

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 3

I was totally aware that he wouldn't stay, but I had to try, so I looked him straight in the eye and said, "I agree to get a divorce, but on one condition. You have to stay tonight and attend Freddy's funeral with me tomorrow. After that, I'll sign on the divorce settlement at once."

Dennis squinted his dark eyes and gave a sly grin, his lips curling into a smirk. "Then please me." He let go of my chin, narrowed his eyes and whispered into my ear, "You have to earn it, Clara. You can't get yourself anywhere by talking."

His voice was cold but his tone tinged with seductiveness. I knew what he meant, so I wrapped my arms around his waist and raised my head, trying to get close to him, but the large height difference made my movements look funny and ridiculous. I couldn't even tell what my feelings were, but it was... pathetic that I had to make the man I love stay in such a way.

My hands slid intuitively over his body, but were suddenly gripped by his. I looked up and saw him staring meaningfully at me. "That's enough!"

I paused upon hearing him, not knowing what he meant. The next second, he grabbed the gray pajama jacket on the bed and put it on gracefully. For a moment, I went into a trance but before long, I recovered myself. So he decided to... stay?

However, before I could be happy about it, I heard a faint female voice coming along with the patter of rain. "Dennis..."

I was shocked to hear that, while Dennis reacted promptly. He strode onto the balcony, looked down and walked back with a sullen face before he grabbed his coat and left the bedroom.

Out in the courtyard, Olivia was standing in the rain in her flimsy dress, drenched to the skin. As a delicate beauty, now she appeared even more fragile in the rain.

Dennis draped his coat around her shoulders. Before he could talk, Olivia flung her arms around him and started to sob. Watching this scene, suddenly I realized why my earnest pleading failed to compete with Olivia's phone call, even if I had lived with him for two years.

Dennis went into the house with Olivia in his arm and took her upstairs. I, meanwhile, stood at the head of the stairs and looked down at the two wet people, blocking their way.

"Step aside!" Dennis growled, staring at me in disgust.

Was I heartbroken? I didn't know. The only thing I knew was that my eyes hurt more than my heart because they had witnessed how the man I loved took care of someone else instead of myself.

"Dennis, back when we got married, you promised your grandfather that you wouldn't take her here, as long as we were still married." This house was the only place Dennis and I shared and lived together. I was generous enough to share Dennis with Olivia for countless nights, but how dared she contaminate the only place fully belonging to me!

"Ha!" Dennis gave a sneer suddenly, shoved me aside and growled, "Clara, you're flattering yourself."

He laughed in my face and took Olivia into the guest room, while I watched them like an onlooker.

This was meant to be a chaotic night.

Olivia, a fragile girl, was running a fever now since she had been in the rain for some time. Dennis, the loving caretaker, changed her clothes and rubbed her body with a cold towel. Probably I was an eyesore to him, and he ordered after darting a glance at me, "Sleep in the George Residence tonight. Olivia can't go anywhere like this."

Did Dennis just ask me to go back to the George Residence at midnight? Wow, I was really an eyesore to him.

Staring at him, I actually didn't know what to say to remind him how far the George Residence was, or how late it was now, or how unsafe it was for a woman to go there at this time. However, he couldn't care less. The only thing he cared was that my existence would interfere with Olivia's needed rest.

I choked back the tears and calmed myself down, saying, "I'll sleep in the bedroom. It's... too late for me to go there now!"

Just because he didn't love me, that didn't mean I didn't need to love myself. Therefore, I turned around and left the guest room, but ran into Mario Bennett in the corridor, who just arrived and was still in his black pajamas. He might have been in a rush, so he didn't change his shoes, and his clothes were almost wet.