

# Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 11

When I arrived at the ward where Olivia lived, she had fallen in a sleep. There was a middle-aged woman, who was a care worker hired by Dennis. She paid me a greeting and said that she stayed here to take care of Olivia with requirement of Dennis. So I left.

Out of the hospital, I directly took a taxi to the villa.

With a busy night, it's the dawn when I arrived at the villa. I often felt drowsy after I got pregnancy, so I went straight to the bed

In drowsy dimness, I was awoken by heavy cigarette smoke, to see a figure beside my bed. I was scared and totally sober enough to recognize that it's Dennis.

It's smoky in the bedroom with window and door closed. Between his fingers was a firing cigarette. It's clearly that he had smoked a lot here.

"You are back here!" I uttered, up. I raised eyes and looked at him.

He never smoked, but he had done it so much here today. It seemed that something bad happened to him.

Keeping silent, he just stared at me with deep eyes. I can tell nothing from his eyes.

It's so smoky here that I can hardly breathe, so I got out of bed to open the window.

Sitting on the sofa, he suddenly pulled me and held me into his arms while passing by him. He put his arms around me with great strength.

"Dennis!" Without knowing why he was like that, I did dislike the smell on him. I struggled but he didn't release me.

Calming down, I turned to look at him, "You drunk?" So close to him, I just noticed he was covered by alcohol.

"You don't hate me?" His sudden words made me puzzled. Looking at him, I saw his narrowed eyebrows and light moustache. It's likely that he was so busy that there was no time to glam himself up.

"Yes!" I replied and tried to get rid of him by prizing his hands. But he spared no strength and I failed.

His behavior made me so confused. Looking at him, I asked, "Dennis, what's wrong with you?"

"Will you get it back?" His black eyes fell on me. He looked blurred perhaps thanks to the alcohol.

At that time, I was not clear what he was talking about, so I doubted, "What?"

Looking at me, he stopped talking and began to fondle me. His intent was clear.

Out of instinct, I grabbed his hands, frowning, "Dennis, I am Clara, not Olivia."

Keeping silent, he directly lifted me and began to kiss me with hastiness and violence.

"Dennis, I am Clara. You look at me!!" I was a little hysterical and held his face to force him to see me clearly.

With frazzle, he peered at me for several seconds, then he uttered slightly, "Yes!" His kept kissing.

His suit had wrinkles all over it, and the coat was thrown at the foot of the bed.

Seeing the mess on the floor, I suddenly came to myself. I was pregnant and I cannot do that.

I thrust him off the bed and buried myself into the quilt. I looked at him, "Dennis, you are drunk."

Finishing, I left the bedroom.

Getting changed, I went out of the house. I was afraid that I will lose my baby staying here.