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Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 161 - 170

"Baby, baby..." After shouting countless times, I seemed to see a very small figure in the light.

He staggered toward me. Because he was too small, he couldn't walk steadily and stumbled.

I was overjoyed and ran towards him. Holding the child in my arms, I looked at him carefully, who was so small. There was a red patch on his head. Maybe because he wanted to get out of my belly as soon as possible, he was squeezed red.

He had a small nose and small eyes. Everything on him was so beautiful, and he could also smile. His small mouth curved like a small flower.

"Clara Kennedy, Clara Kennedy..." A deep and distant voice rang in my ears again and again.

I wanted to find the source of the voice, but everything around me was all white and I couldn't see anything.

When I came back to my senses and went to see the child again, the child was gone, leaving me alone in the white fog.

"Clara Kennedy, Clara Kennedy..." The voice rang again. I covered my ears and tried my best to look around, trying to find the child.

But this voice was like a curse, ringing in my ear again and again.

I ran out and shouted at the top of my voice, "Baby, baby..."

Suddenly, I felt a sharp pain in my heart. I took a deep breath and opened my eyes, only to find a familiar white color.

A group of doctors in white coats stood beside me, all wearing masks.

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Someone opened his mouth and breathed a sigh of relief, "She finally woke up. My life was saved."

"Well, take care of her and transfer her to the intensive care unit. After one day, observe her situation and transfer her to the ordinary ward."

"Yes!"

In a daze, I was sent to the ward by a group of people. My throat hurt so much that I couldn't breathe and couldn't say a word.

After the anesthesia, my whole body began to be full of pain, especially the abdomen. It was a pain that only took a breath to pull the nerve.

"The doctor said that you can't eat for six hours. You can only drink some water. You can't eat until the anesthesia is degraded." It was Hank Gibson who spoke.

How could I have imagined that the person who would appear in the end would be him? I had thought that it would be Dennis George or Leo Kennedy, but I had never thought that it would be him!

I couldn't say anything. I just looked at him, tears falling from my eyes.

He seemed to understand what I meant. He sighed slightly and said, "Take good care of yourself. You will have children in the future."

My heart felt as if it had been torn open, and the bloody position was filled with salt. The dense pain began to spread, and even my bones felt the pain.

Unable to control the pain in my heart, I began to tremble and sob. Hank Gibson held my hand with a gloomy face and deep pain hidden in his black eyes.

Without saying a word, he held my hand and let me cry. After a long time, I fell asleep in a daze. On the way, he called me several times. I responded in a daze and fell asleep again.

This disaster was so bad. Every time I thought of it, the pain began to spread, and I almost couldn't control this kind of sadness.

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After three days, I could finally get out of bed. My throat could make a little sound. I grabbed Hank Gibson's sleeve, and my voice was still hoarse, "I want to see the child!"

Tears welled up in my eyes "At least, let me see what he looks like," I said.

I want to see him after my ten months' pregnancy.

Hank Gibson frowned, his eyebrows twitching, and veins throbbing, "I'll leave him to the hospital to deal with in the morgue!"

"No!" I pulled him and shook my head, crying, "Don't throw him away like this. Please, he's my child. He has come to the world. Even if... he died, I, his mother, should take care of the rest."

He frowned, and his black eyes were full of distress, "Okay, take good care of yourself. When you are fully recovered, can you deal with it then?"

I nodded, but my heart still hurt. These days, the pain had never stopped.

Hank Gibson took good care of me. He employed two nannies for me. He also took good care of everything during my confinement time.

The child died of suffocation in my belly, so the body was taken out by a C-section. The long scar on my flat belly gradually disappeared.

Every time I touched the scar, the pain of some memories began to spread. This kind of pain was silent, and there was nowhere I could tell.

Until the confinement time had passed almost half a month, did I realize that this hospital was a private hospital, which was very far from City P and belonged to Hank Gibson?

These days, all my emotions had been on the child, and I hadn't thought about anything else. I thought about it until now, I have to call Diana and Alex Thomson to tell them that I was safe and sound."

I borrowed the phone from the nanny and wanted to call Diana, but I found that I couldn't remember a single phone number, so I gave up.

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Hank Gibson came to see me every day. Every time he came, he would talk to me for a long time. The topic was all about finance and business. I could understand some of it, but I could not understand some of it.

I know. He did it out of kindness. He didn't want me to think about anything about the child.

One month had passed. I could bask in the sun in the yard and occasionally stare blankly at the flowers and plants in the yard.

It was late autumn now, and the woods around the villa had withered. The yellow leaves fell to the ground, making me easier to feel sad.

"It's windy outside. Don't stay too long!" A deep and magnetic voice came up. I turned around and saw Hank Gibson.

I smiled and said, "You're back!" Seeing that he was still holding a document in his hand, I guessed that he had just come from the company.

After handing the document to the nanny, he walked to me and bent down to pick me up as usual. I quickly avoided it and said with a smile, "I'm much better now, and my convalescence was over. My wound has healed."

He hugged me before because my wound was too big and I couldn't walk. Now that I'm all right, I can't trouble him.

He frowned, slightly narrowed his dark eyes, and said, "What do you want to eat later?" He always tried every means to get me food for fear that I would die of hunger.

I shook my head and smiled, "I'm not hungry. I just ate something this morning. I'm not hungry now!"

He looked back at the nanny and asked in a low voice, "What time did she eat?"

"Seven o'clock in the morning!"

Hank Gibson frowned and raised his hand to look at the Swiss watch on his wrist. He looked at me with his black eyes and said, "It's already afternoon. You need to have some food!"

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I nodded. For the past few days, I seemed to have figured out his temper. Although his face was cold, he treated people well.

Perhaps it was because of the child that I couldn't eat anything during the confinement time. After the confinement time, I couldn't eat anything and didn't feel hungry. If Hank Gibson hadn't told me to eat at any time, I would have forgotten to eat.

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The nanny had prepared a lot of delicious food. After eating a few, I couldn't eat anymore. Hank frowned and was a little unhappy. He put a few foods in my bowl and said seriously, "Eat these!"

I pursed my lips and couldn't eat anymore, but I knew that he cared about me, so I lowered my head and ate a few.

"Ugh!" But I spat it out immediately together with what I had eaten before.

I retched on the sink for a long time. Hank asked the nannies in the hall, "Why?"

The nannies said with fear, "Miss Kennedy has always been like this. She almost can't eat anything. Sometimes she can eat a few, but once she eats more, she will throw up all of it. The family doctors have seen her. They said that it was because of anxiety, and they can't do anything about it."

I finally stopped vomiting. After washing myself up, I straightened up to look at myself in the mirror. In just a month, I had become beyond recognizable.

My face looked too thin. My eyes were sunken, my brow ridge was prominent, and my jawline was so sharp that as if my chin could poke people. Not as plump as I was pregnant.

I looked down at her skinny hands.

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“How did I become like this?” Looking at the mirror, I felt so sad and my tears fell on the white sink.

The sound was extremely ear-piercing.

“You have just recovered. You will get better in the future!” Hank did not know how to comfort others. He stood beside me and said in a low voice.

I pursed my lips and wiped my tears. He handed me a tissue.

After putting myself together, I couldn't eat anymore but sat in the living room in a daze instead. My heart was still painful.

“Shall we go out for a walk later?” He said “we”.

I looked up at him and felt a little dizzy. The deep autumn sun shone down from behind him which made him look a little transparent and bright.

I nodded. “Okay!”

The bedroom!

The Gibson family was huge, I always knew. Hank's villa was in the suburbs, particularly large, like an ancient European castle which was extraordinarily luxurious and elegant.

There were many rooms in the villa. I didn't look carefully, but my room seemed to be the largest. There was a huge dressing room inside.

I didn't know if Hank had a girlfriend, but I always felt that the clothes in the dressing room were not only big brands, but also extremely beautiful.

“Do you need help to make a choice?” Hank leaned against the door with his hands crossed and looked at the clothes in the room with a smile.

For going out later, I wanted to change my clothes, but I don't know what to choose when I see so many clothes.

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Looking back at him, I thought for a moment and chose a black dress with a gold border. Then I pick out a black coat and a pair of black Martin shoes.

When I was about to go into the dressing room to change, Hank stopped me. He raised his eyebrows and said, "All black. Are you sure?"

I was stunned and nodded. "Why not?"

He pursed his lips. "No!"

He took the clothes from me and picked out a golden pink dress of the same style but embroidered with Chinese roses and looked gorgeous.

I instinctively resisted this color, looked at him, and shook my head. "Can I choose another?"

He pursed his lips, looked at the chosen dress in his hands, and said, "This is beautiful!"

I shook my head. "I don't like it!"

He stopped talking but looked a little gloomy. "Do you have to choose the lifeless black?"

I was stunned. I didn't feel that the black color was lifeless before, but why I felt after hearing his words, the black became lifeless indeed?

Sighing slightly, I said helplessly, "Ok, but not this one!" I looked around the dressing room and chose a blue dress. The color was not gorgeous, but it looked very warm.

I took it from the hanger and looked at Hank. He nodded and looked much better. "Go and change!"

After changing clothes, he took away the black coat and picked out a white mink coat for me. "Put it on!"

I was stunned. But I still put it on according to his instructions and then put on the black Martin shoes.

He was satisfied and nodded. "Very beautiful. Why don't you put on light makeup?"

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For the first time, I felt that this man seemed to have a good aesthetic standard.

These days, I've become very haggard. If I don't makeup, I'm afraid that I'll scare the passers-by.

I nodded, put on light makeup, and then went out with Hank.

Being in City P again, I felt as if a generation had passed. The streets were still crowded with people and vehicles. It was late in the autumn, everyone put on their coats. The fallen leaves on both sides of the road were scattered all over the ground. After sweeping the streets, the sanitation workers turned back and found a lot more fallen leaves. They had to sweep again and again.

"What do you like to eat later?" Hank asked me.

I tilted my head and thought for a moment. Then I shook my head and said, "Dessert!"

He smiled. "I'm talking about the main meal!"

"Haven't we just eaten?" It was just after noon. We had lunch.

He raised his eyebrows. "Do you regard it as 'had eaten'?"

His question left me speechless. I curled my lips and thought for a moment, "I don't want to eat anything now."

The car passed through the downtown. We saw a long queue of people at the entrance of a dessert shop on the street.

"Is its food delicious?" I asked curiously. "Why there are so many people lining up?"

Hank took a glance and parked the car on the roadside. He looked at me and said, "Wait for me in the car. Don't go out. It's cold outside. I'll be back soon!"

Before I could answer, he trotted to the dessert shop and lined up in the crowd.

His outstanding appearance was extremely eye-catching in the crowd. Being straight and tall, he stood out in the crowd.

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I leaned against the car window and watched quietly. From time to time, someone talked to him holding a mobile phone. It seemed that they were asking for his phone number.

He was friendly, pointed to the car, and then waved his hand with a smile. It seemed that he had rejected them.

After a few times, no girl approached him. From time to time, someone looked in my direction instead.

I didn't know what was going on, so I could only nod and smile to show my goodwill.

After about half an hour, he ran to me with the cake in his hand. After getting in the car, he handed me the dessert and said, "I've bought some. Have a try and see which one you like."

I nodded and took the cheese durian cake from him. For some reason, I seemed to like this flavor very much.

Seeing that I had eaten a few more, he smiled. "Is it delicious?"

I nodded. "It tastes good!" Seeing him looking at me, I was stunned and asked, "Do you want to try it?"

After half an hour of hard work, he didn't even taste it. It didn't seem appropriate. I subconsciously scooped a spoonful and put it near his mouth.

He was slightly stunned. For a moment, his eyes were extremely bright, and he smiled faintly and opened his mouth to eat.

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Watching him chew, I couldn't help but ask, "Is it delicious? There's a durian inside!" Many people didn't seem to like durian.

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He smiled and nodded, seeming to be in a particularly good mood. "Well, it tastes good and sweet."

Mood is contagious. Since he was in a good mood and ate the dessert, I felt a little relaxed and looked at him. "Where are we going later?"

He found it funny. "To eat!"

"What do you want to eat?" It seemed that people would talk more when he was in a good mood.

He smiled and said, "It's up to you!"

I thought for a moment and said, "Korean dishes?"

He raised his eyebrows and started the car.

We found a popular Korean restaurant in the mall. It was after the meal, there were nearly no customers.

We found a place with a wider vision and sat down. He ordered the dishes and looked up, seeing that there were still some cakes left.

He took the cakes away and said, "Don't eat too many snacks. You won't be able to eat anything else later."

I was stunned for a moment and then nodded. My stomach was really uncomfortable after eating some cakes.

Seeing that he had finished the rest of the cakes, I asked, "Do you like it too?"

He smiled brightly. "Yes, I like it very much!"

"Then why not buy some when we go back later?"

"Good idea!"

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I felt that Hank was in a particularly good mood.

Because I had eaten some cakes, I couldn't eat Korean food. But Hank ordered a lot. Looking at the rest of the dishes, I said with some regret, "What a waste!"

He smiled and said, "I'll pack them up and take them away!"

I was stunned. He didn't seem to be so frugal. Furthermore, he seemed to be picky about food at home.

Why did he eat the rest of my cake and pack the dishes up today?

Seeing me looking at him with confusion, he smiled and said, "There are many wandering people and stray dogs walking ahead. We can send the food there. When they are hungry, they will go there to get the food."

I was stunned. For a moment, I felt inconceivable. I used to think that a rich man like him didn't know the suffering of the world, but...

"Okay, great!" I ordered a lunch box, and packed up everything.

After I walked out of the restaurant and followed him for a while, he looked back at me and asked, "Are you tired?"

I shook my head. "No!"

"Hmm, we'll be there soon!"

The downtown area was an extremely prosperous and luxurious place, but I didn't expect that there were still some forgotten corners here.

It was a place that was not easy to find. The corner was relatively hidden. There was a lot of food beside the trash can. Hank put down the lunch box.

After that, he pulled me to leave. I looked around and found that it was very clean nearby, and so did the place near the trash can. The lunch boxes left behind were also clean and tidy.

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After walking a few steps with him, I couldn't help looking up at him and smiling. "Hank, there are many warm and kind people in this city, right?"

Seeing my smile, he was stunned for a moment, nodded, and pulled me along. "Yes, a lot!"

Tears streamed down my face unconsciously. He pulled me into his arms, and comforted me. "No matter what, you must stand under the sun!"

I nodded and cried uncontrollably. It took me a long time to stay in his arms. Looking at his delicate suit, which was covered with snot and tears, I found it extremely funny.

I couldn't help smiling and said in a hoarse voice, "Look at your clothes."

He sighed helplessly, handed me a tissue, and said, "Take care of the trouble you caused yourself!"

I took the tissue and wiped it clean, but there were still some traces left.

I looked up at him and said, "It seems that I can't wipe it clean."

He raised his hand to flick my forehead and said with a smile, "It seems that I had to send it back to wash."

I nodded. That's all I can do.

After having meals and a walk, I'm in a much better mood now.

We went to the parking lot of the shopping mall. I waited for him to drive the car over at the exit, standing there out of boredom in the sun.

The sun in autumn was not so hot, but I still felt dizzy after standing under it for a long time.

"Alex, your driving skills have retrogressed. Just a reverse Parking! How could you be so skillless?"

The voice was particularly familiar. I froze and subconsciously wanted to turn around to look.

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But I stopped. Another voice came from behind. It was Joe. "Don't be so noisy. The baby is almost given birth. Can't you stop talking for a while?"

"Of course not!"

As I was hearing the two talking, Hand drove up to me. He saw Joe and Diana too, and found that I didn't look well.

He frowned. "Are we going to see them?"

Shaking my head, I got into the car and said, "Let's go!"

I was half-dead now, and they would be worried about me when meeting. It's better to wait for a while till I was better.

He paused and drove back to the villa in the suburbs without saying anything.

On the road, the scenery passed by, and I was lost in thought.

I faintly heard a sigh. "You have to extricate yourself from it."

I am silent. I know that I can only rely on myself to out of the woods.

The following days were peaceful. Hank was a very good person at taking care of people.

But I can't stay here with him forever.

At the beginning of October, I had been avoiding them for two months. I didn't want to see anyone of them. I didn't even look at the news on my mobile phone and TV, in this way I lived a peaceful life.

Hank came back very early in the evening and saw me reading in the hanging basket in the yard.

He covered my leg with a blanket and said, "It's cold. Keep warm, don't be ill."

I closed the book, looked up at him, and smiled. "You look a little like my grandma!"

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He raised his eyebrows, showing no anger with the fact that he was compared to the old man but just smiled and said, "In what way?"

I tilted my head and thought for a moment. "Well, both of you are nagging."

He burst out laughing. "It seems that I have to change it in the future, otherwise, you will despise me."

The nanny came out of the hall and said politely, "Miss Kennedy, Mr. Gibson, dinner is ready."

Hank replied and took away the book from my hand. He glanced at it and raised his eyebrows. "'Dream of the Red Chamber'? You seem to have been reading it recently."

I nodded, got down from the hanging basket, and said with a smile, "I used to feel sorry for the love, but now I can see every character's life."

He nodded, put the book on the bookshelf, and said, "Let's eat first!"

Although the villa was big, it was not empty. At the dining table, Hank saw that I had eaten a few mouthfuls of fish soup, so he directly filled another bowl for me, saying, "Drink more if you like."

I smiled, touched my face and looked at him. "Do you see any changes in me recently?"

He nodded and looked at me seriously. "Yes, you are losing weight!"

I was speechless again.

I was obviously gaining weight. These days, he's been trying his best to let me eat. My face looked plumper.

Seeing him put down the bowl and chopsticks, I thought that he had enough, so I said, "Hank, I want to tell you something!"

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He nodded and looked at me. "Go ahead!"

After living here for so many days, if not for those painful memories constantly reminding me, I would have thought that my life would be as peaceful as now.

After a pause, I said, "I plan to live downtown." Looking at his slightly unhappy face, I continued, "Thank you for taking care of me these days, but I can't stay here and let you raise me for a lifetime. I can't hide for a lifetime."

"You were right before. There are some things that I have to endure by myself. No one can help me. The City P is very big. I think I can live on my own here."

Although it used to hurt, I had to look forward, didn't I?

"Crack!" He put down the chopsticks and said in a deep voice, "I can't help you, but as long as you are willing to stay here, I can support you for a lifetime. You don't have to worry about making a living."

I gave a wry smile and said cruelly, "I don't want to!"

His handsome face froze. After a long time of silence, he said, "Well, it's okay for you to go back to City P, but you have to promise me that you will keep contacting with me. Call me if you need anything or any help."

I nodded, feeling a little warm in my heart, and almost burst into tears. But I smiled and said, "Well, I promise!"

After a pause, I said, "I think I should go back on National Day so that I have time to make arrangements!"

He frowned. "You haven't recovered yet!"

"I'm fine!" I always felt that he treated me like a porcelain doll and said helplessly, "I've been resting for two months. Besides, I can have a good rest in City P. I'll find a cushy job."

After thinking for a while, he nodded and said, "Well, you don't have to worry about the job. I'll arrange it. I also have houses in the downtown area. You can live in the nearest one to your workplace."

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I was about to refuse, but he interrupted me. "My company is short of people. Since you think you owe me a favor, you can come to my company to help me. In addition, I also need to charge the rent for the house which cost 10% of your salary, and I will deduct it from your salary card."

I touched my forehead and said helplessly, "I still have some savings. You don't have to do this. In addition, I plan to find something to do by myself."

"Yes, I know!" He seemed to think that I deliberately refused him and was a little angry.

Seeing this, I didn't say much.

All right. The Gibson Group has done a lot of business. With his help, I won't have to work so hard in the future.

After making the decision and having dinner, he ordered his men to pack up for me. I would leave early tomorrow morning.

The next day.

It was late in the autumn. The sky was slowly getting bright at about seven o'clock.

I got up early and tidied up. When I went downstairs, I saw Hank waiting.

Seeing me come down, he put away his cell phone and said, "Eat first. After breakfast, we'll set off!"

I nodded and ate a few mouthfuls. Knowing that I never ate much, Hank frowned slightly but didn't say much.

He took me to the car and started it. Then handed me a notebook and said, "I found a few suitable positions last night. Take a look. Tell me what do you want to do? I'll arrange it. You can go to work after National Day!"

I opened the notebook and saw a list written in good handwriting which listed more than a dozen jobs, all of which were relatively easy.

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I couldn't help but frown. "Can I go to the Project Dept.? You can arrange me in the team. It doesn't matter if I start from the grassroots!"

He nodded and said, "Okay, the director of the Project Dept. has just returned home from an accident. You can take over."

I didn't expect him to be so straightforward, so I couldn't help asking, "Are you too hasty? Aren't you afraid that I'm lacking in ability and may ruin your company?"

He looked sideways at me and smiled. "Will you?"

I curled my lips. "Hard to say!" After all, I haven't worked for almost a year.

At the intersection, he put his elbow on the steering wheel and looked at me, saying, "You can be the deputy general manager of the big George Group and done a great job. It's a small case for you to work in the small Gibson Group!"

I gave a wry smile. These words were too low-key. The Gibson family was huge as an international group. The George Group was huge too, but in some aspects, it was still a little worse.

There was a traffic jam in the downtown area. Along the way, he told me about the Gibson Group's economic situation while driving, as well as the general current situation of the company, which made me have a general awareness of it.

Yank Gibson was in poor health, so the company was basically managed by Hank. Sometimes he would run into a bottleneck when the company got in trouble. He said that he had his own selfish motives for arranging me in the company.

Hank wanted to cultivate his trusted aide.

The car entered the central park community in downtown and then stopped at an apartment building.

I looked around and was surprised. This was the downtown area. The price of the house was shockingly high, and even few people in the middle class could afford it.

Hank smiled and said, "Let's go in and have a look!"

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Looking at the time, I asked, "Don't you go to the company today?"

He smiled and said, "I have seven days off in National Day holiday!"

OK!

After entering the community, he said, "It is close to the company. We go home first and find what we need to buy. Then we can go to the nearby supermarket to buy them. I'll take you to the company in a few days. You can think about what else you need, and then we buy it together.

I nodded and thought that I was probably the one who did not need to worry about any things on the first day at work, because Hank had arranged everything well for me.

The house was on the 10th floor, about 150 square meters. It was decorated well and made people feel comfortable living there.

Looking at the layout of the room, I said, "The rent should be no less than two thousand dollars."

Hank frowned and asked, "Are you worried about the rent?"

I shook my head and smiled, "I'm thinking about what the people who invest in real estate are thinking. You buy this expensive house and decorate it so well, but you neither live here, nor rent it. It's a waste!"

Dennis also seemed to like to do that. Thinking of him, I lowered my head, and felt a little sad.

Hank didn't see my depressed expression. He smiled and said, "Isn't it useful now?"

After looking around, I found all things were well-prepared. However, there were few things in the kitchen. Maybe he thought that I didn't cook, so he didn't arrange it.

"What else do you need?" He said and gave me the key. Then he changed his fingerprint password of the house to mine.

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I nodded and said, "You are also free tonight, so let's cook at home. I'll call Diana and Alex to come here together. After I leave these days, I seem to cut off from the outside world and I have to tell them I am safe."

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Hank nodded and felt a little unhappy, but I didn't pay much attention to him.

I went to the supermarket with him and bought some cooking things. He looked at me and asked in surprise, "Can you cook?"

I felt embarrassed and said, "You look down on me. Why can't I cook?"

I picked a few seasonings and said shamelessly, "You just wait. I'll show you my cooking skills tonight!"

He laughed and raised his hand to rub my head, "Okay!"

I raised my head and smiled. Looking at the shelf behind him, I said, "Hank, help me get that seasoning. I can't reach it!"

He didn't respond, but looked behind me indifferently. I was stunned and felt that someone was staring at me behind.

I wanted to look back. Suddenly, Hank pulled me back and pressed my head into his arms.

He said, "It's late. Let's go back!"

I was confused. Suddenly, someone grabbed my wrist and pulled me out of Hank's arms.

Then I saw Dennis looking at me with complicated expressions. I was very stunned and felt that I could not think anymore.

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I stared at him dully and didn't know what to do. My hearing was very painful, and I felt very frightened and helpless.

I felt that my body was shivering. I immediately looked away, but I still felt very sad.

I'm not ready to face him and explain to him what has happened to the child.

"Clara, why do you..." Suddenly, a woman's charming voice sounded and I felt shocked.

I saw that Olivia's belly was slightly bulging. She stood next to the shopping cart, in which there were a lot of baby products.

I suddenly remembered that Dennis also chose the same things for me not long ago.

I felt collapsed and looked at Olivia angrily. I couldn't control myself and shook off Dennis' hand.

He rushed toward Olivia crazily. No one expected that I would do that.

Olivia was so shocked that she hurried to step back. I rushed to grasp her exquisite hair tightly and said, "Olivia, you kill my child. I wouldn't forgive you and Luna."

"Clara, you're crazy! Dennis saves me!" Olivia screamed.

I was held tightly by Dennis. He said sadly, "Clara, I'm Dennis. I'm your husband!"

My eyes turned red and I struggled out of his arms with all my strength.

Hank held me up. I grasped his hand tightly and said, "Hank, take me away!"

I didn't want to stay here with them anymore. I was afraid that I could not control myself and fought with Olivia.

I was even more afraid that Dennis would protect her, and saw any intimate movements between them.

"Okay, let's go home!" Hank said. He picked me up and walked out of the supermarket.

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People around were looking at us. Dennis followed and stopped Hank. He said angrily, "Put her down!"

Hank sneered. He said, "Do you think she will leave with you?"

Dennis looked at me, and said, "Clara, come back with me!"

I grasped Hank's arm and said hurriedly, "Take me away! Take me away!"

Hank nodded. He looked at Dennis and said, "Dennis, you will force her to death!"

Dennis bit his lips tightly. After a while, he looked at me and said slowly, "Okay! You go!"

Hearing that, I felt relieved. Hank carried me into the car and took me back.

When arriving home, he put me on the sofa in the living room, and poured me some water. Then he took out the medicine and squatted down beside me and asked, "Do you want to take medicine?"

I nodded. Then I took the medicine, and swallowed it. After a while, I calmed down and felt tired to lean against the sofa.

He sat next to me and accompanied me quietly for a long time. I felt very lucky that every time I got into trouble, I could meet a noble person to help me.

The last time something wrong happened to grandma, it was grandpa who accompanied me. This time, when I was in trouble, it was Hank who helped me. However, I didn't know how long I can hold on.

I suffered tristimania. I was not sure whether my mental state is too weak or it was my destiny.

I fell asleep. It was already night when I woke up.

There was a sound in the living room. I got up and saw that Hank was cooking in an apron, looking like a skillful chef.

He turned around and smiled, "Go to wash your face and come out for dinner!"

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I leaned against the door frame and watched his skillful movements. I ask, "Did you go to NE Cooking University?"

He chuckled and said, "Well. It seems that you're praising me!"

I nodded and said, "You look awesome!"

He turned off the fire, looked back at me, and said, "Go to wash up!"

I nodded and went into the bedroom to wash up. When I came out, he already prepared three dishes and one soup, which smelled very good.

Sitting at the dining table, he served me a bowl of rice and said, "Eat more. Let's go downstairs for a walk later!"

I nodded. The food tasted good, but I just ate a few mouthfuls and lost my appetite.

He did not force me to eat more. He looked at me and said, "There are some fruits and snacks in the refrigerator. Go and see what you want to eat!"

I smiled, "You used to be skillful to take care of girls, right?" He did it so meticulously, which made me admire him very much.

He nodded and said, "I used to take care of White like this!"

I was speechless.

I went to open the refrigerator door and found that there were many fruits. I knew that he bought them when I was asleep.

I found a box of strawberries and wanted to take it into the kitchen to wash. He said, "I've washed it. You can eat it directly!"

I was speechless again. He was very detailed.

I sat on the sofa, and he packed up the bowls and chopsticks. Seeing that I was a little bored, he said, "Change your clothes. Let's go downstairs for a walk later!"

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Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 166

I didn't want to go out, but after thinking a while, I decided to go out to relax with Hank.

It was late autumn, and it was getting dark early. Hank's outstanding appearance attracted many people's attention, especially the young women who came out for a walk.

I felt tired and sat on the lounge chair under a street lamp. I looked up at Hank and said, "The girl who marries you will be very happy."

He frowned and put his both hands into his pocket, and asked, "Are you happy now?"

I was stunned and thought of something bad. I lowered my head and said nothing.

He sighed and sat beside me. He patted my back gently and said, "I'm sorry!"

I shook my head. It had nothing to do with him at all. It was I who could not forget the past.

"Have you left a photo of him?" I choked, and my hands were trembling.

He raised his hand to wipe my tears, and sighed, "Don't watch it. It will be fine!"

I didn't have the courage to bury my child personally and see what he looked like.

Hank said that it was a boy who weighed 2.3 KG. He was white and fat, and looked very cute.

I didn't have the courage to see him. I was afraid that I could not control myself and died with him. I was afraid that if I saw my child, I would not allow him to be buried.

"Okay, I don't watch it!" I closed my eyes and felt a little pain in my palm.

It was getting dark and a little cold. Hank stood up and then helped me up, "Let's go back! It's cold."

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I nodded and walked back slowly with him.

Suddenly, Hank stopped. I looked up at him and saw him looking ahead indifferently. I also looked ahead.

I felt confused why Yara was here

Seeing me and Hank, Yara quickly walked toward us. She held me and asked, "Clara, where have you been these days? What's going on? Where's your child?"

Her questions made me feel awkward. I looked at Hank helplessly.

Hank frowned and looked at Yara. He asked, "Why are you coming here?"

Yara was stunned for a moment. She frowned and looked at Hank, "Hank, why are you with Clara here? Why don't you return home these days? What happens? Dennis is going to be crazy for looking for Clara. Do you think it is appropriate to do this?"

Hank sneered. He said, "Is he going to be crazy for looking for Clara? Do you think we are idiots?"

"Hank!" Yara said angrily, "Pay attention to your wording!"

"My wording?" Hank sneered and said, "You know clearly what you have done. Go back and tell Dennis that Clara doesn't need him, and ask him to stay away from Clara."

Yara did not want to talk with Hank. She held my hand and said, "Clara, if you don't want to see Dennis, you can go back with me. You shouldn't stay here with Hank. Hank is an unmarried man, and you are married. If someone knows that you and Hank are with here together, it will affect the face of the Gibson family and the Georges!"

"Well!" Hank laughed sarcastically and said, "Don't you know that the face of the Gibson family and the Georges is already lost by you? Do you want to put the blame on us now?"

Hearing that, Yara was speechless.

I was in a bad mood, so I pushed her hand away. I said nothing and rushed to the gate.

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Yara called me from behind. She wanted to follow after me, but she was stopped by Hank. Hank shouted, "It is enough. You hurt Clara so much. The child already died on the night when Dennis and Olivia were engaged two months ago. He was suffocated to death. Where were you at that time? Where were you when she was locked in the warehouse? The child is dead, and the former Clara is also dead. Now she has nothing to do with the Georges."

I stopped and looked at Dennis. He was standing in front of me and looked very painful.

Hank said angrily, "Go back and tell Dennis to stay away from Clara, or I'll beat him up every time I see him."

Dennis looked at me and walked toward me step by step. I couldn't move, and felt very painful.

"What's wrong with the child?" He said in a low voice.

I opened my mouth, but I couldn't say a word.

Hank walked toward me. When he saw Dennis, he said angrily, "The child is already dead because he couldn't be given birth. Are you satisfied with this answer?"

"Shut up!" Dennis was furious. Her eyes were scarlet and he tried to suppress his anger. He looked at me and asked, "Clara, tell me, what's wrong with the child?"

I wanted to speak, but I felt so painful that I couldn't say a word. I could only look at him.

After a long time, I took a deep breath and said, "He is dead!" Two words hurt me deeply.

Dennis took a step back, as if he couldn't stand still. He looked at me with tears in his eyes.

I knew that he cried.

In the past, he told me that people could not always cry. If only the flesh and bones were injured, there was nothing to cry about.

Only when one's heart was hurt would one cry.

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I was so depressed that I felt dizzy. I quickly grabbed Hank's hand and said in a low voice, "Take me back!"

Seeing that I was uncomfortable, Hank picked me up and returned home.

After I took the medicine, he put me on the bed and comforted me, "Don't think too much. They didn't blame you. They just didn't know what you were suffering."

I didn't say anything, and my tears fell uncontrollably.

Life was really hard!

Time passed little by little, but I still couldn't fall asleep. At two o'clock in the morning, Hank received a phone call. Yank's condition worsened and he was sent to the emergency room.

Before he left, he was worried about me. He left a mobile phone beside me and said, "Have a good sleep. Call me if you need help. I already mark Diana's and Alex's phone numbers inside. If you can't sleep, you can chat with Alex."

I nodded and smiled, "Be careful on the way!"

He nodded and hurried out.

It was normal for me that I could not fall asleep in the past few months. In fact, I could sleep after taking medicines, but it's not good for my health to eat too much.

Hank was worried that I would rely on it if I took too many medicines to resist depression, so he asked me to take it when I couldn't control myself.

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 167

It was dark and the lights on the bedside table were dim. I stared at the ceiling and felt a little dizzy.

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There was a sudden clap of thunder outside. The floor of the community was high, and the view was wide. Besides, I did not pull the curtains up. The dazzling lightning flashed one after another, which was particularly terrifying.

After a while, it rained heavily. I closed my eyes and forced myself to sleep.

But the more I wanted to sleep, the more I couldn't fall asleep. Several lights lit up the room. I was corrupted, so I got up and walked out of the bedroom.

I walked to the balcony and pulled up the curtains. When I walked back to the bed, I suddenly bumped into a chair and fell to the ground.

My knee hurt. It took me a long time to get up from the ground.

Before I walked to the bed, there were thunder and lightning. Suddenly, the light on the bedside table went out.

The room was very dark and it still rained outside heavily with thunder and lightning.

I lay on the ground and suddenly thought of that night.

My legs and hands were tightly bound. I wanted to move, but I couldn't.

I felt afraid. In the dark room, I seemed to hear that a child was crying.

I wanted to look for it, but I couldn't get up from the ground no matter how hard I tried. Suddenly, I didn't know why I thought of death.

If I die, I could stay with my child. Thinking of this, I climbed to the living room slowly.

It was too dark, so I threw all things to the ground, making a cracking sound.

I didn't know where Hank placed the knife, so I could only look for it casually, but I couldn't find it.

I seemed to hear the child cry again. I had no time to think too much and hurried to chase after the sound.

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When I regained my consciousness, I realized that I was on the sidewalk.

The rain was still very heavy. There were no pedestrians on the road, and only cars were coming and going. I was dispirited and had no idea what was wrong with me.

Most of the time, I couldn't control myself and had hallucinations. It seemed that I could always see my dead child and hear his voice.

I wanted to go with him, but I couldn't find him and always lost myself.

Looking at the cars coming and going on the road, I felt desperate. It was the first time that I wanted to commit suicide at my most sober since I was sick.

I would drag others down. Unconsciously, I walked toward the center of the road step by step.

The car horn was ear-piercing. I looked up and saw a white light. I stood at the center of the road dully.

Just as the car was about to hit me, someone grabbed my waist and pulled me aside.

Lying on the ground, I felt dizzy and missed my child very much.

I murmured, "Why do I lose him? Why do I lose him?"

While speaking, I cried sadly.

"Don't worry. Don't worry. We'll have another one in the future!" A deep and hoarse voice sounded and then I was pulled into a warm embrace.

I was stunned. When I looked up, I saw Dennis looking at me. I immediately pushed him away and stumbled up from the ground.

I ran aimlessly, only wanting to stay away from him.

"Clara Kennedy!" Dennis George's speed was faster than mine. He grabbed me and held me tightly in his arms. He was so strong that I had no room to move.

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I trembled all over, and every cell was trying to push him away.

Since Hank Gibson was not here, I couldn't beg anyone. I could only stubbornly stand still and let him hold me.

The rain became heavier and heavier, and I became more and more weak and dizzy.

When I woke up again, I was in the hospital.

I cast a sidelong glance, Dennis George's haggard face in my eyes. Even so, he was still handsome.

Perhaps because he was too tired, he fell asleep against the edge of the bed. It had been a long time since I saw the stubble on his chin, and he looked even more haggard.

Did he bring me to the hospital?

Thinking of this, I had a headache. I tried to get up. Maybe it was too loud, so he suddenly woke up.

Seeing that I was about to get out of bed, he got up and pressed me back. His eyes darkened. "Have a good rest. The doctor will come over to give you an infusion later!"

I frowned, and the irritation and uneasiness in my heart surged. I pushed him away from my shoulder and said uneasily, "Dennis George, I want you to stay away from me. Stay away. Can't you hear me?"

I can control my mood when I'm by Hank Gibson's side, but I can't be by Dennis George's side. I'll pull him and Olivia Pearson together to the extreme and expose the deep darkness and hatred in my heart.

Seeing that I was suddenly angry, Dennis George was a little absent-minded for a moment, but after a while, he calmed down and looked at me to comfort me. "Okay, don't be angry. I'll go, but you have to have an infusion and take medicine later."

"Dennis. I've checked it!" A voice came from outside the ward. It was Olivia Pearson.

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In just a second, she came in with the medical record in her hand. When she saw me, she smiled and said gently, "Clara, are you awake? Are you feeling better?"

I didn't want to see her, especially her bulging belly, which was like a sharp knife, stabbing me hard every time it appeared.

The sadness of that night surfaced in my mind. I gritted my teeth in hatred, and my heart was so depressed that I felt uncomfortable. I took the thing on the cabinet and threw it at Olivia Pearson without seeing clearly what it was.

Olivia Pearson was so scared that her face turned pale, but Dennis George reacted quickly and stood in front of her. That thing hit Dennis George's back.

I gnashed my teeth with hatred, and the darkness in my heart was like a broken dam. What I was thinking about was to kill them. Those who hurt me would die. I wanted them to die with my child.

Looking at Olivia Pearson's belly, my face turned cold. "Olivia Pearson, my child is dead, and you can't live a good life. You and your mother have to die with him!"

"Clara Kennedy, you madwoman, what nonsense are you talking about?" Olivia Pearson was scared by this, so she simply stopped pretending.

I suppressed my anger and clenched my fists tightly. "Madwoman? Your mother should have thought of how I, a madwoman, would retaliate against you."

Glancing at the chair beside me, I raised my hand and threw it at Olivia Pearson, who screamed in fear.

"Enough!" Dennis George, who was tall and strong, snatched the chair from my hand and looked at me in disbelief. "Clara Kennedy, what's wrong with you? Why did you become like this? We can have another one while the child was gone."

"Well!" I sneered and raised my head to look at him coldly. I placed my palm in front of him and said word by word, "Dennis George, your words are so light that he was gone, and your words are so light that we can have another one? You're really relaxed. All you need to do is sow, and you don't have to bear the hardships of ten months' pregnancy."

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Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 168

His gaze fell on the scar on my palm and he frowned. "How did you get this?"

I smiled, but it was more painful than crying. I looked at Olivia Pearson and suppressed my tears. "How did it come? You should ask your most precious Olivia Pearson, how did I get this injury?"

Looking at Dennis George, I calmed down and continued, "Dennis George, do you know how the child died? That night, he tried his best to get out of my belly, but he couldn't."

Looking at the pained expression on his face, I suddenly felt that why should I pain only, why should I bear myself, "Dennis George, do you know when I was abducted, no matter how hard I tried, your phone was turned off. Dennis George, do you know how desperate I was?"

He wanted to say something, but was interrupted by my sneer. "You don't know, at that time, you should be looking up to your princess and celebrating her birthday. At that time, you must have prepared an exquisite gift for her."

"Clara Kennedy!" He said in a hoarse voice, "My phone is in the company, and I don't know it at all."

"Yes, you don't know!" I sneered and said, "You don't know that I was locked in the warehouse and they tied up my hands and legs. You don't know how I felt how hard the child wants to get out and how I felt that he was out of breath bit by bit..."

I choked with sobs and couldn't finish my words. But when I saw that Dennis George's face was getting paler and paler, I suddenly felt that I was not alone in pain. It was so good.

I smiled. "Dennis George, do you know how it feels to have a baby die in your belly? Do you know what it looks like when the baby was taken out? Do you know how it feels a baby to be suffocated to death?"

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"Enough!" He was a little defeated. He covered his face with both hands and his tall body slowly squatted on the ground. He became helpless and weak, in pain.

Seeing him like this, it was not difficult for me to accept it. Looking at Olivia Pearson's pale face, I sneered. "Olivia Pearson, how is it? Listening to me tell you about this process, do you feel much happier? The money you spent is worth it!"

"Clara Kennedy, what nonsense are you talking about?" Olivia Pearson raised her voice and said exasperatedly, "What right do you have to say that my mother and I did it?"

I found it funny. "Why are you in such a hurry to deny it? It's so big. Do you really think I can't find anything? Can the Lewis family really cover it?"

Olivia Pearson was so scared that she stepped back. She said, "I didn't do it!"

Dennis George looked at her coldly. "Does it have anything to do with your Lewis family?"

Olivia Pearson shook her head and her body kept shaking. "No, no!"

I didn't want to see her putting on an act at all and went straight out of the ward. Dennis George wanted to chase after me, but Olivia Pearson stopped him. She burst into tears and said, "Dennis, you have to believe me. It's really not me. I don't know at all..."

I'm not familiar with City P. I don't know how to find the way back when I get out of the hospital.

Looking at the crowd coming and going, I didn't know where to go. I didn't have a mobile phone, I didn't have money, but I was afraid that Dennis George would follow me.

As I walked, I asked. When I returned to the residential quarter of Central Park, my feet were already worn out.

When I got home and took off my shoes, I had bled a lot.

"Bang!" The door opened, and Hank Gibson was still panting. He looked at me and was stunned. Almost in an instant, he pulled me up.

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He held me tightly in his arms. "One day and one night, where have you been? Why didn't you call me to report your safety?"

I was stunned and began to feel bitter in my heart. After a while, I could understand his feelings for me, it seemed to be I did something wrong.

After a long time, he released me and calmed down. He looked at me and asked, "Where did you go? Why didn't you come back all day and night?"

"I don't know why I ran out. Later, I woke up in the hospital." I ignored the thing about Dennis George and muttered.

He sighed and nodded. "As long as you're fine." Looking down at my bloody feet, he frowned and asked, "Did you come back with your feet?"

I nodded and lowered my head. "I don't have a cell phone or money. I can't get a taxi!"

"Don't you know how to call me to pick you up?" He closed his eyes and felt a little helpless. He sighed and said, "Forget it, I didn't consider it thoroughly."

After putting me on the sofa, he found a medicine chest, knelt on the ground, and put my feet on his knee to clean the wound.

When the cotton swab touched the wound, I couldn't help but shrink back in pain. He sighed slightly and said, "It'll be fine in a while!"

Afraid that it would hurt me, he blew on it several times when applying the medicine. Looking at him, I was a little absent-minded.

"I shouldn't have stayed by his side. Yara George is right. Once anything happens between us, the Georges and the Gibson family will fall into public opinion, which is more terrible than we thought."

"What are you thinking about?" He put away his medicine chest and looked up at me.

Looking at him, I took back my feet, watched him put the medicine chest away, and watched him sit down beside me and pour water for me.

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After a pause, I couldn't help saying, "Hank Gibson, you... don't have to come to my place in the future!"

He paused and looked at me with his black eyes. "What do you mean?"

"Thank you for your help these days. No matter what happens to you in the future, I will try my best for you. After all, we are alone and we are so close. If someone sees us, Aunt is right. Both the Georges and the Gibson family will be implicated."

I shouldn't have said these words, let alone say them so bluntly.

However, there was no reason for me to take back my words.

His face was gloomy and exceptionally cold. "What are you worried about?"

I squeezed my palm and said, "I can't owe you too much."

"I don't care!" He opened his mouth and looked at me with a complicated expression. "Clara Kennedy, if you're worried that others will gossip about you, I can stay away from you. But you have only one choice. Go back and stay with Dennis George. Otherwise, I can't leave you here alone."

I lowered my head and muttered, "Don't worry, nothing will happen to me. I... am afraid of pain and height!"

"Even if I want to commit suicide, I may not have the courage to do so. I am really afraid of pain."

He looked at me with emotions that I couldn't understand in his eyes. "You can't hide anymore. You can't hide forever!"

I didn't understand what he was saying, so I looked at him blankly. "What?"

He smiled and shook his head. "Let's talk about it after you calm down. I'll be busy after the National Day holiday. I don't have so much time to accompany you. You still have to adjust your days in the future."

I nodded, feeling tired. It was because I had just taken medicine.

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I got up and said, "I'll go to the room and have a rest!" As I spoke, I entered the bedroom.

A dreamless night!

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 168

His gaze fell on the scar on my palm and he frowned. "How did you get this?"

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I didn't want to see her putting on an act at all and went straight out of the ward. Dennis George wanted to chase after me, but Olivia Pearson stopped him. She burst into tears and said, "Dennis, you have to believe me. It's really not me. I don't know at all..."

I'm not familiar with City P. I don't know how to find the way back when I get out of the hospital.

Looking at the crowd coming and going, I didn't know where to go. I didn't have a mobile phone, I didn't have money, but I was afraid that Dennis George would follow me.

As I walked, I asked. When I returned to the residential quarter of Central Park, my feet were already worn out.

When I got home and took off my shoes, I had bled a lot.

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“Bang!” The door opened, and Hank Gibson was still panting. He looked at me and was stunned. Almost in an instant, he pulled me up.

He held me tightly in his arms. “One day and one night, where have you been? Why didn’t you call me to report your safety?”

I was stunned and began to feel bitter in my heart. After a while, I could understand his feelings for me, it seemed to be I did something wrong.

After a long time, he released me and calmed down. He looked at me and asked, “Where did you go? Why didn’t you come back all day and night?”

“I don’t know why I ran out. Later, I woke up in the hospital.” I ignored the thing about Dennis George and muttered.

He sighed and nodded. “As long as you’re fine.” Looking down at my bloody feet, he frowned and asked, “Did you come back with your feet?”

I nodded and lowered my head. “I don’t have a cell phone or money. I can’t get a taxi!”

“Don’t you know how to call me to pick you up?” He closed his eyes and felt a little helpless. He sighed and said, “Forget it, I didn’t consider it thoroughly.”

After putting me on the sofa, he found a medicine chest, knelt on the ground, and put my feet on his knee to clean the wound.

When the cotton swab touched the wound, I couldn’t help but shrink back in pain. He sighed slightly and said, “It’ll be fine in a while!”

Afraid that it would hurt me, he blew on it several times when applying the medicine. Looking at him, I was a little absent-minded.

“I shouldn’t have stayed by his side. Yara George is right. Once anything happens between us, the Georges and the Gibson family will fall into public opinion, which is more terrible than we thought.”

“What are you thinking about?” He put away his medicine chest and looked up at me.

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Looking at him, I took back my feet, watched him put the medicine chest away, and watched him sit down beside me and pour water for me.

After a pause, I couldn't help saying, "Hank Gibson, you... don't have to come to my place in the future!"

He paused and looked at me with his black eyes. "What do you mean?"

"Thank you for your help these days. No matter what happens to you in the future, I will try my best for you. After all, we are alone and we are so close. If someone sees us, Aunt is right. Both the Georges and the Gibson family will be implicated."

I shouldn't have said these words, let alone say them so bluntly.

However, there was no reason for me to take back my words.

His face was gloomy and exceptionally cold. "What are you worried about?"

I squeezed my palm and said, "I can't owe you too much."

"I don't care!" He opened his mouth and looked at me with a complicated expression. "Clara Kennedy, if you're worried that others will gossip about you, I can stay away from you. But you have only one choice. Go back and stay with Dennis George. Otherwise, I can't leave you here alone."

I lowered my head and muttered, "Don't worry, nothing will happen to me. I... am afraid of pain and height!"

"Even if I want to commit suicide, I may not have the courage to do so. I am really afraid of pain."

He looked at me with emotions that I couldn't understand in his eyes. "You can't hide anymore. You can't hide forever!"

I didn't understand what he was saying, so I looked at him blankly. "What?"

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He smiled and shook his head. "Let's talk about it after you calm down. I'll be busy after the National Day holiday. I don't have so much time to accompany you. You still have to adjust your days in the future."

I nodded, feeling tired. It was because I had just taken medicine.

I got up and said, "I'll go to the room and have a rest!" As I spoke, I entered the bedroom.

A dreamless night!

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 169

It had been several days since I found out that Dennis George was downstairs. Because of his unstable mood, Hank Gibson almost refused to let me go out.

I thought he really knows me very well and knows how to stabilize my emotions. After National Day, he was really busy.

"And I also began to work in the Gibson family. Hank Gibson did arrange for me to work on the project. Because I just took over, I don't know many things. He sent an assistant to help me."

It's a bit different to do a project for me alone since it was difficult for me to get off work on regular time because I've just taken over. I had to do it very late.

Yank Gibson had been sent to the hospital due to a stroke, so Hank Gibson had only arranged for his assistant to send me back.

These days, I've adjusted myself very well, so I didn't let him worry so much.

After sending me to the entrance of the community, Assistant Shirley said, "Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. Gibson asked me to give this to you. He asked you to remember to eat."

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I nodded, took the documents in her hand, and got out of the car. It was only five minutes from the entrance of the community to the floor. I walked slowly, thinking about the new project all the way.

Hank Gibson originally had a company abroad. At present, he probably wanted to develop in the country. They were both technology companies. I thought of JD Technology Co., Ltd. in Newton Town, which had excellent technicians.

The only thing he needed to worry about was the management. The Gibson family was a listed company. If he bought JD Technology Co., Ltd., it would be a good choice for the Gibson family.

As I was lost in my thoughts, the phone rang. It was Alex Thomson.

These days, I basically called him every day, but he couldn't get through no matter how hard I tried. It was already the day of Diana's delivery. I didn't know how they were doing.

After receiving a call from Alex Thomson, I quickly answered, "Alex Thomson, where's Diana? How are you and Diana? Did she give birth?"

Maybe he suddenly heard my voice on the other end of the phone and was a little stunned. After a long time, he said, "She is very good. She has given birth. It is a girl. Where... where have you been? How is the child?"

Feeling a little uncomfortable, I walked to the rest area and sat down. I suppressed my emotions and said, "I'm fine. Where are you? Why can't I get in touch with you? Where's Diana? Why can't I get through to her?"

"She is also very good. She is in confinement in childbirth. Her whole heart is on the child, so she may not have time to answer your phone." His voice sounded weird, but I didn't know how to say it.

I could only ask, "Where are you now?"

I could vaguely hear the crying of a child on the other end of the phone. My heart ached and my tears flowed out.

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“We are still in the countryside. When Diana recovers better, we will come to City P to see you.”

I nodded my head repeatedly, feeling a little happy. At least Diana’s child was fine.

He might be busy taking care of the child, so he said a few words casually and hung up the phone.

The temperature of autumn in City P was getting lower day by day. It was especially cold to sit outside for a long time.

After a few steps, I stood still. A familiar black Jeep came. It was Dennis George.

What was he doing here?

Out of instinct, I turned around and was about to leave.

But after a few steps, he stopped me. “Clara Kennedy, how long are you going to hide from me?”

I stiffened and found it difficult to breathe. “Dennis George, let’s divorce!”

I’m running away and hiding from him. I can’t live with him anymore.

Originally, I could accept that he didn’t love me, and I could also bear the complicated relationship between him and Olivia Pearson. I could bear the ambiguous relationship between him and Olivia Pearson, big or small.

“As long as I protect the child, I can live on. Even if he doesn’t love me, the child is his. He will love him.”

But now that I have no child, I can’t find a reason to continue with him. I don’t want to lie to myself, and I don’t want to see him having an ambiguous relationship with Olivia Pearson every time, I will kill them crazily.

“Divorce?” A trace of pain flashed across his face. “Clara Kennedy, do we have to do this?”

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I nodded, my face much calmer than before, but my heart still ached. "Dennis George, I can't continue to live with you. I married you because Grandpa took care of me and grandma. I wanted to repay this favor with my whole life, but now that I have experienced so much, I have to repay these favors. Please let me go!"

He suddenly sneered. "So, you married me because you wanted to repay my grandpa's kindness?"

I nodded. "Yes!"

His face was extremely ugly. "Since you want to repay his kindness, then you can repay it for the rest of your life. I never thought of breaking up with you, nor did I want to leave with you."

I was stunned and my mood collapsed. "Dennis George, don't you understand? I hate you. I don't want to be with you, let alone see you."

He withdrew his black eyes and suppressed the pain in them. "Then you can get used to it slowly. Since you hate me, you can take revenge. The best revenge is to be entangled, right?"

"Crazy!" I collapsed and couldn't help but roar, "It will be punished by God. I don't want to dirty my hands."

With that, I hurried to the door of the building and he followed behind me. "Hank Gibson can't take care of you for the rest of his life. Come back with me!"

He stopped me. I didn't want him to touch me at all. I didn't care if I would fall down on the stairs. I just wanted to push him away.

He pulled me back and saw that he was falling backward. Afraid that he would be implicated me, he suddenly loosened his grip.

Watching him fall down the stairs, I turned around expressionlessly, opened the door, and went straight into the elevator.

When I got home, I quickly took the medicine, controlled my emotions, and then lay on the bed, waiting to fall asleep.

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My phone rang. When I saw that it was Hank Gibson, I answered, "Hello!"

"Remember to eat, don't sleep directly!" His words made me suspect that I had been monitored.

I could not help but ask, "How do you know I'm going to sleep?"

He chuckled. "I know you too well."

I pursed my lips and lay prone on the bed. "I just took the medicine. I don't want to move!"

"Why did you suddenly take medicine?" His voice was a little serious.

I said, "I just met Dennis George downstairs."

I didn't take any medicine these days. I can basically control my emotions.

He was silent for a moment and said, "Well, there's something to eat in the refrigerator. Eat more and then sleep, or you really can't sleep at night."

I nodded and looked at the time. It was only about seven o'clock. I thought it made sense. If I fell asleep now, I really couldn't fall asleep when I woke up at night.

Hanging up the phone, I found something to eat. Maybe he guessed that I would be so lazy, so he prepared fast food in the refrigerator in advance and could eat it after heating it in the microwave.

After a while, the drug worked and I lay on the bed and soon fell asleep.

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 170

I was woken up by the thunder. When I opened my eyes, I only felt cold and numb. The thunder outside was loud. When I was asleep, I forgot to close the window, so the heavy rain drifted in.

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I fumbled for my phone and looked at the time. It was only 12 o'clock and I couldn't help frowning. Now that I'm awake, I'm afraid I can't sleep all night.

There were dozens of missed calls on my phone. Although there was no comment, I was familiar with the number. It was all from Dennis George.

I was a little annoyed and was about to turn off my phone when the phone rang again. I frowned and said directly, "Dennis George, do you think that you are not satisfied with my current situation and want to force me to die?"

"Clara Kennedy, you know what I want to do. If I would accompany you..." His voice was a little hoarse, and the sound of rain could be faintly heard.

I was so agitated that I wanted to hang up the phone directly. Then he said, "I'm downstairs!"

I was stunned and subconsciously went to the balcony to look down. I saw Dennis George standing straight in the rain like a piece of wood beside the street lamp downstairs.

I was furious. "Dennis George, are you sick?" In the middle of the night, he got wet in the rain. He was torturing himself!

Instead, he smiled. "If you're angry, does it mean that you're concerned about me?"

I was speechless again.

He was sick, heavy sick!

"Dennis George, if you're sick, go to see a doctor." After that, I hung up the phone, feeling very annoyed.

It was raining heavily outside. It was late autumn and it was not as warm as the summer rain. I was afraid that he would fall ill soon.

After thinking for a while, I turned on my phone and called Mario Bennett. After a long time, no one answered the phone, so I called Marcus Thomson again. After a long time, someone answered the phone.

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“Clara Kennedy? What’s the matter?”

I pursed my lips. “Dennis George is torturing himself in the residential quarter of Central Park. If you don’t want him to die, come and carry him back. Also, please tell him that even if he dies, ask him to stay away. I’m not responsible for collecting his corpse. Thank you!”

“Damn it! I told him that you are not a good person! You...” Marcus Thomson’s mouth didn’t show any mercy. I didn’t intend to be tortured by him and listen to him scold me.

So I directly turned off my phone.

It was still raining heavily outside, and Dennis George was still in the rain as if he was dead. But half an hour later, Marcus Thomson came.

The floor was too high for me to hear what they said. I just watched them fight for a while and then they left.

I closed the curtains and sat on the bed. I knew that I couldn’t fall asleep that night.

The next day, the sun rose faintly. I got out of bed, washed up, and went straight to the company.

Hank Gibson came early. Seeing that I was not in good spirits, he frowned slightly and asked, “Didn’t you sleep last night?”

I nodded. “Dennis George was on the downstairs. It’s very annoying!”

He frowned and said, “Have you read the documents I gave you yesterday?”

I was stunned. The appearance of Dennis George made me forget my work. I couldn’t help but say awkwardly, “I forgot it yesterday!”

He touched his forehead and said helplessly with a faint smile, “There will be a meeting later. You need to attend it. If you don’t look at the documents, you can do it freely!”

I would take care of it freely.

OK!

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I nodded and looked at him. "What's the matter?"

He got up and poured me a glass of water, and then asked the secretary to bring me breakfast. He looked at me and said, "Eat and I'll tell you!"

I suspect that he was worried that I would starve to death, so he always wanted to feed me.

Sitting on the sofa, I looked at him while eating. "Go ahead!"

"It's the development of new technology. The Gibson family is made a fortune in cars and household appliances. A few years ago, the new technology broke out, and many people competed for this piece of sweetness. The Gibson family has taken part in it, mainly with mobile phones and computers. At present, we plan to participate in AI, but the technology department of this company has been stagnant, so what we need to consider now is whether we should leave this piece of AI or not. If we stay here, how to push it forward in any way, and how to find a group of skillful technical staff to promote progress!"

I nodded and stuffed a few mouthfuls of bread into my mouth. "Are the technical department's technical staff the same as before?"

He shook his head and said, "No, we'll pay a high price every year to hire the best technicians, but basically nothing."

"Is the meeting still an hour away? Can I see these people?"

He was slightly stunned and nodded. Seeing that he had almost finished eating, he got up and said, "Yes!"

After following him out of the office, the Gibson family attached great importance to AI, leaving two floors of the Gibson family to study.

Because of the research site of technology, the staff was extremely strict with the entrance and exit. Hank Gibson and I put on protective suits and went in.

I took a rough look at the equipment inside. I didn't know much about it, so I saw the researchers directly.

Time was limited, so we chatted for a while and then went back to the office again.

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“How is it? Do you have some idea after watching them?” He sat on the boss’ chair and said with a smile.

I thought for a moment and asked, “Why are you all hiring foreign staff? And the right to speak is in their hands?”

He raised his eyebrows. “There aren’t many people who are excellent in science and technology in our country. They have skills and qualifications, so I will naturally give them the highest right.”

“But have you ever thought about it? People all over the world are studying it. You give the initiative to foreign researchers. What if they take the research results back to their country in the end?” I admitted that I can’t say that, but I had to worry about this. We were patriotic, and others were also patriotic.

He frowned and tapped his slender fingers on the table. After a long time, he looked at me and said, “We have considered this question, but we have to use them if we want to talk about AI. If we use them, I won’t doubt them.”

I nodded and looked at him, saying, “If I can find a group of top domestic technicians and guarantee that they can push AI to the next level, do you dare try?”

He was stunned and suddenly smiled. “How can you be so confident?”

“I’m not sure. I just want to have a try!” If this project succeeds, perhaps I would have a way to deal with the Lewis family.

After all, most of the Lewis family’s business status was supported by technology.

After a moment of silence, he nodded and looked at me. “Okay!”

In the conference room, almost all the senior executives of the Gibson family came, including Yara George. When she saw me, she frowned slightly. She was a little surprised, but it only took a moment for her to recover.

Hank Gibson arranged for me to sit down, then stood up, turned on the projector, and said, “Let me introduce her to you first. The person who came in with me just now is Clara

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Kennedy. I have officially hired her as the project director of the Gibson family. Next, she will be in charge of the company's AI!"

For a moment, there was uproar in the conference room. Someone questioned, "Mr. Gibson, although the position of the company's project director is temporarily vacant, the Gibson family is not like a small company. Any random person can be qualified for this position. What's more, we are discussing whether to stay here or not today. We haven't even made any decision yet. Don't you think your decision is a little hasty, Mr. Gibson?"

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