


Bye

 +90 Points at most

## Chapter 572 Private Account

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Helen's POV:

This business trip to Philadelphia was only a week. It was brief, but the task at hand was heavy. <sup>1</sup>

After taking a break at the hotel, we started working as planned.

Mattie took the initiative to negotiate with the target company. Her job was to review business deals and contracts. I, on the other hand, was responsible for the assessment of the company's qualifications.

Anya and I went to the company first and met the person in charge. It was our responsibility to assess the suspicious contents in the investigation list.

Although our work was quite similar, Mattie's task was more important than mine.

My boss, Anya, was a workaholic, especially

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when she was on a business trip. She did not like wasting time and always ensured we finished our jobs as soon as possible. When we returned to the hotel from the company, it was already ten o'clock in the evening.

Mattie and I began writing the report at the end of the day. I had done similar work before, so I had a rough idea about what I was supposed to do. Thankfully, I finished the report early just as I had hoped.

When I handed the report to Anya, she nodded in approval, which surprised me as she rarely showed her satisfaction. "If there's nothing else, you can go back now and have a rest."

"Thanks, Miss Pierce."

Before leaving, I caught a glimpse of investigation reports regarding Zhester Technology on her desk.

Truth be told, the real purpose of Anya's visit to Philadelphia was to meet Boswell Deleon, the technical director of Zhester Technology. It was said that he was George's most

capable subordinate and also played an important role in the company. He happened to be in Philadelphia recently.

On my way out, I saw Mattie came over to hand her report. But the moment I closed the door, I heard Anya scolded Mattie.

"How many times do I have to tell you this? Don't download these documents from the Internet. Are you deaf or just plain stupid? Stop wasting my time. If you're just gonna give me rubbish, just throw them straight into the trash can!"

Fortunately, Mattie had a commendable attitude. She just apologized and accepted Anya's criticism, even though it was hurtful. But even though Mattie was on the verge of tears, I did not offer help. After all, it was her job, and she had to be accountable for her mistakes.

With that, I left the hotel and went to a diner I often went to when I was in high school.

It had been years since I last visited this city. Surprisingly, nothing much changed over the



years.

The diner was still open, but it was not as lively and noisy as it was in my memory. It was late at night when I arrived, and only several customers were inside.

In the past, my classmates and I would often come to this diner to eat. We would chat with one another and laugh like there was no tomorrow.

The moment the owner saw me, he walked over and asked with a smile, "Miss, what can I get for you?"

I sat by the window and ordered some of my favorite dishes. This was the very same spot where I used to sit before.

The owner and his wife did not seem to recognize me. I could not blame them. So many years had passed, and I had changed a lot.

I cupped my face as I waited for the food.

The owner served my order not long after. The food was still just like I remembered. For a second, I felt as if I was back in high school.

Suddenly, something occurred to me. I put my fork down, took a picture of my meal with my phone, and posted it on Instagram.

As soon as I posted the picture, my former high school classmates commented one after another.

I smiled and replied to every one of them.


But then, the smile on my face froze when an unfamiliar account commented on my post.

"Is this diner still open?" a user named "G" asked.

Who was this? George?

Was this his private account?

Since when did we follow each other? Why did I not remember following him?

My finger hovered over his comment as I contemplated whether or not I should reply. After pondering for a moment, I decided not to and even blocked him. 

I could not help but think of our video call the other day. He drew a very clear line between his professional and private life.



Well, we only had to talk about business, and I had gotten his work account. There was no need for me to keep his private one.

I did not want to keep fantasizing about him.

I must admit, I was kinda sensitive with the way people talked to me.

If George and I did not have sex that night and he did not reject me harshly later, I would probably be happy to know his private social media account. Perhaps I would even take the initiative to talk to him. <sup>1</sup>

But the way I looked at him had changed. Right now, his angry voice from that night kept echoing in my head.

"Your boss sent an assistant lawyer to speak with me? Is this her show of sincerity in working with me?"

Clearly, he was implying that I did not deserve to talk business with him.

He was right, though. I had overestimated myself.

It was enough that I had been humiliated once. I would just take it as a lesson.



When I returned to the hotel, Mattie was still revising her report under the table lamp. The sound of her typing on the keyboard was particularly harsh in the late night.

The noise became more and more intense. Mattie must have encountered more problems and become frustrated.

She and I shared the same room. After taking a shower, I lay on the bed and closed my eyes to sleep. But no matter how hard I tried, I could not sleep well because of the sound of Mattie typing.

Unable to take it any longer, I got up from the bed, tried to open my tired and sleepy eyes, and sat beside her.

"Do you need help?"

"Yes, please!" Mattie answered. She must have cried while I was away as her voice was hoarse and her eyes were bloodshot.

She placed the laptop in front of me, leaned against the back of her chair, and looked at me pitifully. "Miss Pierce's requirements are too strict. I-I think I'm not good enough for

this."

I took over her laptop and quickly corrected her mistakes.

In all honesty, her work was not that bad. Her corrections were not that many, and the articles in the project were concise and orderly. It was just that her type arrangement was messy, the typeface was different, and a lot of words were written colloquially, making the article seem unprofessional.

As I leaned closer to the table and typed away, Mattie looked at me with admiration and fawningly said, "Helen, I didn't expect that you have such a good figure. You have an hourglass figure and a full chest. You're nearly perfect."

With a chuckle, I got up, walked to my bed, and lay down to sleep. "Yours is good too. Anyway, send it to Miss Pierce now. I'm going to take my well-deserved sleep."

Just as I said, Mattie sent the report to our boss. "The Vlibert Company is just a small



business deal. We've done similar cases before. I can't help but think that we're not learning anything new from Miss Pierce on this business trip," she casually said.

I closed my eyes and did not answer.

On the surface, Mattie and I were comrades-in-arms. But in truth, we were competing with each other.

This was the first time we had worked together on a project. She might not have noticed, but I cherished every case I was given, regardless if it was big or small.

The next day, we visited the factory of Vlibert Company. The director in charge of the merger case invited our team to lunch.

"I'm sorry. I won't be able to make it. I have an appointment this noon. How about we take a rain check?" Anya said with a polite smile.

Well, she had asked Boswell of Zhester Technology for lunch. That was the most important part of the business trip. She could not miss it.

Mattie and I, however, could not refuse the invitation, so we had no choice but to go.

Mattie and I, along with the business partners and management of Vlibert Company, went to a fancy restaurant. I was not used to meeting so many strangers. Fortunately, Mattie got along well with all of them.

As we were the only girls there, we soon became the focus of the topic.

At this moment, the middle-aged man sitting opposite me smiled and asked, "Helen, don't you remember me? I'm Breck Collins."

Breck Collins?

I took a serious look at him, and my eyes widened in panic and confusion. No wonder he looked familiar.

This was exactly the reason why I did not go back to Philadelphia for years. I was afraid of meeting someone I knew in the past.

Before I could reply, Mattie, who was sitting next to me, curiously asked, "Mr. Collins, do you know Helen?"

"I used to work for her father. I watched Helen grow up, but I didn't see her for years after her father passed away."

At the recollection of the past, I felt as if I was on the verge of collapsing. But since many people were there, I hid my discomfort and raised my glass to the man. "Mr. Collins, I would like to propose a toast to give you my thanks."

With that, I drank up the wine in my glass and felt a burning feeling in my throat down to my stomach. Meanwhile, Breck simply took a sip of the wine and said, "You don't have to be so polite and formal to me, Helen. Since you are back in Philadelphia, you're welcome to my home anytime."

The people at the table were all well-mannered. They did not force me to drink, nor did they say any inappropriate jokes or remarks. After the meal, Mattie and I bade farewell to everyone. 8