

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 661: IF YOU CAN'T FORGET HER, GO AND GET HER BACK

List chapter

Helen's POV: When I got home in the evening, I found that Kendal was also there. He had collapsed on the sofa from tiredness. All the furniture and goods I had bought had been neatly assembled and the floor had been cleaned. It seemed that George had called Kendal over to do most of the work, if not all of it. Kendal deliberately spoke in riddles in front of Anya and Phil during the day, which made everyone misunderstand our relationship. So now when I saw him so tired, not only did I not show him any sympathy, but I took pleasure in his misfortune. It felt good to get even with him. George took the bag from me and hugged me tightly. "Are you tired?" "Not at all." George bent over and French kissed me, ignoring the fact that we had company. Kendal complained, "Can you two show some respect to a single, lonely man like me? Don't cross the boundaries of decency!" George ignored him and gently stroked my hair with his warm hand. "Go and wash your hands. Dinner is almost ready." George had prepared a delicious meal. The three of us sat at the table and had dinner together. I had bought all the tableware online. They were not expensive but I had selected them carefully to match the decor of our home. I dare say it was beautiful. Strangely, Kendal, the most talkative man I knew, was unusually silent tonight. He was not even interested in the divine food that George had cooked. Before I could ask him what was bothering him, he said sadly, "Last time we had dinner together, Cece was also there." His tone was nostalgic. Finally, he smiled bitterly. Then it occurred to me what George had said. Kendal was still missing Cece, and he was wallowing in self-pity over the past few weeks. There were some things that I did not want to mention at first, but when I saw his morose expression, I had to say it. "Actually, Cece was moved by the way you chased after her. But when you unexpectedly blocked her social media account, she cried for several days." Kendal was stunned by what I

said. It took him a long time to come to his senses. "Did she really cry?" I nodded. Although Cece was quite the introvert, she was a proud woman. I had known her for many years and seldom saw her cry. But after Kendal had blocked her, she was heartbroken and cried buckets of tears. Kendal put down his fork and knife and picked up his phone. His fingers were trembling. I wasn't sure if it's because his tiredness from cleaning the apartment that afternoon or because he found out that Cece had cried because of him. He held his phone and stared at the screen, and finally put it down in frustration. "She has blocked my phone number." He covered his face and his shoulders began to quiver. George patted him on the shoulder and said, "Since you can't forget her, then go and get her back." After a long drawn silence, Kendal calmed down and smiled with self-mockery. "Forget it. I'm tired of chasing after her for so many years. I think she must be annoyed with me now. I guess it's okay. I hope she will be happy in her future life." He raised his head and drank up the wine in the glass. His eyes darkened with depression. This was the first time that I had connected so deeply with Kendal. I could understand his pain. For years, I hadn't recovered from the trauma inflicted on me by my father, Libby and Jane, so I dared not go back to Philly. I would deliberately avoid my former friends and acquaintances from Philly, including Kendal. I couldn't help explaining on Cece's behalf. "In fact, it's not that Cece didn't like you. Your mother went to see her when she graduated from college. At that time, she wanted to come to New York for you, but your mother suddenly paid her a visit. Since then, she has never mentioned it again." Kendal had been pursuing Cece for so many years. If she didn't like him, she would have made it known to him. But when Cece finally made up her mind to kindle a relationship with Kendal, his mother appeared out of the blue and said something to Cece. I didn't know the details of their conversation save to say that it must have been something unpleasant. Cece was a proud girl, and she gave up the idea of being with Kendal after his mother's visit. The expression on Kendal's face was quizzical. I added, "You may want to ask your mother what her visit with Cece entailed." "Ask my mother?" Kendal's voice was hoarse and bitter. "Do you want me to go to the gates of heaven and ask my mother about it?" George put his hand on my shoulder and stopped me from continuing. I was stunned by what Kendal had said. Had his mother passed on? Realizing that I had said something inappropriate, I hurriedly apologized. "Sorry, I'm so sorry. I didn't know..." "It's okay. Death is a normal rite of passage." When Kendal came out of his stupor, his face returned to normal. He looked at George with a meaningful expression

on his face. George stared back at him. It was difficult for me to gauge what they were thinking. They seemed to have a mysterious, tacit understanding between them. Even if they didn't say anything, they seemed to understand each other's thoughts. In fact, the friendship between George and Kendal was very strong from their high school days. Although they were not in the same class, they would still hang out after school. Many things had changed over the years, but their friendship remained intact. Noticing their close interaction and innate connection, I thought I should excuse myself and give them some space to chat. I took the initiative to move away. But George pulled me back toward him and knocked on my forehead gently. "Where are you going? What are you thinking about?" I didn't answer, but my eyes wandered between these two men. When Kendal looked into my eyes, he angrily pointed at George and asked, "Hey! Don't you know his sexual orientation by now? Even if you are dissatisfied with your sex life, that's your problem to solve. I won't take the blame." He rigidly crossed his arms over his chest, seemingly angry that I had such a ridiculous idea in my head. That wasn't fair! I couldn't help but roll my eyes, and laugh inwardly. It wasn't my fault. The two of them were too close, and I couldn't help but overthink. George smiled at him and scolded, "Finish your dinner and get out of here!" "Okay, okay! I'm leaving." After dinner, Kendal took the car key and left in a hurry. Looking at his receding back, I couldn't help but sigh. "He hasn't changed at all." "That's true." George nodded approvingly, a smile forming at the corners of his mouth. That night, George and I were in a good mood. Before I fell asleep, I remembered that I had an appointment with the psychologist on Friday. "Why don't I cancel it? I've never felt better. Maybe it's really because I was under too much pressure at work at that time," I whispered, leaning against George's chest. I couldn't help but feel amazing. Ever since George and I had gotten back together, all my mental problems just magically disappeared. In recent days, I barely suffered from insomnia anymore. Even when I was alone, I would not have any illusions. "You have made an appointment and can't just cancel it. Just take it as a heart to heart chat with a friend." "Okay, then I'll go." I thought for a while and nodded in agreement. After all, my mother had also suffered from mental problems. Even though the situation was getting better, I didn't want to get too complacent. George leaned over and kissed me on the forehead gently. "That's my girl."

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 662: HE WAS PROTECTING JANE

List chapter

Helen's POV: On Friday, I went to Fantail Entertainment as scheduled to discuss the due diligence. I estimated that the meeting would take a long time so I planned for George to fetch me after work and accompany me to see the therapist. However, the meeting was over well ahead of time and I had plenty of time on my hands. The in-house lawyers of Fantail Entertainment were extremely efficient and had a wealth of experience so the matter flowed smoothly. We had an excellent rapport and we understood each other perfectly. Therefore, we were able to work out the whole process and the time for the on-site due diligence quickly. "Miss Dewar, please keep the acquisition of the company a secret," stressed the head lawyer at the end of the meeting. "There are several popular entertainers in our company. If the outside world comes to know that our company has been acquired, it will cause unnecessary problems for us. Of course, we will also not divulge this information to the entertainers." "No problem. As a lawyer, client confidentiality is my priority," I promised. "Miss Dewar, I hope for pleasant cooperation between us," the head lawyer said, smiling with satisfaction. "Same here. I feel very optimistic about this. Good day!" I said, shaking his head. Since I had concluded the meeting so early, I went to see the therapist by myself. I'd already made an appointment in advance and had been there several times before, so I was familiar with the process. "Helen, you look lovely today." The therapist smiled, recognizing me. She was a very gentle woman. Every time she saw me, she would compliment me. Her smile was soft, peaceful and welcoming. Her demeanor immediately put me at ease. "Yes, I feel great. In fact, I've never felt better!" I made myself comfortable on the sofa and gave her a brief account of the recent developments in my life. I thought my recovery was amazing. My mental state had been incapacitating. Yet, after just a few visits to the therapist, I had recovered almost completely. "Has anything happened recently to cheer you up?" asked

the therapist, wearing her signature smile. "Yes! Many good things, as a matter of fact!" I was beaming. My work was progressing well, my mother's condition had stabilized, I had married George and our relationship was improving by the day. In short, I was in a happy space. Everything seemed to be looking up for me. When I thought of George, my heart filled with sweetness and pure love. The therapist nodded with satisfaction. "Have you by any chance relocated?" she asked as she turned around and took my last psych report out of the cabinet to leaf through. "Yes, I moved to a new place not long ago," I confided in her honestly. The therapist ran a few more questions by me and then reached a conclusion. "Helen, I believe you've recovered fully. You don't have to come to see me anymore." I looked at her in utter disbelief. "Is it true? Are you sure? Have I really recovered?" My eyes glistened. The therapist nodded and handed me the report of my last psych examination. "Helen, in fact, you've always been in very good mental health. You probably had those symptoms because you were hypnotized unconsciously. I was just hazarding a guess. But after our conversation today, I'm pretty sure I was right. As for how you were hypnotized, I don't have a conclusive answer as I don't have enough information regarding your daily life outside this office of mine." "Hypnotized? What do you mean?" My eyes widened in horror. Who could have hypnotized me? When did this happen? What was their reason to hypnotize me? As myriads of questions swirled through my mind, I suddenly became nervous and panicky. "I've asked you this question before, but I'm going to ask you again. What was your life like before you started encountering these mental problems? Please take your time and be as specific as you can. Also think about when you started to feel better. And how did your life change at that time?" The therapist patiently guided me step by step through what had happened during this time. The first time I felt better was the night I left home and stayed at the hotel with George. Later, I felt better and better. What really turned my mental condition around was moving into the apartment that George bought. So, was my apartment the source of my illness? Was my deduction correct? When I thought back further, I found that I had only started experiencing fear after the installation of the intelligent system. Thinking of this, my heart started beating rapidly. I was able to connect the dots. If what I was thinking was true, the whole thing would be too creepy! I was hypnotized without my permission and my emotions were manipulated to the point of distortion. "Does anything come to mind?" asked the therapist. When I regained my composure, I decided not to share my doubts with her. "Sorry, I can't remember. I've already told you everything I

could think of." I knew for a fact that this was by no means a small matter since it involved the products of Zhester Technology. Without concrete evidence, I could not say anything reckless to get George's company and myself into trouble. "Helen, you can't just let it go. It's illegal to perform hypnosis without qualification and without the consent of the subject. It has seriously affected your mental state. It could have been detrimental had you not sought medical help. You should call the police," suggested the therapist. I was at a total loss and couldn't digest the news. "Will it help?" I murmured when the therapist finished speaking. She paused thoughtfully for a moment. "Your case is special and quite different from traditional hypnotic practice. Traditional hypnosis cannot surpass individual will. In other words, it must be done with the consent of the subject. Your case, it was done against your will and without your prior knowledge. It's probably because the hypnotist knows you well. He or she probably also knows your deepest fears and exploited that information. The hypnotist has shrewdly amplified your fears through long-lasting and subconscious effects. I'm afraid even if you call the police, they will not be able to find evidence. But if you need, I can provide you with the examination reports of your psychological problems." After hearing the therapist out, I was certain that my mental issues had everything to do with the intelligent system of Zhester Technology that was installed in my apartment. As far as I knew, there were only two people who knew me well and had the access to the system settings. So was it George or Jane? I forced myself not to overthink and to stay calm. After saying goodbye to the therapist, I took a taxi to my apartment. On my way home, I thought about the whole thing. When the system was installed, George personally supervised the workers, and it was also George who deleted my account. He had the best opportunity of hypnotizing me. But what was his motive? If George wanted to hurt me, he would never have risked his life to save me when I jumped off the subway platform. But then why did he delete the account? Suddenly, a horrible truth imploded upon me. He must have known that there was something wrong with the system, so he deleted the account, set the system to stand-alone mode and took me out of the apartment. He knew everything! But he didn't share anything with me! Why? He was protecting Jane! He knew I was miserable and even attempted suicide. Yet, when he found out that Jane had bypassed the system and had hypnotized me using the intelligent system, he still chose to protect her and hide it from me. After putting two and two together, I felt like someone had thrown me into the dark deep sea. A chill ran through my bones.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 663: DRIVE JANE BACK TO THE HEADQUARTERS

List chapter

Helen's POV: As I went back to my old apartment, my head was in the clouds. I had been away from here for a week. Once I entered the apartment, I felt inexplicably cold. Because the window hadn't opened for a whole week, a strange smell pervaded inside the apartment. It was getting dark outside, so the room became a little darker. If this had happened in the past, I would've panicked already. But now, I knew the cause of this matter, and I was no longer as scared as I once was. Thereafter, I turned on the light and opened a window. Afterwards, I called Lucy. "Lucy, are you free tonight? Can you come over and keep me company?" "Sure! Wait for me. I'll be right there." Lucy had been on a business trip before, and it had been a long time since I last saw her. I was worried that she might be too busy with work and that I might be distracting her from it with my issues. Thus, there had been a lot of things that I hadn't told her, such as the fact that I had a psychological problem, and that I had married George. Just then, George called. "I just got off work. I'll pick you up and take you to the therapist later." He sounded so caring. If this had happened before, it would've warmed my heart. But now, hearing his voice again only annoyed me. Trying to sound as calm as possible, I replied, "No, thanks. The meeting ended ahead of time, so I went to see my therapist by myself." "Why didn't you wait for me to come with you? What did the therapist say?" George sounded like he felt useless. "She told me that I've recovered and I no longer needed to go there again," I answered honestly. "That's great news!" George then asked, "Where are you now? I'll pick you up and make you dinner. What do you wanna eat tonight?" "That's not necessary. Lucy will be sleeping over at my place tonight. I'll ask her to come with me to the hospital, so that I can pick up my mother tomorrow morning. You don't have to accompany me." George sighed and complained, "I see. In that case, I won't trouble you

and your best friend for tonight. But tomorrow morning, I'll come pick your mother up with you." Politely, I responded, "Maybe next time. Lucy doesn't know that we got married yet. I still haven't figured out how I'm supposed to tell her. You know, she's always been adamantly against me being with you." "Fine." Fortunately, George didn't insist upon it anymore. Once the phone call ended, I noticed that Lucy had come in. I was too focused on the phone call that I didn't hear anything else. Lucy locked her gaze at me. "Were you talking to George on the phone just now?" "Yes, I was." I didn't intend on hiding anything from her. Surprised, she asked, "You've made up?" I didn't answer the question, and I had no idea how to answer it. It almost seemed as though George and I never really got together, so a breakup between us never happened, either. If there was no breakup, how could we ever make up? "You never listen to me! Don't come crying to me if you get burnt again," Lucy grunted. I chuckled awkwardly and decided to change the topic. "Let's stop talking about me. How are you and Dyer? Has there been any progress in your relationship?" "It's not bad." Lucy was acting kind of strange. Normally, whenever she was in love, she'd talk about the man twenty-four hours a day, and would constantly send me pictures of the guy, forcing me to say that her man was the best. I didn't expect that she'd be so calm this time, and that she wouldn't let me know anything about her relationship with Dyer. Lucy complained, "We've just been too busy. It's the first time I've had a workaholic boyfriend like him. He's not only busy with his job, but he's also forced me to work with him. Do you have any idea what a freak he really is? Once, right after we had sex and I was exhausted, he pulled me up from the bed and said that we needed to get back to work." I broke into laughter. Lucy never had that much ambition when it came to her career. All she wanted was a carefree, comfortable life. Now that she met a workaholic boyfriend and was forced to work with him, she must be having a really hard time. In order to comfort her, I said, "He just came to work for Zhester Technology, and he's already in charge of the newly established department. Clearly, he wants to garner some achievements to prove himself. Try to understand him, okay?" Even though Lucy was complaining, there was a sweet smile on her lips. Suddenly, she changed the subject. "George really is the most conniving capitalist I've ever met. He's—squeezing the lives out of us, poor employees. On the surface, he let Dyer take charge of the new department and gave him full trust, but in reality, he set targets that are simply too high to achieve!" As I listened to her in silence, I agreed with every word she said. George was indeed good at making people believe in

him. No matter how determined the other party might be, that person would end up following through with George's plan in the end. Suddenly, I thought of Jane. "Will Jane really be staying at the headquarters of Zhester Technology and never come back?" George wanted to hide the truth and defend her, but I wasn't going to let her off the hook just yet. One way or another, I would settle the score with that awful woman! "I heard that George personally ordered it. She probably won't come back again. But lately, she seemed to have gone to Philly to accompany her mother to visit their relatives. Man, George is ruthless, isn't he? I have no idea what Jane did to him that made him exile her abroad. She may be the person in charge of the research and development department by name, but she's not really allowed to deal with any of the R&D matters." Lucy sighed, leaning against the sofa. I looked back at her intently. "I need a favor, Lucy." "What is it? Why are you so serious?" Lucy slowly got up from the sofa, putting on a solemn expression. Tentatively, I asked, "You've been a headhunter for many years, so you probably have a wide range of contacts, right? Do you know any professionals in data management? It would be better if the person you find is as capable as or even more capable than Jane or George." "I'm afraid there are only a handful of people who can be as talented as those two in this field. What is it that you want to do?" Lucy frowned, looking at me in confusion. I pondered for a moment and replied, "I want to check if the data of the intelligent system I installed in the apartment before can be restored. Lucy, I really need this." I didn't tell her about my hunch. On the one hand, I didn't have enough evidence to support my claims. And on the other hand, based on my best friend's personality, if she were to know what Jane did to me, she'd probably cause a scene in Zhester Technology. I didn't want Lucy to get involved in this matter, and I wanted to solve it by myself. Asking nothing more, she replied, "Fine. I'll ask around."

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 664: TELL HER MOM THE GOOD NEWS

List chapter

Helen's POV: The next morning, bright and early, Lucy drove me to the hospital to pick up my mother. "Why don't you buy yourself a car? It will help you get around faster and it will be convenient for you to pick up your mother from the hospital straight after work," Lucy suggested on our way to the hospital. "If you need a loan, you can count on me. When you have some spare time, go and look at the kind of car you would like to have." "Forget it. I still haven't paid you the money I borrowed from you earlier. And it's no small sum." Buying a car was definitely on my to-do list. As long as I had a car, my life would become easier. I would be able to drive to work, meet clients and pick up my mother on weekends. But I hadn't paid off the money I had borrowed from Lucy earlier. "I agree that you owe me a substantial sum of money and it will take you a long time to pay me back. So what if I lend you a little more? It won't make much difference," Lucy said, applying her peculiar brand of logic. I was tempted by Lucy's offer. Since my career was on the right track and I had received a salary increment, I would be able to start repaying her soon. From the small case in Philly to Zhester Technology's merger case, Anya had begun paying me commission in addition to my basic salary. If the Spacetime Finance's acquisition case rolled smoothly, the commission would be considerable. "I had planned to pay you back some of the money. Now it seems that I have to pay you back after I finish the Spacetime Finance case and get the commission." "That suits me fine. I have enough funds now. As a relationship blogger, I often include advertisements in my work and it pays well. The commission I receive for my work is also very high. So I can easily afford to loan you the money to purchase a car. We'll go and have a look at cars after we take your mother out of the hospital." After picking my mother from the hospital, Lucy took us to see the cars. But my mother had a long face. Why did she look so upset? On the way back, she kept quiet. She kept looking at me as if she wanted to tell or ask me something, but then stopped herself from doing so. Lucy sensed that something was amiss, so after dropping us off in front of the apartment building, she made an excuse and left. Although Lucy was careless and reckless, she was afraid of offending elders. Besides, she had noticed that my mother was upset about something and the atmosphere was becoming more and more tense the whole morning. So to avoid getting involved in any trouble, she left at the earliest opportunity. The minute Lucy was out of earshot, my mother asked, "Where is George? Why didn't he come with you to pick me up?" I pointed to a car parked not far away and said, "There he is!" As soon as I got off Lucy's

car, I saw George. He was taking out several bags of grocery from the trunk of the car. As soon as my mother saw George, her gloomy mood miraculously disappeared and she walked briskly towards him. George greeted her respectfully, "Hello, Mrs. Dewar. You look lovely! I'm sorry that I was unable to accompany Helen to pick you up from the hospital today. I had some urgent matters to attend to this morning." "It doesn't matter. I'm glad to see you now." My mother waved her hand and a beautiful smile blossomed on her face. I had figured out certain things in my mind and I did not know how to face him now. Since my mother was with us, I could not discuss anything with him, so I remained silent. I took some bags from him and walked towards the elevator. When we entered the elevator, George stepped closer to me and casually held my hand. I raised my eyes and stared at him. I tried to shake off his hand but he held on more tightly. With my mother present, I could not lose my temper. I could only pinch him secretly to make him release my hand. However, that did not work as he didn't seem to feel any pain at all. When we arrived at the door of my apartment, George stopped in his tracks and suddenly said to my mother, "Mrs. Dewar, could you please go inside first? I have something to talk about with Helen." "Okay, you guys talk. No fighting though, okay?" Before she closed the door, my mother stared at me and said, "You've always been such a bad tempered girl. You have to learn to control it. George is the only one who is kind enough to tolerate you." Being blamed for no reason, I felt like weeping but even my tears stayed away from me. When the door was closed, George and I stood face to face in the corridor. "Tell me, what happened?" George asked, replacing his smile with a serious look. I looked up at him, and countless ugly images rushed through my mind. My heart ached at the thought of him defending Jane. But it was not the right time to bring it up. I was not in the mood either. George sighed and asked, "I've brought our marriage certificate with me. Do you want to tell your mother that we're married?" "Yes." I hesitated for a moment and then agreed. The main reason that I got married was to make my mother happy. When we walked in, George handed our marriage certificate to my mother and said, "Mrs. Dewar, we got married last week. Now you can rest assured that all is well." Tears welled up in her eyes when my mother saw the marriage certificate. She lovingly stroked that piece of paper with her fingers and cooed, "Helen, my dear! You have finally grown up. I'm so happy for you." "Mom, everything will be much better in the future. I promise." I sat beside her and held her hands tightly. I could feel her releasing whatever tension she had in them. My mother looked at George and suddenly said to him, "George, in spite of

knowing about Helen's troubled background, you married her. It must have been really stressful for you. But don't worry. No one knows what happened to our family after we came to New York. And from now on, I'll stay in the hospital. You two can just forget about me and live your own happy life. I'll stop being a burden to you. If your parents ask, you can just tell them that Helen's parents have passed on." I felt my heart sink all the way down to my feet when I heard her say that. The more I heard, the more distraught I became. "Mom, who are you talking about? You are the dearest and closest person to me. No one is more important to me than you." My mother shook her head with a smile and whispered, "From now on, the most important person in your life is your husband. If you can drop by the hospital to see me occasionally, I will be more than satisfied." George lowered his voice and said, "Mrs. Dewar, I don't agree with your suggestion. Now that I have married Helen, her mother is also my mother. I will take care of both you and Helen. No matter what problems we are faced with in the future, let's face them together." My mother excitedly took my hand, placed it in George's hand and bound our hands tightly. Tears of joy streamed down her face. She was really happy that I had found such a good husband. George broke the silence and changed the topic. "Who's hungry? I'm going to cook now." He went into the kitchen and started to cook. In less than an hour, the table was set with great smelling food. After a sumptuous lunch, my mother felt a little sleepy, so she went to nap in her room. I sat in the living room and looked on my phone for the details of the car I planned to buy. I didn't know much about cars. I just chose an economical brand with a nice enough appearance. And now I just wanted to look up more about the functions of the car. After cleaning up the table, George came over. He saw the image of the car I wanted to buy on my phone screen and asked, "Are you thinking about buying a car?" "Yes," I replied softly. "What kind of car do you like? I'll take you to have a look at it." "No, thanks. I'm just taking a casual look now." "Do you have a driver's license?" "Yes." Now that he knew I was looking for a car, we were forced to have this awkward conversation. I checked my phone for a while and found it boring, so I went back to my room for a nap as well. After dropping my mother at the hospital on Sunday night, I went back to George's apartment with him. When we slept at night, we were very intimate. Before and after marriage, George always took care of my feelings in bed, and then his own needs. We were very compatible and happy in bed. Sex was no longer just a physiological need like Lucy had said. It was a collision of bodies and souls. I loved him, so I wanted to perform the most intimate act with him. This

realization flashed through my mind and tears instantly streamed down my cheeks. I loved this man? I loved this man! 1 The more the reality of this fact dawned upon me, the more I cried from the deepest part of my being. I felt desperate. Now that I had fallen so deeply in love with him, all my feelings would be affected by him. My happiness, my anger, my sadness... I always ended up feeling so helpless when it came to this man. "What's wrong?" George was frightened when he saw my copious tears and hurriedly turned on the light in the room. I shook my head and turned off the light again, leaving only the bedside lamp on. I didn't want him to see how fragile I was. "Did I hurt you?" George bent over and gently wiped away my tears. "No. It's okay. Go to bed." I held his hand and lay down again, allowing him to cuddle me in his arms. "If there is anything bothering you, you know you can tell me," George whispered, stroking my back gently. "Yes, I know," I replied lightly. But in the end I did not disclose anything to him, knowing that he had made his choice. Even if I said anything, it would change nothing. This was a gnawing matter between Jane and me. I wanted to solve it myself.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 665: NEW CAR

List chapter

Helen's POV: The next morning, while I was brushing my teeth, I received a call from the car dealership. They were asking me to pick up the car that morning. Of course, I would not dare to drive on my own. At this moment, I took a stealthy glance at George through the half-open bathroom door and contemplated whether or not I should ask him for help. However, I was worried he would make a big deal out of this as I had already bought a car and did not even mention it to him.. While I was in a deep thought, George called out to me from the living room. "Helen, are you ready? We should go now." "I'm ready." We took the elevator to the underground garage. George took my hand, led me to

his car, and pointed at the BMW not far away. "From now on, you can drive this car." This car cost about 150 thousand dollars. It was about the same price as Anya's car. It was flashy to drive such a car to work. Not wanting to be the object of discussion at the law firm, I refused George's offer at once. "No, thanks. But I don't want it." "Didn't you decide to buy a car yesterday? This car suits you." George put the car key into my hand as he spoke. I looked at the key and felt a little guilty. "Uh, well, Lucy and I went to a car dealership yesterday and bought a car. We've already paid the deposit. I'm going there today to pick the car up," I confessed. George's face darkened. "You've already bought it?" he asked in disbelief. I looked into his deep-set eyes and answered guiltily, "Yes." George drove me to the car dealership. And when he finally saw that car I had bought, his expression darkened even more. "Helen, are you trying to piss me off?" The saleswoman, who was standing next to the car, hurriedly explained, "Sir, this car has a good performance. How about I discuss to you its specifications in detail?" "There's no need. We won't buy it anyway." George put his arm around my shoulder and tried to lead me away. His face was so serious that it scared the saleswoman. But before we could reach the door, the saleswoman walked up to us and stopped us from leaving. "Sir, Miss Dewar has paid the deposit. I'm afraid it can't be refunded. Miss Dewar is a lawyer. Don't you think it's necessary for her to have her own car? The car she chose is the most bought in our shop, and she bought it at a bargain. Surely, you wouldn't want her to settle for less, would you? She certainly deserves better than those cheap cars. For such a car doesn't match her status at all." The saleswoman looked at George with disdain. She probably thought that he did not want me to buy the car because he thought it was too expensive. Honestly, I was still mad at George for his overbearing attitude. However, when I heard the saleswoman's remark about him, I broke into laughter. I stood beside the saleswoman and said to George, "I make my own money, and I can buy whatever I want. It's none of your business." To my surprise, George chuckled and, instead of leaving the shop, sat on the sofa leisurely. "Fine. Go ahead and buy it if that's what you want." His attitude changed so suddenly that I somehow panicked a little. What was going on here? Was this a trick? "Do you really want this car, which you believe matches your status, Mrs. Affleck?" George asked, intentionally stressing the last few words. I nodded seriously. "Yes." After a long period of silence, George made a concession. He stood up, walked over to the car, and gazed at it. "Why do I always end up helpless when it comes to you?" The saleswoman's face lit up with delight. With a beaming smile, she ushered us

to the payment counter. "This way, please. Please go to our financial department to complete the procedure for the loan. You'll be paying in 36 months installment, right?" "Yes." "Pay in full." Before I could process what George had just said, he took out his card and handed it to the saleswoman. For a moment, the saleswoman was stunned. But once she came to her senses, she took the card from George and praised him. "Sir, you're so kind to your wife! She's so lucky to have married you." I grabbed the card and returned it to George. "I don't need your money. I can handle it myself," I protested in a low voice. George stared at me with his deep-set eyes. Obviously, what I had just said upset him yet again. Just when I thought he was going to leave in a huff, he pointed at the car I had bought and then at another car in the exhibition hall. "Buy this or that one.". I followed the direction where he was pointing at. When I saw it, my eyes widened in shock. The car was of the same brand as the one I had bought, but it was the most expensive model. With my salary, I would not be able to afford it, even if I worked nonstop for ten years. I refused to give in, so we were at stalemate once again. But this time, he did not seem to have plans of giving in. In the end, I had no choice but to nod my head and use his card. It was only then that he stopped staring at me like a hawk. We left the dealership with the car a few minutes later. When the saleswoman saw us off, she found that George was driving a Rolls-Royce Cullinan. The way she looked at him changed again. Before exiting the dealership, I overheard the saleswoman mutter to herself, "He drives a car worth millions of dollars but only bought his wife a car worth only 200 thousand? No matter how rich and handsome a man is, it's useless if he's stingy. What a shame." This was probably the first time in George's life that he had been called stingy. I took a peek at George while trying to hold back my laughter. He must be annoyed as he was pulling a long face. Because the saleswoman was staring at him with disdain, George called the driver and asked him to drive his car away. Then, he pulled me into the new car we just bought and prepared to teach me how to drive. I sat on the driver's seat and started the engine confidently. Although I had barely driven a car again after getting my driver's license, I did not think driving was difficult. I just needed to step on the accelerator and use the steering wheel, did I not? Well, it turned out that I overestimated my driving skills. I ended up getting scolded by George, who was sitting in the passenger seat, the whole drive. I could not blame him. My driving skills were really awful. The coordination between my hands and feet was as bad as my cooking skills. In fact, I almost hit the flower bed. George clenched his jaw, probably in annoyance. "Don't

think about flying if you haven't learned how to walk.Slow down.You haven't done this in years and you'd better learn everything from the top all over again.Drive slowly and steadily." "What are you doing? Didn't you see the car lights in front of you? Why didn't you step on the brakes?" "Red light, red light!!" George's loud and angry voice echoed in my ears.He was so loud and annoying that I would get flustered whenever he spoke.I never expected that this man could be so long-winded.I tried my best not to snap at him, so I just said, "Shut up!" His nagging was pissing me off. When the lights turned green, George's nagging continued. Unable to take it anymore, I slammed on the brakes, turned the engine off, and got out of the car. "You think you're a better driver than me, don't you? You drive this by yourself.I don't want to drive anymore!" George got out as well and sat on the driver's seat. "You haven't gotten the hang of this car, and yet you think it's wrong for me to guide you? Do you have any idea how many cars are on the road? Don't you know that if you make even a minor mistake, you could have caused an accident?" Because of what George had said, I calmed down and regained my reason. Well, I could not refute his words.I just could not stand his overbearingness. The awkward silence between us did not last long as George apologized to me on the way back. He told me that he kept nagging at me simply because he was concerned about my safety. Although I understood where he was coming from, I just pouted and did not say anything. When I arrived at the law firm, I focused on my work and stopped thinking about George anymore. At noon, Lucy called me. "Helen, I've found the person you asked me to look for.Apparently, he's the director of the research and development department of the company in which Dyer had worked before.He's an expert in this field.Should you have any technical problems, you can consult him.I'm sure he can help you."

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 666: SECRET INVESTIGATION

List chapter

Helen's POV: Lucy was talking about the person I asked her to look for. I wanted to get in touch with someone who could help me investigate if there was really something wrong with my previous intelligence system. After hearing Lucy's words about the man's background, I couldn't help but glower. "The company that Dyer used to work for was a competitor of Zhester Technology, right? I don't think it's appropriate to ask him for help." I just wanted to investigate if Jane had tampered with the system that I had installed. I didn't want Zhester Technology to get embroiled in a commercial dispute. I admitted that part of me did blame George, but it never occurred to me to ever cause him any harm. Lucy thought for a moment and said, "If this person is not suitable, then I know of another person who can help. But he is not as skillful." "It doesn't matter. The most important thing is that he should be able to help me dig into this matter and at the same time keep this confidential. He must be someone you can trust." I outlined to her the details of what I required. This matter was of great importance, so I had to tread cautiously. Lucy complained helplessly, "You're really making it look like some kind of top secret mission! Anyway, are you free this afternoon? I'll set up an appointment for him to meet you." "Can he be trusted?" I asked again seriously. "Don't worry. He is absolutely reliable and trustworthy otherwise I wouldn't have suggested him. He is a scholar of a research institute and is not interested in business at all," Lucy promised firmly. At last, she couldn't help but complain, "What do you want to investigate anyway? Why are you so mysterious about it?" Although she was keen to know more, I didn't tell her so she stopped asking. Lucy was definitely a good friend. As long as I didn't want to talk about something, she would respect my privacy. This was the secret of our long friendship. We were interdependent on each other at times, yet independent at other times. We respected each other's space and didn't interfere in each other's private lives. But she would go the extra mile to help me with what I had asked her to do. That afternoon I requested Anya for leave to meet the academic research scholar Lucy mentioned. I was a little wary of him but after talking to him for a while, I gradually let down my guard and felt I could trust him. "Mr. Estrada, I have explained my situation to you. My therapist suspected that someone hypnotized me through the intelligent system while I was unconscious. I want to ask you if you can help me find any evidence in the database of the system." Carter Estrada was your regular technical nerd—thin and steady, wearing a pair of black glasses. When it came to the technical problems, he answered

them calmly. His answers were logical and succinct. Even I, a layman who knew nothing about professional skills, could comprehend. Although he didn't say much, every word he uttered, was pregnant with deep sense. "It involves a simple operation to restore your system account, but it's almost impossible to retrieve the backstage data through the devices installed in your house. If you want to access the complete data, you have to go through the database of Zhester Technology. But it's illegal to hack their database," Carter explained in an orderly manner of course I already knew that. That was why I wanted to find someone with expert technical ability to help me. Otherwise I wouldn't have called him at all. "Mr. Estrada, what do you think I should do then?" I asked, hoping beyond hope. Lucy had told me that the reason Carter had agreed to meet me was that he was currently working on a project relating to the problem I had encountered. His research investigated whether the intelligent system could manipulate the users at will and violate their privacy. But because of the lack of real cases to work with, his research project had come to a standstill. "Mr. Estrada, I grant you permission to analyze this case and write your findings in your report. But you need to ensure that it is kept confidential and the data is not exposed to the public." I was very clear that what I needed to do was to expose Jane. I had nothing against George or Zhester Technology. If this data ever leaked out, it would be a devastating blow to Zhester Technology. "Of course! I give you my word. I just want to finish my research and I am not interested in anything else." Carter spoke so candidly that I believed him. From that day forward, I was extremely busy. I had to secretly cooperate with Carter; I had to officially establish a legal team to liaise with Fantail Entertainment to conduct dutiful investigation; I had to put up with Raul, George's driver, pestering me to start taking driving lessons under his supervision. I barely had a minute to spare. I accommodated Raul by arranging with him to practice driving while on the way to the company. It was inevitable for me to run into my colleagues whenever I drove to or from work each day. When they asked about Raul, I could only say, "This is my driving coach." Phil complained painfully once, "I excuse you for not asking my advice when you bought a car. But why do you have to pay a coach to teach you how to drive when I am right here? Seems like you are loaded with dollars." "Your time is valuable. I can't afford it," I teased. I had seen George's bad temper when he was teaching me to drive. I certainly didn't want twice the dose from Phil. These men were just interested in showing off their superior driving skills to me than teaching me anything. Unlike those two, Raul was not egotistical. I trusted him as a good, patient

coach. Raul was a steady man, and he treated me with a very gentle and professional attitude. He taught me the basics first and if I made any mistakes, he would gently correct me. Instead of scolding me like George did, he always encouraged and motivated me. This attitude helped me learn very quickly. In less than a week, I became proficient at driving. I could drive confidently by myself. I sincerely expressed my gratitude to Raul, "Thank you, Raul. You have turned me into a responsible driver." Raul waved his hand and smiled. "You're welcome, Miss Dewar. Mr. Affleck seldom needs a driver, so I'm often free. It was a pleasure to teach you. You are a fast learner." I thought about it carefully. It was true that George rarely used a driver. He often drove to pick me up to and from work himself. "Anyway, thank you. If I have any questions that I don't understand, I will consult you." Raul praised me to the hilt. "Miss Dewar, you have evolved into a brave and careful driver. I believe you were just a little scared since you haven't driven for a long time, but you are now ready to take on your wheels. Mr. Affleck simply cares too much about you. He will do anything for you." For a moment, I even doubted if George had deliberately asked Raul to put in a good word for him. But soon I was convinced that George was genuinely worried about my safety, and the last hint of anger I held in my heart for him, gradually dissipated.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 667: MISUNDERSTOOD BY COLLEAGUES

List chapter

Helen's POV: After I had my own car, I was able to go to work and to Fantail Entertainment by myself, which was much more convenient and time-saving for me. Anya assigned two more lawyers to assist me besides Phil to do our due diligence on Fantail Entertainment. . Those two lawyers joined the law firm two years earlier than I did, but with average talents, they hadn't been able to take charge of any case now.

Technically, they were still at the same level as I was. I was a tad worried at first that they wouldn't do as I told them since I was only a newcomer. Fortunately, after working with them for a few days, I found that they were very cooperative, down-to-earth, and responsible. They just weren't ambitious enough yet to go desperately after a promotion, so they hadn't been promoted. I liked such reliable people as colleagues. To show my appreciation for them, I had invited them to dinner after work on Friday. I supposed it wouldn't hurt to get to know them outside of work. <https://novelebook.com/my-baby-s-daddy-bd2216.html?dev=tl> Because I wasn't as experienced as they were and hadn't been in the law firm for a long time, I occasionally felt a little awkward when I assigned them their tasks. I had just been hiding my nervousness so that I looked convincing and confident in front of them. Now the three of us were sharing a meal together. I seldom talked, so I mainly listened. "Miss Dewar, we used to be in other teams, so we didn't have much contact with you. I hope this doesn't put a downer on the lovely time we're having together, but we've heard some bad rumors about you. But getting to know you now, I realized that some rumors, if not all, were really just ridiculous, baseless nonsense." The person who said this was Tina James who was two years older than I was. She had been working in Hesmor Law Firm since she graduated from law school. "Oh? What kind of rumors?" I looked at Tina curiously. I hadn't been in the law firm for that long, and in my employment thus far, I had been working closely with Anya. I had been busy with the Zhester Technology case for a time, so I wasn't aware of any rumors going around about me in the firm. "It's really not that big a deal. Someone just claimed that you took advantage of your assignment to the Zhester Technology case to seduce its CEO, Mr. Affleck. Because of that, their technology director, Jane, slapped you in public," Tina explained in a lighthearted manner. I was shocked at first but ended up putting on an exasperated grin. That slapping incident was pretty well-known. "Of course we now know that you have nothing to do with Mr. Affleck. That's why rumors are stupid and a complete waste of time," Melissa Wolf, my other colleague, added quickly. She was my age, but she joined the law firm before I did. And speaking of Mr. Affleck, he was walking toward our table, as if our mention of his name pulled him out of thin air. I didn't expect to see George here. It seemed that I couldn't talk about other people behind their backs. Otherwise, they'd just suddenly appear. "Miss Dewar, what a coincidence!" George exclaimed and came over, his eyes twinkling with genuine mirth. Kendal was right behind him. "Fancy seeing you here!

What a happy coincidence! Do you ladies mind if we join you?” It was anything but a coincidence. Before I clocked out of work, I sent a message to George, telling him that I would take Tina and Melissa out and that I wouldn’t be home for dinner with him. To my surprise, he didn’t go home either. Instead, he grabbed Kendal and went to the same restaurant as we did. For a moment, Tina and Melissa just stared at the two handsome men with goo–goo eyes. George sat down on my right and Kendal on my left. As much as I would love to drive them away, I couldn’t, so I just smiled politely. Had they come to sabotage? My colleagues just mentioned the rumors about me and George and now here he was! How should I explain this to them later? Kendal was an outgoing and easygoing man. So far, he had uttered a total of three sentences, and Tina and Melissa seemed to have already warmed up to him. Kendal commented, “I heard that you are now in charge of Spacetime Finance’s acquisition case. In other words, you are on our side. And as a gesture of gratitude, it’ll be my treat tonight. Order whatever you like.” Tina and Melissa instantly blushed, and they batted their eyelashes at Kendal. They then refused with a smile, “You don’t have to do this. We’re simply doing our job.” “Oh, but I insist. It’s the least I can do to help you put up with Helen. I hope you can be patient with her. Is she bad–tempered? If she bullies you, just tell me, and I will help you teach her a lesson.” “Oh, no. Miss Dewar is very nice and professional. We all get along well with one another,” Tina and Melissa answered in a hurry. They looked back and forth between Kendal and me. Obviously, they had misunderstood something. Meanwhile, sitting next to me, George beamed at me like he was trying to get my attention. He slipped his hand under the table and twined his fingers with mine. I was pissed off by George and Kendal’s distracting presence, I yanked my hand out of George’s grip to pour myself a drink. After that, I kept my hands on the table, leaving no chance for him to touch me again. “We went to the same high school together, so we’re very familiar with one another,” I explained, smiling, Tina and Melissa had once misunderstood the relationship between me and George. If I didn’t explain how I knew George and Kendal now, it wouldn’t be long before rumors about us three circulated all over the law firm. However, I still thought that my explanation sounded inadequate. Although Tina and Melissa smiled and nodded in agreement, I could still see suspicion and even contempt in their eyes. Looking at them right now, I knew that the image that I had tried so hard to build at work would collapse any day now because of George and Kendal.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 668: OUTDOOR KISS

List chapter

Helen's POV: After dinner, we all walked out of the restaurant together. We bid one another goodbye and went our own ways. Eventually, only George and I were left. George called Raul and asked him to take his car. "Well, Mrs. Affleck, let me see how good your driving skills have been so far." George held my hand, and we walked toward my car. I had been holding back my chagrin through dinner. Now that everyone was gone, I didn't have a problem refusing George outright. I hissed, "A man of nobility like you deserves better than a ride in my car. Just take your own." "Are you angry with me? Running into you at the restaurant was really just a coincidence." As he spoke, he took a step forward and trapped me between my car door and his arm. He leaned so close that I felt his warm breath on my face. His deep yet gentle voice came to my ears. I had kept distance from him on purpose just now back in the restaurant. I was afraid that my colleagues would see through our relationship. If that happened, there was no imagining the kind of rumors that would go around about us. Chapter 667 Misunderstood By Colleagues It wouldn't only affect my career but also damage his reputation. However, George didn't seem to care at all. With my back against my car door and George's body practically on top of mine, I was, for all intents and purposes, backed in a corner. Seeing the painfully obvious desire in his eyes, I covered my mouth and shot daggers at him with my stare. "Are you so afraid of me, Mrs. Affleck?" George said with a smile, lowering his head. He reached out and pulled down my hand, squeezed my wrist, and then leaned in to kiss me. I had nowhere to go, and I couldn't stop him without physically hurting him and causing a scene. I ended up closing my eyes. It was the first time that we'd been so intimate in a public place. My heart started hammering against my ribcage. He kissed me slowly and gently for what felt like forever. When my knees finally turned to jelly, he

released me. The moment he let go, I hurriedly turned around and opened my car door. I hopped in the driver's seat and grasped my chest with my hand. It took a long time for me to calm down. George took the passenger seat and kept quiet the entire trip. He might not have spoken, but the expression on his face said all kinds of things. I was already very proficient in driving, but sitting next to me, George stared at me like he was going to swallow me alive. All of a sudden, I got so flustered and distracted that I almost drove through a red light. Fortunately, I was able to regain my composure and drive us home safely. When we entered the elevator, George finally decided to break his silence and said, "Your car is a little small." I was stunned for a while and then suddenly understood the real meaning behind his words. How could he want to have sex with me in the car? The thought made my face grow hot. I glared at him and snapped, "Are you thinking about sex all the time?" "Yes," George admitted frankly. I was expecting an outraged denial from him, but he didn't give it to me, so I wasn't able to spit out my sarcastic retort. As soon as I walked out of the elevator, George grabbed my hand and pulled me toward the front door. Next thing I knew, he was kissing me again. He sealed me inside an embrace so tight that I could feel his chest heaving. Soon, he was prying open my mouth with his tongue, and then he began suckling on my lips. A few moments later, he was reaching behind me and unzipping my dress with one fluid movement. As soon as my bare back touched the cold wall, I trembled helplessly. His hot, hungry kiss made my head spin. Our lips remained locked as I opened the door with my fingerprint. We devoured and undressed each other as we made our way to the bedroom. By the time our bodies hit the mattress, we were both stark naked. George pressed me under his body. He kissed me on the neck, caressed my breasts with one hand, and reached down toward my vagina with the other. He was very skillful. He gently drew circles around my nipple with his thumb while waggling his finger against my throbbing, aching clit. It sent through me a jolt of pleasure so mind-numbingly delicious that I almost passed out. Fluid poured out of me like crazy. "Wow, honey. You're already so wet..." George bent over and whispered in my ear with a smile. His voice was lower than usual, and it made my toes curl. I felt weak all over and couldn't help whimpering. I could only lay in bed powerlessly and be at the mercy of my man. George got up, grabbed a condom, and put it on. Then, he took my legs and draped them on his shoulder. He put a pillow under my buttocks and slowly entered me. I arched my back in response. "Oh... You're tight. Relax, honey." George put his hands on my waist and straightened his back. Before long,

he was fully inside me. I grabbed onto his arms and dug my nails into his skin. Fluid gushed out of me like water out of a leaky faucet. Slowly but surely, George began to move. He watched me as he plunged in and pulled out repeatedly. I gnashed my teeth together, trying to keep my moans of pleasure trapped in my throat. "Hmm..." The small sounds that I made seemed to fuel his passion. I looked at him and saw nothing but desire in his eyes. His long, slow strokes soon turned into quick, powerful thrusts. "Hmm!" Next thing I knew, George and I were screaming in sweet agony. He collapsed on top of me without pulling out of me. I wrapped my arms around his neck. The climax that we had just experienced together was so intensely electrifying that we both had been left with virtually zero energy. After a long time of cuddling, I broke out of George's arms and attempted to slip out of bed. I wanted to get up and take a shower, but he stopped me. "It's the weekend tomorrow." He didn't give me any chance to resist. He kissed me hotly once again, and this time, he was more violent than before. Yes, tomorrow was the weekend, but that didn't mean he could go too far with me in bed, did it? I was exhausted. I collapsed on the bed, unable to exert myself. Besides, I didn't have real weekends now. I didn't want to sit around and relax until the case was completed. I suddenly found myself wishing that weekends were four days instead of two. I had to read every artist's contract at Fantail Entertainment carefully, and I couldn't miss any important piece of information. "Focus on me," George muttered, reaching out and pinching my chin. He forced me to look up at him. He was very dissatisfied with my distraction. "How many times are you planning on having sex tonight?" I'd been working all day, and making love with George, albeit totally great and fun, was long and taxing. How could I have any energy for another round now? I just wanted to sleep. George sighed helplessly, bent over, and kissed me on the lips and then on the forehead. His movements now were gentle and restrained. He held me in his arms. I was sleepy, but then he suddenly started fucking me real hard. I felt like my soul had been floating in the air for a long time, and now it was about to leave me. Finally, we reached climax together, again. "I love you, Helen." George didn't want to let go of me. He hugged me tightly and whispered in my ear, "I've loved you for a very long time." I was in a trance for a moment. It was the first time that George confessed his love to me so frankly. I blinked, and my eyes stung with something. I couldn't decide if they were tears or sweat. I believed that his love for me was genuine, but I had never told him that I loved him back. Because I understood that love, regardless of its object, followed a

hierarchy. For example, among myself, my mother, Libby, and Jane, who did my father love the most and the least? Carter had retrieved a lot of reliable research data about that tampered system, and each of those data was now stored in an encrypted online database. I didn't know what George would do when I showed him those data. I couldn't help wondering that among myself, Jane, and Zhester Technology, who did George love the most and the least? To him, how important was I?

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 669: GET THE EVIDENCE

List chapter

Helen's POV: From the moment my mother found out that George and I were married, she refused to come home and spend weekends with us. No amount of persuading could make her change her mind. She preferred to stay in the hospital rather than burden me. She even suggested severing all ties with me and asked me to live with George under a new identity. I tried to convince her till I turned blue in the face, but it made no difference. She stuck to her guns. I didn't know whether to cry or to laugh at my mother's stubbornness. Eventually, I respected her decision and gave the nurse extra money to take better care of my mother. George and I were usually very busy even on weekends. He would normally conduct a meeting in the living room while I would be glued to my laptop in the study. In fact, I was communicating with Carter, the man who was trying to help me decode the intelligent system that was previously installed in my apartment. Carter had no access to the database of Zhester Technology. But through a careful analysis of the operations of the intelligence system at my home, he finally identified the developer of the hypnosis plug-in. Every hypnotist had their own special attribute and identity code. After getting the password of the plug-in, Carter was able to name the developer of the program. He revealed the name of the developer to me after a thorough investigation. I was a little

surprised because the name sounded familiar. "Carter, are you absolutely sure that the developer was Brian Jensen?" I remembered this name because when Jane first returned from abroad, the engineer she went to interview in Florida was named Brian Jensen. It was said that Brian was a prized asset after he was poached by Zhester Technology. It would explain why he would help Jane install such a plug-in in my intelligence system.

Chapter 668 Outdoor Kiss Carter said with certainty, "I'm one hundred percent sure that it's him. According to the information I found, he was fanatical about hypnosis. Many foreign websites carried his thesis and speech on the subject of hypnosis. As long as you get in touch with him, you will be able to get all the answers to your questions." "Okay, I understand. Carter, please send me all the evidence." "Sure! No problem." Then I opened the file sent by Carter. I couldn't help trembling when I looked at the complex data and links. Suddenly ghastly images of what happened during that traumatic time, flashed through my mind and the fear in my heart magnified tenfold. When my father jumped down from the building, I heard a dull thump as his heavy body landed on the ground. His blood splattered body landed at my feet. A river of blood flowed from his body to my feet, dyeing my white shoes red. Throughout those turbulent years, my mother and I stayed together, supporting each other through thick and thin. During our deepest, darkest moments of despair, our relatives just criticized us and laughed behind our backs, avoiding us like the plague. That was when my mother couldn't handle the stress and started to have mental problems. After we moved to New York, my mother still didn't get better. In fact, her health deteriorated rapidly and there was nothing I could do about it. All those memories suddenly came flooding back, engulfing me in a deluge of Biblical proportions. My pain, sorrow, despair, disappointment and even hatred intensified, almost suffocating me. I felt all my negative emotions snowball into a giant and sit on top of me. During that time when I was hypnotized, because I could not cope with those haunting memories from the past, I started self-torturing. My life was a living nightmare. I was a ghost of my former self and displayed extreme behavior patterns including trying to jump off a subway platform and trying to commit suicide. It turned out that Jane was the mastermind behind it all along. I leaned back in the chair, with my eyes closed. Immense hatred swept through my heart. At that moment, George suddenly walked into the room and asked, "Baby, what would you like me to cook you for lunch?" I quickly closed the laptop and took a deep, silent breath. I restrained all the negative emotions, for fear of exposing myself to George. I didn't want to disclose anything to

anyone about it just yet. At least I couldn't say anything before I met with Brian. I believed that George loved me and was trying to protect me, but there was no guarantee that he would be willing to give up Zhester Technology for me. "What's wrong? Why do you look so pale?" George bent over and gently touched my forehead with the back of his hand to check if I was feverish. His deep-set eyes were full of concern. I took a long breath to calm myself down. "Nothing serious. Just work related matters." George nodded slightly and repeated his question. "So what would you like for lunch? I'll cook for you." "Anything will do." I had no appetite whatsoever now. I followed him out of the study with the laptop in my hands. I had to come up with a way to meet Brian first. I was so engrossed in my thoughts that I didn't notice that George, who was walking ahead of me, had stopped in his tracks. I accidentally bumped into his back. He turned around, held me in his arms and helped me stand straight. "Be careful. What's on your mind? Why are you so many miles away?" "It's nothing." I rubbed the tip of my nose as we left the study. It hurt after I collided with George's back. "Helen, can you help me out in the kitchen please?" George poked his head out of the kitchen. This was the first time he had ever asked for my help when he was cooking. Since I had made such a mess in the kitchen before, George had banned me from the kitchen for fear that I might cause more chaos. "Okay," I answered, putting the laptop away. I then walked into the kitchen. George handed me an onion and said, "Slice it and put it on a plate." I took the onion and began to slice it according to his instructions. After a few moments, my eyes began to blur. I put down the knife and complained, "Hey, you did this on purpose." Without turning his head, George said lightly, "Just cry if you want to. Don't hold it back in your heart. I won't know the real tears from the ones brought on by the onion." When I heard his words, I was stunned. When did I want to cry? How did he sense that? Without thinking, I reached out my hand and tried to wipe the tears off the corners of my eyes. But as soon as my fingers touched my eyes, more onion juice entered my eyes, causing them to sting and burn even more. This time, tears really streamed down my cheeks, and the corners of my eyes were on fire. "George, my eyes hurt..." I couldn't help but wail like a kid. George turned off the gas in a hurry, took me to the sink and turned on the tap to wash my eyes. After my eyes were splashed with cold water, the burning sensation alleviated a lot. George took out a tissue and wiped my face gently. I raised my head and complained again, "You did it on purpose, didn't you?" George didn't respond. The smile at the corners of his mouth deepened. "Are you feeling better now?" "Yes! Actually, I feel

much better." After such a farce, I actually shed tears and the negative emotions that had accumulated earlier largely dissipated. A delicious aroma came from the saucepan on the stove. I leaned over and smelled it. "It smells divine. What are you cooking?" "Spaghetti. It will be done once I add the onions you almost finished slicing." George quickly sliced the onion that I hadn't finished slicing, then threw it into the pot and then ladled the spaghetti over. He did it so professionally, I could not help admiring his culinary skills. After lunch, I began to think about how to get a hold of Brian and trick him into admitting that Jane was the mastermind behind it. On Monday, I went to the garage with George and then we got into our respective cars. After he drove away, I started the engine and followed him. When we were about to reach Zhester Technology, my phone rang. It was George. "Are you following me?" he asked teasingly. Being discovered, I didn't intend to hide. I answered honestly, "No, I'm going the same way. Don't talk on the phone when you are driving. Bye." George slowed down, made a turn and drove into the company's underground parking lot. I did the same. He got out of his car, walked up to me and asked with a raised brow, "Are you meeting up with Soren?" I was wearing formal clothes today. I only adorned formal wear when I met clients so it was reasonable for him to think so. I did not argue and simply replied, "Yes, the merger case is closed. Miss Pierce asked me to visit him and get some feedback today." "What? Why don't you just come directly to me? After all, I am your real client," George chortled. "Do you understand the legalities between our lawyers?" I sneered, turned around and was about to walk towards the elevator. George sighed helplessly and followed me. "To be honest, I don't. Do you want to meet for lunch?" "No, thanks. Not today. I've arranged to have lunch with Lucy today," I said. Then I pushed him into the elevator and stepped out. "You'd better go upstairs quickly. I don't want anyone to see us together. I'll take the next elevator." There were numerous rumors about us at Zhester Technology earlier. Although we were now secretly married, we hadn't announced our marriage to the public. If we were spotted hanging out with each other too often, the rumors would restart and definitely go viral. Besides, meeting Soren was just an excuse. The real purpose of my visit to Zhester Technology was to see Brian. He held the key to the lock.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 670: THE MASTERMIND

List chapter

Helen's POV: Lucy had made an appointment with several candidates and got Brian as one of the interviewers. The interviews were held in a cafe outside Zhester Technology. After making sure that George had gone upstairs, I made my way to the cafe. When I arrived, the interviews had already commenced. I picked a table and sat down, and then turned on my laptop and started working. After the interviews were over, I took my laptop and walked over to Lucy and Brian. Lucy briefly introduced me. Brian and I had met each other before at Zhester Technology, but we'd never had close contact. Brian looked at me in confusion. "What can I do for you?" I set my laptop in front of him, showing him the encrypted data. I narrowed my eyes at him. He looked at the screen of my laptop blankly. Chapter 669 Get The Evidence After a few moments, his eyes widened in astonishment and glinted with recognition. "Why are you showing me this?" "Did you do this? Was it Jane who gave the order?" I asked coldly. "Yes, I did. She asked me to develop the program and told me it was for internal testing." I didn't know if Brian really knew nothing about it or if he was just playing dumb, but there was no trace of guilt or panic on his face. He seemed just plain confused. I sneered and opened the other files one by one. "Okay. Then take a good look at where this program was actually used." Carter was an organized person. He had sorted out and numbered all the files that he had sent me so that I could easily find the materials I wanted at any time. The file I opened showed the times that Brian's hypnosis program appeared in my apartment's smart system. They were listed in detail. Panic instantly twisted Brian's features. "How could this be?" I looked at him seriously and snapped, "Obviously, Jane didn't tell you the real purpose of this program. As its developer, you still have to bear legal responsibility. I'm telling you right now, I have a signed medical report from a licensed doctor proving that this program has caused serious damage to my mental health." I paused and then continued in a menacing tone, "I can sue you for attempted murder. I

have video evidence." "Attempted murder? What video evidence? What is going on?" Lucy stared at me. Then, she put my laptop in front of her and quickly skimmed through the evidence. Soon, she understood what had happened. She pounded her fist on the table and exclaimed, "Did Jane order Brian to do this? Did she try to hypnotize you and make you commit suicide without realizing it?" Lucy had always been a hot-tempered woman. When I nodded my response to her questions, she shot up from her seat, pointed at Brian, and shouted, "The evidence is here! Do you still want to harbor that evil woman? She was trying to kill Helen! You developed this program. Whether you like it or not, you have a hand in this!" Brian's face darkened. After a long silence, he finally raised his head and asked, "What do you want me to do?" "Testify against Jane for me." I had prepared well before I came to the cafe. I took out a bunch of papers and laid them in front of Brian. It was his testimony. I'd taken the liberty of filling it with all the relevant information. "Sign this testimony." I had prepared his testimony in advance because I was worried that he would suddenly go back on his word and turn on me when I took this to court. For quite a while, I had been secretly collecting relevant evidence and testimony without telling anyone. I had finally come to this point, and I couldn't let all my previous efforts be wasted. "As long as you sign your name on this testimony, you can prove yourself innocent. Although you are the developer of this hypnosis program, you are unaware of its intended purpose, which Jane deliberately kept secret from you. If you don't sign this testimony, then you're Jane's accomplice. I assure you that if this goes out, you will be ruined. When the smoke clears, it will be very difficult for you to advance your career in the industry. Think it over." I put on a determined expression, prodding Brian to consider the pros and cons carefully. Looking at the testimony, Brian gritted his teeth, picked up the pen, and signed his name. "Fine, I'll sign it. I'm not afraid of anything because I really have no idea what Jane has done with my work. I'm her employee, but I'm only guilty of following her orders, not of helping her commit a crime. If she has used the program I developed to do something illegal, I will never tolerate it." After he signed the papers, I took back my laptop and breathed a sigh of relief. Today's meeting went more smoothly than I anticipated. After getting Brian's signature on the testimony, I finally felt the heavy weight lifted off my chest. After Brian left, Lucy exploded. She had been suppressing her anger the entire time. "Helen, do you really still think of me as your friend? So many things happened when I was away, but you never mentioned a word of them to me." "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hide everything from you. I didn't know the

truth until recently," I explained in a low voice. Lucy stepped forward and hugged me tightly. "How much hardship did you suffer when I was away?" Lucy's eyes were red and full of love and care for me. I couldn't help feeling moved. She was the only person who truly cared about me with all her heart and was considerate of my feelings. "Does George know what Jane has done to you?" Lucy asked through gritted teeth. "I think he does," I replied flatly. "This is too much, Helen! We can't let that awful woman get away with this. You can't be soft-hearted this time," Lucy cried. "I know, I know." I was no longer that little girl who was always at a loss when something bad happened and turned to others for help. I knew what I was going to do and what I should do. Lucy had to leave for another interview. I gathered my stuff and went to the parking lot. When I got to my car, George was there, leaning against my car door and looking at me with a smile.