

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 691: THEIR RELATIONSHIP WAS EXPOSED

List chapter

Velma's POV: Early that morning, I was awoken by Erin's phone call. "Velma, how would you like to have a cup of coffee with me?" Although I hated being woken up so early in the morning, I dared not take it out on Erin, nor could I ignore her request. "Good morning, Mrs. Affleck. It's so nice to hear from you. Are you in New York?" I asked respectfully. "Yes! I arrived last night. I'm at a cafe near your home. Come over and join me." Although Erin's voice sounded soft and gentle, I knew she wouldn't take "no" for an answer. "Okay! I'll be there soon," I replied. After hanging up the phone, I hurriedly got out of bed, took a quick shower, and then changed into a decent dress before going to the cafe to meet Erin. I simply thought that she just wanted to meet me for coffee, because she used to often invite me to dinner and treat me like her own daughter. No matter what a life Kendal and I led outside our homes, the moment we were to meet these elders, we were always polite and respectful. This was the lesson we had learnt and practiced since childhood. The more independent and rebellious we behaved, the tougher our elders got. On the other hand, if we pretended to be obedient to them, they would let down their guard and give us more freedom. However, when I arrived at the cafe and saw Erin's long face, I guessed that something was terribly wrong. I had an awful hunch. "Velma, please sit down," Erin said, looking at me as if she was going to eat me alive. I sat down gingerly, fanning the fear in my heart to calm myself down. "Mrs. Affleck, what can I do for you?" Erin did not answer. Instead, she just slowly pushed the cup of coffee she ordered for me across the table. She just stared at me with her large eyes without saying a word. Startled by the cutting look in her eyes, I silently drew my fingers back as soon as I touched the cup. "Mrs. Affleck, you can speak freely to me. It scares me when you look at me like this," I said. Erin slowly withdrew her gaze and took out her phone from her

bag. She unlocked the phone and flung it in front of me with a clang. "Look at this." The phone fell on the table with a dull thud. I was scared. I shot a glance at her, and shivered to pick up the phone. I was stunned, by what I saw on her phone. There were some photos and videos. When I could clearly make out George and Helen, I was flabbergasted. I threw the phone back onto the table and shook my head in desperation.

<https://novelebook.com/my-baby-s-daddy-bd2216.htm> "Mrs. Affleck! This is also news to me. I know nothing about it. Please don't ask me." I couldn't afford to offend Erin or George. I was in a dilemma. "Are you sure you know nothing about this? I suggest you take a closer look." Erin firmly shoved the phone back into my hand. I had to pretend as if I didn't know anything about George's relationship with Helen and I scanned through the photos, feigning surprise. Most of these photos were taken in the community where George and Helen lived. They showed them walking hand in hand along the avenue, sitting intimately next to each other by the lake or kissing passionately in the garage or elevator. Perhaps because of the skill of the cameraman in zooming in on close ups of the pair, they seemed to ooze sweetness and tenderness. Their perfect chemistry almost burst out of the screen. I didn't even know that George was capable of expressing such warm feelings when he was around Helen. Anyway, looking at their lovey-dovey pictures somehow made me want to be deeply loved by someone. "Mrs. Affleck, who sent you these photos?" I asked blankly after taking a moment to calm down. From the number of photos, the person who had taken them obviously had a plan to expose the intimate relationship that existed between George and Helen. But who could it be? "I'm so disappointed in you, Velma. You already knew about George and this woman, didn't you? How long have they been together?" asked Erin with a stern face. "Mrs. Affleck, honestly this is the first that I am hearing about their affair." I denied knowledge of their relationship vehemently and shook my head vigorously. I really regretted stalking Kendal last night. If I hadn't followed him, I wouldn't have bumped into George and Helen. Perhaps now I could speak to Erin candidly. "I heard that Helen is a lawyer. She is currently in charge of Spacetime Finance's acquisition case, isn't she?" Erin asked as she tapped her well-manicured finger on Helen's photo. "Yes. It was Kendal who introduced her to take over the case. It had nothing to do with me. I believe she was his high school classmate or something, so he knows her better," I replied cautiously. Erin kept asking about Helen, so I had no choice but to drag Kendal down with me. "Velma, don't tell anyone I came to you with this revelation. Just pretend you never saw the photos, okay?"

Erin couldn't get any useful information out of me, so she gave up. "You can rest assured, Mrs. Affleck. If anyone ever asks, I've been sleeping all day today, and I certainly never meet you!" I promised without a moment's hesitation. I didn't want to get involved in their family affairs. After all, I couldn't afford to upset George or his mother. So I decided to say nothing and simply sit back and watch how things unfolded. Helen's POV: I had to go back to the law firm for the time being because the negotiations between Spacetime Finance and Fantail Entertainment had reached a deadlock. The two sides were in a stalemate. Anya was on a business trip and Phil was busy with another case so I didn't see him at all during work hours. I was not very close to any of the other lawyers in the firm. In fact, they were deliberately distancing themselves from me. Even Tina and Melissa were trying to avoid me. I ignored their gazes and simply settled down to study the negotiation terms between Spacetime Finance and Fantail Entertainment, trying to find a way to get them back to the negotiating table. On my way to the tea room during my break, I opened my Facebook page. First I saw the daily filming routine posted by Velma, and then I saw a photo of two hands clasped together posted by Lucy. The photo had no caption, but I knew for certain that it was taken with Dyer. It seemed that Lucy had really fallen head-over-heels in love with him. Just then I got a voice call from Cece. "Helen, what's the hell is wrong with Lucy?" A few days ago, when Lucy's love life became a hot issue, Cece called me to ask about her. I briefly told her the whole story. Of course, I neatly neglected to mention the quarrel that I had had with Lucy. Cece and I both concurred that Lucy should stay away from such a man. How could a smart woman like Lucy fall in love so deeply with such an insensitive man? It wasn't until I saw the photo that I finally realized that Lucy was hopelessly in love with Dyer. She felt more strongly about him than I thought. "She has no love for herself. I can't believe she got herself into such a terrible mess for a man," Cece said angrily. "Helen, just leave her alone." "Don't say that. It can't be easy for her." I couldn't allow anyone to speak ill of Lucy. "Really? You mean it's easy for Dyer's wife?" Cece sneered. "And what about their innocent, little daughter? Helen, if she takes you as a friend, she wouldn't have reduced herself to the level of a home-wrecker. What's the difference between her and Jane's mother now?" "It wasn't her fault that Dyer lied to her," I clarified. Hearing Cece misunderstanding Lucy like this distressed and saddened me. Lucy had been avoiding and even ignoring me recently. I knew that it was because she cared too much about me. Hence, she could not face me. But what did I do to her? As her best friend, in her direst

time of need, i behaved exactly like those bullies, criticizing her from the moral high ground. But the truth was that I just wanted her to be happy, no matter who she was with. I was strongly against her relationship with Dyer simply because I didn't want her to get hurt. When I hung up, I immediately sent Lucy a message of apology. "I'm sorry, Lucy." I wanted to give her a hug and tell her that as long as she was happy, I would support her decision whole heartedly. But Lucy didn't reply to me even after I got off work.

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CHAPTER 692: CAR WAS HEAVILY REAR-ENDED

List chapter

Helen's POV: It was raining cats and dogs right before I got off work so I decided to leave the office late in order to avoid the traffic jams at rush hour in a raining day. George had called me and said, "Wait for me at the law firm. I'll come and pick you up. It's not safe for you to drive in this heavy rain." "No, I'll be fine. I'll be home before you arrive." It would take forever for him to negotiate the heavy traffic to get here. There were just a few people still at the law firm when I left. As I drove away, I noticed that the rain had stopped and the darkness of the sky had given way to a little light as the clouds flittered away. I drove forward slowly and cautiously. When the green light flashed, I turned left. I was now only two blocks away from home. However, as soon as I turned my car onto the road with a few other cars, my car was heavily rear-ended. I slammed on the brake and almost hit the steering wheel because of the impact. My head started buzzing. Before I fully came to my senses, someone knocked on my car window. I looked out of the window and saw a tall man in a suit staring at my car, full of anger. I was angrier than him. I got off the car and ran to the back to see how badly the rear end of my car was hit. The man was driving a Mercedes S-class car. He must be either very rich or very

powerful. A lady sat in the back seat of the car but did not step out. So I guessed the man standing in front of me was probably her driver. Before I could say anything, the driver pointed at me arrogantly and questioned my driving ability. "Can you even drive? You're lucky today. If I drove at my usual speed, I would have crushed your car to pieces by now." It was the first time that I'd met such a rude and unreasonable person. He had rammed into my car yet he was so insensitive. I quickly took photos and saved the evidence whilst making myself look fearless. "What's wrong with my driving? There is a speed limit on this road. Didn't you know? And you were the one who caused the accident! So stop being so cocky!" The driver probably didn't expect that I would be so tough. He walked to the back seat, and exchanged a few words with the lady inside. She nodded and the driver came back. "Well, we have something urgent to attend to, so we can't wait for the insurance company to come and deal with it. Let's settle this privately. How much do you want? Name your price." The driver, clearly an upstart, raised his chin and looked at me contemptuously. I was annoyed by his attitude and replied harshly, "Sorry. I don't accept it. Whether your insurance pays me or you settle it with me privately, you have to admit that you were at fault and the least you can do is to give me a sincere apology. Who is the owner of this car? You or her? Why are you in such a hurry to leave the scene of the accident? Is there anything shady in the car?" "Be polite! Don't cross your limits! Since you won't accept a private settlement, we have to take the insurance route. We have something very important to do and have to leave now. The insurance company will arrive soon." The driver was impatient and prepared to go back inside the car. "What? You're leaving? Do you expect me to wait for the insurance company here alone?" I'd never seen such an arrogant person before. I had a gut feeling that he must have done something shady, so I was determined to stop him. Just then, George called me. "Have you arrived home?" "Not yet. I got rear-ended. We are dealing with it as we speak," I said calmly, while glaring at the driver frostily. George's tone suddenly became anxious. "Rear-ended? Are you okay? Where are you now? I'll come over right away!" "I'm fine. Don't worry. I can handle it." When I heard George's worried voice, my anger and impatience subsided and I calmed down considerably. "Send me the location. I'm coming there," <https://novelebook.com/my-baby-s-daddy-bd2216.htm> George instructed in a serious tone. I could hear him driving. He must have been stuck in the traffic jam. After hanging up the phone, I sent my location to George. Then I noticed a policeman coming over. It must have been the driver who called

someone to deal with the matter. The policeman appeared amiable. "Your cars are seriously affecting the normal flow of traffic on the road. Please move your cars away as soon as possible." As he spoke, he asked the driver to move his car to the side. To my chagrin, after the driver got into the car, he rolled down the window and greeted the policeman before stepping on the gas and driving off. The lady in the back seat didn't show up and kept mum from beginning to end. As the driver drove away, I caught a glance of the woman in the car. She was well maintained and elegant. I was furious with them. Not only had they left the discussion about the settlement mid stream, but they had the audacity to drive away so abruptly. They had treated me with complete disrespect and arrogance. I looked at the policeman who stayed back with me to wait for the insurance company. "You just let them go off like that? I suspect that either the driver was driving drunk, or he was transporting something illegal in his car. He hit the back of my car on such a wide road, and he wanted to settle it privately with me. It's obvious that he has something to hide." The policeman promptly replied, very calmly, "No." I didn't expect the policeman to be so partial to them. But it wasn't so surprising though, because he had been called over by the driver. I didn't say anything more and patiently waited for the insurance company to come. The insurance company and George arrived within minutes of each other. As soon as George got out of the car, he ran towards me. He looked me up and down and asked worriedly, "Are you sure you were not injured? Any whiplash?" "No. Are you disappointed?" I was just kidding in the face of this crisis. "Stop talking nonsense." George flicked my forehead lightly, and his tense expression softened a little. After a thorough investigation, the insurance company determined that the other party was fully responsible. Then my car was taken away by the insurance company. I sighed, "Fortunately, it was the other party who hit me. Otherwise, I would only be able to compensate for one of their lights even if I sold my car." "Your safety is what matters most to me. Come on. Get in the car." George opened the door and I sat in the passenger seat. Then he closed the door for me, and took the driver's seat. We headed for home. When the car passed the next intersection, I noticed the Mercedes that had rear-ended me parking at the corner. I didn't know if it was my imagination, but I felt that the woman sitting in the back seat had been staring intently at me

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CHAPTER 693: DO YOU NEED HELP

List chapter

Helen's POV: My car was taken away by the insurance company. And because of the huge dent at the back, it would take about two weeks for it to be repaired. I had no choice but to take George's offer. For two weeks, he would drive me to and from work every day. Before learning to drive, I used to think that taking the subway was better. It was convenient, fast, and affordable. But now that I was used to driving my own car, I no longer had the patience to ride public transportation. What was more, the incident in the subway last time had traumatized me. Every time I thought of it, I would tremble all over. George did not let me take the subway on my own for that same reason as well. At this moment, while he was driving me to work, I sighed heavily and said, "It's really difficult to be extravagant and then be frugal the next day. Thanks for giving me a ride to work in the next two weeks." George smiled. "I actually wish you'd ask me to do this every day. Besides, it's only right for the husband to drive his wife to work." "Honey..." This was the first time I called him this intimately. We rarely addressed each other using our endearment. Holding the steering wheel with one hand, George squeezed my hand with the other. After everything that happened, George and I had become much closer. When we were a few blocks away from the office building, instead of asking George to drop me off already, I let him send me in front of the entrance of the law firm. At this moment, he parked the car and got out of it to open the car door for me. "I'll show you something after work tonight." "What is it?" I curiously asked. "You'll see. Now go inside," George urged. He was standing by the car door, staring at me with his deep-set eyes. "Ooh. Sounds exciting." "Is it a surprise?" Even though I had just arrived at my workplace and started my day, I already could not wait for the evening to come. Anya had returned from her business trip. Phil, on the other hand, had just come back to the law firm after finishing a project. <https://novelebook.com/my-baby-s-daddy-bd2216.htm> "Morning," I greeted them both. I had come to Anya's office to say hello. Coincidentally,

Phil was there as well. For some reason, the two of them were staring at me with curiosity written all over their faces. "Did George drive you to work?" Anya asked. "Are you two living together?" Phil added curiously. I nodded in response. Phil sighed and shrugged his shoulders. "Well, it's not a shame to lose to George." Anya laughed. "That's good to hear. You two are a perfect match." As I was walking out of Anya's office, I received a call from Korbin, who told me to meet him as soon as possible. Apparently, there was a progress in the negotiation between Spacetime Finance and Fantail Entertainment. Without further ado, I hurriedly took the relevant documents and decided to hail a cab. Gentleman as he was, Phil took the car key and offered, "Let me drive you there." "Thank you, Phil." On the way to Spacetime Finance, Phil reminded me, "By the way, I hope you don't mind me saying, but remember that George's family background is complicated. Surely, it matters to his family whether your family background matches theirs or not. I know you're an amazing woman, but it might not be enough for them. So, Helen, don't get in too deep just yet, or you won't be able to escape. By then, you'll regret it." "I understand," I replied. "You're quite smart. Why do you seem dumb when it comes to him?" Phil sighed helplessly. "Because I trust him." In all honesty, I was also concerned about the problems Phil had mentioned. However, I believed that George would take care of them. It was better to live in the moment and enjoy the wonderful time George and I had rather than worry about the things that had not happened. Phil and I chatted all the way to Spacetime Finance. When we arrived at his office, Korbin briefly greeted us and then went straight to the point. "After further discussion, we can accept the fact that Sanford only has two years left on his contract. However, we won't take any of the trainees they currently have. Fantail Entertainment has already agreed to this proposal. The finer details of this matter then require communication between you and their team." He was implying that we lawyers should talk to the trainees. Based on the evaluation of Spacetime Finance, these people were not much of an asset anyway. It would be a waste of time and financial resources if they kept them in the company after the acquisition. Of course, I had to do it. It was our job anyway to step in and negotiate the termination of contracts with these trainees. "By the way, those trainees are gone, plus the fact that Sanford has only about two years left before his contract expires, you also need to help us reassess the situation and come up with a new offer to Fantail Entertainment." "Noted. I will connect with the financial department and the appraisal agency right away. The new acquisition price will not be broadcast until it is reevaluated."

Korbin smiled with satisfaction. "I hope you finish this as soon as possible. I'm looking forward to hearing some good news from you." Just as Phil and I were about to leave Spacetime Finance, we happened to bump into Velma. Her face turned pale when she saw me. It was as if my presence repulsed her. At this moment, she motioned at me to leave here at once. I had no idea what was going on in this spoiled princess's mind. But since I remained unmoved, Velma stamped her feet and left in a huff. All of a sudden, a lady came out of the reception room not far away. She was wearing a knee-length skirt with a matching jacket and a pair of high heels. Her hair was put meticulously in an elegant updo, and her poise was impeccable. "Velma, where are you going?" Her voice was gentle, yet it was commanding. It could make anyone be in awe. Velma stopped in her tracks and slowly turned around. "I'm...I'm going to the restroom." Meanwhile, Phil and I just stood there and watched Velma get flustered. This pampered princess used to fear no one, except George. But seeing her get so flustered now, I could not help but wonder who this lady was. "I'm sorry, I should've told you sooner that my father hasn't been to the company recently," Velma apologetically said. Then, she walked over to the lady and held the latter's arm. When the lady was not looking, Velma furtively blinked her eyes at me, indicating me to leave. I had no idea what was going on, but I just shrugged it off. Without a word, I turned around and left with Phil. When we arrived at the parking lot, we found that the tire of Phil's car was flat. He nonchalantly took out the tool kit from the trunk and began changing the tire. While he worked, I squatted next to him and handed him the tools he needed. "Are you sure you can change it yourself? How about we call a tow truck driver? Can you really fix it? What if it explodes? Your car is already old. It's time to get a new one," I jokingly said. I was in a good mood, so I could not help but make poke fun at him. "How hard can it be? I've been driving this for years, and I fix it myself every time it breaks." As he spoke, someone approached us from behind. We slowly turned our heads and found that it was the elegant lady who Velma was with. "Do you need help?" she politely asked. Meanwhile, Velma stood not far away from her. She seemed to be in fear and utter shock. Phil and I looked at the lady in surprise. He then came to his senses first. With a faint smile, he waved his hand and respectfully said, "No, thank you." We thought that this enthusiastic lady was just passing by, so we said nothing more and just continued what we were doing. Phil and I chatted and laughed as we changed the tire. "I heard your shabby car get rear-ended yesterday? Why don't you ask George to buy you a new car? That way I can ride to work with you,"

Phil jokingly asked. "I'll just ask him to give you a new car.He's very rich anyway," I retorted. "That sounds better.Besides, he should thank me.I've been guiding you for a long time.Besides, if I hadn't quit, he might not have been the winner." To my surprise, he touched my face and then laughed hard.My eyes widened when I realized that he had touched me with his dirty fingers.I wiped the dirt and grime off my face, but it dawned on me that my hands were dirty as well.I was annoyed.I raised my hand and vigorously tried to wipe my face clean. At this moment, the elegant lady came over again. "You two, could you hurry up?" We turned around and found that it was the same lady from earlier. With a faint smile, she pointed to the car behind her and explained, "You're blocking my way." "Oh my gosh! We're so sorry.We'll be done soon," I assured with an apologetic smile. It was only then that I realized that she must have been waiting for us for quite some time. For some reason, she looked familiar to me.I could not remember when I had first met her before, though. "Velma, please get over here and see if they need any help." "Well, I actually know them.This is Helen and that's Phil.They are both lawyers and she is currently in charge of the case of acquiring Fantail Entertainment." "I see.It's nice to meet you, Helen.Anyway, I'm looking for a lawyer as I have a case to be solved.Can you give me your phone number?" I surmised that Velma was acquainted with the lady. And judging from her car and the way she talked, she must be a rich lady, which made her a decent client. So, without a second thought, I gave her my contact information.

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CHAPTER 694: GEORGE'S SURPRISE

List chapter

Erin's POV: The other day, I deliberately rear-ended Helen's car to test her out and see what kind of person she really was. To my utter disappointment, Helen turned out to be vulgar and uncouth.She was obviously an uneducated, mercenary little gold digger. How

could such a low life ever be good enough for my George? I was all the more upset when I saw how concerned and anxious George was when he came to pick Helen up. I'd never seen George fall so badly for a woman before. Obviously Helen had worked strategically on my unsuspecting son. Now I understood why George got so angry with me when I introduced him to Josie when he was last in Washington. It was all because of Helen. But I was actually more curious about who had sent me the photos exposing George's and Helen's relationship. I brushed with Helen twice already. Once to gauge what kind of woman George had fallen in love with, and then to determine whether it was Helen who had sent me the photos and videos. Such intimate photos and videos could only be taken by someone close to them. Maybe I was being too paranoid right now, but I just couldn't help it. There were many women trying to get onto the Affleck speed train and this was a critical time in my husband's career so I had to tread cautiously. If it was indeed Helen who had sent me those photos and videos on purpose with the intention of marrying George, I would be relieved. It would be a clear indicator that she was a vile woman who coveted wealth. In that case, she would be easy to dispose of. I would buy her off and she would be history. However, after two encounters with Helen, it seemed that she didn't know me at all. To my surprise, she did not come across as a schemer. I had to be more wary of the situation. The photos and videos were sent from a virtual account. The person was cunning and highly skilled. I had someone investigate it but he came back with nothing. I felt very uneasy. After all, the enemy was hidden from me and I was open and vulnerable. The more I thought about it, the more flustered I became. So today, I asked Velma out and set out a task for her. She had to get closer to Helen and find out more about her. My impression of Helen was worsened when I saw her flirting with Phil. As a girl, she had no reserve at all. As George's girlfriend, she thought nothing about getting physically up, close and personal with other men. She did not meet my criteria of the perfect daughter-in-law. <https://novelebook.com/my-baby-s-daddy-bd2216.htm> It was okay for George to fool around with her, but there was no way that I would allow him to marry her! "Mrs. Affleck, I've observed George and Helen together. I can guarantee you that George is serious about Helen. Besides, Helen is a beautiful woman with a promising career. I think she is a good match for George," Velma said in support of Helen as we got into the car. "He is just thinking with the wrong head. Soon he will get bored with her and then realize that Helen is not the one for him," I replied indifferently. "What if George insists on marrying Helen?" Velma asked. "You are fast

forwarding unnecessarily, Velma!" I immediately interrupted her with a curt remark and stopped her from continuing. How could this happen? As long as I was alive, I wouldn't allow such a woman to grace the Affleck family Helen's POV: After a tiring effort, Phil and I finally got the tire changed. Phil asked me to put away the tools while he tightened the last nut. At that moment, George drove into the garage and parked the car. "Helen," he called out to me as he rolled down the window. I took a look at Phil. "You can go now. It's almost done here. I can take care of the rest," Phil said, waving his hand. So I left with George. "You look cute!" George couldn't help laughing at me as I got into the car. I looked down and saw that my hands and clothes were all stained with grease. After rushing around for so long, sweat glistened on my forehead, and my hair flopped flat from the sweat. I looked a real mess. "Phil insisted on changing the tire himself. You have no idea how much of work it involves." I slumped exhausted in the passenger seat. I was breathless. George grinned as he listened to my complaints. He pulled out a tissue and gestured for me to move closer. He wiped off the grease from my face and the sweat from my forehead. I didn't move and just allowed him to clean up my face. After a while, he held my face in his hands and surveyed it carefully. Finally, he nodded with satisfaction. "All done!" Then he lowered his head and kissed me full on my lips. After letting go of me, he pressed on the accelerator. Thanks to the air conditioner in the car, I felt cool and relaxed. As I calmed down, I suddenly remembered that George had said in the morning that he had planned a surprise for me. Just then, a notification from the news application popped up on my phone. It seemed that Zhester Technology was funding the healthcare industry by upgrading their electronic devices. I took a cursory glance at the news and didn't pay any special attention to it. I regarded it as part of Zhester Technology's strategy.. When we got home, I took a long, relaxing shower and then got dressed. When I came out of the bathroom, George had already cooked dinner. All through the meal, I waited for George's surprise, but he gave no indication of a surprise. I felt obliged to remind him. "Didn't you say that you would give me a surprise after work? Well, where is my surprise?" "Let's eat dinner first." George served me some more food, but still said nothing. I ate absentmindedly while my eyes darted around the place looking for some sign of a surprise. I could find no clues. So what was my surprise? "Curiosity killed the cat, you know!" George chuckled. "Fine. Just forget it!" He was intentionally playing the waiting game with me. Why was he delaying my surprise? "I'll show you after dinner," George reassured me while stroking my hair. Hearing this, I quickly finished my meal

and looked at him eagerly. "Follow me." George stood up and walked towards the study. I followed him and complained to myself. Why couldn't he just tell me when I was in an excited mood? Why did he have to stress me before consoling me?

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CHAPTER 695: HELEN'S INITIATIVE

List chapter

Helen's POV: George took me to his study. Then, being in his computer for a while, he showed me something. To my surprise, I saw, on the screen, my mother lying on a hospital bed. I looked at George in surprise, wondering if this was what I thought it was. He did not say anything, but he nodded firmly. My heart pounded in my chest, and my nose suddenly became stuffy. My mother was as stubborn as a mule. Ever since George and I got married, she had been adamant about disowning me. She even kept asking me to forget about her and move on with my new life with George. Several times, George and I had gone to the hospital to pick her up, but she would refuse to see us, let alone go home with us. I was furious, but there was nothing I could do about it. At this moment, George took my phone and downloaded an application, which would connect my phone to the hospital ward security camera, allowing me to check in on my mother 24 hours a day. "Not only can you monitor your mother's condition here, but you can also communicate with doctors and nurses any time of the day," George patiently explained as he showed me how the application worked. His explanation was concise yet complete. His gift was really a big surprise to me. I sat on the big chair with George and watched my mother on the screen. The video showed my mother finishing dinner and was now laying down to sleep. She seemed thinner than before, but she looked good. I sighed in relief and turned the video off. All of a sudden, the news I had seen on our way home crossed my mind. "Wait a minute. Did you spend millions in upgrading the hospital's monitoring

system just so you could develop an app for my mother?" "This is Zhester Technology's move into the medical field." George held my hand with a smile and added, "But yeah, that's one of the reasons why I chose this hospital. It's because of your mother." I was moved. After all, the hospital where my mother was admitted to was no match for other big hospitals in terms of capacity and advancement. Although George spoke so lightly, I figured that big sacrifices had to be made in order for this project to push through. Besides, there must have been a lot of disagreements and opposition within Zhester Technology. I wrapped my arms around George's waist and softly said, "Thank you so much, honey." George lowered his head until the tip of his nose almost touched mine. "Is that all?" he asked in a captivating voice. As he spoke, I felt his warm breath on my cheeks, and an electric current seemed to course through my body, numbing me. Unable to hold on any longer, I sat on his lap and ran my hands from his waist up to his neck. "Honey, I love you," I whispered in his ear. Without waiting for his response, I bent my head and kissed him softly on the lips. He, however, just leaned back in his seat and did not move. Judging from the look in his eyes, he wanted me to do more. Just like he wanted, I kissed him harder. George seemed to be enjoying my initiative. He seemed pleased, and a familiar look of repression was written in his eyes. He tilted his head back, and his fine jaw line, slender neck, as well as his sexy Adam's apple, became more noticeable than ever. I kissed his Adam's apple teasingly. And the next second, he sat up straight, wrapped his arms around my waist, and pressed my body against his. There was a dangerous look in his eyes. It was like he was a predator, and I was his prey. With one hand around my waist and the other on the back of my head, he kissed me without holding back. The edge of the desk kept rubbing against my waist. It was honestly kind of hurt. But I was so absorbed in our kiss that I had no time to think about anything else. His kiss was as hot as lava. <https://novelebook.com/my-baby-s-daddy-bd2216.htm> It felt as if he would devour me the next second. All of a sudden, George picked me up and carried me to the bedroom. Then, he gently threw me onto the bed and stripped me of my clothes. I then hurriedly unbuttoned his shirt, revealing his toned abs and V-line. His tongue wandered into my mouth and entwined with mine. At the same time, his big, warm hands fondled my breasts. I felt my nipples harden, and I could not help moaning in pleasure. A few moments later, George finally broke the kiss and proceeded to shift his attention to my body. He sucked my nipples and spread my legs further apart. He even held my hand and made me hold his hard and erect penis. It was hot that I trembled all

over by even just holding it in my hand. "Do you want it?" George asked in a deep and husky voice. "Yes..." I answered with a hint of longing and desperation. As I spoke, warm liquid seemed oozed out of my vagina. Right now, I felt empty. I could not wait for him to stuff me. I gave George's dick a gentle squeeze, which made him gasp in excitement. Without further ado, he pulled my legs apart and inserted his penis into my hole. He lifted both of my legs in his arms, and every inch of my body felt hot and erotic. My hole was now filled with his hot and thick manhood. I had never felt so euphoric. "Don't stop... Give me... more..." I pleaded in between breaths. "I'll give it to you." George chuckled and then squeezed my ass. As soon as he said those words, he pushed his dick deeper into my tight vagina. Then, he quickly thrust his hips back and forth. I leaned my head back. The sudden stimulation and intense feeling of pleasure made my body quiver. What was more, my fluid seemed to drip onto the white bed sheet nonstop. "Hmm... Yes..." I kissed him on the lips and moved my body in coordination with his. My toes also fanned out as an intense feeling of enjoyment washed over me. "How does it feel, huh?" George asked, his deep voice alluring. "It feels so... good..." Every time he thrust his hips, his penis would hit the deepest part of me and then stimulate my G-spot. Before I could even recover, he would thrust it back in. The only thing I could think of right now was him being inside me. If this went on, I was afraid I would explode so I begged him to stop. As my breathing grew heavier, George trailed his hand down my flat stomach and settled on my clitoris. He stimulated it with his thumb until I orgasmed. After we both reached the climax, I lay on top of George limply, wrapped in his arms and unable to move. We had been together for quite a while now, so I now knew him well. He was not one to talk about love all the time. Instead, he would show his concern for me and my mother through his actions. I was in bliss right now. This peaceful life I was now living was all I had ever dreamed of. I never imagined that I'd one day have them all and it was George who would make it happen. Because of him, I was no longer afraid to face the obstacles that might come my way. I even had the strength and confidence to move forward. There was no denying that George and I were flawed. Nobody was perfect anyway. But after all we had gone through, we were beginning to get closer to each other and grew better together. "Let me get you a better car," George suggested while he was driving me to work the next day. If it was in the past, I would refuse him without hesitation. I used to not want to have anything to do with him, after all. But things had changed for us. At this moment, I nodded at him in agreement. It was

about time I put faith in our marriage and be more willing to accept his kindness and generosity. "Good girl," George remarked with a broad smile. "Check online which model that you like and then I'll take you out for a test drive."

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 696: THE STRANGE LADY

List chapter

Helen's POV: When I returned at the law firm, a woman was already inside the office, seemingly waiting for someone. "Helen, do you remember the lady we met at the parking lot yesterday? She wants to talk to you. Go meet her." I turned around to see who Phil was talking about. Sure enough, the woman from yesterday was there. She had asked for my phone number yesterday, saying that she needed my help with a case. I did not expect her to turn up today. "Hello," I greeted while keenly observing her. It was rather dark at the parking lot yesterday and I was busy helping Phil change the tire, so I was unable to get a good look at her. At last, I could now see her face under the bright office lights. The lady had a fair complexion. Except for the fine wrinkles around her eyes, she showed no signs of aging. What was more, she looked elegant as she sat at the conference table. Although she had not said a word yet, her aura was intimidating and commanding. She had a vibe that ordinary people did not have, and it could make anyone feel uneasy. At this moment, she glanced and nodded at me, beckoning me to sit down. "It's nice to meet you again, Miss Dewar." I sat down opposite her and asked, "What can I do for you?" "I would like to apologize for something. It was not until I went home last night that the driver told me that the car he had rear-ended the other day was yours," the woman apologetically said. I looked at her in surprise. No wonder she looked familiar to me. It turned out that she was the woman in the car that had hit me. "It's okay. The insurance company has taken care of it. It'll be fixed soon," I replied with a smile. To be honest, I was annoyed at her driver's

arrogant attitude at the time. But when I saw that my car did not suffer that much damage, I eventually shrugged it off. Besides, this woman's apology sounded sincere. I had no reason to hold a grudge against her. "I'm deeply sorry for the trouble the accident has caused you. Are you getting around easily? My driver is available. If you want, he can drive you to and from work until you get your car back. You can see this as my apology." I hurriedly waved my hand in refusal. "No, thank you. My and my husband's workplace are near each other anyway. He drives me to work and picks me up in the evening." "Your husband?" the woman repeated. For some reason, a slight frown appeared on her face, and the way she looked at me changed. "You're married?" Perhaps it was only my imagination, but her tone became a little sharp and the atmosphere became tense. Her attitude made me feel uneasy. Whether I was married or not had nothing to do with her. Why did she care? My smile faltered. It suddenly occurred to me that she and Velma knew each other. At the thought of this, I became wary of her. Velma seemed to have a lot of respect for her, and I was afraid that this woman was actually close to the Affleck family. But what intrigued me the most was her reaction when I brought up my husband. "Anyway, didn't you say you needed my help with a case?" I asked, shifting the topic. For a moment, she just stared at me silently. It took her a moment before she regained her composure. "I...yes, it's true. It's just a small cooperation case. A friend of mine is a real estate developer, and he plans to cooperate with Yeadon Real Estate to develop a pension project in New Jersey. He needs a lawyer for legal matters. Velma told me that you were reliable, so I recommended you to him. I'm going to give your phone number to my friend. He'll contact you shortly so that you two can discuss the project." With my current position, this kind of case was a pie in the sky for me. However, I was a little skeptical. The said project in New Jersey was by no means a small case.

<https://novelebook.com/my-baby-s-daddy-bd2216.htm> To think, I was not friends with this woman, and I had only met her twice before today. Why would she introduce me to this project? I could not help but feel that something was not right. "I appreciate you trusting me. But the thing is, I'm not an expert in real estate industry. I know someone who is, though. May I ask my superior, Ms. Pierce, to participate in this conversation?" Anya was more experienced in this. Whether this project was real or not, it would not hurt to ask her for help. "Sure," the woman replied without a second thought. Without waiting for my response, she got up to leave. Ever since the woman came to the law firm to talk to me, she had not showed up or contacted me again. However, the man in charge

of the project contacted me a few days later and asked me to meet him so he could discuss the project with me. In all honesty, I was in disbelief when I got the offer. Was I worrying too much? The man introduced himself as the representative of Leeson Holdings, which was a well known real estate company in New York, specializing in high-end mansions and estates. I did not have the confidence to be solely responsible for the project, so I told Anya and Phil about it. Then, I asked them to come with me to the scheduled meeting. Devin Gordon of Leeson Holdings received us warmly. He personally took us to the conference room and even asked his assistant to make us coffee.

"Mr. Collins spoke highly of you. He said that you were a great lawyer, and it was because of you that the Spacetime Finance's acquisition was a success," he said with a smile.

"Mr. Gordon, this is Anya Pierce and that is Phil Mason. They're both senior lawyers at our law firm. I would like to thank you for trusting us. Anyway, we're here to learn more about the project you're talking about," I said without beating around the bush. Devin greeted Anya and Phil. Without further ado, he sat down and began to explain why he had invited us here. In the past few years, Leeson Holdings had been busy preparing for the development of a high-end program facing the retirees. After a comprehensive assessment, they decided to cooperate with Yeadon Real Estate, which was based in New York and owned a vast area of land with great value. However, the development's pace of Yeadon Real Estate in the past two years was too fast, and many of their projects were still under development. This led to a serious shortage of funds. Therefore, they wanted to transfer the project to Leeson Holdings to handle alone. This was the reason why we were having this meeting. Leeson Holdings had reached a preliminary cooperation agreement with Yeadon Real Estate. And now, they needed a legal team to investigate Yeadon Real Estate's qualifications in all aspects. Truth be told, the main reason I had come here with Anya and Phil was to get a sense of the situation. Until now, I was dubious about everything. But after Devin explained the project in detail, I realized that the project was not sketchy at all. Nevertheless, I was still curious about who on earth had recommended me to them and why, so I raised my doubts once and for all. "It was Mr. Collins of Spacetime Finance. The two of us have been friends for years. He wouldn't recommend you to me if he didn't believe in you," Devin replied with a smile. I breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing this. It all made sense now. Since the lady had a close relationship with Velma, she must be friends with Velma's father. It was not every day I got to stumble upon such a rare opportunity. If this project became a success, it would be

my big break in the industry. "If you accept their offer and pull off the project successfully, your reputation in the industry would be established. I believe you can do it. Should you have any questions or problems, feel free to ask Phil and me. We'll always be there for you," Anya assured me as we walked out of the conference room. From the looks of it, she wanted me to take charge of the project.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 697: CLINGY GEORGE

List chapter

Helen's POV I seldom discussed my work with George in detail. When I bagged the Leeson Holdings project, I understated the news to him by telling him that a female elder of Velma's helped me secure it. George didn't request more details about the project either. He just joked, "So Velma finally did something good for you!" From the first visit right up to signing the contract with Leeson Holdings, Anya and Phil accompanied me each time. They were both experienced lawyers and were kind enough to help me with advice and suggestions. I also needed to tie up the loose ends of the negotiation between Fantail Entertainment and Spacetime Finance before diving headlong into my new project. Hence, I was very busy going back and forth between several companies every day. Fortunately, the handover regarding Fantail Entertainment took place a week later and this project came to a happy end. Then I could finally fully concentrate on the project of Leeson Holdings. I finally found some time to spare since I didn't have to handle two major projects at the same time. One day when I was checking updates on Facebook, I saw an array of photos posted by Velma. She had won the role of the leading actress of a new show. Needless to say, the leading actor was her heart throb Sanford. Thereafter, I would occasionally see her post some pictures of the crew. The lady I had met that day wasn't seen again. It was as if she had just disappeared into thin air. After the project of

Leeson Holdings was confirmed, Anya held a meeting in which she announced that I would be leading this new project. In the meeting, she assigned a few colleagues to support me. Now I was no longer seen as a newcomer who had just joined the law firm and knew nothing. I had successfully concluded several projects and had accumulated a wealth of experience. Anya also relied on me as a source of great help. She began to see me as a valuable asset to the law firm. It was the first time I had been placed in charge of such a major project so it was inevitable that I would feel a little uneasy.

<https://novelebook.com/my-baby-s-daddy-bd2216.htm> Compared to Anya and Phil and other senior lawyers, my qualifications and experience still fell far short of theirs. I had accomplished a couple of projects recently simply because I was luckier than others. I knew that my work capabilities were far from outstanding and I still had a lot to learn. Since Anya had given me full authority over the new project, it meant that she trusted me. And I decided to work hard to live up to her expectation. Phil also encouraged me in private. He explained that all newcomers grew one step at a time as they climbed each rung of the ladder. The new project was a great opportunity for me to gain work experience. If I could complete this project successfully and timeously, it would help me gain a strong foothold in the industry. So I took over the project with all this in mind. I explained the work involved in this project in detail during the meeting, hoping that my team would work smartly and complete the project smoothly. Anya and Phil also said that they would oversee this project and support us in the coordination and final inspection. I looked at my colleagues in the meeting room. When I saw Tina's and Melissa's pleading eyes, I felt I should include them on the team. I had worked with them once before. Although they liked to gossip, they were very responsible workers. So I happily agreed to let the two of them join this project. Finally, Anya especially appointed another lawyer and his assistant to help me. This certain lawyer, Erick Walsh, was well experienced in the real estate industry. Once the team members were confirmed, I invited them into an online chat room and delegated work to each one. The headquarters of Yeadon Real Estate was not in New York but in New Jersey. If I wanted to complete the due diligence, I had to go to New Jersey on a business trip. When I got home from work, I told George that I had to go on a business trip. A shadow cast over his face and he pursed his lips, saying nothing. While packing my suitcase, I tried to humor him. "The two cities are so close that I can come back at any time." Fortunately, George saw the truth of that statement. Although he complained, he did not want me traveling that

distance daily. "Have you booked the hotel? Do you have your own room or you just share one with a colleague?" "Yes, I've already arranged it. I'll share a room with my colleague." "Isn't it inconvenient to share a room with a colleague? Book a single room for yourself. There's no need to share. I'll pay for it," George said in a deflated tone. He walked behind me and held me tightly with his chin upon my shoulder. "I'm going there for work, not on vacation. Besides, if I share a room with my colleague, we will be able to discuss work even at night." I couldn't help but glare at him. George didn't say anything more. He slowly let go of me, helped me pack my things, and even checked my belongings a few times to make sure I had everything I needed. George had always been meticulous in taking care of me. Sometimes his obsessive concern for me made me feel like I was his daughter, not his wife. In a word, he worried too much about me. The next morning, my colleagues and I arrived in New Jersey and went to Yeadon Real Estate for a meeting after we checked-in and put away our luggage. In the evening, when we went back to the hotel, I was surprised to run into George. The moment I saw him, I finally understood why he insisted on booking a single room for me. George was standing in the lobby of the hotel, checking in. He was dressed in a simple suit that neatly outlined his perfect figure. He was blessed with broad shoulders, a slim waist and long legs. Every movement of his was filled with innate majesty and dignity. Just standing there, looking so suave and handsome, he could turn all the heads. My colleagues, like me, were surprised to see him here. Tina and Melissa began to discuss in a low voice, "Hey! Isn't he George Affleck from Zhester Technology? I wonder why he is here?" "I guess that he is as low-key and as reserved as they say he is. I thought a successful man like George would only stay in a high-end hotel." As the two of them gossiped, they secretly looked at me, their eyes bulging with curiosity. In the law firm, only Anya and Phil knew that George and I were dating. Just then, George suddenly turned around and looked at us. He smiled and nodded at us politely in greeting. "Did George just smile at us?" Melissa asked Tina, excited. "Yes, but I'm sure it's not because of you. He smiled because he knows Helen." The two of them were joking. Although they spoke in whispers, their words did not escape my keen ears. I looked at George from a distance and my heart missed two beats. After checking in, George walked toward me with the room card in his hand. Looking at his tall figure getting closer to me, I instinctively stepped back, trying to keep my distance from him. I feared that he may say something inappropriate in front of my colleagues. "Miss Dewar! What a pleasant coincidence!" George stood just one step

away from me and stared at me with a smile. As soon as he finished speaking, Tina, Melissa, and other colleagues around all focused their attention on us. I could swear he did this on purpose. There were so many colleagues present but he singled me out and only greeted me. He clearly wanted them to misunderstand our relationship. I didn't want to talk to him, so I just replied icily, "Yes, it's a coincidence, but I'm not sure A if it's a pleasant one."

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 698: THE RELATIONSHIP WAS ALMOST EXPOSED

List chapter

Helen's POV: My colleagues were smart enough to notice that something was off between us when George only greeted me. Erick Walsh, the experienced senior lawyer among our group, stepped forward and greeted George. He asked him, "Are you also here on a business trip, Mr. Affleck?" "Yes," George replied and smiled faintly. Even though he chose to be detached, he didn't want to make others uncomfortable, so he was polite. Erick grinned and said excitedly. "What a coincidence! What floor do you stay on? Do you need me to show you the way?" Looking down at the number written on his card key, George replied, "I'm staying in Room 1102." I blinked in surprise and instantly felt bad about this. Erick, as expected, clapped his hands together in excitement, smiled, and said, "This is amusing! We're staying on the same floor. Shall we go upstairs together?" George nodded and joined us as we entered the elevator. I was staying with Erick's assistant, Michelle Kelly, on the 11th floor. Our room was 1103, right next to George's room. As I followed, I kept wondering if George did that intentionally. As I got in the elevator, I deliberately hid in a corner, and without hesitation, George came to stand beside me unexpectedly. In there, our backs were almost against the wall and our shoulders were touching as we stood beside each other. George

took my hand in his own and held it. Shocked by this gesture, I looked at him in a way suggesting that he let go of my hand, because I wouldn't know what explanation to give if my colleagues were to see us holding hands. George would not let go. Instead, he playfully pinched my palm with the tip of his finger and smiled. "Let me go!" I mouthed to him, as I couldn't bring myself to make a sound. George then reluctantly let go of my hand. As I walked out of the elevator, I intentionally stepped on his foot, to call him to order. It had been a long day with numerous meetings, and now we were all exhausted and just went back to our rooms. Later that night, after my night routine of washing my face and brushing my teeth, I sorted out the minutes of all the meetings of the day. I had just finished my work when my phone buzzed. I saw it was a message from George, as I picked up the phone. "Are you sure you don't want to come tonight? So you have the heart to leave me all by myself?" Seeing this, I couldn't help but imagine the pitiful expression on George's face at that moment. His sudden arrival had unsettled me. I was more weakened when he claimed he had come all the way here, just to surprise me. In response to his message, I intentionally wrote, "No one told you to come anyway." Michelle had just finished her work too. In a shy and apologetic tone she asked, "I'm really sorry, Helen. Do you want me to turn off the light so you can rest?" "It's okay." I had a good feeling about Michelle. I had shared a hotel room in Philly with another colleague Mattie the last time we were on a business trip. Michelle and Mattie were of different personalities. Michelle took her work seriously. She never wasted her time, gossiping or socializing. Soon after Michelle lay on the bed, I heard the sound of even breathing, but on my part, I kept tossing and turning and was unable to sleep. This was because George had been texting me to say he couldn't sleep without me. I was surprised that I hadn't noticed George's clinginess before then. $\eta\sigma\nu\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\nu\sigma\kappa.\phi\sigma\mu$ Well, I knew I was there to work, and I shared a room with Michelle. It could be easily noticed if I didn't sleep here at night and if the news got out, I just had no idea how bad the rumors might be. By the way, I didn't want him to always come after me on these long trips every time. I wouldn't go to his room tonight so that he'd learn his lesson and not come next time. George finally gave up on trying to convince me to come to his room, so he sent another text message which read, "Baby, good night." "Good night!" I replied, and then placed my phone on the bedside table and slept off. George didn't show up for breakfast the next morning. I knew him to be a disciplined person, so I felt something was wrong. He always woke up early and had a good eating routine. I didn't see any reason why he

shouldn't be awake yet unless he was suffering from insomnia as a result of the change of environment and then slept in this morning. I called George as I went to the bathroom, after eating my breakfast distractedly. "Are you still asleep?" I queried. "No. There's a meeting this morning at the company. So I'm already on my way back," George replied lightly. I could hear the faint sound of the car running in the background. I was upset by his actions, so I asked him, "You knew you had a meeting early this morning. Why then, did you drive all the way here last night?" "Because I wanted to keep you company," he answered carelessly. "You drove this far just so you can keep me company, in the room next door?" I found it funny. "Well, it's still something, besides the distance is not that much." George chuckled. "Drive safely. Bye," I said to him. I was angry but touched by his gesture. This was just like him. He always found it difficult to express his affection for me verbally, but he'd go out of his way to prove it by his actions. I hurriedly left the bathroom, after I got off the phone. Erick and the others were already waiting for me in the car. We went to Yeadon Real Estate. It was the launch ceremony for the acquisition. Devin from Leeson Holdings had also arrived. Anya and the others would be present soon as well. When we arrived at Yeadon Real Estate, I noticed that great importance was attached to the acquisition. The conference room had been set in advance. Usually, Anya hosted meetings of this nature, but Devin wanted it done differently this time, for reasons best known to him. So when it was time for Anya to mount the stage, Devin stopped her and then asked me to give the opening speech. Devin had honored me on this kind of occasion, proving that this project was under my control. It was embarrassing though, and it made me really nervous. Fortunately, Anya was unbothered about the sudden change. Instead, she encouraged me to overcome my nervousness. She was just concerned with the proper completion of the project and the improvement of the team's performance. Everyone had given their consent that Anya would preside over the meeting before we got here, so I was unprepared for the speech I was called to give. Luckily, for me, I had listened to Anya's presentations many times before, so I managed to do a good job. By the time I was done and got off the stage, my heart was still thumping loudly, and my legs were shaking. "Helen, you did well," Anya said, complimenting me with a nod of her head. Anya returned to New York after the launch, while I assigned tasks to each of my colleagues involved in the project. Erick's team was in charge of the due diligence on the company and our team would be responsible for the project itself. Both groups would give me a summary after they had done what they needed to. Then I would write a

due diligence report on the legal actions and give our professional advice. This project proved to be challenging for me. By the time I got back to the hotel, it was almost past midnight, because I had been busy all day. Michelle had gotten back before me and she was already asleep. She left a lamp on for me, with food in a takeaway pack beside it. I took a shower and was about to eat when I thought to check my phone. George had sent me a picture. It was a picture of the room, next door, with a table that had my favorite foods on it. Under the picture was a message that asked me to join him for dinner. Did he come again? I looked from the food I had in the takeaway pack to the food in the picture. I didn't have any appetite for the food in the takeaway pack, so I wore my slippers and ran to the room next door, immediately.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 699: HAVING SECRET FUN WITH GEORGE

List chapter

Helen's POV: I sneaked out quietly and closed the door. It was midnight so there wasn't a soul in the corridor. I walked to George's room and knocked softly on the door. George opened the door and stood sideways to let me in. As soon as I entered the room, he quickly closed the door and hugged me tightly from behind. He rubbed his chin against my head ever so gently. He didn't say a word but I could feel his hungry yearning for me. I turned around and stretched my arms out to hug him around his waist. Then I quietly snuggled my face against his heaving chest. When I felt the warmth of his sensual body, all my fatigue melted away. After a little canoodling, he finally released me and led me to the table. The dinner was heated up and set on the table. George handed the spoon to me. "Are you tired?" I asked. ησνελεβσσκ.φσμ "You always take care of me. You need to also take good care of yourself." George came to New Jersey late at night after work and went back to New York early in the morning. He drove for hours just so he could see me. I felt

sorry for him but was deeply touched by his genuine display of unadulterated love. He reached out to stroke my hair and replied, "I'm not tired. It's natural for a newly married husband to want to see his wife all the time." "But it's so tiring for you to travel so much. You really don't have to. I'm fine here and I can come home on weekends to see you." I felt the need to advise him for his own good. "Okay," George replied in a low voice and watched me eat quietly. He was as stubborn as a mule. As long as he made up his mind, no one could change it. I didn't say anything more. After dinner, George cleared the dishes and walked up to me. He offered to give me a massage. I lay down on his bed with satisfaction, letting him massage my shoulders to relieve the knots and tension. He was meant to massage my shoulders but after pressing them for a minute or two, his hands began to travel south. His palms slid down from my shoulders and he delicately massaged my breasts through my shirt. My heart began to flutter. He cupped my breasts in his hands and began to knead them before gently alternating pinches on them. I was so aroused that I could not help groaning with erotic pleasure. Then I opened my eyes and pushed his hands away with a telling smile. But he held me more tightly and tickled me, so I couldn't help laughing. The next second, my lips were covered by his hot alluring ones. As his divine lips tossed and turned on my lips for a long time, I groaned gently. Then he slowly parted my lips and I could taste his minty breath. "Shh! Keep it down. This hotel room is not soundproof." I was so irritated that I wanted to smack him. He did it on purpose! George knew that I didn't want to make our relationship public just yet, so he threatened in a soft voice, "If you don't keep your voice down, the whole world will get to know that you're in my bed and then figure out our relationship." I had no choice but to keep quiet. George smiled and stroked my hair. "That's my girl." After saying that, he lowered his head and kissed me softly on my lips over and over again. I was tempted by his flirtation and couldn't help threading my arms around his neck in response to his kiss. While we were kissing, he caressed my body with his warm hand, lifted up the hem of my shirt and held my breasts in his palms and fondled them. Then he freed one hand and allowed it to meander into my underwear. I closed my eyes, and blood rushed to my cheeks. I felt a void in my throbbing pussy. As he stimulated my genitals with rhythmic rubs, some clear liquid slowly flowed out. He parted my legs and rubbed against my pussy, saluting with his rock hard cock. My body trembled with uncontrolled desire. I was sexually aroused and now there was no holding back. I twisted my body, wanting more. I cried out, "Honey, come inside me..." With blue veins on his forehead,

George had endured to the limit. He gritted his teeth and I felt his heavy pelvic bones press against me. With thunderous force, he targeted my fragile, hungry vagina and penetrated me to the deepest level. My pussy was suddenly choked with his hot cock. He went in and out of my vagina with long, smooth even strokes and then sudden quick, jerky thrusts. I leaned back and gripped his arms. My forehead began to perspire as I tried to dominate from under him. "Wait a minute. It's too much. Get off..." "You just said you wanted me inside you, but now you don't want it anymore? Huh?" George chuckled, stroking my clit gently with his thumb and then lunging up again to grab my breasts. He swirled circles around my nipples with his wet tongue while continuing to thrust. The double pleasure from top to bottom overwhelmed me. I was ready to climax. Before I could say anything, George suddenly sped up his sexy thrusts and pounded my vagina with more strength. Each thrust was deep and engaging. I grabbed his hands as he moved and then sank into the bed almost lifeless after experiencing multiple orgasms. Fortunately, George knew that I had to work tomorrow, so he restrained himself and stopped after only one cum. I was so exhausted that I just let George hold me to sleep. The next morning, I woke up extra early and sneaked back to my room quietly. I still didn't want my colleagues to know about my relationship with George. I went to my room for a nap and got up at the crack of dawn. Michelle got up from the bed, looked at me strangely and asked, "Helen, when did you get back last night?" With a guilty conscience, I pulled up my pajamas, afraid that she would see the marks left by George last night. I explained vaguely, "It was late. I didn't check the time so I wasn't sure what time it was." Michelle puzzled for a moment, and then nodded and urged, "The breakfast downstairs is almost over. Let's go downstairs quickly." "Okay." I immediately got out of bed, took a quick shower and then changed my clothes and went downstairs with Michelle. In the dining room, Erick, Tina and Melissa were already having breakfast. What surprised me was that George was sitting at the same table. He was still wearing a simple shirt and suit pants. He ate slowly and elegantly, with royal dignity. "Helen! Michelle! Come and join us." Erick greeted us warmly and showed us to two vacant chairs. My seat was just next to George's. My colleagues looked at George and me curiously. I was afraid that my colleagues would find out about my relationship with George, so I just lowered my head and ate without looking up at George. After breakfast, he whispered, "I'm going back to New York. Where are you going? Do you need a ride?" "No, thanks. It's not far from here. It's within walking distance. Thanks for the offer

anyway, Mr.Affleck," replied Erick. "Okay! Bye." George's eyes automatically fell on me. Sensing his eyes piercing me, I lowered my head and avoided any eye contact. After George left, we finished breakfast and then left for work. On the way to the Yeadon Real Estate, Melissa sighed, "George is really modest.He came here on a business trip without his assistant and driver.He even lives in this cheap hotel." "Yes, and he is so nice.Last night, I saw him asking one of the hotel staff if he could borrow the hotel kitchen to cook some soup.He can actually cook! What a perfect man!" It turned out that he had made the soup himself last night.No wonder it was so divine.I heard them talking about George and pretended that I was disinterested. In fact, I was deeply moved at the soul level. He always supported me at everything I did and took such good care of me. When I arrived at the Yeadon Real Estate, I found a quiet place and sent George a voice message expressing my gratitude and love. "Honey, I love you." "I'm driving," George soon replied in a soft and solemn voice. What kind of response was that? I rarely took the initiative to express my feelings and here he was, almost dismissing me! My sweet loving heart suddenly stopped. After a while, I received another voice message from him, "I'm driving, so don't seduce me.Or I'll just turn and come back there right away." I didn't seduce him! Okay? Still, my depressed heart suddenly took on wings and I began to fly with sweet joy.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 700: TREAT HELEN WELL FROM NOWON

List chapter

George's POV: While driving back to New York, I replayed the voice message Helen sent me over and over again.She said in the sweetest, gentlest, most adorable voice, "I love you." Listening to her loving voice, my heart was filled with incredible sweetness. When I heard her express her love so sincerely, I felt it was worth it to drive back and

forth between cities just to see her every day. I parked my car in the garage and then took the elevator up. My phone beeped. It was my secretary, reminding me of the meeting scheduled that morning regarding the vacancy of CTO after Boswell's departure. Boswell had volunteered to work in our headquarters abroad because of the situation with Jane. Before he left, he said to me, "You are also to blame for what happened. Can't you sense Jane's feelings for you? Even I can. You have always been aware of it. I'm certain of that. You are just so used to people looking up to you. If you don't tell them outright that you are not interested, then invariably you give them hope. You know something? Jane ended up like this mostly because of you. You allowed it to happen." $\eta\sigma\upsilon\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\upsilon\sigma\sigma\kappa.\zeta\sigma\mu$

Boswell analyzed the whole situation as a bystander. He thought that I no longer cared about Jane because I had a new girlfriend. But the fact was that he knew nothing about the history between Helen and Jane. The whole thing was just too complicated to be explained to him in a few words. But I didn't deny that I was partly responsible for Jane's present predicament. If I had been more sensitive toward Jane and handled our relationship properly, the outcome might have been different. "Jane should bear the consequences of her own mistake, but I hope that she won't be cornered. We share a friendship that spans many years and I don't want it to collapse." After saying that to me, he went abroad. He did give me something to think about. I wasn't a cruel person. As long as Jane didn't hurt Helen again, I would let her off. After Boswell went abroad, I could not find suitable people to head the technology and research team. So much of the management fell on my shoulders. Fortunately, Dyer could take charge of the operation and management. He really helped me a lot, but I needed a long-term solution. Therefore, I planned to hold a team meeting with Dyer and identify a person to take over Boswell's position. The HR director proposed we select a person from among the heads of our product lines. But after a comprehensive assessment, we found that the candidates were only proficient in their own product and lacked general management abilities. Each one had some shortcomings. Hence, Dyer proposed to ask the headhunter to keep on finding new talents for us. He recommended Lucy, who was undoubtedly the most suitable headhunter we could currently find because of her rich experience in this field. However, the HR director was against this proposal. Her expression turned sour, probably because she thought that Dyer was pushing for Lucy to gain new opportunities. In light of Lucy being named and shamed as Dyer's mistress recently, her reputation had taken a beating. Her image in the company had blackened considerably. Although nobody had the

courage to spurn Lucy to her face, gossips about her was still doing the rounds. Dyer's recommendation of Lucy at this point certainly confirmed others' suspicions. But I knew very well that he hadn't proposed it on purpose, because Lucy had submitted her resignation to me last night. When I received the message from Lucy, I was cooking soup for Helen in the hotel kitchen. Curious, I asked her why. Lucy replied quickly, "The incident between Dyer's wife and me has affected the reputation of your company. Dyer also has to bear hushed whispering behind his back. It would be in everyone's best interests if I resigned voluntarily." She was always brave and decisive, never feeble. I believed that she had thought it through long and hard before she came to me, so I agreed and replied, "Okay." I respected her choice. In fact, putting aside her friendship with Helen, she was merely a headhunting consultant for our company. Whether she stayed on at Zhester Technology or left, would not deny us at all. She could be replaced. After a while, Lucy sent me another message. "George, treat Helen well, okay?" "Don't worry. I will. I hope you can forgive Helen soon. You are irreplaceable to her." Helen felt guilty for not taking Lucy's side from the beginning with regard to her relationship with Dyer. After they had a fight, she had sent several messages to Lucy, but Lucy never replied. This deepened Helen's guilt and haunted her for many days. No matter who was right or wrong, I just didn't want Helen to suffer because of this. After a long time, Lucy finally replied, "Let's talk about it when I come back." Ignoring the curious gazes from others in the meeting room, Dyer insisted, "I have a good network with head hunting companies and I'll get them on board to assist us." This position was very important to the company. It would not be easy to find the right person anytime soon, so I would continue overseeing it for the present. As a result, I became busier than before. But no matter how busy I was, I insisted on travelling to see Helen every night. Helen was also very busy every day and sometimes she would only come back at midnight. At other times, Michelle worked till late, and Helen couldn't easily come to my room, so we saw less and less of each other. Often we didn't even get a chance to exchange a few words. We could only meet each other at breakfast, and then I would have to drive back to New York. It was true that I was tired, but I was willing to travel every day to see her. Seeing her even for a short while every day recharged my batteries to work harder. It was worth it. But Helen didn't want me to go back and forth all the time. She saw how it tired me.

με.ησνελεβσκ.φσμ On the weekend, Helen made an agreement with me that I was only allowed to see her on Wednesday every week. She was adamant. Knowing that she cared

about me, I agreed to her request warmly. Since I didn't have to drive over every day, I had more free time. One day after work, I felt lonely staying in an empty apartment, so I asked Kendal to join me for dinner. We hadn't seen each other for a long time. Kendal's mocking voice sounded over my phone, "Oh my friend! So you finally remember me? Do you call because you have more furniture for me to move around again?" It probably traumatized him the last time I asked him come over and assemble furniture. I laughed, "No! Are you coming or not?" "Let me think! Wait! I'll be there soon!" Kendal answered. I sent him the address of the restaurant. He couldn't help cursing, "It's so late, dude. Who wants to have dinner with you? I know a new bar with many pretty girls. Let's go there!" "I'll wait for Helen to come back and then go with her." I refused his request. As a married man, I needed my wife's permission to go to a bar. "Are you really that spineless? What's the big deal? So now you just can't do anything without your wife's permission?" Kendal complained in a dry voice, but his tone was thick with jealousy. I smiled and added, "By the way, remember to invite Velma. The dessert here is tasty. She will love it." "Why should I invite her?" "I want to treat her to dinner to thank her properly. Helen told me that one of the family elders of Velma's helped recommend her so she managed to get the project." I Kendal was quite irritated by me. "You only talk about Helen all the time! Can't you speak about anything else? If you really miss her so much, why don't you have dinner with her? Why do you need to eat with me?" "She doesn't want me to be around her when she is working," I replied. I couldn't help but feel a little aggrieved when I thought of Helen not allowing me to hang out with her. Soon Kendal arrived at the restaurant. He sat down in front of me and mocked, "Please, man! You have been manipulated by Helen since high school."