

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.

"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.

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."