

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 641: PERSECUTORY DELUSION

List chapter

Helen's POV: After visiting Korbin, it was time to get off work. Phil asked me, "My mother would like to invite you for dinner at our home. Are you free tonight?" Lately, Mrs. Mason had been inviting me to have dinner at her house for days on end. However, I was too busy with the case to spare some time. If it weren't for Phil's help today, I wouldn't have been able to deal with Korbin. I shouldn't refuse his invitation.

Coincidentally, our homes were along the same direction, so I agreed. Ever since my first visit, I had been here several times. And each visit, Mrs. Mason would prepare a big meal for me earnestly. I was kind of used to it. However, I was afraid of letting her down, so I told her the truth during my second visit. "Phil and I are merely colleagues and friends. I'm so sorry, ma'am. I don't want this to come out wrong." Seemingly unaffected by my response, Mrs. Mason replied, "Love can be developed over time. Even if you and Phil don't end up together, it won't stop me from loving you." I was so touched by her words. She was forthright and enthusiastic, never beating around the bush. In all honesty, I had grown fond of her. After dinner, Phil drove me home but dropped me off one block away from my apartment building. I shot him a puzzled look. Thereafter, he explained, "It's the girlfriend's privilege to be escorted home." After getting off the car, I stood beside it and said to Phil, "I hope you find a girlfriend soon. She's going to be one lucky girl." "You're burning the bridge after crossing it." Phil broke into laughter, stepping on the gas and driving away. As I watched the car speed away, I felt so relieved. It turned out that some things wouldn't become so bad if they were handled differently. Things were good right now. I managed to refuse Phil's advances and maintain our mentor-mentee relationship. I looked across the road casually and saw someone that made my smile disappear. I was unaware that George had been standing there, probably

for a long time. It was late at night. There were headlights flashing left and right, and he was staring at me as he stood beside the car. He must've misunderstood my relationship with Phil, and it was probably the reason he looked so gloomy. When the light at the intersection turned green, George strode towards me. Somehow, it made me panic. I subconsciously backed away to keep my distance from him, staring at him vigilantly. I recalled that the last time we met, it was also at night. He demanded a fair competition. He said it didn't matter if I didn't choose him now or in the near future, but he just didn't think Phil was right for me. It had been so long since I last saw him. Somehow, he looked taller and more daunting. It was as if he could control me easily. I wasn't sure what I was running away from, but I lowered my head anyway, held my bag, and ran toward my apartment. "Helen." George called out to me from behind. I had run away for a good distance but his voice halted me. I was in such a hurry to run that I ran towards a random path. Now, I noticed that I had gone the wrong way. I stood amidst a street where the streetlights couldn't reach me. The lush trees cast shadows, surrounding me. There was no one else around. This scene was all too familiar to me. It felt like the nightmare I had been having lately. The endless darkness rushed towards me like a flood, enveloping me little by little. I couldn't tell where I was and I couldn't find a way out. I felt like someone was strangling my neck and slowly suffocating me. All of a sudden, someone held my hand from behind me. I screamed at the top of my lungs, struggling desperately. "Helen, it's me." His familiar voice pulled me back to reality. It was as if I woke up from a nightmare, gasping for air. After calming myself down, I turned around and saw the worried look on George's face. I forced a smile and replied, "I'm sorry." "Did something happen to you?" he asked worriedly. "It's nothing. I was just thinking about something else." Right after I spoke, my face returned to normal. I was well-aware that something was wrong with my state of mind. Even though I had seen a doctor, I couldn't fall asleep at night. Whenever I was alone, I couldn't stop myself from overthinking. Later on, I could no longer stand it, so I went to see a therapist. After discussing my condition with me in detail, the therapist concluded that I was suffering from persecutory delusion. At first, I didn't believe him, but then I remembered how I often felt that someone was following me and that there was someone hiding inside my house. According to him, these were all symptoms of persecutory delusion. I knew that these were just a part of my imagination, but it was hard not to feel scared. Sometime later, I got so busy with work that I wasn't able to see the therapist again. Every night, I

tried my best to pull myself together, thinking that as long as the break of dawn arrived, everything would be fine. “Is that so? Why do you look so pale?” George locked his eyes on me, seemingly concerned. Honestly, I’d rather not explain myself to him. “Do you want something?” He shook his head and answered, “I’m just here to check on you. Are you sick?” “No.” I wasn’t obligated to tell him that. After all, we weren’t even friends anymore. However, I didn’t just walk away, because I didn’t feel like going back to my apartment. I’d rather stand on the roadside where I could see people coming and going. Suddenly, he said, “I’ll walk you home.”

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CHAPTER 642: NIGHTMARE

List chapter

Helen’s POV: “NO!” Despite my refusal, George insisted on walking me home. “Are you sure you’d rather stand there all the time?” With no other choice, I decided to let him escort me home. When I opened the door, he was left stupefied by what he saw. “What’s going on? Where’s all your furniture?” Ignoring him, I turned on the lights in the apartment. My apartment had become empty. The sofa, coffee table, TV cabinet, and the dining table and chairs in the living room had all gone. Since there wasn’t any furniture, it looked like I had just finished renovating the place and hadn’t started living here yet. “Helen, where’s your stuff?” George asked with a stern expression. “Keeping the furniture here is pointless, so I sold them.” I decided to tell him the truth. In truth, when there were still furniture in my apartment, I always felt like there was a blind spot that I couldn’t see. I never felt safe in my own apartment because of that. And whenever I was home alone, I’d feel like someone was staring at me from a corner that I couldn’t see. Honestly, it was good that my apartment was empty now. At the very least, I could see everything at one glance. It was kind of weird talking to George in the empty living

room, so I wanted him to leave as soon as possible. “I’m already home. You can leave now.” “When did you sell all your furniture?” he asked with a straight face. “Last month.” “Does Lucy know about this? I told her to take care of you for me.” “She’s been busy lately. Your newly-established business development unit has been recruiting a large number of people, so it’s been a long time since we last saw each other.” “Was it Phil who drove you home earlier?” he asked again. I shot him a glare and replied, “It’s getting late. I think you should leave now.” George held my hand and dragged me out of the empty apartment. “You can’t stay here. Come to the hotel with me.” The touch of his palm felt so warm. I started to panic and tried my best to break free from his grasp. Was he insane? We hadn’t seen each other for so long, and the first thing he did after coming back was to judge me? He had no right to do that. Why on earth should I listen to him anyway? George seldom ever got angry with me, but this time, he seemed very serious about this. “Take a look at yourself, Helen. Your face is sickly pale. If you take good care of yourself, I wouldn’t force you to do anything! Don’t put on a brave facade in front of me. I can tell whether you’re really fine or not.” It was true. I was sick. During the day time, I was a serious, professional lawyer, but as soon as I got home, I’d look around the apartment like a God forsaken lunatic. I even suspected that there were people hiding inside my fridge and closet! Even as I lay on the bed, I couldn’t help but feel scared. And every time I closed my eyes, I’d hear all kinds of noises; crying, laughing, and eerie giggling. The noises didn’t stop until dawn. The next day, my miserable life would start all over again. His words wounded me. “It’s none of your damn business!” I grunted. No matter how scared I was to be home alone, I wouldn’t go to the hotel with him! “Fine. If you don’t wanna go with me, I’ll stay here with you.” George seemed adamant in his decision, so I didn’t stop him anymore. With him by my side, at the very least, I felt safe and secured. Sadly, I didn’t even have a sofa in my apartment. We’d have to share the only bed inside my bedroom. After entering the bedroom, I felt a little embarrassed. “You can sleep on the bed, but you’re forbidden from touching me.” George eyed me up and down and smirked. “You’re so frail and sickly right now. I’m worried I might break you into pieces if I lay a finger on you. Don’t worry. I won’t touch you.” Though it was a joke, I still took a look at my body. Indeed, I had become thinner than before, and the clothes that used to fit me well looked a lot looser. For a moment, I was unsure if I should get mad or be happy. I lay down on the bed angrily. I had adjusted the position of the bed, placing it right next to the wall. In the

evening, I often leaned against the wall, huddling myself up. It was the only way I could feel a little safer. Now, I was near the wall and George was sleeping on the other side of the bed. I felt so much more relieved than before. “Are you going out with Phil?” he asked abruptly. I looked at him, but didn’t answer. What was he thinking about? If I had fallen in love with Phil, why would I be lying in the same bed with him? Did he think I was a loose woman or something? “Answer my question, Helen.” Suddenly, George leaned over, grabbing my shoulders with both hands. He made me face him and stared at me with burning eyes. “Think whatever you wanna think!” How could he act so domineering and yet so fucking stupid? George tightened his grip on my shoulders. He was so close to me that I could feel his breath on my face. “Helen, are you doing this because you think I won’t touch you?” My shoulders began to hurt because he was gripping me tightly. I wanted to push him away, but I wasn’t strong enough, so I just shot him a glare. George let out a sigh as he loosened his grip on my shoulders and embraced me. “Forget it. Just close your eyes and sleep.” With him by my side, all the fear I normally felt went away. Even so, I still couldn’t fall asleep. Quietly, I adjusted my position in his embrace. All of a sudden, George opened his eyes. He wasn’t asleep either. He had just gotten back from abroad, so he probably still had jet lag. “Helen, I went to the headquarters to arrange Jane’s work. I’ll try my best to keep her abroad from now on.” I looked at him in surprise and replied flatly, “Got it.” “I’m sorry, Helen. I still can’t sever all my ties with Jane. You know, she’s a co-founder of Zhester Technology, and she’s also my partner and friend. Besides, she’s more than qualified for the job. I know that there’s an irreconcilable grudge between you and her, and I respect your choice to not be civil with her. For that reason, I’ll make sure that you’ll have as minimal contact with her as possible from now on. I myself will try to do the same.” “You don’t have to promise me anything.” I wasn’t that nervous anymore when it came to Jane. After talking about the recent situation, I drifted into sleep. Although I didn’t sleep that long, I hadn’t been able to sleep as soundly as I did today for a long time. However, in the middle of the night, I dreamt of my father jumping off a building. I saw him standing on top of the building, ready to jump to his doom. I watched the scene in horror, wanting to rush to his aid and save him. Suddenly, I heard footsteps coming from behind me. I turned around and saw George. I immediately shouted at him, “Hurry up and save him! He’s gonna jump off the building, George. He’s going to jump!” George approached me and looked out the window. He seemed surprised, and he was rooted to his spot.

Flustered, I grabbed his hand and begged, “Look! He’s on the rooftop of the building across the street. He’s standing there, ready to jump. Go and save him! Hurry up! Please, George. I’m begging you!” “Helen? Helen, wake up! No one’s gonna jump off a building.” George nervously rattled my shoulders and gently patted my face while calling my name over and over. “Why do you keep patting my face? Save him, George! Save my dad. He’s my dad! He’s going to jump off the building!” All of a sudden, I stopped, woke up, and stared at George. Dad? Wasn’t he dead already? It turned out that what happened just now was merely a haunting dream.

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CHAPTER 643: ASK KENDAL FOR HELP

List chapter

Helen’s POV: I whirled around and looked out the window. But there was no one on the rooftop of the building across the street. Lights on many floors were still on. It was a stark difference from the darkness I saw in my dream. I took in a few calming breaths and faced George with the most serene expression I could manage. “I’m sorry. I think I sleepwalked.” George didn’t reply verbally. He grabbed my arm and walked me back to the bedroom. When we got inside, he turned me around gently and enveloped me in a hug. It didn’t even occur to me to resist the hug. Safe within George’s protective arms, I finally relaxed and my heart rate slowed as he rubbed soothing circles on my back. It was my father. The man in my nightmares lately turned out to be no one else but my father. I had never dreamt of him since he passed away. To be exact, I didn’t see my father in my dream but as an illusion. Thanks to my own very vivid imaginations, I didn’t sleep a wink the rest of that night. When I caught sight of the first ray of dawn, I quickly got out of bed and abandoned any pretense of sleep. After dressing up for the day, I walked out to find that George had prepared a simple breakfast for me. Once we were

done with breakfast, we left for work together. On my way to the subway station, I realized that George had parked randomly at the roadside last night and never moved his car. Now, he not only got a ticket, but his car was also blocked. “No parking is allowed here,” I said hesitantly as I looked at his car. George called his assistant and told him to handle the car and the ticket. Without a word to each other, we both walked in the direction of the subway station. As we crossed the road, George held my hand. But after we got to the other side, he didn’t let go and I didn’t remove my hand from his. And that was how we remained until we got to the subway. Hand in hand. On the subway, I was very nervous. Each time I looked out of the window or when the train passed through a tunnel, I would unconsciously close my eyes. All of a sudden, George grabbed my shoulders and turned me around to face him. “Helen, let me take you to the hospital,” he stated in a voice awash with concern. “No, that’s not necessary. I just feel a little down, that’s all.” The lie passed through my lips seamlessly. “Do you need to take medication for it?” George asked. The doctor said I’m fine for now. If it becomes more serious or I feel I can’t handle it, I will go to the hospital again.” Even as I blatantly lied to George’s face, my voice didn’t waver nor did my expression falter. The truth was that I not only needed to take medication, I also needed psychological intervention. However, I had been too busy in recent weeks to spare enough time to go to the hospital. And I doubted that my condition was that serious in any case. I just couldn’t understand. I had gone through the hardest and darkest days in the past. Now everything was heading towards the right direction. How could I suddenly start having mental breakdowns? However, George was still worried about me. “I’ll go to the hospital with you next time.” “Okay,” I agreed absent-mindedly. Judging from my current state, I probably really needed to see a doctor soon. “Are you busy with the acquisition case of the Spacetime Finance?” George’s deep voice came from above my head again. “How did you know?” I looked up at him in surprise. George chuckled. “I guessed. Can you handle it yourself?” “Sure.” This was the first time that I would be in charge of a case by myself. I had faced a lot of difficulties since undertaking the case. So far, I had only met Korbin once. Although Korbin was in charge of the acquisition project, his assistant had informed me that the person who made the final decision was the CEO of Spacetime Finance. However, I couldn’t find any relevant information on this CEO despite my numerous searches on the Internet. I didn’t know what to do next, but I didn’t want to discuss my work with George. I wanted to prove that I could do my work without his help. “If you encounter any difficulties

regarding Spacetime Finance, you can ask Kendal for help,” George informed me in a low voice. “Kendal? What’s his relationship with the Spacetime Finance?” I asked in surprise. When I met George’s deep-set eyes, I suddenly remembered that Korbin’s assistant had mentioned that the surname of the CEO of Spacetime Finance was Collins. Kendal’s last name was also Collins. Since George had mentioned Kendal’s name on purpose, then the two of them must be related. “Kendal’s uncle owns Spacetime Finance,” George answered simply. And that was when I finally understood what he was driving at. He wanted me to use my relationship with Kendal to smooth my way in winning over the case. A flush covered my face instantly. I felt embarrassed at the thought of asking Kendal for help. Because of Cece, I had been very cold to him all these years. If I suddenly went to him because I needed his help, he would get the impression that I just wanted to exploit him for his connections. “Helen, you should make good use of your connections. You can ask him for help, and he will probably also ask you for help. It’s called mutual benefits,” George admonished, having seen through my thoughts. “Me? Why would he need my help? Is it about Cece? But I will always be on Cece’s side, so I won’t be able to help him.” “Even if you don’t help him with Cece, Kendal will help you once he knows that you are working on the Spacetime Finance case. If he finds out from someone else that you bore all the pressure and difficulties alone without asking him for help, he is going to think that you not only looked down on him but also didn’t trust him to help a friend. It’s up to you. I’ll support you no matter what kind of decision you make.” Everything George said was completely reasonable. In the past, Kendal had taken good care of Cece and me for the sake of our friendship, so it was true that he would be upset if he found out that I didn’t seek him out when I knew he could help me. When I went back to the law firm and put down my bag, the first thing I did was to call Cece. If I wanted to ask Kendal for help, I had to get Cece’s approval first. Cece couldn’t help laughing after hearing what I said. “Helen, what are you thinking about? I’ve told you before that if you want to be successful, you have to make use of all the resources and connections you can get in New York. Although Kendal is a total asshole, he is no worse than George in terms of social connections. If he can be of help to you, then you should definitely make the best use of him. You don’t have to worry about anything else.” “So you don’t object to me reaching out for his help, do you?” “Why should I object? You can use as much of Kendal’s resources as you can. Although I have nothing to do with him now, he is a reliable man as a friend. He won’t

refuse to help you just because of our personal grudge.” After listening to Cece’s words, I called Kendal with a light heart and invited him to have a meal with me. When he realized that it was about the Spacetime Finance, Kendal said briskly, “If you had told me earlier, I could have saved you a lot of trouble. It’s not a big deal. I’ll take you to see him.” He drove a very eye-catching Wrangler and took me straight to Spacetime Finance. The price of the Wrangler might not match his noble status, but the car was a good match for his unruly temperament. “How about another day? I haven’t made any preparation in advance. It seems too hasty. I think I should discuss this with Miss Pierce and bring her along when I visit him.” I was afraid that I would screw it up if I went to see the CEO on a whim. “It doesn’t matter. He always listens to me. I’ll take you there so that you can familiarize yourself with him. You don’t have to say anything,” Kendal said confidently.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 644: MAKE USE OF THE RESOURCES AROUND ME

List chapter

Helen’s POV: This was the first time I was seriously taking a good look at Kendal, and it suddenly dawned on me that I didn’t really know much about him. The only thing I knew about him in high school was that he and George joined our school because their fathers had been transferred to Philly. George was introverted and focused on being an achiever while Kendal was an extrovert. He made all the girls laugh, although he only had eyes for Cece. The duo rarely talked about their parents, so it was through Cece that I heard Kendal came from a rich family. I still didn’t know what he did for a living. He just seemed like a wanderer who enjoyed engaging in debauchery. According to Cece, Kendal was lucky to have been born with a silver spoon because he wasn’t doing much. Kendal rebutted that he did indeed have a proper job. He didn’t think it was fair that he was

mocked because he didn't have a nine-to-five job like most people. He sounded very arrogant as he made it clear that he signed deals worth millions daily, so he didn't have to be trapped in the office all day long like the others. By the time he was done talking, I didn't think of him as a jobless vagabond anymore. As soon as Kendal walked into the office, the receptionist rushed to greet him. "Mr. Collins! It's good to have you back." "Have you tried a new lipstick? This color looks wonderful on you. It suits your skin tone perfectly," Kendal praised. The receptionist grinned from ear to ear before she called Mollie, the CEO's secretary, to inform her of Kendal's arrival. Mollie was an elegant and mature lady. She stepped out of her office in high heels to attend to him. "Mollie, it's been a while." Kendal opened his arms and gestured to Mollie for a hug but she dodged it. "Why didn't you tell me before coming over?" Mollie said with a smile. Obviously, she wasn't really surprised by Kendal's sudden visit. Maybe this wasn't the first time he had done such a thing. "I wanted to surprise you," Kendal said with a cheeky grin on his face. "This was more scary than surprising." Mollie looked back at him with a smile of her own. "Why can't I see my uncle anywhere?" Kendal replaced the playful smile on his face with a serious look. "Mr. Collins left New York a while ago, and he hasn't come back yet." Mollie looked at Kendal before she turned to face me. She paused for a while as if she was in deep thought. Then she raised her eyebrows and asked, "Why do you want to see him?" "Nothing serious. This is Helen Dewar by the way, a lawyer from Hesmor Law Firm who has been tasked with overseeing the acquisition of Fantail Entertainment." Mollie chuckled. "Last time I checked, the bidding hadn't even started, so we don't know which law firm is going to win yet." "That's a pointless thing to say. Anyway, she's here with me so let my uncle know it's settled." It was the first time I had seen such a negotiation, and I was stunned. I had initially intended to simply introduce myself to Mr. Collins, and it was only fair for the stronger party to win the bid in the end. I didn't expect Kendal to straightforwardly ask for the case for me. Mollie said with a sigh, "Alright, you win." Kendal's expression changed back to a careless one and he said, "That's right! Mollie, try to smile more, or you will get wrinkles on your face and that's not a good thing." "Fuck off!" Mollie growled as she pretended to shove him away. It was amazing that Kendal could strike a deal with Mollie even while they were bickering. I wasn't even able to get a word in before he had successfully finished the negotiation. He should have let me introduce myself first and talk about something related to the case at the very least. He couldn't just grab the case from his uncle and give it to me... or could

he? Even after I walked out of the Spacetime Finance premises, I was still shocked. Then I remembered what Cece told me about building connections and making the best of it. We all had our own strength and things we were just not good at. The smart thing to do was to always ask for help when necessary. But I got no one after my father's demise. Despite that, I also had to support my mother. I'd grown more and more independent. Over the years, I got used to relying on myself for everything. Using the resources around me to my advantage was something that never crossed my mind. I even felt guilty for getting the contract so easily. Once I got back to the law firm, I dropped the contract on Phil's desk. His eyes widened. "Are you sure this is the official stamp of Spacetime Finance? Forgery is illegal and we can be sued!" Ever since Phil realized I really had no intention of being his girlfriend, he completely gave up on chasing me. He now only treated me as another colleague. Men were all very predictable. I was in a good mood because I got the contract, so I didn't want to argue with Phil. I just said, "Of course it's legit. I just got back from Spacetime Finance." As Cece said, connections were part of one's capability. I felt a little guilty at first but after giving it much thought, I accepted the idea wholeheartedly. Phil smiled at me and tapped my forehead. "Okay, I'll admit it. I didn't expect you to be able to make this happen. Let's go and boast in front of Anya." Then he grabbed the contract from his desk and dragged me to Anya's office. Anya was also happy to hear the news, and she said, "Helen, you did a great job getting this contract. We need to celebrate this tonight. My treat." "Okay, I'll let everybody know right away!" Phil laughed as he ran out. "Thank you very much, Miss Pierce," I said before going out as well. As my colleagues at the dinner party were still talking about me winning over the case, I noted how much of a difference it made because we were all usually too busy to eat dinner, let alone eat out together like this. A lot of them even thanked me for doing a great job so we could have this party. Their compliments made me smile sheepishly and I couldn't find the words to express myself. I didn't like being the center of attention, so I tried to hide, but Anya insisted on bringing me out of my comfort zone by saying, "Helen, tell everybody how you made this happen, so they can learn from you." Share my experience? I felt guilty looking at the faces of my curious colleagues. Kendal had made the deal happen, not me. I hadn't even said anything during the negotiation and I was shocked too when I got the contract. However, I couldn't tell them the truth, could I? After I had given it some thought, I told them how I persuaded Korbin's secretary and Korbin. I only mentioned Kendal briefly without giving them the

full gist of his involvement. "I got this contract mostly because I'm lucky; so I am a little ashamed to show off in front of experts like you. Thank you all so much." With that, I sat down amidst applause and praises. It was a rare outing and everyone was so happy that we didn't leave till 11 o'clock that night.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 645: ARE YOU ASHAMED OF ME

List chapter

Helen's POV: "Shall we go? I'll drive you home." Phil had sensibly made up his mind not to pursue me anymore. And in the process, he had always been open and aboveboard so things didn't get awkward between us. He told everyone frankly that I didn't want to be his girlfriend because it just didn't work out between us as a couple. As a result, our friendship now was not misunderstood by others and we didn't have to feel awkward with each other. "Helen, why don't you accept a free ride home?" Others laughed and joked about it, but I took it in the right spirit. "No, thanks. It's okay. I've already arranged a lift to pick me up." I refused kindly with a smile. I had just received several messages from George. He said that he would pick me up. His car was now parked one block away from the restaurant. "You've arranged for someone else to pick you up? Who is this lucky person?" Phil didn't believe me and thought that I was just trying to be polite. "Helen, have you finished?" Suddenly, George walked towards us and glared at Phil in an unfriendly manner. I stared at George, not knowing what to say. Why did he have to show up like this? I'd told him to wait for me in the car and that I would join him shortly. Fortunately, the other colleagues had left. But Phil was still there, witness to this unasked-for scene. We were in an awkward standoff. George walked up to me, nodded briefly at Phil and quickly looked away, as if he was shooing a fly on the wall. "Let's go home," George whispered to me. Phil was stunned. He must have assumed that George and I were

back together. My life was too complicated for me to offer any explanation to Phil so I did not. Phil took a look at George and then at me. And then again at George and then at me. "Helen, my mother wants to invite you to come home with me for dinner this weekend," he smiled. I couldn't help laughing. "Come on, Phil. Grow up." I knew he deliberately said that to give George the wrong impression about us. However, I didn't try to explain it to George, nor did I feel the need to. "Humph!" Phil gave George a dirty look and left without saying goodbye. His dislike for George was written all over his face. After Phil left, George and I were left alone there. George and I were both angry with each other so neither of us took the initiative to talk. That was until he couldn't take it anymore. "You are having dinner with him and his family this weekend? Don't you think you owe me an explanation?" George broke the silence. I hated it when he talked to me in an interrogatory fashion, as if I had done something to betray him. "It's none of your business! Besides, I told you to wait for me in your car. Did you listen? Why did you barge in here without checking with me first?" I glared at him, justifying my anger. "I didn't do it on purpose. I'd been waiting for you for so long that I thought maybe you couldn't find where I was parked, so I came to fetch you." His words sounded reasonable and his expression conveyed innocence. Somehow, I felt a little guilty, and my anger deflated like a balloon. "Helen, are you ashamed of me?" George asked seriously when we got into the car. "Does it bother you that someone will find out about us?" There was a note of complaint and self-abasement in his voice. I rolled my eyes inwardly and didn't want to broach the topic. "Why should I take you to meet my colleagues? We're seeing each other, anyway. I don't want anyone to misunderstand our relationship." "I understand if you don't want me to meet your colleagues," George chuckled lightly. He didn't sound angry anymore. "But going to a man's house to meet his mother is more likely to be misunderstood." "Mind your own business. I can go wherever I want to." I turned my head away from him. George fell silent and didn't speak again. Had I been too harsh with him? But what I said was the truth. George was always like that. He would burst into my life at the most inappropriate times, fracture my heart and then even interfere in my personal affairs. I turned my head ever so slightly in order to catch a side wards glance at him. But being afraid he might notice, I turned again and looked out of the window. When I got home, I turned on all the lights as usual. I couldn't stand darkness. It seemed I metaphorically wanted enlightenment. The living room was empty. There wasn't even a sofa for George to sit on. He stood in the doorway with mixed emotions. "I will help you

buy new furniture tomorrow. Look at this empty apartment. It's totally uninhabitable," said George. I took a look at him, annoyed that he had followed me in. Why did he come into my apartment without seeking my permission? Why did he always walk in here and make himself at home? Did he plan to stay the night again? We were not even friends with benefits, and I was definitely not in the mood to have sex with him. "You can leave now. Thank you for the lift," I said flatly. George burst into sarcastic laughter. "You're burning your bridges, Helen. Do you think I'm the kind of person who can be bought and sold so easily?" I looked at him, surprised at his choice of words. He had always been principled and steady. But now I discovered that he had a thicker skin than before. He used to be so proud that when I would offend him, he would slam the door and leave. However, now, no matter what I said, I couldn't hurt him. He was a different George altogether. He stubbornly refused to leave. Giving him a disdainful glare, I went to the bathroom. After taking a shower, I blow dried my hair in front of the mirror. Suddenly, I sensed that something was wrong. The bathroom light became dimmer and dimmer till it turned off completely. My reflection in the mirror grew blurred and gradually turned dark. I could still feel the warmth of the dryer in the air, but my all my limbs strangely turned cold. I could not move even an inch, as I felt my whole body stiffen like a corpse. The feeling of being enveloped in darkness overcame me. I stood there, frozen to the spot, knowing that I was hallucinating. I yelled out loudly to George to come and help me. I waited for what felt like an eternity, but he still didn't respond. The bathroom door was still closed and George didn't show up. I was in the grip of terror. I felt as if a pair of invisible hands was throttling me. The suffocating feeling swallowed me up and time seemed to stand still. The sound of the hair dryer was getting fainter and farther and finally disappeared. I felt like I was in a vacuum, cut off from the rest of the world. I was plunged into an abyss of stifling, evil darkness. I didn't know how much of time had passed before the invisible hands gradually loosened. My body wobbled a little, and I stretched out my hands to the wash basin for support. I finally steadied my body and stood firmly. The feeling of suffocation gradually disappeared and I gasped for breath. When I looked in the mirror again, I realized that the light was still on and my reflection was very clear. What type of hallucination was that? I quickly calmed myself down, dried my hair and walked out of the bathroom, acting like nothing ever happened. George was folding my laundry. He probably didn't hear me call him at all. Or maybe I didn't even call out to him. It was just all in my head. Are you feeling unwell? You look so pale like you saw a

ghost." George raised his eyebrows at the sight of me. "No, I'm fine. I'm just a little tired," I replied. Instead of sharing with George what had happened in the bathroom, I quickly went to bed and got under my covers. At that inopportune moment, I received a video call from Lucy.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 646: DREAM OF FATHER

List chapter

Helen's POV: Lucy needed to vent so she called me to complain. Recently, she had been recruiting talents for Zhester Technology. She had to often fly all around the country to meet candidates and now she was feeling tired and had lost some weight both from not eating on time and from the stress of the job. "I'm too exhausted to hold on to this stressful job. When it's over, I promise you I will quit! I will enjoy being the relationship blogger with an easy mind. You know what? Dyer is a damn freak. Even for a small technical position, he insists on interviewing the candidates in person. I completed several rounds of interviews with the recruitment manager and the technical director. After we shortlisted the candidates and made our final hiring decision, he rejected our choice. All our efforts were flushed down the pan. Now we have to start the whole process again and find new people. Does he think that there are actually many candidates who can meet his requirements? It's easy for him to say that. But the reality is that his demands are ludicrous. I'd like to see when he will be able to set up the team. Zhester Technology has given him a deadline to meet. If he does not get the team up and running within the prescribed time, then he would be fired! Gosh! What was he thinking?!" Lucy ranted and raved over Dyer without taking a breath. I listened quietly, chuckled and did not interrupt her tirade. Maybe Lucy didn't realize that although she was cursing Dyer, she was really worried that he would get fired for not completing the task timeously. It seemed that their

relationship was smoothly oiled. However, George didn't try to hide anything and replied tersely, "Dyer is right. It's also my rule to hire the perfect candidate or leave the position vacant." I glared at him with widened eyes. He had eavesdropped on our conversation. What business did he have to interrupt us? As expected, Lucy was not excited to see George at my home. She reacted as if she had seen a vampire. "What is he doing at your place at this hour? Are you back together? Helen, have you forgotten the pain this man has caused you? Take my advice. Don't reconcile with him. It will be the biggest mistake you make!" Lucy was furious. If she had supernatural powers, she would have come right through the video and confronted George. I took a look at George to register his reaction to Lucy's outrage. Then I told her softly, "No, we have not reconciled. It's a little too complicated to explain over the phone. Let's talk about it when you get back." It was not that we got back together, but George was there to keep me safe. I felt scared when I was alone at home, but with him by my side, I feared nothing. That night, George and I still slept together like the previous night. He gently held me in his arms, stroked my back and silently comforted me. I didn't know if it was because his comfort actually worked or something else, but I soon fell asleep. But this time, I didn't sleep for long. I felt myself dropping into a world of another realm. In a trance-like state, I heard my late father call out to me in an audible whisper. I knew it was just an illusion, so I closed my eyes and ignored it. But after a while, the voice became louder and louder and soon grew into a sharp roar. "Listen to me!" "Don't hurt Jane. She is your closest relation!" "I failed them." The voice that only existed in my memory now echoed loudly in my ears. I sat up in anger. The turmoil in my heart began to churn. Even if he had gone to hell, he still couldn't forget about Jane and her mother? Did my mom and I mean nothing to him? I ran to the living room like a deranged woman, looking for my deceitful father. I wanted to literally drive him out of my world completely. For so many years, he had hurt my mother and me. After years of concerted effort, we managed to slide out from under his dark shadow. Why did he still pester me now? I stood in the living room barefoot and saw countless shadows resembling my father. They swaggered around me and their piercing screams almost shattered my eardrums. Suddenly, they stopped moving and pounced on me. The voices became more and more chaotic. Their words overlapped each other and became incoherent. Some were laughing, some were crying, some were cursing and some were roaring. My head began to spin. For a moment, I felt as if I was standing at the door of hell. Several black shadows advanced towards me in a wavelike movement.

Their faces were ferocious and blood stained.They tried to pull me into an abyss.I closed my eyes in despair. For a moment, I even believed all my struggles seemed to be in vain. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't get rid of this horrible and disgusting net of despair. I was trapped! Just then, the light came on, and those shadows dissolved in an instant. The world returned to silence. To normal. Everything seemed to be a dream. Or more like a nightmare.I turned around slowly and saw George standing a few paces away from me.He looked at me with so much of worry written on his face.But he pursed his lips and remained silent. When I came to my senses, I was physically exhausted and didn't have much strength.I forced a smile. "I'm sorry.Did I scare you?" "You really should open up to me.You are sick.Why did you hide it from me? Helen, even if you don't want to be with me now, at least don't refuse my kindness, okay? I want to be there for you.To help you.I will be more worried if you refuse my help." George bent down and helped me up from the ground, with concern in his deep eyes. I lowered my head and avoided his eyes.I didn't mean to act tough.I just felt that if I didn't understand what was happening to me, how could I explain it to someone else? I felt so strange. Like my whole psyche was being separated into two distinct parts. When I went to work during the day, everything was normal.I was neither afraid nor paranoid.But when I got home at night, that fear would sweep over me like mist. No matter how tired and sleepy I was, I would toss and turn in bed for hours.Even if I fell asleep, I would be awakened by horrific nightmares. "Phone and call in sick tomorrow morning.Don't go to work.I'll call the doctor." George held my shoulders with his warm hands and gently led me back to the bed. "No, not tomorrow.Maybe next week.I'm going to Spacetime Finance tomorrow morning to discuss the case with Korbin." It was not easy to secure an appointment with Korbin. "Just cancel it and make an appointment for another day," George said pointblank. I didn't want to postpone the meeting.But it was late and I did not want to argue with George. Anyway, it was my decision and I would know what was the best action to take. "Helen, stop being so stubborn.It's about your health.Stop ignoring it." George seemed to have read my mind and reminded me how important my health was. In the morning, while George was still asleep, I got up quietly and planned to go to the law firm first and then for my meeting at Spacetime Finance.I had worked hard to get this opportunity and I didn't want to miss it. In the commercial field, no one would care about your excuses.If I was absent, I would definitely leave a bad impression on Korbin. If anything went wrong with this case, I would really regret it.I went out as quietly as I

could. But I didn't expect that when I walked into the subway, George would catch up with me. He stood beside me full of anger. Feeling guilty, I looked away from him and followed the crowd toward the platform. It was still early so there weren't many people on the platform. George followed me like my shadow. Soon the subway was about to enter the station. A strong wind blew from the tunnel and the lights on billboard above the track started dazzling. The flickering light of the billboard held my attention. Suddenly I saw a reflection of a dark shadow on the billboard. That scary figure was standing next to me. It was exactly the same as what I had encountered last night. The dark shadow stared at me like a fierce bulldog. Before I could react, it stretched out its hands and pushed me hard.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 647: JUMPING INTO THE TRACKS

List chapter

Helen's POV: All of a sudden, I felt like my body was hurtling through the air and I was falling at breakneck speed. Darkness swarmed my sight, blocking my view. Terror gripped me. I came back to my senses, to find myself sitting on cold train tracks. Horrified, I turned around to find a train speeding towards me, its bright headlights blinding as it approached. I thought that my life was over. The next second, a scream came from the platform. I raised my head to find a tall figure dashing towards me. The next moment, I was lifted off the tracks and thrown onto the platform. The train was already very close. My heart was in my mouth! He was going to get crushed! At the last second, he pushed himself up with his hands and climbed into the platform. He had just climbed up when the train whizzed by, right where he had been a second ago. The people standing around were so shocked, no one could react for a few seconds. I lay on the floor, my body completely stiff. My back broke out in a sweat and I couldn't utter a word. By

the time the subway staff got to where I was, the onlookers had already started cursing at me. "If you want to commit suicide, surely you can find a way to do it without risking other lives!" "You would have been ground into pieces of meat if someone hadn't been here to save you!" I lay quietly, listening to their voices. Even though most were angry, I also heard some kind-hearted comments from people trying to comfort me, saying that suicide was never the answer. I knew I wasn't trying to kill myself though. I'd seen the silhouette of the person that pushed me. George rushed toward me and gave me a hug. After he'd tried to soothe me by stroking my face gently, he asked me in a low voice, "Are you alright?" His hands trembled just as much as his voice did. His eyes were full of fear as he held me as tight as he could. It all happened too fast and I still felt a lingering fear even though I knew I was now safe in George's arms. George kept trying to comfort me with his words. "It's all right. You're safe now." I looked up at him and shook my head as I continued sobbing. It was hard for me to get my words out. "I wasn't trying to commit suicide. Someone pushed me." George continued stroking my hair and he said, "Don't worry. I know. It's over now. Don't be scared. You're safe." The staff standing by the side seemed not to know what to do. They hesitated for a while and then asked, "Do you need any help?" George looked up at them and asked, "Can we see the surveillance video, please?" "Okay, sir." The staff immediately led us to the monitoring room where we'd see the surveillance video. The video showed me and George standing side by side on the platform waiting for the train, as clear as day. All of a sudden, a horrified look flashed across my face. I just looked behind me, and then I jumped into the track. No one actually pushed me. Other than George, the person closest to me was at least four feet away from me. Subway staff were also around maintaining order on the platform. My heart sank as I finally figured out what happened. I hallucinated again, and it was worse than before. I had suffered many hallucinations before, but I never tried to hurt myself until today. I wondered what would have happened if George hadn't been with me... The passing train would have run me over. I couldn't even think about it without shivering. George hugged me and patted my back gently, comforting me. "There's nothing to be scared of. I'm right here with you." Seeing the surveillance video only made the staff and security personnel criticize us more. George apologized profusely. "Well, just be careful next time," one staff member grumbled in response. "If you have a mental illness, please visit a doctor as soon as possible." It was then that I realized the severity of the problem and that I couldn't put off getting treatment any longer. The only reason I survived today

was that George was right beside me. Who knew what would happen in the future? How would I cope if it got worse? If anything happened to me, and my mother ended up alone, I wondered how much pain she would feel, George took me straight to the psychiatrist without giving me a chance to refuse. I answered all the doctor's questions honestly just like the last time I was there. And just like the last time, they both said I was completely healthy. Both doctors had the conviction that it was caused by external factors. "Miss Dewar, has there been any significant change in your life in the past few months?" The doctor repeated this question because he couldn't place a finger on the cause of my symptoms. I also repeated the same answer. "No, there hasn't been any change. I still have the same routine." On second thought, I added, "Well, pressure from work has been a little more than usual. Could it be that?" I was a perfectionist, so naturally, I was usually under a lot of pressure. The doctor shook his head. "You need to find time to rest. You shouldn't be putting too much pressure on yourself in this condition. I would advise you have a change of environment for a while so we can see if that improves your condition. "Okay, I'll try," I promised. The doctor scheduled two consulting appointments for me in the next two weeks before I left with George. When we left the hospital, George suddenly said, "I'm taking you home to rest today. You shouldn't go anywhere in this state. I won't let you." I said nothing as I took a look at my phone and saw two missed calls. One was from Anya, and the other was from Phil. This incident happened so suddenly that I didn't have time to request a leave, so they had no idea what had happened to me. I immediately called Anya back. "I'm so sorry, Miss Pierce. I had an accident on my way to work. I'm afraid I won't be able to come today." Anya's voice was filled with concern. "Okay, you can have some time off. Are you alright?" "I'm fine. It wasn't anything serious, so don't worry. I'll schedule a new appointment with Mr. Wilson." "No problem." After my leave was approved, I breathed a sigh of relief and turned to look at George. He had his seatbelt on and was staring out the car window with a serious look on his face. "Thank you so much, George." He had saved my life for the second time. The first time had been at the cafe in Philly. That was the day Breck almost raped me. He just came from nowhere and saved me. The situation today was more dangerous than the last time and he risked his life to save mine without hesitation. It was right there in the surveillance video. He jumped off the platform without thinking twice. It seemed as if I was more important to him than any other thing. His actions touched me deeply but the more he acted like that, the less I knew how to face him. I kept quiet and leaned against the car window. George didn't say

anything either until he slammed the brake at the traffic lights at an intersection. That was when he pulled me into his arms and held me tightly. "Helen, please. You need to take better care of yourself." The fear in his voice was heavy. "Alright," I promised him. "Let's go and visit my mother." The doctor said my mother was getting better. She had been triggered by Libby's visit, but she recovered quickly. The doctor had called me several times recently to tell me I could take my mother home on weekends as I did before her latest episode, but I was too busy, and I was not in the best headspace myself. I didn't want to make my mother worry about me. Today, however, I almost lost my life and it made me want to see my mother. I hesitated for a long while before I made up my mind to ask George to take me to the hospital. From the moment he jumped off the platform to save me without thinking twice, the walls I built around my heart had completely collapsed. I was willing to show George every part of my life, including my past. It didn't matter if we could be together or not in the end, at least I wanted to be completely honest with him about the real situation of my family.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 648: TAKE GEORGE TO SEE HER MOTHER

List chapter

George's POV: I followed the GPS in the car and drove all the way to a private psychiatric hospital in the suburb. Was Helen's mother hospitalized here? I got out of the car and followed Helen into the hospital. She seemed familiar with the layout here. She quickly located the doctor's office and talked to him at length about her mother's condition. I leaned against the door and felt a severe heartache. At that moment, I realized that I didn't know much about the real Helen. In fact, I felt as if I didn't know her at all. After I graduated from high school, I went abroad and lost touch with her. I would find an occasional update about her on her social media account. I had asked Kendal about her on

a few occasions, but he hardly had anything to share. When we met again after I returned home, we just engaged in a casual sexual relationship with no strings attached. So I did not get a chance to know her. I felt like a complete jerk. I was familiar with every inch of Helen's body yet I knew nothing else about her life. I still remembered her and her family as the way they were when we were in high school. I had no idea what happened later. Now everything finally started to make sense. Helen didn't believe in my love for her for a good reason. I had always been too arrogant, and never took the trouble to get to know her. Helen talked with the doctor for a long time before she walked out of the office. Then she called the nurse to take her to her mother. I patiently followed her to the in-patient department. Her mother, accompanied by a nurse, was basking in the sun in the hospital garden. When she saw Helen, a bright smile instantly appeared on her face. "Where were you lost for so many days? Why didn't you come to see me?" Her tone, although soft, was a little bit reproachful, but her eyes were particularly gentle and calm when she looked at Helen. Helen held her arm and replied in a cute manner, "I'm busy with a new case at work. I'm sorry." I stood aside and watched them silently. It was the first time that I had seen Helen acting like a spoiled child. It seemed that in her mother's company, she removed her hard shell and the softest part of her heart was revealed. When she was with her mother, she was relaxed and happy. I had the impression that although Helen looked meek, she was actually stubborn. No matter what happened, she would endure all the pressure alone rather than ask for help. So sometimes I would subconsciously forget that she, like everyone else, also needed love and care. Helen's mother suddenly looked at me and asked timidly, "Helen, who is this?" I walked forward and said in a humble and respectful manner, "Hello, Mrs. Dewar. I am George, Helen's friend." Although I spoke as softly as I could manage, her mother still took a step back nervously and held Helen's hand tightly, her eyes full of vigilance. "It's okay, mom. He is my friend. He drove me here." Helen stroked her mother's back and comforted her softly. Helen's mother finally relaxed and looked at me curiously for a while. Then she looked at Helen and said slowly, "I want to leave the hospital now. Please talk to the doctors and ask them to let me go." She spoke very slowly, but she was resolute in her attitude. Helen hesitated for a moment and said, "Okay, I'll talk to your doctor later and see what he says." The two chatted animatedly for a while. Helen promised to pick her up on the weekend, so she didn't insist on being discharged today. Helen's POV: On the way back from the hospital, my mind was working overtime. The furniture in the apartment had been sold.

When I brought my mother back home from the hospital, I would need new furniture. Like a psychic, George guessed what I was thinking and said, "I'll buy you some new furniture." I looked at him in surprise. After a long bout of silence, I asked, "Don't you want to know why my mother is hospitalized here?" My question was deliberate. I wanted to gauge George's attitude towards my mother. "You can tell me when you feel ready to," George replied calmly. When he mentioned my mother, there was no rejection or disgust in his eyes. I didn't want to give up so easily. I purposefully changed the topic and asked, "Do you think my current situation is caused by genetic inheritance? I heard that mental disease can be hereditary." George was still very calm. "If you have anything to say, just come right out with it. You don't have to beat around the bush with me." His tone was light but his words were serious. This man never acted according to the dictates of common sense. After seeing my mother, shouldn't he be questioning my sanity? But he was calm throughout, as if he was just looking at a perfectly normal person who was hospitalized for a common disease like a flu. There was no trace of passing judgment in his eyes. I shut my mouth and my spirits were low. I leaned against the window to watch the scenery pass by. There was a moment of awkward silence in the car before George said, "I don't mind. No matter what happens to you, I won't mind. As for your mother's illness, has it ever occurred to you that the environment of the hospital may not be conducive for her recuperation? Why don't you take her home and hire a full time nurse to take care of her in your apartment?" The thought had indeed occurred to me previously but the high cost of hiring a full-time nurse to take care of a patient with mental disease was not within my grasp. Besides, I was worried that my mother would be abused by the nurse if left alone at home. I saw the news reports and such abuse was on the increase. "Helen, if it's about money, don't worry." I listened quietly without saying anything, but scowled in my heart. I didn't need to worry about the money? Really? It was easy for him to say. But for me it was not a small sum of money. "I'll pay for it. Although we're not lovers now, we're still good friends. If you feel guilty, you can take it as a loan and return it to me when you are in a position to do so," George continued. He seemed to be able to see through my concerns at a glance, but I didn't agree. I vowed not to take any help from George even if I was desperate. But his suggestion was a wise one. The hospital was not the best place for my mother to recover. Perhaps her recovery would be faster in the comfort of her home environment. I could find a daycare nurse for my mother, and I would go home to take care of her in the evening. In this way, I would save a lot of

money and I would also have peace of mind with my mother by my side. As for the money, I could ask Anya to advance my salary to me. After thinking it over, I felt the pressure that had been weighing my heart down for so long, slowly lift. As for George, I was so sure that my love for him had not changed. In fact, it might have increased, though I chose to deny it. But, I wasn't sure whether he would feature in my future or not. I didn't have the time to contemplate on that either. George didn't drive me home. Instead, he took me to the hotel where he lived. The doctor had told me that a change of environment would help soothe my nerves and maybe improve my condition, so I went along with him. I thought he lived in an ordinary suite. But when I entered the suite, I was amazed. It was nothing like what I had imagined. The furniture was luxurious and the decor was modern. It was like stepping into a palace. Living in such a deluxe suite for even just one night would cost a fortune! George closed the door behind him and walked in. He explained in a soft tone, "When I first came back, I was not sure if I would stay permanently or go back abroad again. So I didn't buy a house or an apartment. Later, I got so used to living here that I didn't bother to move out." What did he just say? So, the apartment he took me to visit on New Year's Eve was actually newly bought by him? At that time, I had misunderstood him and thought he didn't take me back to his own apartment because he was on guard against me. I felt guilty when I thought about that. But it didn't matter anymore. It was his money and he could do with it as he pleased, and it had nothing to do with me.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 649: DATA PRIVACY BREACH

List chapter

Helen's POV: Perhaps due to the change of environment or perhaps because of how terrified I was this morning, all the tension escaped my body and I began to feel drowsy.

That night, I drifted into an intermittent slumber. I wasn't as flustered and terrified as I was at home. It had been so long since I slept properly, so I didn't want to get up the next morning. George was lying beside me. When I woke up, he was also awake, seemingly a little tired. Each time I woke up last night, I felt a gentle hand patting my back and comforting me in silence. And pretty soon, I'd fall asleep again. He probably didn't rest properly last night, considering how I woke up several times in the middle of the night. While we were having breakfast, he asked me, "Do you still want to ask for leave today? Why don't you take another day off?" "No, I've made an appointment with Mr. Wilson from Spacetime Finance. I can't reschedule again." George was worried about me, so he held my hand. "Do you need me to come with you?" "No, it's okay. Kendal has already spoken to Mr. Wilson for me," I answered. Yesterday, due to the accident, I failed to show up for the appointment. Fortunately, Korbin wasn't mad. He promised to reschedule the appointment with me. I was pleasantly surprised at how friendly and considerate he sounded when I called him yesterday. Thanks to Kendal, I was saved from a lot of trouble. I knew that Korbin was so patient with me simply for Kendal's sake. George nodded in response. "In that case, I'll drive you there." I didn't refuse his offer this time. After what happened yesterday morning, I was now afraid of taking the subway. Just thinking about what happened was enough to give me the creeps. Thereafter, he drove me to Spacetime Finance. Once there, I happened to see Kendal swaggering into the building. George honked the horn of his car. Kendal glanced at the car, trotted over, and even personally opened the door for me. "I didn't expect you to arrive so soon. What a coincidence!" There was a playful smile on Kendal's face. I greeted him back with a smile, unfastened my seatbelt, and got out of the car. "If you manage to finish up here in advance, wait for me here for a little bit. I'll come pick her up, got it?" George said to Kendal sternly. Visibly unsatisfied, Kendal responded, "Enough is enough, you two. It's just a business meeting. Why are you so reluctant to part? What do you think I am? A babysitter?" George shot him a glance. "Just take care of her for me." "Fine, I get it. Just go, man!" Kendal rolled his eyes. Then, he took me into Spacetime Finance. I wasn't sure how to react to their interaction. "How old are you two? How come you're still bickering like preschool kids?" The reason I came here to see Korbin was so that I could discuss the acquisition of Fantail Entertainment with him in detail in order for me to create a detailed action plan later. Even though I had Kendal to help me, I still wanted to do my best. I didn't want to embarrass him, and let Anya and Phil down as well. George's POV: I

didn't withdraw my gaze from them until Helen and Kendal had entered the building. Afterwards, I drove to a furniture store of a nearby shopping mall. There, I walked around and bought some furniture with the same style as Helen's previous furniture. Then, I wrote down the address to her apartment, gave it to the shop assistant, and requested the new furniture to be moved into her apartment immediately. Pretty soon, her empty apartment looked almost the same as before. Satisfied, I stood in the living room and looked around. It felt like home again; simple yet warm. As I sat on the sofa in the center of the living room, I took out my smartphone and opened an app. I began trying out the products of Zhester Technology that I installed for her one after another. I remembered that night when I was still abroad and I received a video call from her all of a sudden. She was asking me what would happen if the door lock was broken and if it could ring for no apparent reason. She seemed like she was panicking. At the time, I didn't pay special attention to it. I just thought that she was just hearing things or something because she was too stressed at work. But now, I could tell that something was indeed wrong. Besides, Helen wasn't someone who'd take the initiative to bother other people. If she wasn't feeling terrified or helpless at the time, she wouldn't have called me. Suddenly, something occurred to me, but the thought passed quickly. Afterwards, I called Kendal. "I have something important to deal with. Drive Helen back to the law firm for me after you're done. I'll pick her up after work." After the phone call, I went to the research and development department of Zhester Technology. There, I downloaded all the data of the smart devices inside Helen's apartment. The second Boswell heard about it, he rushed to stop me. "George, do you know what you're doing? This is a breach of customer privacy and we have no right to gain access to that. Do you have any idea how much damage it'll do to Zhester Technology if you do that?" The database of Zhester Technology was confidential, and nobody had any right to access it. If the public were to find out that the company was able to access and download their customers' private data, the company's image would be ruined and its reputation would collapse. One of the core competitive advantages of Zhester Technology was the fact that it kept its customers' data safe. In the past, news about customers' data being leaked were common. However, this kind of thing had never happened to Zhester Technology, and the company had never been afraid of data privacy investigations. "George, are you sure that you're okay with ruining the users' trust in our company and you?" Boswell was rarely serious, but he was particularly stern today. I could tell that he didn't want to see me continue to make

mistakes. He grabbed my hands to stop me from typing on the keyboard. Eventually, I stopped. "Where's Jane?" I asked, looking at Boswell. Confused, he answered, "She's in the headquarters. What happened?" I stared at the lines of codes on the screen of my laptop. And for a moment, I felt like deleting all of them. It took me so long before I managed to calm myself down. "It's nothing. I'll go call her myself." Since my hunches hadn't been confirmed yet, I decided not to tell Boswell about it yet. After leaving the company, I went back to Helen's apartment. I turned off all the smart devices and electric appliances in her home. And then, I deleted the account of Zhester Technology and returned it to stand-alone working mode. Thereafter, I drove to the law office to pick her up.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 650: JUST FRIENDS

List chapter

Helen's POV: After my meeting with Korbin, Kendal insisted on driving me back to the law firm. He kept pestering me until I gave in. When we arrived at the gate of the law firm, he didn't drive off when I got out. Instead, he got off his car and insisted on saying hello to Anya before leaving. My brows furrowed in confusion as I stared at him. Anya didn't even know who he was, so why would he need to greet her? While I was still pondering the odd statement, Kendal had already walked into the building. I hurried after him and found him in Anya's office introducing himself. "It's nice to meet you, Miss Pierce. My name is Kendal; Helen and I, well, we're family. I wanna thank you in person for helping her in her career." It was rare to see a trace of surprise on Anya's serious and expressionless face. I touched my forehead helplessly and wondered when he became my family. Why wasn't I informed? A second later, Anya's face became expressionless again and she greeted Kendal politely before motioning for him to sit down. Phil also surveyed

Kendal in surprise. Kendal sat down without ceremony. Although he still had that signature playful smirk with him, his manners and dressing revealed his extraordinary background. He kept saying grateful words to Anya for me as if he was very close to me. I was afraid that Anya and Phil would misunderstand, so I explained hurriedly, "Don't listen to him. He was my friend from high school. It was him who helped me secure the cooperation with Spacetime Finance." "Helen, don't say that. Are we really just high school friends?" Kendal said ambiguously. As expected, Anya and Phil got the wrong idea, with understanding. "Don't talk nonsense!" I warned Kendal in a low voice. "I heard of your law firm a long time ago. Can you show me around?" Kendal asked sheepishly, blatantly ignoring me. "It would be my pleasure. Please come with me." Phil stood up from the chair and walked out of the office with Kendal. Only Anya and I were left in the office. She got up from her chair and stared at me with a grim expression. "I hope you get the cases based on your ability, not on these unorthodox ways, or... Get them with your beauty. Helen, if you want to have long-term development in this industry, you have to spend time and effort in improving yourself. Once a case you take over is tainted by illicit love, you're ruined. And it will be difficult for you to have a foothold in this industry again." I couldn't deny the truth of her words, but I also knew that she had felt the need to warn me because she misunderstood my relationship with Kendal. "I understand, Miss Pierce. Don't worry. We are really just friends and nothing more. Kendal just likes joking around, that's all. You should know me well. I won't sell myself for benefits," I explained. "That is good to hear. I hope you can stick to your convictions. But you have to remember that people will talk. So be careful." "I will. Thank you, Miss Pierce." After leaving Anya's office, I received a call from George. "I am at the parking lot of your office. Should I come up?" "Please don't. I'll be right there." As fast as I could, I hurried out of the office and started walking in the direction of the parking lot. "You had better take Kendal away as soon as possible. I'm near my wits' end because of him!" I complained loudly into the phone. George chuckled. "You are good at burning bridges. He just helped you achieve the cooperation, and you turned your back on him?" "Even without his help, I can make it on my own!" I retorted. With a helpless sigh, George reminded me, "Haven't you figured out what Kendal's intent is? He has been spending a lot of time around you in the past few days. Do you think it's because he had nothing better to do? He obviously wants to learn things about Cece from you. Have you been avoiding any conversations about Cece around him?" Shocked, I could only gape in

silence as I came to an abrupt stop. When I really thought about it, I realized that George was right. I had deliberately avoided mentioning Cece's name when Kendal was present. Although Kendal was righteous, he had never been so attentive to me before. I had been so engrossed in my own affairs that I didn't think anything of Kendal's constant hovering. But the real reason why I had avoided saying anything that involved Cece was because I felt that it would be embarrassing for him. George sighed and continued, "He has been having a hard time these days. If he didn't love Cece so much, why would he go to such lengths for an unrequited relationship? Forget it. Let's not talk about him anymore. Get down now. I'll wait for you in the garage." After hanging up the phone, I looked around the law firm for Kendal, only to find that he had been chatting with my colleagues. He had managed to get along with them in such a short time. When he saw me, he wrapped up their conversation with a warm smile. "I'll treat you to dinner another day. Thank you for taking care of my Helen." His words only further confirmed their guess. They looked back and forth between me and Kendal, their eyes full of curiosity and understanding. Struck speechless, I did the only thing I could. I grabbed Kendal's arm and dragged him out. When we left the firm, the smile on his face disappeared and he suddenly looked dejected. A wry smile curved his lips when he saw George's car. "I've brought her back safely. Bye" Then he turned around and left. I stared at his back in confusion. "Let's go home." George opened the door of the passenger seat and let me in. "I've bought the furniture. You can check if there is anything else you need." George drove us back to my apartment. As soon as I entered the house, I saw that the empty living room had almost been restored to its original condition. The furniture was of similar style and color, but it was obviously expensive. The house had been thoroughly cleaned. It was very neat and tidy, with less weirdness and gloom. It was very warm. "We'll bring your mother back this weekend. You can check and see if there is anything else you need and I'll get it," George said. "Okay, I'll stay here tonight." I preferred to stay at home. Although the hotel was comfortable, I still felt less secure there. "Okay." George nodded in agreement. Late at night, lying on my bed, I didn't dare to sleep. I would rather stay awake than to fall asleep and have to bear the fear after seeing the apparition in my nightmares. George didn't say anything. He just held me in his arms and patted my back gently. Just like the previous night at the hotel, I fell asleep and woke up several times, but at least I didn't hallucinate. When I woke up the next morning, I sighed. "I think I need to see a psychologist after all." "Maybe." George ran his fingers

through my hair several times, a strange expression on his face. I didn't know why, but I felt that George was hiding something from me.