

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 586: RUMOR'S

List chapter

Lucy's POV: "Aren't you gonna explain what I've just seen" I pointed at George and looked at Helen with eyes wide in shock. What I had just witnessed was making me angry. I was mad not because Helen had slept with someone, but because that someone was George Affleck. The three of us had hung out several times before, but I did not notice anything unusual between the two. As a professional relationship blogger, it was an insult not being able to see through them. Helen looked the other way, her face as red as a tomato. She probably could not handle my intense gaze that she sighed and admitted the truth. "It's exactly what you saw." I gasped in disbelief. "So your so-called friend with benefits is him?" "Yes," Helen replied with her head lowered to the ground. Her face turned even redder now that the truth was out. I pulled her to the sofa, sat next to her and whispered, "Are you out of your mind?! Why are you settling for 'friends with benefits'? You should make him your boyfriend. He's an excellent man! What were you thinking?" Helen opened her mouth to defend herself. But before she could utter a word, I interrupted her. "Don't. I swear if you say anything now, you'll just piss me off." I was not interested in her explanation. What was the point anyway? When the truth finally sank in, I looked around the room for George. And there he was, busy in the kitchen. I rubbed my eyes, unable to believe what I was seeing. "What... what is he doing?" I asked confusedly. "Oh, he's making breakfast. He's good at cooking," Helen answered nonchalantly. Obviously, this was not the first time that George had cooked for her. I wanted to scream and say bad words. However, I hold myself back as George came out of the kitchen and walked over to us with a tray in his hand. "Breakfast is ready." Just as we were about to eat, George poured Helen a glass of milk and handed her a sandwich. The scene looked familiar, so I racked my brain to recall where I had seen it. Suddenly, my face lit up. In

the cafeteria of Zhester Technology, as well as at that restaurant, George poured Helen a glass of water, but then, she handed it to me. I did not think much of it, not until now. It turned out that something was already going on between them. I was just too blind to see it! While we were having breakfast, I gazed back and forth at George and Helen and, all of a sudden, burst into laughter. I had a good eye. As I had said before, nobody could ever resist Helen's charm. Not long after I said that, she and George slept with each other. "George, can you give me a ride to Zhester Technology later?" I asked once we were done eating. George did not answer, but I took it as a yes. The three of us changed into our work clothes and went out. George first drove to the law firm. When we arrived there, he parked the car across the road and patiently waited for Helen to get out of the car. He did not close the window until he saw Helen's figure disappear through the revolving door of the building. "George, do you like Helen?" I curiously asked. He ignored my question and just drove off. I cleared my throat and asked again, "Helen listens to me the most. Do you need my help in pursuing her?" My questions merely fell on George's deaf ear. Annoyed, I quickly assessed the characteristics of the kind of man he was. He came from a rich and prominent family. What was more, he had a successful career, educational background, and social status. This kind of person was often snobbish and upfront. Men like him must want a girlfriend on the same level as he was. Come to think of it, he must be playing with Helen's feelings and treating her as a plaything because of her beauty and innocence. What an asshole! I cursed George out inwardly. Of course, I did not show it on my face. I was in his car, after all. But with a man like him, it was not Helen's loss to sleep with him. It was the rushed hour when we arrived at Zhester Technology, so there happened to be more employees in the lobby. When I got out of George's car, everyone eyed us with suspicion. I had a bad feeling about this. It did not take long before I confirmed my hunch. I overheard from one of the employees that she believed I got into the company because of George. They must be thinking he and I were in a relationship now that they saw I came to work riding his car. It was in the past, I would not have cared if I heard gossips about myself. I would even try to use it to my advantage. But this time was different. George was Helen's. She and I were best friends. There was no way I would have anything to do with her man. Not wanting to cause drama, I requested to be transferred back to my original company. Unfortunately, my superior refused it and even advised me earnestly. "The task of entering the intelligence industry has been handed over to you. Since it appears that your current position is

inadequate for you, I will promote you to the partner of the intelligence department, What the hell?! That was not what I asked for. The whole day, I sat in my desk and did not go anywhere. I thought the rumor would die down by now, but I was wrong. In the afternoon, 'someone told me that there was a new rumor going around the company that George and I were living together and would be married soon. It became far worse than I had imagined. I was helpless. Yes, I was thick-skinned, but there was no way I could endure the tittle-tattles of the employees of Zhester Technology forever. Everyone now thought that I was George's girlfriend. This was a huge problem. Helen's POV: I officially registered at Zhester Technology in the afternoon. Soren was nice enough to warmly welcome me and arranged a desk and everything else for me. Once I had settled down, he handed over all the work to me. While I was arranging my things, my phone suddenly kept buzzing. I looked at the screen and saw that Lucy had sent me several messages. However, I was too busy to read them. "Hey. Lucy. I'm a little busy right now. Let's talk when we get off work later," I said in the voice message. "Lucy seems to have something important to tell you. Why not talk to her first? The paperwork can wait. Besides, we're not in a hurry," Soren said considerately. "It's probably nothing. Let's continue, shall we?" I was here to work, and not to hang out with my friend. So, even though my phone had been buzzing relentlessly, I just let it be. After work, I saw Lucy waiting for me in the lobby of the building. Just as we were about to exit, George's car passed by in front of us. He rolled down the window and said, "Get in." My instincts told me to say no. But before I could say anything, Lucy held my hand and pulled me into the car in front of everyone. Although I was reluctant, I had no choice but to follow her. It was time to get off work. Because of this, all the employees who were about to walk out of the building saw us. I was discomfited by their curious gazes, so I hurriedly closed the door of the car, blocking their sight. Just like we usually did, after dinner, George and I watched the boring legal program in the living room. All of sudden, my phone rang. I picked it up, perplexed as to who might be calling at this hour. It turned out that it was a call from the hospital. "Miss Dewar, I would like to remind you that the bill for this month has been sent to your email last week. Tomorrow is the deadline. I called as I was worried you didn't see the notice. I hope you haven't forgotten about it." "I see. I'll check it out right away. Thank you." I was so busy these past few days that I had forgotten to check my personal e-mail. I clicked on the bill, and a sinking feeling emerged in the pit of my stomach. All the medicine used, as well as the hospital fees, were itemized in the bill. My eyes then fell on the total amount

at the bottom. After sorting out the hospital bills and monthly expenses, only a few dollars were left in my bank account. It seemed that I would have to tighten my belt as I still had to wait for twenty days for my next pay, I looked at the meager balance on my account and got lost in thought. Truth be told, the hospital had advised me to transfer my mother to a public hospital. If I did that, my monthly expenses would be cut in half, and I would have more money for myself. But I refused to do so. I had sworn to myself that I would give my mother the best treatment for as long as I could. "Do you need help?" George suddenly asked, startling me. I quickly exited the tab and shook my head in refusal. "You've done a lot for me." That night, George just hugged me from behind and did not do more. Except during my period, this was the first night he stayed over but didn't have sex with me. I tossed and turned all night long. I could not sleep, worried about the single digit balance in my bank account, the pressure on my work, and my mother's illness. I could feel the pressure literally, making me feel suffocated. Unable to take it any longer, I tried to break free from George's arms to get some fresh air, but he held me tighter. "Helen, tell me what happened after you graduated from high school," he whispered in my ear. His words were like a bolt from the blue, shocking me to the bones. My whole body stiffened upon hearing his question. When I regained my composure, I shook my head and said nothing. Well, I had nothing to say in the first place. Every time I recalled my past, I would feel pain all over my body. It was as if my scars were torn open and rubbed with salt. It was bloody and excruciating. "George, let's not forget our place. Don't ask personal questions or do anything more," I firmly said. I did not want my family affairs to be known to the world, nor did I want to shatter the peaceful life I had worked so hard to achieve. George did not say anything more and just let me go. I knew he was mad. Even I would be upset if someone reminded me of my place. Anyway, sooner or later, George would get tired of my body and lose his patience with me anyway. If we were to break up. I just hoped the cooperation between the two companies would not be affected. But then again, George was not one to let his personal affairs affect his work life. He would not do something like that, would he?

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 587: HE LIKES YOU

List chapter

George's POV: The sound of Helen's voice was cold as ice, and it pierced through my heart. She had her back to me, so I couldn't see the look on her face. However, I could feel that she was giving me the cold shoulder. My heart ached as I let go of her, got out of the bed, and went to the living room to answer the phone. It was a call from Boswell. Sounding surprised, he asked, "What happened, George? The news has already spread to the headquarters. They say that you're planning to get married to Lucy?" I didn't answer him. I just leaned against the back of the sofa in silence. Boswell thought that I acquiesced to his question, and he sounded even more shocked this time. "Is it true? Man, I just went abroad and now this? When did you two get together anyway? Why didn't I know about it?" To be honest, I didn't want to talk to him, but Boswell was lost in various conjectures and flights of fancy. "Is it not convenient for you to talk over the phone right now? Am I interrupting you from something?" he asked. "Anything else?" I asked irritably. Boswell chuckled awkwardly. "No, but Jane knows about your scandal. Care to explain to her?" "I don't have to. She's a lot smarter than you," I said. "What are you implying?" Boswell was so pissed off that he broke into laughter. Somehow, it made me feel better. "If you don't have anything important to say, I'm hanging up." But before I could hang up, Boswell added, "By the way, Jane said that she's coming back to work for a while to help you with the merger case." "She's already told me about it. I'll make the necessary arrangements." Right after I said that, I ended the phone call.

Helen's POV: After that day, I didn't see George for while. Soren told me that Zhester Technology was launching a new product on the market at the end of the year and it was in the final testing stage, so both George and Boswell went abroad to the headquarters. I didn't probe into that too much, because the MGA case had officially begun. Their target corporation, Smart Technology, had held a startup ceremony. Legal processes, auditing, and evaluations had begun one after another. As a member of Mesmor Law Firm, I was busy every day. Aside from Phil, Mattie, and myself, Anya brought in three other senior lawyers with her. Everyone in the team had their own duties, but I, on the other hand, wasn't given any specific orders. I was more like Anya's assistant, responsible for the overall planning and

communications. Phil remarked, "Anya is training you. Project management is a complicated task. If you manage to keep everything in order and follow through a proper scheduling, you might be able to take over a case on your own and lead your own team next time." "I understand. Thanks for the advice, Phil." Even though Anya was strict and didn't say much, she had been mentoring me this whole time. I understood her intentions, so I worked even harder. During this period of time, I was so busy that I hardly had time to sleep. Occasionally, I'd receive a message from George. However, I didn't have any time to read it, let alone send a response. Besides, they were just some unimportant stuff. After nearly ten days had passed, George sent me another message. "I'll return at the end of this month," he texted. Confused, I wondered why he took the initiative to tell me about his schedule. The day I saw the message was a Friday night. Lucy forced me to shut down my Laptop and took me out for dinner. I received George's message when we were eating. "Is it from George?" Lucy asked with a mischievous smile. Her gaze made me feel uncomfortable, but I still nodded and said, "Yeah_" I thought he'd be mad at me after what I did to him that day, but he still sent me messages like usual while he was abroad. It was hard to figure out what he could be thinking, so I decided to just drop it for the time being. "Do you really not have any feelings for him?" Lucy asked tentatively. "Feelings? What feelings?" It was rare for me to have the time to rest these past few days, so I leaned against the chair and let my mind go blank. At this moment, there was barely anything going on in my brain. "George may not have explicitly stated that he has feelings for you, but I can tell that he obviously likes you," Lucy remarked. I didn't agree to her opinion. Thus, I looked at her and said, "You said that when man wants to sleep with a woman, he'll become a gentleman and be very considerate. You also said that if a man truly likes you, he'll tell you about it clearly. Otherwise he just wants to fuck." "I may have said that, but it's different in your case. Look, you're dealing with George here. He can have any woman he wants! If all he wanted was just a fuck buddy, then he wouldn't bother making so much effort for you. Think about all he's done for you. There's no way he just wants to be friends with benefits," Lucy countered. I thought that she was just messing with me or something. The thought of George falling in love with me was so ridiculous that even I found it funny. Because from the very beginning of our relationship, all we'd ever enjoyed was the pleasure of sex. But I must admit, he had taken really good care of me in my daily life. However, that didn't necessarily mean that he liked me. Perhaps it was because he really was a gentleman. If he were dealing with

any other girl, he probably would've taken good care of her as well. And the reason he kept coming back for me was probably because we were compatible in bed more than any other. It was possible that he found it troublesome to find another fuck buddy, so he didn't bother and chose to stick with me. George having feelings for me was definitely out of the question. I couldn't imagine what it would be like if he ever fell in love with anyone. But, that didn't have much to do with me. After all, he and I were just fuck buddies; no more, no less. "Honey, I've always told you that you need to cut yourself Loose and live in the moment! Aside from letting your body get what it wants, you should also follow your heart and have a romantic relationship. You don't have to think about the future or the end result. Just follow your damn heart! Listen to me. I truly feel that George will be a good boyfriend to you," Lucy earnestly responded while holding my hand. I stared at her for a good few seconds before asking, "That doesn't sound like something you'd say. Did you have a concussion or something?" Putting on a straight face, Lucy explained, "I'm serious, bestie! You've been so busy lately that it's making me worry that you'll die all of a sudden without even getting to experience what it's like to be in love." I didn't know how to react to that. It was true that my work had kept me nailed to my desk lately. Lucy must've pulled me out of the company because she wanted to instill this idea into my head. "Fine! Once I'm done with this case, I'll find a good relationship." When I got home, I decided to listen to Lucy's advice and had some rest. I didn't turn on the laptop to work overtime anymore. As I lay in bed, I watched TV for a while. Once I was about to fall asleep, George sent me a video call request.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 588: AN APPOINTMENT HET HELE OVERNACHTS OUVERTURE

List chapter

Helen's POV: The name flickering on the screen of my phone made my heart skip a beat. I hurriedly got up from the bed. The phone kept on ringing, but honestly I didn't want to answer it. However, I then remembered what Lucy told me earlier that night. She said that I should try to open my heart. Thus, I decided to answer the video call. It was already late at night where I was, while the sun shone brightly abroad. I could see that George was in his office. He had dark circles under his eyes, looking quite exhausted. "Were you about to go to bed?" he asked. Hearing his voice was like music to my ears. It was very pleasant to hear. I pursed my lips and replied, "Yes, I was just about to go to sleep." Thereafter, we fell into silence. There was nothing for us to talk about. He could read through my work report in detail every single day. With regards to our personal affairs, it was hard for me to think of what to say. George was still working on his computer. He was typing something on the keyboard, making it a little less awkward between us. While I was thinking whether I should speak or not, he suddenly stopped working and turned his gaze towards his smartphone, "Turn on the light. I want to see you," he said. I turned on the bedside lamp, illuminating the dark bedroom with a warm yellow light. A smile appeared on George's face. "Do you want me to bring you anything? I'll be back next week." "But aren't you scheduled to come back at the end of the month?" I asked, visibly surprised. The look on George's face softened and a smile was born on his lips. "Well, that's true, but I want to come back early." After pondering on his question, I thought of something that I wanted to buy from abroad. The doctor suggested that I should get a different medicine for my mother. Her body had built up a tolerance to the current medication she was taking, and the new type of medicine was rather expensive in our country. I had contemplated on asking him this several times, but in the end, I shook my head and cast aside the idea. There was no way I could talk to George about it. I didn't want him to know about my family. After a lengthy silence between us, he said, "I see. Good night then." "Good night." "After putting down my phone, I drifted into sleep. During the weekend, I decided to stay at home to sort out the research materials that I gathered last week regarding Smart Technology's branches around the globe, and arranged our team's work schedule for the next week. Eventually, I drafted a report of my research and sent it to Anya, along with the schedule. On Monday morning. I went back to the law firm to have our weekly meeting. After that, Anya told me, "You're going to Philly for a business trip this week." "Philly?" "That's right. One of Smart Technology's factories is located there. It's involved in a land dispute issue, and

another issue regarding employee equity. I'll need you to verify the situation and provide a legal opinion on the matter. You're from Philly, so I'm sure you're familiar with the locale. Besides, you're the only one our team can send out at the moment." I could see the trust in Anya's eyes when she looked at me. For that reason, I nodded earnestly and replied, "Yes, ma'am! I'll go there today." The last time I went to Philly was to handle the Vibert Company's case. So, I no longer felt too nervous or uneasy coming back this time. Upon arriving at Philly, Cece picked me up at the airport. Contrary to Lucy's bubbly personality, Cece was a little more introverted. She smiled at me and suggested, "Why don't you stay at my house while you're here? I'm sure my parents miss you, too!" "It's alright, Cece. I've already booked a hotel. I may be too busy with work, and it wouldn't be convenient for me to stay at your home. Just say hello to your parents for me," I answered. "All right." Cece didn't insist on her suggestion, and she just drove me to the hotel. Before I got off the car, she asked, "How long will you be staying this time?" I pondered on the question and replied, "It's hard to say. Perhaps a week, at least. My stay here will depend on the case's progress. This one is a bit tricky, because it's related to employee equity." "Wait, you're working on Zhester Technology's case, right? Is George being nice to you? If he tries to be harsh to you, just let me know. I'll ask Kendal to teach him a lesson or two!" When Cece brought up George's name, my heart skipped a beat. I bantered, "He's Zhester Technology's big boss now. How could he have the time to pay attention to my affairs?" George had always separated his professional and private lives. Even if I asked him to give me preferential treatment, he wouldn't do it. "Yeah, you're probably right." Cece nodded in agreement. "I heard from Kendal that you've spoken to George several times after the party last time." "Did George say that to him?" A question popped in my head. I thought George didn't want anyone to know about our relationship, especially our mutual acquaintances? After all, it must be embarrassing to tell people about the nature of our relationship. "I suppose so. Kendal said that George wasn't as standoffish as he appeared to be. I've told you before that in New York, you should make full use of your connections to garner resources for yourself. We live in a realistic and cold reality. The only way you can move up in the world is through the use of connections and other resources that you can get your hands on." Cece and Lucy had conflicting opinions. Lucy was always encouraging me to be in a romantic relationship as soon as possible, while Cece was persuading me to focus on my career. Her words put a sardonic smile on my lips. "You're right. We live in a cold, harsh reality, so I have to be on

George's level first. Otherwise, what reason would he have to help me? What good will it do to him?" After spending so much time with him, I had realized one fact. More than anyone else, George was materialistic. He would never give me preferential treatment at work just because we were fuck buddies. Besides, I'd rather not ask him for favors. If I did that, what difference would I have with a hooker? Cece sighed, "You know, you're too stubborn sometimes. The world of adults like us can't always be defined by black and white. Sooner or later, you'll realize that I shrugged and said, "Personally, I don't think it's that bad." Soon, Cece and I got off the car. After checking in at the lobby and dropping off my stuff in the room, we went out for a meal together. Later on, she was called away by a client. Meanwhile, I started working on the Smart Technology case. Before I came here, I had already studied the relevant documents for the case. I made an appointment with the general manager of the factory to discuss the details of the dispute further. However, he seemed unwilling to work with me. "The headquarters can't just sell the factory! Do they think they can push us around that easily? If the factory gets sold, how are we supposed to make a living?" I listened to his complaints quietly. I was a lawyer, so it wouldn't be appropriate for me to make comments regarding the situation. Moreover, the general manager was probably just whining. This was the decision of the headquarters of their company, and all they could do as employees of the factory was to obey. After following the case here for five days, I managed to get some information from the workers and found that the situation wasn't as simple as I had initially believed. It turned out that this factory was doing business with other companies in secret. If Zhester Technology would acquire this factory along with Smart Technology's headquarters, then it would mean that this factory's secret source of wealth would be cut off. I honestly never imagined that I'd discover something like this. Before coming here, I didn't think that there'd be such a complicated money-making scheme behind. After my findings, I reported the situation of the factory to Anya. I thought that she'd be anxious as I was, but she wasn't. Since she was much more experienced than I was, she was able to stay calm. "In that case, you should come back for now." "What about the factory?" I couldn't just leave like this. It made me feel uneasy whenever things were left unsolved. "I'm not asking you to drop the case. What you should do is to find evidence after a thorough investigation, write them in your report in detail, and then issue a legal opinion. Do you understand?" Anya's words edified me. The duty of an MSA lawyer wasn't to solve the problems, but to find them. Solving the problems should be left to our

clients, Smart Technology and Zhester Technology "I understand.Thank you, Miss Pierce.I have a meeting later with the union leader of the factory.I'll go back to New York after that." My appointment with the union leader of the factory was scheduled on Friday afternoon. I thought that we'd meet in the factory's office, but instead, he called me."There's something that I need to tell you that I can't say within the factory. Miss Dewar, please come to Quizas Cafe, so we can discuss it in detail." I was kind of nervous when he said that to me, but then I figured I wouldn't be in any danger inside a cate in broad daylight, so I agreed.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 589: I NEED MEDICAL EXAMS

List chapter

Helen's POV: When I arrived at the cafe, I took a picture at the door and posted it on INS, along with my location. The union leader was a middle-aged fat man.He looked very kind and amiable. With a warm smile, he took me to the reserved private room. At first, I was a little vigilant, but when I saw that there were many customers in the cate, and the union leader was polite the whole time, I gradually relaxed. We talked about the issue of the employees' equity for a while. What the union leader said was quite sincere. As usual, I listened carefully and wrote his ideas down in my notebook. While I refrained from making any comments, I thought about the legal risks of the merger case of Zhester Technology and then I mentally plotted how I wanted to write about the legal opinion. Unbeknownst to me, the sun had soon waned and it was getting quite dark. The union leader suddenly asked, "Miss Dewar, you are also from Philly, right? I was lucky enough to see your father once.By the way, do you know Mr.Breck Collins? He used to work for your father." At the mention of my father, I felt a sharp pain in my heart.I managed to suppress the discomfort in my heart and said coldly. "If there is nothing else, let's call it a

day." I picked up my bag and was about to leave. But the union leader blocked my path with his body. The amiable expression on his face was suddenly replaced by an insidious smirk. "There is no need to hurry. Since you are here, just stay and have a chat with Mr. Collins. You can talk about the good old days together." Why Breck again? When I came back to Philly to take charge of the case of Vlibert Company, Breck was there. Once again, I had come across him in this merger case. After my father passed away, I only returned to Philly twice and each time, I crossed paths with Breck. I didn't believe it was a coincidence. For the time being, I could see that he had a great influence in Philly, but I didn't understand what he wanted from me. "I don't know the person you just mentioned, nor do I have anything to discuss with him. Get out of the way," I said with an expressionless face, but internally, I was actually a little flustered. I wanted to take out my phone and call cece. At this time, the door was suddenly opened and Breck walked in. There was a warm smile on his face that failed to ease my growing discomfort. Although he was no longer a young man, there was still a suave quality about him. We talked about the issue of the employees' equity for a while. What the union Leader said was quite sincere. As usual, I listened carefully and wrote his ideas down in my notebook. While I refrained from making any comments, I thought about the legal risks of the merger case of Zhester Technology and then I mentally plotted how I wanted to write about the legal opinion. Unbeknownst to me, the sun had soon waned and it was getting quite dark. The union Leader suddenly asked, "Miss Dewar, you are also from Philly, right? I was lucky enough to see your father once. By the way, do you know Mr. Breck Collins? He used to work for your father." At the mention of my father, I felt sharp pain in my heart. I managed to suppress the discomfort in my heart and said coldly, "If there is nothing else, let's call it a day." I picked up my bag and was about to leave. But the union leader blocked my path with his body. The amiable expression on his face was suddenly replaced by an insidious smirk. "There is no need to hurry. Since you are here, just stay and have a chat with Mr. Collins. You can talk about the good old days together." Why Breck again? When I came back to Philly to take charge of the case of Vlibert Company, Breck was there. Once again, I had come across him in this merger case. After my father passed away, I only returned to Philly twice and each time, I crossed paths with Breck. I didn't believe it was a coincidence. For the time being, I could see that he had a great influence in Philly, but I didn't understand what he wanted from me. "I don't know the person you just mentioned, nor do I have anything to discuss with him. Get out of the

way," I said with an expressionless face, but internally, I was actually a little flustered. I wanted to take out my phone and call cece. At this time, the door was suddenly opened and Breck walked in. There was a warm smile on his face that failed to ease my growing discomfort. Although he was no Longer young man, there was still a suave quality about him. "Helen, how can you say something like that? Have you really forgotten me? I am so sad." Surprised, I watched him walk closer. Now, I was absolutely certain that this whole incident was not a coincidence. My gut told me that Brock had been in the cate for a while now. It was also possible that he had done something to make sure that the meeting place was changed into this cafe. Cold sweat broke out on my back at the realization. Even though I was now apprehensive of whatever their agenda was, I still tried to present a calm facade. Widening my ayus, I pretended to be hit with an epiphany. "Of course, I remember you. I still remember that Mrs. Collins' father was my dad's supervisor." I was talking about Breck's wife, Ella Collins. Back then, his career only prospered after marrying her. I mentioned her now to warn him not to act recklessly. Unexpectedly, Breck laughed wantonly after hearing this. "Ella often mentions you even now. You should pay her a visit one of these days. She will be happy to see you again." After saying that, he winked at the union Leader. The latter left obediently and closed the door of the private room. My heart skipped a beat and I had a sudden Impulse to make a run for it. However, before I could move, Breck had already walked closer to me. "Come and sit next to me. I haven't seen you in years. I actually didn't expect that you would turn out to be so charming and beautiful," Breck said flippantly. He grabbed my hand and pulled. Caught off guard, I fell on the sofa next to him. The moment I fell gave Breck the opportunity to hold me captive against the sofa. He leaned over me, his bad breath fanning my face. "Are you too impatient to wait? You are definitely Bob's daughter. You understand the situation and act accordingly, just like he did before." My body was stiff and I got goosebumps. I was afraid and felt very disgusted. "Let go of me! Or I'll scream!" The cafe was full of people. If Breck really cared about his reputation, he would not be so stupid as to hurt me here. However, Breck didn't panic at all. On the contrary, he laughed out loud. "Just scream as loudly as you can! Let's see if anyone dares to come in and save you." He lowered his head to kiss me and he tried to tear off my clothes. It was in this moment that I truly understood the meaning of the word despair. Terrified, I struggled as hard as I could and I shouted as loud as my lungs could go. The harder I struggled, the more excited Breck became. He held both my hands tightly and pressed the

full weight of his body against me, crushing me into the sofa. The Lust in his eyes was undisguised and I nearly retched at the sight of it. No matter what I did, I couldn't break free of him and his hands were getting bolder. Gradually, I fell into despair. It felt like I was in a trance. The whole thing felt like an out-of-body experience, like it was happening to someone else, not me. When my clothes were torn from my body however, the cold that hit my body caused me to shiver. A sudden scream pushed me back into my body. I lurched, I looked around frantically, my brain trying to parse the information I was seeing into something sensible. A moment later, I was able to see clearly and realized that the angry face looming over me belonged not to Breck, but George. A small snarl escaped his mouth and he hurriedly took off his coat. I was still laying on the sofa in shock when he wrapped the coat around me tightly. Then he carried me to the corner of the room and said softly, "It's alright now." In the next second, he turned and walked towards Breck. It was as if George became unglued. He pulled Breck to his feet with his collar and beat him to a stupor. Breck was strong outside but weak inside. A single punch from George knocked him off his feet, but George was in no mood to give him any breathing space. He leaned over Breck's prone body and punched every part of him he could find. In the room, there was only the sound of punching and kicking and Breck's painful wails. I fought my fear and panic and got to my feet. Slowly, I walked over and pulled on the hem of George's shirt to stop him. "Stop. Don't kill him. I don't want you to go to jail for murder; he's not worth it." It took a few moments, but George eventually stopped beating him. He stood still, but I could see his palms trembling slightly. "Okay." Suppressing his obvious anger, George obliged my request with a single word. Just then, the private room was a total mess. Table was turned, glass shattered into pieces, and Breck huddled in the corner, groaning in pain after he was almost beaten to death. The police officers showed up not long after. My guess was that someone called the police. "Catch him! Arrest him!" Breck shouted as soon as he saw the police officers. "Mr. Collins?" When the policeman recognized Breck, his countenance changed and he turned a hostile glare on George and I. "Did you hit him?" George glanced at the policeman and said in a disdainful tone, "I won't say anything unless my lawyer is present." "Cut the crap. Catch him. I want him to be jailed for life. I will never accept a compromise!" Breck pointed a trembling finger at George and me. He covered his swollen face with the other hand and shouted madly. I looked at him coldly, stepped forward, and said to the police, "I need medical exams." "What?" The policeman looked

at me in contusion. Stoically, I unbuttoned the coat and my skin was instantly exposed. There were several bruises and bite marks left by Breck, which were particularly offensive to the eye. I fought back the tears and endured the shame in my heart, and then said through gritted teeth, "Breck Collins sexually assaulted me. This is the evidence. I need medical exams and DNA comparisons to fix the evidence." Brock became absolutely livid at my accusation and started screaming his head off. "Fuck you! I didn't even take off my pants! How could I have sexually assaulted you?!" "Watch your mouth!" George growled and advanced on him, but I quickly stepped in his path before he could punch Breck. "Okay. You want medical exams, right? Let's go to the police station for an examination." Breck sneered and stood up with the help of his bodyguards, looking fearless..

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 590: I'M HERE WITH YOU

List chapter

Helen's POV: Now that I was in the car, I gradually calmed down. I turned my gaze towards George. He was sitting beside me, wearing a straight face. "What are you doing here?" I asked. He was like Superman coming to my rescue just now. He was still supposed to be abroad. Even if he came back in advance, he should've gone back to New York. But in a surprising turn of events, he showed up in Philly. When I really needed help, he swooped in and saved the day. "Hmm." George had never been this quiet before. No matter what I asked him, he wouldn't answer me. It appeared that he was still in a bad mood. It was hard to figure out what he was thinking. But, I did find his silence a little odd. Pretty soon, the police car took us to the police station. From a distance, I noticed dozens of people standing in front of their gates. They were probably Breck's men who came to support him. Breck grinned devilishly. "Nobody would dare lay a

finger on me in Philly! Helen, you really disappointed me." He reached his hand out to my face, intending to grab it. "Fuck off, you piece of shit! Don't touch her!" George grabbed Breck's wrist and stared daggers at him. The latter immediately bellowed in pain. "Who the hell do you think you are? I won't forgive you, punk! You all saw it, right? He attacked me first!" Breck covered his wrist, complaining to the police in front of him. "Yes, Mr. Collins. We'll be in the police station in minutes. Don't worry. We'll give you the justice you deserve," the policeman said to Breck respectfully. For some reason, the way they interacted made me feel uneasy. Judging from the policeman's attitude towards Breck, I could tell that this bastard was more powerful than I'd imagined. Somehow, it made me nervous. When I talked to Anya this morning, I never expected something like this to happen, let alone get George into trouble. Even though he had made great achievements in his career, he had been abroad for many years, so he probably didn't know much about the situation at home, let alone the forces slithering in the dark in Philly, George was a proud man. I was worried that he might do something reckless again when provoked. A wise man wouldn't fight when the odds were stacked against him. While we were getting out of the police car, I whispered to him, "Don't say anything about your involvement in this incident. Just pin the blame on me. This matter has nothing to do with you, after all." I didn't want to get him involved, and I sure as hell wouldn't stand by and watch him go to jail because of him. Upon hearing my words, George stopped in his tracks to look at me in disbelief. "Do you think I'm a coward?" The way he spoke left me stunned for a few seconds. "You're a prominent man, George. If you get involved in a lawsuit, it could have a negative effect on Zhester Technology! You've got nothing to do with this incident. You're only here because you were trying to help me." George scoffed and entered the police station before me. It seemed as though his mood had turned even worse. He completely ignored my suggestion. When the police asked about his personal information, he answered all of it honestly. But when the police asked questions relating to the incident back in the cafe, he told them, "I have the right to remain silent. I will not say anything until my lawyer arrives." The policeman kept looking between George and the form of his information. Upon checking George's full name again, he appeared to be worried. Perhaps he had heard about Zhester Technology or George Affleck. Once the police interrogated me, I didn't hide anything. I told them the entire story. I didn't tell them too much details about how George hit Breck, and simply emphasized on the fact that Breck assaulted me. Just

then, Breck, who was sitting at a different table, stood up, pointed at his wound, and growled, "Do not slander me, woman! I'm the one who got injured. Many people witnessed him hitting me! How dare he hit me like some common thug? Mark my words: I will not let any of you go!" The wounds on his face were still bleeding, George must've hit Breck with all his might, and as a result, the latter's face was beaten and battered. I noticed that the police were trying to protect him. For that reason, George and I were at a disadvantage in this case. Thus, I decided to stop talking. I had told them my side of the story. The only thing I had to do now was to resign myself to fate. After the interrogation, we were taken to a small room and got locked up. George sat down in one of the chairs. Even the manner in which he sat had an air of nobility and pride. He wasn't supposed to be here. It was all my fault. Feeling guilty, I whispered to him, "Where's your lawyer?" "He's in New York. He won't be able to make it here right away," George answered unhurriedly. He sounded as calm as ever. On the other hand, I was panicking already. Even though I was the victim, the odds were stacked against me. Based on how Brock acted earlier, he definitely wouldn't let us go. If we were to settle this case out of court, with Breck's power and influence, George and I might not be able to leave Philly alive. And if we were to follow procedures and wound identification, Breck could manipulate the results and turn the tables. And once that happened, George would be sentenced to prison for assault. If George were to be involved in a criminal case, things could get really bad for Zhester Technology. This was a dead end! All of this shit happened because of me. I looked at George with tears streaming down my cheeks, feeling remorseful because of what happened. While awkwardly wiping the tears on my face, I felt uncharacteristically dejected. "I'm so sorry, George." He stood up, approached me, put his palm on top of my head, and stroked my hair. "There's no need to be afraid. I'm here with you." Hearing him speak like that gave me an indescribable sense of security. I somehow felt like everything was really going to be fine. I looked down, bit my lower lip, and clammed up. I didn't want him to see me this dismal. George heaved a sigh, withdrew his hand, borrowed a phone from someone, and walked to a corner to make a call. His voice was faint, but I could vaguely hear him saying, "Mr. Miller, it's George. I'm in Philly right now. Yes, the police station. Got it. Thank you."