

Warning 601

[Chapter 601 Welcome Back](#)

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As soon as Mettie came back from abroad after a trip with her parents, she began to bore all her colleagues with details of her trip. Most of her chat was centered on complaints about her parents' unreasonable schedules.

While complaining, she handed gifts to each one.

Anne's face betrayed a hint of fatigue. She sat at her desk for a long time before turning on the laptop.

Phil was as energetic as ever. He flung a bag on my table and said, "This is for you."

"Thank you." I kindly accepted his gift.

Many people around us exclaimed, "Phil is playing favorites! He only got a gift for Helen!"

Phil didn't get angry. Instead, he retorted, "Are you guys forgetting how many gifts I got you the last time?"

The morning passed quickly in chatter and laughter.

Lucy wasn't in town. The night before, when she video called me, she kept complaining, "Do you know what a big schemer George is? He sent me to Florida to meet the candidate the first day I returned to work and I'm not allowed to go back to New York until my job here is done. Does he think that I am so dumb that I don't know what he is up to?"

She held the pillow and punched it hard. She was venting her anger on the pillow, as if it were George.

"Did you offend him in any way?" I asked out of pure curiosity.

"No! I didn't offend him. He just feels guilty," Lucy said sarcastically.

I didn't understand what she meant, but I still said sensibly, "George doesn't appear to be the man who would have the guilty conscience."

George was so shameless and thick-skinned. How could he feel guilty about anything?

"Well, deep in his heart, he knows the truth." I have to stay here for at least a week before I can go back. This candidate is even harder to meet than the president!" Lucy's complaints didn't stop.

"Which candidate are you referring to?"

"Dyer Coleman, the professional manager. He is now managing the listed company in Florida, which is considered as the competitor of Zhester Technology. Zhester Technology wanted to poach him to manage their market operations. I'm telling you, girl! George definitely has the hidden agenda. He already has an excellent research and marketing team. He does not need to headhunt the professional manager. I think George just wants to create the crisis of trust in that company by doing this. As long as we get in touch with Dyer, I'm sure the senior executives of his company will have the suspicion that he is ready to work for Zhester Technology." After the careful analysis, Lucy couldn't help but click her tongue. She had reached the logical conclusion.

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I couldn't help laughing. "Dyer is not so stupid. He won't see you, will he?"

"Yes, that's why I have to wait outside his company. I must meet him before I go back and report the work to George."

Lucy complained again in her whining tone before she hung up the phone.

In the evening, I called George and asked casually, "I knew you asked Lucy to go to Florida to find Dyer. Are you trying to make things difficult for her? What did she do to you?"

George was stunned for a while and smiled. "Do you really believe so? That I did this to torture her for fun? Truth be told, Dyer is extremely talented in his field. Of course I hope he can join Zhester Technology. But he has a foul temper and is hard to deal with. Therefore, I asked Lucy to get in touch with him first."

"Didn't you stipulate it clearly to her before you asked her to go there? Lucy has misinterpreted your intentions. She might ruin the whole plan."

With Lucy's equally foul temper, it would be difficult for her to persuade Dyer to change his job even if she came into contact with him.

"No! I know what I'm doing," George stated confidently.

We chatted about random things for a while and then when we were about to hang up, George suddenly said, "I'll be back in two days."

"Okay. See you at Zhester Technology. Soren has set up a meeting for us to discuss the progress and future arrangements of the case."

After hanging up the phone, I lay on the bed, eagerly looking forward to meeting George again.

Two days passed in the twinkling of an eye. We attended a meeting held by Zhester Technology early in the morning.

The senior executives of Zhester Technology also attended the meeting since it concerned the acquisition of the Smart Technology Company. This was by far the biggest objective of Zhester Technology for the year.

I calmly went on the stage and gave the members present an update on the progress that was made thus far.

In the middle of my speech, to my surprise, the door of the meeting room suddenly opened.

All the senior executives of Zhester Technology looked at the door and then immediately stood up.

"Mr. Affleck."

I followed everyone's gaze and saw a tall figure standing at the door. The corners of my mouth perked up into a smile and my heart started racing.

Especially when George passed his gaze directly at me, bypassing the others. My heart felt like the wheels on a train track. Joy overflowed in my heart and even the air was suddenly fragranced with red roses.

I hadn't seen him for only seven days, but those seven days were enough for me to honestly confess what was in my heart.

I was sure that I was infatuated with George. Or perhaps my feelings ran even deeper. The love of my

life was in front of me!

However, my joy didn't last long. My mind drew a blank when I saw the girl standing behind George.

He stepped aside a little and asked the girl behind him to take a step forward and meet everyone.

"Jane, welcome back!" Boswell greeted her first, breaking the silence in the meeting room and shattering my heart to smithereens.

Jane nodded slightly and strutted into the meeting room with George. She introduced herself gracefully, "Hello, everyone. I'm Jane Campbell. It's very nice to meet you all."

As soon as she finished speaking, a thunderous applause broke out in the meeting room. Everyone seemed to joyfully welcome her arrival. This was evident in their smiles and curious looks.

Only I felt like the odd one out. My head was in a mess and I could not think straight.

As I fixed my eyes on Jane, I began to feel suffocated. My heart was a rollercoaster of mixed emotions.

Anya quickly reminded me in a low voice, "Helen, go on with your report."

"Oh yes! Okay." The appearance of that woman had completely disorientated me. I turned to my laptop, but my hands kept shaking like leaves in a wintry breeze. I thought the glass of water beside the laptop was my mouse and I shook it.

With a loud bang, the glass was knocked over and the water spilled all over Mattie who was sitting next to me.

"Ah!" Mattie shrieked and stood up, glaring at me. "What are you doing?"

She wiped her wet clothes with a tissue and accidentally stepped on the power cord. The screen went black in an instant.

Everyone looked at each other and then grimaced at us.

"Helen, are you okay?" Phil noticed my strange behavior and asked with sincere concern.

I shook my head with a bitter smile and asked Anya, "Boss, I'm not feeling well. May I be excused?"

"Yes, you may." Anya looked at me with such disappointment. I felt as if someone had stuck a knife in my heart and was slowly turning it.

[Chapter 602 The Worlds Of The Two Families](#)

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What was Jane doing here? Why did she have to come back after all this time? I could not even remember the last time I saw her.

I had thought that pain and resentment would fade away with time, and I could finally move on.

But when I saw Jane again, I realized that my grievances were still there, imprinted in my heart. I could still remember everything as if it had just happened yesterday.

In the elevator, I could hear the employees gossiping to one another.

"Did you see the woman beside Mr. Affleck? I heard that she is Jane Campbell, AKA, the mysterious product designer."

"Oh my God! She is Jane Campbell? I never expected that she would be such a beauty. She's so perfect! She has an elegant temperament, and she looks stunning. Oh, and her body? It's well-proportioned. She's like a model!"

"I thought she would be just another boring woman. You know, like any other product designers. I didn't expect her to be so pretty."

"Actually, the gossip chat room of our company has found her background. Apparently, she and George were childhood friends and even studied abroad together. They also took up the same major. After graduating from college, they started a business. It seems that George was closer to Jane than Boswell!"

"Oh my. I'm sure she'll be the president's future wife."

"No wonder I didn't see Lucy after New Year's Day. Rumor has it that she's George's girlfriend. It turns out that she's just a mistress. Now that his real girlfriend has shown up, she probably has no face to show in the company anymore."

Jane's name rang in my ears again and again.

I just watched as the number on the screen changed, indicating which floor I was on. How I hoped that the doors of the elevator would soon open.

I wanted to get away from her and everything that reminded me of her.

Every second that I was in the elevator listening to the employees' gossip was torture. I wished to get the hell out of here as soon as possible, but time seemed to have slowed down.

Meanwhile, my phone beeped relentlessly. It was messages from George.

"What's wrong?" "Are you sick?" "Where are you?"

I looked at the messages popping on the screen. For some reason, my vision slowly became blurry. The world seemed to be coated with a layer of a blurred filter. A few seconds later, it gradually turned into Jane's face.

The instant the doors of the elevator opened, I turned my phone off, exited the building, and went to the subway station.

Since it was not rush hour, there were many empty seats on the subway. I just found myself a seat and sat down. I was so immersed in my thoughts that I did not notice how many stops I had passed.

The last time I saw Jane was at the gate of Philadelphia High. "Helen, I'm just taking back what belongs to me," she said.

At that time, Jane was thinner than she was now. Because of this, people always took pity on her and felt the need to protect her.

But it was only a facade. Little did everyone know, she was stronger and more vicious than me.

I never won against her.

Practically, when we fought in the past, I only scratched her face while she chose to hit my vital parts. I didn't bring much pain to her but she let me suffer in an undetected way.

Obviously, I got scolded a lot when I was a child. Even my own mother defended her and warned me not to lay a finger on Jane.

As for my father, he always apologized on my behalf and gave Jane a peace offering.

At a young age, I realized how unfair the world was. My father would rather believe a stranger, and my mother never sided with me. As a result, I grew up bottling up all my hatred and resentment.

Every time I had a conflict with Jane, my father never defended me. He would always ask me to apologize, even if I did nothing wrong.

As if the trauma of having nobody sided with me was not enough, something unexpected happened. I

could never forget the day when Jane and her mother, Libby Campbell, attended my father's funeral.

They did not even spare me and my mother a glance. Before the two of us could even react, Jane knelt in front of my father's portrait and called him "Dad".

For a moment, I could not breathe.

In the past few years, the memory of Jane crawling on the ground and crying her eyes out with my father's portrait in her arms haunted me at night.

Libby cried as well. She must have been so heartbroken that she couldn't stand straight. She looked as if she was on the verge of breaking down.

"Bob, you're so selfish! How am I supposed to live on when you've left us?!"

The scene was insane. My mother and I were at a loss. We could not figure out what those two were doing.

At first, I even thought they were crying at the wrong person.

Three days later, Libby came to our house with the paternity test report. It was then that I found out that Jane was my father's love child and that they had another home.

My mother and I did not want to believe it. However, Libby took out a yellowing album from her bag and put it on the tea table for us to see.

In it were photos which showed my father holding Jane's hand and Libby's. They were looking into the camera with beaming smiles. If others could see it, they would think that they were a happy family.

My father was in every photo with Jane when she was a baby up to when she reached high school. He looked so affectionate in them. I had never seen him look at me like the way he looked at Jane.

I used to think that my father was a reserved man. It was just that he was not good at expressing his feelings. But it turned out that I was only making excuses for myself. Those photos were proof that he never cared about me at all. This sudden realization was like a sharp knife, which revealed the bloody reality in front of me.

He was hard on me because he had already given his softest parts to his other child.

My mom was so mad that she passed out.

I, on the other hand, just felt as if a boulder was pressing on my chest and trapping me in a muddy swamp. The more I struggled, the deeper I sank.

I wanted to ask my father why he betrayed me and my mother.

Also, I wanted to know in all those years if he ever felt guilty whenever he came back home to us after being with his other family.

How could he put my mother and me in such a miserable situation?

Sadly, he was dead. Getting the answer I wanted was impossible.

When my mother woke up again, she trampled my father's portrait into pieces and flushed his ashes into the toilet. What was the use, though? My father took the answer to his grave.

Later, Libby came to us again. "I didn't mean to upset you. It's just that I've been suffering for years. As a mother, I can't let Jane suffer the same way I did. She could only call Bob 'Dad' in secret and pretend that she did not know him in front of other people. Now that he's gone, we just want to say goodbye; and I want Jane to call him 'Dad' just like Helen does."

It was easy for her to say. Since my father was dead, Libby's motives finally surfaced. She and Jane came to fight for the family property.

"I've consulted with a lawyer. The child out of wedlock is also the first heir to the inheritance."

My mother seemed to have snapped back to reality upon hearing this. "Bob only left us this house," she said through gritted teeth.

"Bob is thrifty. He should have some savings," Libby calmly replied.

In a fit of anger, my mother stood up and bellowed, "Shame on you! Do you have any idea how much money he gave me in the past few years? You know where he actually spent all his money. You don't have a job. Who had been supporting you and Jane all these years? Should I go to the court to sue you and take back the house you're now living?"

My mother was just an accountant. She had never fought for anything all her life. But for my sake and her dignity, she did as she said.

Unfortunately, after the investigation, it was found that Libby and Jane's house was not under their name at all, but under Libby's brother. To make things worse, it was impossible to find out whether or not my father paid for it.

It turned out that they had had everything under control and even left a way out for themselves. My mother and I were fooled. And in the end, we got nothing.

Sometime later, Jane went abroad to study. Libby emigrated as well. While the two were having a lavish

lifestyle, my mother and I lived a hard life. The worlds of our families were different from each other.

Chapter 603 Suicide

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Finally, I achieved a little success and I was happy. But now Jane had appeared out of the blue.

Her sudden appearance tore open my once healed wound. Now, it was gaping wide open and bleeding heavily. The pain almost suffocated me.

I was in the subway for a long time. It was not until rush hour when more and more people crowded the trains that I snapped back to reality and got off the subway and headed home.

The blissful silence from being alone was enough to help me get over the shock of seeing Jane again.

Eventually, I returned home and was in the process of opening the door when it was opened from inside. George's angry bulk filled the doorway as he glared at me. "Where have you been the whole day? I sent you numerous messages, but you didn't reply any of them. I tried to call you, but your phone is off."

I lowered my head and avoided his eyes. At the moment, it was difficult for me to put my mood into words.

Why did he have to get involved with Jane? Of all the women in the world, why her?

George took a deep breath and lowered his voice. "Do you know that I almost called the police when I couldn't get in touch with you?"

Even though he tried his best to control himself, the tension and anxiety he felt was still easy for me to discern.

Of course, I knew how willful I was today. I felt a little guilty, but I had no choice but to escape. I didn't know how to face Jane.

"Are you sick? Why do you look so down?" George placed his hand against my forehead and tried to gauge my temperature.

Subconsciously, I took a step back from him and dodged his fingers. In as light a tone as I could muster, I declared, "I'm fine."

Before he could say anything, I moved past him and sagged into the sofa. My mood had bounced between several extremes most of the day, so now I felt emotionally drained.

George poured me a glass of water and squatted in front of me. "What happened? Do you need me to take you to the hospital? I'll call the doctor."

I shook my head and stared at George for a long time before asking, "George, have you been with Jane in the past few years?"

When I asked this question, I suddenly realized how ridiculous I must sound. Wasn't the answer obvious? The name "Jane" had been on the list since Zhester Technology launched their very first product.

I gulped down the water before setting the empty glass on the tea table in front of me. Now that I thought about it, I didn't want to hear George's answer.

Just as I was about to stand up, he clasped my wrist. He explained in a low voice, "Jane and I are just good friends."

"Is it possible for a man and woman to be just friends?" I asked drily.

My answer seemed to take the wind out of his sails. After staring at me in silence for a few seconds, he sat on the sofa next to me and tried to explain himself again. "We are not just friends but also business partners. After graduating from high school in Philly, we happened to choose the same university and the same major, but..."

"Stop. I don't need all these details. I'm not interested. I just want to ask you one question. If you have to choose between Jane and me, who would you choose? Keep in mind that you have to promise never to contact the person that you don't choose ever again."

I had no idea why I had asked him such a question, I just knew that it was vital for me to know his answer.

My dad's and George's faces kept flashing across my mind until it was muddled up. I couldn't even tell whose answer I was desperate to hear more.

A self deprecating smile graced my lips as I lowered my head. Several years had passed but I had never let go of the past.

George frowned as he held my chin up to look into my eyes. After a long silence, he asked, "You hate

Jane? Why? She has been living abroad for years now."

Judging from his words, he was partial to Jane, and I was the one making trouble out of nothing.

My heart sank. I turned my face aside and said quietly, "I see."

Without explicitly stating it, he had made his choice obvious. Jane was his school mate and business partner and I was just a fuck buddy. They had a close relationship that spanned years.

Only a fool would choose me.

George still tried to persuade me, "Helen, if there is any misunderstanding or contradiction between you and Jane, you can tell me the whole story. I will help you deal with it, okay?"

"No, thanks. I'm tired and all I want to do is get some rest. Please see yourself out." I had no intention of discussing my relationship with Jane with anyone.

I didn't want to tell him that my father had cheated on my mother and had an illegitimate daughter who was the same age as me. For a long time, my mother and I had thought that my father was a good husband and father. We had even helped my father take care of his illegitimate daughter and her mother.

In the past, when I had a dispute with Jane, my father always forced me to give in and apologize to her.

Would George be any different?

I didn't think so.

I was so tired that I simply got into bed without taking off any of my clothes. In a way, I was glad that my mother was in hospital. She wouldn't have to suffer more heartache since she didn't have to see Jane.

When I went to Los Angeles to visit Caroline, I told her that my father died in a car accident two years ago. But the truth was that I lied.

My father had committed suicide. He had jumped off the roof of the building and fell at my feet.

That day was a nightmare that would haunt me for the rest of my life.

After the high school graduation ceremony, my classmates and I partied all night. I didn't return from the club until the next morning. I was near our home when an unknown object fell from the sky.

The thunderous crash scared the life out of me and I came to a terrified stop. Blood flowed out of my father's body and spread across the ground until it reached my white shoes. The blood was so much it dyed my shoes red. Nothing could remove the blood stains on the shoes no matter how many times I

washed them.

My father was lying there with his eyes wide open, half a step away from me.

All I could see was the blood. For a long time, I stood there, frozen.

Then I heard the frantic shouts of the onlookers. Shortly after that, the sound of the ambulance. Vaguely, I saw someone whom I thought was my mother on the ground next to my father's body, crying bitterly. Still, I didn't move.

The following days felt like a weird dream to me. It was all so surreal that I thought it was just a figment of my imagination. The pain and heartbreak didn't set in until I saw Libby and her daughter at the funeral.

The sudden waft of cold snapped me out of my thoughts. I trembled so hard, my teeth started chattering, but no matter how hard I wrapped myself in the duvet, I couldn't get any relief from the cold. The only thing I could see was a river of blood.

[Chapter 605 Working In Zhester Technology](#)

Helen's POV:

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"I'm sorry." I looked down, not daring to look her in the eye.

I was indeed too emotional that day. I hadn't seen Jane for many years, and when I saw her all of a sudden, all the bad memories flooded into my mind and almost drowned me.

I lost control of myself. The best course of action was for me to leave. Otherwise, I might do something that I'd regret.

But now, I realized that running away had also damaged my career.

"What's the point of apologizing to me? Do you have any idea how important the meeting was? All the senior executives of Zhester Technology were there! It's also the first time that the mysterious product designer showed up, but you just got up and ran away. Because of you, George didn't attend the following meeting. I bet he was furious," Anya shouted.

I listened to everything she said intently and kept my head down.

Anya said, "It's important to be professional in the workplace. Even if you're suffering from an illness, as long as you're still breathing, you will have to remain in an important meeting. You can't just run away! Helen, I thought highly of you. But if you repeat such actions again, pack your belongings at once and get out!"

I nodded once more. Even though it made me sad that Anya was scolding me, she was right. Nobody was obligated to spoil me in the workplace.

Phil took a step forward and tried to help me out. "Anya, take it easy. Helen was indeed sick. She even took a day off yesterday, didn't she? Don't you know her by now? She's the kind of woman that would never escape as long as she could hold on."

Anya scoffed and tried to calm herself down. "Fine. And one more thing. No matter what, do not turn your phone off. If you die of an illness, I'll be held responsible for your death."

I could tell that she was worried about my health, but she was still as sharp-tongued as ever.

She was always like this.

If I hadn't known what kind of person she was or if I was way too sensitive, I probably would've cried by now.

But after experiencing so many ups and downs, I knew that she meant well, so it warmed my heart.

I admitted to my mistakes and laid down my pride. Then, I promised her that the same thing wouldn't happen again and that I'd always report everything to her.

After hearing my response, Anya finally cooled down.

"Anyway, I'll arrange another lawyer to replace you. I don't want people from Zhester Technology to think that our law firm only has amateurs like you. It will ruin my reputation. You are still in the team, but you will have to work with Phil from now on," she said.

"Okay. Thank you, Miss Pierce." I gave her a grateful smile.

Fortunately, Anya didn't ask me to quit the Zhester Technology case. This case had a direct impact to my career, and I didn't want to give up.

Now I could continue to work on the case, and I wouldn't have to directly contact the people from Zhester Technology. That was, I could keep my job while avoiding George and Jane. How marvelous!

But before I could even celebrate inwardly, Anya continued, "This morning, Smart Technology called me, saying that their company doesn't have any room to let us work there. So, I've spoken to the Zhester

Technology people. They have allowed our team to work in their offices, and Smart Technology will send the relevant documents there. Honestly, I have no idea what they're doing. This isn't normal."

Phil analyzed the situation and remarked, "I guess Zhester Technology has already spoken to Smart Technology and they had reached the same page. Perhaps they just need us to finish the legal processes for them."

Anya shook her head, visibly upset. "Soren from Zhester Technology said that it was decided on the spur of the moment today. It's an order issued by his superior, so he must follow it."

My mind went blank for a moment, but I managed to get the point. "So, we're going to be working inside Zhester Technology from now on?"

If that were the case, then it meant that I'd have to see George and Jane more often. Why was this happening to me?

Naturally I was upset. And now, I was wondering if I should just give up on this case.

But if I did, Anya would be so disappointed in me. I probably would never get the chance to be a successful lawyer again.

Why should I give up on such a great opportunity and my future for them?

That afternoon, Lucy called me. Before I could even get a word in, she came straight to the point. "Has that woman returned? Is Jane the mysterious chief designer of Zhester Technology?"

She was always well-informed. I hadn't even figured out how to tell her, but she already knew about it.

"How did you find out about that?" I asked tentatively.

"The news is spreading all throughout Zhester Technology. Now I know why the head of the human resources department called me last night to comfort me. I thought that it was just a coincidence that chief designer was named as the same as that woman, but Cece told me this morning that it was indeed your father's another daughter, Jane. I heard that she had dinner with Kendal last night," Lucy said through gritted teeth. I could tell that she wanted to tear Jane apart.

Upon hearing the name, sadness and sorrow overcame me.

Jane was like a curse that I couldn't get rid of no matter how hard I tried.

But luckily, after the emotional roller-coaster, I was able to restrain myself now.

I nodded in response. "Yes, it's her."

Lucy and Cece knew how I was connected to Jane.

Lucy and I were roommates during our freshman year in college. And there were many nights that I was awakened by a nightmare. Back then, I was so freaking depressed.

Thereafter, Lucy listened to my story.

She and Cece were my best friends. They both knew that Jane had always been a problem for me, and they kept this secret for me.

"Damn it! So, she's been with George for so many years? Fuck this. I'm going back to New York and tear her a new one!" Lucy pounded on the table in anger. Clearly, she wanted to avenge me right away.

"Don't worry about me. I'm fine. Have you managed to see Dyer?" I changed the topic immediately.

I wanted to avoid talking about me and Jane. My father was dead already. Anything that couldn't be solved in the past, couldn't possibly be solved in the future.

For that reason, all I wanted to do was to focus on my career and make enough money, so that my mother wouldn't suffer so much. That was enough for me.

"Yes, but the job isn't important right now. I'm on my way to the airport. I can reach Zhester Technology before you get off work," Lucy replied. She was always a woman of action.

Feeling helpless, I said, "Lucy, I don't want to make things worse. If she's not messing with me, we don't need to do anything to her."

"Relax. I'm going to meet her as George's girlfriend. If she tries to do anything to you, I'll help you. Helen, you're no longer alone. I'm here, and I won't let anyone push you around!"

Hearing her say that I wasn't alone and that she was on my side was so heartwarming.

Tears welled up in my eyes. Lucy had always been my friend, and she was my most stalwart ally.

I felt so happy and lucky to have a friend like her.

[Chapter 606 Indulgence](#)

Lucy's POV:

As soon as my plane landed in New York from Florida, I headed directly for the office building of Zhester Technology.

Lucy's POV:

As soon as my plane landed in New York from Florida, I headed directly for the office building of Zhester

Technology.

When I arrived, everyone suddenly became silent and stared at me with curious eyes.

I ignored their intense glares and greeted them warmly as usual. Then I went straight to George's office.

George's assistant tried to prevent me from going in. "Mr. Affleck is in a meeting. It's not appropriate for you to disturb him now."

"I'll wait for him inside, if you don't mind." I held her shoulders firmly, spun her around and made her sit on the chair.

The assistant didn't dare to stop me. After all, there was a rumor doing its rounds that I was George's girlfriend and he had never taken the trouble to deny the gossip.

I had my reasons for coming to see him in his office, and it was not to cause Helen any trouble. So as soon as I entered George's office, I had my emotions in check and I braved a smile.

George's assistant had lied to me. He was not in a meeting. He was having a merry old chat with Boswell and Jane.

When I entered, all three of them raised their eyes at me simultaneously.

I walked in fearlessly without greeting anyone, pointed at Jane and asked George sternly, "Who is this?"

I questioned him seriously, like a possessive lover.

But when I saw Jane's beautiful, flawless face, I couldn't help cursing in my heart.

Damn it! No one had ever told me that Jane was so stunning. She was exquisitely beautiful and obscenely elegant. It seemed that Helen's father had good genes. Not only was Helen so beautiful but so was his love child.

"Hello! I am Jane. It's nice to meet you." Jane stood up and daintily shook hands with me.

"Nice to meet you too. I'm Lucy." I pretended as if I had never heard of her before. But when I shook hands with her, I secretly eyed her from head to toe, a couple of times.

At a single glance, I was pretty sure that Jane had mistaken me for George's girlfriend.

I had studied psychology at university and had been an active relationship blogger for many years, so I was no amateur in this field.

"What brings you here?" George asked with disinterest.

"Nothing. I just came to see you. You've gone too far this time. How could you send me to Florida to meet Dyer? I've never met a man like him in my entire life!"

I sat in the seat closest to George, leaning too close for comfort, towards him. Although I was complaining, my tone was unmistakeably coquettish.

"So did you see him?" George appeared surprised.

I answered him with a question. "Is anything too difficult for me?" Dyer promised me that he would come to New York to meet you. So consider my mission accomplished. I pulled off something huge, so you will have to find a way to reward me. Damn Florida. I hated it. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have stayed there for a second longer than necessary. So you must give me the commission I am entitled to. Promises are meant to be kept." I couldn't help but complain endlessly.

"Well, it's good that you have come back with a feather in your cap." George looked indifferent, absent-minded even. It looked like something was bothering him.

But what did that have to do with me?

As long as George agreed that I had accomplished my task and he would reward me accordingly, that was enough for me.

Only then did I notice Boswell's reaction. He looked shocked sitting next to us. I could swear his jaw dropped so low, it could have hit the ground. He kept looking from George to me alternately, uncomprehending.

Even Jane's expression changed.

I bet it came as a surprise to them that George took a fancy to a girl like me. He had always been very scrupulous not to mix work with his private life, so they must be wondering how he could even stomach me.

He indeed appeared extremely tolerant at the moment. If truth be told, I didn't expect George to listen to me.

But he was smart enough not to expose me in front of Jane. Otherwise, things would have become quite rough for him to handle.

"Well, in that case, I'll go to the human resources department and submit my report. Feel free to give me more challenging jobs in the future." Satisfied that I had achieved my goal, I got up and left the office.

The main reason that I made a scene today was because I wanted to meet Jane. I wanted to see the

woman who was causing Helen countless nightmares and irreversible pain. What's more, I wanted to use George to give Jane a head-on blow.

George's POV:

After Lucy left, the office became silent.

I didn't know what Lucy wanted to do, but I had no doubt that she had come armed to take revenge for Helen.

Although she was good at disguising herself, I could easily sense her hostility towards Jane.

Suddenly I remembered Helen had asked me who I would choose between her and Jane. I felt a slight headache coming on.

Boswell and Jane were also silent. They looked at me for answers, with a complicated expression.

Obviously, they had misunderstood the relationship between me and Lucy. Some gossipmonger had spread rumors in the company that Lucy and I were in an intimate relationship. Now that Boswell and Jane had witnessed how brazen Lucy was, the rumors were confirmed in their minds.

I had no inclination to explain anything to them. After a moment of awkward silence, I looked at Jane and asked, "Do you have a beef with Helen?"

"Helen who?" Jane asked, surprised.

"Helen Dewar. She used to go to Philadelphia High School," I said.

"Oh, Helen! Yes I do vaguely remember her. And you also still remember her?" Jane asked in a more surprised tone.

Boswell explained, "Helen is one of the lawyers for our merger case. She left the meeting abruptly yesterday. You probably didn't even notice her."

Jane nodded.

I continued my interrogation. "What happened between you and Helen?"

"What do you mean? We haven't seen each other for many years. You know that I only recently came back from abroad. What kind of conflict could I possibly have with her? Even if we did have any issues, it might have just been some minor misunderstanding between girls in the past. You know how high school was like," Jane said, unperturbed.

I nodded. What Jane said made sense. From what I knew, Jane had gone to study abroad after high

school. Then she joined Boswell and I in business. She had been abroad for many years, so it was unlikely that she and Helen had been at odds with each other.

Boswell asked, "So did Helen also graduate from Philadelphia High? No wonder she looked familiar when I saw her in the robot competition held in Philly. Perhaps I had seen her in your graduation photo?"

Jane shook her head and said it was impossible. "George and I were not in the same class with her so how could she be in our graduation photo?"

Boswell scratched the back of his head and thought for a while. "Then it must be some other photo. Anyway, I saw her photo in George's photo album."

"I think I know which photo you are talking about. It's the group photo of me, Kendal, Cece and Helen," I replied.

"Yes. That must be it. Well, let's have dinner together tonight. We haven't held a welcome party for Jane from the time she came back," Boswell suggested.

"I'm sorry. How about another day? I have a prior engagement this evening."

I was in no mood to have dinner with them.

After work, I drove directly to Helen's apartment. I guessed she must have calmed down by now after the office fiasco.

The day before when she packed my things and asked me to leave, my self-esteem was badly bruised. But after I had calmed down, I thought that we could talk sensibly.

My self-esteem was not that important. Besides, I believed that the conflict between Helen and me could be peacefully resolved.

However, when I arrived at her door, I was shocked to find that the lock had been changed.

My belongings were put in a bag and placed beside the door along with my suitcase. It was obvious that she had kicked me out.

I sighed deeply and then rubbed the space between my eyebrows as a headache came from nowhere. She was hell-bent on throwing me out. This time she was not fooling around: she meant business.

[Chapter 607 Take The Luggage Away](#)

Helen's POV:

It was a rare occurrence that I managed to get off work on time today. I thought if George hadn't come

and got his stuff, I'd throw them into the trash can downstairs. But the second I walked out of the elevator, I saw a tall man leaning against the door of my apartment and fiddling with his smartphone with his head down.

Helen's POV:

It was a rare occurrence that I managed to get off work on time today. I thought if George hadn't come and got his stuff, I'd throw them into the trash can downstairs. But the second I walked out of the elevator, I saw a tall man leaning against the door of my apartment and fiddling with his smartphone with his head down.

George looked up when he heard my footsteps. "Did you change the lock?" he asked.

The way he spoke was exactly the same as when he came to my apartment for the second time.

"Did you block me on Instagram?" That was what he asked me at that time.

Within just a few months, everything had changed. At the time, all I wanted was to have a fling with him and I didn't desire a serious relationship. I merely wanted to satisfy my carnal desires.

But now, I couldn't deceive myself any longer. I couldn't just look at George as a fuck buddy.

For that reason, we couldn't keep going on like this. To be exact, I was the one who could no longer do this.

George couldn't give me the sense of security and affection that I needed.

I was scared that if we went on like this, I'd sink even deeper. In the end, I'd be struggling in the mud all alone. Our relationship would become a nightmare that would haunt me forever, and it would chase me to the end of my days and I wouldn't be able to outrun it. Ever.

I pointed at the luggage beside him and calmly remarked, "You came just in time. Take the luggage away. Because if you don't, I'll have to ask someone to send it back to you."

Even though I wanted to throw all his stuff into the garbage bin, a part of me wouldn't dare do it. I planned to just ask a delivery guy to send his stuff back to him.

Sadly, I didn't have his address. Where was I supposed to send his luggage?

I didn't think it would be a good idea to send it to Zhester Technology.

Now that I had thought about it carefully, I realized that even though we had been together for months, he'd always go to my place, but he never invited me to his house. So, I didn't even know where he lived.

It was easy to tell that he wasn't serious with me. He hid so many things from me, and he'd never even

said that he liked me. God, he didn't even tell me his home address!

Clearly, he had his shields up against me.

So, was it really necessary to keep maintaining this relationship?

I smiled bitterly, took out the keys from my bag, and was about to go in.

Suddenly, George grabbed my wrist, held my shoulders, and made me face him, so that we could stare at each other's eyes. "Helen, there are lots of rumors going around in the company, but don't listen to them. Jane and I are just friends. There are lots of things that I don't want to explain, because they're utterly ridiculous and don't need any explaining; just like the rumor about me and Lucy. But if you feel uncomfortable about the rumors, I'll post a clarification and make things clear myself."

I took a step back to get his hands off me. "Don't lump Lucy's name with Jane's. It sickens me!"

I loathed that bitch Jane with every fiber of my being. Just hearing her stupid name could make my skin crawl.

Wearing a stern face, George asked, "So, the problem is Jane, huh? What on earth happened to you two? Why do you hate her so much? I asked Jane about it, and she told me that nothing happened between you two."

"She said that?" I burst into laughter and remarked, "Fine. Whatever."

Jane clearly wanted nothing to do with me now. All the money that my father embezzled in the past went into her and her mother's pockets. But it wasn't enough for her. She even got the nerve to come to my father's funeral and called him "Dad" in front of everyone to humiliate me and my mother.

Now that they were living a carefree life with my dead father's money, it was only natural that Jane didn't want to admit to what she and her mother had done in the past.

George, on the other hand, obviously had a strong bond with Jane. I could tell that he believed in her.

He probably thought that I was just making a fuss out of nothing.

Things had always been like this since I was a child. Whenever I had a conflict with Jane, my father always thought that it was my fault. He'd indiscriminately take her side and would ask me to apologize.

And since he was my father, I couldn't go against his wishes.

But, why should I have to endure what George had said?

I didn't want to go through this kind of torture again.

I had had enough. From now on, he and I would only talk about business at work, so that I wouldn't have to go through all that pain again.

"Helen, that attitude won't solve the problem. You need to calm down. If you don't tell me anything, I won't be able to figure out a way to solve the problem between you and Jane," George remarked helplessly as he leaned against the door.

I shook my head and chuckled. He wanted to solve the strife between me and her?

My conflict with that bitch would never be solved for the rest of my life.

I knew that George wanted to help me, but unbeknownst to him, every time he mentioned Jane, it was like he was rubbing salt on my wounds.

By now, my broken heart had almost gotten numb from the pain.

But even so, I still held a glimmer of hope for George. Unwilling to give up, I asked, "George, the question remains. If you have to choose between me and Jane, who would it be?"

I knew in my heart that the question was unreasonable, but I waited for his answer earnestly.

At this moment, what I wanted wasn't a solution, but the right attitude.

It would be great if he was determined to stand by my side and was willing to share in my deep hatred.

As George looked into my eyes, he replied, "If you dislike her that much, I'll try my best to avoid seeing Jane in the future."

His answer was much better than I expected, but it still wasn't what I wanted.

I nodded in response. "Got it. I won't force you. From this day forward, we're merely business partners. I'm sure that a man like yourself won't make things difficult for me or Hesmor Law Firm just because of a personal grudge, will you?"

Relationship and career were both important to me, and I wouldn't give up on either easily.

Now that I had lost my love, I had to at least protect my career.

Right after I said that, I finally opened the door, and didn't let George in.

He no longer had any possessions left in my apartment, so there was no need to let him in.

The moment I closed the door, I felt like my heart was bleeding.

My apathy and restraint were just facades that I manufactured. I was well-aware that my feelings for George were deeper than I'd imagined. It was no longer a simple crush.

Ever since he saved my life in Philly, I knew that I'd fallen deeply in love with him.

[Chapter 608 Suffer A Crushing Defeat](#)

Helen's POV:

The next day, I followed the team to settle in Zhester Technology's building to carry out the due diligence on Smart Technology for the merger case. Soren was kind enough to provide a separate office for us.

Helen's POV:

The next day, I followed the team to settle in Zhester Technology's building to carry out the due diligence on Smart Technology for the merger case. Soren was kind enough to provide a separate office for us.

"Thank you for your understanding with regards to these arrangements. Smart Technology currently has no room for you to work in. Since our companies are close to each other, it will be more convenient for you to send over the necessary documents. Anyway... sorry for the trouble," Soren explained.

Strictly speaking, this arrangement wasn't conventional. Smart Technology was the subject of due diligence, so we should've been allowed to conduct operations there. I couldn't understand why we had to work at Zhester Technology's office.

Given Soren's sincerity, everyone simply agreed to the arrangement and didn't complain anything despite the unusual circumstances.

Once we were at our desks, we began working. Time was limited, so everyone was terribly busy.

Phil sent me and Mattie to Smart Technology to pick up some relevant materials. Much to my chagrin, George and Jane were inside the elevator when it opened.

The CEO's office and the core department offices were upstairs. They probably came down from there.

I knew that I wouldn't be able to avoid seeing them now that I had to work here, but I didn't expect it to be so soon.

Seeing Jane caught me off-guard. Suddenly, the hatred that I had bottled up burst forth like a flood, ready to drown me at a moment's notice.

I relied on my willpower to stay composed and professional. If not for that, I would've lost my temper already.

Mattie, on the other hand, was over the moon when she saw George. "Mr. Affleck, it's so nice to see you again," she exclaimed.

George nodded in response.

While I was hesitating to take the elevator with them, Mattie had already walked in and stood beside him.

"Long time no see, Helen!" Jane greeted me abruptly.

She spoke in a kind, soft tone. It was as if she had forgotten the grudge between us, and how she and Libby tortured my mother.

It had been years since we last met, and she'd gotten so much better at guising her true nature.

My hands clenched into fists at my sides, but I slowly loosened them up. When I looked at her hypocritical face, I put on a smile, and all the emotions that were bubbling up inside me gradually dissipated.

Why couldn't I take the elevator with them? Why should I be the one to avoid her?

I pretended that I didn't hear or see them, and just stood beside Mattie.

"Where are you going?" George asked politely when we arrived at the ground floor, just outside the elevator. "I'll give you a lift," he offered. It appeared as though he was talking to both of us, but his eyes were locked on me.

"You two are heading to Smart Technology, I presume?" asked Jane. "We're on our way there, too. Why don't you come with us?"

She spoke to me like we were good old friends.

"Helen? You know Miss Campbell?" Mattie asked. It looked like she finally realized something.

"We went to the same high school." Jane nodded while wearing a smile.

I had bottled up my emotions ever since I entered the elevator. I thought that as long as I just ignored her, she and George would leave me alone. But to my distress, she was pushing my boundaries again and again.

I refused to believe that a hypocrite like Jane was merely trying to reminisce. She probably said that just to piss me off!

We did kind of grow up together, so the bitch knew me well. She knew exactly how to provoke me without making herself look bad. Her words of concern now seemed just perfect.

But being in the same space as this waste of life made me feel suffocated, let alone talking to her like we were old buddies.

I couldn't stand it any longer. I shouldn't have to endure this! "We went to the same high school, huh?" I asked, staring right at her. "Wasn't there more that we had shared?"

The fact that my father had an affair, and another family took me and my mother by surprise. We were ashamed to tell anybody about it, because we were worried that our friends and relatives would laugh at us.

But now, I had nothing left to lose, so I was no longer afraid. On the contrary, Jane was prestigious in the design industry. Revealing that she was a love child could ruin her reputation.

Had she kept her nose clean, I would've healed myself and tried my best to keep my distance from her in the future.

However, provoking me was another story. I swore to God that I wouldn't back down from a fight.

It seemed as though Jane didn't take my question seriously. "You're still the same Helen that I met in the past. You haven't changed one bit," she said, chuckling.

In stark contrast to my agitated and resentful demeanor, Jane was more relaxed, and she was even smiling elegantly. I could tell that she didn't give a fuck about me.

She was looking at me like I was a loser.

In our first encounter after many years, I suffered a crushing defeat against her.

My mother and I had been far away from Philly over the years. We'd been living in the shadows of Jane and her bitchy mother.

Sadly for me, Jane was a lot luckier than I ever was. She and her mother moved abroad and led a comfortable life. That was probably why she'd been so patronizing of me since she got back.

Maybe... I had lost from the very beginning.

I stood in place, controlling my anger with great willpower. I didn't want to give them an impression that I was unprofessional. No. Never again.

After taking a deep breath, I was able to compose myself. "Yes, we're heading to Smart Technology to gather some materials. We're honored to ride with you. Thanks for the lift," I said politely.

I could learn to be just as fake as this bitch, Jane.

As usual, George drove himself.

Jane was in the passenger seat, while Mattie and I were in the back.

Mattie kept babbling on and on along the way. George, cold as he was, responded only once in a while.

When we were about to arrive, Mattie suddenly brought me up as a topic. "We didn't believe it when Helen first told us that she went to the same high school as you, Mr. Affleck. Honestly, we all thought she was just bragging."

I hated Mattie for mentioning that. I never really liked her. And hearing her make fun of me made me roll my eyes at her.

George was focused on driving, but then he suddenly looked at me through the rearview mirror. "I'm so surprised that you actually remember that," he said.

Despite how calm he sounded, I could tell that he was a little annoyed.

Mattie was happy to hear his response. "None of us could find a contact when our law firm was trying to fight for this case. Though Helen offered to call you to ask for help, she failed. Everyone laughed at her and ridiculed her for a long time because of it!"

The thought of that embarrassing moment caused me to shrink into my seat. I wanted to shut Mattie up more than anything.

I looked down, not daring to look at George and Jane. Needless to say, Jane was probably laughing at me inwardly.

"I'm sorry. It's my fault you got laughed at," he said.

"You don't know George. He always makes sure to separate business affairs from his personal life. When it comes to business, he never takes sides." Jane chuckled. "Your law firm is one of the best in the country, and I'm sure that's why he chose you in the end."

The way she spoke of George showed just how close they were and how much she knew about him.

She was trying to show off that she was his confidante.

Pretty soon, we arrived at Smart Technology Company's headquarters. Their boss came personally to welcome George and Jane at the parking lot.

Mattie and I were set to go to the legal department to gather some necessary materials.

"Mattie, let me just make one thing clear to you. I hate being made fun of. Never gossip about me again!" I grunted. It was just the two of us now, so I could say what I couldn't in the car.

However, Mattie didn't even take me seriously. "What's the matter with you? It was just idle chatter. I meant you no ill will."

"Listen to me. I do not want to be the subject of your idle chatter," I argued.

"Big deal! Don't get cocky just because Phil likes you. You believe that he can always defend you against Anya, don't you? Who do you think you are?" Mattie sneered, crossing her arms.

I stopped in my tracks to look her in the eye. "Mattie, I'm here to work, not to argue with you."

Her face was distorted by anger, and she was at a loss for words.

[Chapter 609 The Missing Document](#)

Jane's POV:

On the way back, George was silent for much of the drive.

Jane's POV:

On the way back, George was silent for much of the drive.

I found that he spoke less than before. He only talked about business; and that too very briefly.

I had been back for quite a while now, but we hadn't even sat for dinner together.

Was it perhaps because he was in love?

"Are you serious about Lucy?" I had been dying to ask him. Curiosity finally got the better of me and I finally asked him just before we could reach the company.

I wondered if he kept a distance from other women because of Lucy.

But I couldn't for the life of me figure out why George liked a woman like Lucy. What did he see in her?

"No, I have nothing to do with Lucy. I'd rather talk about you and Helen. What happened between the two of you?" George asked while paying careful attention to the road.

"You seem to care a lot about Helen. Is it because she is Lucy's best friend?"

This was the second time that I heard Helen's name from George's lips.

Everyone in the company thought that George and Lucy were a hot item and George had never denied it.

At first, I took these rumors with a pinch of salt. But when Lucy barged into his office, George, who had always been scrupulous about separating his professional life from private life, indulged her. He condoned her behavior.

That was why I believed that the rumor about him and Lucy was not baseless.

"Jane, I know that the matter between you and Helen is your private affair. I apologize for asking about it. But if there is any conflict or misunderstanding between you two, share it with me. I would be more than happy to help you resolve it." George brought the car to a halt and looked at me seriously.

His tone was dead serious, as if he attached great importance to this matter.

This was not the George I knew.

I chose to be silent. Then I sighed and said, "George, this is so unlike you. I've never known you to care about anything else but work. What has come over you?"

George pursed his lips and patiently waited for my answer.

"She's just Lucy's friend. Why do you have to get so tense about her? Believe it or not, I don't have any conflict with her. We were not particularly close because our mothers had a host of differences. But my mother has distanced herself from that situation and moved on. You know that my mother now has a steady boyfriend and she is very secure in that relationship. If there are problems between you and Lucy because of my matter with Helen, then I'm sorry. But it's not my fault. You should be asking Helen for answers, not me."

I felt attacked and implicated, so I let it out angrily.

I couldn't believe that George would go to this extent for Lucy's sake.

Helen was just Lucy's friend. Why did George have to meddle in her business?

"Sorry, I shouldn't have stuck my nose in your personal affairs," George apologized wholeheartedly.

But I was not happy at all. The more he acted out like this, the more it proved he cared about Lucy.

Helen's POV:

Mattie and I had been hard at work. We moved back two boxes of materials and distributed them to different people for review.

I had a habit of taking notes while reading through the materials. I usually turned off the computer after writing my report. More often than not, I was the last one to leave.

Just as I was drawing towards the end of the review, I suddenly noticed that a document was missing.

I retraced my steps and I calmly analyzed whether I had left it in the office of the Smart Technology Company.

I hurriedly opened the list and took a look. The list showed that the document had been submitted. I had marked it myself, and Mattie had put it into the carton.

What had happened?

I looked around for it frantically. Soon I was bathed in sweat and started fidgeting around nervously.

To lose an important document of the client company was tantamount to making a death wish. If news leaked out that I had lost such an important document, my goose would be cooked. My reputation would be ruined and nobody would risk hiring me in the future. Worse, I might drag the name of Hesmor Law Firm through the mud.

I went through all the materials I had brought out today carefully, but I still couldn't find the document. I went through the pile three times! I was sure it was missing.

But where could I have mislaid it? I ran my day through my mind like a movie repeat. After leaving the Smart Technology Company, Mattie and I traveled back to Zhester Technology by car. Neither of us left the office after that, nor did anyone come into the office the whole time.

I was confused, but I still didn't give up. I rummaged insanely around in the materials I had brought today.

While searching, I was thinking about what could have gone wrong.

I comforted myself secretly. It was very likely that I had left it at the Smart Technology offices. But I was still uncertain and I didn't dare to ask outright.

If it was not there, it would expose the fact that I had lost that confidential document.

"Haven't you got off work yet?" I heard George's voice come from the corridor.

My body stiffened. I ignored him and continued to look for the document high and low.

George slowly approached me and stood by my side. "May I ask what you are looking for?"

I stopped what I was doing. I wasn't sure whether I should confide in him.

If he knew that I had lost the document of the client company, would he think that our law firm was incompetent? Would he think that I was not a professional?

But if I didn't tell him, I would be charged with concealing the truth. It would be worse if he found out from someone else.

I was in a terrible dilemma.

I didn't answer, but George had already guessed from my frantic search. "Did you, by any chance, mislay the document of the Smart Technology Company?"

I had to admit he was smart. Nothing got past his quick wit.

Now that he had guessed the truth, there was no need for me to hide it. Maybe if I told him the truth, he would assist me in locating the missing document.

I briefly explained the whole scenario and emphasized repeatedly, "I was responsible for it. It was solely my carelessness that caused it. It has nothing to do with our team."

"Am I such an unreasonable person in your eyes? Am I judging you?" George asked in a rather displeased tone.

Was he or wasn't he? He was always scrupulous in setting boundaries. Everyone thought so. Even Jane.

Of course, I just thought about it secretly and didn't dare to say it to his face.

"So, you say you spent several minutes waiting for the car downstairs in the office building of the Smart Technology Company, right?" George caught on very quickly.

"That's right," I answered nervously.

"Okay! Come with me." Then he walked out of the office ahead of me.

I didn't know what he planned to do, but I followed him out obediently.

[Chapter 610 Rummaging Through The Trash Can](#)

Helen's POV:

George drove me to Smart Technology Company at top speed. "Get out of the car and follow me."

Helen's POV:

George drove me to Smart Technology Company at top speed. "Get out of the car and follow me."

I unfastened the seat belt and got out of the car. I looked at him, uncomprehending. "Are we actually going to look for it at Smart Technology Company?"

George shook his head and walked towards a nearby trash can. He took off his coat and handed it to me. "Here, hold my coat."

Then he rolled up the sleeves of his white shirt and bent over the trash can.

I took his coat and asked quite confused, "What on earth are you doing?"

"I have to rummage through the trash can." George hovered over the trash can and began to look for the document.

The trash can was filled with squashed papers, lunch boxes and other messy garbage. Yuck! How could George bear to touch all that?

Under the street lamp, his figure was tall and slender. While carefully rummaging through the trash can, his white shirt got stained accidentally.

I watched him from the side. I suddenly felt a heavy, uncomfortable stone in my heart. I couldn't bear to see what he was going through to retrieve the document for me.

"I found it." George raised the document and looked at me triumphantly. There was undisguised joy on his face.

Fortunately, the document was inside a plastic sleeve so it did not get stained. Although there were some stains on the sleeve, the document itself was intact.

However, George's shirt was badly stained, which was particularly eye-catching.

I instinctively looked away and turned to leave.

I didn't want him to see my teary eyes at that moment. I had to admit that when he said that he had found it, his words sounded like music to my ears. When I saw the document, my heart skipped two beats.

I was in a dilemma. I had finally made up my mind to break up with him, but here I was, with my heart slowly melting for him all over again.

I hated myself for feeling that way. I didn't want to get entangled with him anymore.

I hated myself even more for even though I knew I should have stayed away from him, I just couldn't.

"Helen." George quickened his pace and caught up with me. He held my hand with his stained hand.

The warmth of his palm filtered into my palm, dispelling the chill of the evening.

I was stunned for a moment and then quickly shook off his hand, pretending to be disgusted. "Your hand is so dirty! Don't touch me!"

George loosened his grip and marched back to his car with the document in his hand.

I followed him and wanted to take the document. "Give me the document."

George dodged my hand and said, "No! Not yet. I still have some use for it."

"What do you mean by that?" Are you going to show the document to my boss and expose me?" I knew that he would not just hand over the document so easily. He was still angry with me because I had driven him away before.

I had made such a huge blunder in my work and now that he had the document with him, he had the upper hand. He would certainly use it to blackmail me in some way.

Humph! What a mean man!

"Helen, can you at least talk nicely?" George said coldly, as the blue veins on his forehead tightened.

"Why are you taking my document? Give it back to me now. Then I'll consider talking nicely!" I stared at him angrily. I wanted to grab it, but I could not reach it. I had to hide my seething anger.

"I told you that I have a use for it."

"How did you know the document was in that trash can? Did you throw it in there?"

"Why would I do that?" George wanted to prod me in the forehead, but he noticed that his hand was dirty.

I stood aside and watched as he opened the trunk and grabbed several bottles of mineral water to wash his hands clean.

"Get in the car now. I'll drive you home."

It was so late. The last subway for the night had departed. I had no choice but to tag along with him.

As soon as we got in the car, he began to nag, "There is no need for you to work so late every day. The work is endless. Plan yourself so that you push some work to the next day."

"You are no different. You also got off work so late." I squealed and turned to look out of the window.

George sighed helplessly and gave me the silent treatment.

When we arrived at the apartment building, I expected George to drop me off and leave. Instead, he got off with me.

"I am going upstairs to change my clothes." He pointed at his stained white shirt and spoke calmly as if he was going back to his own house.

I rolled back my eyes and shouted, "Go back to your own house and change. I don't have any of your clothes here."

My attitude was unacceptable, but he didn't get angry. He opened the trunk again and said, "I've brought my clothes with me."

I looked at the trunk in astonishment. His luggage and personal belongings that I had packed and left out for him when I changed the locks, were piled in the trunk of his car.

"What's with the luggage? Don't you have a home?"

"No, I don't."

His curt answer annoyed him.

He was the CEO of a major company. How could he not have a house of his own?

He didn't tell me more than he needed to. He must be on guard against me. Whatever! I didn't care where he lived anyway! Humph!

George took out the toiletries and clothes and followed me into the elevator.

I had never seen such audacity! He stood directly behind me as I opened the door, and when it was opened, he brushed past me and went ahead of me.

Before I could react, he rushed straight into the bathroom.

I closed the door and tried to breathe. The sound of the shower was already in my ears. He suddenly seemed so invigorated and was not as calm and indifferent as before.

I chuckled and sat on the sofa. Then I looked through the document that I had finally managed to retrieve. Well, that George had retrieved.

I hadn't figured out what had happened yet. How could the document that was meant to be in the box suddenly land up in the trash can?

It was George's quick wit that had saved the day. Had he not taken me to look for the document, it would have been taken to the dump by the garbage truck the next day. Then it would have been gone forever.

Suddenly a bright image of Mattie's face flashed through my mind.

When we left the building, Mattie was holding one of the boxes of documents in her hand. She had stood right beside the trash can. Oh My God! The truth was obvious, wasn't it?

But these were all merely my conjectures. If I told Anya, would she believe me? Probably not. Would she blame me for making a mistake and trying to shift the blame to Mattie? Probably.

Besides, Mattie's father was an important client of Anya. Even if Anya believed me, she would not take my side.

An endless stream of thoughts permeated my mind. Gradually, I cleared my head and calmed down.

I couldn't act irrationally without solid evidence. I had to plan my move strategically. For now, I had to be wary of Mattie and wait for the right moment.

The bathroom door opened, and George had the nerve to walk out of the shower half naked. His lower body was loosely wrapped in a bath towel and his hair was still wet. His upper body was carved with a chisel to perfection. He looked so hot that no woman would be able to resist his alluring charm. I had to suppress my excitement.

When he came out, he was talking on the phone, ordering the person on the other end of the line, "Come and pick up my car from here and take it to the car wash. Bring it back here when you are done."

After the phone call, George walked towards me while drying his hair. He seductively waved his head from side to side, causing the droplets of water to fall around me.

His steps were steady, and his tall figure was getting closer and closer. I was breathless and ran into my bedroom. Then I shut the door and locked it.

I had never resisted him before, but this time I had to be guarded.

I couldn't give him any chance to get close to me. Otherwise all my resistance would crumble... I was so afraid that I would not be able to control my desires.

I covered my slightly burning cheeks and tossed and turned on the bed for a long time before I finally fell asleep.

