

## Chapter 570 Clear Estimation Of Yourself

---

Helen's POV:

The entire conference room quieted down after they heard what I said, and everyone was staring at me with suspicion.

My boss, Anya Pierce, was staring at me with shock as well.

Their intense gazes made me feel so nervous that my palms began to sweat. "George Affleck and I went to the same high school. Perhaps I can give it a try," I explained.

Anya eyed me up and down and nodded. "Sure."

Her answer sounded perfunctory. The lawyers and all my other colleagues were just as unimpressed by what I said, and none of them took me seriously.

Truthfully, I already regret what I said the moment I said it.

Only a few days ago, George and I slept

together, and today I was about to talk business with him. This whole situation even made it look like our impassioned night together was just a part of my plan to leverage it for business.

But in all honesty, I couldn't care less. I wanted to achieve lots of things within the law firm and improve my ability in project management.

Besides, I really needed lots of money urgently. I had transferred my mother to a private hospital in New York, and I had to have enough cash to pay for her daily expenses.

When I got home from work, I held my phone and stared at the number on the screen. After moments of hesitation, I finally gathered enough courage to dial George's number.

Pretty soon, the call was picked up. However, it wasn't George's voice.

"Mr. Affleck is in a meeting right now. May I ask who's calling?" said a pleasant female voice. It must be his secretary.



It turned out that he just gave me his work number instead of his private one.

Somehow, it made me feel disappointed. After a moment of silence, I answered, "My name is Helen Dewar. Can you tell Mr. Affleck that I need to speak with him?"

"Okay, ma'am. I'll let him know once he's done with his meeting," the secretary answered before hanging up.

I placed my phone on the bedside, and didn't even expect anything.

We should've severed our ties after that night of passion. After all, nobody would want to be pestered after a one-night stand; especially an excellent man like him.

But to my surprise, at ten in the evening, just as I was about to drift into sleep, George video called me. Flustered, I accepted the call in a hurry.

"You were looking for me?" he said. His deep magnetic voice made my heart skip a beat.

"Yes, I was."

My mind went blank as I stared at his face on my phone screen.

He appeared to be preoccupied and was typing something on his computer. His handsome face showed signs of exhaustion.

"What can I help you with?" George paused his work for a moment to look at the screen.

The moment our eyes met across the screen, I felt like there was a current surging through my heart. All the nerves in my body felt numb for a few seconds.

Thereafter, I remembered why I was calling him. "You see, I heard that Zhester Technology is planning to acquire Smart Technology Company. However, you haven't decided yet which law firm to represent you. My boss from the law firm I work for, Anya Pierce, has a wealth of experience in this field. Is it possible for you to—"

"Is that why called me?" George cut me off midsentence. He closed the computer on the desk and stared at me intently.

I had no idea why he suddenly got upset, so I hurriedly explained, "Look, Miss Pierce has done similar cases in the past. I'm sure she —"

Chapter 370 Clear Estimation +90 Points at most  
George got even more annoyed and he interrupted me again. "If my memory serves me right, you're still an assistant lawyer at present, right?"

"That's right."

I wasn't sure why he was asking the question, yet I answered it anyway.

"So, you're saying your boss sent an assistant lawyer to speak with me? Is this her show of sincerity in working with me?"

George spoke in an unhurried tone of voice, but I could tell he was sarcastic. Every word that escaped his lips felt like a sharp thorn, jabbing into my heart.

I began to feel ashamed; so much so that I wanted to find a hole to hide myself in.

What the hell was I thinking?

How could I let myself believe that I was different from the other girls he had slept with?

I should've had a clear estimation of myself!

"Sorry to bother you," I said, hanging up at once. My face was burning with shame, and my palms were sweating profusely. I felt so



humiliated.

On the night we were together, he was so gentle and considerate of my feelings. Before he left, he even straightened up the wrinkled bed sheet for me, folded my messy clothes, took away the trash, and cleaned up my room.

I was so moved by his gesture, and I was impressed at how much of a gentleman he was!

It was at this moment that I realized that he was only doing those things out of caution. He probably didn't want to leave a single trace that he was ever in my room.

He was a revered man, after all. If any woman he'd had a one-night stand with were to use the fact that they slept together as a leverage to blackmail him, it could be bad for his reputation.

That night, I tossed and turned in bed, unable to fall asleep. His cold, calculating eyes lingered in my mind.

I was almost certain that he probably thought that I was the kind of woman who'd sleep with a man just for business.

As I lay on the bed, feeling horrible about myself, I almost burst into tears.

The next day, when I went to work, Mattie Davidson, a fellow assistant lawyer who began working for the law firm during the same time as me, asked me, "I heard that you knew George Affleck from high school. So, have you managed to contact him yet?"

Right after she asked the question, everyone's eyes fell on me, including my boss.

I smiled stiffly and answered, "I'm sorry, Miss Pierce. George and I were in the same grade at the time, but we were in different classes. I've asked several of my high school friends regarding him yesterday, but they all said that they haven't spoken to him since graduation."

"I see." Anya nodded, unsurprised by my answer. She then continued the meeting.

"For the time being, let's put a pin on this case. I heard that Zhester Technology's new product which was supposed to be released this weekend has been released ahead of time by their peers. Currently, George Affleck is abroad, so he probably has no time to deal



with the acquisition."

Phil Mason, another lawyer, seemed to have remembered something. "I saw him in the parking lot of the airport last month during the 20th. He was talking over the phone back then, so I didn't greet him and missed the opportunity to get to know him. I'm guessing he went abroad for the product conceptualization that day."

His words left me stunned. 20th last month? Wasn't that the day I had sex with George? Did that mean he really had something to do that night?

During that time, he sounded so calm and collected, and he didn't seem to be panicking. Which was why I thought he just came up with an excuse to leave.

But now, I realized that I just misunderstood him.

Sadly, I no longer had the chance to apologize to him. After last night's phone call, George might not want to see me ever again.

I smiled bitterly as my thoughts began to



wander.

Just as the meeting was about to adjourn, Anya turned to me and asked, "Helen, you studied in Philadelphia during your high school years, right?"

Pulled back to my senses, I nodded in response. "Yes, ma'am."

"Prepare yourself. Tomorrow, you and Mattie will go on a business trip with me to Philadelphia. There's a case that needs our attention. I'll e-mail you the details of the case later."

With that, Anya stood from her chair, and walked out of the meeting room.

Both Mattie and I were newcomers, and this was the first time that our boss took us to a major case.

Mattie gleefully agreed and followed Anya out.

I was also delighted to have finally been given a case to work on. This was my very first case in this law firm. I didn't want to screw it up.