable life with the cleanest source of income he had." My eyes met hers, seeking if she was perhaps lying. Was it true? Did Dad yearn to protect us? "Dad covered up his corrupt practices to maintain an upright image in front of you. He also didn't want you to get hurt," Jane smiled with a hint of bitterness. It then occurred to me. Dad persistently taught me to be a kind, righteous person. I even looked up to him, thinking he was my role model. We never suspected that he would do anything shady, and that was also why his corruption came as a shock to me and my mother. Hearing this out of the blue sparked mixed emotions inside me. I asked in confusion, "Did you come here just to tell me this?" Knowing how calculating Jane was, she must have traveled all the way here for a reason. "Of course not. I want to make your life a living hell. Do you know who George's father is? He worked in Philly when Dad died. At that time, he had been there for only three years, and without warning, our father just committed suicide. Do you think it was all a coincidence? Helen, you are with the son of our father's

murderer. Fate is cruel, isn't it?" My mind went blank. I had a hard time processing the shocking revelations. Lost as I was, I uttered, "What do you mean?" "Don't you get it? You're pretending to be clueless, huh? George's father killed ours. Dad left a letter addressed to you and your mother, which my mother kept for all these years," Jane snapped. "What? Did he leave a suicide note?" "After all, he was a cautious man. How could he not tell you everything before his death? I packed up his belongings including the letter and sent them to your mother. She should have received them by now." I couldn't shake off the coldness in her tone. Then she lost it. "If you hadn't taken George away from me, I might have tolerated you. You ruined every good thing in my life! I won't ever spare you!" Jane stood up abruptly. As she was about to part, she added, "By the way, George is aware of this. Is he hiding it from you to protect you, or he has an ulterior motive?" I stared helplessly at her receding figure. Once she was out of sight, I fished my phone in a hurry to check on my mother. Her recent progress showed impressive signs of recovery. This turn of events would trigger her, and I couldn't allow that. That letter, whatever it had written on it, she shouldn't see it. However, it was too late. When I opened the surveillance video, I saw my mother gasping for breath with crumpled papers in her hand. My tears welled up as I ached to witness her curling up on the floor, sobbing. Hot whips of panic struck me, but I could do nothing. I called the doctor that instant, hoping they could stop my mother from reading my father's suicide note.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 724: THE ANSWER TO MY QUESTION

List chapter

Helen's POV: "Why did you give the package to my mother? You should know, among all people, that she can't be stimulated." "W-we didn't give it to your mother. She took it

when we weren't looking. We strictly follow your order. We planned to call you first to confirm if we could give the package to your mother. If you say no, we won't hand it to her." "We've sedated your mother, and she has calmed down. But I still hope you can come to the hospital as soon as possible." I hung up the phone and rushed back to the hotel. Then, I went straight to George's study. His meeting should be over by now. Thankfully, it was. When I walked in, he had just turned his computer off. When he saw me standing there with worry and apprehension written all over my face, he asked, "What's wrong?" "George, please book a flight to New York this instant. We have to go back there immediately." "What happened? Don't worry. You can tell me anything." George took out his phone and booked the tickets as he spoke. "The doctor called and said that my mother was in poor condition. I have to see her ASAP," I reasoned out, but it was not entirely the truth. I did not mention my father to George. Right now, the most important thing to do was to return to New York to visit my mother. I had no way of knowing whether or not what Jane had told me was the truth, so I decided not to tell George about it. At least, not yet. If my father had a history with his father, George should have found out about it long ago. If that was the case, it meant that he had kept it a secret from me and his family. I could not imagine the stress he would suffer if this matter was exposed. I was sad and, at the same time, moved. George had always shielded me from negative news and made sure I had nothing to worry about. It was already early in the morning when we finally arrived at the hospital. According to the doctor, my mother had been sleeping the whole time and she would need a thorough examination when she woke up. If it was confirmed that she did not have a relapse, the doctor suggested she be discharged from the hospital. It would be better for her recuperation if she went home rather than stay in confinement. "This is the parcel we've received. We took it back from your mother. Here you are." The doctor handed me an envelope, and I took it with my trembling hands. After my father had passed away, my mother burned all his belongings. Even his ashes were not spared. And sometime later, my mother took me out of Philly. Although I hated my father, I sometimes still missed him. Sadly, he had no possessions left, so I had nothing to commemorate him. George had no idea that it was my father's belongings. He reached out to take it from me, but I refused. "Who sent these things?" he asked the doctor coldly. "I don't know. There's no sender details on it." "It's from a friend of my mother," I lied. I did not want to show him my father's suicide note, so I made up an excuse. George did not ask any more questions. He just pulled me to

a bench in the corridor and waited with me until dawn. "Sorry, I ruined our honeymoon," I solemnly said. I felt guilty and sorry for George. It was difficult to squeeze the honeymoon trip in his hectic schedule. We were supposed to take wedding photos too, but we returned before we could fulfill any of our plans. George wrapped me in his tight embrace and comfortingly patted me on the back. "It's okay. We still have a lot of time. There'll be next time." After a long day, George and I hurried home by plane. I was on the verge of collapse. And now that my husband was holding me in his arms, exhaustion and anxiety came crashing to me all at once. With that, I leaned against his chest and closed my eyes to sleep. Not long after, the attending doctor came to do the examination. Although my mother had calmed down, her eyes seemed empty as if she were a soulless puppet. Thankfully, she was cooperative of the doctor's instructions. I waited outside the door, clutching my father's letter tightly. A sharp knife seemed to have pierced through my heart, and it was excruciating. My mom must have become like this because she had seen Dad's letter and recalled tragic memories of the past. I did not have the courage to open it, nor could I bring myself to think about what the letter said. Since my father passed away, I had been full of hatred towards him, believing that he had betrayed me and my mother. And in my heart, his death was not enough to atone for his sins. Over the years, I did not try to recall my father's kindness. I forced myself to hate him so as to distract myself from his betrayal and suicide. However, when I was on the island, Jane's words made me see the other side of my father. His love for me, which was hidden in my memory, surged out like tidal waves. I leaned against George's chest and tears streamed down my face, wetting his shirt. He did not ask me what had happened and just held me tighter. A few moments later, the doctor came out of my mother's ward after doing the routine check-up. "The patient did not relapse, but her mood is still unstable. I'd like to keep her under observation for a few days. You can send her home once she recovers." "Doctor, can I stay here for a while to keep her company?" I anxiously asked. "I wouldn't recommend it. It won't be helpful for her recovery with family around." I did not want to leave my mother alone in the hospital, but what the doctor had said made sense. I had to leave so she could soon recover. Before leaving, I held my mother's hand and said, "Mom, listen to the doctor, okay? I'll take you home when you get better." Tears streamed down the corners of her eyes. Suddenly, she hugged me tight, and I could not help but cry as well. I was aware that my mother had never completely recovered. Her emotions would amplify with even the minimal

stimulation. She must have been carrying a heavy burden in her heart all these years. There was no doubt that my father had hurt her too much. When we arrived home, I took the envelope into the study and locked the door. Then, without further ado, I opened it. My and my mother's name were written on it. My father must have left it before he committed suicide. He had asked Libby to give it to us, but she did not do so for obvious reasons. Inside the envelope were a diary and two letters, one of which was for my mom and the other for me. I opened my letter and saw my father's note for me. "Helen, I've wronged you, and I'm too ashamed to face you, so I'm leaving. You've always been my favorite daughter and my pride and joy. I'm sorry for what I've done to you and your mother. In another life, I hope I could still be your father." I burst into tears. I had not been able to accept my father's sudden death even after all these years. He left just like that, leaving only suffering and the pain of being betrayed. For years, I wondered if my father had ever felt guilty of doing this to us. Who did he love more: Jane or me? Now that I had read his letter, I finally got the answer to the question I had been asking myself for a long time.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 725

List chapter

Chapter 725 I turned page by page and discovered my father's inner journey that spanned more than a decade. This was the first time that I had peeked into his inner world. My parents used to be very strict with me. If I did something wrong, I would be disciplined immediately. Even if I excelled at something, I was never rewarded. So after his demise, it was inevitable for me to wonder about who was more important to him: Jane or me? It was not until after reading snippets of his diary that I realized that my father had always loved my mother and me deeply. His love for us had not changed.

Years after my father passed away, I finally got the answer to the question that had been bothering me. I had some closure but I was still confused. How did Libby and Jane feature in our story? Did he also love them as much as he loved us? Nothing appeared to be black and white. There were too many grey areas. Just then George's concerned voice came through, interrupting my thoughts. "Helen, are you okay?" His voice was full of tenderness. I wiped my tears and rushed to open the door. Then I threw myself into his arms, holding on to him for dear life. "What's wrong?" George asked, flicking my hair back. His expression conveyed great worry. I rested my face in his chest and shook my head slowly. "I'm fine. I just found out that Dad wrote to Mom and me before he took his life." I felt George's body stiffen when he heard my words. Dad had mentioned George's father, Morton in his diary. When Morton was transferred to Philly, Dad had already anticipated his end. After calming down, I raised my head. "Have you any idea what happened to my father?" As far as I knew, my father was always an upright and honest man. Not only in front of my mother and I, but also in front of others. His character was blemish-free. But then he committed suicide. What drove him to such a tragic end? The authorities had searched my house back then but didn't find anything. I didn't know that it was George's father who handled the case. George explained, "I remember something. Your father passed away suddenly. Since the superior in charge could not find anything conclusive, the case remained cold. It was rumored that he had committed suicide to protect his accomplices. My father's career was also seriously affected by this case." "So was your father instrumental in my father's death?" If that were the case, then fate had played a very cruel trick on me. It pushed George and me to fall in love. When I could not extricate myself from the situation, I realized that there was a gap between us that would be impossible to bridge. If my mother found out that the husband she selected for me was the son of the man who had driven her own husband to commit suicide, she would die of a broken heart. "Helen, it's much more complicated than that. They all had their own issues. We cannot just speculate who caused whose death." "Yes. If my dad did something wrong, then he deserves to die. I also acknowledge that your father was merely carrying out his duty. He should not be blamed." It seemed to make sense. But I was still uneasy. There were loose ends that needed to be tied up. I needed more time to assimilate all the information. "Helen, I've told you before that as long as we are together, no matter what happens, we can trudge through the snow and reach our new destination. We cannot change the past. Then let's try and focus on what lies ahead instead, okay?" I

didn't answer him because I could not tolerate all that had happened. George's mother was totally against our relationship from the moment she found out about it. If she knew that who my father was, she would hit the roof. The stakes were high. When we got back, I considered our honeymoon phase over. I would drive myself insane overthinking at home, so I decided to go back to work at the law office. When Anya and Phil saw me back at the office so soon, they were both surprised. Seeing that I was in a foul mood, Phil teased, "What happened? Got divorced?" I didn't find his joke funny. I turned on the computer and ignored his dumb question. Phil, being the caring soul that he always was, asked Anya to have lunch with me during our lunch break. They assumed that George and I must have quarreled, hence the short honeymoon. Anya comforted me. "All couples quarrel! Don't be too sad. Put a smile on that dial!" I explained, "George and I didn't quarrel. Something happened at home, so we had to come back ahead of time."

ισνελεβσσκ.ζσμ Anya then asked with concern, "Is there anything that we can help you with? If you need any help, feel free to ask us." "Thank you. But I can handle this one." I appreciated their kindness. But this was a family matter and not for the consumption of others. After lunch, we went back to the law firm together. Then, out of the blue, I received a text message from George's mother. "How are you related to Bob Dewar?" My heart almost jumped out of my chest cavity. I felt as if someone had smacked me with a hard snowball on the nose. My hands started trembling. It took me a long time to get a hold of myself. I cooled down my anxiety. "He is my father." My reply was succinct. My body froze from the cold breeze and was exacerbated by my renewed fear. I stood still whilst Anya and Phil walked ahead. Soon George's mother sent another shocking message. "Helen, leave whatever you are doing and come to me right away, or your mother will die today!" At the mention of my mother, I panicked. "Mrs. Affleck, please don't go to my mother. I'm on my way to see you now." My mother's condition had finally stabilized a little. She couldn't be provoked or antagonized anymore. If she knew that George's father was involved in Dad's death, she would be deeply hurt and this would reverse the mental progress she had made. Noticing that I was not walking with them, Anya and Phil came back to me, suspecting that something was amiss. "Helen! What's wrong? Why do you look like you've seen a ghost?" I didn't have time to answer their questions and sprinted towards the garage. Phil caught up with me and grabbed my arm. "Where are you going in such a hurry? Let me drive you there." I was in no state to drive, so I agreed. I gave Phil the address and we were on our way. I sent numerous

messages to George's mother, but she neglected to reply to any of them. I even tried to video call her, but she cut off all my calls. I was so upset, that I began to bawl. As a last resort, I ησνελεβσσκ.φσm sent her a voice message. "My mother knows nothing. Please leave her out of this. Don't hurt her, please! I'm on my way. I'll be there soon!" With her temper and high status, she would be able to barge into the hospital with no problems. I didn't know if she would listen to my pleas, but I kept begging her.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 726

List chapter

Chapter 726 Divorce Him Before Tomorrow Morning Erin's POV: Ever since I found out about Helen and that she was virtually one of the limbs of the Affleck family, I had been having restless nights. The way this vile woman wormed herself into our already complicated lives was untenable. So much had happened recently concerning Helen. I did not get a chance to breathe. I figured they were just in a meaningless wham-bam-thank-you- maam relationship. I least expected George to marry that shrew and not even tell me about it. Then, to my consternation, I learned that Helen's mother was a psychiatric patient. Her mental disease could be inherited and very likely affect the bloodline of the Affleck family. How could I allow that? Due to George's insistence and threat to expose his father's scandalous history, I had no choice but to change my attitude towards Helen. Even if I couldn't accept her as my daughter-in- law immediately, I was willing to keep the peace with her till the election. But then I unearthed more secrets about her. Bob Dewar was her father. Upon hearing his name, I almost experienced a meltdown. Many years ago, Morton had investigated Bob. He thought that it would be a minor case that he would be able to fathom out quickly. However, before the truth surfaced, Bob committed suicide by jumping off a building. In the end, the case remained unsolved and it left a

stain in Morton's political career. At the time, it caused quite a stir. Later, it was cleverly suppressed by George's grandfather, so it was not widely reported by the media and soon the story died a natural death. Because of the mystery surrounding Bob Dewar, Morton maintained a low profile in the years that followed. What had happened in the past could not be brought up again. It would be like opening up a can of worms. So I was determined to separate George and Helen. If the public got wind that George had married Bob Dewar's daughter, the Affleck family would be in for the ride for their lives. Previously, I was prepared to be patient because of George's threats. I would wait till after the election. But in the light of recent developments, I could not endure it anymore. I could only bank on the possibility that George still had some regard for his family and wouldn't hurt his father. Jane was the source of my information & declaring that Helen was Bob's daughter. She called me. "If you don't put in a greater effort to separate these two, I will expose their marriage and reveal the identity of Helen's father. By the way, Josie has already met Helen. If she finds out that Helen and George are married, don't you think the Burke family will blow a fuse?" Then she abruptly hung up the phone, not giving me a chance to reply. This was the first time that I encountered Jane's dark side. She was the angel of darkness, playing her game from behind the black curtains. She forced those of us in her clutches to follow her orders or face the consequences of her wrath. It was her way or the highway. At first, I didn't take Jane seriously. But now, I was afraid she would carry out her threats. Then, George's grandfather, who was also aware of these threats, called me. "You'd better take care of it. We can't afford to be accused of wrongdoing. And let me make it clear. That shrewd woman cannot become a member of the Affleck family. Morton cared more about his career than anything else. When he received the news, he ordered me to deal with it immediately. "Don't screw it up this time." "Don't worry. I know exactly what I need to do." Although his tone was harsher than usual, I knew that getting angry would not help at all. I knew that I had to deal with the current crisis in a way that would work favorably for us. I knew Helen was a smart cookie, so I set up a trap for her using her mother as a bargaining chip. It had to work! Helen and I arrived almost at the same time. She advanced in a frenzy towards me with the man called Phil Mason--if my memory served me right--in hot pursuit. I looked at her with steely cold eyes. I was also dignified enough not to hit her then and there. "Are you sure you want others to listen to what I have to say to you?" This was related to the reputation of the Affleck family. I didn't want the whole world to know about our

personal matters. Helen then said to Phil, "Phil, thank you for driving me here. I don't want to trouble you anymore. You can go back now." "No, I'll wait for you in the car. Don't hesitate to call me if you need anything," Phil said, giving me a vigilant look. When he was out of earshot, I instructed, "Divorce George right now and cut off all contact with him from this moment. If you do so, I will never make things difficult for you."

ησνελεβσοκ.ζσμ There was no room for negotiation on this matter. I would never allow my son to be with Bob Dewar's daughter! I was so sure that Helen would bend under my pressure. But I was taken aback when she asked me arrogantly, "What if I say no?" I was peeved by her arrogant attitude and snapped, "Helen, let's get realistic about the situation. You will eventually be separated from George because of the relationship between his father and yours. Even without my interference, your relationship will not be able to stand the test of time. Stop being under the false impression that George will give up his whole family just for you. Can you not see it in black and white?" Helen's face turned ashen but she still didn't say a word. I continued in a slightly softer and more patronizing tone, "Without George, you are assured of a better, happier future. You can make a success of your life based on your own abilities. You don't need George for that. You are capable of supporting yourself and your frail mother on your own strength. You are young and beautiful and can easily find another man. Why do you keep intertwining with George? To be honest, I don't have such a bad impression of you. You are a brilliant, capable young woman. But you come from a poor family and your mother is a psychiatric patient. Her mental disease could be inherited by your offspring. We can't have our Affleck family tainted by such a scourge. We won't make such a sacrifice to fulfill your love. Most importantly, your father is Bob Dewar. He is the bane of our existence." Every word I said was true. Bob's case was still unsolved and Morton's career had been jeopardized. But in a trice, George had married Bob's daughter. People would inevitably suspect that the Affleck family had something to do with Bob. Even Morton would be misunderstood. The case would be revisited and the public would feel that Morton was paid off. It had severe repercussions for us. The Affleck family would come crashing down. I would never allow it to happen as long as I was alive. At that moment, I remembered George's threats so I softened my tone even further. I didn't want to fall out with Helen, so I literally begged her. "Helen, please understand where ησνελεβσοκ.ζσμ I am coming from. If you were not Bob's daughter, I would have accepted you with open arms as George's wife. But you can't hold the whole Affleck family to ransom. You are

an intelligent woman. I assume you understand the gravity of this matter. Think it over. Remember to get back to me first thing tomorrow morning. If you don't divorce George, your mother will not be the only one to suffer." It was a warning disguised as a plea. I didn't want to hurt Helen's mother, so I met with Helen instead. It would be best if we could solve the problem through verbal communication rather than resorting to unmentionable methods. If Helen was sensible to file for a divorce, I could compensate her in some way. If she stubbornly refused, I would make her life very difficult. Before leaving, I warned her, "Do the right thing and divorce George. I won't tolerate any excuses. If you don't, I can't promise that your mother will be safe." ©

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 727

List chapter

Chapter 727: Just Give Up Helen's POV: After dropping a bombshell, George's mother turned around and left, leaving me no chance to respond. As I watched her walk away, a cold feeling washed over me as if a bucket of ice water was poured onto me. I had to admit, at first, I was hesitant about being in a relationship with George. But as time went by, I became headstrong. I did not let my fears and worries control me. It was difficult for the two of us to be together. Why would let anyone separate us? I did not have to think it through to know that I was in disagreement. I did not do anything wrong, did I? Why should I give up the happiness I had tried so hard to get? Still, I was in a dilemma. I had never once thought of breaking up with George, but his mother's words got into me. At this moment, a sense of powerlessness came over me, making me breathless. As soon as I stepped out of the hospital, I found that Phil had not yet left. When he saw me, he started the engine and stopped in front of me. "As long as you're with George, these problems will keep coming. But don't worry. Everything's gonna be okay. For now, hop in and let's

get back to work." Phil opened the door and let me in. He probably thought that I had encountered a simple test before I could marry a rich and powerful man. Obviously, he had no idea about the complexities behind it. Well, I was too tired and weak to explain everything to him anyway. From the moment George's mother found out that I was Bob Dewar's daughter, no matter how strong my relationship with George was, us living a quiet life had become wishful thinking. On the way back to the law firm, Phil told me that he wanted to introduce a financing project of a real estate company to me. "You've done a great job in your project with the Leeson Holdings. The way I see it, you won't have a problem in the real estate industry. Anyway, the preliminary negotiation has been completed, and the = specific implementation id just about to start. I can give you this part if you want." "I see. I'll think about it. Thank you, Phil," I said with a grateful smile. I tend to overthink if I had nothing to do. So if I was busy, I probably would not have time to think about the threat of George's mother. But for some reason, at the mention of the Leeson Holdings project, I felt a pang in my heart. "Phil, do you think there'll be anything wrong with the Leeson Holdings project?" I asked uneasily. George's mother was the one who introduced this project to me. Given our current situation, I believed I had every reason to be worried. "Why would you think so? The project is done, and Leeson Holdings has paid Yeadon Real Estate," Phil assured me. Despite his answer, I still recalled every step of the cooperation. It was only when I was sure that nothing had gone wrong did I breathe a sigh of relief. I felt a little uneasy, though. But there was nothing I could do anymore but hope that nothing would go wrong with this project. When I got home that night, I saw George cooking our dinner. A tall and handsome man like him in the kitchen was a sight to behold. All of a sudden, tears welled up in my eyes. I walked up to him and hugged him from behind. I slightly rubbed my face against his back, craving for his warmth and comfort. On the way home, I kept thinking whether or not I should ask for a divorce. After all, I had witnessed how powerful his mother was. I was afraid she would do something extreme and bring permanent damage to us. But as I felt the warmth emanating from George's arms, my worries seemed to have vanished in an instant. If I could, I would stop the time and just stay like this forever. "What's wrong?" George worriedly asked. He must have noticed that I was morose. When he was about to turn around to hug me back, I held him tighter. "Hurry up. I'm starving," I reasoned out. "Oh. Okay." George gently squeeze my hand and let me hold him as he cooked. After dinner, the two of us went out and walked by the lake, hand in hand. A gust of cold wind

suddenly blew, making me shiver in the cold. "Why is your hand so cold? Did you catch a cold?" "I think so," I answered, my voice a little hoarse. Without another word, George pulled me into his arms, and we went home. Once we were inside the house, he fetched a blanket from the bedroom and wrapped me in it. "I told you to wear warm clothes before going out, but you insisted on wearing a skirt. Why did you dress up just for a walk?" he whispered in my ear. "I just think it looks cute on me," I answered while grinning from ear to ear. No words could explain how happy I was in his arms. It was boring to sit in the living room doing nothing. So, George selected a movie, and we watched it together. When the movie was over, George led me to the bedroom. Knowing that I was not feeling well, he just quietly held me in his arms the whole night. The next day, I went to work early in the morning. As soon as I parked my car in the parking lot of the law firm, I received a call from George's mother. "Have you made up your mind? When are you going to divorce George?" she asked without beating around the bush. "It's not going to happen. Just give up," I coldly replied. There was an awkward silence on the other end of the line. A moment later, George's mother grunted and cursed at me. "What the hell? I've warned you, haven't I? But since you're not willing to do as I say, don't blame me for being ruthless." "Whatever," I scoffed. Now that I had told her my decision, my heart no longer felt heavy. Never in a million years would I divorce George. And no matter what happened, I would face the consequences of my decision head on. For George and me, I would not be a coward anymore. George and my mother were my everything. I would do anything and everything I could to keep them by my side. I went to the hospital to see my mother before going home from work yesterday. It was the first time my mother and I calmly talked about Dad after his death. "Have you read your father's letter to you?" my mother asked. "He wasn't a good husband, but at least he was smart enough not to involve us in his shit." "Yes. Dad also mentioned in the letter that his love for you had never changed." I deliberately emphasized this in hopes that my mother could finally let go of the past. My mother was stunned upon hearing what I said. But after a few seconds, she shook her head and smiled bitterly. "It doesn't matter anymore. He's been dead for so many years, and my love for him has long dissipated with his departure. There's no point hearing it now. Helen, I broke down that day not because I was stimulated by his suicide note but because I finally got the answers to my questions. He might not have been a good husband, but he was a good father." A good father? Maybe. "Mom, do you know about the feud between Dad and the Affleck family?" I curiously asked. That was mainly the

reason why I had come to the hospital. It was to ask for my mother's opinion regarding the matter. "Helen, what happened in the past has nothing to do with you. Your father hurt you for years. You should stop living in his shadow. Did George's mother threaten you? To tell you the truth, I've recovered a long time ago. I just didn't want to leave the hospital because I was afraid I'd be a burden to you. Helen, please arrange my discharge papers now. I want to go back to our own apartment in the suburbs so that she won't bother me anymore." At my mother's insistence, I processed the discharge papers and let her stay with Cece for the time being. Now that I had arranged my mother's living arrangements and guaranteed her safety, I was no longer afraid of anything—not even the threat of George's mother.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 728

List chapter

Chapter 728: Big Mistake Helen's POV: I got my mother settled in comfortably but I still felt agitated. I'd only met George's mother a couple of times, so I didn't know her from a bar of soap. In fact, apart from the tight slap she gave me, she had not done anything out of the ordinary. So I had no idea what she had planned for me next. My whole day was spent in anxious musing. At the close of the working day, Mr. Lamont Ramsey, the big boss of Hesmor Law Firm, arrived unexpectedly. He walked into Anya's office with a troubled face. It was clear that something untoward had happened. He rarely showed up at the firm. As a matter of fact, I'd only seen him twice in all my time here. There were hushed murmurings amongst the colleagues. "What is Mr. Ramsey doing here at this hour?" "He looks very upset. I guess something massive is about to explode." I looked at Anya's closed office door and all kinds of negative thoughts ran through my head. I was on edge. I didn't know if I was being delusional, but I vaguely heard my name cropping

up in their conversation. Then Anya suddenly opened the door and asked Phil to come into her office. Before closing the door, she darted a sharp, icy glare at me. $\mu\omicron\nu\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\upsilon\sigma\kappa.\zeta\sigma\mu$ For a brief moment, I felt myself suffocating. It was the first time that she had looked at me with hawk eyes. Now I was more than certain that I was not delusional. I had definitely heard them mention my name. Even Tina and Melissa sensed that something was horribly wrong. "Helen, what happened?" they asked in a soft voice. I was too afraid to say anything. I just shook my head at the two of them. I dropped what I was doing, stared unblinking at the closed door, my ears pricked up, and waited. I guessed this was the consequence that George's mother hinted at since I had refused to divorce her son. But I had no clue what was going on. The waiting was killing me. After a while, Anya's office door opened again. Phil stood at the door and summoned me in. I nervously rose to my feet, my heart was pounding in fear and a cold sweat surfaced on my back. But I kept myself as calm as I possibly could. I told myself that the worst case scenario was that George's mother might have used her contacts to pressure my boss to fire me and make my career in the industry an ongoing uphill battle. I could deal with that. However, I underestimated her perspicacity. When I entered Anya's office, I was shocked to see the documents of Leeson Holdings and Yeadon Real Estate strewn on the desk. Lamont looked at me with wrathful eyes and asked frostily, "Are you Helen? Are you the one in charge of the Leeson Holdings and Yeadon Real Estate project?" Although I'd only met him twice, I could tell that he was generally a mild tempered, pleasant person. If he was so furious, then there must be something seriously wrong with the project. "Yes, I'm Helen. It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Ramsey." I hurried to greet him. "Mr. Ramsey, I will investigate it thoroughly and report our findings to you as soon as possible," Anya solemnly assured. "Hurry up," Lamont said. "Leeson Holdings has filed a lawsuit against us. If it turns out to be true, our firm will be forced to close down." Then Lamont looked at me with eyes as cold as a chest freezer and departed. He slammed the door so loudly that Anya, Phil and I almost jumped out of our skins. Anya sat down and picked up the documents on the table. My mind went blank because so much had happened so fast. I stood there stiffly and looked at her, barely able to register anything. I didn't know what was going on, but Anya's face was so sullen that I didn't dare to ask for an explanation. Soon, Anya stopped browsing through the documents, took out a folder from inside and threw it in front of me. "Can you explain this?" she shouted. I looked down and saw that it was a copy of the land property title and some relevant reports of the project of Yeadon

Real Estate. These documents were completed and signed by me. "Is there something wrong with this project?" I asked Anya in a shaky voice. "It was only after Leeson Holdings made the payment to Yeadon Real Estate that they found that the land they bought was not under the name of Yeadon Real Estate. It had already been sold to another company, but your due diligence report says the land belongs to Yeadon Real Estate, which caused Leeson Holdings a loss of hundreds of millions of dollars," Anya explained. "Mr. Ramsey informed me that Leeson Holdings has filed a lawsuit against our law firm, demanding a refund of the lawyer service fee and fifty million dollars in compensation." I looked through the documents and verified that I had indeed written the report. "Miss Pierce, I'm sure these documents are authentic. When I was investigating the ownership of the land, I personally went to the Land Management Bureau and confirmed that that piece of land was indeed under the name of Yeadon Real Estate. It's impossible that there's a mistake like this," I explained in a hurry. Leeson Holdings had taken our firm to court. If I did make a mistake in my investigation, it would not only hurt my reputation in the legal profession, but it would also cause a huge loss to the law firm. I calmed down and carefully recalled the investigation, step by step, to make sure that I did go to the Land Management Bureau to verify the information before putting it into my report. "Anya, you've worked with Helen for so long. You should know her better than anyone. She's always thorough and conscientious. She will never make such a stupid mistake," Phil said, placatingly. "Are you certain you went to the Land Management Bureau to check it?" Anya asked with a straight face. "Leeson Holdings has provided the relevant certificates. This land is on file with the Land Management Bureau, which shows that it is not under the name of the Yeadon Real Estate. Because of your mistakes in the due diligence investigation, Leeson Holdings did suffer a great loss. In essence, we made them buy the land that didn't even belong to the people they were paying." I nodded firmly. "Yes. I swear to God I went to the Land Management Bureau, and a staff member show me the certificate of ownership of Yeadon Real Estate." I was pretty sure that my report was authentic and valid. "A staff member?" Anya repeated my words, frowning. I didn't know what was on her mind. Panic seized me and the point finally hit home. Was there something wrong with the staff member? Had he given me a fake file?

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 729: FALLING INTO THE ABYSS

List chapter

Helen's POV: Who would have the guts to falsify government documents just to lure me into a trap? All of a sudden, George's mother's threat flashed through my mind. She told me that if I did not divorce George, I would have to pay the price. I did not think that she was capable enough to pull this off. But if there was one thing I was sure of, it was not to underestimate the cunningness of an angry woman. If something went wrong in the project, not only would my career be destroyed but also the reputation of the law firm. "I'm going to Yeadon Real Estate," I said in a resolute tone. I still had a glimmer of hope. I wanted to go to the Land Management Bureau in person as well to verify what was wrong. Without waiting for their response, I walked over to my desk, took my car key, and turned around to leave. But just as I was about to walk out of the door, Anya spoke. "By the time you arrive at Princeton, it's already evening. You won't be able to do anything!" Although the tone of her voice was cold, I could hear her concern. Looking at her, I could feel tears welling in my eyes. "Miss Pierce, I'll take responsibility of this," I replied. I had to go there, no matter how late it was. After all, I was not only responsible for myself but also for my clients, the law firm, and Anya and Phil. Regardless of Anya's dissuasion, I left for Princeton. On the way, I recalled the project over and over again. Every step of the process, from the beginning up to the final review, strictly followed the protocol. It was impossible to make such a rookie mistake. I had no clue what I had missed. Halfway, I received a call from George. "What do you want for dinner? I'm in the supermarket." My eyes brimmed with tears when I heard his gentle voice. I clutched the steering wheel tightly and forced myself to calm down before answering. "Sorry, but I won't go home tonight. Anya has asked me to go on a business trip. I'm on the way already." "Business trip? Where are you going?" "In the neighboring city. I'll be back tomorrow," I bit my lip and tried, with all my might, to control myself for fear that George would notice my voice cracking. "I see. Well, be careful on the road. Call me as

soon as you arrive there." "I will" When the call ended, I felt as if a knife had pierced through my heart. Moreover, the world seemed to have darkened. If I took another step forward, I would see an endless abyss in front of me. Just as I thought that things could not get any worse, Cece called me as soon as I hung up the call with George. "Helen, did something go wrong with Leeson Holdings's project? I heard that its acquisition program had been suspended and that Devin had asked us to stop the advertisement." My mind went blank all of a sudden. This project was Cece's first venture project in New York. She invested all her money into this. If the project was suspended, or worse, terminated, she would go bankrupt. I stepped on the brakes and the car came to a screeching halt. I could not breathe. I felt like I was drowning, except that I was not underwater. My vision was also blurry with tears. "Helen, are you okay?" Cece asked with concern. I did not know how to answer her, so I made up a lie. "Everything's okay so far. We're also investigating the matter. Don't worry. I'll inform you as soon as I receive any news." A lot of things had not been confirmed yet, so I could not reveal the details of the project, especially to Cece. "Okay." Cece breathed a sigh of relief and continued, "By the way, I'm thinking of hiring a caregiver for your mother. I've been really busy these past few days and I'm afraid I have to continue working long hours. I'm worried about her staying at home on her own." She was in the early stage of her business. She had been busy recently and barely got time for herself. What was more, the suburbs was far from the company, so she had to spend a lot of time on the road. Because of this, most of the time she would just sleep on her office. I thought for a while. Although her suggestion was appealing, I disagreed with it. "You don't have to do that. She's stronger and more stable than you think. Besides, I can watch her through the surveillance camera, so I can check up on her from time to time." Once the call ended, I booked the hotel where I stayed last time. I also called George and talked to him for a few minutes. Then, I hung up the call with an excuse that I had a meeting to attend. I tossed and turned the whole night. The next morning when I surmised that the people of Yeadon Real Estate were already at work, I went to find Mason Browns, their representative who was in charge of the project in Princeton. I had come here before, so the receptionist recognized me. "Helen, Mr. Browns has resigned," she whispered. "He has resigned? Wasn't he the second major shareholder of Yeadon Real Estate? Why would he do that?" I asked incredulously. I could not wait to find out the truth about the matter, but I had a bad feeling about this. But since it was work hours, the receptionist refused to go into detail for fear that others would hear her. But I was persistent. I sat on

the chair and waited until the remaining employees had clocked in. "Why did Mason resign? And when did he leave?" I anxiously asked. The receptionist looked around the place. Once she made sure that there was no one around, she explained in a hushed voice, "He took advantage of his position and transferred Yeadon Real Estate's projects to different people. Then, he ran away with the money after he got exposed." My heart sank, and I got weak on my knees. I felt cold all over as I walked out of Yeadon Real Estate. It was only when I sat in my car for a long time did I come to my senses. I did not dare to delay any longer. Without further ado, I drove to the Land Management Bureau to verify the ownership of the piece of land that Leeson Holdings had paid for. When I arrived, I looked for the security guard who took me upstairs that day, but he was nowhere to be found. Instead, another security guard was standing not far away. I walked up to him and straightforwardly asked, "Hi, didn't the other security guard come today? Where can I find him?" He looked at me in confusion. "Uh, sorry, but I'm the only security guard here." I recalled the man I had met the other day and described his appearance. "He's tall and slightly fat. He also has a mole near his ear. Please think carefully. I have something very important to ask him." The security guard pondered for a moment and then shook his head. "You must've gotten the wrong person. I've been working here for a long time, but I don't know anyone who fits the description. Maybe you talked to a maintenance personnel?" How could the maintenance personnel wear the uniform of security guards? I was certain I remembered correctly. $\eta\sigma\nu\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\nu\sigma\kappa.\zeta\sigma\mu$ I had no idea what was going on, but I tried to remain calm and composed. "Is the temporary business window on the second floor now open to the public? Can you take me there?" "The business windows are all on the first floor. The second floor is the administration offices. Nobody can go up without an appointment," the security guard answered. He seemed pretty confident that what I was talking about did not exist. Achill ran down my spine. It must have been George's mother who set up all the traps. The project, the security guard, and the ownership of the land were all fake. And all these were done just to make me fall into the abyss.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 730

List chapter

Chapter 730: Pulling Some Strings “Any” Elizabeth said quickly. Looked like wanted to say something else, but was interrupted by Dalores. Dalores walked up to Janet’s side and said cheerfully: “Hey, Janet, let me sit next to you side, okay?” Janet smiled awkwardly, knowing there was no polite way of rejecting her. Dalores dropped down next to her and struck up a conversation. “I have seen your works before. You’re so talented. I’m sure you can become into a freelance designer in due course weather. Your family will support you for sure. He that the White family also has many connections in the fashion industry. With your talent and the support of your family, I’m sure that you have a bright future ahead of you.” Janet forced a smile, not knowing how she should react to Dalores’ flattery. “Thank you very much. Although I still have to work harder.” Laughing, Dalores clapped him on the shoulder. to Janet happily. “There is no need to be so modest, Janet!” Janet’s eyes fell on his hand. Dalores, who was on his shoulder. Could not avoid feeling that the woman was acting too familiar with her. they only knew each other for two days, but Dalores acted as if I knew her for years. He coughed and politely asked, “Was there something would you like to tell me? If not, I need to go back to work now. Dalores smiled and asked, “How about we go drink coffee? I just took a nap so I still feel a little dizzy.” Janet didn’t find anything wrong with that, so He followed Dalores into the tea room. when the two they were alone in the tea room, Dalores suddenly he looked at Janet seriously. “Janet, have you been working here for a while, right?” Janet was concentrating on making coffee and didn’t even didn’t even look at her. “Yeah, it’s been almost a year. By what? What’s happening?” “Mr. Wesley told me that we are in charge of interview applicants... I have a friend dying to work here. we graduated from the same school of design. Really I can not tell him no...” Quickly, Janet realized that Dalores was trying to do ‘let her friend in by the back door’. He bowed his head to a side and thought for a moment. “Well, since he’s your friend, then I shouldn’t be no problem with your skills professionals. But there are so many applicants this late.. Let’s wait and see if it is bold enough, it will stand out from the crowd to be like that.” Dalores’ smile hardened. “OMG! Why didn’t Janet understand?!” “I mean, we don’t need to see the others

candidates if we only elect her.”I said slowly, winking at Janet with a flattering smile. This made Janet uncomfortable without precedents. She had always valued her work and it was the first time he faced a such ethical problem.”Let’s see how the interview with her goes first.” Janet lowered her head and took a sip of her coffee, deliberately giving Dalores an answer vague. The interview began abruptly at three and mid afternoon. After being rejected by Janet, Dalores had a long face the whole time. Janet felt uncomfortable too, but she didn’t showed, she remained very polite to Dalores. If it was true that Dalores’s friend was a talented person, it would definitely be welcome and there would be no problem. yes it they would have let him in without even interviewing him, so Dolores was belittling her design capacity. At least that was what Janet thought. A few minutes later, Dalores’s friend showed up for his interview. Judging by the works of her folder, Janet discovered that her designs were very ordinary. felt that it was not enough a prestigious studio like W Marks. There was many other excellent candidates. After fire Dalores’s friend, Janet told her directly to Dalores: “I want to see the other candidates”. Dalores began to collect all the resumes to save them. There is no need. I already checked the resumes and portfolios of everyone else applicants. She is the best option. Janet was reaching the end of her rope. Said coldly: “Dalores, it is not you who has the last word in this interview.Janet’s frank words made Dalores blushed. Picked up resumes and he threw in front of Janet angrily. “I’m not lying! See for yourself. There’s even this one candidate who has a long career gap and only recently resumed. She too she’s pregnant now! If she comes to work here, it will only delay the study schedule. It will also be inconvenient for her to do anything if you have a child at home!” “Call the next candidate first for the interview. They came a long way to be here. Don’t let them down. It is a lack of respect.” Clenching her teeth, Dalores had no more no choice but to let in the next candidate. “Hello, I am applicant number 108.” When Janet heard the familiar voice, she looked at the woman in front of her with surprise. Effectively, it was Tasha.