

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 701: GEORGE'S UNEASINESS

List chapter

George's POV: "Yes, I have." I ignored the sarcasm in Kendal's remark and nodded in agreement instead. From the moment I fell in love with Helen, her name was indelibly imprinted in my heart. There was no room for anything else in my heart, but her. "Seems like you are not here to have dinner with me but rather to show off your love life to me, right? I know you just got married. But is it necessary to shove your love life in my face all the time? How can you treat your single buddy like this?" Kendal shot me a resentful stare. I abruptly ignored his comments and asked, "Where is Velma? Didn't I tell you to bring her along?" "She's so busy filming these days that she doesn't even have time to have dinner with us." Kendal was fuming mad. Curling his lip, he said bitterly, "That wicked girl really managed to hook up with Sanford and now she is having a royal time bragging about their love on social media every day. You two just keep rubbing it in my face because I am single. You all do it on purpose, don't you?" I smiled. Thinking of his messed up relationship with Cece, I didn't say anything more. Soon, all the dishes I ordered were served. Kendal and I chatted about random things while eating. When we were about done eating, I asked him, "Does Leeson Holdings have anything to do with your family? They are Helen's client now. I heard that a female elder of Velma's introduce the project to her." I was too busy to think about the whole thing thoroughly before. But now that I did, I suddenly realized something was off. As far as I knew, the Collins family had no connection with Leeson Holdings whatsoever. Velma was always arrogant and willful, and spent almost every waking moment partying and having fun. It was not in her nature to care about other people's jobs. Who was this female elder anyway? Why was she helping Velma? I didn't think that Velma was capable enough of making the elders of her family introduce good clients like Leeson Holdings to just

anyone, let alone someone she could barely call her friend. It just did not make sense that she wanted to do Helen such a favor. $\mu\sigma\nu\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\beta\sigma\kappa.\zeta\sigma\mu$ The more I thought about it, the more I suspected that something was wrong. "An elder of the family? Why haven't I heard from her mention anything like that? Just a minute. I'll call her now. She's getting so wayward." After putting down his cutlery, he made a video call to Velma in front of me. Soon, the phone was connected. "What's going on?" asked Velma impatiently. "Velma, did you introduce any clients to Helen lately?" "No! Why would I do that?" Velma's tone was derisive, but she looked perplexed. This was not good, so I asked harshly, "Who on earth was that lady?" Velma blinked her eyes rapidly. She pressed her lips guiltily and then spilled the beans. "Oh, no one special, really. Just someone I know. You don't know her." Now, I felt very uneasy. Although Velma was arrogant and wilful, it was easy to see through her because her expressions always gave her away. If what Velma said was true, that lady was someone we didn't know, then why would she try to hide it? "Come over here and make things clear. Now!" said Kendal sternly. "I don't have a minute to spare. I'm still busy filming." Then she hung up the phone to evade us. I was getting more and more anxious. I picked up the car key and walked out, ready to go to her then and there and demand answers. "George, where are you going?" Kendal asked. Without looking back, I continued to walk out, only saying, "To the filming studio." "Wait! I'll come with you." Kendal hurriedly followed me. Then we got into the car and drove off. Velma's shooting site was a little distance away. I turned on the navigation and was about to drive there. On our way, Kendal comforted me, "Bro, don't be so nervous. Maybe you are overthinking." I didn't respond to Kendal. All I wanted was to reach the filming site as quickly as possible and get my answers. After a while, I just said, "I can't take any chances." Helen and I had gotten back on track after much difficulty. Everything was going well now. I couldn't allow anything untoward to happen. As we were reaching the filming studio, the security guard outside stopped us. "Who are you? You don't look familiar." "Could you please call Velma Collins here? I have to talk to her about something urgent." "Who are you? Velma Collins is filming and she cannot be disturbed." The security guard was determined and refused to allow us access. The place was crowded and it was impossible to spot Velma from a distance. To make things worse, we couldn't even get in. Obviously, Kendal knew that I was anxious. He honked the horn at the door and shouted, "Velma Collins! Come out here!" I then called up the producer of this crew. The producer instructed the security guard at the gate to allow us in. Since Velma was the lead actress

in the show, it meant that Spacetime Finance was the investor. So it was not difficult to find the person in charge. I went quickly to Velma. Because it concerned Helen, I didn't have the time or patience to beat about the bush with her. I got straight to the point. "Was it my mother who introduced Leeson Holdings project to Helen? Did you take her to Helen?" This matter was of great importance to me so I raised my voice at her. Ησνελεβσσκ.φσμ Velma quickly hid behind Kendal, with fear in her eyes. "It's none of my business! Mrs. Affleck went to Spacetime Finance on her own and happened to meet Helen. It has nothing to do with me!" Kendal felt sorry for his cousin, so he stood before her and tried to calm me down. "Be nice. Don't scare her." I took a deep breath and forced myself to calm down. Then I asked in a softer tone, "Why did Erin go to Spacetime Finance? She seldom showed up in public these past few years. Why did she suddenly go there? Did you say something to her?"

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CHAPTER 702: WHERE DID THE PHOTOS COME FROM

List chapter

George's POV: "Mrs. Affleck just showed up on her own and said she wanted to visit my father. I didn't bring her to Helen. She went to see her by herself. Don't worry. She didn't make things difficult for her," Velma blabbered in haste as I pressed her. I couldn't find the slightest loophole in her words, but I knew my mother very well that she couldn't have gone to Velma's father for no reason. Helen and I tried to be as careful as possible. How did my mother find out about us? "Did she recommend Helen to Leeson Holdings?" I asked, holding myself back. Why did she see Helen alone? How much did she know about our relationship? Why did she introduce new clients to Helen instead of telling her who she was? A million questions burned at the back of my mind. I couldn't figure out what could be my mother's intention, leaving me at a loss. "I don't

know.Maybe your mother meant well.She even exchanged contact details with Helen after she heard that she was a lawyer," Velma excused, clearing herself of responsibility. "How did she know that I was with Helen?" I pried further, pinpointing the key point of the matter. We never announced our marriage to the public. Helen had her qualms about people catching wind of our secret, so she strictly maintained her distance from me outside our home.She never approached me unless necessary. Despite our efforts, rumors still spread one after another. The only saving grace was they simply thought we were dating or something. "Look, I have no idea.Someone sent some photos of you with Helen to Mrs.Affleck.She came to me as soon as she received those photos.Even so, you can rest assured I didn't snitch on your marriage to her.I promise!" she insisted. "Photos? I don't understand." Helen and I didn't take pictures, hardly ever. "Yes, you were captured being intimate, much more in the videos.The person behind this may be your rival in love or spites the Affleck family.Anyway, they are definitely up to no good," Velma explained in a low voice after giving me a wary look. Hearing this, I immediately thought of Jane.She was the only one who had the opportunity to snap our private moments and the motivation to do so. "I've told you the whole story, even if Mrs.Affleck asked me to keep mum about this.Besides, as I said, she didn't give Helen a hard time.She even offered her a job.Maybe it's not as bad as you think.Anyway, I have a scene to shoot, so I should be going now!" Velma dismissed, her voice trailing off, filled with guilt.I could tell. Getting the answer we wanted, Kendal and I drove back home, albeit with dampened spirits, worse than our mood when we came earlier. Of all the people my Helen could meet, it had to be my mother.I clung to the hope that the woman could be any elder acquainted with Velma. She only confirmed my fear.I hadn't brought my wife home for a reason.I knew my parents, especially my mother. She had never been a gentle and tolerant woman. To expect her to accept Helen was far from reality. At any rate, my parents would eventually discover our relationship, hence my plan of confessing to them after the election. It would be best if I could get their consent and blessing. If not, I wouldn't compromise easily. However, my mother had gone to see Helen as soon as she learned about us.I felt queasy. Helen and I had no solid foundation to begin with.I'm afraid our love for each other wouldn't stand my mother's wrath.I went home anxious to my core. Realizing it was too late to discuss this, I gave up, so I greeted my parents as usual and headed to my bedroom. Maybe I should take the night off and deal with my mother tomorrow.I crashed onto my bed, tossing and turning until the break of dawn, unable to

sleep a wink. Soon there was a knock on the door. "George, I had the cook make your favorite breakfast. Come and join us." It was already early in the morning, huh? I got up to wash up before going downstairs. By the time I reached the dining area, it was eerily quiet. Neither of us spoke. It was like the calm before the storm. Once we finished our meal, I looked up at her. "Mom, shall we talk in the study?" My father had left for work after breakfast, so it was just my mother and me. "Sure," my mother replied. She instructed the maid to clean the table as she walked towards the study. I couldn't read any emotion on her face. "Mom, I remember when I came home last time, I told you to stay out of my business," I reminded her when we were alone in the room. Starting with that might incite some reaction from her. *ισνελεβσσκ.ζσm* "What happened? Why would you say that now?" She sat gracefully on the sofa, brushing a gentle glance at me. I considered sitting down and having a good talk with her if only I could disregard her pretense. Then I changed my mind. "It was during that holiday you investigated both Jane and Lucy, plus you set up a meeting for me and Josie without my prior knowledge. I believe I was clear at that time. Even if you are my mother, you can't police my affairs again and again. It seems you ignored my plea and went to Helen," I clarified, stressing about her snooping on every girl involved with me. "Miss Dewar? It was not like I deliberately approached her. I chanced upon her when I visited Mr. Collins in Spacetime Finance. We just chatted a little. Is there anything wrong?" She carefully chose her words. My mother had always been thorough. Each time, I kept failing to uncover proof of her impure motives, her every move meticulously calculated. "Where did you get the photos?" I implored, knowing that the conversation was going to get me nowhere. "So you also knew about the photos? I admit I received some photos and had someone look into them. The sender was so cunning that I couldn't trace them." I sensed the uneasiness in her tone. The photos were one thing, but if the person behind this meant to attack the Affleck family, as Velma suspected, there would be alarming consequences. *ισνελεβσσκ.ζσm* It was a critical time in my father's election. My mother would not let anything smear our family name. "Could you show me the photos?" I asked.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 703: HELEN IS UNDESERVING OF MARRYING INTO THE AFFLECK FAMILY

List chapter

George's POV: My mother turned on the computer and directed me to the mailbox from which she had received the photos. "I've had someone check it out but he came back empty handed." "Let me try and hack it." My mother stood up quickly and gave me her seat. I sat in front of the computer and typed as fast as I could on the keyboard. I tried really hard to keep my anger under control. "George, will you be able to trace the sender?" my mother asked, her voice much softer than before. "Yes!" After all, I worked in the Internet industry. Finding out an IP address would take me under ten minutes. As I expected, this mean act had Jane's name written all over it. My mother asked with angst, "George, who sent it? Are they targeting our family?" She had always put the family honor ahead of her own. "No. It has nothing to do with our family. They're after me," I replied casually, while my attention was focused on those photos. Those photos were all of Helen and me, taken in the elevator, in the garage and by the lake in our neighborhood. Some were really intimate. Although I was very angry that someone had secretly revealed my relationship with Helen to my mother in such a despicable manner, these photos were indeed perfectly captured, showing that Helen and I were unmistakably close. The shooting angles seemed deliberate which meant that they were taken by a professional. Before I saw these photos, I never knew how gentle and sweet Helen could be whenever she came close to me. These photos said it all. As I looked through these photos, I sent them to my email to save a copy for future reference. But my mother was still worried. She asked again, "Are you sure no one is trying to target our family?" "No, it's from someone I know," I replied briefly. "Don't worry about it. I'll handle it." "Then why did that person send the photos to me? What's their intention?" "Mom, it's obvious that they are aware of your belligerent character. So clearly they wanted you to create trouble between Helen and me in an effort to separate us. They were just using you to get their work done as smoothly as possible. If you really want to argue with me about this matter,

then they would have succeeded in their mission. Don't fall into their trap." It wasn't hard to guess why Jane sent those photos to my mother. She wanted to inform her about my relationship with Helen in a roundabout way. Obviously she was devious enough to provoke my mother into separating us. I thought Jane would have remembered how her evil plan backfired the last time and she would learn her lesson. But no! She actually took her revenge a step further. My mother had always valued family relationships, so I made it a point to remind her not to allow outside influences to sabotage our family. However, she still gave me a dose of her stubborn medicine. "George, you are still young. I don't mind if you just fool around with Helen for fun. But fooling around is very different from making that person your life partner. Your bride must come from a family of equal social stature as our Affleck family. You can't just randomly pick up some cheap tart from the street. I am advising you as a concerned mother who knows what is best for you. There is no room for negotiation on that matter." I retorted firmly, "Mom, I love Helen. She's the only woman I want to spend the rest of my life with. I won't marry anyone else except her. There is no room for negotiation on that matter!" I threw back her words into her face. "I hope you and Dad can accept Helen and not cause any unnecessary drama." When I looked at my mother, I sensed a dark storm cloud hover over her head. She said threateningly, "Let me make myself abundantly clear. Young man, as long as I am still alive in the Affleck family, I won't allow you to marry her." I was not at all surprised by her words. My mother had been in the Affleck family for more than a decade. Her sense of social hierarchy was so deeply ingrained in her bones that her attitude toward Helen would not change overnight. So, I came here just to show my attitude. I wanted her to know that I was willing to challenge her authority and break her principles too. Helen would be my wife and no other. I was sensible enough not to expect them to accept Helen immediately. They could take their time. "Mom, in that case, there is no need for us to discuss this topic any more. You are set in your ways and so am I. I refuse to budge. Just one thing. Please stop bothering Helen. And more importantly, whatever your agenda regarding the Leeson Holdings project, just get over it." I thought about it for a long time, but still couldn't fathom out why my mom would introduce Helen to the project. It made me feel apprehensive. "Did she talk ill about me? What purpose could I possibly have? I introduced a client to her out of kindness. Not only was she ungrateful, but she even suspected my motive was not pure! How could you believe her words over your own mother? She is trying to make me look bad in your eyes." My mother was bitter and

spoke of Helen venomously. The more she said, the blunter she became. "So, in my opinion, girls from poor families are all just gold diggers." I couldn't bear her humiliation of Helen. I explained to her seriously, "Mom, don't speak about my future wife like that! Helen is a wonderful soul. She doesn't know your identity, nor does she care. She didn't tell me about this. I stumbled about this truth on my own. I want you to have no contact with her in the future. Otherwise, don't blame me if I break off my relationship with you." Helen was the apple of my eye. I had never entertained a single bad thought about her. How could I allow others to bad mouth her? Even my parents were not exempt. "What do you mean? You will cut ties with your parents for a woman? What has that vixen done to you?" my mother asked incredibly. I had anticipated my mother's opposition regarding social rank, but I didn't expect her to show Helen in such a bad light. Looking at my mother's face pregnant with fury, I realized that I could not talk to her, for she would not understand. My parents' orthodox views had accompanied them in their journey in life. It would not be easy to make them see life from a different perspective. It was just hard to teach an old dog new tricks. Both of us were very angry with each other when I marched out of the study. I went back to New York from Washington, and then drove to Princeton, my mother's words echoing in my mind all the time. I couldn't wait to see Helen and hug her. Unfortunately, when I arrived at the hotel, Helen rejected me. She said that it was not yet Wednesday, and that she was too busy with her work to spare any time to see me. As usual, she stuck to her principles, leaving me high and dry. She would always devote herself wholeheartedly to her work and become oblivious of my feelings whenever she was busy. She had no idea how consumed I was with worry.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 704: JANE'S REVENGE

List chapter

Jane's POV: After I sent the photos out, I waited with bated breath for the conflict of the Affleck family to unleash. I impatiently waited for Erin to confront Helen with angry accusations and I even expected George to charge at me with a serious interrogation.. But alas! In the end, nothing spectacular happened. George didn't approach me. Even when I almost literally collided into him in the elevator, he completely ignored me as if we were strangers. He didn't even stoop to look in my direction. We had worked together so fruitfully for so many years, but all that changed when Helen entered the scene. He not only consciously distanced himself from me, but he also had the audacity to kick me out of the company. Everything was peachy before we came back. Even if George and I were just friends, at least I had the honor of being the only woman who could get close to him. This kind of intimacy was rare. But my applecart was upset when Helen catapulted into his life like a misguided meteorite. A few days later, I was annoyed when the landlord informed me that I had to vacate the premises. When I had just returned from abroad, George had rented this apartment for me which was just downstairs from his apartment. The proximity was convenient. Now George had summarily asked me to move out so I had no choice but to leave. When I had come to New York, I was under the notion that I would return to the headquarters abroad soon, so I continued to rent the house and didn't consider purchasing it. I didn't expect to lock horns with Helen and that so many unsavory things would transpire. In fact, with my financial status, I could afford to rent an apartment or even buy one in this elite neighborhood, but it was not necessary. By now the whole Affleck family must have found out about Helen and George's clandestine relationship. I knew the Affleck family only too well. With their social standing and mighty high expectations, there was no way that George's grandfather or his parents would accept a lowlife like Helen into their family. So, I just needed to wait for their conflict to explode and sit back and watch. But I underestimated how potentially ruthless George could be. I was gobsmacked to receive a letter from his lawyer a few days later, accusing me of invading his privacy. How cruel and merciless could George be? As I perused the lawyer's letter, my heart shattered. I had spent more time with him than Helen had. We had lived together in a fun relationship from the time we were still studying abroad till the time we conceptualized the idea of the business jointly. I didn't expect him to be so ruthless and ungrateful. He had hurt my feelings countless times for Helen's sake. With that in mind, he couldn't blame me for paying him back with my unique brand of cruelty. The battle between Helen and me was far from over. Helen's POV: The

Yeadon Real Estate project was keeping me on my toes. I had to double check all the documents and clauses of the contracts of this project thoroughly. I couldn't afford to be careless and make any mistakes. It was no fun meeting the insipid Mason Browns, the person in charge of this project of the Yeadon Real Estate. He was always so full of bitter complaints. It gave me an earache to listen to his crap. "We've been planning this project for the last five years and we have put so much of effort into it. It's a very promising project with so much potential. If the company's capital chain hadn't broken, we would have retained it instead of having it transferred to Leeson Holdings." Whenever these words fell out of Mason's mouth like a tap, I would respond in a simple and polite manner. Why would he keep repeating himself? Under normal circumstances, the acquired target company would conceal their reasons for transferring the project, especially if it involved a lack of funds. Highlighting such a crisis would expose their weaknesses to the acquirer. If the acquirer was aware of their lack of funds, they would put themselves in a passive position. Besides, when the two sides negotiated, the acquirer would definitely lower their offer. But Mason didn't seem to care about compromising the integrity of his company. I shared my confusion with Erick, who was curiously, also in doubt. He ventured, "Maybe everyone in the industry already knows that the capital chain of the Yeadon Real Estate is broken. He is probably making us aware so that our investigation is facilitated. Then he can speed up the process and acquire the funds as soon as possible." In fact, I also thought that was what Mason meant. He might have thought that we had investigated too carefully, so he used this excuse to make us conclude the investigation as soon as possible. Later, Mason chatted with me in confidence. He stated, "Actually, Devin from Leeson Holdings and I have spoken at length and have ironed out all outstanding issues. We are both satisfied that the agreement to transfer the project should be concluded shortly. Now I entrust you with the responsibility of conducting a dutiful investigation purely as a matter of routine. Don't be too apprehensive. I know how much of reading your team have to do each day and that it will be hard." I replied politely with a confident smile, "Thank you for your concern. But it's all in a day's work. It's no big deal because we are used to working in this manner. I had always kept in mind the golden rule that Anya and Phil had taught me. No matter how the target company or the acquirer tried to influence me to speed up my work or overlook small details, I should always stick to my working principles that involved absolute thoroughness. Since I would be held accountable, I would have to carefully

check every contract and document to make sure that everything was in order. After checking through my work carefully one day, I found a glaring error. I found a problem relating to the land ownership of the Yeadon Real Estate. No matter how many times I checked, I could not find it online at all. That was rather strange! When George called me, I was so stressed at work trying to figure out this conundrum, that I was in no mood to entertain his smooth talk. He seemed to have sensed the strain in my voice, so he behaved sensibly this time and just said, "Baby, you can concentrate on your work. When you're done, you will find me patiently waiting for you in the hotel." "Okay, that suits me fine." After calming down, I realized that I was a bit cold with him on the phone so I sent him a message. "Today is only Tuesday. Why did you come a day earlier?" He replied succinctly, "Because I miss you." His simple, straightforward words rocked my heart and I felt an intense yearning for him. I wished I could leave my work and go back to the hotel to see him right now. We hadn't seen each other for only two days, but I was missing him like the desert missed the rains. Everyone had completed the tasks assigned to them timeously so there was no need to slog overtime. Suddenly, I found myself in a great mood. With work out of the way for the day, my thoughts shot to my patient, loving George, who was waiting for me in the hotel room. I was dying to see him. Suddenly I wished I had a dozen eyes so that I could take in more of him with my hungry gaze. "Where are you off to so early? Don't you want to hang out with us for a bit?" Erick asked, curious about my plans for the rest of the day. I was always the last one to leave each day, being the one to round off matters before calling it a day. Tina and Melissa also said, "You seldom get off work this early. Shall we go out for dinner together? And maybe later have a night out on the town?" I turned back to address them and with a flimsy wave of my hand, declined their invitation. "I'm feeling a little under the weather today. I think I'd better go back to the hotel room and have a rest. It will do me a world of good." Michelle enquired about my well-being with some degree of concern, "Are you feeling unwell? Shall I accompany you back to the hotel? I can watch over you for a while." "No, thanks. I'll be fine. Have a great time." "Well, make sure you have a good rest. Put out the "Do not disturb" sign. I'll get you some dinner on my way back." After bidding them a happy goodbye, I walked briskly towards the hotel. There was a spring in my step as I approached my destination. I was impatient to hold my love in my arms.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 705: NO ONE CAN SEPARATE US

List chapter

Helen's POV: Fortunately my colleagues didn't go back to the hotel with me. I breathed a sigh of relief and walked steadily to the door of George's room without hesitation. George had left the card key for me on the front desk, so I didn't knock on the door. I swiped the card key and opened the door directly. The light in the room was on so I knew that George was inside. I closed the door behind me as I walked in. George was standing on the balcony, looking out of the window, deep in thought. He was so caught up in his thoughts that he didn't seem to hear me enter. I walked over quietly and wanted to frighten him, but I didn't expect him to suddenly turn around. Ironically, I was the one who ended up getting scared. I staggered and leaned backwards. I was wearing stilettos. Lost my balance, I almost fell to the floor. Fortunately, George quickly reached out and held my waist to prevent me from falling. Then I regained my balance with his help. "Why did you turn around so unexpectedly?" I glared at him, annoyed. If he had not moved fast enough, I would have fallen to the floor. In reply, George hugged me tightly in his strong arms. Then he lowered his head and kissed me passionately. I was unprepared for such an intense kiss. I only came to my senses when I felt almost suffocated by his enthusiastic kiss. His kiss made me weak in the knees. I felt inclined to wrap my arms around his neck and press my body against his. I could feel the heat of his body through his clothes. I then realized that we were on the balcony. The glass window of the hotel was transparent so anybody could have seen our naughty behavior. I pushed him away with embarrassment, indicating to him to let me go. He gasped, and his warm breath enveloped my face, making me feel limp and numb. He didn't get angry even when I pushed him away. Instead, he took his hands off my waist and interlocked all his fingers with mine. He stood in front of me in silent wonder. I immediately sensed that something was wrong, so I asked with concern, "What's wrong? Are you unwell? Or is there a

problem at work?" He still didn't answer but just stared at me. There was an imperceptible sense of guilt in his eyes, as if he was hiding something in his heart. Suddenly, my heart felt like it was dropping toward my feet. I asked, "Tell me, have you done something behind my back? Did you cheat on me?" I couldn't think of any other reason why he might be so perturbed. George had always been a man who could hide his emotions. No matter what had happened in the past, he always bathed me with positive vibes. Now it felt different. He shook his head and refused to utter a word. I couldn't say that I wasn't very worried now. "No? Then why do you have that guilty look on your face?" I stood on tiptoe and turned his face to me, leaving him no chance to escape. George's eyes glistened, and he whispered, "Helen, can you quit the project of Leeson Holdings? I'll give you other projects to work on." He spoke suddenly, looking a little serious. My heart stopped, and I asked nervously, "Why? What happened? Is there something wrong with this project?" I had to tread very carefully when it came to work related matters. Besides, George was in charge of a large company. Perhaps he had heard some damning internal information. George shook his head and said, "No. Helen, I need to tell you something." Seeing him so serious, I felt a sharp chill in my heart. Had he really done something wrong to me? George seemed to have read my mind. He was both upset and amused as he tapped on my forehead. "What are you thinking about? Don't you trust my moral integrity? How could I ever do anything to hurt you?" "I don't know. It is said that successful men like you look serious on the surface, but are really just lascivious." George's words relieved the lump in my heart, so I teased him. He smiled helplessly and said, "Actually, the lady who introduced the project of Leeson Holdings to you is my mother." I covered my forehead with both hands and looked at George in disbelief. "What? Is she your mother?" All of a sudden, I became nervous and started perspiring. The scene of meeting that lady kept flashing through my mind in ghastly images. "Why did she hide her identity and approach me?" Apart from being on tenterhooks, I was angry because George's mother had chosen to meet me in this strange way instead of an official appointment. It was really disrespectful. I could accept George's mother's objection to our relationship. I could even accept it if she confronted me. It would be reasonable. But she seemed to have carefully planned a strategy that I could not understand. First she had the driver of her car rear-end my car on purpose. Then she designed an encounter with me in Spacetime Finance. Then she went to the law firm to introduce a project to me. It was all so tactical. I couldn't figure out why she had

proceeded in this way, so I was even more nervous. "Helen, don't be afraid. I won't let her hurt you. I told her in no uncertain terms that she is not to bother you again." George cradled me in his arms and promised sincerely. His partiality towards me made me feel secure. This was the first time that George and I had talked about his family. We had an unspoken understanding to avoid the topic of our family backgrounds. I could understand his situation just like he did for me. I looked at him and asked in a soft voice, "How did she get to know that we were together?" "It was an unintentional leak from Velma." "Then what are you going to do about it?" In fact, I had predicted that this day of revelation would come. There was a huge gap between the economic and social statuses of our families. Even if George loved me, he had to take into consideration his family honor and the feelings of his elders. I had even guessed that George would choose his family over me. I had always felt insecure and unconfident when it came to love. I closed my eyes and visualized George divorcing me according to the instructions of his family. My heart began to break up into little pieces and float around. I could hardly breathe from the inner pain I was experiencing. But still, I displayed a calm demeanor and waited for him to announce his final decision. I lowered my head slowly and couldn't bear to look into his eyes. I had even contemplated running out of the room. When I was lost in various fancies and conjectures, George suddenly held me tightly in his arms. I could feel his heartbeat. A long, deep sigh came to my ears. "Helen, I've told you that I won't change my mind. You're my wife and I will never leave you for anyone or anything. You have to have faith and trust that our love can withstand anything. Trust me. We will be together for the rest of our lives. No one can ever separate us. Don't you want to grow old with me?"

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 706: PUBLICLY DECLARE OUR RELATIONSHIP

List chapter

Helen's POV: George seemed to have noticed my discomfort. He took me in his loving arms and said earnestly, "We will live happily together for the rest of our lives. We will nurture and sustain our relationship against all odds. Nothing can tear us apart."

"Okay. I'm willing to make that happen." I leaned my face against George's chest and nodded lightly. Although my answer was easier to state than George's sincere confession and promise and it might seem a bit unfair for him, I was actually so deeply moved at the level of my soul by his words. At that moment, all previous doubts dissolved. I realized that I was his one and only choice. I had never felt so special before. I stretched out my hands and drew his waist closer to me. After a long time, I eased into relaxation. Then I raised my face from his chest and asked, seeking clarification. "Why do you want me to quit this project? Is there anything wrong with it?" Knowing George, he would never bring himself to ask me to quit a project without a good reason. There had to be something amiss with this project for him to request me to quit it midway. George held me in his arms, gently stroked my hair, and said, "I haven't discovered anything wrong with it yet. But I still advise you to quit this project. Knowing my mother, she must have some grand purpose in whatever she is doing. I suspect that she will use the project to hurt you. So quitting the project is highly recommended." "But since there is no problem with this project, why should I quit? We have put in a lot of work into this project. Anya and other senior lawyers have all helped me check it out. With their wealth of experience, they have not found any loopholes, so it should be sound. Most importantly, this is a big project. If I complete it successfully, it will do wonders for my career. It would be a giant leap for me, so I don't want to quit unless I absolutely have to. Let me do it, please; or I will regret it for the rest of my life." "Okay. If you feel so strongly about it, then go ahead." George sighed helplessly, and then he held me tightly in his arms, acquiesced in my continuing the project. "George!" I rubbed my cheek against his arms and couldn't help feeling happy. "What, honey?" "I'm not afraid of anything when you are alongside me." As long as George was with me, I was prepared to face any kind of challenges. With him by my side, every difficulty seemed surmountable. We hugged each other on the balcony for a long time, oblivious of everything going on around us. We didn't separate until the sun set and the lights outside the window came on. George finally let go of me and checked the time. "Are you hungry? Let's go and have dinner." "Sounds like a great idea." Now that George's mother had found out about us, George and I had nothing to

hide. We left the hotel hand-in-hand, for all the world to see. As soon as we walked out of the hotel, George enquired, "Where are your colleagues?" "They went to a restaurant nearby for dinner. I was dying to meet you, so I didn't join them." "Then let's go and join them now," George said, holding my hand. We walked through the streets with our fingers interlocked, not afraid of anything. The cloudiness in our hearts had faded away. With a cheerful smile on his face, George looked ecstatic. In the past, we had had too many reasons to keep our relationship a secret. We had to duck and dive in order not to be exposed. But now that burden had been lifted and we embraced our newfound freedom. "I was always so insecure in the past. I always thought that because we were from two different worlds, we would separate someday. Hence I did not tell anyone about our relationship, nor did I want to. In that way, even if we broke up one day, I wouldn't feel as badly hurt since no one really knew. In fact, I've just realized that other people's opinions don't matter. When we are together, our happiness or sadness has nothing to do with others." When I finished expressing myself so candidly, I suddenly realized that I had revealed my true thoughts. I felt awkward and turned my head to look at George's face. George narrowed his eyes slightly as he kept staring at me intensely. "So, from the beginning, you thought that our relationship would be short lived?" I had learned my lesson. I knew I shouldn't say anything make things worse at this point in time. Instead, I had to cajole him. "George, thank you for giving me such a strong sense of love and security. Now I feel more confident in this relationship." If George hadn't persisted, we wouldn't have been together. In the past, so many obstacles had come in our way, but George never gave up on us. When we arrived at the restaurant, Erick and the others were almost done with dinner. My colleagues gasped when they saw George and I walking towards them hand-in-hand. Tina and Melissa, in particular, were dumbfounded. They opened their mouths in surprise but no sound escaped them. "Helen, you've been hiding your love from us for such a long time." "No wonder George always stays at the same hotel with us. It turns out that he didn't come here for a business trip, but for Helen." I smiled awkwardly and lovingly pulled George to sit down with me. "Helen, you have been hiding such a significant part of your life from us for so long." Erick had always been sedate at work. But tonight, he was livelier than ever probably because he had had some spirits to drink. My colleagues began to openly gossip about us: Michelle started questioning, "Helen, which one of you made the first move?" When the rest of them heard this question, all eyes were curiously cast on me, eagerly awaiting an answer. I

deliberately kept silent to arouse everyone's interest. George broke the tension with a smile. "I chased Helen first." Everyone was shocked. Obviously, they didn't believe him. I turned my head to look at George. He seemed just like a cold and arrogant elitist that he was. It was definitely not in his scope of romance to actively pursue a woman. Tina and Melissa asked again, "Did it start when Helen was working on the project at Zhester Technology?" "No, it was much earlier. I fell in love with her when we were in high school, but she didn't know at that time." George spoke in a monotone, but the affection in his eyes was alive enough for all to see. In the cheers that followed, George and I looked at each other and felt sweet and adored. After dinner, we talked and laughed on the way to the hotel. When we arrived at the eleventh floor, everyone's eyes were fixed on George and me. Where would I go? My professional image was still important to me in front of my colleagues, so I walked with Michelle on purpose and had no intention of going back to George's room. "Helen, please don't make things difficult for Michelle," Erick joked.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 707 GEORGE'S MOTHER

List chapter

Helen's POV: When I heard that, I was so embarrassed that, for a moment, I wanted to dig a hole in the ground and hide myself in it. Unlike me, George remained as calm as he usually was. He just stood at the door of his room and stared at me. "Helen, I'm going to bed," Michelle hurriedly said. Fearing George, she ran into the room and immediately shut the door behind her. Erick and the others soon left as well, leaving only George and me in the corridor. At this moment, he waved his hand at me, beckoning me to come over. "Come here." I just stared at him, my face burning with embarrassment. George raised his eyebrows at me and chuckled. "Do you want to stand in the corridor the whole

night?" Without thinking, I ran toward him, jumped into his arms, and clung to him like a koala. George held me tight and pressed his forehead against mine. Then, while kissing me, he carried me into the room. He closed the door with his foot. He then placed me onto the bed and pressed his body against mine. Impressively, he did all this without breaking the kiss. I felt his warm breath on my face as we kissed. George sucked the tip of my tongue until I was out of breath. With my arms around his neck, I lay on the bed in a daze and went with the flow. George stroked my cheek with one hand and fondled my breasts with the other. Although his kiss was gentle, I could feel his passion and eagerness. Suddenly, he took a deep breath and unzipped my dress. Without further ado, he stripped my clothes off until I lay bare. Under the light, I saw the desire and longing in his eyes. His hands wandered around my body, and his warm touch scorched my skin. He also stimulated my privates, making it wet and sensitive. "George, stop...I'm already wet..." I pleaded, yet part of me wanted more. "Are you sure you want me to stop? Don't you want this? Or this?" George asked in a low and hoarse voice. As he spoke, he lowered his head and sucked my nipples. Meanwhile, he separated my legs and inserted his bony fingers into my hole. I lost it when he started playing with my clitoris. "Ugh..." I held him tighter and let out a lewd moan. George did not stop and instead stimulated me more, causing warm fluid to gush out of my hole. All of a sudden, George tensed up. It was like a flip of a switch. Unable to take it any longer, he hurriedly took off his clothes, held his erect manhood, and inserted it into me. My body went limp in an instant. I could not help but tremble every time he went in and out of me. A few moments later, I felt a contraction in my vagina, and I reached the climax. "Baby, are you okay?" George lifted my chin and kissed me on the lips, but he did not slow down. "Hmm...George...be gentle...I'm coming..." I unconsciously clung my legs around George's waist. Worried that the room was not soundproofed, I bit my lips and moaned as low as I could. All of a sudden, George pushed his penis deeper into me and whispered in my ear, "Baby, you can scream. Let it all out." "Ah!" I felt my vagina spasmed, and an electric current seemed to course through my body. I also felt hot all over, most probably due to the adrenaline running in my veins. The intense pleasure from our lovemaking spread to my whole body and soon defeated my reason. I no longer cared if anyone would hear me. After a long while, my vagina began to contract, and a gush of liquid oozed out of it. My body also convulsed as the second orgasm hit. For a long time, I lay on the bed with eyes closed, too tired and weak to open them. I felt George kiss me on the forehead affectionately.

Then, a few moments after, he carried me into the bathroom for a shower. When I woke up, it was already morning. George and I were not naive or stupid. We knew that as long as we loved and supported each other, we would have the strength to go on and overcome all the difficulties that would come our way. George got up early because he had to rush back to New York for work. On the other hand, I went to a government office to confirm if the property we were dealing with was indeed under Yeadon Real Estate. It was only when I confirmed it that I felt relieved. "You could've asked Michelle to do this. You didn't have to go here yourself," Erick said with a chuckle. "It's okay. I had nothing else to do this morning anyway." Actually, that was only half-truth. Since I was the one in charge of the project and it was George's mother who introduced me to this, I had to be extra cautious. I was aware I could ask someone to do such trivial things. However, these 'trivial' things were important. There was no room for mistakes, so I wanted to check on them in person. "The work here is expected to be finished by the end of this week. We can head back to New York by that time. George won't have to go back and forth every so often." I nodded in understanding. "I see." At last, the final phase started, making me busier than ever. I had to write the final summary report and state my legal opinion. Once I was done writing, I checked them over and over again. And every time I made a revision, even though it was minor, I would send it to Phil or Anya to see if I had missed something. Phil was not of much help. Every time he read the report, he would simply nod and say, "It's perfect. You should have confidence in yourself." But unlike him, Anya was insightful. She would tell me the things I should add in the report to make it more detailed. A week later, the preparation for the project was almost done. When we finally returned to New York, the two parties would negotiate and have final deliberation. The day before I left Princeton, George came to pick me up and even helped me pack my things. My colleagues were in awe when they saw him so kind and considerate. "Oh, wow. George, you're so considerate to Helen. No one has ever been that kind to me," one of them remarked. They must have not expected George, who was cold and domineering on the outside, to be a family man. Little did they know that George had always been taking good care of me and spoiling me like a child. When I came here for the business trip, George helped me pack my luggage, so he knew better than me what I had brought here. At this moment, I was sitting on the bed of the hotel with my feet dangling over the edge. I ate fruits as I watched George pack my stuff and take care of everything. I was used to his thoughtfulness and gestures that I no longer felt shy and awkward whenever

he did something nice for me. When he finished packing and was about to take me out, he turned around and asked, "How are you going to go back anyway? Do you want to take my car?" "Okay." Tina, Melissa, and Michelle, agreed at once and followed us out of the hotel. Erick had driven here, so he returned to New York on his own. Fortunately, George's car was spacious. Even if the three of them sat in the backseat, it was not cramped. Everybody was exhausted right now. Thankfully, they had finished all their work early, so they had time to relax. They gossiped about the latest entertainment news and did not once mention anything about work. Unlike them, George and I, who were sitting in front, said nothing and just listened to their conversation. About an hour later, we arrived at the downtown area of New York. The three ladies finally got out of the car and each took a taxi home. George and I, however, returned to our place. "Since you're off duty tomorrow, you should just stay home and rest," he said with smile. "I'm glad," I replied. The work went smoothly, so Anya decided to give us a day off. At this moment, when the doors of the elevator opened, we saw Velma and George's mother in front of our home. I tensed up the instant I saw them. I did not even know how I would greet them. "It's okay." George put his arm around my shoulder and walked over to them. When we got near, he looked at his mother and asked with a hint of derision, "What brings you here?" "Well, the filming of the drama is over, so Velma asked me to come over her house. Since you live in the same neighborhood, we decided to drop by," George's mother explained. She was an expert at hiding her emotions. She was staring at George and me as she spoke. I had no idea if she was happy or mad. I doubted that anyone could figure out the answer to that. This made me even more nervous. If only she showed her real feelings toward me, I would be more at ease. I had no clue about what she thought of me, so I did not know what to say to her. I silently scolded myself for being a coward. This was the first time I had met George's family. And worse, it was his mother. I was so flustered that I even forgot to greet her. Fortunately, she did not seem to mind. "Helen, how is the project of Leeson Holdings going?" she asked before I could make up my mind. "Thanks for your concern. Everything is going well." She nodded with satisfaction and turned to look at George, who had not said a word for a long time. "Aren't you gonna invite us in?" He nodded in response. Then, he scanned his fingerprint on the screen of the doorknob and invited her and Velma in. As soon as George's mother entered the house, she frowned and said with apparent disgust, "Where did you buy your furniture? These cheap goods don't match the interior of the house. What an eyesore." I froze in my tracks.

George put his arm around my shoulder and walked inside. "I like it, and that's all what matters to me. Anyway, Velma, show her around, will you?"

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 708: BEING MOCKED BY GEORGE'S MOTHER

List chapter

Helen's POV: I could feel that George was restraining his emotions so he wouldn't lose his temper on the spot. Protecting me like this in front of his mother warmed my heart, but when I thought of what she had said, I couldn't help feeling a little unhappy. I bought all the furniture and ornaments in the apartment. At this moment, I doubted she was really talking about them. She was only using them as an excuse to mock me and my "vulgar taste". I had long expected that George's family didn't like my upbringing. But I had also believed that I could overcome anything, including such harsh words, as long as we were together. Still, my heart was stung upon hearing her words. I rid of his hand silently and stood in front of his mother. "Let me show you around, Mrs. Affleck." The apartment was under my name anyway. I was the legitimate owner, so there was no reason for anyone else to give her a tour. The place was spacious, and not one corner had a trace of dust. Besides, the real estate management sent people to clean it regularly. Nonetheless, her face was full of disgust. Perhaps she despised the cheap displays down to her core. After walking around for a while, she said to George, "Throw everything away. I'll buy new ones for you. $\eta\sigma\upsilon\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\upsilon\sigma\sigma\kappa.\phi\sigma\mu$ Otherwise, your guests will laugh at your taste. What are those messy paintings on the wall? They look rubbish. I'll have someone pick something from your grandfather's collection and send them to you in a few days." I noticed Velma trying hard to keep a low profile, albeit following George's mother around. At that moment, she, who had always been arrogant, shrank in her presence. "Mom, I like the furniture and paintings very much. I don't want to change them. Don't

meddle in my affairs." George stopped her. I stepped out behind him and explained to her frankly, "I also feel that the decorations are a bit inconsistent with the layout of this apartment. I picked them hastily. If you want to help improve this place, that'll be great. I believe that George will like whatever you choose." She gaped at me in astonishment. George turned his head to look at me, his eyes encouraging me to go on. Every word I said was sincere. I didn't mean to piss the picky woman off. A renowned interior designer, hired by George, laid out the basic motif for this place. Although the pieces I bought were not too bad, I admit they were not of any quality or taste either. They didn't match the overall style of the place. Every time Kendal came to visit, he would just look around and sigh heavily. I planned to save some money first and then replace them gradually. Now that she wanted to give it an overhaul, then let it be. After all, she was still George's mother. It was understandable that she fancied helping her son. She snorted and avoided talking to me. Velma seemed to want to take the opportunity to slip away until George's mother caught her and asked, "Velma, where are you going?" "I have something else to do, so I'm leaving now." Velma's hand holding the bag froze, and she forced a smile awkwardly. "Stay and have dinner with us." Her tone was casual yet urging. Velma put her bag back and obliged helplessly. George's mother headed into the kitchen, opened the fridge, and inquired, "Do you cook?" The question was quite challenging for me. Growing up, I had never learn how to cook. Back when I was little, I lived with my mother, and she did all the cooking at home. In college, I frequented the canteen and survived off of takeout food after graduation. The only thing I could cook was probably pasta. "Let me take you out for dinner, mom," George suggested. His mother stood still and stared at me with prejudice. "You don't even know how to cook?" Embarrassment consumed me. I couldn't handle the disdain thrown at me, so I lowered my head. I did try to cook by myself before, but in the end, the kitchen had always become a mess. Accepting that I couldn't cook was a hard pill to swallow. Maybe if I learned carefully, I should be able to do more than some simple Italian noodles, shouldn't I? "What do your parents do? Did they fail to teach you necessary life skills? You're from an ordinary family. How can they pamper you like this?" The scornful mention of my parents didn't sit well with me. I felt uncomfortable. She insisted that it was out of concern for the younger generation. Was it, though? Implying that my parents didn't know how to raise me was out of line. I respected her as a senior and my boyfriend's mother, but I would never allow anyone to satirize my parents. No matter how bad my father's

reputation was, it was not her turn to judge him. "Mom, we just came back from a business trip. We are very much tired. Maybe you should go home for now. Helen and I will treat you to dinner later." George interrupted his mother, driving her away. His mother's face suddenly grew dim. She glared at me and left with Velma without saying a word.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 709: HELEN IS THE LIGHT OF MY LIFE

List chapter

George's POV: As my mother stormed off, I ran after her after giving Helen an apologetic look. I knew my mother loathed Helen with all her guts and looked down upon her. But fortunately, she had managed to restrain herself today. If she knew that Helen and I were already married, she would have gone through the roof. Recently, she hired some private eyes to secretly investigate Helen's family background, but I stopped them from doing so. I knew it wouldn't solve the problem, but I would try my best to stall it. I didn't want Helen to get hurt. I decided to take this opportunity to talk to my mother. When we arrived at the garage, Velma opportunistically drove away in her own car, leaving my mother and me alone. I was having a tough time trying to control my temper. I pleaded, "Mom, I know that you are prejudiced against Helen for reasons I feel are unjustified. But apart from that, I want you to know that Helen is a kind, loving, caring person. If only you knew her the way I do! But I'm not asking you to become bosom buddies with her. All I'm asking is that you please not hurt her, okay?" In the past few years, I had always been counting on myself. I had a poor concept of family unity since my parents were always too busy to make time for me. Before going abroad to study, I rarely saw them. $\text{Hence I therefore did not have a close relationship with them. The only person I cared about was my grandfather. Besides, I was pretty self-centered. After I met$

Helen, she taught me how to open my heart and how to love unselfishly. As a member of the Affleck family, I didn't have much sense of belonging except for social engagements bearing the Affleck surname. But now, I was willing to be more frank with my parents for Helen's sake. However, my mother didn't think so. "I've never done anything to hurt her. It's you who have regarded me as an imaginary enemy. No matter what good intentions I have, you just think I have an ulterior motive, because that's what you want to believe." Indeed, she hadn't done anything to hurt Helen before. I softened my tone and sincerely apologized, "Then I'm really sorry. I apologize for doubting you. I just hope that you won't reject Helen or make her feel out of place. I'll tell you again. Helen is the only person I love. I won't give her up for anything in the world. Please do bear this in mind." She grunted and said nothing. I observed her expression from the corner of my eye while driving. "Mom, can I tell you something I've never told you before?" "Suit yourself." "When I was a child, you and Dad were always too busy running the company to pay any attention to me. I rarely saw either of you. Even when you were at home, you were always surrounded by groups of people. We hardly ever spent quality time together as a family. As time went by, I felt you drifting further and further away from me. I spent most of my time with the nanny. As time went by and you got even busier, I saw less and less of you. But at least I had friends at that time. That made up somewhat for your absence in my life. Later you took me to Philly. There too, your busy life meant that I rarely ever saw you. There were no familiar people around me and I began to feel isolated and forlorn. I had never felt so lonely in my life. That's when I met Helen. When I first met her, she was playing Castle in the Sky on the stage. A real beautiful song. It was love at first sight for me." I calmly narrated the past. This was the first time that I had shared my story with my mother. "George, I didn't know any of this. I'm so sorry we weren't there for you..." After my mother listened to my narration, her eyes turned red, and she looked at me sympathetically. "Mom, I'm not blaming you nor am I asking you to accept Helen at once. I'm just telling you how important she is to me. She is the light of my life. $\eta\sigma\nu\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\nu\sigma\kappa.\acute{\rho}\sigma\mu$ She's my redemption. She is the magic balm that has erased all my pain and regrets of the past. Mom, Helen completes me. I'm nothing without her." Every word I said to her was from the depths of my heart. Without Helen, I couldn't imagine what would become of me. My mother was moved, but she still said frankly, "George, I know I can't stop you. I'm no longer insisting that you marry a girl from a rich family like ours. Although, ideally, that is what I would like. Let's reach a compromise. Even if you

marry a poor girl, she should hail from a family with a simple and clean family background. A family with good moral values and no complicated issues that will taint the Affleck name." I fell silent. I knew the royal history of the Affleck family. That was why I knew clearly that the matter of Helen's father's suicide and her mother's illness were a gap that we could never cross. Helen's family background was a real mess. The information my mother had sent the private eyes to investigate about was now stored in my email. If I could, I would have hidden those secrets for a lifetime to protect Helen from being hurt by the Affleck family. It was at that moment that I finally understood why Helen's mother insisted on staying in the hospital and asked Helen not to contact her ever again. She just wanted to protect Helen. My mother melted a little, but she still insisted, "George, you are an adult. It's normal for you to fall in love, and I won't object at all. But when it comes to your marriage, you must treat it with caution and seek the counsel and permission of your family. I insist that you at least respect that tradition of our family." Instead of replying to her words, I just emphasized, "Mom, promise me that no matter what happens in the future, you won't bother or hurt Helen ever, okay?" The honor of the family was what my mother valued the most, and Helen was the one I cared for the most. On this point, neither of us would give in. "George, whatever I do is for your own good. I'm your mother. I'll never hurt you." After I dropped my mother off at the airport, my heart became as heavy as a rock. I drove all the way back at top speed. I wanted nothing more than to hold Helen in my arms at that moment. When I got home, I didn't find Helen in the living room or the bedroom. In the end, I found her in the study. I drove back in a hurry because I was worried that Helen would overthink matters and would be upset. But I didn't expect that she was not affected at all. Instead, she was working in the study with the laptop in her hands. Hearing the door open, Helen turned her head to look at me and gestured to me not to speak. I sat down beside her and looked at her quietly. She was not busy with work but was on a video call with Cece. Cece said she wanted to start a business in New York. She had heard that Helen was overseeing the Leeson Holdings project. If the acquisition was successful, she hoped that Helen would help her get the advertising work of this project. Hearing that Cece was coming to New York made Helen very happy. Although she didn't say anything, I sensed that she was quite sad when Lucy left. With Cece coming over, Helen would have some female company. I listened to their discussion quietly. Meanwhile, I reached out to hold Helen's hand and lowered my head to play with her fingers. Helen tried to pull her hand back but I didn't let

her. She darted a sharp glare at me and then chatted with Cece, "The project of Leeson Holdings is about to enter the negotiation stage. It hasn't been officially announced, so I can't introduce the person in charge to you yet. When the acquisition is confirmed, I will definitely help you with it." "Okay. Once I round up my work in Philly, I'll pack up all my things and come to New York to meet you." "Certainly." After hanging up the phone, Helen touched my face with her delicate fingers and asked worriedly, "What happened? Did your mother give you the third degree?" "No." I shook my head and held her in my arms. Then I lowered my head and kissed her full on the lips. "Did my mother's words hurt you?" My mother pitched up out of the blue today. All she said clearly showed that she was dissatisfied with Helen. Helen was the apple of my eye. How could she criticize the love of my life like that? Moreover, my mother of all people! Helen wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me tenderly for a long time. Then she said to me, "It's enough that I have your love. No one can hurt me with you by my side." All of a sudden, tears welled up in my eyes. I didn't know that I was capable of feeling so much of intense love for someone in this planet. My love for Helen was so strong, I felt it enter my bones and pass through some etheric level of mine. Helen's love had transformed me. I held her tightly and kissed her continuously on the forehead. She then changed the topic and talked about Cece. "Just now, Cece said that she wants to start a business in New York. Why do you think she suddenly wants to come here?" "Why?" "Of course it's because of Kendal. In fact, she has always been in love with him, but she could never express her feelings." I was distracted and started to seriously think about the possibility of Kendal being together with Cece. "I think Kendal has given up on her completely this time. In the past he could not live without seeing her for a few days. But it's been quite some time since they broke up. Has he gone to see Cece? Not once." "You are right." Helen nodded in agreement and was lost in thought. "Then you'd better not tell Kendal about this for now. Cece probably doesn't want him to know that she is coming to New York." "Okay."

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 710: BE HIS MISTRESS

List chapter

Helen's POV: A week later, Cece completed her work in Philly and came to New York. I went to pick her up myself. After walking out of the airport, she couldn't help but sigh. "I never expected to return to New York again one day. Had I known earlier that this would be where I eventually ended up, I would have remained here after graduating from university. Now I will have to start my life here afresh." I put her suitcase into the trunk of my car and smiled. "It's meaningless to think about these things in hindsight. It's more important to focus on the future. Besides, sometimes, only by taking a detour will we be guided to take the right direction in our lives." Cece also smiled. "Helen, you've changed a lot recently. You've grown so much more matured. Previously, it was Lucy and I who had to comfort you, but now the roles have been reversed. Initially, I thought you were the most immature amongst the three of us. But you are the one who has experienced the most holistic development. I should take a leaf out of your book." "Don't flatter me. I don't have any special advantage. I just flow with the options that life throws at me and deal with each situation as it comes. I just focus on the present and ignore everything else." "You also handle your job so well. Most people are so impetuous and can't handle the basics. Helen, you are an exemplary role model." Cece always liked to talk about work, as if there was no other topic to discuss. She was too much of a workaholic. When we were still in college, Kendal's mother confronted her one time and told her in her face that she was too poor to associate with someone like Kendal. Since then, Cece had dedicated all her time and effort into her studies and career, working exceedingly hard to prove her worth. She wanted to prove to Kendal's mother that she was an outstanding, capable person. "Helen, please don't tell anyone else that I quit my job to start a business in New York." Cece looked a little uneasy. It seemed that by "anyone else" she was referring to Kendal. "Only George and I know about it. I have told him to keep mum." In fact, my guess was that Cece had come back to New York for Kendal's sake. But being so obstinate, she would not meet him till she had established a successful business in New York. "I have booked a hotel. You can drop me off there." "I don't think it's a good idea to live in a hotel. Why don't you come and crash with me?" "No, I don't want to disturb your

cozy little love nest." Cece flatly refused. After thinking for a while, I said, "Okay, then why don't you live in my old apartment since it is now empty? Although it's in the suburb, it has everything you'll need. You need to save money to start up your business, so why waste it on hotel expenses?" Since I had moved in with George, that apartment was a white elephant. "Okay, sounds like a great idea. I'll live there and find a house of my own once I get back on my feet." Cece was content. I drove Cece to my apartment in the suburb. "The acquisition project of Leeson Holdings will draw to a close after the final negotiation. Thereafter, I will introduce you to the person in charge." After she settled in, I explained the overall situation to her. Whether she got the job or not would depend on her capabilities. As soon as I heard that Devin Gordon, who was in charge of the project, was going to search for a good advertising company as part of his promotion plan, I immediately proposed to introduce Cece to him at the appropriate time. The negotiation between Yeadon Real Estate and Leeson Holdings went smoothly. The two parties quickly reached an agreement and expedited the handover. Before the handover, I somehow still feared that what George had suggested might materialize, but fortunately it concluded without any hitches. I could finally breathe a sigh of relief. Coincidentally, after the project was over, George's mother called me and invited me out to dinner. I was grateful to her for introducing this project to me, so I accepted her invitation and went to the rendezvous. We met at a high-end restaurant downtown. This was the first time I had met her alone after knowing who she really was, so I was a little nervous. Our last encounter was not so pleasant after all, so I wasn't quite sure why she wanted to meet with me this time. When I arrived, she was already seated there. $\eta\sigma\upsilon\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\upsilon\sigma\sigma\kappa.\zeta\sigma\mu$ She looked at me haughtily with an arrogant posture. "Have a seat," she said coldly, taking a sip of coffee gracefully. I greeted her with the little warmth I could usher up and sat down opposite her. "What can I do for you, Mrs. Affleck?" "I have found a good designer who is willing to design a set of furniture for the apartment. Choose the plan that you like and I'll arrange for the purchase of the furniture at a later date." She handed me the fancy design drafts. It seemed that she wanted to meet me to choose the furniture. I could finally breathe easy. "Why don't I show these to George?" George did have better taste than me. She sneered and said contemptuously, "Show them to George? What is your intention? To indirectly tell him that I met you in private or do you have no confidence in your taste?" "Actually, George does have better taste than me." I didn't think too much about it. I just thought that since George also lived in the apartment, he should have a say in its

decor. Moreover, both the designs were extremely beautiful, so I could not make up my mind. I didn't expect George's mother to misunderstand me. I frowned and felt visibly uncomfortable. "I've dealt with a lot of people over the years, and I've seen tons of fish like you. Don't think you can play innocent with me and get away with it. I can see right through you. It's really ridiculous." She spoke with disdain and looked at me scornfully. Listening to her cutting words put me on my guard. I said unemotionally, "Mrs. Affleck, I pitched up here today to thank you for introducing the Leeson Holdings project to me. Now that it has been successfully completed, I thought it would be polite to inform you. If there's nothing else, I'll leave now. By the way, the decor designed by the person you hired is indeed exquisite and beautiful. But it lacks life. There is no vibrancy or vitality in it. So I doubt anyone would want to live in a place like that." Then I stood up to leave. "Sit down!" George's mother ordered in an authoritative manner. I couldn't help but feel my legs weaken and waited for her to finish her words. Her face softened a little, and she continued, "I know you and George are in a good relationship. I have no desire to separate you. But you should understand this. You don't deserve him at all. You are not Affleck bride material. I introduced a girl of equal social rank to George during the New Year holidays. Her name is Josie Burke." "Just get to the point, would you!" "I just want to tell you that you can play house with George for a little while longer. Enjoy the fling. But get it through your thick skull that George will only marry someone from a noble family with a strong heritage, like the Burke family. You'd better be sensible about this matter. Know your place and stay within the line; otherwise, don't blame me if I make all your little dreams come crashing down." I was amused by her so-called threats and asked in a subdued mocking voice, "Are you telling me then that I can only be George's mistress?"