

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 751: GEORGE CAME BACK

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Chana's POV: George's mother called him several times in succession, but he refused to answer her calls. He asked me sternly to hang up the phone. I tried to answer it and put the phone on the table, hoping he would say something, but he hung up directly. He was silent from the beginning to end. After hanging up the phone, he went right back to his studies. He was stoic. No joy or anger was written on his face. His studies were his only source of interest. Absolutely nothing else intrigued him. He had become like an empty shell. Although he had heard that his grandfather was lying on his deathbed, his expression did not change at all. His mother was very anxious and called me dozens of times to persuade him to return home and see his grandfather one last time. But it was impossible to convince a man who had lost his soul. I heard about George's divorce through Boswell. Not much information about the divorce was shared so I didn't know much. But I had heard the name Jane crop up. Later, I tried again to persuade him to go back and see his grandfather lest he had any regrets later, but George kept on studying as if he hadn't heard me speak. I wanted to broach the subject again. He sensed it and shot a cold glare at me. "Why don't you go there for me on my behalf?" How could somebody else do it for him? Then I chose to shut my big mouth rather than respond. As George's assistant for so many years, I knew him very well. Once he had made a decision, no one could change it. A few days later, Kendal, George's close friend, came to the base. I knew him because he had called George on many occasions before, and he was the only one who had the guts to shout at George on the phone. Seeing a savior in him, I immediately took him to George's research base on the third floor. Kendal's POV: My flight was ten hellish hours. When I finally landed, I wanted to take out my irritability and temper on anyone. But when I saw George, all my anger dissolved. We hadn't seen each other for

three years. He seemed to be much leaner than before. Only his arrogance and cold demeanor remained the same. He looked sullen. It was clear that he had not come out of the shadow of divorce. Although he looked the same on the surface, I could tell that he was dead on the inside. I didn't know how to face such a George. When he saw me, his expression was still cold and indifferent. Three years apart from me meant nothing to him. He just said, "Don't touch the computer." Hearing his tone, I almost thought we had met just a day ago. I pulled a chair and sat down. "So when will you finish?" He didn't answer me. Instead, he focused his eyes on the screen with greater attention and tapped rapidly on the keyboard with his slender fingers. I looked around the studio and found that it was gloomily decorated. There was no oomph! It was stacked with cold machines and various intelligent products. He dealt with these things every day so obviously he would not act like a normal person. I didn't come here to watch him work, so I asked directly, "When will it end?" "What?" he asked me roughly after he finished typing the last line. "I came to take you back. Pack up your things and come back with me." I had already booked the tickets for the return flight. There were only three hours left before the plane took off. We didn't have the luxury of time on our side so I spoke with a note of urgency in my voice. I came to see George not because I was entrusted by the Affleck family, but because I didn't want George to have any regrets after his grandfather died. I knew better than anyone else what a good relationship George shared with his grandfather. I knew he was still hurting from his divorce. Now with his grandfather being gravely ill, he must be in sheer turmoil. But if he didn't see his grandfather before he succumbed, he would regret it for the rest of his life. I didn't want him to endure any more pain. I had come here with my mind fully made up that I would take George back with me, come hail or high water. If he was willing to come on his own, well and good. If he resisted, I was prepared to slip sleeping pills into his drink, tie him up and take him back. George stared at me for a long time, not saying anything. I felt uncomfortable and even thought he had seen through me. Then he slowly looked away and resumed his work. I was fed up of his cold attitude. "George, three years have passed. How long will you continue staying here? You can't just bury yourself in your work for the rest of your life!" He had become like one of the machines in his studio. He drowned himself in research to paralyze himself against his pain and escape reality. It was self-torture and would not solve anything. The plane was about to take off in less than three hours, but he was still staring at these cold machines, with no intention of going back with me. I had no choice but to go out and consult with

Chana. I had already made up my mind that I would take him back with me, by force if necessary. But I couldn't do this all by myself. I needed to enlist someone's help. After she heard that I had planned to kidnap George, she waved her hands in the air hysterically. "No! It's a crime! George won't take this lying down. I can't manage it when he gets angry." I tried to convince her. "Chana, if you really care about him, please help me. Hiding here is not going to solve his problems. He has to go back and face his demons." "George's staying here is not hurting anyone. Everyone is free to choose how they wish to live. Besides, George is an adult. You can't impose your will on him." Chana firmly defended George and refused to assist me. I argued with her. "He didn't hurt anyone, but he has been hurting himself. The longer he stays here, the more he will hurt himself. Do you have the heart to see him hiding here and not moving on? He has isolated himself. No man is an island." However, Chana wasn't swayed and insisted on respecting George's wishes. When I was clueless about what to do, George walked out of the studio and said, "Let's go." "Are you really coming back with me?" I was stunned for a while but quickly came back to my senses. Before he regretted it, I pulled him out. When we arrived at the airport, it was time to board. We took our seats at once. George only brought his wallet and cellphone with him. He didn't talk, eat, drink or close his eyes the entire way. I was so tired that I couldn't open my eyes. Now that the difficult task was accomplished, I relaxed and soon fell asleep. When I woke up again, George was in the same position as before, motionless. No one could tell what was going on inside that head of his. He was expressionless, with empty eyes. Soulless. When the plane landed, we got into the car arranged by the Affleck family that was waiting for us and went straight to the hospital. On the way, George's mother called him several times in an anxious tone. George's grandfather was hanging on by a thread. However, it was still too late when we arrived at the hospital. George's grandfather had just passed away. George's mother said that he had been waiting for George and was happy last night when he heard that George was on his way to meet him. But in his excitement, he just could not hold on any longer and passed away only moments ago.

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CHAPTER 752 HIS GRANDPA HAS PASSED AWAY

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George's POV: I didn't get to see Grandpa in his last moments alive. I walked towards the ward, but right as I reached the door, I took a step back and didn't dare go forward. My parents were inside the ward and the whole floor was full of relatives and family friends who came to visit. The atmosphere was very heavy. No one spoke. After what seemed like forever, my mother emerged from the room. She staggered towards me, her eyes brimming with tears. "George, come in and see your grandfather," she sobbed. Several relatives beside me suddenly burst into tears. Soon, the sound of sobbing spread to the corridor. I entered the room and slowly strode across the floor towards Grandpa's bed. I bowed my head to him as he lay on the bed. I didn't say anything, for I didn't know what to say. Grandpa's eyes were closed peacefully, as if he was asleep. In just three years, we had been separated forever. My mother stood next to me. She looked like she wanted to say something, but I just avoided her gaze and ignored her. Not long after, my parents began preparations for my grandfather's funeral. I rarely saw them. When Grandpa was alive, he once said that he didn't want a grand funeral. However, my parents had other plans. According to them, Grandpa kept a low profile all his life. Now that he had left, he deserved a big funeral. The news of my grandfather's death immediately spread throughout the country. He held a high position when he was alive, so the funeral was held according to the highest standard, which would last a week. Generally, the media wouldn't be allowed to take photos and videos of such an event. However, my father's assistant had strictly selected two media outlets and allowed them to report about the funeral in a respectable way.

Helen's POV: I was having dinner with Ruben and Clare when I found out about George's grandfather's death. The funeral was being broadcasted on the restaurant's television. "The head of the Affleck family has passed away! Look!" Clare had a clear view of the television so she was the first to see it. Our heads darted towards the direction of the television. I saw many familiar faces on the screen. George's parents, Kendal, and Velma were present. They all had moist eyes as if they had been crying. George's mother, in particular, appeared to be the most grief-stricken. She looked like she was on the verge of collapsing, only supported by Velma and the maid. © I

casually glanced at the screen and quickly looked away. I lowered my head and continued to look at the menu in my hand. Ruben and Clare watched the news with relish as if it was some soap opera. "The man may be a legendary figure, but life will always get to us—no matter rich or poor, one will eventually die. At least his life was complete. Before he left, he paved the way for his son. I heard he also has an excellent grandson," Ruben remarked. @ Clare was not interested in the political topic that Ruben was spouting, so she began to gossip. "I heard that George Affleck, the boss of Zhester Technology, is the only grandson of the Affleck family. He has an impressive background and developed countless products that have become staples. I had an interview with Zhester Technology last year, and lately, I've been paying more attention to them. Unfortunately, the big boss hasn't shown up in public in the recent years. I think his most recent public appearance was in the video for a product launch a few years ago. I have to say that George is very handsome. It's a pity that I didn't see him at the funeral just now. Are those tumors perhaps false?" she yapped, not even taking a few seconds to breathe. Clare once mentioned that she and her classmates were fans of electronic products. I was used to her frequent gossiping about Zhester Technology by now, praising their products to no end. I looked down at the menu and listened to her quietly. I didn't want to get involved in the topic, so I kept ordering absent-mindedly. "Helen, why did you order so many dishes? The three of us can't finish these all!" Clare called out. Only then did I come to my senses. Our table was filled with dishes that was more than enough for a whole party. "Well, if we can't finish it, I can just take it home to feed the kids" I explained calmly. Ruben shook his head in disappointment. "Helen, you can't do this. Children need to eat nutritious and healthy food, not these junk food. If my wife finds out about this, she will scold you again. I know you are very busy with your work, but you have to pay more attention to the children. Their health is much more important than your work." Ruben was always adamant about the children's health. He always felt that only the home-made food was clean and nutritious enough for children. I felt a little ashamed after I said it so casually. I was never good at cooking. Luis and Polly didn't like the food I cooked and they would rather have dinner in the kindergarten before going home. "I'll ask my wife to teach you how to cook. You can start with some simple dishes. It's not difficult at all. It will only take a few practices and you will learn eventually," Ruben assured me in a low voice, knowing that I was bad at cooking. I just smiled and nodded in return. I was grateful to Ruben for trying to help, but I knew that some people

just didn't have the skills and talents for certain aspects. Cooking was simply too hard for me. On our way back after dinner, the glorious deeds of George's grandfather was being broadcasted on Ruben's car radio. The car was hushed as sad background music accompanied the host speaking. Clare, who had always been lively, was uncharacteristically silent. The atmosphere was too depressing. Suddenly, I felt a burst of pain in my stomach and a tightness in my chest. I had to roll down the window to breathe. When the car passed by the hospital where Platt was, I couldn't take it anymore. So I asked Ruben to stop the car. Ruben and Clare both looked at me with concern. "Helen, are you not feeling well? You don't look too good." I chuckled softly, dismissing their worries. "I'm fine. I just remembered that my friend is in the hospital. I want to drop by." I said goodbye to them, got out of the car, and went inside the hospital to visit Platt.

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CHAPTER 753: MEETING THE TWINS

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Helen's POV: Hoping to become the legal consultant of Platt's extreme sports gym, I still went to the hospital to visit him every day, even if the decoration dispute case was over. Because of this, the doctors and nurses all assumed that I was his girlfriend. The nurses would make a conscious effort to leave the ward every time I visited, giving Platt and me a chance to be alone. To be perfectly honest, I was a little embarrassed. But then again, I did not owe them an explanation, so I did not bother to explain myself. When I got to the ward, Platt was lying on the bed talking with some rich woman on the phone. "I'll be discharged this afternoon. Are you sure you won't come and pick me up?" Platt asked. "I'm busy, honey. I have to do my hair this afternoon, remember? My hairdresser is always fully booked. If I miss an appointment, I'll have to wait a long time for a schedule to open up," the woman replied. Platt was silent for a moment. Boy, being a toy boy was

not easy. For that woman, both watching a fashion show and getting her hair done was more important than her young boyfriend. "Honey, do you want more money?" the woman asked in a tender tone. "Feel free to use the card I gave you. Buy whatever you want. Think of it as a gift." "Okay then. Enjoy yourself. I'll talk to you later. I'll just ask someone to help me with the discharge papers." Platt glanced at me as he spoke. From the looks of it, he wanted me to do him a favor. I immediately took my bag and walked out of the ward. My consultation fee was expensive. It was already considerate of me to come visit him every day. He could not expect me to do something for him for free. "Wait! I want you to help me with the discharge formalities," Platt said straightforwardly. He probably had figured out that I had been visiting him every day because I had ulterior motives. When he said those words, he spoke with confidence, as if he was certain I would say yes. I took the bills and looked through them. For some reason, Platt just looked at me with a smug smile and did not hand me any money. "What? Do you want me to pay for you?" I asked with a chuckle. "I've availed many insurance packages. They should cover all my medical bills and maybe reimburse my previous payments. If it's not enough, you can use this card." Platt handed me a card, which I then took. I had no idea that he was a VIP customer of the insurance company. I only found out about it when they insured all his medical expenses. In the end, he not only spent nothing, but he also got a huge sum of money for the premium. Platt shrugged his shoulders and casually said, "The woman I was talking to had a whole bunch of accident insurances on me. I never thought it would really come in handy one day." "Did she avail all the insurance for you? Are you sure you're the only beneficiary?" I asked out of curiosity. For a moment, he just looked at me blankly. It seemed that he did not understand why I asked this question. But then, he suddenly burst into laughter. "Miss Dewar, you're so cute." He leaned against the head of the bed and laughed so hard that he strained his injured leg, making him wince in pain. This was not a laughing matter. As a lawyer, I had seen cases like this. Sometimes, parents and children or husbands and wives would hurt each other and cheat on insurance. Some people would do anything for a premium. To think, Platt and his "rich lady friend" were not married, and their relationship was centered around money. "I'm not joking. You should beware of her. It might be too late when you realize you've made a mistake," I cautioned him. Nobody would buy that much insurance, unless they were up to something. "Miss Dewar, please stop making me laugh again. I'm in excruciating pain now. Don't worry. She's filthy rich and she definitely won't hurt me for money," Platt

assured me while stabilizing his injured leg. I had warned him. Since he chose not to take it seriously, there was nothing else I could do about it anymore. I was not a warm-hearted person. Platt should be grateful that I was kind enough to warn him about this. Besides, he was not that bad, so I would rather not see him suffer in the end. Obviously, he did not care, so there was no point telling him off. The nurse packed everything as we spoke. It did not take long before Platt and I left the hospital. On the way, I received a call from the teacher of my children's kindergarten. Tomorrow would be Children's Day, so to make time for preparations, the class finished an hour earlier today. They called, asking me to pick up Luis and Polly, who were already waiting for me at the school. "Can I pick them up an hour later? I'm afraid I can't go there at the moment," I said in a hushed voice. "I'm sorry, Ms. Dewar. We'll be doing a rehearsal for other children. I won't be able to supervise Luis and Polly," the teacher replied apologetically. I fell into silence and I did not know what to do. To my surprise, Platt asked the driver to drive me to the kindergarten first before going home. "Which kindergarten are your children in?" he asked with concern. I told the driver the name of the kindergarten and looked at him gratefully. "Thank you." Platt just casually waved his hand and ordered the driver to turn around. We arrived at the kindergarten shortly after. I saw the teacher waiting for me at the gate with Luis and Polly. "Oh. They're twins? You're so lucky," Platt remarked with a look of surprise. This was the first time someone had told me I was lucky. I looked through the car window, and my heart softened at the sight of my kids waving at me with big smiles. Maybe Platt was right. Although sometimes Luis and Polly were troublesome, they gave me the courage and will to live on. As long as they were by my side, loneliness had no space in my heart. I took Luis and Polly in the car. As Platt could not move because of his injured leg, I had to let my children sit in the backseat with him. I was worried that he would get annoyed by my children's talkativeness, so I told them not to speak nor move. Thankfully, they were obedient and understanding this time. However, they could not help but stare at Platt with curious gazes. Their eyes kept darting at his face and leg in plaster. Platt seemed to like the children. Luis and Polly did not say anything, but he took the initiative to ask their names. "I'm Polly." "I'm Luis." The two children recited their names as if they were in a contest. "Interesting. Who gave you your names?" Platt curiously asked. "Mom named us. Grandma and Dad have gone to heaven," Polly solemnly explained.

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CHAPTER 754: PLATT LIKES THE TWINS

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Helen's POV: Right after Polly stopped talking, an awkward tension could be felt inside the car. She enjoyed reading picture books, and through those books, she thought that heaven was a good place. Each time people asked her where her father was, she would tell them that he was in heaven. I had actually never brought this up before, but one day I just realized that Polly was always asking me about her father. I didn't want to explain it over and over, so I came up with a small white lie. And now, the entirety of her kindergarten knew about it. Even Ruben and his wife believed that the lie I made up was true. For that reason, they all felt sorry for me when they saw me. In a show of sympathy, Platt said, "I now understand that why you're always wearing black and why you rarely ever smile. Forgive me for my rudeness before. I shouldn't have just rudely asked you to wear something festive." It was rare for him to be so solemn. Honestly, I didn't know how to respond, so I just ignored him. Once the car arrived at his villa, I helped him get off his car. However, he simply waved his hands in dismissal and remarked, "Don't bother. I have this crutch and I'm perfectly capable of walking by myself." However, the villa he lived in was detached. There were several sets of stairs from the place we got off to the door of his villa. It would be inconvenient for him to walk there even in a crutch. He attempted to get up the stairs, and he almost fell down doing it. Steadying himself, he looked at me with pleading eyes. "Um... Helen? Do you mind lending me a hand?" Thereafter, I approached him and walked him to his villa. He was tall and relatively heavy, and all of his weight was now leaning against me. He had one hand on his crutch, and the other was strapped over my shoulder. Step by step, we went up the stairs together. I gnashed my teeth in frustration, feeling like carry a sack of 200 pounds potatoes. Fortunately, the stairs weren't that high and we eventually reached the top.

There, he let go of me. Once I had helped him up the stairs, I stopped at the door of his villa, showing no intention of going in. After all, that rich lady was probably the one who owned this place. It wouldn't be a good idea for me to go inside, because it would only cause misunderstandings. However, he didn't seem to care about that and invited us in. "I called someone to bring some food over. Stay over for dinner. Take it as a token of my thanks for helping me get out of the hospital and escorting me home." That being said, I didn't refuse his offer this time. I held the kids' hands and walked in. Upon entering the living room, I was shocked by what I saw. It looked more like an amusement park than a place people lived in. The living room alone spanned across several hundred meters. There was a go-kart track, a rock climbing wall, a basketball court, an area one could play darts, an archery range, and a drum set. "This is your house right? Not the outdoor activities club?" "Who's going to open an outdoor activities club within a villa? This floor is always empty, so I installed some recreational activities that I can do to kill time." While Platt was explaining that to me, he was already playing with the two kids. The kids were filled with a sense of wonder and curiosity, for they had never seen these kinds of things before. At first, they were a little shy to do anything, but eventually, they no longer cared and began playing. With the crutch in hand, Platt inched towards the elevator and said to Luis and Polly, "Let's eat first, and then you can come back downstairs to play." Luis and Polly had grown very fond of him by now, so they listened to him obediently. They put down the toys they had in hand and ran after him like his two little tails. Platt took us to the second floor via the elevator. Its decoration was completely different from the previous floor. The second floor was suitable for living. It was comfortable, but for some reason, it felt empty. Somehow, it made me feel like there were no other people living here. Luis and Polly were delighted to see all the food served on the table. They sat at the table, waiting for me to help them with the dishes. The dishes were definitely not takeout food. Each of them were exquisitely delicious. The kids ate a lot. Since I already ate a big lunch with Ruben and Clare, I wasn't that hungry tonight. But out of politeness, I sat down at the dinner table with them. I opted to eat some simple salad for dinner. While he was devouring meat, Platt stared at the vegetables in my bowl in disdain. "Why are you eating so little? You're already thin enough. You don't need to lose weight." Platt's POV: After dinner, I took the kids to the first floor and sat on the living room sofa. There were a pair of dumbbells beside the sofa, so I used them for a quick workout. The kids sat next to me, curiously watching what I was doing. They had the innocence of kids

their age, but they weren't naughty. It was easy to tell that their mother had taught them well. After putting down the dumbbells, I ruffled their heads and said, "Do you kids want to draw?" "Yes!" Polly answered happily. Although Luis remained silent, his eyes were also gleaming with excitement. My heart softened when I saw the look on their faces. Like magic, I took out two markers from the side table and gave them to the kids. Then, I stretched out my leg in plaster and said, "You can draw here." Polly was a lively, bubbly little girl. The way she called me uncle was so heartwarming. It was like music to my ears. Luis, on the other hand, was introverted. Because he was in an unfamiliar environment, he observed his surroundings in silence. After making sure that there was no danger to himself, he became a little more relaxed. Even after he got the marker, Luis didn't get close to me right away. Instead, he stared at me intently. I smiled at him as a form of encouragement, but I didn't urge him to draw right away. Pretty soon, he dropped his guard, slowly drew closer to me, and began doodling on my leg. Polly drew a cute little pig. I couldn't recognize what Luis was sketching though, so I asked tentatively, "Luis, what are you drawing there? Care to tell me what it is?" "He's drawing a working mom!" Polly explained for her brother. After taking a closer look at the sketch, it did look like a working mom, though it appeared to be an abstract drawing. I didn't expect that Luis had a knack for art. Moments later, the once clean plaster on my leg had been doodled with all sorts of strange patterns by Luis and Polly. One could hardly imagine what it used to look like now. Once the plaster had been riddled with doodles, I proposed we play a different game. The kids happily agreed. Helen offered to clear up the dinner table after we finished dinner. I wanted to refuse her offer, but I relented, because I knew that she didn't like the idea of owing other people favors. By the time she arrived downstairs, Luis, Polly, and I, were playing guessing games. Helen took a look at my leg and frowned. Despite noticing it, ignored her reaction and continued playing with the kids. With my hands behind my back, I asked them, "Is it in my left or right hand?" "Left hand!" they said in unison. I opened my palm before their hopeful eyes, and showed that the object was within my right hand. When they realized that they had lost, the smile on their faces disappeared and they looked dejected. Amused, I broke into laughter. Children were so easily fooled!

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CHAPTER 755: GAIN THE TWINS' FAVOR

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Chapter 755: Gain The Twins' Favor Platt's POV: I was practically toying with Luis and Polly. Every time they made a guess, I would secretly move the object to the other side before showing them my hands. Once they had lost several times in a row, they got angry and disappointed. Seeing them like this made me laugh. Each time I was done laughing, I would put my hands behind my back again. "So, left or right?" "Right hand!" Not to be fooled, Luis sensed that something was amiss. A few seconds of contemplation later, he said, "No, I think it's in your left hand." The next few times, after Polly gave her answer, Luis would say the opposite one. Each round, one of them would win, and I was now on the losing end. "Alright, that's enough." I was starting to get bored, so I put the things in my hands down. Continuing with the game meant I wouldn't win anymore. "Uncle Platt, can we play a little longer? We're not done having fun!" They clung to me with smiles on their faces, begging me to play with them. I guessed that Helen must be too busy to play with them, so even a simple game like this would delight them to no end. I relented to their requests. Raising my hands in surrender, I said, "I really can't play anymore. How about I treat you kids to ice cream instead? Helen, do you mind taking out the ice cream tub from the fridge? It's on the bottom left side." My legs couldn't move, so I had to tell Helen to do it. Besides, the kids were grabbing my clothes and refusing to let go. They were so riled up that it wouldn't be convenient for me to stand up. Suddenly, Helen scolded them, "You've eaten way too much tonight. Don't eat anymore. It's time for us to go home now." Her words served to stifle the peaceful, lively atmosphere. Luis and Polly lowered their heads, visibly dejected. I thought that Helen was being too strict to her kids, but she was still their mother. Since I was an outsider, I had no right to give her advice or say anything about the way she disciplined her kids. Still, seeing the look of disappointment on the kids' faces broke my heart. I ruffled their hair and suggested, "Promise me that you'll eat more fruits and vegetables tomorrow. If you can keep your

promise, I'll convince your mother to reward you with some ice cream, okay?" Luis and Polly turned to Helen. Hope could be seen in their eyes. Helen nodded in agreement. "Alright. If you can do it, I'll buy ice cream for you." "Okay! We'll keep our promise!" The twins perked up when they heard their mother agree. I found them really adorable. I had seen lots of spoiled kids in my lifetime. Whenever they couldn't get the toys they wanted, they would sit on the ground and throw a tantrum. On the contrary, Luis and Polly were good kids. Even though they were disappointed that their mother didn't allow them to eat ice cream, they were sensible enough to listen to her. They were so considerate that anyone would feel sorry for them. They didn't even have a father. I had lived a happy childhood. My family doted on me, and I could get whatever I wanted. For that reason, even though I just met these two kids, I really felt sorry for them. As we were talking, it was getting dark. I figured it was time for them to leave, so I called my driver to bring the car over. Before sending them away, I said to Helen, "Helen, your kids are adorable. Do you mind letting me spend more time with them? Besides, I can't go anywhere right now. Having them around would be a great way to kill some time." "Nice try!" Helen remarked, walking away with Luis and Polly. Helen's POV: The next day, it was the Children's Day. There was a parent-child event happening in the kindergarten. It was the first time that my kids were attending the Children's Day event with other kids. I finished my work at the law firm in advance to make time for the big day, which I would participate in with them all day long. While Luis and Polly were performing onstage, many of the parents praised them for their lovely appearances and solemn performance. I felt both proud and delighted. I took out my phone to record this momentous occasion. Happily, I felt a lump in my throat and almost broke into tears. If my mother were still alive, she'd love Luis and Polly just as much as I did. Sadly, she passed away before she even had the chance of meeting them. During the afternoon, a parent-child sports meeting ensued. I planned to take my kids to the competition on my own, but I was really exhausted. The other kids had both parents in the competition with them. Several of the activities were tests of strength, which were more suited for men. Luis and Polly cheered for me as much as they could, but I still lost. At the awarding ceremony, they were looking at the family onstage with envious eyes. All of a sudden, I felt so sorry for them. Ever since they were born, I rarely ever let myself get into a negative headspace. I had been trying everything I could to look after them and make sure that I did everything well. I never thought that the lack of a father would impact them negatively someday. But

during today's competition, all the other kids' parents came. Luis and Polly were the only ones who had only their mother around them, and it made them look pitiful. There were a few more games on schedule. I dared not relax, nor did I let myself be brought down by negative emotions. I made up my mind to go all out and set a positive example for my dear children. Just then, I heard a familiar voice coming from nearby. The noisy playground quieted down, and everyone turned to the one shouting. To my surprise, I found Platt on a wheelchair, holding a banner and shouting, "You can do it, Luis and Polly!" He was smiling brightly as he came over. His flamboyant appearance was in line with his personality. "Uncle Platt!" Luis and Polly approached him with bright smiles on their little faces. "What are you doing here?" I asked. A smile appeared on his lips. "I'm here to join the competition with you. What activity is happening right now?" Luis pointed at the balloons. "It's time to shoot the balloons."

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CHAPTER 756: LUCY'S WEDDING INVITATION

List chapter

Helen's POV: "What a coincidence! I'm quite good at games that require accuracy. I don't even have to use my legs. I've opened a lot of shooting ranges, so shooting balloons is a piece of cake for me already." Platt raised his chin, appearing to be confident in his abilities. Luis and Polly stared at him with admiration. They stood beside his wheelchair; one on the left and the other on the right, cheering for him already. The other parents had already begun shooting, but none of them could hit all of the targets, because they were too far away. Fiddling with the toy gun, Platt declared to Polly and Luis, "Watch me closely!" The kids stared at him with unblinking eyes. Pretty soon, they heard the sound of balloons popping one after another. He shot all ten balloons in a row. The kids were so happy that they hopped and ran around him. Even though I was their mother, I had never

received that kind of excitement from them. The other parents were all praises and applause for Platt, too. Over the next activities, Luis and Polly pushed the wheelchair for Platt and took him to the competition venue. When the other parents saw that his leg was still in plaster, they were scared of bumping into him, so they made sure to make way for him. Platt won all of the competitions he participated in. He was a master of competitive games. Even though they were games for children, he almost never failed. That afternoon, Luis and Polly received the envious gazes of the other children. Once the day was over, the kids' arms were filled with prizes. On our way back, they kept chattering and giggling. Platt basked in the kids' admiration. "If I had known it would be this fun to participate in parent-children mixers, I should've gotten married earlier and had my own kids!" Thereafter, I pushed the wheelchair towards the parking lot. His words put a smile on my face. It wasn't easy to raise kids, and lots of patience and energy were needed. Luis and Polly were relatively obedient kids, and yet I would still lose my temper whenever they were being naughty. "How did you even get here?" "My chauffeur drove me over. I wasn't sure when the event would end, so I asked him to go home without me. So, my only way of getting home is to hitch a ride with you!" Because he did save the day, I had no choice but to drive him home first. I made sure to arrange the safety of Luis and Polly, and fastened their seatbelts for them before helping Platt into the passenger seat. Once he had settled his legs down, I folded his wheelchair up and stored it into the trunk. By the time I finished everything, I was already sweating all over. Upon our arrival at his house, he invited me and the kids for dinner again. "Eating alone is boring. Come have dinner with me. Besides, you made a promise to Luis and Polly yesterday that if they behave well today, you'll let them eat ice cream." Obviously, the kids also remembered this promise. They looked at me expectantly and asked, "Is it really okay, Mom?" I went to the trunk to fetch Platt's wheelchair. Then I helped him out of the passenger seat and sat him on the wheelchair. After that, I took Luis and Polly out of the car. "Alright, let's go." The kids were so happy that they even helped me push Platt's wheelchair into the house. After a busy day, I felt both tired and hungry. Platt asked the cook to serve the food to his villa. Polly was eating spoonful after spoonful, while Luis ate in a reserved manner. I couldn't hide the smile on my face. I didn't even realize that I ate more than usual. After dinner, Platt went to the fridge himself to fetch the ice cream for the kids. Luis and Polly sat side by side on the sofa, holding a cup of ice cream and savoring every bite with satisfied expressions. Normally, I controlled their diet strictly and made sure that they

didn't eat unhealthy foods. I was worried that they might eat something that was bad for them. But for some reason, seeing the smiles on their faces put me in a good mood. Honestly, I was starting to view Platt in a better light. Even if we couldn't work together in the future, being friends with Platt could actually be a good thing. Before leaving, he said to me, "My extreme sports club has been redecorated. Would you like to come visit it with me tomorrow?" I knew what he meant by that. Was that his way of letting me know that he'd procure my services sometime in the future? I smiled at him and said, "Thanks for everything that you did today. I'll make sure to come by tomorrow." Thereafter, I went home with the kids. I helped them take a shower and made them go to bed early. Today's activities must've tired them out, so they soon fell asleep. I had enough time to rest for a little bit before leaving the bedroom and dealing with work. Just then, Westley sent me a link. It was an invitation to Lucy's wedding. I clicked on the link and read page by page. There were photos of Lucy and Dyer. She had become even more beautiful than she was three years ago. She donned a beautiful and delicate wedding dress. In the photos, she was hugging and kissing Dyer. Her eyes were filled with love and affection when she looked at him. It seemed that she was living a happy life. Even though I hadn't spoken to Lucy in years, I was delighted to know that she lived a happy life. I heaved a sigh before deleting the link, pretending like I never saw the message in the first place. Lucy's POV: I leaned against the headboard, staring at my wedding invitation. I handpicked all photos for the invitation. After sending them out, I received a lot of praises and blessings, but I still felt like something was missing. Among everyone else, I wanted Helen to be at my wedding. However, her social media account and her phone number no longer in use, and she even moved away. I couldn't find her anywhere. She must really hate me now. When she needed me the most, I wasn't there for her and even lost my temper on her. The last message I sent to her still remained on my social media account. That day, when she gave me back the money, I asked her harshly if she wanted to stop being friends with me. While I was lost in thought, Dyer came out of the bathroom and grabbed my phone. "You should go to sleep. Stop staring at your phone." He embraced me and let me rest my head on his arm. But because I was thinking about something, I couldn't fall asleep. Dyer seemed to be awake as well. I could tell that he felt restless because of George's return. In the past few years, he had been running Zhester Technology by himself. He had to decide every major decision in the company. Occasionally, he would encounter difficult problems, only then would he consult George about them. Nonetheless, he didn't own the

company. Now that the real boss of Zhester Technology was coming back, Dyer must feel like he was put on an awkward spot in the company.