

Bye, My Irresistible Love

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Chapter 741 Discarding Dolores Draco looked at Dolores, who was being pressed to the ground by a woman from look fierce, and then look at Janet. "Janet, tell me, what's going on?" After asking his bodyguard to Let Dolores go, Janet explained. Dalores got into a fight me and my bodyguard, so he stopped her." Dolores quickly got up from the ground as soon as they released her. I threw Janet a glare and then turned to Draco with a pitiful expression: "Mr.Wesley, it's all Janet's fault! I try to bring your servant to the office, but I told him that it was not allowed. So possibly to your servant who hits me!" Janet was sick and tired of the nonsense of Dolores, so he approached Draco and explained with frankness: "This woman is not my servant. she is my bodyguard. something terrible happened yesterday after work. The billboard in the The roof of this building fell and almost hurt me. for him Good for my own safety, I brought bodyguards to work today." Crossing her arms over her chest, Dolores he scoffed disdainfully. "You are making mountains to starting from a grain of sand. the billboard It was just a fucking accident. Why Would you need bodyguards here? what an excuse dumbest!". Janet didn't even look at Dalores. Instead, he looked He stared at Draco and asked, "Mr.Wesley, are you heard about the billboard incident, TRUE?". Draco did find out. It was said that after Janet left work yesterday, almost got crushed by the billboard. It seemed that Brandon was Also there. It was he who protected Janet, saving her instead of himself. He frowned. "You're hurt? Have you gone to hospital?" After hesitating for a few seconds, Janet decided tell the truth. "No, but my husband turned out injured. Although the police said it was just a accident, I know something is wrong. whoever who was behind this had to be at the I lurk in the shadows, but I don't know where. It what was happening right now too I was being monitored." After pondering about it for a while, Draco finally made a

decision. "I will let your bodyguard enters the studio, but he will have to abide by the rules and cannot stand in the way the way. from someone's job, okay?" Janet was a bit surprised to hear this. Nope he hoped Draco would be so considerate. How nice, boss! She broke into a smile and he nodded happily. "Thank you, Mr.Wesley. I'll get to work now." After apologizing, Janet walked into the study with his bodyguard. Just when he was about to reach his workstation, Dalores's high-pitched voice called behind her. "You can't just walk away! You supposed bodyguard hurt my arm ago one moment. How are you going to make it up to me? it's?" Dalores demanded fiercely. Janet was speechless. looked at the arm Dalores, who only had a few light bruises. The bruise would probably go away in a matter of minutes. How dare Dalores ask her compensation? This stupid woman just I wanted to blackmail her! As Draco walked past them, he looked at the little bruise on Dalores's arm and said coldly: "If you're really hurt, you can request a license and go see a doctor. In any case, now we have Tasha. The studio will survive while you're away." Dalores's nostrils flared with anger. Draco was obviously on the side of Janet. He put his arm behind his back and lowered his head, as if she had been wronged. "It's okay. It's just a minor injury. Yet I can work". Then he went to his station annoyed. Janet couldn't help but laugh when Dalores was out of earshot. In fact, he thought Dalores had been the one who manipulated the fence fallen ad... Thinking about it, it seemed that Dalores was too stupid to devise a ploy so tortuous He couldn't have known about it. Janet's war with Charis and using her in her against, right? At least among the suspects, could rule out Dalores. But if it wasn't her, who could it be? Janet had to get to the bottom from this. He found a seat for the bodyguard in the office and asked him to wait quietly. Later went to the bathroom. He turned on his cell phone and looked all the weird texts from the night before. It was daytime now. I doubted that the ghosts come chase her while the sun was still up tall. Janet then tapped the phone number and called the mysterious sender.

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Chapter 742 New project Janet held her breath anxiously. While waiting for the call to be answered but he was met with a cold robotic voice that He said that this number did not exist. It seemed that whoever was behind she was well prepared... Obviously, the person who had sent you the text message didn't want to be tracked, so they deleted the number they used right after sending the message. Although not a techie, Janet he knew it would not be difficult to do such a thing. Now, I was more certain that it was not the ghost of Charis. Whoever was behind this alone wanted to use Charis as a decoy to scare Janet. But what did they want? Why were you doing this to her? Janet racked her brain trying to remember if he had hurt someone another person who had been close to Charis... Who could it be? "Hello? Earth to Janet! you forgot to close the faucet!". Suddenly, Elizabeth came out of nowhere and he touched Janet's shoulder from behind. Only then did Janet snap out of her trance. He quickly turned off the faucet. "What's happening? Are you okay?" Elizabeth could see that Janet's mind was still elsewhere. Nope He was able to keep from frowning in concern. "What's going on, Janet? you seem a bit out of himself these days. Is it because of Dalores? Janet looked at Elizabeth, only to see the concern written all over her friend's face. She smiled reassuringly. "You are thinking too much on things. She is not intimidating me And now, I have my bodyguard with me. Of From now on, I'm sure he'll think about it twice before causing me trouble." Elizabeth laughed. I had also heard what had happened that morning. Suddenly, you an idea occurred. She looked at Janet confused and asked, "Why did you suddenly bring a bodyguards here?" As Janet explained, the two walked out together of the bathroom. "Didn't you know what happened last night? The billboard on the roof of this building It fell out of nowhere." "Everyone said it was an accident. Did you know our building is old." Elizabeth didn't think so. weird. Elizabeth didn't know the whole story, which was something good in Janet's eyes. That meant that she he was not in danger. So, Janet didn't explain everything in detail and stated that the bodyguards they were hired by Brandon. When he returned to his post, he found a large bouquet of fresh red roses wrapped in wrapping paper black present on Elizabeth's desk. "Oh my God! They are beautiful! This must be from George, right?" Janet asked curiously. The truth is that he did not like Jorge to

Elizabeth and hoped that Elizabeth would leave him. to their eyes, Elizabeth was an outstanding woman who he deserved a better man. George had already proven to be a domestic abuser and a drug addict, which of course made Janet worried about her friend. Elizabeth's cheeks turned so red like the roses on your desk. He lowered his head with shyly and pinched a rose petal with her fingers, leaving a slight mark on the petal. "Jorge has been very good to me lately. Makes me feel like we've gone back to past. I think it has really changed." Janet smiled and said nothing more. I did not want to spoil Elizabeth's good mood, but not could shake off the bad feeling that he had on Jorge. "Good morning ladies! we have a new design project. Mr.Wesley asked me to give these materials." Tasha came over and reported on his new project. She told Janet, "In the afternoon, the client will come to the studio to choose a young designer for design the dresses you need. All the world can participate in the competition." Looking at the materials Tasha gave him, Janet knew instantly it was for a dress. I used to do runway fashion, so I rarely accepted that type of haute couture project. You attached great importance, especially because it was his first project after returning to W marks. He opened the document and found that the surname of the client was Harding... Harding? That family Harding is this? "She didn't know much about the big families in Barnes, but knew about the Harding Family in Seacisco, could they be related? "Must be the Harding family from Seacisco. Also they have a stronghold here in Barnes, who now in charge is Garrett."

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Chapter 743 the new laney Later that day, two luxury cars pulled up in front of W Marks Studio. The Harding family had arrived. It had been a long time since the last time Janet

saw Garrett. She thought who would come today Janet waited with her colleagues in the hall. Finally, the doors opened and Mrs.Harding got out of the car, followed by Laney. The eyes Janet's opened wide. I could not believe that the woman behind Mrs.Harding was, of done, Laney. Laney looked extremely different. its long hair was braided, framing her beautiful face. His eyebrows were trimmed and his eyelashes curly, giving your face a noble and worthy. She also looked more gentle and delicate than before, unlike the crude bodyguard that Janet met once. This woman was nothing like to Laney, but in fact it was her. After watching Mrs.Harding and Laney for For a while, Janet still couldn't bring herself to greet her friend. She just led them into the living room. meetings. He kept looking silently at Laney, whose eyes searched the room for Janet. When his gaze finally landed on Janet nodded politely. His smile was kind elegant and somewhat strange. Janet knew that Laney had been drinking etiquette courses with Mrs.Harding, but no! I expected him to make such great progress early! It was as if it had turned into a completely different woman. Janet was really tempted to go and chat with Laney, but with the presence of Mrs.Harding, no dared to approach them. Meanwhile, he could only pretend that they were strangers. With a kind smile, Mrs.Harding announced to all the designers: "I am ordering two sets, one for my son and one for his wife. They will use it in an upcoming event." "No problem, Mrs.Harding. We have samples of almost all fabrics here in our study. Just tell us what kind of design you want and will". Dalores passed a cup of coffee to Mrs.Harding with a flattering smile. Obviously, she wanted to be chosen as a designer for this Project. "Good thank you. I want the dress to be of a elegant color and a rather conservative style. Many dresses these days are also revealing and not worthy enough, that they dislike But at the same time, the dress must look tailored. can't be too much outdated. After all, my daughter-in-law only has twenty-something, I don't want it to look bad." The Mrs.Harding continued to express her own opinions, as if she were the one who was going to use the dress. Laney sat quietly next to him with a upright posture "We can do whatever you want. Y you're right. Many dresses are too many revealing now. It is as if society had renounced modesty." Dalores continued echoing the sentiments of Ms. Harding, making sure the others designers could not speak. "Yes, yes. So I want the design to be dignified and modern at the same time." After saying that, Mrs.Harding took a sip of her coffee. "Of course. Don't worry. Definitely we can do that." Dalores continued to flatter the Mrs Harding. Mrs.Harding nodded with satisfaction. "Is rare see a designer who knows her clients so well

customers." Hearing what he said, Dalores glowed. pride. I was sure it would be the designer chosen. Mrs.Harding looked at the crowd and asked casually: "I have submitted my applications. Do you have any other questions?" The eyes they remained fixed on quiet Laney. Janet took a deep breath and slowly stood up. "Mrs.Harding, you mentioned that this dress is going to be for Laney, so I want to hear your as well.opinion".

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Chapter 744 Laney's opinion Mrs.Harding was surprised to see that Janet defended Laney. She was stunned for a few seconds and then turned his head to look at Laney, who was sitting next to him. Although Laney made good progress on these days, she was still far from being the ideal daughter-in-law, especially when it comes to taste. It was difficult to train something like that in such a short time. So when they came to the studio today, Mrs.Harding had already painted a picture for himself head of the dress I wanted for Laney and didn't have the intention of asking about the thoughts of Laney. But now that Janet mentioned it, Mrs.Harding she couldn't pretend she was deaf. He smiled at Laney and asked gently, "Well, Laney? What you think?" Laney looked around the fabric swatches on the study. After a few seconds of silence, he said elegantly, "Well, I only have one thought. The color of Garrett's suit should be darker." Hearing that, everyone present designers fell silent. It seemed that everyone expected that Mrs.Harding to talk to. Dalores had already investigated the Laney's background. The future Mrs.Harding was not from a wealthy family and she used to be an ordinary bodyguard before. The Harding family only let her in because their son had insisted. Dalores realized that Mrs.Harding did not was satisfied with her daughter-in-law, and the last word she was still Mrs.Harding herself. Dalores chuckled, then turned to look at Mrs.Harding

apologetically. A Laney, said condescendingly: "It's probably because you don't know much about fashion, but colored fabrics are often old-fashioned. Mr.Harding is still very young. We do not want dress him up like an old man, right? You should listen more to your elders." Mrs.Harding was drinking coffee while Dalores spoke and frowned imperceptibly upon hearing his words. Janet resisted the urge to roll her eyes. white and replied: "There are also many garments couture dark colors that do not make people look old Do you remember the suit made black velvet decorated with pearls and sapphires? That design is a timeless classic and has always been the star of fashion shows." Dalores made a long face. "You're too much young man. What do you know? How many parades have you seen? Stop talking nonsense in front of our customers." "Why was Janet always provoking problems?"Dalores was really furious! I was busy trying to flatter Mrs.Harding, but Janet kept trying to steal the center of attention. That was gross! Janet ignored Dolores and looked directly at Laney. "Can I ask you a question?" The attitude Janet's seriousness confused Laney a little. Janet had never spoken to him like that before. "By favour". Laney nodded politely. "Why do you think your husband's suit will look better if it's dark? Laney replied. quickly: "Because my husband's ties They are usually brightly colored. That's your signature. I think if he were here today, he would have made the same decision." After he finished speaking, he looked at Ms. Harding cautiously. Mrs.Harding smiled and he nodded approvingly at Laney. There was always Thought Laney was reckless and careless, but she was actually very observant and he clearly cared for Garrett. Laney's simple words moved the Mrs Harding. And though Laney wasn't around up to Mrs.Harding's standards, she could feel that Laney deeply loved her son and I knew him very well. Thinking of this, Mrs.Harding felt a new respect for his daughter-in-law. "Well, just do what she He says. She is the wife of my son and knows him better." Mrs.Harding was actually very proud the way he treated Laney. hated the idea of the evil mother-in-law who persecuted her daughter-in-law, just thinking about it was unpleasant, and he knew that he would only push his son away if he made things difficult for him. After saying that, Mrs.Harding nodded. towards Laney. Well done, my girl." After praise her, Mrs.Harding noticed that Janet had helped Laney at that time. Then he looked at Janet and asked seriously: "What her name?" "It's Janet Larson. Pleased to meet you, Mrs.Harding." As soon as Mrs.Harding heard the name, a trace of surprise flashed in his eyes.

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Chapter 745 The Chosen Designer Mrs.Harding had heard of this name before. He soon remembered that Janet was the daughter of the White family and wife of Brandon Larson. The Grupo Larson had become a giant of company lately. had established many branches and enjoyed great prestige both in Seacisco as well as in Barnes. Also, it was fine. knew that Brandon loved much to his wife. In the eyes of Mrs.Harding, it would be nice to have a relationship with Janet. "I've seen Johanna before. She mentioned you to me."

Mrs.Harding looked at Janet closely and discovered He had his mother's eyes. Janet's smile widened. "Really?". Janet had never before met or seen Mrs.Harding, but he had heard that the mother of Garrett was a lady who valued nobility and label. But judging by the attitude of Mrs.Harding towards Laney, she felt that Mrs.Harding was in actually quite a quiet mother-in-law. Mrs.Harding was interested in approaching the White family and the Larson Group. After All in all, they would be excellent long-term business partners. term. So he got excited about Janet from immediate. "Since I know Janet, I won't bother anyone else. Janet, could you help me design the dress for Laney? You have experience in fashion design, TRUE? I have seen your works and they are really excellent. Your parents must be very proud of you." Being praised by the esteemed Mrs.Harding, Janet was speechless and simply nodded. to express your gratitude. Janet didn't expect Mrs.Harding to change Suddenly his thinking chose her for design it, so he could only say, "Thank you for your trust, Mrs.Harding, I will not disappoint you." Smiling brightly, Mrs.Harding took one last sip of coffee and said: 'Well, we've decided by a designer. Let's talk about the next steps." She smoothed the wrinkles out of her dress and looked at Janet expectantly. However, before they could continue, the Mrs.Harding's phone began to ring. She reached into her bag for her phone and answered it. "Oh,

Ready? Okay. I'll pick it up right away." After putting away her phone, she smiled at everyone like apologizing. "I'm sorry, but I have to go away I'll leave the rest to Laney." I turn to Laney and told her, "Keep in touch with Janet. I'm sure he has great ideas." "I know, Mrs.Harding. Don't worry. Can leave it to me". After giving a subtle wink to Janet, Laney smiled at her mother-in-law. The two women knew each other so well... Dalores watched helplessly as Mrs.Harding was leaving, silently seething with rage. Mrs.Harding had personally chosen Janet, so she couldn't say anything more. Their Efforts were again in vain. So tragic! Dalores decided she had to get rid of Janet while looking at her with disdain. When Mrs.Harding left, Janet cleared her head. throat and suggested, "Laney, it's almost time for lunch. Do you want to talk over lunch?" Laney nodded happily. The two women headed to a quaint restaurant near the study. Then Janet had her bodyguard sit across from her and Laney. while ordering food, Laney glanced at Janet, who was busy talking to the bodyguard. Suddenly he felt as if the good old times would have returned and there was nothing changed. It hadn't been that long since the two of them parted ways, but Laney had felt as if It would have been a lifetime ago. Seeing Laney pining over the menu, Janet he asked with concern, "What's wrong, Laney? You see sad.Are the Hardings putting you through a bad time? I'm here.You can talk with me".

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Chapter 746 The second mysterious call Laney shook her head and smiled wistfully. "Oh, it's not like that. I was thinking about the days we were still in Seacisco. we used to be so carefree! Now that I live with the family Harding. Well, everyone there pays attention to their manners. I totally get it as they are one Noble family. Sometimes I feel like I'm

walking on egg shells." Janet noticed that her friend was missing. happy, so she patted him on the shoulder in an effort to comfort her. "How much The sooner you accept reality, the better. You've changed a lot, Laney. I almost didn't recognize you." Hearing this, Laney smiled bitterly. After ordering, he handed the menu to the waiter. To Janet, he said, "It's hard. I just don't want disappoint Garrett. He quit his job at the Larson group to work on the Harding family for my sake I also want to do my best effort to please his family, but sometimes It is very difficult." During the last months of etiquette classes, Laney had had difficulties and ever since Garrett had taken over the family business, I had been busy with work all day and he rarely came home to see her. Laney was a woman who loved the arts martial and yearned for freedom. everything i used to be linked to his identity was buried since who married Garrett of the Harding Family. A times I didn't even know if there was still a meaning to your life. As time went on, it became more and more more confused and scared, fearing to be trapped by the rules of the entire Harding family his life. It was almost like a prison. when thinking about this, Laney felt suffocated. Janet's heart sank when she saw the helplessness in Laney's eyes. "If you're really unhappy, why don't you talk to Garrett about it?" Laney sighed heavily. "But what's the use quarrel? In the end, it will still be me who suffers, so that I don't say anything. Anyway, all the Harding family members have accepted me, Even if it's just because I'm pregnant. Janet shook her head. "Laney, stop thinking So..." In her eyes, Laney should have trusted her more. Garrett. "Garrett is more responsible than you believe I would hate to see you suffer. you should at least talk to him, okay? After a long silence, Laney murmured: "I do not know anymore.." The more they talked about Laney's life, the more he got depressed Fortunately the food was ready and served promptly. Janet looked at the food served and discovered that almost everything Laney I had ordered were vegetables. "Laney, I didn't know vegetables were your food. favourite". Janet couldn't believe how much there was changed Laney. Laney sighed again. "Mrs.Harding says that pregnant women should eat healthy to that the baby is also healthy." "Stop this. You're pregnant and you're the boss. You I will ask the waiter to take them away and bring their food favourite." As she spoke, Janet greeted the waiter. asked all the dishes that Laney liked. But because Laney was pregnant, she had no appetite and only ate a little. While chewing on a piece of meat, Janet noticed that Laney was picking at the food in her dish. "Do you want to eat something else? we can order what you want". Laney smiled. It felt good to have a friend regarded as Janet. For once,

someone he cared about her and not about her baby. "No, it's just that. I really don't have an appetite at these days." Laney put down her fork and wiped her mouth gracefully. Although these are my favorite foods, I can't eat much. Janet, you should eat more. You look skinny." Just as Laney was putting out more food on Janet's plate, Janet's phone began to ring. When Janet saw that it was a number that could recognize, her face suddenly turned Pale. Laney instantly felt something was up. wrong. She frowned and took the phone from Janet, responding quickly. "Hello who it is?" The bodyguard also noticed the change sudden in his mood and stood up Best regards. The voice on the other end of the line was very clear. whoever was calling she was still pretending to be Charis. "Janet has done something wrong and now she doesn't even answer your own phone. LOL! Tell him that I I will avenge sooner or later. And you, since you are pregnant, you should stay away from her if you still you care about your son. If you try to help Janet, both you and your baby will die together." Laney scoffed. He immediately understood that the woman on the other end of the line was watching them from close up Laney used to be a bodyguard professional. He looked at the bodyguard in silence, telling him with his eyes to look in the restaurant now. Laney kept talking on the phone while he subtly looked around the restaurant. "Hey, the jig is over. I'll give you a minute to get out here, or there will be consequences once you catch". The caller did not hang up or do anything. sound. Soon, Laney saw a woman with a black trench coat in the corner of the restaurant. With the phone in tow, Laney jumped out of her seat and chased

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Chapter 747 She escaped The woman in the corner seemed to hear the commotion behind her, because she looked back over his shoulder and saw Laney approaching To her. He

jumped to his feet and was about to flee, but Laney caught up with her. Laney grabbed her by the coat and tried to remove the mask. the woman from Black gritted his teeth and struggled against Laney. Laney was surprised. This woman in black turned out be quite strong and moved with agility. Obviously, she was a trained fighter. Although Laney was a better fighter than the woman in black, she was now pregnant. Both they fought and Laney was about to take advantage. I was about to remove the mask from the woman in black. when suddenly. a food cart was heading at high speed towards them! laney not he had no choice but to jump back. The woman in black took the opportunity to push Laney and then ran out of the restaurant. Just now when Laney ran toward the corner of the restaurant, Janet tried to run after her. But before he could help, he saw that the woman in black had pushed Laney, who then he fell heavily to the ground. surprised, Janet ran to his side. Laney curled into a ball and covered her belly, with face pale as a ghost. used to be good fighting, but now she was pregnant and It had become much slower and weaker... "Don't let her get away!" Laney yelled with difficulty, pointing to the direction in which the woman escaped in black He had come so close to catching her! The bodyguard was about to leave running to chase after the woman in black, but Janet stopped her. "Laney is bleeding! We have to take her to hospital now!" The bodyguard hesitated. Their job was to protect Janet and catch the person trying to harm you. "Hurry up! Your life could be in danger! Nope I can carry it alone!" Janet couldn't help raising his voice at the hesitant bodyguard. "We have to get her to the hospital right now. Nothing is more important than the life of my best friend!" Tears welled up in her eyes and her voice she became hoarse. I was really worried about Laney. Finally, the bodyguard relented and took Laney into a cab while Janet got in the other. side. Together, they rushed to the hospital. ***** The woman in black did not stop until she reached a remote alley, looking over the shoulder to see if anyone had followed her. For To his surprise, the alley was empty. The woman ran to a nearby cafe. in the corner more away from the cafe sat a beautiful woman, eating dessert quietly. It was They lived. Vivian looked up in surprise when the woman he had hired approached him without breath. He put down the spoon with a frown and He asked, "What are you doing here? Didn't I tell you that Will you watch Janet? The woman in black was a bit anxious. I know dropped into a chair to catch his breath before finally saying, "I almost got caught. Janet not only did he have a bodyguard by his side, but also a friend who has a sixth sense or something like that. I didn't know how, but she found me and put up a good fight. she must have had

training. She is even better than me." "Did she see your face?" Vivian's frown deepened. He had lost his appetite. "You're not a professional? Why can't you do what I asked you? The task was so simple: scare Janet." The woman in black was also speechless. "They didn't see my face, but you gave me the wrong information. Janet is not afraid of ghosts at all. I feel like he's playing with me every time I call her!" With her arms crossed over her chest, Vivian leaned back in his chair. had calmed down and he seemed to be thinking of something. In fact, Vivian I didn't know Janet was so bold but I couldn't leave things to chance. "Immediately after the fence incident publicity, she had a bodyguard with her everywhere she went. Also, I had a friend there to help her. no wonder that Charis lost to her."

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Chapter 748: Vigorous Platt Helen's POV: The look that Clare gave me reminded me of Platt. They both displayed an exuberance and vigor for life no matter what the circumstances. Although Platt was virtually confined to the hospital bed, he was still so energetic and eager to pursue his work. He didn't seem to allow anything to dampen his Spirits. Within a few days, I collated the information that Platt had provided and I was ready to call the members from the decoration company for a discussion. Platt had emphasized that if the matter could be settled through negotiations then there would be no need to sue them. My meeting with the person in charge of the decoration company started off on a bitter note. He kept complaining, "Miss Dewar, I'm sure you have seen the design drawing, right? We followed the design drawing very strictly. Although there were some revisions between the actual design and the visual effect, they were all within a certain acceptable range. We have completed 90 percent of the work already. But Platt

seems dissatisfied. He is just being overly fussy." I listened to him quietly, subconsciously trying to detect his flaws. The person in charge continued, "I have worked with Platt in the past on a project before and we enjoyed pleasant cooperation. He was satisfied with the results. Hence our decision to work together again. The bottom line is that he is a freewheeling, rich, unreliable kid. He condemned the decoration of our professional staff and showed us utter disrespect." He was beating around the bush instead of getting to the point. My impatience got the better of me and I said directly, "I've seen the design drawing. Mr. Thompson asked for the fashion industrial style. But you made unnecessary alterations that have increased the cost. You have painted the brick walls that should have been kept the way they were and even hidden the pipes." "What's the problem with that? I've kept the style he wanted. Isn't it normal to decorate other places to give it a nice finish?" I shook my head with disapproval. Platt wanted a simple, natural style without too much of decoration. The brick and cement walls should be left unpainted. With the pipelines being crossed and exposed outside, it would create tension in the players. Such an environment was conducive for extreme sports. Although it was still the fashion industrial style in the end, it was too delicate and pretentious. Like Platt said, the soul of the design was always gone. The reason that the decoration company did this was probably to make more money. Platt had allocated five hundred thousand. However, when they processed it, they gave him a whopping bill of 1.2 million dollars. The lay man would feel uncomfortable in such a situation, but they wouldn't go to court. Unfortunately for them, they had to try this ploy with Platt. Knowing his stingy personality, he would not spend an extra dime on things he didn't want. During our communication, I always maintained a calm attitude. No matter what tricks the other party used, I was always one up on them. Finally, tired after much discussion, he asked me, "How much does Platt want in compensation?" "Including the decoration cost and the delay of the construction period, the final amount he wants is 1.6 million." I deliberately raised the price that Platt wanted by 100 thousand, leaving room for the other party to negotiate. When the other party heard the amount, he almost hit the ceiling. He shouted angrily, "How dare he make such an unreasonable demand? We are wasting our time trying to negotiate. I'll see you in court!" Then he slammed the door and left, fuming like a volcano. I recorded the negotiation and played it for Platt. Taking a glance at the black suit on me, Platt looked away in disgust as it reminded him of funerals like he said. Then he turned on the recording and listened attentively. He cursed the other party for being so heartless. When

he heard the amount I asked the other party in compensation, he was happy. "I didn't expect you to be so cruel. But great job. We can't treat deceptive people with kid gloves. The last time I worked with them and they ripped me off, I just dismissed it, so they probably took me for a pushover. Don't worry. If we win, I will give you half of the extra one hundred thousand." I ignored him and sat down to seriously think about our next plan of action. The result was within my expectations. The amount that Platt wanted was too much. There was no way that the other party would agree. So I had to institute the legal process. Even if we went through the legal process, the court would not instruct the other party to compensate 1.5 million. After all, the decoration cost did not exceed 1.2 million. It was not a reasonable request, but Platt was pushing ahead. When the trial began, the judge dismissed our request. The specific amount could only be given after the settlement. The judge suggested that we'd better negotiate in private, otherwise the case could drag on for years and it would be a good waste of time, money and energy. As his leg hadn't healed yet, Platt's caregiver had to wheel him to court. When the other party saw him in the wheelchair, he spurned sarcastically, "With that broken leg, why didn't you just stay back and rest in the hospital instead of coming to court?" With a calm smile, Platt pointed at his injured leg. "I almost forgot that I sustained this injury because your worker had negligently left a ladder on the way. Miss Dewar, must they not also pay for my medical expenses?" The man's face darkened. He gave Platt a nasty look and then hurried away. I followed the caregiver and Platt back to the hospital. He was ranting and raving all the way, venting his anger. Just before we could arrive at the hospital, he suddenly said in a serious tone, "Helen, you have to help me win this case! Please!" "I will definitely try my best." I didn't want to guarantee him success in advance. Because lawyers could sometimes be like doctors. They wouldn't jump to conclusions before conducting tests. In every law suit there was always a winner and a loser. Right now, I could not predict the odds against us. But at that moment, I was very confident, because I believed that the person in charge of the decoration company would come to me sooner or later. I had applied for property protection in advance. If nothing went wrong, their account would be frozen by now. They must be anxious. Sure enough, the next afternoon, the person in charge contacted me with the intention of negotiating. We arranged to meet in Platt's ward.

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Chapter 748: Vigorous Platt Helen's POV: The look that Clare gave me reminded me of Platt. They both displayed an exuberance and vigor for life no matter what the circumstances. Although Platt was virtually confined to the hospital bed, he was still so energetic and eager to pursue his work. He didn't seem to allow anything to dampen his Spirits. Within a few days, I collated the information that Platt had provided and I was ready to call the members from the decoration company for a discussion. Platt had emphasized that if the matter could be settled through negotiations then there would be no need to sue them. My meeting with the person in charge of the decoration company started off on a bitter note. He kept complaining, "Miss Dewar, I'm sure you have seen the design drawing, right? We followed the design drawing very strictly. Although there were some revisions between the actual design and the visual effect, they were all within a certain acceptable range. We have completed 90 percent of the work already. But Platt seems dissatisfied. He is just being overly fussy." I listened to him quietly, subconsciously trying to detect his flaws. The person in charge continued, "I have worked with Platt in the past on a project before and we enjoyed pleasant cooperation. He was satisfied with the results. Hence our decision to work together again. The bottom line is that he is a freewheeling, rich, unreliable kid. He condemned the decoration of our professional staff and showed us utter disrespect." He was beating around the bush instead of getting to the point. My impatience got the better of me and I said directly, "I've seen the design drawing. Mr. Thompson asked for the fashion industrial style. But you made unnecessary alterations that have increased the cost. You have painted the brick walls that should have been kept they way they were and even hidden the pipes." "What's the problem with that? I've kept the style he wanted. Isn't it normal to decorate other places to give it a nice finish?" I shook my head with disapproval. Platt wanted a simple, natural style without

too much of decoration. The brick and cement walls should be left unpainted. With the pipelines being crossed and exposed outside, it would create tension in the players. Such an environment was conducive for extreme sports. Although it was still the fashion industrial style in the end, it was too delicate and pretentious. Like Platt said, the soul of the design was always gone. The reason that the decoration company did this was probably to make more money. Platt had allocated five hundred thousand. However, when they processed it, they gave him a whopping bill of 1.2 million dollars. The lay man would feel uncomfortable in such a situation, but they wouldn't go to court. Unfortunately for them, they had to try this ploy with Platt. Knowing his stingy personality, he would not spend an extra dime on things he didn't want. During our communication, I always maintained a calm attitude. No matter what tricks the other party used, I was always one up on them. Finally, tired after much discussion, he asked me, "How much does Platt want in compensation?" "Including the decoration cost and the delay of the construction period, the final amount he wants is 1.6 million." I deliberately raised the price that Platt wanted by 100 thousand, leaving room for the other party to negotiate. When the other party heard the amount, he almost hit the ceiling. He shouted angrily, "How dare he make such an unreasonable demand? We are wasting our time trying to negotiate. I'll see you in court!" Then he slammed the door and left, fuming like a volcano. I recorded the negotiation and played it for Platt. Taking a glance at the black suit on me, Platt looked away in disgust as it reminded him of funerals like he said. Then he turned on the recording and listened attentively. He cursed the other party for being so heartless. When he heard the amount I asked the other party in compensation, he was happy. "I didn't expect you to be so cruel. But great job. We can't treat deceptive people with kid gloves. The last time I worked with them and they ripped me off, I just dismissed it, so they probably took me for a pushover. Don't worry. If we win, I will give you half of the extra one hundred thousand." I ignored him and sat down to seriously think about our next plan of action. The result was within my expectations. The amount that Platt wanted was too much. There was no way that the other party would agree. So I had to institute the legal process. Even if we went through the legal process, the court would not instruct the other party to compensate 1.5 million. After all, the decoration cost did not exceed 1.2 million. It was not a reasonable request, but Platt was pushing ahead. When the trial began, the judge dismissed our request. The specific amount could only be given after the settlement. The judge suggested that we'd better negotiate in private,

otherwise the case could drag on for years and it would be a good waste of time, money and energy. As his leg hadn't healed yet, Platt's caregiver had to wheel him to court. When the other party saw him in the wheelchair, he spurned sarcastically, "With that broken leg, why didn't you just stay back and rest in the hospital instead of coming to court?" With a calm smile, Platt pointed at his injured leg. "I almost forgot that I sustained this injury because your worker had negligently left a ladder on the way. Miss Dewar, must they not also pay for my medical expenses?" The man's face darkened. He gave Platt a nasty look and then hurried away. I followed the caregiver and Platt back to the hospital. He was ranting and raving all the way, venting his anger. Just before we could arrive at the hospital, he suddenly said in a serious tone, "Helen, you have to help me win this case! Please!" "I will definitely try my best." I didn't want to guarantee him success in advance. Because lawyers could sometimes be like doctors. They wouldn't jump to conclusions before conducting tests. In every law suit there was always a winner and a loser. Right now, I could not predict the odds against us. But at that moment, I was very confident, because I believed that the person in charge of the decoration company would come to me sooner or later. I had applied for property protection in advance. If nothing went wrong, their account would be frozen by now. They must be anxious. Sure enough, the next afternoon, the person in charge contacted me with the intention of negotiating. We arranged to meet in Platt's ward.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 749

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Chapter 749: Lucy Is Getting Married Helen's POV: Platt always made sure he was comfortable. Although he was in the hospital right now, he regarded the place as his home. Whenever I came to see him, I would see him lying on the bed with his phone in

his hand. He would also have someone feed him, so he would not have to get up. The director of the decoration company came to the hospital to visit Platt that afternoon. At the sight of the director, Platt, who was lying on the bed, asked his caregiver to fetch him some water. He then pointed at his injured leg and miserably said, "My leg is broken, but I still went to court yesterday for you. It was painful and exhausting. You'd better settle the problem, or I'll make you pay an additional fee for emotional trauma." The director got annoyed at Platt's arrogance. He thought that Platt was only taking advantage of the situation to get more than he should. "I won't heed your demands. Our company has paid most of the fees from early stages. We've lost a lot." "What does it have to do with me? This would not have happened had you renovated the club according to my request." The director did not know what to say, and it took him a while to collect his thoughts. At last, he cleared his throat and said in a low voice, "We can compensate the original price of 1.2 million dollars at most." "Since you don't seem sincere at all, there's nothing to talk about. Now, leave, and don't bother me anymore." As Platt spoke, he waved at his caregiver and asked for a massage. I had never seen anyone know how to enjoy life like him. I shook my head helplessly and said to the director, "Sorry, but the amount we're offering is just our conservative estimate. $\eta\sigma\nu\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\nu\sigma\kappa.\phi\sigma\mu$ The club has been delayed for a month because of your mistake. The monthly rent alone is 300 thousand dollars, and my client is losing profit on top of it." The director sighed and tried to negotiate with us again. At first, he kept the price low, to which I immediately disagreed. Feeling that I would not easily get swayed, he gritted his teeth and finally offered 1.5 million dollars. "Now that you've shown your sincerity, I won't make things difficult for you anymore. Let's just settle with 1.5 million." Platt turned to me and said, "Helen, sign the contract with him." I took out the agreement I had prepared in advance and handed it to the director. The latter signed his name and left in dejection. Platt took the agreement and scanned through it with an amused expression. "Helen, you really are something. I thought getting 1.2 million dollars was good enough. I never expected to actually receive an additional 300 thousand dollars." The case went smoother than I had imagined. Well, it was the other party's fault in the first place. If they refused to settle the deal in private, their frozen account would remain frozen and they would have to wait for the next trial. This meant that they would lose more money. My plan was to be a long-term legal counsel of Platt's sports club, so I had to leave him a good impression of me. At this moment, I put the case materials into my bag. I'd come back and see him again tomorrow.

Just as I was about to leave, Platt spoke. "Helen, if you're not too busy, please stay here for a while longer. I want to introduce a friend to you. He's also a lawyer. He'll be here soon." "Okay." I sat back on the sofa and waited for that "black-hearted lawyer" Platt had mentioned before. A few minutes later, a man dressed like an elite entered the ward. "No wonder you're frustrated and noisy. You broke your leg." As he spoke, he stared at Platt's broken leg with regret. Enraged, Platt picked up an orange and threw it at the visitor. "Get out! I wouldn't care even if you didn't bring me anything, just shut the fuck up. Can't you see that I'm in pain?" The man moved a little to avoid the orange being thrown at his face. I happened to be sitting on the sofa behind him, so the orange flew in my direction. Before I could react, the orange hit my glasses, almost breaking it. I took off my glasses and stared at Platt with an icy cold gaze. "Oh, shit. I'm sorry, Helen. Are you okay? If you're mad, scold him. It's all because he dodged!" Platt sincerely apologized to me and put all the blame on his friend. I rubbed my forehead and did not answer. I looked at the visitor and, for some reason, thought he looked familiar. I felt that I had seen him before, but I could not remember when and where. Did we meet each other when we were handling cases before? "This is Helen Dewar, the one help me with the decoration dispute. She charges more than you, but it's okay because she's better. I don't mind paying her more," Platt said to the man with a hint of guilt in his voice. Then, he turned to look at me and continued, "Helen, this is Westley Duffy, the black-hearted lawyer I've told you about before." Upon us hearing each other's name, everything fell into place. "It's you!" we said at the same time. Westley and I had gone to the same university and were in the same class, but we had not seen each other for many years. No wonder I felt like I had seen him before. "How did you two know each other?" Platt asked with confusion written all over his face. "We used to be classmates. Helen here used to be the campus belle. We lost contact after graduation, though. I didn't expect to see her here again." Platt eyed me from head to toe and incredulously asked, "The campus belle? Her? Is she that pretty?" Ignoring his gaze, I took out my phone and added Westley to my contacts. My social life when I was in college was unremarkable. After class, I would go to work to earn money, so I did not have time to make friends. Because of this, I barely knew my classmates. And when I finally graduated, I did not reach out to them again either. Westley kept blabbering as if we were close. "Helen, didn't you focus on merge and acquisition cases before?" The community of lawyers was small. Westley must have heard about me before as many of my university classmates were in the same field. I did

not want to talk about the past, so I dismissed the topic. "I'm doing other things now." Unlike me, Westley was conversational. Of course, my social skills improved over the years. I no longer hid away during social events. And even though socializing was not my strongest suit, I could get by. I could answer almost every topic he threw at me. Platt, who was leaning against the bed and watching us closely, stared at us with an annoyed expression. From the way I saw it, he had expected me to pick a fight with Westley. However, he did not anticipate that the two of us had known each other. Dissatisfied, Platt grunted from time to time to get our attention. Westley and I had a tacit understanding. We paid no attention to Platt and continued to catch up with each other. Apparently, most of my classmates drifted apart after graduation. Westley used to be on the debate team when we were in college. After years of experience, he had become very proficient in speaking and used the skill to do well in the industry. A few moments later, we started to talk about our other friends. "If I remember it right, your best friend in college was Lucy, right? You were inseparable at the time. Do you know that she's getting married next month?" Westley asked with an intriguing smile.

Bye, My Irresistible Love

CHAPTER 750

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Chapter 750: The Last Wish Of ' George's Grandfather Helen's POV: I thought I had completely let go the past and moved on, but when I heard the mention of Lucy's name, my heart began to ache and my eyes turned red. After I transferred the money I owed her at that time, she asked me if I wanted to cut ties with her. However, her phone was off when I called her back. I tried to reach out to her to see if Dyer could help transfer my mother to a different reliable hospital when my mother was seriously ill in Detroit, but she did not reply at all. In the end, my mother passed away and then I found myself

pregnant, which left me with a great deal of sadness and pain, making me want to say goodbye to my past and start a new life in a new place. After my mother's funeral, I moved to my current residence, changed my phone number, and my social media account, never to contact Lucy or any of my friends again. I was so confident that I would be able to move on from my past, but when Westley mentioned Lucy again, I could not help feeling heartbroken. She had always been my best friend and had been with me during difficult times. Westley also mentioned that she was getting married soon. Was Dyer the man she was marrying? "How is she doing now?" I asked. "I think she is doing pretty well. I haven't contacted her in a long time, so I did not even know much about her situation until a classmate of mine shared Lucy's wedding invitation on her social media account. It seems like she is going to marry Dyer Coleman from Zhester Technology," $\text{и} \text{с} \text{в} \text{е} \text{л} \text{е} \text{в} \text{с} \text{к} . \text{с} \text{о} \text{м}$ Westley said. I gave a faint nod. Although I have been blocking all the news articles about Zhester Technology for years now, I still stumbled upon some news about Dyer because of how rapid the company was growing. He even attended project launches and industry forums on behalf of the company now. In a way, he had become the company's spokesperson. Besides the past, he was indeed a good candidate for marriage, and most importantly, Lucy loved him. But I rarely read about George on the Internet, and it was as though no one seemed to know where he had gone. Employees of Zhester Technology even mentioned that they had not seen him in a long time, and that only Boswell and Dyer reported to him occasionally. George's POV: For the past few years, I had been conducting research in the headquarters of Zhester Technology, so I seldom appeared in public. The only contact I had with the outside world was Chana, and even Boswell and Dyer reported to me through her, I changed a lot after the divorce, and was unwilling to communicate with most people. I shut myself off and spent day and night researching for the new products, which almost turned me into a soulless robot who knew nothing but work. I never showed up unless the problem was too challenging for them to solve. After I started managing the research team, the products got updated faster, and a new product was released once in every six months, making each of them very popular and successful. Zhester Technology was getting progressively better by the day, leaving its competitors far behind. But that was something that did not excite me as I was only working to keep myself busy, and not to actually make the company flourish. I felt like I could only feel at ease by putting all my energy into work. One day, Chana told me that my grandfather was seriously ill, and that my parents

wanted me back home immediately. My mother kept calling me, but I ignored her calls. Chana said I should probably pick up my mother's call, but I just turned off my phone and went back to work. "You've been here for years now, George. It's time you went back to visit your family. Your mother told me that your grandfather doesn't have much time left," Chana said with concern. Grandpa had always been a healthy man, but he had gotten diagnosed with terminal pancreatic cancer a while back. He had always been the rock of the Affleck family, and two years ago, my father had won the election mainly because of my grandfather's support. I did not know if my father's career would take a bumpy turn if my grandfather passed away. Chana also told me that my grandpa wanted to see me for one last time and that he was holding on for that very reason. Apparently, he had been thinking of me ever since he was diagnosed, and had hoped that I would come to see him. He even kept thinking of all those days I had spent with him as a young boy, and his last wish was to see me.