

Warning 621

[Chapter 621 Fix Me Up With Jane](#)

George's POV:

I had always been grateful to Libby. When I was studying abroad a few years ago, she took good care of me and made sure I was comfortable in a foreign country.

I always kept her kindness in mind.

"George, I'd like to invite you over. Let's have dinner together after you and Jane get off work. I'll do the cooking. See you later!"

Before I could say anything, she hung up the phone.

Well, Libby had just returned. Whether she invited me over or not, it was necessary for me to welcome her back.

After work, I drove to her house with Jane. While we were at the intersection and waiting for the traffic lights to go green, I saw Helen at the side of the road.

She was walking toward the subway station carrying several plastic bags. I could vaguely see packs of frozen meals inside.

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[Chapter 622 Pick Up Mom And Bring Her Home](#)

Helen's POV:

As soon as I got home, I set my hunger aside and started cleaning up my apartment, especially the bedroom I had prepared for my mother. Within a couple of hours I had a perfectly neat, presentable room.

I was surprised at how much of waste I had hoarded in my apartment. This was the third time that I dragged a trash bag downstairs to the trash can.

When I dusted my clothes and turned around, I saw George.

He was leisurely leaning against his car. The shadow of his tall figure was lengthened by the dim street light. His handsome face was slightly obscured by the darkness of the night. It was somewhat difficult to glean the expression on his visage.

He slowly straightened up and walked up to me. After stopping just one step away from me, he teased,

"Are you enjoying the stench of the trash can?"

I quickly jolted back to my senses and moved away from the trash can. His unexpected presence had ruffled me so much that I had even lost my sense of smell!

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"Are you here to see me?" I looked up at him with knitted eyebrows. Our relationship had been under severe strain recently. When we did meet occasionally in the company, he treated me like a total stranger.

[Chapter 623 Mother's Cooking](#)

Helen's POV:

While my mother was taking a nap, I sat on the desk next to the bed and turned on my laptop to process some work documents.

After having a power nap, she woke up. I told her to sleep some more, but she just waved her hand in dismissal and said that she didn't feel sleepy anymore.

Thus, I conceded and took her to a nearby supermarket to shop.

The supermarket was quite close to my apartment. My mother and I used to come here to shop whenever we needed something. Unfortunately, she fell ill later on and had been confined in the hospital. Since I was too busy to go shopping, I came here less and less as time passed by.

Along the way, I held my mother's hand. It felt so damn good to have her by my side again! It felt like I was filled with so much strength all over again.

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We finished shopping quickly and went home.

As soon as we got home, my mother prepared dinner.

[Chapter 624 Phil's Love Confession](#)

Helen's POV:

The caregiver waited for my mother at the hospital gate. Even as my mother's back disappeared from my sight, I still didn't want to leave.

I'd never felt that a weekend was very short until this moment.

There were a lot of things I still wanted to do with my mother and tell her.

I wanted to catch up with her and take her home, but my sanity told me not to do that.

"Come on. Don't be so sentimental. You'll see each other again. A week will pass so quickly, you won't even notice it!" Lucy grumped when she couldn't stand to watch me staring at the hospital gate anymore. She grabbed my hand and pulled me towards her car. I was pushed into the passenger seat and Lucy got in behind the wheel and drove me home.

"You know what? You look like a mother taking her kid to kindergarten for the first time," Lucy complained.

"You are right. In fact, my mother didn't want to go back to the hospital. If I didn't have to work, I would take care of her by myself. I'll feel better that way," I explained.

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The doctor said that my mother was at the stage where her recovery would be aided by being around family.

[Chapter 625 We Can't Go Back Anymore](#)

Helen's POV:

I admire Phil's maturity and understanding. Even after I rejected him, he just put the past behind him and still treated me how a colleague should.

At work, he would guide me, point out my mistakes, and give me credit where credit was due.

This was how adults should deal with rejection. Whether we ended up together or not, personal affairs should not interfere with work.

I was glad that things worked out this way.

One morning, Anya came to Zhester Technology to report the case's progress like she always did. And just like the last time, Soren and George sat at the same table with us at lunch.

I was sitting next to Phil and opposite to George.

While we were eating, Soren glanced at Phil and me meaningfully and joked, "Anya could rest assured. It's a good news for your law firm that Phil is dating Helen!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the atmosphere at the table changed. The quiet yet light atmosphere became somber and awkward.

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George, who had not said a word the whole time, asked Soren, "Since when did you become so gossipy? Don't you have anything else better to do?"

[Chapter 626 Another Chance](#)

Jane's POV:

Boswell took George and me to dinner after work that day.

"How long has Jane been back? Ever since she returned, the three of us haven't gotten together for dinner. Is that appropriate?" Boswell asked in a plaintive whine.

"It's my fault," George announced in a low voice and gulped down the wine in his glass at a go.

He didn't look nor sound sorry regardless of the murmured apology.

It appeared to me like he just wanted to use the opportunity of the dinner to drown his sorrows.

George looked forlorn as he drank two glasses of wine in a row. When he was about to drink the third glass, I quickly snatched the glass from his hand. "Don't drink anymore. If you get drunk, Boswell and I won't take you home."

Boswell took the glass from me and gave it back to George with a smile. "He is the best drinker among the three of us. Do you remember once when the investor tried to get you drunk when we attended the party? George kept drinking all the wine the investor gave you. At the end of the night, the investor was drunk and unconscious but George was totally fine."

The tale thankfully brought a genuine smile to George's face.

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[Chapter 627 The Slap](#)

George's POV:

I attended a product research and development meeting with Jane in the morning, and I had a meeting with the manufacturer in the afternoon. So, I had lunch with Jane in the staff canteen.

After a satisfactory lunch, we left side by side, still discussing aspects of the meeting scheduled for that afternoon.

But before we could walk out of the staff canteen, I saw an impatient Helen hurrying towards us.

I'd never seen Helen walk in that brisk fashion before. Her body language with the tense strides and fiery eyes, conveyed that she was on the warpath.

"Jane, you bitch! What did you say to my mother?"

Helen's tone was furious and resentful. She marched up to Jane and raised her hand to slap her.

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Helen was bordering on hysteria. Her eyes were filled with hatred for Jane. It seemed that given the chance, she could kill Jane then and there.

[Chapter 628 Mental Breakdown](#)

Helen's POV:

After I ran out of the company canteen, I didn't know where to go. I just wanted to be miles away from that place and those horrible people. So I got onto the subway and just went wherever it took me. I was directionless and broken.

This morning, I received an urgent call from the doctor, saying that my mother had suddenly suffered a mental breakdown.

When I arrived at the hospital, I was informed that the caregiver had allowed my mother to meet Libby and Jane on several occasions in the past week.

The caregiver explained, "I don't know how matters took such a drastic turn. When those two people came to visit your mother, she did not refuse them. Instead, she asked me to excuse them so that they could chat in private."

"What did they talk about?" I asked sternly.

"What did they talk about?" I asked sternly.

"I don't know. They requested me to leave so I didn't listen in at all. I thought they were your mother's friends and it was just a normal visit so I left and went about my other duties." The caregiver was eager to shirk the responsibility.

I didn't interrogate her any further.

[Chapter 629 Does It Still Hur](#)

Helen's POV:

I looked at the little girl blankly. She was sitting next to me, and on the other side sat a beautiful, young woman who was probably her mother.

The little girl handed the tissue to me and said softly, "Here you are, miss. Please don't cry. Everything will be all right."

Only then did I realize that there were a few more people sitting in the subway car. They were all staring at me with curious eyes. Perhaps in all my heavy crying, I hadn't realize what a mess I was.

"Thank you." I took the tissue and wiped my tears. As soon as I touched my injured cheek, it hurt so much that I started sobbing uncontrollably again.

"Do you want to go to the hospital? I will be happy to take you," the little girl's mother said in a soft, gentle voice.

"No, thank you. I'm fine." My nose twitched again. The kindness from a stranger stirred the grievance deep inside my heart, and tears fell unabated again.

"No, thank you. I'm fine." My nose twitched again. The kindness from a stranger stirred the grievance deep inside my heart, and tears fell unabated again.

I hurriedly turned around to wipe my tears. I didn't want anyone to see me cry.

[Chapter 630 It Was Jane Who Started I](#)

Lucy's POV:

I felt so sorry for Helen. Her face was swollen from the hard slap. The red palm print was still on her face as a horrible reminder of Jane's viciousness.

But Helen was not a vindictive brat. No matter how much of injustice she had suffered, she would quietly internalize it and suffer in silence. Pitiably as it was, she felt that it was the sensible thing to do.

I beat Jane up badly today and helped Helen teach her a lesson.

Some people were used to bullying the weak and fearing the strong. Jane was such a bully. I had to let her know that Helen was not a woman she could trample on and that I would protect her! Helen had me to stand up for her!

If she dared to hurt Helen again, I would definitely teach her a harder lesson!

However, I chose not to tell Helen that Jane had called the police on me today.

I was detained in the police station for questioning the entire afternoon. Jane insisted on suing me for assault. It was only when George reasoned with her that she dropped the charges.

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To be honest, when I saw Jane in the police station, she looked badly roughed up.

Her hair was disheveled and her shirt was torn in several places. I took full credit for her condition. Although there were no visible bruises on her body, I indeed mercilessly hit her with all my might.

She was no longer elegant and graceful as she used to be. She looked like a tramp.