

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

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.

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.

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?