

Warning 591

[Chapter 591 Attempted Rape](#)

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"A misunderstanding?" There was a murderous look in George's eyes.

Stunned by his reaction, the police chief corrected himself at once. "No, sir, that's not what I meant. This is a case of attempted rape, and we intend to enforce the law impartially."

George's face became less tense. He grabbed my hand and walked out. When he passed by the police chief, he gave him a nod. "Thanks," he said.

Now that the police chief was here, the situation changed in an instant.

When Breck and his lackeys were handcuffed, a look of astonishment appeared on their faces.

"Do you have any idea who I am? Let me go, you pigs!" Suddenly, Breck sprang to his feet and struggled violently.

Suddenly for him, one of the policemen pressed his head against the table and said, "Don't move!"

Breck was charged with attempted rape and battery. He gritted his teeth, glaring at me and George. One could see the hate and anger in his eyes.

It looked like he wanted to swallow me alive.

George stopped in front of me to block Breck's line of sight. Then, he led me out of the police station.

There was a car waiting at the gate of the station. The driver bowed and gestured George to go in. "This way, please, Mr. Affleck."

George opened the door for me, and stood beside it. "Get in the car," he said.

I was actually surprised that we managed to leave the police station so easily. "Okay," I responded fleetly as I got into the car.

Once we were inside, George told the driver the address of the hotel he had booked.

"I'm flying back to New York this evening. Can you drop me off at my hotel? I want to take my luggage and go to the airport directly." Now that I was fine, I just wanted to leave Philly as soon as possible. I really didn't like the place I grew up in.

After a long silence, George replied, "Tomorrow's a Saturday. Just refund your flight ticket and stay with me in Philly for the weekend."

Even though I was already away from the police station, fear still lingered in my heart. The longer I delayed here, the more hitches I might run into. Thus, I wanted to escape from this place the soonest that I could. George, on the other hand, appeared to be very calm.

He looked at me, frowning slightly. It seemed as though he was disappointed. "Helen, I just saved you."

When I met his gaze, I understood what he meant.
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When I met his gaze, I understood what he meant.

He wanted me to show some gratitude and not burn the bridge after crossing it. I wanted to leave Breck's sphere of influence as soon as possible, but when I remembered how the police chief acted earlier, I was less worried.

This "Mr. Miller" must be a big shot in the city. At the very least, we'd be safe in Philly for the next two days.

After thinking it through, I agreed with George's proposal. "Okay."

His room was a luxurious presidential suite.

After walking out of the exclusive elevator and stepping on the soft carpet, I was finally able to relax.

George who walked ahead of me, suddenly stopped in his tracks, and looked back at me. "Helen, you knew that it could be dangerous, so why did you still go to that stupid appointment? If it weren't for the

fact that I came to Philly today and happened to see your post on INS, what would you have done?"

I nodded in response. "I know, but this is my duty. Besides, I had no idea that Breck would be there."

George was right. If he hadn't showed up in time, my life would've been ruined. Breck would've raped me, and I would have no way of getting justice.

Suddenly, his face turned sullen. While suppressing his anger, he shouted, "How could you ignore the danger just for work? What if something had happened to you? Do you think Hesmor Law Firm would've awarded you for your dedication? You think Anya would compensate you? You're not being dutiful here, Helen! You're just being stupid! You are so dumb to ignore your own safety!"

I had never seen George act like this.

Even though he wasn't the sweetest lover in the world, he was still always gentle and considerate of my feelings.

But this time, he seemed like he had lost control. His face was distorted by anger.

Sadness overcame my heart. I looked down as my eyes welled up with tears. Pretty soon, the tears in my eyes fell to the floor.

George stopped abruptly and clammed up. Moments later, he said, "Come in."

He opened the door and went straight into the bathroom. He filled the tub with hot water and then came back to me, saying, "Go and take a bath."

When I walked into the bathroom and closed the door, all the tense emotions and lingering fear bubbled up to the surface.

I stood beneath the shower head, letting the water wash over my body continuously. My skin, especially the part that had been touched by Breck, had turned red because I rubbed it hard over and over. Tears and water streamed down me at the same time. I leaned against the wall, curled up in the corner, and sobbed my heart out.

Thereafter, I soaked in the bathtub for a long time. When I came out of the water, I felt normal again.

Since my clothes weren't here, I had to put on George's. His clothes were big, loosely wrapped around my body. I could smell his familiar scent on the clothes.

George was currently speaking to someone over the phone on the balcony. When he heard the bathroom door open, he turned around to look at me. He creased his brows and then he looked away.

I had no idea who he was talking to. His voice was lowered, and he looked sullen.

Moments later, he ended the phone call and turned around. His once fiery eyes gradually softened. He opened the door of the balcony and strode toward me.

"What happened?" I asked nervously.

It worried me that Breck was already causing trouble for us.

"It's nothing." George led me to the sofa, sat down, and then he picked up the blow dryer to help me dry my hair.

Every move he made was so gentle. The way he stroked my hair so affectionately made me feel so cherished and loved.

"Thank you for everything, George," I told him.

"No problem," he answered.

Then, he turned off the blow dryer and put it on the tea table beside us.

A waiter knocked on the door and pushed a dining cart in. He put wine, candles, and delicious dishes on the table. Suddenly, the atmosphere became romantic.

While wearing a straight face, George took my steak, and cut it into bite-size pieces before putting it back in front of me.

He was so considerate.

Now that I thought about it, aside from his stern and impartial style at work, he had been taking great care of me this whole time. He prepared breakfast and dinner for me every time he stayed for the night. He cleaned my house, and even did my laundry.

All he had done was way beyond what friends with benefits would do for each other. Like that wasn't enough, he saved my life today, regardless of his own safety.

I couldn't keep lying to myself anymore. I now believed that George really had feelings for me.

But, how long would it last until he liked another person? One day, his initial attraction and passion toward me would disappear. Research stated that the dopamine brought forth by love would last for only three months at most.

I pondered on this question a lot, but I still couldn't come to a conclusion.

I looked into George's eyes and let out a sigh. Perhaps it was better not to dwell on the question.

Maybe I shouldn't think too much. Since this relationship didn't seem like it would pan out, it was probably just best to enjoy the moment.

[Chapter 592 Playing The Piano](#)

Helen's POV:

This was the first time I got to stay in a luxurious presidential suite.

The interior design was by far the most elegant design I had ever seen. The three walls were French windows, overlooking the skyline. My eyes then fell on the piano sitting in the corner of the living room.

George was sitting on the piano stool. Noticing my gaze, he waved his hand at me and said, "Come here."

I sat next to him but kept a certain distance from the piano.

All of a sudden, George grabbed my hand and placed it over the piano keys. "Play something."

I withdrew my hand and looked away. "I can't."

George did not say anything more and began playing a piece. I could not help but watch as his slender fingers pressed the keys. The melodious piece he was playing was called "Castle in the Sky".

As the music came to my ears, it aroused the memories I had been suppressing for ages. They surged up like a tide, drowning me.

I clenched my fists and, with all my might, resisted the impulse to stand up and leave.

When George finished playing, he turned his head and gazed at me with a nostalgic look in his eyes. "Do you know when I first heard this piece?"

I shook my head in response.

Back in high school, our lives were like two parallel lines. And we never saw each other again after graduation. How was I supposed to know the answer to his question?

George chuckled and reminded me, "You played it at the orientation party when we were in 10th grade."

My eyes widened in surprise.

"Why don't I remember?" I asked with a frown.

"That was the day I arrived in Philly. I got caught in a traffic jam, so I arrived late at school. And when I did, the orientation party was almost over. I caught the last performance, though. You were playing the piano on the stage," George explained.

I nodded absentmindedly. It was only then that I remembered I indeed played the piece. No wonder George remembered it clearly. It was the only performance he saw at the time.

"Let's play it together." George moved closer to me, brought my hands to the piano, and put his hands on the back of mine.

Our fingers were almost interlocked, and so were our bodies. I felt hot all over, but I pretended not to feel anything. As minutes went by, the atmosphere seemed to become more ambiguous.

I had not played piano for ages, so I was a little rusty. Thankfully, George seemed understanding of it.

"Take it easy. Follow me."

When his deep and gentle voice came into my ears, my heart calmed down little by little. The piece ended a few moments later, but it took me a few seconds to realize it. I looked down at our hands and saw that George's hands had left the piano keys.

"Do you want to play another song?" George asked while staring into my eyes.

"Okay."

The door of memory opened. I did not need to look at the sheet music to play the song I had in mind. I just let my fingers run free on the piano keys. The first part was soft and gentle, but it became passionate in the middle. When it got to the chorus, my fingers danced quickly, and my heart beat faster and faster. It was as if my whole body was playing the melody, not just my hands. Not only that, I felt as though I was starting to break free from my shackles.

The room returned to silence once the music stopped. Ever so slowly, I came back to reality. However, the after-effects were still there as my fingers continued to tremble slightly.

George held my hands tightly until I calmed down.

"Thank you, George," I uttered from the bottom of my heart. This man really knew me very well.

It was already deep into the night when George and I returned to the bedroom. What happened next could not be more surprising.

I stood on tiptoe and kissed him on the lips. Lust instantly appeared in his eyes. In a heartbeat, he encircled my waist with one hand and held the back of my head with the other. With that, he kissed me

back.

He licked my lips and sucked the tip of my tongue.

I wrapped my arms around his neck in response and kissed him deeper. Unable to take it any longer, I pushed him onto the bed and unbuttoned his shirt one by one.

A few seconds later, his strong and well-defined chest became exposed. This man was unbelievably sexy that I became more excited.

All of a sudden, he held my wrist and turned me over, so it was the other way around. I did not know how he did it. But before I knew it, I was already naked. He held his dick, which was as hard as a rock, and rubbed it against my vagina, stimulating it. Not wanting to waste another second, he slowly inserted it into my hole.

I gasped in anticipation and suddenly became weak. I unconsciously put my arms on his shoulders, trying to grab something.

"Do you want it?" George bent over and gently kissed my earlobe, sending chills down my spine. But the way he kissed me was quite the contrary to what he was doing down there. He thrust his hips faster, making me lose my mind.

"Yeah... Ugh..."

As he moved, liquid gushed out of my vagina and my body trembled uncontrollably. The pleasure he was giving me was driving me crazy. A few moments later, I seemed to see a flash of light in front of me. I put my arms around his neck, moaned at the top of my lungs, and reached climax. Once the intense sensation passed, I collapsed on the bed in exhaustion.

I could feel the liquid gushing out of my vagina and wetting the bed sheet.

Meanwhile, George buried his face in the crook of my neck and gasped. The sweat on his forehead slid down his jaw and trickled to my collarbone.

I thought that that was the end of it, but I was wrong. He carried me in his arms and brought me to the bathroom.

The mist was pervading, and the atmosphere became ambiguous once again. I could not remember who took the initiative between us. The only thing I remembered was that I was pressed on the wall, and George was fucking me from behind.

We had a crazy night. He only stopped when it was almost dawn. Even so, he did not let me go. He held me tightly in his arms as we slept. It was as if he was afraid of losing me.

As I felt the warmth of his body, I suddenly felt an urge to ask him if he loved me.

But in the end, I could not bring myself to do it.

We flew back to New York the next day and got home late at night. I was too exhausted from the flight that I just stared at my suitcase, hoping it would unpack itself.

If there was one thing I hated the most whenever I returned from a vacation or business trip, it was unpacking.

All I wanted right now was to take a quick shower and go to bed. Although I took a nap on the plane, it was not enough to replenish my energy.

When I came out of the bathroom, I saw George talking on the phone with earphones and packing my suitcase in an orderly way.

I stood at the door of the bathroom and watched him do such a trivial thing. I could not help but wonder how great it would be to have him as my husband.

George happened to turn around and saw me staring at him. He beckoned me to go to bed first. It must be an important call.

But how could I go to sleep if he was busy doing something I was supposed to be doing? Out of consideration, I sat on the sofa and waited for him.

He was on the call for about an hour. He replied from time to time, but he mostly listened to the person on the other end of the line.

I leaned against the sofa and listened to his deep voice. It was like music to my ears. I gradually became sleepy.

"Why haven't you gone to bed?" George walked over to the sofa and carried me bridal style to the bedroom. He must have finished unpacking.

As soon as my head hit the pillow, weariness washed over me. Before I drifted to sleep, the last thing I remembered was a warm hand stroking my hair.

"Good night," George said in a low and comforting voice.

He went to bed and hugged me from behind just like he always did. It was so comfortable that I did not want to move. But then, something crossed my mind and made my heart skip a beat, waking me up.

It seemed that I had gotten used to his existence that I no longer regarded him as a mere fuck buddy. I must admit, I was starting to like him.

This realization made me panic. I was not like Lucy. She loved and she broke up; men just never got to her. I on the other hand, started worrying about almost everything from the very beginning.

How long would George like me? What if someone else caught his eye? What if he betrayed me?

These intrusive thoughts were like reflexes, forcing me to suppress my feelings for George.

If I would not give him my heart, I would not be hurt, would I?

[Chapter 593 The New Product Launch](#)

Helen's POV:

When I woke up the next morning, George had dressed up and was ready to go out. Today was the new product launch event of Zhester Technology, and he would attend as the keynote speaker.

He wore a tailored suit, a white dress shirt under it, and a pair of sharp pants. His hair was carefully combed, giving him the air of a business elite and unique nobility.

I looked at his face, feeling entranced and beamed at him. "I thought you would wear a T-shirt and jeans. Isn't that the dress code for the new product launch event to show your approachable personality?"

George adjusted his suit. "It's tacky to follow the herd. Besides, I don't want to look populist." He smiled and winked at me.

Indeed, he was always in a suit and tie, holding himself aloft and standing aside. There was no sign of him staying close to the populace.

Instead of heading out, George suddenly walked over to me. "If you plan on attending the launch, let me know so I can save you a seat."

"Okay," I replied easily.

It was hard to get the tickets of the new product launch event. Counterparts of Zhester Technology, agents at all levels and various media would be present. But the truth was that I'd already got three tickets from Lucy. And I was going to attend the event with Anya and Phil.

However, I didn't expect that the inter-company tickets Lucy gave me were in the middle of the first row.

"The man in charge thought I was George's girlfriend, so he gave me the best seats," Lucy, who was sitting beside me, explained in a whisper.

Anya and Phil were sitting on my other side. Suddenly, Phil leaned towards me. "Is George with Lucy?" he asked me in a low voice.

"No. It's just a rumor," I explained in the same tone of voice.

"Really?" Phil looked at me suspiciously.

"Yeah," I replied.

"Does that mean that George is trying to make her his girlfriend?" Phil asked in disbelief.

"I don't think so." He was making a reasonable assumption, despite being ridiculous. Yet I couldn't say anything because I wasn't supposed to know the truth.

"Helen, sometimes you can be too simple." Phil shook his head and smiled mysteriously.

Since we were sharing gossip, we kept our voices very low. In order to be able to hear each other, we leaned towards one another and ended up being so close that I could feel Phil's hot breath on my face. The second I realized this, I inched back from him.

At this moment, the light on the podium went on. There was thunderous applause as George gracefully walked onstage.

He cast a glance at the audience. Somehow, I got the feeling that his eyes turned slightly cold when he saw me with Phil. That wasn't how he had looked at me this morning.

Perhaps he was miffed that we had taken the important seats that should have been reserved for other important clients?

Since the seats in the middle of the first row offered a great view of the stage, they should have been occupied by important clients or VIPs; but instead, Phil, Anya and I were the ones sitting here now. That had to have upset him, right?

"We'd better move to the back," I murmured to Lucy, feeling a prickle of disquiet. "I don't think it's appropriate for us to sit in the middle." I tacked on before she could ask me why I made the suggestion.

"Why not? These seat numbers are on our tickets. We have a right to be here, not someone else," Lucy huffed.

I felt a boost of confidence at her words.

Our tickets were for the seats. So why should we leave simply because he was unhappy?

George drew everyone's attention as he stood on the stage confidently and began his speech.

He was tall and straight, and the exquisite suit he wore made him look even better.

The speech flowed from his lips seamlessly and he had the audience eating up his every word within seconds. It was easy to see from his eyes how much passion and love he had for the project.

I'd never seen him like this before. Now, he was neither the man who did chores for me in the house nor the man who took me like a beast in bed. At this moment, he was more like a God, the ruler of the high-tech world.

"Damn it! What a heartthrob. He's killing it!" Lucy cried, with one hand on her chest. "If you're not with him, I promise I will chase him until he falls in love with me, no matter what it takes."

Lucy's frank assertion had my face burning as my heart missed a beat. Resolutely, I stared straight ahead, watching George as he continued to dazzle everyone with his prowess.

Even though I wasn't looking in her direction, I couldn't help but wonder what Lucy had meant by the statement. He was... not with me.

We were just friends with benefits!

There was so many people in here that I couldn't just argued with her.

Two girls in the back row were talking about George.

"Wow, he is so handsome. He is a real Prince Charming!"

"What you see is just the surface. Have you ever heard about George Affleck's background?"

"What do you mean?"

Their conversation continued for some time, but I couldn't keep up with them anymore. All my senses were drawn to George. Whether he was dressed or naked, he looked very sexy.

When George's speech was over, a swarm of the press encircled the stage to interview him. There was no impatience on his face. He answered the reporters' questions about the new product one after the other.

His answers were detailed and professional.

After that, there was an exclusive interview. George was accompanied by Boswell who answered most of the technical questions.

Just as I was about to leave, my phone dinged with an incoming message. It was from George.

"The interview will be over in fifteen minutes, and then we can go back to the office together."

I thought for a while before typing my reply. "Sorry, I need to go back to the law firm with Miss Pierce. Everyone responsible for the due diligence on the M&A case are heading back for a meeting later today."

Almost immediately, I received another message from George.

It was short and to the point, just like him. "Okay. See you tonight then."

Lucy looked over my shoulder to see who I was chatting with. When she realized that it was George, she snatched the phone from my hands. Before I could protest, she quickly typed out a message to him. "Hi, George, this is Lucy. Could you please give me a lift to Zhester Technology? I'll meet you by your car."

When she had sent the text, she returned my phone to me and declared, "You go back with your colleagues. I'll wait for George."

Swiftly, she turned on her heel and marched off before I could say a word.

[Chapter 594 I Have No Time For Love Games](#)

Lucy's POV:

When George arrived at the underground parking lot, I took the initiative to sit in the passenger seat.

Boswell happened to come down with George. He stared at me playfully before getting into his car.

Without even uttering a word, George drove out of the underground parking lot.

Now that Helen wasn't around, he became silent. It looked like he didn't want to talk to me.

Because of the gossip I heard at the launch today, I decided not to beat around the bush. I held up my phone to show him the news and introduction of the Affleck family in Washington that I found on the Internet.

"How are you related to him?" I asked, pointing at the man in the photo.

"He is my grandfather," George replied while glancing at the photo for a second.

I was surprised that he was so frank about it. "Does Helen know about that?"

He turned his gaze towards me and asked, "Does it even matter if she knows? My grandfather is himself. The same goes for my father, and the same goes for me."

I scoffed at him and responded, "If it really doesn't matter, then why are you hiding it from her?"

"I wasn't hiding anything. It's just there hasn't been any need to mention it. Our relationship hasn't reached that point yet, okay?" George replied unhurriedly. He was surprisingly calm at this moment.

"Jerk!" I shouted, unable to contain my anger. What did he mean by saying that their relationship hadn't gotten to that point? Didn't she deserve to know more about the man she was seeing? Or was he actually implying that he wasn't serious with Helen, and so she didn't need to know?

All I'd ever wanted to do was to enjoy a full life. As long as I didn't break any laws or violate codes of morality, I could do whatever I liked. I believed that people should enjoy their lives and do whatever they liked, provided that they didn't violate any laws. Above all else, one's own happiness should be everyone's priority. And that was exactly what I'd been telling Helen.

However, there were certain people that one shouldn't provoke such as George. This man's family was so prominent that Helen shouldn't have even made friends with him.

When the car finally arrived at Zhester Technology, I quickly got out of the car. But after a few steps, I turned around and approached the driver's side. "George, I don't think you and Helen are right for each other. You should break up with her. It will be better for the both of you."

As a relationship expert with a huge fan base online, I had seen many dramatic love stories, so I had developed an ability to weigh the pros and cons of a relationship and predict its future development.

I merely said what I said to protect Helen.

From the look in George's eyes, I could tell that he was angry. "It's between me and Helen. I can handle it just fine, so don't meddle."

"Okay, then tell me this: do you really love Helen? Or are you just with her for fun?"

As Helen's best friend, I knew her better than everybody else. She might seem insensitive when it came to love, she was actually quite sensitive.

If George weren't taking their relationship seriously, it would devastate her!

I would never allow such a thing to happen to my best friend!

"I don't have time to play love games," George replied.

I stared into his eyes for a long time, and gleaned that he wasn't lying. It made me feel relieved to know that.

"So, you're serious about her? You'll protect her no matter what, right?"

"On my honor," he said with a nod.

"Remember what you said today. Because if you dare hurt her, I will hunt you down to the ends of the earth no matter how powerful your family is!"

Boswell's POV:

The second I entered the company, I heard many of the employees gossiping about George and Lucy.

Rumors were spreading about in the company that George was quarreling with his girlfriend, Lucy. And now, he was trying to apologize to her.

I also saw the photo of them that the employees took in secret.

In the photo, George was leaning against the car with a straight face, while Lucy was standing in front of him and scowling at him.

Clearly, she was angry.

George was standoffish and intimidating. Nobody in the company ever dared to be angry with him. This photo made the rumor that Lucy was his girlfriend all the more convincing.

The discussion in the company's chatroom was quite intense.

"George appears to be serious this time. He's always been particular about how he separates work and personal life, but he's made exceptions for Lucy many times!"

"I must say, she's quite good at leveraging resources, but I don't think she likes George that much. Last week, I saw her drinking with a man at a bar."

While I was in George's office, I read the employees' private discussions one by one to him. Then, I asked tentatively, "Is it true? Do you really like Lucy?"

George was currently working at his desk. He didn't even bother to look at me when he said, "No, I don't like her. Don't you have anything better to do, Boswell?"

His question took me aback, and I retorted, "Indeed, I have a lot of free time at the moment. We've successfully launched the new product. The people in the technical department can finally rest until the end of the New Year's vacation."

George shot me a cold glance. "Sounds like you really are very free. Submit the product development plan for next year to me by this Friday."

The smile on my face disappeared and turned into disbelief as I looked back at him. "Oh, come on, man! Do you really have to squeeze me like that?"

George grunted, "The nature of a capitalist is to squeeze the value out of his employees. You say that all the time, don't you, my friend?"

"What? I don't say that! Jane says that a lot," I replied at once. Feeling that George was getting annoyed at me, I quickly came up with an excuse to escape.

I would be an idiot if I really stayed to write the damned product development plan. I had already booked a luxurious trip for the entire technical department in advance. The crew would be taking their annual leave in advance and going on a sojourn abroad. I must say, I must be the most generous and considerate leader in existence!

Helen's POV:

I went back to the law firm with Anya and Phil.

The New Year's Eve was fast approaching, so most of the lawyers who had been on business trips all over the world came back to submit their year-end reports. The merger and acquisition team led by Anya was unprecedentedly lively.

The M&A case was going smoothly. We had basically completed the review of all legal processes.

After the new year, we planned to go to Smart Technology's headquarters in New York to do our due diligence.

At the group meeting, Anya briefly discussed the planning and key tasks for next year.

As usual, she was in charge of the case, while Phil, Mattie, and I would support her.

Once the meeting was over, we began discussing our plans for the New Year holidays. During every other time of the year, we were usually very busy. The only time we got to relax was during the New Year holidays.

"I'm going home to visit my parents," Anya said.

Feeling down, Mattie complained, "My whole family is going abroad. Ugh, it's so annoying! Traveling with your family is really a punishment."

Suddenly, Phil turned to me and asked, "What about you, Helen? What's your plan?"

I shook my head and chuckled. "I haven't really decided yet."

In fact, I didn't have a place to go. My mother was hospitalized at a private hospital. If there weren't any special circumstances, she couldn't accept any visitors, nor could she be discharged from the hospital.

"I've already made an appointment with some friends to take a self-driven tour this year. We'll go along the highway and stop at random destinations. It'll be a free and fun journey, I'm sure. You wanna come with us? I can introduce some of my friends to you as well," said Phil.

His words seemed to be hinting at something.

Right after he said that, everyone in the office became excited.

"You really are something, Mr. Mason!"

"Just say yes, Helen! Phil's friends are all elites in their respective fields. Getting acquainted with them is no easy feat!"

I chuckled awkwardly before replying, "I'm sorry, Phil, but I get carsick easily. I don't want to throw up all over your car and sicken you."

I didn't want to be a part of an office romance. All I wanted to do was to work hard and increase my qualifications, so that I could handle cases by myself and make a lot of money as soon as possible.

Phil didn't get mad. He just turned to the others and said, "Anyone who wants to take part in the road trip can tell me anytime, but there's only one seat remaining, guys."

Everyone giggled and some volunteered before we started talking about something else. They didn't take this incident to heart.

[Chapter 595 Keep You Company](#)

Helen's POV:

On New Year's Eve, I refused Lucy's invitation and stayed at home as usual.

The plan was to treat myself to a fancy dinner. It shouldn't be that hard to cook it anyway.

On the Internet, I checked out recipes until I found the one for the meal I wanted. Then I took out the meat and vegetables in the fridge.

Each step in cooking the meal was laid out and looked quite simple to follow. It would appear cooking wasn't that hard after all.

Before I started, I was full of confidence.

Shortly after I turned on the stove, I became overwhelmed and actually forgot what I was supposed to do first.

Thanks to me, the kitchen became a disaster zone. The steak was all frizzled up, and the sink was blocked. The pots and pans were everywhere on the table. I had no idea what to do.

I skipped lunch. So, now I was hungry, tired and exhausted.

Finally, I sat at the dining table with the badly cooked meal, feeling awkward. Since I had no other option and I was quite hungry, I figured that I might as well eat some of the food I cooked. Slowly. I cut the burned steak with a knife and fork.

When I cut the steak, I found that the inside was not only uncooked, but still bloody as well.

The negative emotions I'd been trying to keep at bay surged up all at once. I curled up on the sofa and sniffled, the urge to cry nearly overwhelming.

Just then, I heard the key turn in the lock. Someone was trying to open the door from outside. Who would come to my house at this time?

Lucy was at her parents', and George was in Washington visiting his family. Could it be a thief?

Gripped by sudden nerves, I stood up from the sofa and went in search of a weapon to arm myself with. Seconds later, I found a spanner.

The next second, I heard a click and then the door was opened.

Taking a deep breath, I tightened my grip on the spanner and raised it above my head. But before I could make a move and attack the intruder, I saw the smiling face of the man at the door.

My hand paused in the middle of the air. It took me a long time to react. "You... Didn't you go home to celebrate the holidays with your family?"

"Yes, I did. And now I'm back to keep you company." Frowning, George took the spanner from my hand and pulled me into his arms. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing. I was watching TV." I leaned against his chest and answered sulkily.

When I saw him, my restless heart was suddenly at ease.

"Have you had dinner?" George asked in a low voice as he caressed my hair slowly.

At the question, my hunger reignited and I felt deeply frustrated once again.

"I've brought you dinner. I'm going to heat it up." George let go of me and walked outside. When he returned, there was a food box in his hands. Without pausing, he prowled towards the kitchen.

Then I remembered what the kitchen looked like at the moment. I rushed to the kitchen door and blocked his path with my body. "Wait a minute! I've had dinner. I'm not hungry now. Let's go and watch TV together."

I hadn't cleaned up the kitchen yet. I couldn't let George see it!

"What did you eat?" George stared at me suspiciously. Obviously, he didn't believe me.

Tongue in cheek, I murmured, "Steak. Really, I'm not hungry at all."

"Well, I am. Now move. I'll heat the dishes." George was unmoved by my explanation and insisted on entering the kitchen.

I shook my head and refused to let him enter. The kitchen was very messy right now and he was sure to be angry if he saw it in the state it was in.

"Why won't you let me in? Is there someone hiding in the kitchen? Helen, tell me what's really going on here." George narrowed his gaze and stared at me intently.

When I saw his uncompromising stance and his narrowed gaze, I felt so guilty that I silently moved aside to let him in.

George marched into the kitchen with purpose and I stayed by the door, nervously awaiting his reaction.

As expected, George's roar came from the kitchen the next second. "Helen! What have you done?!"

I leaned against the door frame and looked inside. The sink was blocked and something suspicious floated in it.

Pots and pans covered every surface and there was burnt food residue in the fry pan. Vegetables and meat were scattered on the table. Some were cut into chunks while others were still intact.

When I saw that George was only getting angrier, his gaze blazing, I tried to defend myself. "I tried to stop you from seeing this, but you insisted on coming in."

"Shut up!" He was putting on gloves, ready to clean up the kitchen.

"Don't be angry." The kitchen was small and messy. I didn't dare to go in, so I stood at the door and persuaded him in a low voice.

George glared at me, put the food box on the dining table, and said fiercely, "Wait here."

Then he went into the kitchen to clean.

I stood at the door and looked inside. George was tall and slim. His shoulders were broad and his waist narrow. He was wearing a shirt and suit pants today. Now the sleeves of his shirt were rolled up, revealing his slender and strong arms.

Lowering his head, he began to clean up my mess. He shouldn't be doing such menial task like a housewife, but the scene was surprisingly harmonious.

Housework was difficult for me, but he did it in an orderly manner. Twenty minutes later, the kitchen was clean again.

After cleaning up, he heated the dishes he brought and put them on the dining table. It was a rich dinner.

I picked up a spoonful and had a taste. Rich flavor burst on my tongue and the aroma filled my nose. A smile pulled at my lips.

"Is this from your family's New Year's Eve dinner?" I asked.

"No. I asked the cook to cook it specially. Were you going to starve yourself if I hadn't returned tonight?" he asked viciously as he served me some more food.

Knowing I'd been caught, I coughed awkwardly and admitted, "Yes. I'm used to it."

"It's a bad habit. Don't do that again." George put down his fork and ordered seriously.

"You are so overbearing." I frowned at him in annoyance.

George chuckled and his face softened. Under the warm light, he looked kind and gentle.

"Why didn't you stay with your family? Are they fine with you leaving so abruptly? What made you return all of a sudden?" I didn't know much about George's family. I only knew that he came from a rich family. Such a family must have many rules.

"It doesn't matter. I have had dinner with them. Do you have any plans for the rest of your holidays?"

I shook my head. "No. I'm going to rest at home. I'll be very busy after we get back to work."

"Well, eat quickly. I'll take you out after dinner." He picked up some food and put them into my plate.

"Where are we going?"

"You'll know when you get there."

Once my stomach was full, all the frustration from earlier disappeared. I also realized a very pertinent fact. Everyone had their own specialties and weaknesses. It was not a big deal if I couldn't cook. After all, there was no such rule that girls must be able to cook.

[Chapter 596 Happy New Year](#)

Helen's POV:

After washing the dishes, George walked out of the kitchen and said, "Go and change your clothes."

I got up from the sofa, changed my clothes and went out with George happily.

The street in the suburb was nearly devoid of cars. George drove us downtown.

Compared with the suburb near my home, the city center was very lively with many people coming and going on the street.

At last, George parked the car in the garage of a high-end community and took my hand as we walked into the elevator.

"We're going to your home?" I asked belatedly.

"Yeah."

Ever since we became romantically involved, George had been the one who came to my house and stayed over without invitation. I had never been to his house.

And today, he took me to his home. Many things were self-evident.

The elevator went up to the top floor. When we walked out of the elevator, we had a broad view of the New York City.

George stood at the door, fiddling with the door lock. Then he grabbed my hand and pressed my finger on the fingerprint lock several times until the voice prompt announced that the fingerprint had been recorded.

Then he grabbed my shoulders and positioned my face in front of the camera on the lock so that my face could be recorded and recognized. He didn't let go of me until the voice prompt announced that it was done.

"Your fingerprints and facial recognition have been recorded. From now on, you can come and go as you like."

He opened the door and led me into the apartment.

I thought this was the house he lived in, but it was empty save for a few basic decorations. There was no furniture in the house at all.

My lips turned down in a frown, disappointment clouding my face. It turned out that this was not his real home.

On one side of the living room was a huge French window, and on the other side was an open-air balcony. No matter where I stood, I could see the night scene of the whole city.

A house in this location and of this type must cost an astronomical amount. There was no way I would be able to afford this place in my life.

Outside the window, there were gorgeous fireworks blooming on the huge electronic screen of a tall building in the distance. In the square below, people were shouting the countdown in unison.

When they counted to 1, George hugged me from behind and whispered in my ear, "Happy New Year, Helen."

The fireworks on the electronic screen shone brightly and the light fell on my face from time to time.

"Happy New Year." We stood on the terrace and enjoyed the comfort of each other's embrace. Even though we were very high up, we could still hear the sound of merriment from the square in the distance.

All of a sudden, George grabbed my shoulder and turned me around. He lowered his head and kissed me deeply. Then he wrapped me in his coat and held me tightly.

After a long time, when the tip of my tongue was numb and I was almost out of breath, he released me.

"Helen, can you decorate this house? You can design it whichever way you like." His voice was hoarse, and his eyes were as soft as water, waiting for my answer.

The meaning of his words was clear enough. I could decorate it according to my preferences before moving in.

I leaned in his arms and shook my head.

"I don't have a good taste and I don't have the energy. I'm very busy with work."

Although my house was in the suburb and it was not big, my mom and I had decorated it together. It was very cozy and gave me a great sense of security.

The thought of moving out of that place never once crossed my mind.

"It's close to the company. You can save a lot of time when you commute," he murmured softly, trying to cajole me.

"You want to keep me?" I was kidding.

George didn't answer my question directly. Instead, he asked, "Is that okay?"

"No. I'm sorry." I lowered my head to hide the expression on my face. I was having mixed feelings.

George's intentions were a mystery to me. Did he want us to keep our relationship strictly sexual? Or did he want to be my boyfriend?

Although I had no clue what George's thoughts were, I knew my feelings had changed during the course of our friends with benefits relationship.

Even though George had all but asked me to move in, he still hadn't clarified our relationship.

But I didn't have the guts to broach the subject. I was afraid that I would be setting myself up for disappointment.

Actually, I was going to leave things as they were. As long as I didn't rock the boat, then we could maintain our current status quo.

And with those words, I comforted myself. But no amount of consoling words could chase away the twisty feeling in my gut.

A sigh escaped George's lips, but he didn't say a word.

He held me in his arms for a while longer before we left the house.

There was no furniture in the house, so we couldn't stay the night. George drove us back to my house.

By the time we returned, I was so tired that all I wanted to do was to go to bed. However, the second I stretched out on the bed, a tall figure hovered above me.

The buttons of his shirt had been unbuttoned, exposing his chest, and his warm breath engulfed me.

Before I could react, George leaned down and kissed me. His tongue gained entry into my mouth and in a matter of seconds, our tongues started dueling.

"Hmm..." His kiss was so deep that I could hardly breathe. My hands were against his chest, but he

grabbed hold of them and raised my hands above my head.

With his free hand, he took off my clothes and my plump breasts were exposed to the slightly cold air. I trembled slightly and my nipples stood erect.

He buried his face in my chest and nuzzled my nipples. In turn, he sucked and licked them until I was out of my mind with pleasure. George showed me how skillful he was in bed. While one hand palmed my nipple and his teeth worried the other, his free hand reached into my skirt and cupped me through my underwear.

It was sensory overload. I writhed and moaned, unsure how to process the sensations. My private parts gushed with fluid, expressing very clearly that I loved what he was doing to me.

George chuckled and whispered in my ear, "Baby, you are wet..."

A sense of shame welled up in me, but it did nothing to stop the fluid flowing out. My cheeks were hot, but my shame had nothing on my desires. I writhed frantically and spread my legs, but when George still failed to take the hint, I growled thickly, "George, come in...."

"What? Where to go? Huh?" George's slender fingers trailed along the edges of my underwear until he was pushing my legs even farther apart. He stared down with dark eyes at my exposed private parts.

Instinctively, I tried to close my legs, but George's hand held my knee immobile.

He lifted the leg he held captive and placed it on his shoulder. With his free hand, he took off his trousers and revealed his shaft to my greedy eyes.

"Babe, you haven't told me yet," his voice was a deep rasp and it took a minute for me to understand him.

The longer I stared at his erect shaft, the deeper I fell into lust and lost any ability to think. I became so wet that I drenched the bed sheet under me. I was so aroused that I wanted to get him to make love to me immediately.

Voice tinged with lust and shame, I rumbled, "I want your dick... Pounding into my hole... "

My words had a visceral effect on George. He shuddered and his eyes darkened with lust. "Baby, if you want it so badly, then I will satisfy you right away."

As he spoke, he covered my body with his, his hips pushing my legs wider. Then slowly, I felt him pushing inside, one slow inch at a time. My natural fluid acted as lube and made his entry less painful than it was earlier.

He was very gentle with me. After he was fully sheathed, he waited patiently for me to adjust to his size.

When he felt that I was ready for him, he gripped my waist in both hands and began to move.

At first, he moved slowly because he was afraid that I wouldn't be able to take it.

His pupils were dilated with lust, and there was a fine sheen of sweat beading across his forehead from the force of his restraint.

As much as I loved the fact that he was trying to be gentle, I wanted more. I raised my buttocks and cantered my hips.

My invitation was clear as day and George's eyes turned red. He bared his teeth on a growl and sped up furiously.

The force with which he pounded into me had me shuddering. Small moans escaped my mouth and soon, the bed started groaning as loud as me. I started tightening on him and the force of his movements turned painful.

"Ouch..." He snorted and slapped me on the buttock. "You need to relax. You're gripping me too tight."

Abruptly, he stopped pistoning into me. Then he pulled out of me slowly, but before I could catch my breath, he pushed back into me in a single thrust. He repeated the motion a few times, and each time he filled me to the hilt, it felt like he was reaching deep into my heart.

"Ohhh... George, be gentle..." My delicate vagina was hit hard. He pistoned faster and faster until my legs started trembling. The pleasure was so sharp and acute that it was bordering on the edge of painful.

My world turned a brilliant white, my breath seizing as my orgasm burst out me with the force of a tornado. A second later, he leaned forward with a loud groan as hot liquid filled my vagina. He buried his face in my neck and panted.

The only sound in the room was our loud pants as we both came down from the high we had been riding. A while later, he got out of bed and carried me to the bathroom.

Surprisingly, he still had an erection. It would appear that one round of sex was not enough to sate his desires at all.

So we had another round in the bathroom again. By the time we came out, it was already dawn.

We went to sleep in each other's arms and didn't wake again until it was noon.

George opened his eyes and stared straight into my eyes. The sunshine filtered in through the window and shone on his face, which made me feel warm.

"Happy New Year, Helen." He leaned forward and kissed my forehead.

Last night at the New Year's Eve countdown, he had said it. Now was the first day of the New Year and it was a new beginning.

"Happy New Year," I replied with a smile.

[Chapter 597 I Will Miss You](#)

Helen's POV:

George and I stayed at home for two days.

On the third day, he told me that he planned to go back to Washington. "I'm sorry, but Grandpa told me to go back. I've booked a flight ticket for tonight."

Even though I wasn't expecting him to spend his entire holidays with me, my heart still sank when he said that he was leaving.

Thereafter, he took me out for grocery shopping. Within less than an hour, the shopping cart was filled with all sorts of food.

Seeing that he still intended on picking stuff up, I immediately stepped forward to stop him. "Are you planning to hoard food until next year? When do you think we'll be able to finish all these up?"

"Just keep them at home as reserves. I won't be able to stay with you for the next few days, so you'll have to make do with these groceries. I'll eat with you again when I get back." George put a few more items into our cart, wheeled it to the cashier, and paid the bill.

Once we got home, he put all the food he bought in order. By the time he finished, my fridge was filled with food.

"Will you be okay on your own?" he asked abruptly.

"I'm going to be fine. I'm not a child," I answered confidently.

Everything would be fine as long as I didn't try to cook.

"When it comes to taking care of yourself, you're a bit like a child," George bantered.

I wanted to refute him, but before I could utter a word, he had already pulled me into his embrace. "I'll try to return as soon as possible. I'm really worried you might set the kitchen on fire again."

"What? I didn't set the kitchen on fire!" I said, glaring at him.

He stroked my hair before letting go of me. And then, he walked to the kitchen.

After cooking some dishes, he stashed them into the refrigerator, and marked the time for three meals a day. "I've made something for you for tomorrow and the day after that. It won't be easy ordering takeout during the holidays. I'm worried you might starve to death."

"I can take care of myself just fine. Quit worrying," I replied listlessly.

He shook his head in response. Thereafter, he went to the bathroom to take a shower. Once he got out of the bathroom, he hugged me again and kissed me for a long time before letting me go.

I walked him to the parking lot. As I watched him walk to his car, I suddenly felt an indescribable sadness.

Just then, George stopped in his tracks, turned around, strode towards me, and wrapped me in his tight embrace. "I'm gonna miss you, Helen."

I hugged him back, wanting to tell him just how much I'd miss him, too.

But before I could speak, he said to me, "Would you like to come with me?"

I couldn't understand how I felt at the moment, but my heart was filled with sweetness.

This was the first time that I had truly experienced the feeling of love which Lucy described to me.

But then, the rational part of my mind told me that I couldn't go with him.

I looked up at him and said, "You should go. But when you come back, I have something to tell you."

I had been thinking a lot about our relationship. If George still wouldn't give me a clear answer as to what the nature of our relationship was, I'd take the initiative to ask him.

I hated the fact that I had to guess what he thought about me every single day.

It was better to make things clear now than to get ourselves hurt in the end.

"Why can't you say it now?" asked George.

"Let's just talk about it when you come back, okay?" I patted him on the back and let go of his hand.

"You should go now. If you delay any longer, you're going to be late."

"Okay. I have something to tell you when I get back as well." Finally, George let me go and drove away.

I didn't go home until his car disappeared from my sight.

At this moment, the house felt so empty, and so was my heart.

George's POV:

After getting off the plane, I saw a message from Boswell that read, "Did you go to Washington to accompany your grandpa? Jane just arrived there and she's planning to fly back to New York. You should ask her if she's at the airport. She hasn't been back for many years. Look after her, okay?"

Before I could reply, Jane called me.

The sound of her laughter resonated from the phone. "Turn around, silly! I'm right behind you."

When I turned around, I saw her pushing a cart along with several suitcases on it and was walking towards me.

Jane waved at me with a smile on her face.

"Welcome back!" I approached her with a smile.

"Yeah, I'm finally back!" Jane sighed.

She left her luggage cart to me and walked beside me while carrying only her purse.

Jane had always been a minimalist. Her clothes were simple, yet they brought out a certain elegant charm, which was just like her design concept. Objectively speaking, she was a capable, intellectual, and sexy woman.

When we walked out of the airport, a gust of cold wind blew past us, causing her to shiver. "I seem to remember that it used to be warmer during winter at home. Has the weather cooled down lately?"

"You really haven't been back for a long time, huh? You should make it a habit to check the weather forecast before setting out." I was wearing a black overcoat, so I didn't feel cold at all.

Meanwhile, Jane was standing next to me with folded arms. Her face had gotten a little red because of the cold wind.

When she finally couldn't stand it, she opened the suitcase at the very top and took out a black scarf. After she put it on, she looked much better.

We chatted for a while until the taxi arrived.

"I'll escort you to the hotel first." I pushed the luggage cart to the trunk. The driver got off and helped me carry the suitcases.

"Okay. Thanks!" Jane glanced at the taxi driver and said, "Seems like you're trying to keep a low profile while you're here. Boswell said he wanted to arrange a driver and some more secretaries for you, but you refused both."

"We have a driver back at the company, and he can drive me around in important occasions. Otherwise, I prefer driving myself. And I don't need more secretaries. Having Chana is enough for me." I was never a material man, not to mention I was used to keeping a low profile because of my family background.

Jane opened the door and was about to get in the car. "Chana is abroad. It's not convenient for you to communicate with each other from two entirely different time zones."

"It's fine." I smiled and followed her into the car.

After escorting Jane to the hotel, I took a cab home.

The villa was quiet. Only the lamps on the walls were still lit.

I thought my grandpa had fallen asleep by now, but the second I entered the house and before I could even put down my luggage, he showed up and said loudly, "You're finally back, you little brat!"

After putting my luggage down, I hugged him and bantered, "Why wouldn't I come here? You're here, after all!"

[Chapter 598 Marry A Girl Of Your Class](#)

George's POV:

"Good to see that you've matured, George," Grandpa remarked as he looked at me intently. I was hardly home and he was on a vacation in Hawaii when I came back a few days ago. So technically speaking, we hadn't seen each other for quite some time now.

Just then, my parents, Morton and Erin Affleck, came out of their bedroom.

"Dad, don't praise him too much, or else he'll become cocky," said my mother. She walked towards me and sat beside me. Even though she said that, I could see the pride and joy in her eyes.

My father, on the other hand, was wearing a long face. "The driver saw you leave with a girl when he arrived to pick you up. Is he telling the truth?" he asked.

"Who is she?" my mother asked nervously. "Do you have a girlfriend now? Most women out there are cold and calculating gold-diggers. Do not trust them easily!"

Even though their tones weren't particularly stone, I could tell that they were interrogating me, and it

was making me feel very uncomfortable.

"Jane is my colleague and business partner. She's not the cold and calculating woman like you think she is," I explained with a frown.

After hearing my explanation, my parents seemed more relieved.

"George, I know that you're a cautious man, so we've never interfered in your career planning. But, what worries me the most is your marriage. If you're ready to get married, you need to marry a girl of your class!" My mother added.

"Mom, your view on marriage is very outdated," I argued. I couldn't believe that my mother would even subscribe to such rotten ideas.

"I've heard enough. It's getting late. Go to bed!" Grandpa shouted. Silence ensued in the living room.

Not daring to say another word, my parents went upstairs.

As I watched them go upstairs, I finally breathed a sigh of relief. "Grandpa, let me walk you to your bedroom. You should get some rest."

My bedroom was next to my grandfather's. Back when I was a child, my parents were always busy, flying from one city to another. I lived with my grandfather my entire childhood, so I was very much attached to him.

It wasn't until I went to junior high that my parents finally realized that they should fulfill their responsibilities as parents. Thus, wherever they went, be it for work or otherwise, they took me with them.

However, a close parent-child relationship wasn't something that could happen overnight. They were still very busy at work. There were times that I couldn't even see them for two weeks in a row. Living with my parents after years of estrangement only made me feel like I was an orphan.

As time passed by, I became more and more independent. Even when I later spent years studying abroad alone, I managed to adapt to my environment quickly.

The next day, I played chess with my grandfather in the study. My waist and my entire back were aching, but my grandfather seemed as spry as ever. He didn't even look exhausted at all!

That evening, my father came into the room. "Dad, Mr. Todd has arrived."

"Okay, tell him to come here," said Grandpa.

I thought that they'd be having a business discussion, so I stood up to leave. "Sounds like I should leave

you two alone, Grandpa."

"Hmm? You don't have to go, boy. Just sit where you are. What happened to the Todd family has provoked quite the discussion among the public. Young ones like you have more ideas than old dogs like us. Perhaps you might be able to help us," Grandpa responded, stopping me from going.

"Sure. I'll stay then," I replied. Frankly speaking, I'd rather not get involved in this matter, but I didn't have any choice but to listen to Grandpa.

Pretty soon, an old man the same age as my grandfather came in. It was Mr. Todd. I greeted him before sitting back down.

One look at him and I could tell that he was troubled. He was sighing with resignation as well. Jax Todd, his grandson, was just as dejected.

Jax was several years older than me. As the pride of the Todd family, he had been composed and level-headed since childhood, and his career had been going pretty well. But unfortunately, his marriage broke his grandfather's heart.

Thereafter, they told us the whole story.

Jax's wife was eight years younger than him, and she was a flight attendant born to an ordinary family. They fell in love at first sight when they met on a plane.

Despite his family's wishes, he married her.

If the woman was behaving properly, the Todds probably would've acknowledged their marriage. Jax was a grown man, after all. He knew what he wanted, and it was impossible for his family to interfere with his love life.

However, his wife had an affair with another man after marrying Jax. The worst part about it was the fact that the paparazzi had taken intimate photos of her and her secret lover and posted them online.

The Todd family valued their reputation greatly. For generations, they had never been involved in such scandals, so they had no experience in dealing with a crisis like this one.

Thus, Mr. Todd came here today to ask my grandfather for help and advice.

"The social circle of rich and powerful families is small. Gossip will spread pretty soon. And I'm sure that others are already gloating over the misfortune of my family. If I had known this would happen, I never would've agreed to their marriage." Mr. Todd scowled, heaving a deep sigh.

My grandfather didn't say a word until they had finished talking. "So, what do you think, George?" he asked.

I shook my head in response. Honestly, I had no idea how to pull the Todd family out of this crisis.

The press had provided incriminating evidence to prove the adultery of Jax's wife. There was no way the Todd family could turn the tables now. All they could do was to swallow the bitter pill.

Mr. Todd heaved another sigh.

My grandfather refused to let the matter go. I could tell that he must be testing me. "Dealing with online comments is tricky. The opinion of the public is bound to have a negative effect on their company's stock price. So, I'll ask you again, George; how are they going to get out of this situation?" he asked again.

"Their interest in the matter won't last that long. After some time, their focus will be shifted to another hot topic. The best way to deal with scathing comments online is to play it cool and keep a low profile. Because any response you come up with will only draw more attention to the affair," I responded after giving it a clear analysis.

"I agree with your opinion, George. I'll have my men do it." Mr. Todd nodded in agreement.

We kept on talking for a while longer before he and Jax left.

Grandpa asked me to stay for another minute. "George, let Jax's problem serve as a warning to you. Remember to marry an educated, amiable, and decent woman. Otherwise, you'll end up getting our family into hot water," he exhorted.

"I understand," I replied.

I knew fully well regarding the intricacies of my marriage and my family. I also knew that men with evil intentions were always keeping an eye on me because of my identity. Anything that I did wrong could be used against not only on me, but also my family.

That was why I always avoided mentioning that I was from the Affleck family in public places. I'd sworn to myself never to make use of my family's name nor bring shame to it.

[Chapter 599 A Blind Date](#)

George's POV:

After dinner, I video called Helen.

She was leaning against the head of the bed. Truly, she looked elegant with her wet hair dripping in the soft, warm light.

The cockles of my heart seemed to warm up as I looked at her.

"What are you doing?" I asked casually. I knew that if I didn't take the initiative to contact her, then she wouldn't have contacted me.

"I just took a shower and I am getting ready for bed," Helen replied while drying her tresses with a towel.

Her movements were unrushed and I could see that the pajamas she was wearing were rather conservative. However, my attention was drawn to the diamond-like droplets of water gently falling off the tips of her hair against her delicate and beautiful collarbone. Images of me hugging and kissing her passionately flashed through my mind.

"Oh!" I replied in a low, hoarse voice. I secretly admired her without saying anything.

Neither of us spoke again for a while. Helen kept drying her hair and then suddenly asked, "When will you be coming back to New York?"

"In a few days." I had promised to accompany my grandpa to have a physical examination and to meet several of my friends.

A technology exhibition was scheduled to take place in Washington in a few days' time and Jane and I were invited to participate in it. Therefore, I would still be around for at least a week.

"I'll also have to go back to work by then."

"I guess."

The next few days were pretty busy. My main schedule was to accompany my grandpa to meet a whole lot of people with different agendas. Sometimes, my grandpa would send me on his behalf to represent him.

One day, out of the blue, my mother asked me accompany her to a lunch party. It wasn't too much of a big deal for me so I agreed.

Before I returned, I had been mentally prepared to attend all kinds of social occasions with my grandpa and my parents so that I could make them proud. In return, they would not interfere in my personal life in the following year.

My mother had booked a French restaurant. As soon as I walked in, I noticed a young woman, roughly my age, sitting at the table. It didn't take me long to realize that my mother had arranged a blind date for me!

In particular, after a few introductory words, my mother left with her mother on the pretext of needing to use the washroom. I was now convinced that this was indeed a blind date.

I frowned inwardly and glanced at her indifferently.

The woman looked at me gracefully with a light smile on her face. "I guess you didn't catch my name just now. I am Josie Burke. I'm so pleased to see you again."

I caught the punch of her words and asked, "Josie Burke? See me again?"

I couldn't for the life of me remember seeing her before, but judging by her tone, she was familiar with me.

"Yes, we went to the same kindergarten as children and also in the same class in the first grade of primary school. But then, when my father was transferred to a new place of work, we moved away," Josie explained with a warm smile.

"I'm sorry! I don't remember." I answered honestly because I genuinely had no memory of it.

Her surname was somewhat familiar though. It reminded me of someone who had worked for my grandpa many years ago.

"No problem. Just remember me from today on." Josie still smiled, as if she was not angry with my indifference. She seemed pretty cool in spite of my abrupt answer.

In my mother's eyes, Josie's identity was perfect future daughter-in-law material for her. She met all my mother's expectations. After all, for my mother, it was a marriage between families of equal social and economic status.

Therefore, there was no need for Josie to fawn on anyone. Her identity was sufficient and spoke for itself.

I was in no mood to engage in useless banter, so I turned to enjoy my foie gras, completely ignoring Josie. Seriously, I behaved as if she didn't even exist.

This was my last compromise. Silence was my last respect for my mother's secret arrangement of the blind date. My mother had to be grateful that I didn't say anything rude to Josie in a moment of irritation.

I couldn't pretend to be interested while I was really not. I was even losing my smile, my politeness and my patience.

At first, she tried to find some random topics to talk about, but I was a person of few words. Besides, I was in an awful mood, so our conversation was far from pleasant.

Finally, the smile at the corners of her mouth faded. Josie glared at me and questioned me harshly, "I

don't understand."

"I apologize. I had no idea about this blind date in advance. I'll talk to my mother when we get back." I put down my knife and fork roughly and showed her my stubborn attitude.

Shock and disdain enveloped her face. Josie asked in disbelief, "Don't you like me?"

I shook my head and explained patiently, "No, that's not what I mean. I just didn't expect to go on a blind date. It has nothing to do with who you are. This is not about you. It's about me. Don't take it personally."

"You are the first person who dares to refuse me," Josie sneered and spat in an arrogant tone.

I asked indifferently, "Really? Well, I'm honored! If you want, I will tell my mother that you don't like me. In that way, I will spare you the embarrassment."

I thought I had made it clear enough to her that I was not interested. Hell, I was even prepared to cook up a story for my mother to let her save face. If she had any sense at all, she would understand that I was refusing her and she should let it go.

However, Josie suddenly burst into peals of laughter. She rested her chin on one hand and stared at me with burning eyes. "No need. I have a heavy crush on you. There are lots of simps on the street but I don't like any of them. Hey, but now that I have seen a tough one, of course I like it! I want you."

"Whatever." What she thought or wanted had nothing to do with me. Anyway, I had said my piece and was not at all flattered by her bold words.

Just as I was about to leave, a familiar voice came from behind. "Honey, what are you doing here?"

I raised my head and met Jane's gaze.

She walked over and sat down beside me. Then she picked up the knife and fork I had used and was about to eat with it.

She tried to portray that we were so intimate that we didn't mind using each other's knives and forks.

I scoffed and took the knife and fork back from her hands. "Take another set."

Before Jane could object, I requested the waiter to bring new cutlery.

Josie stared at Jane with a sulky face and bluntly asked, "Who are you?"

Neither Jane nor I answered her. Jane just gulped down the food.

The atmosphere froze yet again. Josie picked up her bag and left in a huff.

"A blind date?" Jane asked, finally raising her head from her food.

"Yes." I didn't offer too much of details and continued to eat.

Jane gloated and teased, "I didn't expect you to end up with a blind date. That girl is quite beautiful. Did your family introduce you to her? I think you are of equal social and economic status. Don't you like her?"

I intentionally didn't answer her question.

Jane said slowly, "I wonder what kind of woman would make you happy."

[Chapter 600 Do You Like Someone](#)

George's POV:

After eating, I sent Jane back to the hotel before driving home.

For some reason, I had a bad feeling when I got home. I felt a storm brewing. Sure enough, as soon as I walked through the door, an unknown object flew at me and fell at my feet.

It was my mother's phone. Its screen cracked due to the impact.

"Huh. I didn't think you'd have the nerve to come back home. You've really embarrassed me this time. And now, I don't have a face to show to the Burke family. If you didn't want to go on a blind date, you should've told me earlier. But, no. You had to humiliate me. You even called another woman and embarrassed Josie on purpose. What were you thinking?!" my mother bellowed, her eyes red in anger.

Truth be told, I did not expect that Jane would appear. It was not true that I called her.

But thanks to her, Josie finally stopped pestering me.

Unlike my mother, I remained calm. "I'll go to Burke family tomorrow morning to apologize. But just this once. Don't arrange blind dates for me again. I have my own plans."

My mother took a deep breath to calm herself down. Once she got ahold of herself, she turned to look at me again. "Fine. I'll go with you."

"Okay." I nodded in agreement. I supposed that nothing would go wrong.

"George, don't get me wrong. I'm glad that you have plans for your love life. But I don't see why you can't have blind dates just because of it. Who knows, maybe you'll meet the woman for you because of me? Feelings can be developed." My mother tried to persuade me that going on blind dates was a good

idea.

"Mom, I don't have time and energy to build a relationship with someone I don't like. I know what I want, and I believe love is the framework of marriage. I'm sure I'll eventually find someone I like. These blind dates are just a waste of time," I said with conviction.

"What kind of woman do you like then? I'll help you find her," my mother asked tentatively, still unwilling to drop the topic.

She was an open book, so I saw her intentions right away. She was making concessions, but she still refused to let me be. In short, she was trying to manipulate me into obeying her. Then, she would meddle with my life and marriage.

"Don't worry, Mom. I already have someone I like," I briefly explained.

All of a sudden, my mother, who had just calmed down, fumed in anger once again. "Who is it? Is it Jane, the one who ruined your blind date today? As far as I know, she came from an incomplete family. It's okay if you just want to have some fun, but I won't let you marry her."

My heart sank. In a fit of anger, I walked up to my mother and queried, "Did you have her investigated? Let's put aside the fact that she and I are just good friends. Let's say we're really in a relationship. How could you have her investigated?"

My mother did not seem to take my words seriously. She even let out a snort and scoffed, "Why does it matter? I'm your mother. I have the right to butt in on your relationship! And by the way, I heard a rumor about you and that Lucy girl in the company. I've seen her photos. I can tell from a glance that she's not your type. But if you're just fooling around with her, you do you."

Did she really investigate Lucy? A chill ran down my back at the thought of this.

"Who else did you have investigated?" I coldly asked.

Guilt flashed across my mother's eyes. I thought she would come clean, but she remained as stubborn as a mule. "Only her. And for your information, I only did it for your sake and the Affleck family. You can flirt with women as much as you want, but you can only marry someone of our social rank. You saw what happened to Jax Todd yourself. Have you learnt nothing?"

I was at a loss for words when I heard my mother's words.

There had always been a gap between us. And now, she just proved that it was insurmountable.

My mother was born into a noble family, so classification according to social status was the norm. What was more, after marrying into the Affleck family, the concept was instilled in her personality.

I realized this when I was in high school. Therefore, I went to study abroad and started my own business to break away from the shackles of my family.

I never asked them for help and tried my best to stand up on my own feet. Because of this, I did not expect that my parents would wish to interfere with my personal affairs.

"That's it. You might be my mother, but you can't meddle in my life. There's a fine line between being protective and controlling. Don't cross it."

"Why are you so worked up? I just want you to go on a blind date! Don't be selfish. Have you forgotten that you're the heir of the Affleck family?!"

"I have nothing else to say to you." I turned around and left as soon as I finished speaking.

In the evening, Grandpa and I walked along the lake. I was silent the whole time.

Meanwhile, I could sense that he was watching me. He must have heard about the quarrel between my mother and me.

Suddenly, he stopped in his tracks and asked, "Do you really have someone you like?"

"Yes," I answered without hesitation. I had no plans of hiding my relationship with Helen from my grandfather. Funnily enough, although we were in a relationship, we had not reached the point where we had met each other's parents.

I could not help but sigh as I thought of her.

I could not figure out what she was thinking, so I wasn't sure how to tell her how I felt about her.

My grandfather nodded. "Take her home. I want to see her."

"I will, but just not now."

After a while, Grandpa and I were finally on the way back home. While we were walking, he turned to me and earnestly said, "Don't be mad at your parents for interfering in your personal affairs. They just love you so much. In their eyes, you're still their child. They're smart and capable, but their emotions get ahead of them sometimes, especially when it comes to you."

I just pursed my lips and said nothing.

I knew better than anyone else how much my parents loved me. But of course, there should be a limit to everything. If they went beyond that, things would change between us, no matter how deep their love and how pure their intention was.

"You've been independent since you were a child. In all honesty, I never expected you to follow all of our plans. In my opinion, it's better if your future wife is of our social rank. But if not, I won't force you. At the end of the day, I just want you to be happy. I only have one thing to ask you, though. Her family must be clean and honest, and she has to be a good person. She can't bring disgrace to our family. Now, George, is that too much to ask for?"

"No, it's not," I replied with a solemn smile.

As people say, "the older, the wiser". My grandfather's words were irrefutable.

Thankfully, my mother did not force me to go on blind dates again.

As I didn't have to entertain her anymore, I played chess, climbed mountains, and strolled with my grandfather as usual. Once the holidays were over and most companies had already resumed their businesses, I returned to my work.

I went to the technology exhibition with Jane. As I had to attend several industry meetings later, I had to postpone the trip back to New York. Boswell was in charge of Zhester Technology while I was gone.

One evening, Boswell, Jane, and I had a video conference.

"Jane, it's been days since you arrived at Washington with George. Aren't you gonna come to New York to see me?"

Jane chuckled. "I'll go to New York in a few days. Don't worry."

"Really? Is Jane Campbell, the chief product designer of Zhester Technology, finally willing to reveal her mysterious veil?"