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Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 1 - 10

Age of Gestation: Six Weeks

I was stunned to see these words on the pregnancy ultrasound result. How could I get pregnant after I had sex with him for only once? What should I do now?

If I told Dennis George about it, would he give up divorcing me? No. Instead, he would take me as a shameless woman who used the baby as a lever to manipulate him.

I pulled myself together, stuffed the ultrasound report into my bag and walked out of the hospital.

There was a shining black Maybach parking out of the hospital building whose driver's side window was slightly open, and a man's handsome but grim upper face could be faintly seen through it. Naturally, the fancy car and the attractive man received many stares from passers-by.

Admittedly, Dennis was a wealthy and charming man, and I had long got used to it after all these years. So I ignored the strange looks from passers-by and sat on the passenger seat.

Dennis, who was resting his mind with his eyes closed, sensed the movement, gave a slight frown and murmured without opening his eyes, "Everything done?"

"Yes!" I nodded and handed the signed contract with the hospital to him, adding, "Mr. Pearson sends greetings to you." Originally, I planned to come to the hospital to sign the contract on my own, but I met Dennis halfway and he insisted on, somehow, giving me a ride.

"You'll take full charge of this case from now on." Dennis, a man of few words, didn't take the contract but said to me flatly before starting the car.

I nodded in agreement, saying no more. It seemed that I could do nothing else but accept commands and carry out the tasks since I had kept quiet for too long.

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It was at nightfall, and our car was rushing towards the center of the city. Where was he heading for if he wasn't driving back to our house? I was curious, but I never asked about his intention, so I remained silent.

Thinking of the ultrasound report, I was lost for words for a moment. I stole a glance at Dennis, who was looking straight ahead with his sharp and stern eyes.

"Dennis!" I called, clutching my bag, my palms sweating from nervousness.

"What is it?" asked he in a cold and emotionless voice.

He had always been blunt to me and I was accustomed to it. I settled myself down, took a breath and went on, "I..."

Before I could say "... am pregnant", Dennis' phone rang while I choked down the words.

"What's up, Olivia?" Sometimes, a man's tenderness was meant for a certain woman, and so were his deep love and happiness. In this case, Dennis' gentleness was just for Olivia Pearson, and one could easily tell from the way he talked to her.

It was unknown what Olivia said on the other end of the line, but Dennis slammed on the brake and started to pacify her. "Alright, I'll be right over. Stay where you are."

The next moment, he hung up, pulled a long face and stared at me. "Get off the car!" he ordered, leaving no room for discussion.

This wasn't the first time he had treated me like this, so I nodded, swallowed everything I wanted to say and pushed open the car door, jumping off the car.

The marriage between Dennis and I was an accident, as well as an order. Either way, it had nothing to do with love. Olivia had taken root in Dennis' heart, and my existence was nothing but a sham, or an obstacle to him.

Two years ago, Freddy George, Dennis' grandfather, had a heart attack, so he forced Dennis to marry me in bed. Despite all the reluctance, Dennis still married me obeying Freddy's will. During these two years, Dennis had simply ignored me for Freddy's sake. Now that Freddy died, he asked the lawyer to work out a divorce settlement immediately, and was waiting for me to sign on it.

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When I came back to the house, it was already dark. The huge house was so empty that it looked like a haunted one. Probably because I was pregnant, I lost my appetite, and I came straight to the bedroom, took a shower and went to bed.

When I almost fell asleep, I vaguely heard someone parking the car in the courtyard.

Was Dennis home? Wasn't he with Olivia?

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 2

Before long, the bedroom door was opened. Soaked, Dennis walked straight into the bathroom without glancing at me, and then came the noise of water running.

Now that he was back, I could no longer sleep, so I got up, put on my clothes, and took his pajamas out of the closet, putting them at the bathroom door before I went to the balcony.

The rain season had come, and it was drizzling and dark outside. Meanwhile, the faint patter of rain on the roof could be heard.

Noticing some noise behind me, I looked back and saw Dennis standing out of the bathroom with the bath towel wrapped around his waist, his hair wet. Drips of water rolled down his muscular chest, and any woman would find it difficult to take her eyes off of him.

He might have noticed me looking at him and stared at me with a slight frown. "Come here!" he ordered in a flat voice.

I walked up to him obediently and caught the towel he tossed at me, hearing him whispering, "Dry my hair."

He perched himself on the edge of the bed as always while I climbed onto the bed, drying his hair behind him on my knees.

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"It's Freddy's funeral tomorrow. You have to go to the George Residence early," I told him. I wasn't trying to make a conversation with Dennis, but his mind was occupied by Olivia, so he might forget it if I didn't remind him.

"I see," he replied and said nothing else.

I knew he didn't want to talk to me, so I dried his hair silently before lying down again, trying to sleep.

Since I was pregnant, I felt sleepy all the time. Dennis usually stayed in his study until midnight after he took a shower, but somehow, he put on his pajamas and lay down beside me tonight.

I was curious but didn't dare to ask him why. Suddenly, he took me into his arms and started to kiss me tenderly. I looked up at him in confusion. "Dennis, I..."

"You don't want it?" he asked, his piercing eyes dark as night.

I looked down. It was true that I didn't want to sleep with him, but when did my opinion matter?

"Could you act more gently?" I was only six-week pregnant and I might have a miscarriage at any time.

Dennis, however, knit his brows and said nothing.

... It was raining more and more heavily outside. Suddenly, the thunder crashed and the interior of the room was lit up. After a long time, he got out of bed and went to the bathroom.

I, meanwhile, was sweating in pain. I wanted to get up and take a pain killer, but gave up the idea at the thought of the baby.

At this moment, Dennis' phone started to vibrate on the nightstand. I looked up at the clock on the wall and it was already 11 pm. Only one person would call Dennis at this time, and that person was Olivia.

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Water stopped running in the bathroom as Dennis emerged from the bathroom swathed in a towel. He dried his hands and picked up the phone. It was unknown what was said on the other end of the line, but he frowned and blurted, "Olivia, stop it!" After that, he hung up and got changed, about to leave. In the past, I might have just ignored it and let him go, but now I grabbed his clothes and pleaded in a soft voice, "Could you stay tonight?"

Dennis frowned, his eyes glinting with indifference and annoyance, his tone cold and sarcastic. "Don't push your luck."

I was both shocked and amused by his reaction, looking up at him. "It's your grandfather's funeral tomorrow. No matter how much you love her, at least have some manners, will you?"

"Are you threatening me?" Dennis narrowed his dark eyes and suddenly grabbed my chin, warning me in a low and stern voice, "Clara Kennedy, don't get carried away."

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 3

I was totally aware that he wouldn't stay, but I had to try, so I looked him straight in the eye and said, "I agree to get a divorce, but on one condition. You have to stay tonight and attend Freddy's funeral with me tomorrow. After that, I'll sign on the divorce settlement at once."

Dennis squinted his dark eyes and gave a sly grin, his lips curling into a smirk. "Then please me." He let go of my chin, narrowed his eyes and whispered into my ear, "You have to earn it, Clara. You can't get yourself anywhere by talking."

His voice was cold but his tone tinged with seductiveness. I knew what he meant, so I wrapped my arms around his waist and raised my head, trying to get close to him, but the large height difference made my movements look funny and ridiculous. I couldn't even tell what my feelings were, but it was... pathetic that I had to make the man I love stay in such a way.

My hands slid intuitively over his body, but were suddenly gripped by his. I looked up and saw him staring meaningfully at me. "That's enough!"

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I paused upon hearing him, not knowing what he meant. The next second, he grabbed the gray pajama jacket on the bed and put it on gracefully. For a moment, I went into a trance but before long, I recovered myself. So he decided to... stay?

However, before I could be happy about it, I heard a faint female voice coming along with the patter of rain. "Dennis..."

I was shocked to hear that, while Dennis reacted promptly. He strode onto the balcony, looked down and walked back with a sullen face before he grabbed his coat and left the bedroom.

Out in the courtyard, Olivia was standing in the rain in her flimsy dress, drenched to the skin. As a delicate beauty, now she appeared even more fragile in the rain.

Dennis draped his coat around her shoulders. Before he could talk, Olivia flung her arms around him and started to sob. Watching this scene, suddenly I realized why my earnest pleading failed to compete with Olivia's phone call, even if I had lived with him for two years.

Dennis went into the house with Olivia in his arm and took her upstairs. I, meanwhile, stood at the head of the stairs and looked down at the two wet people, blocking their way.

"Step aside!" Dennis growled, staring at me in disgust.

Was I heartbroken? I didn't know. The only thing I knew was that my eyes hurt more than my heart because they had witnessed how the man I loved took care of someone else instead of myself.

"Dennis, back when we got married, you promised your grandfather that you wouldn't take her here, as long as we were still married." This house was the only place Dennis and I shared and lived together. I was generous enough to share Dennis with Olivia for countless nights, but how dared she contaminate the only place fully belonging to me!

"Ha!" Dennis gave a sneer suddenly, shoved me aside and growled, "Clara, you're flattering yourself."

He laughed in my face and took Olivia into the guest room, while I watched them like an onlooker.

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This was meant to be a chaotic night.

Olivia, a fragile girl, was running a fever now since she had been in the rain for some time. Dennis, the loving caretaker, changed her clothes and rubbed her body with a cold towel. Probably I was an eyesore to him, and he ordered after darting a glance at me, "Sleep in the George Residence tonight. Olivia can't go anywhere like this."

Did Dennis just ask me to go back to the George Residence at midnight? Wow, I was really an eyesore to him.

Staring at him, I actually didn't know what to say to remind him how far the George Residence was, or how late it was now, or how unsafe it was for a woman to go there at this time. However, he couldn't care less. The only thing he cared was that my existence would interfere with Olivia's needed rest.

I choked back the tears and calmed myself down, saying, "I'll sleep in the bedroom. It's... too late for me to go there now!"

Just because he didn't love me, that didn't mean I didn't need to love myself. Therefore, I turned around and left the guest room, but ran into Mario Bennett in the corridor, who just arrived and was still in his black pajamas. He might have been in a rush, so he didn't change his shoes, and his clothes were almost wet.

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 4

The corridor was not a wide one, so we bumped into each other. Surprised, he pulled his collar up and explained, "Miss Kennedy, I'm here to treat Olivia."

Mario was Dennis' best friend. It was said that if a woman wanted to know whether a man took her seriously, all she needed to do was see how his friends treated her. Sometimes, a woman didn't even need to check his friends' attitude towards her. She just needed to know how they called her. I, Clara Kennedy, seemed to always have only one title, "Miss Kennedy". It sounded so polite but distant!

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It was these details that cast me into an unfathomable abyss of depression. I gave a wry smile, stepped aside and replied, "Well, go ahead."

Sometimes I just envied Olivia. It took her a few tears to get attention and love, but it took me a lot of hard work and I still got nothing.

I came back to the bedroom, got some fresh clothes and went to the living room. At this time, Mario had already taken Olivia's temperature and given her some aspirin. He walked downstairs and gave a dry smile at the sight of me in the living room. "It's late now. Time to go to bed, Miss Kennedy."

"I will in a while." I passed the clothes in my hands to him. "You're wet, and it's still raining outside. Get changed before you leave, in case you catch a cold."

Mario might be surprised that I would offer him some fresh clothes. He paused for a moment and forced a smile. "Don't bother. I'm strong and I'll be alright."

I stuffed the clothes into his arms and explained, "Dennis has never worn these, and they still have those tags on. You two are about the same size, so they'll fit well." Having said that, I went upstairs and returned to the bedroom.

I didn't do this to show kindness. In fact, back when my grandmother was ill, Mario operated on her. If it weren't for the Dennis family, Mario, as an internationally famous surgeon, wouldn't have performed an operation on my grandmother in person. Therefore, I did this in return for his help.

The morning after a stormy night was bright and sunny, while the air was filled with the fragrance of the earth. I was a morning person. When I went downstairs after washing up, I saw both Dennis and Olivia in the kitchen.

Wearing a black apron, Dennis was standing at the stove, frying eggs. He looked no longer sharp or stern, but like a dear husband.

Olivia's dark and sparkling eyes were wandering over his body. It might be because her fever was just gone, and now she still had those rosy cheeks, looking cute and charming.

"Dennis, I want my eggs well done." Olivia stuffed a strawberry into Dennis' mouth as she spoke and went on, "But not too well done, or it'll taste a little bitter."

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Chewing the strawberry, Dennis threw a loving glance at her but remained silent.

These two beautiful people were indeed a perfect match. Their interactions were so sweet and romantic, and anyone would find this scene fascinating to watch.

“They are made for each other, aren’t they?” A male voice came from behind me. I looked back in surprise and saw it was Mario. Now I realized that Dennis wouldn’t have let him go since it was raining so heavily last night and more importantly, Olivia was running a fever.

“Good morning!” I greeted him with a smile and my gaze fell upon his clothes, which were the ones I had given him last night.

Mario noticed it and raised his eyebrows, grinning, “They do fit well. Thank you.”

I shook my head. “You’re welcome.” I bought the clothes for Dennis, but he never touched them.

Probably having heard our voices, Olivia called out to us, “Clara, Mario, you’re awake! Dennis made scrambled egg. Come and eat with us!” She sounded like the hostess of the household.

I gave a faint smile. “Don’t bother. Have some bread and milk in the fridge I bought yesterday. I hope you’ll get well soon.” After all, I had lived in this house for two years. Besides, Dennis and I shared the ownership of it.

I might be weak, but I would never allow anyone else to take over my house.

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 5

Olivia was astonished to hear me say that, her eyes darkening all of a sudden. She looked back at Dennis and whispered, pulling at his clothes, “Dennis, I put myself first last night and disturbed your night. Could you ask her to stay and have breakfast with us? Consider that my apology, will you?”

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I was speechless. This, again, was the proof that some people could get the things effortlessly others vying for by playing weak.

Dennis, at first, couldn't care less about my appearance. Now that Olivia asked, he glanced back at me and ordered in a cold voice, "Join us!"

Did it hurt? I was just used to it and nodded with a smile. "Thank you!"

I could never say no to Dennis, because I had fallen in love with him when I first met him, and I couldn't change that this life.

It was a great privilege, as well as the first time, for me to have the food cooked by Dennis. The food, scrambled egg and oatmeal, was ordinary but special at the same time. To my point of view, Dennis was some man blessed by God, and he was born to rule the world.

"Clara, have a taste of Dennis' scrambled egg. It smells so good. When we're together, he always cooks it for me." Olivia put some egg on my plate as she spoke before she put some on Dennis' plate and said with a grin, "Dennis, you promised me you would watch the flowers with me in NJ Avenue. Don't go back on your word."

"I won't!" Dennis agreed as he ate breakfast elegantly. He was a man of few words, but he never said no to Olivia.

Mario seemed to have got used to everything. He chewed gracefully while watching us like an outsider.

Looking down, I couldn't help but frown. It was Freddy's funeral today. If Dennis went away with Olivia, the people of the George Residence would...

I lost all my appetite and hardly ate any. Seeing that Dennis had finished eating and went upstairs to get changed, I put down the spoon and followed him.

In the bedroom, Dennis knew I was behind him and asked with an air of nonchalance, "What is it?"

He took off the shirt with icy calm as he spoke, revealing his muscular upper body, while I turned around instinctively and reminded him, "It's Freddy's funeral today."

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I could hear he was unzipping his pants, and then came his cold voice, "You can handle it on your own."

I knit my brows. "Freddy is your grandfather." Dennis was the eldest of his generation. If he didn't attend his grandfather's funeral, what would the rest of the Georges think?

"I asked Toby to deal with everything about the funeral. As for the details, you can figure them out with him," Dennis said emotionlessly as if he was briefing me on some insignificant work.

As he walked towards the study, I raised my voice and asked sadly, "Dennis George, apart from Olivia, is everyone else inessential to you? Don't you care about your family?"

He paused and looked back at me, his dark eyes narrowing with an air of indifference. "It's not up to you to step in the Georges' affairs."

After a few seconds, his thin lips curled into a smirk and he scoffed, "You don't deserve it!"

These words sent chills down my spine, as if he was throwing a wet blanket on me. I heard him walking away and let out a wry smile.

I didn't deserve it! Wow.

It took me two years but I still failed to soften his stony heart.

"I thought you were simply brazen, but it turns out you're nosy too," a female voice taunted. I looked back and saw Olivia, somehow, leaning against the door with her arms crossed. Innocence could no longer be seen on her face, but a sinister smile.

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 6

"I'm amazed by your rapid mood change, Miss Pearson." I shot a faint glance at Olivia, picked up my purse and left for the George Residence. Dennis wouldn't go, but I had to go.

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However, the moment I reached the door, Olivia blocked my way. Now that Dennis was not around, she showed her true color and scowled at me. "When will you file for divorce?"

I was astonished to hear that, but chuckled at the same time and stared at her. "Are you forcing me to get a divorce as the other woman, Miss Pearson?"

"You're the other woman!" It seemed that Olivia didn't like being called "the other woman" and her face darkened suddenly. "Clara Kennedy, if it weren't for you, I would have been the hostess of this house! Since Freddy's dead, no one can keep your place in this household anymore. Were I you, I would sign on the divorce settlement immediately and fuck off with Dennis' money as soon as possible."

"What a shame, Miss Pearson, but you can never be me!" I scoffed. Ignoring her arrogance, I walked around Olivia and went downstairs. No one in this world could ever hurt me, except for Dennis.

Of course, Olivia, the spoiled girl, felt offended since I ignored her, so she grabbed me and snapped, "Clara, do you have even a little self-respect left? Dennis doesn't like you at all. What do you latch onto him for?"

I got amused by Olivia's question and looked back, replying in a calm voice, "Since you know he doesn't like me, why are you so worried?"

"You..." Olivia's face turned red in annoyance and she was lost for words for a moment.

I leaned over to her, gave a sneer and lowered my voice. "As for what I latch onto him for..." My tone became gentle again at this point and I breathed, "He's good in bed. What else could it be?"

"You're shameless, Clara!" Olivia flared up and shoved me away without hesitation. Since I was standing at the head of the stairs, I flinched away by instinct and dodged her hands. However, it didn't occur to me that Olivia lost her balance and tumbled down the stairs.

"Argh..." Her shrill scream split the air in the living room, while I was totally stunned. Before I could react, a gust of cold wind pushed me aside, and the next second, I saw Dennis rushing downstairs to check on Olivia, who was lying on the floor.

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Her face pale, Olivia huddled herself up and covered her underbelly with her hands, whispering, "Baby... My baby."

A pool of blood was spreading beneath Olivia's body, staining the carpet red. I was dumbfounded. She was... Pregnant?

With Dennis' baby?

"Dennis... Baby... The baby..." Olivia pulled at Dennis' sleeve and repeated the word "baby".

Sweat was oozing from Dennis' forehead, his face clouding over.

"Don't worry. The baby will be fine." Dennis tried to calm Olivia down and scooped her up, striding toward the door.

Suddenly, Dennis stopped in a sulk and growled, his eyes glinting with anger, "Clara, look what you've done."

I could detect the indifference, hatred and rage in his voice. I froze, not knowing what to do .

"Maybe you could catch up and explain it to him?" A deep voice came from behind me. I looked up and saw Mario, wondering when he had come upstairs.

I settled down and asked calmly, "Explain what?"

Mario raised his eyebrows. "Aren't you afraid that he'd think you were the one pushing Olivia downstairs?"

I dropped my eyes and replied bitterly, "It doesn't matter if I was the one pushing her. All that matters is that someone has to take the responsibility at last since his Olivia gets hurt now."

"I didn't expect you'd be so self-possessed about it!" Mario went downstairs and left the house with his medical box. Presumably, he followed them to check on Olivia.

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 7

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It took one hour to get to the George Residence from my house, and I was dizzy all the way.

I lost my breath at the thought of the baby in Olivia's womb and the look in Dennis' eyes before he left.

Just when I was devastated, my stomach began to churn as my car stopped at the entrance of the George Residence. I jumped off the car, crouched down by the flower bed and started to vomit, but hardly anything came out.

"Well well, I remember you weren't so fragile before you became a Mrs. George. It's not a long drive, but why are you throwing up?" a voice taunted at the gate of the George Residence.

I knew who it was without looking. Freddy had two sons. The elder one, Edwin, had a car accident long ago, and both he and his wife died, leaving their only son, Dennis. The other son of Freddy's, as well as the younger one, was called Andrew, whose wife was ridiculing me at the gate of the George Residence. There were a lot of dramas in a wealthy family, and I was no stranger to them over the years.

I tried to calm down and stared at Lydia, greeting her politely, "Hello, Lydia!"

Lydia was never a fan of mine. It might be because she was jealous of me since I came from a humble background but was appreciated by Freddy, or because Freddy thought highly of Dennis and thus appointed him as the successor of the family when he was alive, which made her green with envy, and she vented all her anger on me.

Lydia threw me a cold stare and looked into the car. Seeing that no one else came with me, she pulled a long face at once. "What? Wouldn't Mr. George attend his grandfather's funeral?"

There were many visitors in the George Residence today. I was aware that it was inappropriate for Dennis not to show up, so I forced a smile and explained, "Something urgent happened and Dennis went to take care of it. He will come later."

"Humph!" Lydia sneered, "And I thought the person chosen by Old Mr. George would be better than this!"

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It was true that Lydia hated me. However, the George family was an influential family, and many people came today, so she stopped picking on me in order not to embarrass herself.

Inside the George Residence, Freddy's memorial tablet was placed in the middle of the hall. His body was burned to ashes, and his urn was put behind the memorial tablet. There were many white flowers in the hall, and in the front of the mourning hall placed some burning joss sticks and tributes.

Visitors came one after another. Freddy was a man of high prestige, so most of the visitors were of high social status. Andrew and Lydia were greeting them inside and outside the George Residence respectively, while I greeted them at the mourning hall.

"Mrs. George," Nanny Daisy greeted me with a sandal wood box in her hands.

"What's wrong, Nanny Daisy?" Admittedly, the George family was a wealthy family, but there weren't many people in the family. Besides, Freddy preferred a quiet house, so he only had Nanny Daisy take care of him.

Nanny Daisy put the sandal wood box in my hands and said with a sad face, "Old Mr. George wanted to give this to you. Keep it." She continued after a pause, "He knew that after his death, Mr. George might force you to get a divorce. If you don't want to do it, show this box to Mr. George, and he might give up that idea after seeing what's inside."

I looked down at the sandal wood box in my hands. It was a square box with a built-in lock. I looked at Nanny Daisy and wondered, "But where's the key?"

"Old Mr. George gave the key to Mr. George," replied Nanny Daisy. She stared at me and went on, "You look haggard. Please take good care of yourself. Old Mr. George always wanted you to give birth to a boy to carry on the family name while he was alive. Now that he passed away, please don't let him down."

My heart skipped a beat when I heard the word "baby". I smiled at Nanny Daisy and said no more.

When the mourning ceremony was over, Freddy's urn was taken to the graveyard for burial. At this point, it was already afternoon, but Dennis hadn't turned up yet.

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After the burial ceremony, Dennis was still nowhere to be seen. Holding Lydia's arm, Andrew stared at me and said, "Clara, the dead is dead. When you get back, tell Dennis not to hold grudges against his grandfather anymore. He owed him nothing

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Lydia, however, snorted and scoffed, "That ungrateful creature. Freddy had been kind to him for nothing."

"Stop the nonsense!" Andrew threw a ferocious stare at her and looked at me helplessly. "It's getting late, and Old Mr. George is resting in peace now. Go home early."

"OK. Thank you, Mr. George." Both Andrew and Lydia were in their 50s now, and they had no children, but they sat pretty living off the shares of the George Group they held. Lydia had a sharp tongue, but actually, she was a kind person, so the couple was the envy of many people in their circle.

Standing in front of Freddy's tombstone, I watched them walking away and fell into a trance. Since Freddy had died, the marriage between Dennis and I might have come to an end too. Just as the rain would stop, or the sun would go down, I would finally lose him.

"Take care of yourself, grandfather. I'll pay you a visit later." I took a solemn bow to the tombstone. Just as I turned around to leave, I was shocked.

When had Dennis come?

Dressed in black, Dennis was standing not far away behind me with a grim face, his dark eyes fixed on Freddy's tombstone, but I could hardly detect any kind of emotion from his grieving face.

Seeing me turn around, he looked away and said in a low voice, "Let's go!"

So he came... to pick me up?

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I stopped him at once as he was about to leave. "Dennis, Freddy is gone, and you should let it go too. You know, he had done so much for you all these years..."

Watching his eyes turning cold, I couldn't help but stop talking, not knowing what to do. I thought he would lose his temper, but unexpectedly, he remained silent and left.

It was getting dark as we walked out of the graveyard. My driver had already gone since Dennis came to pick me up. Therefore, I could only go back with Dennis. We got into the car and left the graveyard. Silence hung heavily in the car on the way. I pinched my fingers, wanting to ask him about Olivia's condition again and again, but I swallowed the words at the sight of his sullen face every time.

After some time, I couldn't resist it anymore and asked, "How's Miss Pearson?" I didn't push her, but after all, she tumbled down under my nose.

The car screeched to a halt all of a sudden and inertia threw my body forward. Before I could react, I was held by the waist and pinned against the seat. The next moment, Dennis leaned over to me, his sharp and piercing cold dark eyes fixed on mine. Sensing danger, I flinched and said, "Dennis..."

"How do you expect she is?" He responded by asking, his voice stern. "Clara, do you really think I won't divorce you since Freddy gave you that box?"

My heart missed a beat. How did he know everything in only a few hours?

"I didn't push her." I repressed the bitterness and met his gaze, finding the truth funny. "Dennis, I don't know what's in the box Freddy gave me, nor have I ever thought of taking advantage of it to maintain our marriage. Since you want to get a divorce, fine! I agree. Let's file for divorce tomorrow."

It was completely dark outside now. Rain pattered against the car windows as the wind blew, making the interior of the car even glummer.

Dennis, nevertheless, seemed amazed to hear that I agreed to get a divorce so suddenly, but that only lasted a moment. After that, his lips curled into a sneer. "Olivia is still in hospital. Are you going to get away from it all by divorcing now?"

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“Then what do you want me to do?” Exactly. In Dennis’ eyes, I made his love lie in hospital now, so how would he let me go so easily?

“Take care of her from tomorrow.” He sat straight in the driver’s seat, his slender fingers resting on the steering wheel, his eyes darkening.

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 9

I failed to figure out what Dennis was thinking and nodded approval.

Sometimes, people just groveled in a relationship for no reason. In my case, I was used to being given orders by Dennis, and all I could do was obey them, even if my heart was yelling no.

The car was heading to the center of the city. Originally, I thought Dennis would send me back to our house, but in fact, he drove me straight to the hospital.

The whole hospital was filled with the smell of disinfectant, which I hated, but I could only follow Dennis into Olivia’s ward.

She had been put on a drip. Olivia was a fragile girl to begin with, and now she appeared even more weak and tiny lying in the white sheets, her eyes bleary.

The look in her eye became distant the moment she saw me coming into her ward with Dennis. After a while, she told Dennis, “I don’t want to see her!” It might be because she had a miscarriage just now that she appeared cold and resentful instead of charming and adorable at this moment.

Dennis walked up to her and helped her up in bed, his chin rubbing her forehead comfortingly. “I asked her to take care of you for a few days. This is what she ought to do.” The sense of tenderness and intimacy in his tone stung me.

Olivia had wanted to say something, but having heard Dennis, she looked up at him and gave a faint smile. “Fine, anything you say!” The two of them decided my schedule for the

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next few days after a simple conversation. Ironically, I followed their arrangement without saying anything.

Dennis was busy. Despite his absence from Freddy's funeral, he was the heir of the George family, and had to attend to a lot of business. He was the person in charge of the George Group, and didn't have much time to look after Olivia in hospital. Therefore, I seemed to be the only one who was able to take care of her.

It was 2 am. Since Olivia had taken a nap in the daytime, she failed to fall asleep now. There was no extra bed in hospital, so I could only lean back in the armchair next to the bed.

Seeing that I was still awake, Olivia stared at me and exclaimed, "Clara, you're pitiful."

I was lost for words upon hearing her. I dropped my eyes to look at the ring in my hand and looked up after a long while, replying, "Isn't love just like this?"

Somehow, Olivia chuckled, and asked after a long pause, "Are you tired?"

I shook my head. There was no easy thing in life, and I just fell in love with a man. That was all.

"Can you give me a glass of water?" Olivia asked, straightening herself up slightly.

I nodded, got up and poured her a glass of water.

"You don't have to add cold water into it. I want hot water!" Olivia added, and no emotion could be discerned in her tone.

I passed the water to her but she didn't take it, but stared at me and sighed, "I think you're miserable, as well as pitiful. You're not to blame for my miscarriage, but I couldn't help passing the buck to you."

I didn't know what she meant by saying so, but handed the water to her. "It's hot."

Olivia took the glass and grabbed me abruptly, while I drew back my hand instinctively, but she stared at me with her dark eyes. "Let's make a bet. Do you think he's worried about you?"

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I was shocked but meanwhile, caught a glimpse of the man standing at the door, wondering when he had come. Olivia looked at me calmly and asked, "I dare you to make a bet with me."

I remained silent, letting her spill hot water all over my hand, the boiling hot water stinging my skin. I said nothing, but both of us knew I agreed to make a bet with her.

Olivia put down the glass and said innocently, "I'm sorry, but I didn't do it on purpose. The water is too hot and I spilt it. Are you alright?" This excuse couldn't sound faker.

I drew my hand back and shook my head in pain. "It's alright!"

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 10

At this point, Dennis walked in like a looker-on. He asked Olivia in a grim voice, his eyes deep. "What are you doing up?"

Olivia acted as if she was surprised by Dennis' sudden appearance. She put on a charming look, pulled at his clothes and forced him to sit down at the bedside, draping her arms around his waist. "I took a nap during the day and I can't fall asleep now. Why are you here?"

"I came to check on you!" Dennis' eyes moved to me and fell on my hand as he spoke. He gave a slight frown. "Go take care of your hand!" No love or tenderness could ever be detected in his indifferent voice.

Olivia held him, guilt on her little face. "It was careless of me to scald Clara's hand."

Dennis ran his fingers through her long hair, his face calm, as if he wasn't blaming her at all.

As if being pushed to the edge of the cliff, I found it hard to breathe and made for the door. In fact, I knew in the first place that I would lose the bet, but I still held a faint gleam of hope. Even if Dennis simply asked, "Does it hurt?", I would feel a thousand times better than now. However, he didn't even throw a compassionate glance at me. He didn't show any sympathy to me at all.

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A broad chest blocked my way in the corridor. I looked up and saw Mario staring at me with a slight frown. Confused, I greeted him, "Dr. Bennett!"

His eyes fixed on me, he asked after some time, "Does it hurt?"

I froze, bitterness welling up within me. Patter! A teardrop of mine fell on the ground as the wind howled through the corridor, making it even more quiet and gloomy.

Even a person that I had met several times would ask me, "Does it hurt?" But why the man I had lived with for two years would turn a blind eye to me?

Mario held my hand and I wanted to pull it back subconsciously, but instead, it was held tighter.

"I'm a doctor." Mario explained in a decisive tone. Just because he was a doctor, he wouldn't turn a blind eye to a patient. But I also knew he wasn't a nosy person. He did so just because I was Dennis' wife.

I followed Mario to the operation room. He told a nurse something and looked at me. "Do as she says. She'll help dress your wound."

I nodded. "Thank you!"

When Mario left, the nurse started to disinfect the wound on the back of my hand. She frowned at the blisters. "It's worse than I imagined. It might leave a scar."

"It's alright." I would take it as a lesson.

Since there were a few blisters, the nurse had to prick them and let out the liquid in them before dressing the wound. Afraid that I would shrink back, the nurse warned me, "It'll hurt. Suck it up."

"OK!" Physical pain basically meant nothing to me. On the contrary, mental pain was what really hurt.

Having dressed the wound, the nurse told me some dos and don'ts before I left for Olivia's ward. When I walked by the staircase, I heard some faint voices and couldn't help but stop.

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“Now that Old Mr. George is gone, when are you going to divorce her?” This sounded like Mario’s voice.

“Her? Clara?” The other male voice was low and grim, as well as familiar. It was Dennis’ voice, undoubtedly.

I got closer to the staircase and could vaguely see Dennis leaning against the handrail with a grim face, his hands in pockets, while Mario was leaning against the wall, a cigarette between his slender fingers, more than half gone.

He flicked the ashes from the cigarette and looked at Dennis, his face calm, “You’re totally aware that she has done nothing. You treat her like this just because you know she loves you.”

Dennis glanced up at Mario and snapped, “Why do you pay so much attention on her?”

Mario frowned upon hearing that and explained, “It’s not like what you think. I’m just reminding you in case you regret it in the future. No matter how deep a woman loves a man, she’ll take it back one day.”

“Ha!” Dennis sneered, “I never take her love seriously...”

I stopped listening from this point. It was enough to know something roughly. If one must look into the details, he would only hurt himself at the end.

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