

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie

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It took us only an hour on the train.

As we walked out of the railway station, Diana hailed a taxi and we headed to our

accommodation, which was located in a newly constructed community.

It was a house of medium size with well-designed but not fancy

decoration, which perfectly

accommodated both of us.

“Let’s hang out to get something to eat a while later. After that, let’s get back here to rest

and leave our next hang-out tomorrow.” Leaning against the doorframe of my room, Diana

suggested as she finished cleaning up her own room.

I nodded, “So what shall we have for food today?”

“I am asking for your favor.” She took a look at my belly, “I suggest we should take some

plain food.”

I knew she was concerned with my pregnancy. So I said, “I prefer some spicy food. It has

been a long time since I enjoyed something spicy last time. Besides, now

I am five months

pregnant. That should be alright for me.”

Her brows furrowed, “Are you sure?”

I nodded, “Absolutely!”

“Okay!”

As Hensley Town was somewhere strange to me, I simply followed Diana to wherever she

led me to. There was a mall near the community, on the third floor of which there located a

variety of restaurants. Diana had been strayed away from restaurants’ dishes for so long. So

she seemed to be crazy about having a nice meal here.

She led me to walk around for quite a while. She would probably spend a whole day walking

around here if it weren’t because of her concern with my pregnancy.

Then we entered a restaurant specializing in fish dishes. After ordering the food, she sighed with her jaw resting upon her palm, "I was really starving while walking around just now. But after making the order, I felt like my appetite has run away." I noticed that she might be about two months pregnant. So I asked while looking at her, "Have you felt vomiting sickness of pregnancy?" She shook her head, "No. I am fine except for the lack of appetite." As I knew the symptoms varied from person to person, I nodded, "Just get yourself prepared and stay in Hensley Town for the rest days of your pregnancy. You'd better take care during your second and third month of pregnancy. Besides, it's time to prepare something for the baby. Just tell me if you need anything." She nodded with a smile, "I have been fully prepared. I have even registered for my membership in a confinement service center for my post-delivery. But unlike Newton Town, I didn't have many choices here. So I chose the closest one to our accommodation." I never worried as Diana always took care of herself better than I did. I took out a credit card from my clutch. I put it in her front, "Keep it. It was offered by Mr. Freddy George when I married Dennis. I haven't used it yet. You can keep it in case you may be in need for money as you will stay here alone." She frowned and pushed it back to me, "Keep it for yourself. I don't need that. I have bought the house that accommodates us here with the money I kept during these years. Besides, Dennis offered me a big sum of money for the transfer of the bar, which was twice as much as the market price. And I haven't even spent a penny of it. So I can make that money for my emergency back-up. Don't worry about me. Just keep it yourself." I pushed the card to her front again, simply ignoring what she said. I huffed seriously, "Just

take it no matter if you need it. I have been nicely paid while working for the George Group during the two years. And I have kept almost every single penny of my pay intact. Besides, I still have the property inherited by my grandma. Since I haven't divorced Dennis yet, I don't think he will be mean to me. Even if after divorce, I can still get a huge share from it. I will be less worried if it's you who keep the card for me."

Hearing that, Diana didn't feel like turning down again as she failed to convince me. So she took the card and looked at me, "Okay, tell me if you are in need. Don't try to struggle on your own alone."

Then a waiter served as the dishes. I nudged myself a bit to spare more space for the

waiter. Then I said to her, "Alright, I know."

We had been chatting during the meal. Soon, hours had passed.

As it had been hours, she rubbed against her own belly and looked at me,

"Let's go to get

some coffee then. And after that, let's hang around some fashion shops.

I really fancy doing

some shopping as it has been long since I shopped last time."

I paid the bill and then we headed to the fashion precinct.

"Clara, what lipstick do you..." before she finished, she suddenly froze

still. Panic seemed to

fill her face.

I looked at the direction where she fixed her eyes. Then I saw Leo not far

away, who dressed

casually. His body shape looked tall straight and his face gentle, making

him more charming

than most of those male stars.

If it weren't because of the fact that a lady with perfect look and

excellent bearing was

standing right next to him, he would have been surrounded with ladies.

But what brought him to Hensley Town?

That lady by his side was in a slinky dress. She looked enchanting but not coquettish. They

looked like perfect match while she was holding his arm and walking among the crowd.

It seemed that Leo was here to hang out with her. I grabbed Diana's hand out of instinct and

turned around with my back on them. I said, "Let's get back."

Diana also lost her desire for shopping. She nodded, "Let's go."

I thought they hadn't noticed us. However, as both of us took a few steps away, a strong

man in black suit suddenly stood in our front.

As he was wearing a pair of sunglasses, I couldn't tell what was his expression. He said,

"Ladies, Mr. Kennedy is expecting you."

"Clara!" Diana grabbed my hand hard because of nervousness.

I gently patted on the back of her hand to comfort her, "It's okay." I said to that man, "Sorry,

it's getting late. Please tell him that we would like to visit him another day."

I was about to leave with Diana. But he stopped us again, "Miss Kennedy, he told me that he

would like to drop by in your house tonight if you refuse now."

"Tell him! Don't push us if he wants no troubles!" Diana suddenly raised up her voice. She

looked mad while grabbing my hands.

He still insisted coldly, "Ladies. Please. Or I don't mind carrying both of you on my shoulders

with force."

"You..." Diana was getting madder.

I stopped her and said to the man, "Lead us the way."

I knew it would cost a lot to resist once Leo made up his mind.

The man led us out of the mall. We walked down a street and entered a café.

As we went upstairs to the door of a box, the man said, "Mr. Kennedy is expecting you

inside."

Diana and I looked at each other and entered one after another. The box in a café differed

from that in a restaurant. It looked more refined. I could even hear the conversation inside

through the gauze drape.

“Leo, it has been a long time since you came here to see me. I was wondering if you had forgotten about me.” A female voice sounded. Though she was trying to seduce him, her voice still sounded nice.

Diana and I walked pass the drape to enter. Then I saw Leo and a lady sitting beside an octangle table made of sandalwood.

That lady was wearing a dress pictured with green leaves. It even highlighted her nice-curved body. She looked elegant while smoothly making tea. I was stunned.

Making tea in a café?

How strange!

Leo raised his brows when seeing Diana and me, whose saturnine face was then covered by

a confusing expression, “Ladies, long time no see!”

Diana looked frightened instinctively. But she still glared at him out of great hatred against

him, “Leo, what do you want from us?”

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Leo simply ignored her. He fixed his dark eyes on me, smiling, “Want a cup of tea?”

Diana was about to continue. I grabbed her arm to stop her. And I looked at Leo, “Okay.”

Then I beckoned Diana to sit down together. That lady in green dress placed a delicate cup

in front of us, smiling attractively, “Help yourselves.”

Diana didn’t intend to care about the tea. She glared at Leo while grabbing my hand still,

“Leo, tell us what you are up for!”

“May we start with the tea?” he said, looking cold.

I didn’t take the cup of tea. Instead, I said to him, “It’s getting late. Just tell me what you

want. I won’t drink the tea in case the caffeine kills my sleep tonight.”

That lady wore a smile, silent.

Meanwhile, Leo also smiled, but looking mocking, "Actually, I don't expect you to be so composed right now. You should find it hard to fall asleep at night after running away from the George Group so awkwardly, I suppose."

Then he gazed at my belly. His voice got stronger, "You should be five months pregnant now.

I assume it's still not too late to have an abortion."

"Leo, you crazy bastard!" Diana cursed loud. Her face was burning with both horror and hatred.

Leo frowned, displeased. He hinted at the man in black standing beside him, "She's too

noisy. Please lead her out and serve her some dessert."

That man walked to Diana and gestured.

Diana was panic. She glared at Leo, "What are you doing?"

Leo showed no response. He just looked at me, "Behave yourself. After a simple talk, I

promise I will return both of you home safe and sound. Clara, as your brother, I mean no evil.

It's just that I miss you so much."

He took a glimpse at Diana and then said with his eyes slightly closed, "If you keep making

noise, I am afraid my temper will run out of control."

Of course, he was threatening us though in a humble tone.

I looked at Diana, who was also looking at me with a worried face. I

gently patted on the

back of her hands to comfort her, "I will be fine. Just get yourself some dessert. It will only

take me a minute."

"Clara..."

Before she could continue, I added to stop her, "Just go. I will be alright."

Hearing that, she no more insisted. She cast a mad glimpse at Leo, "If you do any harm to

her, I will spare no endeavor to revenge on you!"

Leo simply raised his brows, silent.

Then Diana left.

That lady in green got another cup of tea for me. She said while looking at me, “Miss

Kennedy, if the tea worries you because of caffeine, you can try some black tea, which should be caffeine-free.”

“Thanks.” I smiled.

Leo took a look at her and frowned. Her unexpected suggestion seemed to annoy him a bit.

That lady smiled at me again, but silent this time.

Leo took a few sips of tea. Then he fixed his dark eyes on me, “Since you have resigned

from the George Group, why don’t you divorce Dennis?”

I sneered, “Mr. Kennedy, now you fancy intervening others’ privacy?”

He raised his brows, “The concern with privacy should be unnecessary between us. Clara,

you should know that I can make you a better life after you divorce him.”

“Don’t I look good now?” I could tell he must know what happened to the George Group as it

did jar the whole business world. So I wasn’t surprised at it.

He put down the cup and said seriously, “Clara, I am sure you can tell that I know more

about you better than you do. Stop playing tough. You are also aware that Dennis isn’t your

best choice. Divorcing him should be your best option.”

“Huh,” I sneered, “Mr. Kennedy, are you kidding? Even if I have resigned from the George

Group, I am still officially recognized as his wife.”

He took a sip of tea and gazed at me again. He then satirized, “Your confidence really

surprises me. Before I left City P yesterday, there was a news among the upper class—Mr.

Lewis and Mrs. Knight had got their daughter an excellent fiancé, whose last name should

be George.”

After saying that, he sneered, “I wonder where is Dennis now.”

As I knew Leo was trying to mock me, I turned a deaf ear to what he said. Instead, I replied casually, "Mr. Kennedy, if that's it, I am afraid I gotta go now." He sneered and looked at the lady in green, "Karina, tell my sister something happening in City P."

I frowned out of impatience, "I am afraid not. I gotta go now." "Miss Kennedy, please be patient. Since now you are sitting here, why not spend a minute on this story?" Karina uttered, looking casual.

Actually, I was a bit surprised at her decent manner. She didn't look like one of those who pleased men with her carnal advantages.

"May you?" said Leo while looking at me with his jaw resting upon his palm.

I kept silent to acquiesce. I didn't mind spending a few more minutes here.

Karina smiled and refilled my cup with tea, "Mr. Kennedy and I have stayed in City P for a few days. And we did get some news about Mr. George."

She paused and then continued, "Perhaps part of it wasn't true. Miss Kennedy, just make it a gossiping story."

"Thanks." While saying, I could guess what it was mostly about. Dennis had been in City P for more than half a month, during which I got no texts or calls from him. Even if he were in the emergency room, he would have been free to contact me during these days.

How hilarious! I still struggled and found it hard to make my final decision, not knowing why.

"The Lewis Family have been serving as high-ranking officials for three generations. So they are all renown around City P. Samuel Lewis has been known as a romantic gentleman and he has been only infatuated with Luna in his life. But Luna isn't one of those from the upper class. So the Lewis disapproved of the relationship. Then Luna left the city alone with a

pregnant belly. But unfortunately, she married a wrong guy and even her daughter had gone missing. Both of them are still entangled in this relationship during these years. But with the

favor of Mr. Holmes, Luna strived to get what she has got now. She makes herself among the upper class and plus the love of Samuel, she found her missing daughter.”

While saying that, she took a look at me and then at Leo. Leo still remained silent with his eyes slightly closed.

So the lady continued, “Miss Kennedy, I suppose you also know that Olivia was their missing daughter. And now the Lewis has recognized Luna officially. Meanwhile, Olivia will also be admitted to the family. Now Olivia will soon have her name changed into Olivia. And I heard that every member of the Lewis shows great favor for her. They are going to organize a grand banquet for her. As she has been keen on playing violin, the Lewis has hired some top and renown violinists in the world to teach her.”

Hearing that, I felt like my impatience grew stronger, “Miss, what you said has nothing to do with me. I wonder what’s your purpose to say so.”

She smiled casually, “Miss Kennedy, I know you won’t care about someone who has nothing to do with you. But at least you should care about your husband.” I sneered, “So I need to be told something about my own husband by someone else?” I

sighed and continued, “I suggest both of you to save your own time. Though I still

appreciate your concern with my private matters, I have to say that I have the responsibility to trust my own husband at least. And getting something irrelevant about him from someone else would be the last thing I would do.”

Leo suddenly put down the cup and it sounded loud on the table, "If you don't care, you would not have left the George Group while bearing blames. Clara, if you do show no care about it, I suggest you divorce him for your own pride!"

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"My decision over my divorce has nothing to do with you! Leo, I do appreciate your concern about me. But there is nothing else I am gonna pay you besides appreciation. Please, leave me alone for the sake of our family bond, Thank you!"

After saying that, I stood up and added, "Thank you for the tea. It's getting late. I gotta go now." Before he could utter, I straightly walked out of the box. As soon as I stepped out of the door, I heard cups being smashed on the ground inside the box. But I didn't stop. Then I walked down the corridor and headed downstairs.

Diana was waiting for me in the lobby. Seeing me, she trotted to me and asked worriedly, "Are you alright? Did he threaten you?"

I held her trembling hands and shook my head, "No. It's getting late. Let's go back home."

She raised her head to cast a glimpse mixed with great horror at the second floor, where there stood Leo as he walked out of the box. He silently gazed at us with a gloomy and horrible-looking face.

Diana couldn't help grabbing my hands harder. She then nodded, "Alright, let's go home."

Then she led me out of the café without looking back.

As we got back to the accommodation, it had been in the small hours. After washing ourselves up, we went to bed together. I found it hard to sleep alone as some kinds of horror had been haunting me recently. Thanks to Diana, I finally fell asleep with her by my side.

As Hensley Town was famous for its nice weather, the sun shone brightly in the next morning. At 7:00 AM, a ray of sunlight squeezed in through the gap between curtains. The light spots scattered around the room, looking amazing. I kept gazing at the ceiling blankly for a while. Then the phone on the night table began to buzz. I reached out my head to grab it and checked the caller's number, which seemed to be quite familiar to me. But I couldn't tell who it was within seconds. So I picked it up, "Hello?" "Where are you?" a cold but familiar voice sounded. I paused and realized that it was Mario. I couldn't help exclaiming, "Doctor Mario?" I was surprised at his cold voice as he always talked to me with gentle manners.

Mario seemed to pause for seconds. Then his voice softened a bit, "Clara? You are now with Diana?" I took a look at the phone. Not until then did I notice that it was Diana's. I paused out of surprise and replied, "How are you doing these days?" I heard from Luis that he had been kept in ICU. And now he should recover. I was about to ask something about Dennis. But I still held it back. "Well, I have gone through all kinds of surgeries. Marcus told me what happened to the George Group. Don't worry. I will be back to Newton Town tomorrow. Then I will have a talk with Dennis." His voice sounded soft. I could tell he was trying to comfort me. I nodded, feeling a bit relieved, "I am fine. But I have left Newton Town. I will be return in a few days." "Where are you?" he asked. Perhaps he himself was aware of his anxious tone just now. So he paused and continued, "Are you leaving for a few days to relax yourselves?"

I didn't notice something wrong. So I replied, "Yeah, we are relaxing ourselves in Hensley Town."

Diana, who was sleeping next to me, was woken up by our conversation. She turned around to look at me. She said with slightly hoarse voice, "Who's calling?" I whispered to answer, "Doctor Mario. He is calling for you." While saying, I handed her the phone.

A sudden change appeared on her expression. She took the phone, got off the bed and walked to the balcony.

I stood up as well to grab my phone. I took a look at it but found no text from Dennis.

I held back the sense of depression growing in my mind. Then I walked into the bathroom to wash myself up.

As I walked out of the bathroom, Diana looked at me with a worried face.

I paused and then asked, "What's wrong?"

"You told him we are here in Hensley Town?"

I nodded. But soon I realized something unusual. So I asked tentatively, "You are pregnant with the baby of Doctor Mario?"

"No!" her denial slipped out of her mouth. She paused and added, "I need to wash myself up.

Pack up your stuffs. We are leaving for a village to stay for a few days."

I was rendered stunned, "What? Why the village? We have just arrived in Hensley Town."

"Dennis should be back to Newton Town. Why not return to meet him and have a clear talk?"

she looked a bit sullen while saying. Then she continued weakly, "Clara, I wanna get my life

free from them. Though you have resigned from the George Group, you can still return to

spend the rest of your life with Dennis if you find it hard to leave him. If you decide to let it

go, let's leave together and stay away from them, will you?"

Of course, she was referring to Dennis and Mario.
As decisive as she had been, I never doubted if she would hesitate once she was determined.
I paused, feeling a fearful mess in my heart. Should I continue my marriage with Dennis? But I would never forget about the story between him and Olivia—including the past, the present and the future.
However, once I decided to leave Dennis, I still failed to let go of my feelings. And the baby in my belly also contributed to part of the reason. I couldn't bear to deprive my baby of the love of father.
Seeing that I went blank, she sighed, "Alright. You should continue with your marriage with Dennis. After all, you won't be determined enough to leave him before your disappointment grows to the point."
She paused and entered the bathroom, speechless.

While walking out, she rubbed to dry her hair. Then she said to me, "What do you want to eat?"
"Whatever." Actually, I rather admired her for her decisive attitude.
When it came to make decisions, I always disappointed myself because of indecision.
Hensley Town was indeed a nice place for living. Everyone here was enjoying a relaxed pace of life with relatively low cost for both necessities and housing. The weather was moderate.
The food here varies a lot and it tasted nice. Wonderful scenery could be seen all over the place in both downtown and uptown area.
In spring, the whole city would be decorated with Sakura while summer would be beatified with jacaranda. As autumn arrived, golden maple leaves gilt every inch of the city while white snow painted silver in winter.

No wonder Mario once recommended me to live here.
As a foodie plus with pregnancy, Diana, who had been free from the burden of diet and also the morning sickness, had been indulging herself in all kinds of food with me during these two days.

A few days later, Diana planned to leave for a village. But I didn't go with her.

No matter what the story in the future would be, I still deemed it necessary to make it clear with Dennis.

I got a train ticket back to Newton Town while Diana to the village. We separated in the railway station. I got into the train and found my seat next to the window.

I still remembered a country music repeated in my hometown when I was young, the lyrics of which was about separation from friends. At that time, I couldn't tell why it was so popular among adults.

Now I knew it symbolized the youth of that generation, who spent their young age during a period of time when written letters still played a main role in communication.

Perhaps I was being lost in thought, not until I turned my head and saw his clear-cut face when the train started did I notice that Leo actually sat next to me.

"Clara, what a coincidence!"

I turned my head aside to avoid seeing his smile, feeling annoyed. Of course, as a man adept at IT, it was just a piece of cake for him to get a ticket for the seat next to mine.

"Leo, what do you want?" I deemed myself too mediocre to have his infatuation lingering.

He didn't give out a quick answer. Instead, he looked out of the window and said casually,

"Sense of belonging."

Sense of belonging?

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I frowned, "I could offer you a sense of belonging?"

Silent, he just stared at me.

I also remained silent as I got confused.

It only took me an hour on the train from Hensley Town to Newton

Town. Leo managed to

sit next to me, but speechless. He looked out of the window to enjoy the scenery outside

just as I did all the way through.

"Dear passengers, we are arriving in Newton Town..." the speaker in the station sounded as

the train stopped.

I stood up to get my suitcase on the shelf above my head. Before I could reach it, two fair

hands did it for me.

It wasn't too heavy as it was filled with clothes only. But for me, it was gonna take me some

efforts.

Leo was much taller than me. I raised my head to look at him and

reached out my hand to

get my suitcase back, "Thank you."

He grabbed the handlebar of my suitcase with one hand and stopped me by grabbing my

hand with the other. I frowned and tried to pull my hand off from his grip out of instinct.

But he actually exerted more strength on his grip, "It's too crowded here."

I frowned still, "I know. But let go of my hand!"

He simply ignored my request. I tried hard but failed as he grabbed my hand hard. People

around walked out of the train one by one and we followed out with the crowd.

Then I heard someone murmuring, "Wow, that guy looks hot!"

"Hey, stop it. Don't you see his wife? And she has got pregnant!"

"Ah, what a pity! I am so jealous of his wife!"

...

Leo looked at me with a complacent smile.

But I ignored him and followed the crowd with my head slightly down. It was indeed crowded around the exit. Leo carefully guarded me because I was pregnant.

Fortunately, there weren't too many people crowding around me. Leo made a call as we walked out of the station. Then he led me to the roadside.

I said impatiently, "We have walked out of the crowd! Let me go! I can hail a taxi myself."

He lowered his head to take a casual look at me, "I have made my chauffeur here to pick us up. Let me send you home."

"No!" I used the other hand to force apart his grip.

But he still grabbed hard and insisted, "Behave yourself. The stock price of the George

Group has been plummeting for a few days. Though it didn't last for long, there were still

investors who had gone broke. You have just resigned from the group. I am afraid there will

be broke investors planning to retaliate against you."

"Don't bluffing! The fall of the stock price has only lasted for a week.

There won't be so

many broke investors!" though I had no experience in stock market, I still had some

knowledge about the common sense within.

He cast a glimpse at me as if I were a fool.

Then a black Bentley stopped in our front. Before I could utter, he handed my suitcase to a

man in black who got off the car. Then he led me into the car.

Though I could easily hail a taxi outside the station, I deemed it inappropriate to refuse

since the car had arrived. So I simply kept silent and got into the car.

Leo sat beside me and said to the chauffeur, "Take us to NY Restaurant."

I frowned, "If you don't send me home, I would like to take a taxi."

While saying that, I was about to get off the car. But Leo stopped me,

"It's at noon. Even if

you wanna starve yourself, think about your baby."

I paused and said, "I can have lunch in T Villa. Nanny Daisy will cook for me."

He sneered, "I don't think you will have appetite for lunch as soon as you return. After all, Dennis has been in the hospital for more than half a month, during which you did nothing to show your care. Are you sure as your husband, he could simply put up with your indifference?"

While speaking, he approached in an intimate way.

I nudged a bit away to keep distance. I huffed with disdain, "But you will ruin my appetite."

"You can turn a blind eye on me." While speaking, he looked out of the window with a proud and domineering smile.

I turned to look at where he fixed his eyes. Then I saw a black jeep in short distance, while the window of which was lowered down.

It was Dennis, the one whom I hadn't met during the past 15 days! He looked a bit haggard.

But his charm remained. He fixed his dark eyes on us.

I couldn't tell his feelings hidden within.

I tried to push Leo away instinctively, who got closer to me intimately.

However, he actually

wrapped around my shoulder and brought me into his arms with a smile.

Then he let out his provocative smile at Dennis and said to the chauffeur, "Drive!"

The window was closed as the chauffeur drove far. I pushed Leo away, gasping madly.

"Leo, are you crazy?" I knew he meant to irritate Dennis.

He let go of me and leaned against the seat, saying casually, "Yeah."

I was rendered speechless. I got so mad that I wanna tear him apart. But my madness only

ended up in a furious glimpse at him. Then I turned to look out of the window, unspoken.

The car reached the building of the restaurant and we got off. As Leo had made a

reservation and ordered dishes beforehand, a waiter came to serve food as soon as we sat down.

The madness smashed my appetite. Leo elegantly took a few bites and saw me stop eating.

He raised his brows, looking lazy, "It doesn't fit your appetite?"

I seemed to feel that he was different from who he was five years ago.

But what exactly he had changed I couldn't tell.

I shook my head, "I am not hungry."

He pouted and looked at me with his jaw resting upon his hand,

"Pregnant lady should be hungry for food, right?"

"You are right." I took a few more bites, but I found it hard to fudge,

"Perhaps it's because I still haven't felt hunger."

He nodded and stared at me with his clear eyes. This time he looked softer, "When did you

fall in love with Dennis?"

I didn't want to talk about this topic. Nor did I want to talk to him about it. I couldn't help

frowning, "Leo, it's my privacy!"

"But you are my sister." He said softly. But it sounded a bit tough.

I sneered, "But you know you were actually adopted."

He nodded, "Yeah."

He didn't seem to care.

I put down the fork and said, "I am stuffed. I gotta go before it's getting late."

He stood up as I did, "Let me send you home."

If he could be described as a horrible evil before, now he made me feel like he was

insistently pestering.

The car was driving into the broad T Villas area, where there were birds foraging for food

among trees on both sides of the road in this summer day.

Both of us remained unspoken.

The car parked outside my villa. He looked at me, "Aren't you going to invite me in for a cup

of coffee?"

"No!" I huffed and got off the car.

He followed behind and grabbed my arm, “Even if you deny, the fact that I am your brother still remains! As your brother, I have the duty to meet the one who married you. Clara, you can’t deny that I am your only family in the world even though I am your nominal brother. You have no one else to rely on except for me.”

His words pierced my heart just like a sharp dagger. I couldn’t breathe out of great pain. But I managed to hold it back while looking at him, “Leo, don’t force me to feel what you have felt. It’s you who has no family and no friends. You can’t decide that I am alone just because you are!”

I knew he had been lonely but I had never said so in front of him.

However, as I was triggered to bring up this topic, I had to go on. I continued while looking at his sulky face, “At that time, I had grandma and now I have my husband and my baby and also Diana. Unlike you, I am not alone. So that’s why no one wanna get close to you.”

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My wrist hurt because of his grip. His face remained sulky, “We are the same type. Clara, you can never deny that Dennis no more loves you! And you know that well.”

He then gazed at my belly, saying in a horrible cold voice, “The baby isn’t as nice as you have expected. As for Diana, you know that she will leave one day. So you are the same just like me, alone and desolate. Since then, why don’t you spend the rest of your life with me? I can offer whatever you ask for. We can live together like a family just like before, dwelling in a house in our hometown. Don’t you deem it a good idea?”

My wrist hurt even more. I frowned and struggled to pull my hand off. But I failed. I raised up

my head to stare at him with a sense of sympathy, "Leo, there are so many people in the world whom you can ask for to stay by your side for the rest of your life. But stop pestering me, okay?"

He sneered, looking painful, "You don't know me!"

But actually I did. As an isolated guy living in darkness, he would never learn to seize any hope to get himself out. He clung to me not because of love. Instead, he deemed that no matter how hateful he turned to be, I would still accept him just like my grandma, who would always spare him a home at that time.

He only found his heart strayed and desolate.

Suddenly, I felt something chill. I turned around and saw Dennis standing at the gate, looking at us with his horrible eyes.

I drew back my hand and kept a distance from Leo out of instinct. I knew perhaps it made no sense because Dennis might not even care.

But it had been part of my instinct, which I could do nothing to change.

I said to Leo, "Go back home! I'll take you to grandma's grave. If you miss her, go for a visit."

I paused and looked at him, who still remained a cold, proud but desolate expression.

"Leo, what has gone is gone. Life still goes on. You could find nothing but depression if you keep looking back."

I had never gone back to the alley where we lived at young age since grandma passed away.

From then on, I knew that I was alone in the world.

I strayed like a falling leaf. No matter how hard I struggle in the wind, I would still hit the ground and end up being dumped.

So I turned around to enter the villa without looking back at Leo.

Though it had been half a month since I returned last time, everything here remained

unchanged. But there were more flowers in the villa, making it a bit more colorful.

Nanny Daisy looked more haggard. Seeing me entering, she looked at Dennis who was following behind. Then she forced out a smile, "Both of you have been away for half a month. I thought you were going to abandon your home." She paused and sighed, "Thanks god, now you both return." I seemed to be a bit more impatient because of the hot weather. I didn't feel like talking much and sleepiness started to linger in my head. So I went to the bedroom after a few seconds of talk to Nanny Daisy.

Dennis followed in. Silent, I got on the bed, closed my eyes and got ready to sleep.

I thought Dennis would say something or simply throw a tantrum. But he still remained unspoken. The atmosphere fell into silence.

A few seconds later, I felt the bed sank down a bit. Then he hugged me into his arms.

Soon, I heard his even breath. After a while, I fell asleep as well. It was just a nap lasting for about an hour. I woke up and saw Dennis's charming face as soon as I opened my eyes.

Unmoved, I stared at him still.

I couldn't help wondering how long it had been since I stared at him like that last time.

He suddenly opened his eyes and we looked at each other. I paused for seconds.

"You have woken up?" he asked. His voice sounded a bit hoarse as he just woke up. He reached out his hand to move the hair scattering on my forehead backward. He simply stared at me.

"Ahem," I was rendered a bit uneasy by his gaze. I was about to support myself up. But he pinned me down while sitting on my waist, raising his brows, "Where are you going?"

“I am going to get up!” I struggled a bit but he fixed me tight.
I frowned, “Dennis, let go of me!”
But he simply ignored my request. He pinned me on the bed harder and reached out his hand to touch my five months pregnant belly, in which the baby started to move randomly.
He seemed to feel that. A bright smile appeared on his handsome face. He raised his voice,
“He seems to be moving!”
He smiled like a kid. Seeing that, I couldn’t help grinning, “Yes. But I wanna get up.”
He looked a bit more interested. So he sat up and supported me to lean against the headboard of the bed. He beckoned me to lower down my upper body a bit. Then he pressed his ear upon my belly.

After a while, he smiled at me, “Will you feel uncomfortable when he moves?”
I was rendered speechless by his foolish question.
“If you are curious about that, why don’t you read some books about pregnancy. Perhaps you can learn something by then.” I supported myself up and was about to get off the bed.
He hugged me from behind, “Just stay still like that for a few more seconds!”
I used my own hands to break away from his hug. But when I lowered down my head to look at his arms, I frowned as I noticed some scratched scars on the surface, while the scabs of which had been peeled off and his wounds still looked bloody red.
As I paused, he also noticed my gaze at his arms. So he hurried to draw back his arms,
“What do you want for food?”
I only responded with long silence.
He seemed to tell what was in my mind. He sat next to me and held my hand to stroke caringly. But actually I still felt displeased.

“You got those scars after protecting Olivia?” I also noticed myself that I was asking too straightforwardly, but I failed to come up with a better alternative of the question.

He paused and I felt it. So I drew back my hand and sighed, “I need to take a shower.”

Perhaps I would prefer no answer to this question rather than hear him confess that all

those scars were for the sake of Olivia.

I would prefer to be a fool being kept in the dark.

He grabbed my wrist and pulled me back onto the bed. He fixed his eyes on me firmly, “You still feel aggrieved?”

I paused while looking at him, “Aggrieved for what?”

“For my scars.”

I smiled with my head down. Then I shook my head, “No. Your life means nothing to me from now on.”

Though I reckoned he would be mad and a quarrel might be brought up if I said so, I still followed my heart.

He stared at me and uttered after quite a while, “Clara, you have never cared about me, haven’t you?”

“No!” I said, but feeling bad. I let out a breath and tried to avoid his cold gaze, “When your

grandpa made me your wife, I had a crush on you just because you fulfill the fantasy of all

girls for their prince charming—handsome, rich and decent.”

“I married you because of the fantasy. But it started to fade away as time went by. And then

I noticed myself that I was actually daydreaming.”

Because Olivia simply smashed my fantasy for a nice marriage.

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“So?” he sneered with a cold face, looking horrible, “Because Leo has showed up in your

world, you deem yourself accessible to the right that you can choose the one who loves and spoils you, right? And that's what makes me less important in your heart. Do you think so?"

Anger overwhelmed my mind as I heard so. I couldn't help answering loud, "You are right! Since you deem yourself accessible to the right to choose the one who loves you, why can't I? You still wanna make yourself important in my heart at the same time?"

"Huh," he sneered, making the air around chill even more, "Clara, stop making excuse. So what's your plan now? Divorce me? And then fall in love with Leo? Let me warn you! You'd better cut your daydream! Even if you weren't pregnant with my own baby, I would never agree to divorce."

"Dennis, you bastard!" I knew he just wanted to make me suffer by locking me down in the marriage. He tried to ruin my happiness. The long-lasting grievance and sufferings smashed my sanity.

I smashed everything in the room, the lamp and every decorated gadget. They cracked and shattered into pieces, "Since you can do whatever you want with Olivia, why can't I? Dennis, let me tell you! I don't even want this baby."

Of course, madness had mounted over my soberness. His face went bloodshot red. He grabbed me hard and huffed with chilling eyes, "How dare you say that!"

I glared at him to vent out all my anger, "I don't even want this baby! Listen up, I don't want the baby!"

I raised my fist my punch my belly hard, sobbing and choking, "The baby smashed everything I treasured. I don't want this baby! Neither do you deserve to be a father!"

“Clara!” his eyes went bloodshot. He gritted his teeth hard, “Do you have any idea what you were saying?”
I shook off his hands and forced out a bitter smile, “I know it well.” My voice sounded heartrending.
I felt like being stabbed inside by sharp daggers, “Dennis, it’s okay to have no divorce. But don’t intervene in my private matters.”
He squinted, trying hard to suppress his anger, “Your private matters?”
“Since you can start a relationship with Olivia, why can’t I with Leo?” foolish talk ran out of my mouth again because of madness.
He pushed me hard onto the bed and grumbled with hoarse voice, “With Leo for what?”
While speaking, he suddenly ripped something hard.

The only blouse on my body was tore apart. He acted rudely, permitting no resistance,
“What has he done to you? Keep flesh against flesh just like what you are doing now?”
“Dennis, kill me if you are a man!” I pinched his back hard and shouted.
“A dead body is way too much boring. I prefer to go on step by step.”
I finally no more resisted, finding it meaningless. I let go of my pinch and stared at the ceiling like a walking dead.
Long after, he stood up to enter the bathroom. Then he walked out a few minutes later. He rubbed to dry his hair, got himself changed and left without saying a word.
He slammed the door hard, the noise of which echoed in the room for long.
I wondered when would be the end.
As I had quit my job, I had nothing else to do. When Diana called me, I just finished showering.
I picked up the phone and asked, “Have you reached the village and found an accommodation?”

“Yeah!” she answered, “Did Dennis pick you up in the station?”
I paused, “You told him about it?” No wonder I saw Dennis outside the station.
She replied, “Yeah, since you decided to spend the rest of your life with him, you have to make it clear. No matter how his relationship with Olivia is, you are still the officially recognized Mrs. George. And your marriage still needs to go on. So, Clara, since you have made your own choice, spend your time with him wisely. Be more positive. Otherwise, you will only exhaust yourself.”
Of course I knew what she meant. But I sighed, “But we have just got into a big quarrel and he slammed the door hard to leave alone.”
“A quarrel again?” she was speechless, “Why couldn’t you have a nice talk?”

“How? He found himself reluctant to leave Olivia. Nor did he wanna divorce. Diana, How am I gonna have a nice talk with him like that?”
“Divorce him! Only divorce can make a clear cut between your private business and his!”
Actually, I would like to literally go for a divorce. But it would only bring me a lot of troubles. I threw the towel aside and slumped onto the sofa, sighing, “Leo met me on the train and we left the station together, at the gate of which I bumped into Dennis. He believed that I must have an affair with Leo because he saw me staying with him. That’s why he showed great reluctance to divorce.”
“Fuck!” she cursed, “What a fucking coincidence!”
I was speechless.
“So what are you gonna do now?”
I replied while grabbing my phone hard, distraught, “I have no idea. Now I just hope that I can give birth to the baby safely.”

I had been pregnant for five months. So I was destined to be a mother.
What was more, Leo
was right about a point—actually, I was also isolated, feeling no sense of
belonging. But the
baby meant solace to me. I found no reason to refuse his birth. Of
course, I didn't do it for
Dennis.
Only the baby could make me redeem myself.
After hanging up the phone, it was getting dark outside. Someone
knocked on the door.
I opened the door and saw Nanny Daisy, who was holding a pot of
steaming chicken soup.
She said while looking at me, "Hungry? Mr. George asked me to cook
you some soup to
warm up your body."
As I had a late lunch and Leo made me stuff myself, I felt no appetite at
this moment. But
looking at her smile, I found it hard to refuse.
So I said, "Thank you, Daisy."

I reached out my hands to take the soup. But she hurried to say, "Oh,
stop. Let me do it. It's
too hot. I am afraid it will burn your hands."
She placed the soup in the bedroom, rubbed to clean her own hands and
said to me, "You
have a quarrel with Mr. George?"
I wasn't surprise as we did make a lot of noise just now.
I nodded and walked beside the table to sit down. "Yes..." I replied in low
voice.
She sighed, "Young couple never learn to control the temper. Why didn't
you have a nice
talk? A quarrel only does harm to both of you."
I smiled. But the bitterness of the marriage could only be sensed by the
couple themselves.
"Clara!" she sat down next to me and held my hand to comfort patiently,
"You have married
Mr. George for almost three years. I have served as his nanny since he
was a little boy. He

has been taciturn with short temper. So he would bury a lot of burdens in his mind alone rather than tell anyone else.”

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 107

She sighed again, “Lord Freddy believed that a kind-hearted and positive girl like you could

shape him with goodness if you two spent enough time together. But now both of you make

such a mess! Whatever. Your life with him still goes on.”

I could tell Nanny Daisy said so out of her good concern with us. I patted on her hands to

say, “Daisy, shaping another person is a horrible thing. I will never try to change his

personality. Nor can I. Perhaps it has been destined. But from now on I will learn to control

myself and avoid quarreling with him. Don’t worry about that.”

Tears seemed to well up a bit in her eyes. She slightly shook her head,

“Both of you are still

young. Just remember cherish the days you have spent together. While you are aging, I don’t

want you to regret failing the one whom you should stay with or abandoning the love half

way you should continue when you look back at an old age. Of course, our lives partly

consist of regret. But don’t let it grow more enough to overwhelm yourself.”

I nodded, but having no idea how to reply. Actually, there was no terrible gap between

Dennis and me. Perhaps it was the trifles that annoyed both of us. But when I found no way

to vent out nor to make it clear while they were piling up, I would get myself deeply trapped.

“Daisy, thank you!” she had a clear understanding about my marriage with Dennis, holding

hopes that we could continue with happiness. She did all these out of her kind heart.

She sighed as she seemed to notice that I found it hard to fully take in her advice, "What a stubborn girl!"

I smiled and nodded, "You're right about that."

She paused and added, sounding a bit upset, "But I can tell you mean everything to him. And

you are the same to this point. You do care about him as well. But why don't both of you let

go of dissension?"

"Daisy, are you still cooking something in the kitchen?" I suddenly interrupted.

She stopped and sniffed. She paused for a second and stood up to exclaim, "Oh! It's the

soup for Mr. George!"

While saying, she hurried downstairs.

I stayed on the sofa still, blankly staring at the soup. As I was born and raised in a humble

environment, barely could I feel much love.

I hadn't even experienced the feelings of family affection for a few more years. Let alone

love, which I was clumsy about. And never had I learnt how to love others.

My grandma adopted me and tended me with care and warmth, which I defined as love.

Leo was rude, stubborn and relentless in front of me, whom I defined as paranoid.

Diana stayed to protect me by my side, which I defined as friendship.

However, Dennis had barely showed much care for me during the past two years, which was

so scanty that I found it hard to be defined as love.

And I didn't want to fool myself by convincing myself that it was love.

I loved him so I could put up with his intimacy with Olivia while his coldness to me. But it

didn't mean that I would fool myself to make his simple care as his love for me.

As the night fell, I felt so tired. Lying on the bed for long, I still failed to fall asleep as I had

been used to sleeping with Diana by my side.

Now I lay on the huge bed, alone, feeling horribly empty. The storm outside blew loud. In summer, the rain always raided unexpectedly. Pouring rain came after wind blew. I still stayed sober. So I stared at the clock on the wall. Now it was 1:00 AM. I was so distraught that I decided to get up and stood on the balcony with pajamas only. Because I got myself wet all over in rain last time, Dennis had the balcony rebuilt. Now the rain was shielded away outside the balcony. I could only feel the chill wind blew. Distraught still, I was getting annoyed. So I walked downstairs and got to the yard, where there kept some plants and flowers of Nanny Daisy. They got bent down or fell aside as heavy rain attacked, from which I found myself connected. I felt like being part of those, struggling in harsh environment. I couldn't help walking closer regardless of the rain. As it was a set of thin pajamas for summer, I soon got drenched all over. The rain didn't feel cold. What was more, I felt cool under the rain. Driven by long-lasting depression, I squatted down in the yard and cried alone. Everyone needed time to vent out. Thanks to the rain, I found my time. When Nanny Daisy noticed me, I was in the midst of sad cry. Flustered, she opened an umbrella, hurried over to pull me back. But as she was too old to use much strength, she failed because I was reluctant.

Seeing that, she dropped the umbrella and ran back to the parlor. When she walked into the yard again, she came with raincoat. She put it on me and comforted, "Clara, stop making yourself suffer. Please, if you show no care about your own, think about the baby. What if you miscarry?"

Controlled by great sadness, I didn't even catch what she said. I squatted still and cried,

venting out all my grievance and depression.

Though the rain in summer didn't chill much, as a pregnant lady, I started to feel sick and

dizzy after staying in the rain for an hour.

Suddenly, Nanny Daisy said surprisedly, "Mr. George, you are finally back!"

I turned around and saw Dennis, wearing a black suit, walking to me with his sulky and merely cold eyes.

He held me up into the villa.

His face was covered with sullenness. My eyes felt bad because of an hour of cry. And I

didn't wanna look at him. So I literally closed my eyes.

Nanny Daisy dismissed herself as Dennis returned.

He closed the door as we entered the bedroom. Then he stripped me off and held me up into the bathroom.

He remained unspoken and so did I. The air seemed to be frozen with silence.

As time went by, my frozen body started to feel warm. And my sore eyes felt better.

I slowly opened my eyes and saw him staring at me with gloomy face.

His eyes looked cold

and unpredictable. Not until quite a while did he utter, "You have fun making yourself sick?"

I frowned, feeling awkward while lying in the bathtub nakedly under his gaze. I stood up and

was about to leave the bathroom.

But he hurried to pin me down into the bathtub again.

"Not yet."

I frowned with a sulky face, "I wanna sleep."

"You wanna sleep in the rain?" he fixed me tight in the tub, looking displeased, "Why did you get into the rain?"

I grabbed a bath towel to put it on my upper body. I replied perfunctorily, "I was in bad

mood.”

“Bad mood?” he sneered, “If everyone in the world made themselves suffer when in a bad mood, the human beings should have gone extinct! Clara, are you making yourself suffer or actually making me suffer?”

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie

Johnson Chapter 108

I raised up my head to look into his eyes, from which I could see the reflection of my own,

“Make you suffer?” I paused and sneered, “Yeah, you are right.

Commonly speaking, you

should spend your romantic hours with your true love at this moment.

But Daisy called you

back. It is a suffering for you.

I turned a blind eye to his horrible looking face. Then I said with

hypocritical apology, “I am

so sorry. I promise it won’t happen again. It’s getting late. Please return to her side. I mean

the one you truly love. I gotta sleep now.”

“Clara!” he tried hard to hold back his burning anger, “You never stop insinuating, huh?”

I frowned mockingly, “Sorry, you are just being too suspicious. How dare I insinuate?”

“You!” his anger turned into a weird smile. He held me up from the water and threw me onto the bed.

I grabbed the quilt to cover myself up. He sneered, “Now you feel shy for being naked?”

I simply ignored him with my lips pressed. I looked around the bed and found no clothes.

Then I saw him took off his own drenched jacket.

As his shirt also got mostly drenched, it literally clung to his strong chest muscle, which

looked quite tempting. I frowned, “Dennis, no! I don’t want to.”

He paused while unbuttoning his shirt. Then he sneered, “You seem to overestimate my

energy.” He cast me a cold glimpse and huffed, “Don’t worry. I am not a hormone-driven monster.”

As he took off his shirt, threw it aside, unbuckled his belt and took off his pants. Then I

noticed a horrible scar on his back as he bent over, which stunned me. It must be a terrible air crash.

He threw his pants aside. Of course, he also noticed that I was gazing at his scar. He

frowned, “I never regretted whoever I protected at that moment.”

I was speechless and shifted my gaze off from him. Then I pulled the quilt over my head.

But then I paid the price for my tantrum. During the small hours, high fever started to haunt

me. I was getting dizzy and burning thirsty. I scrambled around on the bed and almost fell off.

Luckily, Dennis acted quickly enough to grab me and pull me back onto the bed. He seemed

to be woken up just now. His husky voice sounded, “What’s wrong?”

Dizziness messed up my brain and my throat was burning. Not until quite a while did I force

out a word, “Water!”

He turned on the bedside lamp, stood up and poured me a glass of water. The water

alleviated my sickness a bit. But I still felt feeble, weak and dizzy.

Dennis noticed something wrong with me. He touched my forehead and realized what

happened to me. So he stood up to put on his clothes. I grabbed the end of his shirt and

struggled to say, “I can’t go to the hospital.”

I knew taking medicine or getting infusion might do harm to the baby.

He frowned and started to shed sweat on his forehead, “No hospital?

Alright, let me get

Mario here.” While saying, he made a call.

After talking for a few seconds, he went into the bathroom. Then he got a wet towel to apply

on my forehead. After that, he went to prepare some tepid water.

As I was badly ill because of fever, I had no idea when Mario arrived. Only when he was talking to Dennis did I manage to regain my soberness a bit. “How did she get such a sudden high fever? She has been five months pregnant. The baby is growing his own body. Now it’s the most vital period!” I could tell it was Mario who was questioning him. “She got herself into the rain for half an hour.” Dennis’s voice sounded. “You are too careless. Pregnant ladies tend to have fluctuation of emotion. She got so many impacts and burdens recently. She must find it hard to vent all out. So she chose her own way to deal with emotion.” But the strong dizziness kept me away from hearing the following conversation. I felt alternatively hot and cold during the rest of the night. And my brain lurched from sleep and awakesness from time to time. When I woke up, it was the night of the next day. Perhaps out of the instinct of a mother, I reached out my hands to touch my belly. Fortunately, the baby was still sleeping in. I breathed a sigh of relief. I closed my eyes to adjust myself. Then I opened up my eyes again. The room was empty. I felt thirsty. So I supported myself up and was about to get off the bed. But my legs got so feeble that I suddenly plummeted as soon as my feet touched the ground. My heart skipped a beat. But fortunately, I grabbed the night table and then my knees hit the ground. I managed to avoid the danger. But the gadgets on the night table fell on the ground all over and sounded loud.

The door was suddenly opened. Dennis, carrying some files on his hands, seemed to rush

over as he heard the noise.

He saw me kneeling on the ground. He frowned and walked over to hold me up to put me

onto the bed. His husky voice sounded again, "What are you doing?"

"Water!" I said, feeling my throat sore.

He rested my back against the headboard of the bed. Then he poured me a glass of water

and fed me, "There is a phone on the bedside table. You can call either Nanny Daisy or me if

needed. Don't play tough!"

I nodded, silent.

After drinking some water, I felt a bit better.

He looked at me, "Are you hungry?"

I shook my head. Then I stared at the files he brought in, the content of which was about a

proposal of the latest product of HY Technology.

I paused and soon shifted my gaze. Then I stared at the wall at the end of the bed blankly.

He noticed my gaze just now. So he handed me the files, "Here is the proposal of HY

Technology. You wanna take a look?"

I shook my head, looking a bit upset, "No."

Since I had quit my job, my ambition for career had been ceased no matter how strong it

used to be. Now my priority was to give birth to the baby safely.

"After the birth of the baby, you can continue with your position in the office if you want to. I

should be blamed for the audit scandal between HY Technology and the George Group

because of my lack of consideration. You should never take the blame."

I frowned while hearing him mentioning it.

Feeling uneasy, I still kept unspoken as I had no idea how to talk to him about this matter.

Seeing that I remained silent, he thought I was still worried about it. So he said, "You are still

running HY Technology and you will always be no matter what happens then. Now you only

need to take care of the baby."

“Dennis!” I said with slightly hoarse voice, “Olivia’s arrival in City P, the air crash and the crisis of the George group. Have you planned all these?”

It was so continuous that it looked like a coincidence of one-in-a-million. I had been

speculating after all these, but there was one thing I dared not to be sure about—they were all parts of Dennis’s plan.

He stared at me, looking chill, “You suspect that I made you the scapegoat?”

I felt bad in my heart while looking at him, “I have been doing construction projects since I started to work in the office. I had no experienced in audit nor marketing before that.

However, after my project for Doctor Stefan, you made me take charge of the audit and also

the project of HY Technology. As far as I know about you, you should have only made me take charge of one project at a time instead of two. But you made an exception.”

While saying that, I glanced at him, who raised his brows.

“Go on!”

I nudged myself a bit to adjust my position. Then I continued, “you said it was a punishment

for me causing Doctor Stefan’s delay to pay off the balance. But actually it was a distracter.

Ever since the George Group got listed, the capital chain and the financing risk have been the biggest challenges.”

“The George Group has possessed the most abundant capital among all those listed

companies. So what made you draw the conclusion that the George Group was facing challenges of shortage of capital?”

I couldn’t help smiling wryly when noticing his confidence, “If there was enough capital, why

did it bring an impact worth tens of million to the George Group just because of a few days

of Doctor Stefan’s delay to pay off the balance?”

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Taking a glimpse of his furrowed brows, I added, "The crisis this time was nothing special

but a reshuffle you had planned for. You managed to get rid of those investors who failed to

bear the loss during those days. Then you made acquisition of the stock with low price.

When the George Group returns to normal, you can sell the stock with a higher price. By

doing so, the stock value of the George Group will be doubled."

Since he was the executive of the group, he must have a clear understanding about it.

After hearing my speculation, he raised his brows, "Buy you are my wife, there is no reason

for me to make you take the risk."

Hearing that, I couldn't help sneering, "Dennis, you do deem me your wife?"

Among all those staffs in the George Group, only a few of them were his trusted

follower—both Marcus and Mario were his bosom fellows who had been through everything

together with him. It was impossible for him to let them take the risk. So I was left to be the

best alternative.

"Clara, there was actually something far beyond our expectation. You are clever. But you

aren't discerning enough to see through everything."

His voice was mixed with fatigue. I could tell that he must be tired.

I responded with silence and leaned against the headboard to collect myself. Then I got off

the bed, "Get back to your work. I wanna take a walk downstairs."

Nanny Daisy was cleaning the plants scattering around because of the heavy rain in the

yard. Seeing me walking downstairs, she smiled, "You have finally woken up. Are you still

feeling sick?"

I shook my head and saw waxberries all over the ground, which were shaken off from the

tree by the rain. They looked red and mature.

I was feeling good as I had just recovered from the serious fever. I went into the parlor to get a basket. Then I walked to stand under the tree and started to pick all the waxberries that I could reach.

Looking at the tempting waxberries, I couldn't help but stuff one into my mouth.

"Hey!" I heard someone speak loud behind me. It was Dennis, who was actually one foot taller than me. He walked over to me and grabbed the basket from my hand, "Watch the worms on the berries. You can keep stuffing them in your mouth when they are unclean if you wanna get a diarrhea."

While speaking, he handed the basket to Nanny Daisy, "Soak the berries into saline water."

Nanny Daisy took the basket. She cast an ambiguous look at both of us. Then she left.

I raised up my head to look at the top of the tree, where there were some berries I failed to reach. I looked at him, "Pick those berries on the top. It's a waste if they drop a few days later."

He took a look at me but didn't reach out his hand to pick berries. He bent over and held me up before I could react.

Then he carried me on his shoulder, "Sit tight. Don't fall off."

I teetered a bit and rested my hand on his head to steady myself. I couldn't believe that he actually lifted me high all of a sudden.

"Hey, pick the berries. Hurry!" his deep voice sounded.

I still teetered as I was suddenly lifted much higher. I paused and reached out my hands to pick all those berries I could get.

But I paused again as I had no idea where to store the berries without basket. Suddenly, a

trick popped out in my mind. Then I stuffed those berries into Dennis's mouth one by one.

As he needed to steady me tight with both hands, he could do nothing but to be stuffed with berries.

After taking a few berries, he said, "Daisy, get me the basket! I am stuffed with so many berries."

"You said they would cause diarrhea, right? Take as many as you can. I would like to see if it's true." I said while picking.

Nanny Daisy walked to the yard with basket. When she saw me sitting on Dennis's shoulder, she couldn't help exclaiming, "God! Be careful! You are now five months pregnant. What if you fall off from that height? Go get a ladder next time. It looks dangerous."

Looking at her worried face, I placed all those berries I was holding into the basket, smiling,

"It's okay. There are only a few left. Soon it will be finished."

I picked the rest of those berries on the top. Then I said to him while holding his head,

"Alright, get me landed."

Nanny Daisy said worriedly while carrying the basket, "Don't you know how dangerous it was? Young couple never learns!"

As Dennis had been doing workout, he easily held me onto the ground while grabbing my waist.

As I landed, I noticed the sweat on his forehead. I paused and giggled, "You are sweating?"

"Am I that heavy?"

He smiled and spat out the seeds of berries. He said while looking at me, "Don't you think you are heavy plus the baby?"

Hearing that, I couldn't help touching my belly. I seemed to feel that it had been growing bigger.

His phone rang. So he took out his phone and walked out of the yard. I took the basket from Nanny Daisy and entered the parlor. I soaked those berries in saline water to clean them. Meanwhile, I couldn't help gazing outside the yard, feeling upset. I could tell it should be a call from Olivia as he chose to answer it in a distance from me.

People tended to do stupid things when driven by bad mood. So did I. Then I deliberately overturned the pot where berries were soaked inside. As it sounded loud, Nanny Daisy hurried to run inside and saw berries scattering all over. She asked worriedly, "What happened? Did you get hurt?" I shook my head and looked at Dennis indifferently who rushed in. He walked to me and looked around me. Then he let out a breath of relief when making sure that I was fine. "What's wrong?" "Nothing!" I replied. Looking at the berries on the ground, I felt like losing my whim. I turned around to get back to the bedroom. I heard Nanny Daisy say in low voice from behind, "Mr. George, I suggest that you should take her to the hospital someday. I feel that she seems to get ill." She was right. I got ill because of depression. As I entered the bedroom, I still felt bad and awful. So I made a call to Diana. She soon answered the call, "Clara!" "How are you doing over there?" I tried to bring up a topic randomly. Diana sounded quite excited while answering, "I am fine! You know what? Everything here is so beautiful! The berries in the forest are all mature and taste really nice! I am gonna get you some by delivery. Do remember to get my package." I could tell from his voice that she must enjoy her life there. Probably affected by her happiness, I smiled, "Do you feel strong morning sickness? Is there

any symptom you feel really bad about?”

“No! I feel good.”

I could hear the wind blew through the phone. She might be in a mountain, I reckoned.

“The air is fresh here. I have got some plants in the yard, including some wild flowers I

brought from the mountain. They look wonderful! Come and see when you have time! I

promise you will love it.”

I nodded instinctively. Then I paused as I realized she failed to see. So I nodded, “Of course!”

As I only talked little, she seemed to notice that I was in a down mood.

So she asked tentatively, “Clara, what happened?”

I found it hard to describe my situation. I paused and said, “Diana, I feel like being trapped in a dead end.”

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie

Johnson Chapter 110

Though Dennis barely contacted Olivia recently, I still felt bad as if being stabbed into my

heart whenever I noticed something fishy about them.

“Is it because of Dennis again?” she sighed, “Clara, pregnancy would be likely to bring you

emotional fluctuation. Take it easy. Perhaps it’s just that you were being too suspicious.”

She paused and added, “How about that? I will tell Alex about it so as to get you a check

when he returns. Maybe he can do this favor.”

I nodded. Then the door of the bedroom was opened. It was Dennis.

I said on the phone, “Take care.”

“Okay.” She replied. She paused for seconds and said, “Don’t tell Mario where I am.”

Meanwhile, Dennis walked over to me while holding berries.

I agreed and hung up the phone.

He sat to my side and fed me a berry. His voice sound clear and soft,

“Have a try.”

I didn't wanna taste it. So I shook my head.
Seeing that I looked displeased, he didn't insist. He just sat by my side, silent. After quite a while, he went to get some files from the study and started to browse them.
I had nothing else to do either. So I got myself a book to read. Diana seemed to notice Alex as soon as we finished our talk. When I got the call from Alex, I was getting really sleepy in the midst of reading. The ringtone of my phone suddenly pulled me back to soberness.
Dennis, who was focusing on the files, suddenly looked at me when hearing my phone ring.
Then he continued with the files.
I picked up the phone and went to the balcony.
"Alex?"
"Damn, if it weren't because of the call from Diana, I would have assumed that you were dead!" As always, he still appeared to be talkative.
I simply ignored his joking tone and asked, "You are still oversea?"
Alex was my classmate in college. He studied abroad and majored in psychology after graduation from college. As aloof as I had always been, I seldom kept in touch with my friends in college after graduation.
He started to gab, "Well, where are you? Still in Newton Town? By the way, are you still feeling good?"
I frowned and tried to avoid the topic, "I am fine. So when will you be back?"
"About a few months later." He seemed to be drinking water. After a few seconds of pause, he continued, "You can go to Country M if you have time. Diana told me something about you. I might be in depression, I reckoned as you got the same symptoms happening before.
Come to Country M and let's have a talk."

I massaged between my eyebrows as it ached a bit, "Okay."

“Clara, take it serious! Depression may kill you!”

I knew he said so out of concern. So I nodded, “Alright, I know.”

I noticed that Dennis had dropped the files he was holding. So I ended the topic in advance,

“I gotta go. Good night.”

“Damn, good night my ass! It’s still daytime here!”

Before he continued, I hung up the phone.

Dennis walked to me. Then I hurried to put away my phone. I looked at him, emotionless,

“You have finished your work?”

He nodded, reached out his long arms and hugged me. He gently kissed on my forehead

and said with low and husky voice, “Do you wanna go for a trip in City P?”

“City P?” I paused, looking curious, “What happens there?”

He led me to sit on the bed and stroked my belly with his big hand, “I plan to move the

headquarter there. City P is the capital of the country, the top metropolis of both national

culture and economy. If I need the George Group to grow, City P would be a nice location.”

I frowned. After all, it was a vital decision involving the most fundamental factor.

“The George Group has been doing well in Newton Town for so many years. I am afraid the

business would be hard to grow if such a sudden move takes place.”

He rested his jaw upon my shoulder and nodded, “Yeah, but I have set a branch over there.

So it won’t be that hard, I suppose.”

I nodded, unspoken.

After sitting for a while, I started to feel a bit sleepy. Soon I fell asleep while leaning on his

body.

After a two days’ rest in the villa, I fancied taking a walk outside.

However, I had no female friends besides Diana in the city. And now she was spending her

time in a village. I couldn’t even find someone to be my company.

After some consideration, I decided to go to the mall alone. After all, it was less boring than staying at home.

As I parked my car at the gate of the mall, I saw someone familiar—it was Luis, by the side of whom followed a familiar-looking girl. I recalled that she seemed to be the girl I met in the supermarket last time.

I saw them walking toward the mall, clinging intimately to each other. He seemed to go shopping with the girl, I reckoned. But his attitude looked totally different this time.

While looking at them, I could tell that he wasn't that disdainful against this girl as he used to be last time in the supermarket. Instead, they seemed to be in intimacy.

Perhaps it was because I was gazing at them too attentively. Luis noticed me and paused while seeing me. Then he strode to me and said with joy, "Are you here for shopping? Or dating?"

I saw the girl following behind him. So I smiled, "Just take a walk." "Wanna get some desserts?" while he was speaking, that girl had come to his side and wrapped her arms around his sleeve. What she meant was obvious. I shook my head, "No, thanks."

Of course, I didn't wanna look like a third wheel in the midst of their date.

When I was about walk away, he suddenly stopped me, "Come on, I need to talk to you."

"Luis!" that girl seemed to be displeased. Her voice sounded a bit aggrieved, "You promised you would spend time with me today. Miss Kennedy might also fancy walking alone. So don't disturb her."

Luis frowned, looking impatient, "I need to have a talk with her. Just return home. I will date you another day."

That girl was getting annoyed. She glared at him, "You promise Mrs. Knight that you will stay with me today."

"Stop mentioning her! You are getting me annoyed!" Luis looked a bit mad, "You can go back home if you don't wanna shop alone. I have something else to deal with. I am afraid you need to dismiss yourself!"

After saying that, he grabbed my arm and led me into the mall.

That girl rushed over to grab his sleeve with tearful eyes, "Luis, sorry, I am wrong. I won't disturb your talk with her. When you finish, let's continue to go shopping, okay?"

I felt a bit sorry for the pitiful girl. So I broke free from his grip and said, "We can have a talk

another day. I got my own business to deal with. I am leaving now."

It was a huge downtown mall. I headed to the precinct of baby products.

As Dennis had

prepared a lot for the baby, I walked around to get some little gadgets.

When I walked out of the precinct, I saw Luis, who was looking around.

He said to me as

soon as he saw me, "Let's go!"

I didn't see that girl around him. So I asked curiously, "Where is your girlfriend?"

"She is not my girlfriend!"

Whatever. I didn't intend to ask further as I was not that clingy to curiosity.