

S Addiction 69

Chapter 69 Sweet Dinner

Jackson thought about it for a while, and said, "Okay, let's go to a restaurant. I'll pick you up after work."

Hearing that, Helen was so excited that her face turned red, but she then thought about it and said with great care, "Can I go to your house? I haven't been to your home."

Hearing this, Jackson frowned. He didn't like others to "invade" his territory. "We'd better go outside."

Helen felt a little upset. If a woman wanted to enter a man's life, how could she keep out of his circle of life all the time? She should know more about his life.

"Go to your house! We have known each other for so long, but I haven't been there yet! You promised to accept me..." But she didn't find there was any difference between them. So Helen complained in a low voice.

It was the first time for Jackson to hear Helen act in such a spoiled way in front of him. He felt a little strange because he didn't have any aversion to this woman. If it were any other woman, he would have hated her very much. So for some strange reason, Jackson replied, "Yes." He didn't come to his senses until Helen shouted loudly over the phone.

"Then you come to pick me up, or I will go by myself? !"

Hearing that, Helen felt radiant. Her colleague was curious and wondered whether Helen was in love.

"I'll pick you up. Call you then."

After hanging up the phone, Helen put her head in her arms, bending over the table and laughing for a long time, without the slightest trace of a lady. Seeing her crying or laughing, the colleague was kind enough to pat her.

Helen quickly adjusted her expression, looked up and said that she was fine.

The colleague saw her smile and thought she was excited because she became an official employee.

After she left, Helen took out a pen and paper and began to write quickly, wondering what dishes to make tonight. It was said that grasping a man meant grasping his stomach.

Since people all said so, it couldn't be wrong!

After work, Helen was standing at the door and looking around.

"Hey, Helen! Why don't you go home?" One of the colleagues asked.

Thinking of Jackson, Helen smiled sweetly. "I am waiting for someone. You can go first!"

Hearing what she said, the colleague got more and more curious. Yes, Helen had a fair skin, a delicate look and a burning figure. But they all knew that she was a tough girl and never saw she was so shy.

They exchanged curious glances, and one of them answered, "Is he your boyfriend?"

That made Helen blush. She didn't know what to say. Because she hadn't got him yet.

At this moment, a Ferrari stopped in front of them.

Jackson rolled down the car window and glanced at Helen. "Get in the car."

All of a sudden, the people around were shocked. He was so handsome! He was driving a luxury car and looked like a typical rich man!

Looking at their anthomaniac, although there was a little bit of pride in it, Helen still could not help complaining, 'What did the man want? Who was he trying to seduce!'

Unwilling to let her colleagues see Jackson, Helen said goodbye to them and got on the car. Those women were still in the same place, remembering Jackson's beautiful appearance.

Jackson stared at the women in the rear-view mirror and rolled his eyes. "Isn't there any handsome man on your radio station? Haven't they met a man?"

Helen felt speechless and thought, 'Don't you know you're handsome?! Can you face up to your appearance?'

Helen was commanding Jackson to stop at a vegetable market. She got out of the car and bought some ingredients.

Jackson was curious to see the bags she brought and asked, "How do you know my house have no dishes?"

Helen would like to tease him that he looked malnourished, but she still stopped her mouth knowingly. Because she knew that Jackson would definitely reply to her with a more cruel remark.

As expected, Jackson's apartment was decorated with luxuries all over the place, which could be told from his ordinary clothes.

It was a small suburban villa, which was not big. But if he lived alone, it was not small. It was not as messy as a single man's apartment. On the contrary, it was surprisingly clean and tidy.

She opened the refrigerator and found there was nothing in it.

"Do you usually order takeout?" Helen asked.

Jackson sat on the sofa, turned on TV, went to the financial channel and replied casually, "I don't eat at home. I usually eat in the company."

Helen curled her lips and thought, 'Well, he's still a workaholic.'

After a while, Helen washed her hands and began to cook. For a while, Jackson smelt a fragrance.

There had been no one cooking for a long time at home. And it had been a long time since other people came here last time. He liked the house to be cleaned up, and he liked to buy expensive furniture. It seemed that money could make up for his void and loneliness, but only he knew that every time he woke up from midnight, he felt like he was abandoned by this world. Of course, He didn't talk about it with other people. Because he felt like she had a paranoid at that time.

"Why are you here? You can just wait on the sofa. It will be okay in a minute!" Helen said with a smile, turning his head to look at Jackson at the doorway.

Jackson was stunned. He had followed the scent to the kitchen

He felt a little surprised to see Helen in an apron. Helen tied the long hair at the back with a small leather cover, but there were still some broken hair on both sides of her cheek, occasionally blocking her eyes, and the apron was tied at her waist, which made her waist more slender, making him want to hold it up.

At the thought of this, Jackson was stunned and then turned around hastily. How could he have such a strange idea?

When the dinner was finished, they sat down.

This was the first time she cooked for someone she loved She wondered if he liked it.

There were four dishes and a soup on the table of his home, and Jackson was a little absent-minded. The dishes were not the kinds of food that he often ate in the hotel, but there was a sense of home,

which could more move him. He couldn't help eating a piece of pork ribs with chopsticks. He didn't expect it to be so delicious.

Looking at the expression on his face, Helen felt a little relieved, "How about it?"

"Not bad," he picked up another one.

That immediately brought a wide smile to Helen's face. She also had a taste that and thought, 'It does taste good! Jackson's cooking equipment is good, but it is a pity that he don't need to use it for a long time.

I must find an opportunity to come over often.

Go for it! Helen! The first step was achieved! The prospect was bright!'

After they finished their meal, Helen wanted to take a look at Jackson's house.

Jackson was talking on the phone and waved his hand to Helen, asking her to look around.