

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie

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The room temperature was at its lowest point and I can sense the indifference and anger in his eyes.

My heart skipped a beat as I'd never seen him this way. I went to reach for his hand out of instinct but was swung aside.

I meant to say something, but terrified of his appalling gaze, I closed my eyes and kept silent.

"Clara, you have no heart!" Dennis then just left.

Watching his back, I let out a sigh and considered this as the best result that we can have.

"Aren't you afraid that Mr. George might resent you?" A low and elderly voice traveled into the door. It was Mr. Pearson who was checking on my condition with the medical records.

He asked naturally, "This baby had half of his blood for Mr. George. You can fool him this time, but how about the next time? Truth will come to the light sooner or later."

I grinned and sat up. Taking the record over, I surveyed it, "There won't be a next time. Thank you for your cooperation!"

Putting the record away, I was stopped when I just was about to get out of the bed, "You got to put on the whole show. Have you ever seen a women leaving the hospital herself just half an hour after she had an abortion?"

True!

I lay back and said to Mr. Pearson, "Mr. Pearson, Dennis would for sure order someone to examine my record. I know it's too much to ask of you, but you have to help me."

He let out a wry smile and said, "I really don't understand you young people. Why can't you

just be together happily? Why do you have to make all these troubles?

But since I've

promised to help you, I would certainly take care of everything."

I nodded along and said thanks, "Please don't tell Alice about this." The

less people knew

about this, the better.

Mr. Pearson nodded smilingly and then just left.

I lay on the bed the whole morning and didn't leave the hospital till the

doctor told me the

matters that I got to pay attention to after the surgery and prescribed

me some medicines.

Jackie was waiting for me outside of the hospital. After being held onto

the car, I told her,

"Find a way and let Olivia know that I got an abortion."

She nodded and drove me to the mansion.

Dennis was not at home. After telling Jackie to go back to the company, I

just went to bed

since I got nothing better to do.

But before I could even fall asleep, someone honked.

I went to the balcony and saw Dennis and Mario downstairs.

Just like what I'd expected, Dennis wouldn't even look at me now and

just told Mario to

check on me.

Mario came in with medical kit and slightly frowned when he saw me.

He then gestured me

to stretch out my hand to get my pulse felt.

Reaching out my hand, I asked, "Did you bring me my pills?"

He glanced at me and replied, "What a great trick to deceive

everybody!"

I didn't say anything.

After checking my pulse, he took out some medicines and said, "There

are all good for the

fetus. The baby will develop well as long as you take these medicines on

time and don't

encounter any shocks."

Mario then just went downstairs.

I swapped the medicines that I took from the hospital for the ones that

Mario brought here.

Since I just got a miscarriage, I got to stay on bed for a whole month. Mr. Pearson's project can be put off for a week, but it was truly devastating for me to be confined in the mansion for a whole week

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I thought Dennis would be just angry with me for a while for aborting the baby and would just

drop the whole thing once he realized that Olivia was pretty happy about this.

But I really didn't see that the entanglement between me and Dennis was just beginning.

I was pretty contented and calm since Dennis stopped coming back to the mansion

because of the baby.

I stayed at the mansion all day to play the whole scene and just asked Jackie to drop off all

the groceries that I needed.

In the afternoon, after organizing all the stuff in the fridge, Jackie came over and said to me,

"Director Clara, the final payment in the People's Hospital has been held off for several days

and the finance department has been calling to ask what went wrong.

Should we give a call

to Mr. Pearson?"

After having several bites of the durian in my hand, I really couldn't bear the smile and just

threw it in the trash bin. Seeing that Jackie was standing there formally, I motioned her to sit

down and wiped my hand, "How long has he been stalling?"

"About two or three days." Jackie paused and continued, "It hasn't been long, but the

amount is a bit excessive. The company meant to use this money to tap into the new

market. Now that it isn't paid in time, the next quarter's profit of the company would be

affected."

I nodded. The liquid capital of the George Group was already limited, so any delay on the payment of any partners would result in some bad effects. The amount of money that Stefan owed was a bit huge. This amount of money would have sizable profits even if it was deposited in a bank.

After pondering, I replied, "Mr. Pearson is a man of his word. I was home resting for the past couple of days and had forgotten this. I got to be blamed for this. Tell the finance department that I would deal with this as long as I got a bit better." "Okay." Jackie answered and went to cook the meal.

I unlocked the phone and read Alice's message.

'Mrs. George, are you feeling better? Stefan's cash flow has recovered now. Thank you for helping us.'

It seemed like that Mr. Pearson had tackled his conundrum.

It was about time that I went back to work, so I called Mr. Pearson to schedule a time to finish the final payment and sign the contract."

Jackie had fixed the meal when I finished the call.

She had to get to work so I didn't keep her to have dinner with me.

Seeing that she was in a hurry, I said, "I'm quite all right now. I've called Mr. Pearson to finalize the payment tomorrow. You can stay at the company and help me."

Jackie scanned me and was a bit concerned, "Are you sure you are okay? Aren't you supposed to rest for about a month after the abortion?"

I beamed, "Do I look terrible to you? Moreover, this matter will keep delaying if I don't meet

Mr. Pearson in person. How much of loss would the company suffer? Dennis wouldn't be just cold shouldering me then."

Well, I didn't really get an abortion and if I kept on resting at home, things would get

complicated between me and Dennis as my pregnancy belly will gradually show.

I got to make the best use of my time and left Newton Town after settling everything.

Hearing my words, Jackie just sighed, "Okay then, but you need to take care of your body."

After seeing Jackie out, I went back to the dining table to resume eating. It was pretty boring to have the meal alone, but as it was late outside, I really didn't feel like going out.

So I just went back to the bedroom.

As Dennis didn't come back for the past couple of days, I had nothing better to do and just got some reading done. Apart from this, I was also looking up online to hunt the department in Hensley Town as I got to find a comfortable residence for me and my baby.

Then my phone just suddenly rang and it was Diana. I froze a bit and picked up the phone.

My ear just instantly was about to explode when I heard her yelling. "You aborted the baby? What the hell?"

How did she know? I replied yes and said to the phone, "How did you know?"

Diana immediately went furious, "How did I know? How can you bring yourself to ask this question? You really didn't see me as your friend, huh? How can you just do that without telling me?"

When a woman was really indignant, one really shouldn't try to reason with her, so I just replied, "Well, I was just afraid that something might go wrong and wanted to get it done as soon as possible. I meant to tell you, but you are really busy these days, so I wanted to let you know later."

"Cut the crap! I wouldn't be against you aborting this baby, but didn't you need to have

someone to accompany you during the operation? What if something went wrong?" Diana was really worried and just blurted out what she was really thinking about."

I felt loved when I heard that she was just worried about me. So I listened to her yelling at me quietly and then said, "Diana, I meant to get a divorce with Dennis and might leave

Newton Town. Do you want to leave with me?"

I decided not to tell her the baby for now as it was really unnecessary at this point, but I got to tell her that I might leave.

Diana settled down here because of me, so if I just disappeared without telling her, she would just resent me.

Diana was silent for a while and asked, "When are you going to leave and which city do you want to go?"

"In the next few months probably. I want to live in Hensley Town."

At the drop of my sound, she answered, "Okay, got it!"

I thought she would say something else, but she just stopped, so I meant to hang up the phone.

But she suddenly shouted, "Come and pick up your man. He is wasted."

I paused, "Dennis?"

She seemed agitated, "How many men do you have? Of course it's Dennis."

I got speechless.

How come that Dennis went to drink? After hanging up the phone, I put on my jacket and just drove to Diana's bar.

Time Bar was near the mansion, so I got there pretty quickly.

Diana was drinking by the counter.

"He is in the private room upstairs. He is pretty drunk." Diana said coolly.

I put the car key in my purse and asked, "What is he drinking for?"

"How would I know. He is here for the past couple of days, but didn't ever get hammered. He

would always be picked up by that handsome and strong assistant of his, but he must get busy today and didn't show up." Putting the glass down, Diana curled her lips, "Do you really expect him to be all normal after that you aborted his baby?" I froze. Was Dennis binge drinking because of the baby? I then went upstairs and found Dennis's private room. After knocking on the door for a while, I pushed the door open and immediately had this strong smell of smoke and wine flooding at me. I opened the door and tried to get some fresh air in. It was all dim inside and Dennis was sitting on the sofa with his eyes closed. He didn't look like he was drunk but was just taking a nap. Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 23 "Dennis!" I yelled his name and glanced at the empty whiskey bottles on the desk. What was this moron doing? His stomach would for sure suffer. Hearing my voice, his long lashes flickered a bit. He slightly opened his eyes and gazed at me indifferently. Maybe it was because that I disturbed him, the quiet atmosphere in the room just suddenly got stiffened. He looked at me as if he was disgusted. He said in a low and cold voice, "Fuck off!"

I knew that he didn't want to see me now. After letting out a sigh, I walked towards him and said, "Dennis, you've had too much of wine. Let's go home!" He slightly squinted his eyes and raised the corner of his mouth satirically, "Home?" He sounded despised of this idea, "Is it really a home for me?" I wringed my eyebrows. Normally, I would say nothing and just accept his humiliation, but now I was much crankier than before because of the pregnancy, so I answered angrily,

“What is it then? Dennis, if you don’t want to see me, I can well call Olivia and ask her to pick you up. Diana has a business here. You probably don’t care about this amount of money, but she has to stay in business!”

My wrist was suddenly grabbed by him and I was in his lap at the very next second. Hugging my waist, he reached his rough fingers into my collar violently and said in an ironical tone,

“That place is surly not a home with you in it. At most, it’s a homestay!” Then he just grasped at me with his palm mercilessly.

My eyebrows got twisted together because of the sharp pain and was livid with anger at this point, so I pulled out his hand and shouted, “There is no need of coming back to that place if

it’s just a homestay for you then! Sign the divorce paper and we’ll have nothing to do with each other from now on!”

He suddenly bit me on my shoulders and I almost teared up.

“Why? Now that you’ve got the money, house and the shares, you just want to get away from me?” He hugged me tightly and smiled ghastly, “Clara, how cheap is your love! You are just taking it back so soon, huh?”

Looking at his plastered face, I suddenly thought why should I wasting my time with a drunkard?

Suppressing my inner anger, I calmed myself down and caressed his face, “Dennis, it’s getting late. Come home with me, okay?”

He kept silent and leaned against the sofa with his eyes closed, but he didn’t release his hands.

Bewildered, I paused and said, “I can call Olivia to fetch you if you don’t want to come home with me. Is this okay?”

He didn’t want to go back to the mansion anyway and must have stayed at Olivia’s place



these days. He would just affect Diana's business if I just left him here, so I took out my phone and was about to call Olivia.

But before I can dial her number, my phone was suddenly pulled away and was smashed to the ground by Dennis.

I froze and shouted at Dennis frantically, "Dennis, what are you doing!" 'You didn't want to come home with me and didn't want Olivia to pick you up. What do you want to do then?'

"Let's go home!" He suddenly muttered, carried me and went out wobbly.

I was taken aback for I still got a baby in my belly. I would be dead regretful if he just dropped me to the ground by accident.

Hugging him tightly, I dared not to say any harsh words and just soothed him, "Dennis, you are drunk. Put me down. I can walk myself. I just got a surgery and would be seriously injured if I fall down."

He suddenly froze and gazed at me grisly, "Did you do that to get back at me?"

I paused and didn't know what he was talking about, so I shook my head and answered, "No, why would I get back at you? I love you too much to do that. How about you put me down first and go home with me?"

Geez! A drunkard basically had no difference with a baby!

I thought he would cause some troubles, but to my surprise, he just put me down gently and stared at me, "Let's go home!"

I was really bewildered and held him, "Okay, let's go home!"

I had no idea how much he had drunk.

After holding him downstairs staggeringly, Diana folded her hands by the counter and

asked, "Do you need me to lend a hand?"

I shook my head, "Did he pay the tab?"

Diana rolled her eyes at me, "My bar is basically his now. That would be unnecessary."

Dennis was putting all his weight on me, so I didn't think too much about her words and just nodded and left the bar.

I took all my strength to get him on the car and seated myself.

It took me a long time to recover and I was sweating all over my body as my clothes was soaked.

I finally understood why would they say that pregnant women were much pampered as I

was about to fall apart just by carrying him onto the car.

Sitting on the passenger seat, unlike his usual coldness and fierceness, he looked much

softer against the darkness.

He looked quite dashing today. His chiseled jawline, strong chin, muscular body, fitted suit

had landed him one of the best outstanding men in the nation.

While I was indulging in my fantasy inside, he suddenly opened his eyes.

Eyes met, I suddenly got flustered.

At the very next second, my head was suddenly filled with strong scent of liquor and his

unique smoke.

He bit me on the tip of my tongue.

Coming to myself, I was quite astonished.

How come that Dennis just kissed me all of a sudden?

I was nearly out of breath because of his French kiss and was about to lose all the air in my

head before he released me.

I paused and gazed at him confusedly.

He looked quite complicated in the eye and had lost his usual cold touch.

"Dennis..."

"You got to give me my baby back!" He suddenly spoke out and then just lay back to the

seat and closed his eyes.

"I..."

I paused and didn't know whether he was asleep or was just resting, so I just started the car

and drove to the mansion.

But Dennis's words were echoing in my mind all the way.

Did this mean that he didn't really repel this baby?

I got distressed when I thought about this.

To him, Olivia was his life-long responsibility. He would never leave her alone even that he

had no feelings for her.

If he knew that I kept the baby, things would get much complicated as the baby would get

entangled in this three people relationship.

It would be the best result if I chose to leave. Everybody would be contented.

Pulling over the car outside the mansion, I was truly devastated to carry Dennis upstairs.

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After pausing a bit, I got around the car, opened the passenger seat door and pulled

Dennis's sleeve, "Dennis!"

Maybe it was because that he couldn't sleep for his stomach was acting up, he immediately

woke up when I called him.

He opened his eyes slowly and scanned around, "Did you bring me home?"

I nodded and didn't know whether he was sober or not, "Get out of the car. It's getting late."

It was nearly midnight and I really couldn't stay up all night with him as I was pregnant.

He sat up straight and didn't look like that he was coming out of the car.

Staring at me with his big dark eyes, he looked quite innocent, but I knew how capricious he

could be.

After musing for a while, I asked, "Do you need me to hold you down?"

"I want to bask in the sun." He said and then sat still.

I was totally shocked by his words! Bask in the sun at this time?

How wasted was he!

"Okay then, do whatever you want." I really had no energy to stay with him here as I was

exhausted, so I just went in the mansion.  
After entering the bedroom, I lay down for a while and didn't hear a thing in the lobby. Afraid of that he might run about in the middle of the night and hurt himself, I struggled inside and went downstairs to check on him.

I was surprised to see him sleeping on the sofa of the lobby.  
Okay then, I can go to sleep rest assured.  
I was totally out the whole night and it was already afternoon when I came to myself.  
I hurriedly dressed up and left the mansion for I had an appointment with Mr. Pearson.  
He was already a waiting in the office when I arrived.  
He stood up smilingly and apologized, "I'm sorry for causing troubles for you, Miss Kennedy.  
I'm really sorry."  
I calmed my breathing and asked Jackie to bring him a glass of water and then signed all the completion and transfer contract.  
After getting all the things done, Mr. Pearson proposed, "It's about lunch time, Miss Kennedy. How about we grab the lunch together? My wife meant to express her gratitude to you all this time, so I'm wondering are you available?"  
Well, actually, I was quite free now, but Jackie seemed like that she wanted to tell me something, so I grinned, "You are too kind, Mr. Pearson. I should be the one who buys you dinner. I'm really swamped today. Let's get together on another day!"  
Mr. Pearson then just left after bidding goodbye.  
Jackie then said to me, "Director Clara, President George asked to see you in his office once you are here."  
I paused and frowned, "Do we have any mistakes recently in work?"  
Dennis normally wouldn't ask to see me for personal matters, unless it was about woke.  
Jackie nodded, "Yeah, the finance department told President George about Mr. Pearson's

delay on payment and he seemed displeased, so he asked to see you.”  
“Okay.” I answered and went to the top floor.

Dennis’ working area was as cold as him in person. I can feel the chilly air masking in this place in summer.

Looking around, I found that the meeting room door was shut. Toby noticed me and said,

“Director Clara, President George is having a meeting with Mr. Thomson and doctor Bennett.”

I nodded and figured what he was referring to.

Then I grabbed a seat in the lobby and checked the time. It was already noon, and as I didn’t

have anything this morning, I was quite hungry at this point.

Toby served me a glass of water and said coldly, “Director Clara, president George would be out in about half an hour.”

I took the water and ignored his indifference, “Toby, has Dennis been drinking a lot recently?”

Diana mentioned that Dennis went to the bar many times, so I meant to probe what was he drinking for.

Hearing my question, Toby froze and answered, “The president is probably in a bad mood.”

“Why?” Dennis shouldn’t be so upset about the baby, so he must be distressed about Olivia.

Noticing that I was quite curious, Toby coughed a bit and said, “I really don’t know what president is thinking about.”

I...

Toby was really hard to crack.

I got dizzy after waiting for a while.

When they got out of the meeting room, they all turned their eyes to me.

Mario scanned me with his lips pursed and then said something to Toby who glanced at me and just left.

Dennis examined me and I felt like that he was bottling up the anger against me.

Thinking about Mr. Pearson, I hurriedly stood up and asked, "President George, I will shoulder all the loss that the company suffered for the past two days." Eyebrows knitted, he didn't say anything, but Marcus Thomson who was having the fun replied, "How competent are you, Miss Kennedy! You know that this project is worth of millions of yuan and you just cost your husband a great fortune for two days! How generous are you!"

He was clearly sarcastic.

Seeing that Dennis was keeping a straight face and didn't say anything, I rolled my eyes at

Marcus, "It's really none of your business."

Mario chuckled with his hands in the pocket and acted he was just a bystander.

Face darkened, Marcus glanced at Mario and said to me, "Who do you think you are, Clara?"

You are in no position to speak to me like this."

I really didn't want to waste to breath with Marcus. He didn't like me anyway and always thought that I stood in the way between Dennis and Olivia, so he was pretty mean to me all this time.

We were quite familiar with each other, so I just teased, "Are you the emperor that time traveled from three thousand years ago? I'm afraid only those terracotta warriors can have conversations with you, after all, you are in the same era and have common topics."

Hearing my irony, Marcus was livid with anger and just retorted, "Dead people are far more entitled to talk to me than you! You heartless monster! How can you bring yourself to kill your own baby..."

"Marcus!" Mario spoke out and interrupted Marcus's words, "Dennis has to talk with Director

Clara about something. I've booked a table in a restaurant. Let's go over there and wait for them!"

Mario then paused and turned to me, "Director Clara must haven't had lunch yet. Why don't you join us with Dennis later!"

I wanted to reject, but he just dragged Marcus out.

Me and Dennis were then left alone in this empty office. I'm not quite sure how he was going to deal with Mr. Pearson's matter, so I said to him, "I got to be blamed for Mr. Pearson's delay on payment. I have been recovering at home since the miscarriage and just forgot about this."

Seeing that he was still silent, I continued, "I knew that this mistake had resulted in large

loss for the company, so I will resign from the post."

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"Is this your solution?" He suddenly replied in a freezing tone.

"Yeah!" I had planned this from the beginning that I would use this incident as an excuse to leave Newton Town naturally.

Dennis' tall figure stood in front of me and he just sneered, "First you aborted the baby and

then signed the divorce paper, and now you're going to quit the job.

Clara, what are you really up to?"

Surrounded by his aura, I sweated and stepped back out of instinct. He then suddenly

hugged my waist and stared at me, "Where is your next stop?"

"No!" I hurriedly denied and turned to him, "You are the one who always wanted me to sign

on the divorce paper, aren't you? Now that I've signed it and you finally can be together with

Olivia. Isn't this what you want?"

"Great!" He smiled gruesomely and gripped me much harder, "Clara, you know I hate it when

people decide things for me. Do you really think that you can just walk out of here freely after murdering my baby?"

"You didn't want that baby, did you?" I frowned and was really confused.

"Olivia threatened

her life on forcing me to abort this matter. Instead of waiting for you tell me to abort this

baby, I might as well do that on my own."

The air suddenly cooled down and Dennis just gazed at me dangerously.

I had a feeling that

I was facing a ferocious lion which can wring my head off instantly.

"You sure are clever!"

I really didn't know what he was thinking about and was damn sure that this wasn't a

compliment.

"Clara, don't try to trick me. Well, it's okay that you aborted the baby since we can always

keep on trying!"

Then he just left coldly, leaving me alone.

I was really bewildered. When other men said things like this, they definitely meant to

console and soothe the women, but Dennis surly didn't mean that.

"Why are you still standing there?" He turned around and frowned.

I suddenly didn't know what to do and just followed him.

Dennis then drove me to a courtyard house which housed a Chinese restaurant.

Upon entering the restaurant, a pink-clad waitress greeted us and smiled to Dennis,

"President George, this way please."

Then I went into a private room through the yard with Dennis and saw Marcus having tea

with Mario. They seemed to be chatting.

Then the waitress just stepped out.

Dennis took the seat opposite of their tea table and said lightly, "Why haven't ordered yet?"

"Zac is still making the soup." Mario then turned to me, "Are you hungry?"



I paused and then shook my head.

Marcus despised me a lot at this point, so seeing that Mario was so considerate, he said spitefully, "What are you being so delicate for? You just lost a baby, right? I don't think you are precious enough to let Zac make the soup specifically for you. He is a well-known chef internationally. What a waste of resource!"

Mario wanted to stop him, but I just smiled, "What a great view here! I'd like to walk around."

It was obvious that I said this to Dennis and Mario.

Dennis glanced at me and didn't say anything. Mario replied, "Right, it's indeed beautiful here. You can go and have a stroll. There's a miniature landscape nearby and has a pond with lots of fishes in it."

I said thanks and just left the room.

"Are you insane, Mario? How come that you care so much about that woman? If she didn't marry Dennis by using unscrupulous means, Olivia would have long been living happily with Dennis now."

Though I really didn't want to eavesdrop their conversation, Marcus's voice was so loud that the whole yard can hear him.

Then I just fastened my steps and left the yard.

There was indeed a wonderful scenery out here.

Located in the downtown area of Newton Town, this yard was quite spacious and had such a large plot for growing flowers outside which was a clear sign that the owner here was quite loaded.

Walking on the pebble-strewn path, I saw a man probably in his thirties breaking a twig with a kid.

As I was approaching them, the man stopped and greeted, "Hi."

I smiled back, "Hello."

The kid beside him was just starting to learn how to walk and ran wobbly towards me

without nay fear of a stranger.

Eyes wide open, the kid handed the yellow flower in his hand to me.

I instantly got merry and wanted to hold him up but was stopped by the man, "You are

pregnant. He's quite naughty and might hurt you."

I paused and turned to the man in astonishment, "You..." How did he know that I was

pregnant?

But I didn't really finish the question.

He replied, "You don't have to be surprised. I knew something about the medical skills and

judged from your look and the way you protected your belly, I assumed that you are

pregnant."

I nodded and really admired this man.

"What a special view here." I said, "It is more like a vegetable garden."

The man grinned and corrected, "Well, it's an herb garden to be more specific. There are over

2000 herbs here and some of them are in the brink of extinction."

I paused and examined around and found out that there really weren't many veggies here

and had a great many of unidentified plants here.

"This place is originally called herb garden. The Newton Town has the most comfortable

climate in the country and is the best place to nurture vegetation, so it would house some

unique and special herbs here." The man then put away the twig and was about to leave

with the baby.

I nodded and started surveying this place seeing that he turned around.

But then he suddenly stopped and said to me, "Mrs. George, don't stay too long here. Some

of the herbs here are not good for your baby."

I froze and he had left when I turned around. Did he know me?

Dennis came out to look for me in a while and seeing that I was watching the ants by the

creek, he suddenly approached me and said. "Let's go."  
I was deeply absorbed in the view and was taken aback by his sound, so I nearly slipped but was luckily grabbed by him.  
He frowned, "Are you an idiot?"  
I came to myself and smiled to him awkwardly, "I zoned out."  
He then just left.

I had a feeling that Dennis was not as indifferent as before to me these two days.

So I followed him and plucked up my courage, "This place isn't a restaurant before, isn't it?"

"No." He answered and didn't seem like that he wanted to continue the conversation.

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He walked fast and soon arrived at the yard. Meals were already served. Now another three

seats had been placed around the table. The man and his child I met in the yard just now

and his wife will enjoy foods with us.

The man smiled when seeing me and said to his wife, "Honey, bring the cuttlefish and red

dates soup in the kitchen over for Mrs. George. It's good for the baby!"

I was surprised and hurriedly thanked him. Marcus hated the way he spoke and whispered,

"No matter how nutritious the soup is, it cannot change the fact that the baby is already gone."

Dennis glanced at me, making me get a bit unnerved. I was worried that he would sense

something from the man's words and interrupted them, saying, "You haven't introduced this gentleman to me, Dennis!"

I said it in a gentle manner and behaved like a good wife should be.

Dennis startled and watched at me for a while then he started introducing.

"Eric is the owner of this residence. He was born in a family which had brought up doctors

for generations. He was enthusiastic about herbs so he planted herbs in the yard. This elegant lady is his wife and the one-year-old boy is their son.”

I was worried after the simple greeting. I tried hard to cover up the truth that I didn’t have an abortion to deceive Dennis. What should I do if Eric accidentally told him the truth?

I couldn’t help looking at Mario and hoped he could find a way.

At this point, Mrs. Carter brought the cuttlefish soup to me and said with a smile, “Have a try, Mrs. George. When I was carrying my son, I liked the soup very much. Although the flavour is a bit weird, it contains herbs added by my husband that are good for the body. By the way, how old is your child?”

I was in a cold sweat because I was afraid of being caught up. I looked at her and replied, smiling, “I used to carry my baby for six weeks. However, me and Dennis haven’t done a full preparation for his coming. Hence, I had an abortion.”

Hearing this, Mrs. Carter was stupefied and looked at me in astonishment. Then she asked with great uncertainty, “You don’t seem to...”

“Mrs. Carter, that’s a normal thing after abortion. I really admire you for having a good knowledge of Chinese medicine and noticing the reason from her five senses.” Mario, who was drinking tea, finally spoke.

Suddenly, Eric squinted his eyes. Then he smiled and remained silence. On the other hand, Mrs. Carter was suspicious about my symptoms and chatted with me for a while.

Finally, the dinner was over. Eric whispered something beside his wife’s ear. Then Mrs. Carter glanced at me and left.

Eric turned to look at Dennis and said, “You seldom come to my place. My wife has prepared some medicines that are good for Clara’s body. Take it to tone her body. It’s easy for you to have another child when you’re ready!”

With his deep, dark eyes that contain no emotion, Dennis nodded and looked at me. I

couldn't tell what he meant.

Subconsciously, I felt that he brought me here on purpose to let Eric examine me. As for his

real intent, I still couldn't figure out. Hence, I didn't say anything more until we left.

It was already nightfall when we got on the car. Marcus didn't like to be with me and urged

Dennis to send me back.

I ignored Marcus. I knew they may have other things to deal with.

Therefore, I decided to get

off the car and told them I would call a taxi to go back.

Dennis simply reminded me to take care on my way home and drove away.

Carrying loads of upsetting things in my mind, I couldn't fall asleep after arriving at home. At

first, I wanted to ask Mario about what happened today. However, considering he was with

Dennis, I decided to go to the Time Bar to have some fun.

It was already late at night. There were lots of people coming one after another.

Surprised, Diana asked in an annoying manner when seeing me come, "Why don't you have

a rest at home? Why do you come here?"

"I am here to have fun!" I gave her a simple answer. Regardless of her question, I found a place to sit down.

Diana rubbed her forehead, reminding me angrily, "You just had an abortion a few days ago.

Please treat yourself well and have a rest at home."

I knew she was worried about my body and replied, "Can you give me a cup of orange juice?

Let's have a talk!"

"I don't want to have fun!" Then she directly went to the bar.

Still thinking about what happened in the yard today, I supported my chin to see people

passing by. Did Dennis start suspecting that I was still keeping the baby?

“What are you doing? Didn’t you just said you felt bored? Come on. I will show you

somewhere.” Diana petted my shoulder and led me outside.

Getting out of the bar, I asked with confusion, “Where are we going?”

“You will know when you arrive!”

The entire street was full of bars. I thought she was going to take me to go shopping and

remarked speechlessly, “Why don’t you keep watch of the bar but hang out with me? Don’t

you feel bored?”

She pointed at a sumptuous nightclub not far away and answered,

“What are you talking

about? You will get tedious when I am guarding the bar. I will show you an interesting place!”

I seldom went to have fun except in Diana’s bar. Now I was taken to this gorgeous nightclub

and almost deafened by the piercing noise as soon as I got in.

Diana knew this place well and found a good place in the second floor.

Then she called the

manager, commanding, “Find us some men!”

The manager hurriedly nodded when seeing her behaviour and replied,

“Okay, I will bring

some for you to pick.”

I looked at Diana. The corner of my eyes was a bit tremble when I was

asking, “Why did you

call men to be with us?”

Diana replied in an indifferent way when she was putting a glass of juice in front of me,

“They are here to serve us. I will show you other types of men. Any of them is gentler than

Dennis. You don’t have to spend every day thinking about him. You

should have your own

temperament.”

Before I could remark, the manager already brought a dozen of male models here. I was

astonished at once when seeing them.

“Pick one. There are many types. Don’t you like macho? Look at that man in suit. He is much

better than Dennis!” When Dianna was talking, she pointed at a model who looked like the boy next door. That was her type.

The man was familiar with the procedures. He went by Diana’s side, poured a glass of wine carefully and pulled her hands in his. Dianna didn’t resist and leaned against him.

I was really astonished by her behaviour. It seemed that she was a regular customer to this nightclub.

No wonder she refused to find a boyfriend...

“What are you looking at? Pick one!” Dianna urged.

I didn’t know how to respond her but replied with an awkward smile, “I... I don’t need to!”

She rolled back her eyes at me and directly pointed at the man in suit, saying, “Stay by her side.”

The other models left when we finished picking. The model in suit sat beside me, making me extremely embarrassed. Dianna, however, was going to take her man to do thrill things.

There were only me and the model left in the room. I remarked embarrassedly, “Well, I am not...”

“You don’t have to explain, miss. I know it! It’s normal if you’re here for the first time. You will get used to it!”

I...

I didn’t know how to respond.

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie

Johnson Chapter 27

“What’s your hobby?” The model tried to start a conversation.

I replied with a smile, “I like to read!”

“That’s a good hobby! No wonder you have an elegant temperament.”

I didn’t know how to continue our conversation. I got up and wanted to escape, saying, “I

have to go to the washroom!”

I hanged around in the nightclub for a long time. However, I still didn't find the washroom.

Instead, I met two acquaintances.

They were Olivia and Marcus.

They walked side by side in the corridor, making it hard for me to avoid.

Olivia showed a weird look when seeing me. She glanced at Marcus, asking, “Why she's here?”

Marcus was also surprised. He shook his head and replied, “My brother already asked her to

leave when we were in the yard. She won't come here with him.”

I could guess that they were here to gather around. Not wanting me to come with them, they

suggested me to leave when we were in the yard.

“Clara, why do you follow my brother everywhere he goes? You're so annoying!” Marcus

always used mean words to me. Not afraid of anything, he directly remarked in a harsh way

when seeing me.

I didn't want to explain and replied, “I am just here with my friend.

You're thinking too much.”

I was not bored enough to follow Dennis everywhere.

Olivia looked me up and down. Then she squinted her eyes and

remarked, “Didn't you just

have an abortion? Why did you start hanging around?”

“Well, she just feels hallow and wants to have fun. My brother hates to have sex with her.

She could only come here to find somebody else to satisfy herself.”

Marcus really crossed

the bottom line when speaking.

I frowned and replied angrily, “You'd better find some time to gargle, otherwise, you will

pollute the air.”

I hated talking with them. I turned around and was ready to leave.

However, Olivia got in my way and satirized, “Well, you really get better on making fun of



others in a few days. Haven't you signed the divorce settlement? Your baby is already gone.

Do you think Dennis will keep a woman who once carried a dead baby by his side?"

Finding myself irritated, I smiled first before spoke when looked at her coldly, "I have carried

a dead baby? Don't you forget what happened to yourself in just a few days?"

"You..." Her face turned red out of anger and raised up her hand to hit me.

I held her hand and remarked, "If you want to set up an innocent image, you'd better act

more devoutly. Dennis will be despised of you when he notices it!"

I flung her hand and walked away.

However, I never expected that Olivia would frame me up at this point.

As soon as I

loosened her hand, she felt down and knocked on the wall on the other side.

If observing from a far distance, it seemed like it was me who pulled her down.

What a coincidence! Dennis and Mario, who just walked by at this point, found everything.

"Clara, what's wrong with you? Olivia was only stating the truth!"

Marcus went forward to

support Olivia and yelled at me.

What did he mean by stating the truth? Was I deserved to be humiliated?

"You'd better donate your silly brain and blind eyes to somebody else if you can't use them

well. Don't waste them" I couldn't figure out why would such kind of man by Dennis's side?

I really got angry when seeing Dennis and Mario watch us on the other side without any

reaction. I decided not to waste my time and was ready to leave.

However, Marcus grabbed me and remarked, "Do you want to leave after cursing and

beating Olivia? You're such a rude bitch!"

“What’s wrong with you? Have you seen that I pulled her? Didn’t you start cursing me first before I did so?” I was already in a bad mood and didn’t want to argue with them. I flung Marcus’s hand and walked away.

When I was walking by Dennis, he grabbed my wrist and forced me to stop. I stopped and looked at him.

His expression was cold with anger in his eyes. I could tell he was furious.

“What’s up, Mr. George?” I felt like I was an outsider rather his wife. The more he treated me in such a cruel way, the more hurt I felt.

“Apologize!” He commanded.

I frowned and went furious, “What’s wrong with you? Why do you want me to apologize?”

“You have pushed her!” He said in a low voice with displeased emotion. I have pushed her? I laughed out of anger, “If you’re blind, you’d better hurry to dig your eyes out!”

“Clara, apologize!” He called out my name coldly.

“What if I don’t?” I tried to calm down and stared at him in the eye, showing that I was not afraid of him at all.

He frowned and compressed his lips tightly. I could sense the coldness in the air. He asked,

“Diana’s bar is really peaceful these days.”

I knew he was trying to threaten me with finding troubles with Diana’s bar. How could he adopt such despicable method just for making me to apologize for Olivia?

I raised up my head to look at him. His face was still charming with tensed chin, dark beard, giving people a sense of unruly feeling.

However, I was not in the mood of appreciating his appearance. I could only feel disappointed and remarked, “Ok, I will!”

I struggled out of his hand and walked by Olivia’s side. Then I tried to compress my anger

and watched her when saying, "I am sorry!"

Olivia showed an innocent expression, as if I really had bullied her.

Marcus still tried to find trouble and said disdainfully when seeing I was apologizing, "Is that

all? A simple 'I am sorry'? If you have killed somebody and simply say sorry to make

everything over, do you think there is still need for the law?"

Fuck!

I couldn't bear anymore and asked coldly, "What do you want me to do?"

He folded his arms and said for granted, "There is a rule among us. If someone has done

anything wrong, he has to hold a party to drink wine until others are satisfied!"

Fuck you!

Was that the right way to apologize?

"Marcus, don't go too far!" Mario said when frowning.

Marcus didn't look at him and asked, "What do you think, brother?"

Dennis's dark eyes laid on me. Then he looked at Olivia, asking, "What do you think it's the

best way?"

Clara lowered her head and answered in a low voice but it was enough for everybody to

hear, "After all, Clara is your wife. I will follow the way as you said!"

What an awful woman!

I held a deep breath and asked Marcus, "Where are we going to hold the party?"

Mario went forward and looked at me in the eye, "Are you trying to kill yourself?"

I knew what he meant. There was a little life in my body. I had to take extra care in case

something happened to the baby.

Marcus was worried that Mario would ruin his plan and remarked, "Don't mind our business.

Let's go, Ms. Kennedy!"

Afterwards, we arrived at the room they reserved early.

Marcus ordered ten bottles of Whisky and two boxes of beer in order to teach me a lesson.

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie

Johnson Chapter 28

Marcus looked at me and asked, "Ms. Kennedy, could you afford the price?"

"Funny!" I wanted to laugh out. It wasn't a game at all.

Marcus asked for ten glasses and filled them with wine. Then he looked at me and said,

"According to the rule, you can ask anyone here to help you to drink, but it relies on your

relation with them. If nobody is willing to help you, you have to rely on your own!"

Frowning, I looked at the glasses on the table. I couldn't help touching my belly and wished

deep in my mind, "Hold on, my child!"

I picked up one glass, raised up my head and finished the whole glass.

However, after a few

sips, I started feeling nauseous.

"Oh!" I couldn't hold on anymore and ran towards the washroom. Then I started retching

when holding the toilet.

Mario followed me and gently petted my back, saying, "You can beg for Dennis to help you.

You are his wife. He won't let Marcus belly you."

I sneered. I was not Olivia, who could make every man sympathize her only by drops of

tears.

I didn't reply him and asked, "Is there any medicine that can reduce the alcohol's damage on

the baby?"

Mario nodded and said, "Yes, but you should remember every drug has its side effect!"

"No problem. Please give it to me later."

I left the washroom, finding Marcus had ordered a song and was singing happily. Seeing me

back, he asked when squinting his eyes, "Well, are you getting drunk only by one glass?"

I ignored him and found all glasses were still there except the one I had drunk.

Dennis was sitting closely next to Olivia. Not knowing what Olivia was talking with him, I could only notice he was nodding. Seeing me, his eyes darkened and went to the other side coldly. My heart hurt so much when seeing this scene. I walked by the table and said to Marcus, "I hope you will remember our promise!" Then I picked up another glass and forced myself to drink it. I was not good at drinking and my belly began to hurt again when I was drinking the third glass. Mario noticed something was wrong. He pressed my hand, which was going to raise another glass. He turned to Dennis and said, "Dennis, she's still your wife. You know she just had an abortion and is not a good state. It will be too late if something really happens." "Let me off!" I already began to feel dizzy. Now I was compressed with anger and grievance. I pushed Mario away and reached for the next glass. Suddenly, I was blocked by Dennis and he held me into his arms. Marcus looked at him confusedly and asked, "Brother?" "She is my wife. I will replace her to drink the rest!" After saying this, he continued drinking the remaining wine. Olivia looked at him. Suddenly, the rim of her eyes turned red. My stomach felt terrible and I wanted to vomit many times. However, I couldn't struggle to leave Dennis's arms and could only try to refrain my nausea.

I couldn't count how much Dennis had drunk. I only remembered Olivia suddenly stood up. She looked at Marcus and remarked, "Send me back!" I could sense the anger and grievance from her voice. Marcus looked at Dennis complexly. He slightly opened his mouth but didn't know what to say. He could only leave with Olivia. Mario grabbed the glass from Dennis and remarked when looking at him in the eye, "You'd

better take her back if you don't want anything happens to her!"  
The "her" Mario said was referring to me!  
Dennis frowned and lifted me in his arms to take me out. I still felt dizzy and disorientated,  
not knowing how did Mario leave. I could find my belly extremely hurt when I was put on the car by Dennis.  
I held my belly when curling up my body tightly. Dennis frowned and rest his hand on my belly, asking, "Is it hurt?"  
I nodded. My forehead began to have cold sweat.  
He started the car and said, "Hold on. I will send you to the hospital!"  
I was afraid of being taken to the hospital to let him find out the truth. I hurriedly dragged his arm and shook my head when looking into his dark eyes, saying, "Take me to the villa and bring Mario here. He has the medicine!"  
Dennis frowned and seemed to be a bit unpleasant.  
Afraid that he would suspect me, I hurriedly explained, "He is the one who helps me to recover after the surgery. He knows what to do!"  
He waited for a while, started the car and headed to the villa.  
My tense nerve finally loosened up.

Dennis was good at driving and drove in a high speed. Soon, we arrived at the villa. It turned out Mario left to grab the medicine and he also arrived quickly.  
Dennis carried my limp body to the room and laid me on the bed. Mario gave me some medicine and the pain in my belly gradually eased.  
I was dizzy and sleepy after all those things. Gradually, I fell asleep.  
I heard Dennis was calling my name in a daze. However, I was too drowsy to open my eyes. I could only know he seemed to change clothes for me and carried me to the bathroom to take a shower.  
I wanted to refuse this subconsciously, but I just couldn't wake up.  
I noticed that his hands were touching around my belly. I didn't know what he was doing and

twisted my body in resistance.

Then I was carried into the bed again with dizzy head. I was already exhausted and fell into deep asleep again.

The next day!

Maybe because I had drunk too much last day, I was still in a trance after waking up. I sat on

the bed for a while. During that time, my phone rang several times.

I tried to sober my mind and checked the phone. The messages were from Diana.

“How was that model last night? Did everything go well?”

I didn't know how to reply and texted, “Gosh! Don't you know I can't have sex within a month after abortion?”

Short after I sent the text, Diana called.

I picked it up. Soon, her loud-mouthed voice came, “Well, why don't you tell me early? I paid

that model a great deal of tips yesterday!”

I stretched myself, got off bed and opened the window, replying, “We can go shopping

someday and I will compensate you by buying something you like.

Actually, I met Olivia last night.”

Diana was startled and asked, “Doesn't she call herself an innocent girl?

Why would she

appear in the night club?”

“There were Dennis and others!” After a few rainy days, all plants

around the villa became

greener, so bright that even dazzled my eyes.

Diana replied after signing, “Never mind. Forget about her. Have you

planned when to leave

Newton Town?”

I got a bit headache when hearing this question. “Dennis still doesn't sign the divorce

settlement and I haven't handled the company business yet!”

Diana waited for a while and replied, “Inform me after you handling all those things. I will go

to Hensley Town these days to find a good place. Then I will transfer the property of the bar.”

I was choked, saying, “You have been running Time Bar for many years. Do you think you can bear let it go?” The fact that Diana had to transfer the bar’s property just for me really made me feel guilty.

She replied in a speechless manner, “Well! It’s just a bar. Besides, I can still run another bar after arriving at Hensley Town.”

She got interested when mentioning about future life in the Hensley Town and asked, “Have you ever thought what to do in the Hensley Town after leaving the George Group?”

I remained silence for a while. I really hadn’t thought about this. My belly would get bigger after handling everything. It was hard for me to find a job in the late-stage of pregnancy.

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie  
Johnson Chapter 29

“Maybe I will rest for some time!” It was hard to balance life and work after the baby was born. Hence, I decided to find job when the baby was old enough. “That makes sense. You really had a hard time when being with Dennis. It’s time for you to have a good rest. I have saved some money these years and it’s enough for us to spend!”

I replied with a smile, “Don’t worry. Even if I get divorced with Dennis, I still have lots of savings!” The villa was grandfather’s heritage. I wouldn’t sell it even Dennis decided to give

it to me. As for the share, I hadn’t decided how to handle it.

I hanged up the phone after chatting with Diana for a while. Then I supported my head

beside the floor-to-ceiling windows to appreciate the scenery outside.

It was true that I had to think over how would I spend the rest of my life.

The air was a bit cold in the room and I couldn’t help rubbing my hands.

When I was going to



find a coat, I found Dennis was standing behind me.  
I was in cold sweat out of surprise and asked, "Have...haven't you gone to the company?" I didn't know how long he had been standing behind me and was not sure whether he overheard my conversation with Diana or not.  
His dark eyes rest on my body and asked coldly, "Where are you planning to go?"  
I was startled by his question. It seemed he overheard I was planning to leave. I didn't know how to answer him but frowned to covered my belly, screaming, "Ah, my belly hurts a lot!"  
I crouched down when I was saying this.  
He hurriedly walked by my side and pulled me up. Then he frowned and remarked, "Let's go to the hospital!"  
I...  
It seemed I was caught in my own trap.  
"No..."

Maybe because I refused his suggestion too quickly, he squinted his dark eyes and looked at me in a suspicious way, asking, "Clara, are you reluctant to go to the hospital?"  
I showed a sad look and stared at him with red rims around my eyes, saying, "No...I am afraid of the feeling when I am lying on the operating table unconsciously!"  
His body stiffened obviously. After a long time, he suddenly pulled my sleeve to lead me out of the bedroom.  
I thought he was going to take me to the hospital. I dragged his clothes and remarked,  
"Dennis, I really don't want to go to the hospital!"  
Besides, my belly didn't feel any pain.  
"I will prepare you something to eat. Maybe you will feel better." He glanced at me in a cold but helpless way.

I had a mixed feeling when hearing his words. Yesterday he helped me out in the nightclub and today he made a compromise on the hospital thing. Maybe he was not as indifferent as I thought. Human being is a greedy creature. Once they were satisfied, they would strive for more and want to keep everything by themselves. He led me by the table and got to the kitchen. After a while, he came out with a bowl. I thought it was porridge, but it turned out to be brown egg. I looked at him with a mixed feeling. He also looked back coldly and then said in a deep voice, "Mario will come to check you later. You don't have to go to the company these days. Although Stefan's project is over, you have to take responsibility for your own mistake. You don't have to work today. Have a good rest!" Then he put on the coat and left with a car key. I was surprised by his change...When did it start? After knowing I got pregnant? I stared at the egg for a long time without eating.

My mind was still straying when Mario came. He frowned and remarked, "You don't have to force yourself to eat nutritious food. You can eat anything you like. There is no need to be too cautious." I finally sobered when hearing Mario's voice, finding he was standing by the table with a medical kit. I hurriedly stood up and greeted, "You're here." He was startled and didn't say anything more. Then he handed me the medicine in the kit and instructed, "Take it three times a day for twenty-one days. You'd better not drink any wine next time. Alcohol can lead to slow growth and deformation for the baby. Besides, you

may have to record your information in the hospital and start attending antenatal examination.”

I nodded and handed over the medicine, replying, “Thank you!”

He was going to leave after providing suggestions. However, he stopped and said, “Based

on your situation, you can’t leave in a short time. Maybe you can confess with Dennis. He

intends to keep the baby. I believe he can handle everything!”

I knew his meaning. The problem he was referring to was related with Olivia.

I didn’t know much about Olivia’s thing. I never asked Dennis about his relation with her.

However, I couldn’t help asking, “Dennis must love Ms. Pearson a lot!”

Mario sat on the sofa, glanced at me and replied, “It has nothing to do with love. If you want

to stay with Dennis, you have to tell him the truth and let him handle it.

He has his own way

to deal with it.”

What way? I wondered.

However, I didn’t ask him. Everyone has his or her own thought. I didn’t know what was

Dennis’s way, but I knew I had to raise up the child by myself.

I didn’t think Dennis was in love with me. If grandfather was still alive, I could rely on his

power and spent extra years with Dennis. However, now grandfather was gone and I didn’t

have the confidence that I could continue living with Dennis.

It was not a wise choice to risk with the baby.

I remained silence for a while and remarked, “Thank you for helping me to keep the secret. I

have my own plan.”

Mario frowned when finding I didn’t want to accept his suggestion.

He sighed and remarked, “I still get other things to handle in the afternoon. Remember to

take medicine on time. I have to leave.”

I didn’t eat the brown egg Dennis cooked after Mario was gone. I still felt there was

something wrong with my stomach. Maybe it was because I was on the early stage of pregnancy and didn't have the symptom of morning sickness. However, I didn't want to eat anything.

I lied in the bedroom for a while and my phone suddenly rang. It was a stranger's number. I picked it up.

Someone's voice came after a long time, saying, "It's me, Olivia!"

I was startled that she would call me. Then I frowned and asked, "What's up?"

"Let's have a talk. I have sent you the address for our meeting."

She then hanged off the phone before I could answer.

I didn't have any clue why she would find me at this point.

However, it seemed everything was related with Dennis.

Why I had to meet her as she required? I sent the screenshot of the address to Dennis and

texted: Ms. Pearson asked me out. I am afraid I will beat her again. I have already refused her.

After a while, Dennis called.

I was leaning against the window in the balcony of the bedroom to appreciate the scenery

when he called and asked leisurely, "What's wrong, Mr. George?"

I could picture his expression when hearing my words. He said in a bit annoyed tone, "Where are you?"

"At home!"

"Well! Have a good rest!" He waited for a while and reminded me.

I nodded and replied, "I will."

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie

Johnson Chapter 30

It seemed Dennis had checked my message. I couldn't fall asleep after hanging up the

phone and decided to go to his study to do some light reading.

I rarely had time to read because of too much work. I could finally have a rest this time.

Dennis's study room was large with a variety of books. I looked through some books with illustration. Soon, I started having a pain in my back. I could only put down the book and hanged around in the study. Accidentally, I noticed a small cabinet in the corner, which looked antiquated. Out of curiosity, I searched it and found some old pictures. They seemed to be taken a long time ago, but I could tell they were Dennis's photos when he was in his childhood. I had never met his parents. I found the couple who looked kind could be his parents because they were holding a little baby in their arms.

The man looked similar with Dennis and also similar with Dennis's grandfather. The woman who looked kind and gracious was possibly his mother. I kept turning the pages and found something was wrong. In the later photos, the child Dennis's parents were holding changed from a boy to a girl. I got confused and turned backward. Indeed, there was a nearly three-year-old girl standing beside his parents. My grandfather had told me that Dennis's parents only got one child. His uncle didn't have any child. Then who was that girl? I couldn't figure out and assumed the girl to be a child of their neighbour. I continued turning the pages. Later pages were shot when Dennis started school life. Grandfather was really considerate by documenting every stage of his growth. I noticed a photo shot a few years ago. Olivia, Mario and Dennis were all in it. However, there was another guy I didn't know. He was a good-looking boy and looked passionate and enthusiastic. Those people all had a good look, however, the boy seemed to be a bit pale. Because I didn't know that boy, I

decided not to think too much.

A girl was standing among the four boys. She was little Olivia. She really looked innocent and adorable at that time.

I could tell she was the princess in everybody's eyes. How lucky she was! I felt a bit sad after seeing those photos. Olivia had been knowing Dennis for a long time and I only met him for two years.

If grandmother was not sick and took me to find his grandfather, there was no chance I would marry Dennis.

Anyway, I was only relying on my grandmother and Dennis's grandfather to get married with him. It was normal that he didn't have any feeling towards me.

I never knew why would grandmother be familiar with his grandfather.

The George family was of high status and my grandmother only grew up in the countryside. There was no chance that they would get in touch.

My mind was wandering when thinking about this.

I stayed up late in Dennis's study. Not knowing whether it was because I was pregnant or not, I didn't feel hungry after a whole day without eating.

I went downstairs and tried to find Jackie's food sent a few days ago. I found there were some cucumbers. I got tired and didn't want to cook, so I decided to have cucumbers for dinner.

I didn't notice Dennis had come back at this point. I didn't find he was sitting in the living room until I was holding a wet cucumber out.

When did he come back?

Dennis turned around when hearing the noise. He frowned when seeing I was holding a cucumber. Then he asked in a low voice, "What are you going to do with it?"

I was startled and didn't know what he meant. "I am going to eat it! What else can I do with

it?"

Dennis sneered and asked, "Will you use it to satisfy yourself?"

???

What did he mean by using it?

Seeing he was walking towards me with a weird look, I got really confused and lifted the

cucumber, asking, "Do you need one?" I washed two cucumbers just now.

Dennis looked into my eyes and answered, "No!" Then he grabbed my cucumber and threw it

away. Meanwhile, his hand was holding around my wrist with the other touched my lip.

I knew what he was going to do at this point and wanted to run away subconsciously.

However, I was embraced by him tightly and heard him seeing in a low voice, "It has been a

couple of days. I think we can have sex now!"

Nonsense.

"Dennis...hum!" My voice was blocked because he kissed me hardly. I lifted my hand and

tried to push him away. However, his strength made me hard to escape.

The air started to get moist. I opened my eyes widely, he...

"Dennis, please...don't..."

"Dennis, we can't do it. I will get infected!" Olivia had just done abortion and so did I. It made

sense that he would turn to me to have sex.

I got anxious when seeing he was unwilling to stop, saying, "The doctor says we have to

wait for another month, please."

I almost cried out.

Maybe he had sensed the begging sound from my voice. Gradually, he stopped acting. He

didn't say anything and embraced me tightly in his arms, kissing around my neck slightly.

After a long time, his breath finally went steady. He asked in a low voice, "Are you hungry?"

I was a bit awkward because my stomach rumbled just now. I nodded and forced a smile,

answering, "Yes. I haven't eaten anything today!"

He was startled. His dark eyes rest on the cucumber, asking, "So you are planning to eat cucumbers?"

I nodded, "I don't want to cook because of the smoke. That was why I washed two cucumbers."

He lowered his eyes. His lips curled up, looking like half smile and half helplessness.

He then got up and went to the kitchen. When he got out, he was holding a plate of noodles with two eggs on it.

Seeing I was standing still, he said in a commanding but not annoying way, "Come and eat it!"

I couldn't help thinking what Mario had told me today. If I really confessed with him, maybe he would handle things well.

I went by the table and found he only boiled one plate of noodles. I asked, "Have you already had dinner?"

He nodded and hinted me to start eating. Then he checked messages on the phone.

The noodles tasted really good. However, I started to feel nauseous a few swallows. I had to bear the impulsion to vomit several times.