

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie

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I was suddenly struck by retching, feeling the stomach cramps. So I rushed to the bathroom and spewed up everything.

"It tastes awful?" a chilling voice sounded from behind. I paused out of surprise and turned

around. Then I saw Dennis leaning against the door.

I hurried to deny by shaking my head, "No. Perhaps my stomach was being too stuffed in

such a short time after starvation of the whole day. So my stomach started to surge and I

can't help retching."

He supported me up and we went upstairs to the second floor.

He asked while noticing my confused looking face, "What's wrong?"

He took off his suit and changed into a casual one. Then he looked at me, "Get yourself

changed. Let's hang out for something to eat. What do you want for dinner?"

I paused out of surprise and hurried to reply, "No, I still have no appetite. I just feel like

staying alone."

However, my refusal didn't work. He still stared at me and continued with a domineering

tone, "I will keep myself waiting outside the house."

Honestly speaking, I wasn't hungry for food.

After considering for a while, I still got changed and hung out with him.

The city was in its bustling hours. Dennis gave me a sidelong glance and said, "Do you have

any food in your mind?"

"I want something bland." I replied after consideration.

Perhaps it was because of morning sickness, I disgusted pungent food.

He nodded. While staring at his shining eyes where there hidden tenderness, I seemed to

notice that it was the day of most harmony staying with him since we got married.

During the few seconds of joy, I couldn't help fancying the beatific life that we spent time

together in peace with our baby.

He parked the car beside the door of Nancy Cafeteria. I got off the car and entered to take a table.

It seemed that it wasn't the peak hour for catering. As soon as I took a seat, a waiter walked

over to hand me the menu. Dennis had been here before. As I didn't have good appetite, so I

only ordered some snacks and a bowl of mushroom soup.

To my surprise, there were two following Dennis behind when he entered—Olivia and

Marcus.

She was wondering if it was just a coincidence or an appointment.

They walked over after I took the table. However, when Olivia noticed me, her expression

seemed to be a bit sulky. But she kept silent and took the table of four.

As I was the first to take a seat, Olivia hurried to sit beside me before Dennis. Then she said

with sweet voice, "Clara, may I have the seat beside you?"

Obviously, she left me no room to refuse.

So I only replied with silence.

"What do you have for order?" asked Dennis as he took over the menu from a waiter.

"Some snacks and a bowl of porridge." I responded.

He nodded and ordered some dishes. Marcus pouted, "Dennis, don't take me into

consideration. I have no appetite yet."

Dennis nodded and then handed the menu to the waiter.

Then they started to chat. As I had no point to jump in, I just kept silent.

When the waiter served us a bowl of pumpkin porridge, Dennis casually moved it to Olivia's

front and said with husky voice, "This is for you to warm up your stomach."

Olivia beamed, "Dennis, you really know what's in my mind! Pumpkin porridge is my

favorite!"

However, their connections struck my heart.

Dennis almost knew everything about her because his care for her had already rooted in his heart, which it took me more than a lifetime to reach. “Clara, what did you order? What about sharing it together? The pumpkin porridge here really tastes good. And I still remember the old days when Dennis always took me here.” As she was saying, she placed the porridge in front of me. I shook my head and pushed it back with a smile, “I have ordered the same one. It should be served soon.” Hearing that, she didn’t insist. Then she continued her talk with the two men, which made me feel like being excluded. Soon, all dishes were served. As Olivia noticed my porridge, she faked an innocent smile, “Wow, Clara, you share the same taste with me! Let me tell you, actually Dennis also cooks yummy porridge for me.” While speaking, she reached over my ears and was about to whisper. As I hated others getting too close to me, I frowned and nudged away a bit. “Ouch!” the porridge that I only took a few sips in front of me suddenly spilled all over on me. I jumped up out of instinct as I felt a bit burnt. However, I happened to bump into Olivia, who exclaimed out of pain.

Before I could say sorry, I hurried to get some tissue to clean my lap stained with porridge. Because Dennis urged me to get changed as soon as possible before we went out, I only dressed in a one-piece. My lap was largely scalded because of the flimsy texture. When I was about to finish cleaning myself up, I turned around and saw Dennis kneel down on one knee to clean her bleeding nose gently.

Not until then did I realize that I might bumped on her nose accidentally just now.

Marcus got some tissue and handed it Dennis. He sulked while frowning, “Miss Kennedy,

why don’ you keep your eyes open?”

I froze, having no idea what to answer.

While looking at Olivia’s red swollen eyes and her mere nosebleed remaining, I held back my

distress feelings and apologized, “Sorry, Miss Pearson.”

Actually, I didn’t even lay an inch of my finger on the porridge. Olivia would be the only

suspect who moved the porridge to my front.

“It’s okay. Clara, please be careful next time.” While speaking, Olivia said to Dennis while

fixing her tearful eyes on him, “Dennis, the porridge spilled and so did my appetite. Would

you please take a walk outside with me?”

Dennis frowned and said as he noticed those snacks that remained unmoved, “Okay, but

after we have some snacks.”

However, during this silent mess, nobody noticed that I was the one scalded and the

porridge also spilled all over on me. I stood still next to them, feeling ridiculous and

awkward.

“I will dismiss myself.” After saying that, I turned around to leave the restaurant. My heart

felt like being penetrated by a freezing cold dagger. It stuck inside and tormented me.

The God had always been biased—he offered some of the girls joy and sweetness while

some of them only received pain and torture.

“Clara!” a deep and sulky voice sounded from behind. I turned around and saw Dennis

follow out.

He frowned while looking at me. He seemed to be holding back his anger,

“What are you

doing?”

'What am I doing? He is actually blaming me for hurting Olivia?'  
"I don't want any food. I want to return home." I kept my mouth shut and tried hard to suppress my grievance in case I would lose control. He walked over and looked exasperated, "Clara, watch your manner!" He grabbed my arm and I stared at his cold and horrible face. I looked into his eyes and suddenly let out a quizzical smile, "Manner? Dennis, do you think you can lecture me with manners? You, a married guy, actually showed great care for another lady while turning a blind eye on me?"  
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I sneered regardless of his irritation, "So do you think Olivia behaves with manners? A lady like her who actually hooks up with a married guy? Dennis, that's the way you define what manners is?"  
"Clara!" he suddenly tightened his grip on my hand. Veins could be seen on his forehead as he stressed out every single word, "You should pray for the fact that I never hit lady."  
Gritting to stand the great pain on my wrist, I sneered still while looking at him, "Mr. George, thank you for your gentleness! Could you please let go of me? Your grip on my wrist hurt the same just like you hit me."  
The veins on his forehead began to twitch because of anger. But luckily, he shook off my hand and huffed violently, "You have no right to judge her! Never!"

He turned around, looking chilling and repellent. I had no right to judge her? My grievance and anger seemed to be about to explode because of that. I walked over to grab his arm and smiled wryly, "Yes, I have no right to judge her because I could never overtake her when it comes to hypocrisy. Nor have I been the same

disgusting and scheming just like both of you! You really disgust me.”  
After that, I returned back to the restaurant while ignoring his angry face.  
Both Olivia and  
Marcus were still on the same seats.  
When Olivia saw me return, she wore a pretentious smile again, “Miss  
Kennedy...”  
I cast a cold glimpse at her, lifted all the dishes on table and poured  
them all over on her  
head.  
Before she could react, I snapped, “Olivia, I have no idea why you love to  
loot everything  
away from others and set me up. Nor do I understand why you love to  
be pretentious and  
play the victim only to get sympathy from others. Let me warn you, the  
retribution will soon  
come to you if you continue.”  
“Since you love married guy, I will do as you wish. Honestly speaking, I  
do love Dennis  
before. But a guy like him with a wandering eye really disgusts me. I felt  
like puking! So  
please stay with him a little longer in case he disgusts me again!”  
“Clara!” a furious voice sounded from the gate.  
But I didn’t turn around to look at him. I didn’t care how horribly his  
anger was now burning.  
At least I felt at ease when compared with their hypocritical look.  
After that, I turned around to stride out of the restaurant. However,  
when I passed by beside  
Dennis, he grabbed my wrist hard. It rendered me irritated so I bit him.  
I assumed he would let go of his grip out of pain. However, he carried  
me in his arms and  
stuffed me into the car. Then he drove away.  
The car galloped so fast that I felt like retching.

Luckily, it soon stopped. Before I could sigh a breath of relief, I was lifted  
up and he took me  
into the villa.  
Dennis was so pissed that he rushed into the bedroom.  
“Dennis, let go of me! You disgusting beast!” I cursed out of panic.

He sneered and strangled me to chill me down. His horrible and violent gaze settled on me,

“I am a beast? You think that I like to play the field? And I have disgusted you?”

He strangled harder and his eyes seemed to zoom in. His voice sounded dreadful, “Clara, you do surprise me!”

He strangled so hard that I felt like suffocated. I kept kicking him hard. I would never give in

even though I was gagged. I would rather fight till I ran out of my last breath than simply surrender.

Our eyes engaged in a battle.

After quite a while, I felt like being overwhelmed with sudden dizziness. Not until then did I

realize that he was going to strangle me to death!

Soon, he let go of my neck. As soon as he freed me, he bent over to gag my mouth with a kiss.

I couldn't even nudge a bit while my chest kept heaving out of anger, “Dennis, that's what

you got? You could do nothing but to bully ladies?”

He sneered and his eyes shone bloodthirsty aura.

I was rendered panic and looked into his cruel eyes. I stammered out of fear, “Dennis...you can't do that to me!”

With his hands supporting on both my sides, he settled a kiss on me.

I frowned out of pain and struggled, “Dennis, you will pay the price!”

He only paused for seconds and continued with hoarse voice, “Stay still. I will be gentle to you.”

You bastard!

My sanity collapsed all of a sudden. The sense of grievance piled up exploded instantly.

Tears streamed down my face out of control. It all started with sobs and then grew into

blubber regardless of his feelings.

He had to stop to comfort me with his deep voice. However, the more he talked, the louder I cried.

He failed to cease my tears no matter he coaxed or threatened loud. So he had to hug me tight to comfort.

I could do nothing to stop my tears and so did he. He could only hug me and hear me cry.

After ages of crying, both my voice and tears had run out. So I returned to be quiet.

“That’s enough for you?” he asked with deep voice again.

I remained mute. My eyes hurt so much that I couldn’t make it wide open. I kept silent and ignored him.

“I sent my grandpa to the border of the southwest to meet his comrade. But we ran into a group of outlaws on our way.” He suddenly uttered while hugging me. His voice was mixed with distress and sadness that I had never seen from him before.

I remained silent still as I had no idea what he was going to tell me.

Leaning in his hug, I heard him continue, “The border had been in poverty and in great need for material supply. What’s worse, those neighboring countries were still in a war. Those outlaws broke into the house of my grandpa’s comrade. They threatened us that we should help them sneak into our country. It was an emergency. Those with no passports were all excluded. My grandpa, as a soldier with pride to defend the country for decades, would never attempt to break the rules. So he insisted that he would rather die than give in. As outlaws as they had been, they decided to kill us when seeing the resolve of my grandpa. But then his comrade sacrificed himself so as to protect both of us.”

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He suddenly stopped in the midst of the story. I couldn't help asking out of curiosity, "Then what happened?" My voice sounded hoarse because of my fierce blubber just now.

Hearing my question, he let out a smile and he dropped a gentle kiss on my forehead.

Then he continued, "Then my grandpa and I managed to get ourselves away from danger and we headed back inland. We were too flustered to get everything back during the escape.

Luckily, we met a man and his sister, who were on their way from Capital to another country for business. We had to borrow money from them as we lost everything including our ID credentials and the cash. However, we didn't expect that those outlaws were still on our tails. Because of that, both the man and his sister were involved in this disaster..."

Though he hadn't finished, I could tell a lot from that.

"Were they Calvin and Olivia?" I said while looking at him.

He nodded, "Calvin got his heart injured. I brought him back to take care of him. Actually, he should have recovered. However, something wrong happened and his last wish was to commit his sister to my care."

"Since they had saved you, why didn't your grandpa agree on your marriage with Olivia?"

As far as I concerned, Freddy should have preferred his marriage with Olivia instead of me.

After all, Olivia's show-up was prior to me in his life. What was more, Olivia had saved him.

He suddenly let out a smiling face while looking at my eyes wide open, "You don't feel like crying now?"

It was my first time to see his bright smile at me. He seemed to shake off his horrible and violent look. It was warm and kind.

I paused out of embarrassment. Then I broke away from his hug, “You haven’t answer me yet!”

“The rest isn’t worth telling. It’s late now. Time to sleep.” While speaking, he hugged me again and placed my hand on his crotch.

His husky voice sounded again, “Clara, now it’s your duty to extinguish the desire you lit up.”

Staring at him with my blushed face, I was shocked with my eyes wide open.

“But I am still unprepared...” my voice was timid.

However, driven my lust, he started to gasp heavier.

Not until a few hours later did we stop. He then took me to the bathroom to clean me up.

After that, I fell into sound sleep in his hug.

In the next morning, the sunlight squeezed himself in from the gap of French sash and

scattered on the ground, shining like candlelight.

Dennis had left for office to deal with his work. It took me quite a while to get up because of

the late sleep last night. The scent of hormone still lingered in this messy room.

I was rendered a bit embarrassed as I recalled what happened last night.

I had never expected him to be so lust-driven.

It should be a common weekday for me. It had been 10:00 AM after I spruced myself up. As

I didn’t have enough time for breakfast, I drove to the company.

I parked the car, entered the elevator and happened to meet Marcus.

Both he and his

secretary were holding a pile of files. He sneered while noticing me.

He mocked, “Miss Kennedy, you even learn to put on airs as if you were the CEO before you

are formally promoted. Do you deem yourself the only one in charge now?”

The George Group firstly developed its business in the real estate industry. It started to

expand its market to different industries during the recent years. Marcus actually ran his

own company before. But due to the need for a greater capital, the George Group and Thomson Group had merged after the George was listed. Marcus, as one of the shareholders, was also responsible for the management. Though I was also one of them who owed a share inherited from Freddy. It only took a mere proportion. Besides, Dennis still took control of my shares. I started from nothing and it took me two years of struggle to be promoted as the director. Of course, the others only perceived that it would never cost me effort to be promoted because I was Mrs. George. So from Marcus's perspective, my position of the director was nothing but a freebie offered by Dennis. That was why he always looked down upon me. I took a look at the files he was holding. It was one of the records of his electronic company he owed. It seemed that there was going to be an upcoming product. "Mr. Thomson, there is no need to be exaggerating. The George Group will always remain as it has always been. I am just a dispensable director who asked for a two-day leave because of sickness. I am flattered to have your concern. But Mr. Thomson, you should get down to your own business first as you are still busy with it in case you make mistakes when fully occupied with trifles." I didn't intend to be restrained as there were only three of us in the elevator. I still wanted to fight for my own self-esteem in front of his secretary. As the door of the elevator opened, he had to hold back his urge of bickering. So he only replied with a cold glimpse before he walked out. I went into my office. Before I could sit down, Jackie entered and said to me, "Miss Kennedy, Mr. George is expecting you in his office." I wondered how Dennis noticed my arrival as I have just reached my office for seconds. I still nodded though confused, "Okay, I will be right there."

His office was spacious and quiet with no one else there. Perhaps only Dennis could adapt himself to such a boring atmosphere.

I scanned the whole office and saw Toby working on something with his computer in the office for secretary. I walked over and knocked on the door. Hearing that, he raised up his head to look at me. He paused when seeing me, "Miss Kennedy. Mr. George is in the office of Mr. Thomson. He will be back soon."

I nodded, "Okay, just get back to your work."

Then I entered Dennis's office, took a book from the shelf and started to read in the lobby area. There had been a bunch of things to be dealt with after the project of Stefan was finished. So I didn't get much work from the company. Perhaps this time Dennis asked me here to tell me something about my following schedule of work.

However, I started to hesitate when I suddenly recalled what I had planned for recently.

Actually, I assumed Dennis would still remain indifferent to me. However, his greatly softening attitude seemed to change my mind.

I couldn't help wondering what would be the price for the baby and myself if I still chose to leave.

"Dennis, you have promised to Calvin that you would take care of Olivia after his death. But think about what you have currently done to Olivia? Don't you think you are hurting her and even the wish of her deceased brother? What's more. Clara is never qualified enough to match you as your wife."

I could tell from the anxious voice that it was Marcus who was talking. Of course, I didn't mean to eavesdrop. Instead, I happened to catch it as they talked loud while walking over.

When both of them entered the office, Marcus noticed me and frowned, "When did you come in?"

"Just a moment ago!" I answered and squinted at him, only to see his indifferent face.

"There will be two products of HY Technology waited to be launched this month. You need to keep an eye on the schedule and also the situation of JD Technology."

Said Dennis to me.

He then handed me the files on his desk and added, "Besides, the fiscal year is coming. And

our cooperation with AC should be expired. Just go to the financial department and check it.

If a renewal of the contract is necessary, you need to bear the duty to finish it. If not, go to

Jo Turner Credit and make an appointment with Luis."

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"We have been in a nice cooperation with AC, haven't we? Why shall we engage in a new

contract with another audit agency? Marcus cut in with confusion.

"Besides, Jo Turner Credit is just a start-up. What if they fail to handle such a great capital

chain of the George Group?"

Dennis didn't answer. Instead, he looked at me and said, "Read those files. Toby will be

available if you have any questions."

I didn't continue to ask while taking the files. But the same concern of Marcus also worried

me. I asked again after a few seconds of pause, "Mr. George, I have been working on

construction. HY Technology Co., Ltd. is a tech firm. Besides, I have never been involved in

audit, of which it is Toby who has been in charge. Why not leave it to him?"

Dennis fixed his dark eyes on me and frowned, "Clara, do you understand the duty as a

director?"

I paused and nodded, "Yes, I do. But...."

"No negotiation. Since now you serve as the director and also one of the shareholders, you shall bear the responsibility to get yourself familiar with everything in the company."

After saying that, he started to assign the work to Marcus.

While carrying the files, I realized that he spared no room for me to get away from the mission. What was more, the workload this time appeared to be exceedingly heavy.

I went back to my office and made Jackie here. I told her to assign specific schedule for the whole department and paid attention to the market of HY Technology. Perhaps the busiest moment was coming in a few days.

When I went to the financial department for information, I was so stunned to find that the audit of the company had already began.

Kris Lee, the financial director, showed me all files of finance and said, "Miss Kennedy, please take a look. Here are the files of all accounts of the company. The workload this year should be quite heavy plus the accounts of Mr. Thomson's. So Mr. George would like to leave the annual audit to Jo Turner Credit."

I nodded while flipping the files. I could tell how bothering it would be, "Okay, I get it. Let me go through the files first. Oh, by the way, I need the data of audit handled by AC last year."

"Okay!"

Then I returned to my office with those files. As soon as Jackie entered after finishing what

he was told, he saw me busy among those accounts. Then she said, "Miss Kennedy, the

CEO of AC, Michael, just made a call for an appointment with you."

As expected, the project of audit between AC and the George Group was worth millions. No

wonder he was eager for a talk with me so as to retrieve the profit.

But I could tell that there must be a reason though I hadn't figured out why Dennis chose to end the project with AC. However, I didn't have much time to negotiate with Michael.

I said while looking at Jackie, "Just tell me I have a busy schedule.

Besides, make an

appointment with the president of Jo Turner Credit for me. And I need the list of all

companies whose audits have been handled by Jo Turner Credit."

"Okay!" as Jackie left, I got back to my work again.

I was so exhausted and feeling sore all over my body after hours of work till afternoon. I

stood up to walk out of the office, only to see an empty office area.

I got myself a cup of coffee and returned to my office. Then I ordered a delivery for my

dinner as I needed to work overtime tonight.

"Aren't you going back home?" a sudden voice came from the door, which surprised me. I

raised up my head and noticed it was Mario.

I smiled to reply, "Aren't you staying as well?"

He smiled and handed over a thermal box to me, "Here is the soup Chef Owen cooked. It

should be nice to you."

I paused a bit and said, "Thank you."

I assumed perhaps he would leave as soon as he gave me the box of soup. However, he

was standing still. As I didn't have any idea about the following topic, I just remained silent.

"Dennis assigned the annual audit to you this year?" he took a seat and asked.

I nodded, "Yes. But it appears to be troublesome because I only know little about it."

He nodded to show his agreement, "It has exactly been the end of the first year since the

company was listed. So there will be a big difference of the audit when compared to that of

the last year. Even a mere mistake would flop the share price. There have been cases of

bankruptcy every year because of the annual audit.” Said Mario seriously.

So I stopped to look at him attentively. Then he continued, “What’s more, our annual audit this year is handled by another audit agency. So it requires tons of cautiousness when you work on it.”

Of course, I could tell he was reminding me kindly.

“Dennis should know that I have never been an expert of audit. But why did he still leave that to me?” I was quite confused by Dennis’s reason because it would be a horrible price for the whole group if mistake occurred.

I sat up straight and looked at me, “If you perfectly finish it this time, you will have the reason to justify your right over the shares offered by his grandpa. And then you will be promoted from a director to one of the partners.”

He paused to smooth his suit and added, “But if you mess up, the group will probably collapse. And you might need to face the consequence to be expelled.” I frowned, having no idea how to reply.

I didn’t understand if Dennis did it for me while risking the whole group or he was up for something else.

But I didn’t intend to continue to contemplate. I closed the accounts and opened the box of

soup. Then I looked at him again, “I have taken over the case of HY Technology. Besides, I

wonder why Dennis asked me to keep an eye on JD Technology?”

Mario frowned. He seemed to be thinking. He replied after quite a while, “HY Technology

was acquired by the George Group because of the failure of its capital flow. And it was

Marcus who was in charge of its management in the earlier stage.

Dennis assigned it to you

perhaps because he wanted you to be more familiar with the high-tech industry. After all, the



policy now suggests a trend that the authority would start to favor the development of both Internet company and tech firm. So the George Group will probably highly engage in high-tech industry. So he wants you to get prepare beforehand.” He added after a short pause, “As for JD Technology, perhaps Dennis offered you this mission because he planned for an acquisition of it. So he wanted you to keep an eye on its following development.” I nodded and took a few sips of the soup. It did taste good. Then I looked at him, “Thank you for your care during these days.” He smiled, stood up, and was about to leave. “Are you leaving now?” I asked as I noticed that the night was coming. He nodded and said, “I have a social occasion to attend tonight.” I nodded but feeling a bit upset as I would like to propose for an after-supper tonight. I took some sips of the soup again after he left. Then I continued with the files. Not until I felt a sore butt did I get off work.

I got on my car and was about to turn on the engine. But suddenly I got a call from Diana. It was already 10:00 PM. I picked up the phone and heard her voice, “Hey girl, guess where I am now!” I could tell from his tone so I replied after a few seconds of thought, “Hensley Town!” “Damn! You are so boring!” she complained. I guessed I got her again when hearing that. So I smiled to answer, “Come on, we have been friends for so long. So how is everything going? Have you found a nice storefront?” Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 35 While sitting in the car and talking in the huge garage of the George Group, I could still vaguely hear my own voice echoing, which got me goose bumps.

“Yeah, Hensley Town is indeed a nice place for living in a relaxing way. I feel like falling in love with this place during these days. I love the life here. The weather is good and here is the best place for a peaceful life.”

I switched to the hands-free mode while she was still gabbling on and on. I wanted to leave this gruesome place as soon as possible so I started to engine.

While backing my car, I answered, “You can enjoy a longer stay for a few more days in Hensley Town. Just fit yourself in and see if there is a nice dwelling for me. Dennis assigned another project for me. That’s troublesome. So I might still be occupied recently.”

She huffed in a sulky voice, “Come on, you have decided to leave, right? Why do you still bother yourself with those stuffs? Just make a clear cut and leave! Stop being hesitant.”

Of course I fancied a clean departure as well. However, the situation always appeared to be changeable.

Suddenly, I heard a sound of bang on something while my car was reversing. I was stunned and said to her, “Diana, I seem to hit something on my car. I need to hang up. I will call you later.”

Before Diana could continue, I hung up the phone and got off my car to check. Commonly speaking, perhaps there would be nothing around in the garage except for some homeless cats or dogs. But I still hoped it wouldn’t be a huge impact on my car.

As I checked around, I saw a little cat lying in the blind spot of the back of my car. The cat seemed to be seriously injured. I walked over and bent down to see. However, someone suddenly gaged my mouth from behind. Then I smelt a strong scent of drug.

I fainted in a blink. It happened so instantly that I didn't have time to take action.

When I woke up again, I found myself surrounded by darkness. The room was so quiet that I could hear myself breathing.

After a few minutes of panic, I calmed myself down. Since the kidnapper kept me alive, he

must have a purpose. I assumed that he kidnapped me for money because I was known as

Mrs. George. Or perhaps he wanted to make it a threat against Dennis.

No matter what he was up for, I was sure that I would still be safe by now.

Gradually, I returned to be composed. About half an hour later, I heard sharp sound and a

beam of strong light dazzled me.

Then a voice of a middle-aged man sounded, "She is awake."

The light was so dazzling that it took me quite a while to adapt to it. I looked around and

noticed that I was locked in a huge container. But I couldn't see the face of the man

standing in front of me with his back on the light.

But I could tell from his chubby body, hoarse voice and the scent of cologne to show off

himself that he was in a middle age.

So this man should be a businessman or one of the decent white-collar instead of a simple

rascal.

"She is awake. Go to cover her eyes and take her out!" as the man ordered, a skinny man

walked over. But I still failed to see their faces as they put on something to cover up their

looks.

Dizziness still lingered in my head. Though I could see everything around, I was unable to

even nudge a bit. They covered my eyes and I was dragged to walk distance. Then I was

pushed into a room.

Then they uncovered my eyes. Not until then did I refresh myself a bit. Then I asked in a slightly hoarse voice, "Who are you? Why are you bringing me here?" The skinny man kept silent. Instead, the middle-aged man replied, "Miss Kennedy, don't worry. We just invite you to see a show. After that, you will be returned."

Then they slammed the door shut. I sat on a broken bed with my limbs tied. I struggled for a while but it didn't work. So I finally gave up.

However, I heard a conversation in this dark room.

"Dennis, you said you would divorce her and marry me. Don't keep me waiting, okay?"

It seemed to be the voice of Olivia.

"Olivia, stop!" then there came the voice of Dennis. But he sounded a bit different from

usual. He seemed to be drunk.

I was wondering why I heard their conversation and who was behind it.

"Dennis, are you falling in love with her? That's why you refuse to divorce her, right?" the

conversation seemed to be ambiguous as her voice sounded hurried.

Then I heard the sound of stripping. Dennis said as if he was holding back something,

"Olivia, stop it! I am married!"

"So what? Do you love her? Dennis, you said you loved me, right? We can have a baby when I recover, okay?"

"Olivia..."

I kept my eyes shut only to shy away from the conversation. However, the more reluctant I

appeared, the louder it sounded, and the more painful I felt.

Though I had foreseen such a thing before and I have been aware of their relationship, I still

couldn't help trembling and retching when hearing it with my own ears even if I wasn't

surprised at their intercourse.

I puked out everything stored in my stomach. The vomit lasted so long that I was exhausted

after that. I could do nothing but to slump on the bed.  
My heart felt like being shattered in pain, the crack resulting from which was crawling like millions of ants biting me all over.  
“Miss Kennedy, how do you like the show just now?” the door was opened and then the chubby man entered with a disgusting smile.  
I glared at him though I still failed to see his face clearly. I huffed with disgust, “It’s Olivia who planned for it, right?”  
She was the only suspect I could be sure about!  
“I don’t think the answer is important to you,” he smiled wryly and added, “Miss Kennedy, you should feel something special after hearing such a wonderful thing, right?”  
“What do you want?” I could tell disgusting me was not their only purpose.  
“How brilliant you are!” the man raised his voice and continued, “I heard that you are in charge of the annual audit of the George Group this year, right? What about having a deal with me?”  
I sneered to reply, “Why do you believe that I would agree after you disgusted me with dirty tricks?”  
He thought for a while and answered slowly, “The baby in your belly should be your reason to agree.” I was stunned and sweating out of panic. It went totally beyond my expectation.

He seemed to be pleased to see me being stunned. Then he smiled, “So what’s your answer now? Judging from your expression, I can tell that you seem to have your own plan and you try to keep it a secret from Mr. George. Since then, how about cooperating with me?”  
“What do you want?”  
The audit of the George Group was indeed considerably profitable for whoever got the

project. It was common to see a heated competition but it should never be done in such a nasty way.

“I want the audit project to be an open bid for all.” Said the man.

I was stunned and frowned, “That’s it?”

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie

Johnson Chapter 36

“Yes, as long as you agree to this, I can assure Miss Kennedy that the child in your belly and

you will be safe and sound.” He said with certainty.

I couldn’t help but frown, “Why should I trust you?”

“Miss Kennedy, I’m the only one you can trust now!” That sounded extraordinarily

unpleasantly.

But at this point, I can only get out first to save myself, so I squinted at him and nodded,

“Deal!”

He guffawed, “Then it’s a deal!”

He then signaled the thin man re-blinded me, I frowned, “Is this necessary?”

I heard his laugh in my ears, “Miss Kennedy, relax. We will send you back by the exactly

same way you were brought here!”

I was then taken to a car, and on the way I had extremely sensitive ears, but in no time I went straight into a coma.

When I woke up again, I was still in the parking lot and in my own car, surrounded by

everything that had not changed, and everything that had just happened seemed like a

dream.

I took out my phone to check the time, and it was already twelve o’clock.

So in the last two

hours, my life was on the line?

I still had some fear in my heart, so I didn’t stay long in the parking lot and started the car

directly back to the villa.

My mind was piled up with things.

When I returned to the villa and entered the hall, I saw the men checking files in the hall, and the sounds of those men and women could not help but come to my mind.

I ran directly into the bathroom without changing shoes, lying on the sink and beginning to throw up, but I vomited enough just now and there's nothing left to vomit at this time.

"What did you have?" The man's low, a cold voice came to my ears. I was trembling, and I felt that my stomach turned upside down. He walked up and patted my back to smooth my breath, yet these voices in my head grew more and more repulsive as I jerked my head up and pushed him away.

I ignored his cold, icy face and ran straight up to the second floor. I unlocked the bedroom door, and when I smelled the disgusting smell in the bedroom, I opened the window all away again and changed all the covers and sheets on the bed.

At this moment, there was a sharp knock at the door, "Clara, open the door!" The man's voice was cold and chilling.

I have all those voices in my head and it's killing me, so I repelled all the sounds outside the door.

I desperately tried to get rid of all the scent belonging to him in the bedroom, and after cleaning it all up, I felt disgusted by the smell of my own body again. I undressed and went into the bathroom, turned the shower on as high as it would go, wanting to clean everywhere he had touched.

"Bang!" The loud sound rang out outside, and I crouched in the bathroom and locked the bathroom door. But I knew if Dennis wanted to come in, there must be a million ways.

Sure enough, it wasn't long before he slammed the outside door open, his voice gruff and

cold, "Clara, what the fuck are you doing?"

He stood in the bathroom doorway, and his voice was low, but with anger.

I pressed against the door, not even wanting to hear anything from him again, "Dennis, I

don't want to see you, please, please stay away from me!"

It's disgusting, really disgusting. If I didn't hear those voices, I could still lie to myself, but at

this point I can't. No matter how many times I convince myself not to think about the

images of him having sex with Olivia, still, my mind was repeating those things over and

over again.

"Clara, open the door. Just tell me what's going on!" His voice was cold, so cold that could

freeze water.

I shook my head, my heart and stomach felt disgusted, "We have nothing to talk about,

please leave me alone!"

"Clara!" I could hear that he was gritting his teeth, "Don't challenge me! Okay?"

I was almost breaking down and yelling at the door, "I said stay away from me, far away,

can't you get it?"

"Bang!" The bathroom door was smashed and rattled, and I was so shocked that I took a

few steps backwards.

With just three impacts, the bathroom door was smashed open, he came in with imperious

and cruel expression, scowling at me, who was shrinking next to the bathtub, with a pair of

black eyes.

"Clara, you..." When he saw me staring at him with disgust, his anger dissipated a few

points.

After a long time, he walked beside me, his slender tall figure squatted down, and his

slender fingers slowly reached out to me.



I was afraid that he would touch me, and my heart was rejecting his approach, so I instinctively spoke, "Don't touch me!" His outstretched hand stiffened in the air, and the coldness of his brow invaded the air around him, "Tell me, what's happening?" "Dennis, let's divorce! Can you do that? Let's divorce, I don't want anything, as long as you agree to the divorce!" I sobbed. Dennis's gloomy face was even gloomier. He looked at me, his cold gaze fixed on my face, "Clara, do you know what you're talking about?" "Yes!" Of course! I put up with him for two years, two years of aggression, but it was not love, and warmth was not love, not matter how much it was! Swiftly, my hand was yanked by him, then my whole body was dragged out of the bathroom by him and settled on the bed. He put the towel around my body, then half squatted in front of me. His hands held me in a death grip, tilting his head to look at me, his voice low and suppressed, "Tell me, what the hell is going on?!" He looked calm. No matter how mad I became, he always had a way of calming himself down. I shook my head, my eyes red, and my voice hoarse, "Dennis, do you love me?" I didn't know why I was asking this question, but I asked. His body stiffened for a moment, his eyebrows knitted slightly, and his deep gaze fixed on me, "Clara, love isn't just talking!" But you said it to Olivia. My heart hurt and I almost yelled the words out.

"Then what was it?!" I couldn't control my tears and choked, "Dennis, I know that you don't love me, do you?" "Clara!" He restrained his voice, "Tell me what is happening! Why do you want a divorce all of a sudden?"

“I don’t love you, not in the slightest!” My eyes were red, and the pain in my heart spread throughout my body, “I don’t love you as much as I thought I did. I’m young and still get the chance to find my true love, so let’s divorce and set each other free, okay?”

From the moment I met Dennis, I never thought that one day, I would take it upon myself to beg to leave him.

I thought that as long as I worked hard enough to give him my heart, love and body, one day he would turn around and pull me in and tell me that we were living a good life.

But there were too many uncertainties in life. I forgot that there were many things in this world that you can get by your own efforts, but love was not one of them.

Mutual love was God’s blessing, most of the time, people just can’t get what they wanted!

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie  
Johnson Chapter 37

It was like a fine layer of frost condensed in the air in the bedroom, cold to the bone, and I

kept my head down, not looking at him.

After a while, he took a shallow breath, and then said in a cold voice, “Get some rest, and when you calm down, we’ll talk!”

Without any other superfluous conversation, he finished, getting up and leaving the bedroom.

Dennis left the villa that night, and I stayed up all night.

Even so, when the sun rose again, we still had to open our eyes and go on with our lives.

I didn’t sleep well all night, so when I came to the company with a tired body, Jackie was

worried about me, “Clara, did you stay up late last night reading files? A company’s audit is

actually not that difficult, you do not have to have too much pressure. You are just getting a little bit better, take care!”

I nodded, my head a little buzzed, and after checking the George’s finance, I checked the Thomson Group’s finance as well.

While I kept yawning, Jackie got me a cup of coffee and said, “Oh, Clara, is the company’s audit specifically assigned to AC or Jo Turner Credit?”

It gave me a headache to think about this problem. Yesterday the middle-aged man asked me to hold a tender and did not mention any specific requirements. The situation was not yet clear, so I said after a second thought, “How long does the audit take?”

“In previous years, it was about half a month, but this year it may take at least a month!”

Jackie said, placing the audit information of the previous years on my desk.

It gave me a headache by just looking at it, then I asked, “How much time is left in the year?”

The company needed to be disclosed to the economic network after the annual audit. The George’s was a listed company, so there were many shareholders and investors waiting to see the audit result.

“Not much, just a month and a half to go. And The George’s have branches in other provinces, you do not have to visit each branch, but still need to go to a few, or there is no way to know the specifics!”

I nodded and put the papers away. I looked at the time, and it was already noon, so I glanced at Jackie and said, “I need to meet with the president of Jo Turner Credit and get me an appointment, preferably as soon as possible!”

“Okay!” Jackie then added, “Do you still want to meet AC’s president?”

I originally did not intend to meet this person, but thinking about what happened last night, I could not help but speculate that it could be AC who was trying to steal this business from me, so...

After thinking about it, I said, "Yes, did they come by again today?" "Still downstairs in the hospitality room." Jackie then added, "It's AC's president, Michael !"

The president came over himself? It seemed that the George's audit can indeed earn a lot of money.

"Make a reservation for me at a nearby restaurant," I got up, carrying my purse, and said,

"Please be quick, I'll go meet this Mrs. Knight."

"Okay!" Jackie said yes and hurriedly left.

I went out of the office and went directly to the waiting room of the George's building. The

George's office building was very large, with sufficient funds, a luxurious leisure reception

living room was set up in the lobby on the first floor to welcome VIPs.

I came into the living room and saw the middle-aged man sitting in front of the ink-colored

Chinese sofa. At noontime, everyone was busy eating, so there were not many people there.

Michael's face looked clean and handsome, so he was not at all greasy as a middle-aged man.

When he saw me, he got up, smiled and came to me, then reached out to shake my hand

and said, "Miss Kennedy, I'm Michael, founder of AC, nice to meet you!"

I smiled and said, "My apologies, Mrs. Knight. I've been a little busy lately and really don't

have time, I'm so sorry for keeping you waiting!" I checked the time and said to him, "It's just

about lunchtime, shall we have lunch together?"

He smiled lightly and nodded his head, "My pleasure!"

After a few words, they both did not mention business. When they came to the restaurant

Jackie had booked in advance, Michael still did not take the initiative to mention the audit

things.

He just told me something interesting in life, looking a bit like two friends chatting together.

He did not mention business, and naturally neither did I. I just listened to him quietly.

After a long time, he observed me and said, "I heard that Miss Kennedy is in charge of the

George's audit this year?"

I nodded, "The company is going public, there are too many things, and Mr. George and Mr.

Thomson basically don't have the time, so I'll take over this project temporarily."

He smiled, "AC has done all of the George's audits in previous years, and this year..."

He didn't finish, but I knew what he was going to say. I responded with a smile, "The

George's and AC have been cooperating for many years, and it is reasonable that AC should

take over the audit. But the contract between AC and the George's has expired, and

according to the previous practice, we the George's will hold bidding, of course, I very much

hope that in this bidding AC and the George's can cooperate again."

This was the end of the conversation. Michael smiled lightly after listening, good manner

kept him elegant, "Well, AC is looking forward to this cooperation too."

After lunch, I sent Michael away. Jackie followed me and said, "Miss Kennedy, isn't Mr.

George going to give the company's audit to Jo Turner Credit this year?

Why should we hold a bid?"

"If they don't bid, the George's will not only offend AC, but also other audit firms. AC is an old

brand and has been cooperating with the George's all these years. If the cooperation

suddenly terminated, what makes you think that they won't use the George's audits of

previous years to cause trouble?"

In addition, there was another reason. I wondered if Michael had something to do with what happened last night. But from the reaction he had after knowing there would be bids, what happened last night probably had nothing to do with him. But she can't be completely sure, so she could only observe for some time. Jackie nodded and frowned slightly, "Then why did you..."

"Why didn't I say so in advance?" I interrupted her and gave her a look, "I'm not the only person Dennis hired, and this is a large company. If he has to make everything clear to everyone, then why does he have to hire so many people?! He might as well do it himself."

"But you're his wife!"

I gave her a self-mockery smile, "Although I am his wife, he is not satisfied with me as his wife. Even if he is satisfied, he is the president of the George's, I am the director, so he is my boss in the company. If I am stupid enough to ask him to specify everything, he might as well let me go home and just be Mrs. George!"

The most intelligent brains were no better than hard work and accumulate experience.

Back to the office, Jackie asked the president of Jo Turner Credit to have dinner. I didn't tell anyone about what happened last night and kept it in my heart alone. The good thing was that the company was big, so I did not have to meet with Dennis if there's no special things. I did not think about how he will handle things between us next, the only thing I can do, was to do my job well.

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie

Johnson Chapter 38

After a busy day and it was time off work finally, Jackie carried her bag into the office. She

stared at me and said, "Miss Kennedy, do you need me to follow you to dinner with Luis of

Jo Turner Credit in the evening?"

I was lost in thought for a moment before I remembered this. Looking at her anxious

expression, I shook my head and said, "No, just give me the address, I will go there myself!"

She smiled, "Thank you, Miss Kennedy, I'm sending you the address."

I nodded my head and squinted at her with my chin in my hand, "Are you seeing someone special?"

Jackie was a grown-up and worked for me for two years, and she hadn't been in a

relationship all this time and recently started dating?

"No, I had an appointment with an old classmate in the evening and had some time

together, so..." She said, but her face was already getting red.

I nodded and said nothing more, just gestured for her to go ahead!

Affection just can't be concealed, even you didn't say it, people can tell from your eyes.

After sorting out my desk, I drove straight to the place Jackie told me. I originally thought

that the boss of Jo Turner Credit would be a middle-aged man.

When I saw him in person, I froze for a moment, not expecting Luis to be a young child in his early twenties.

"Miss Kennedy?" As soon as he saw me, he stood up from his seat, looked at me and raised his eyebrows.

I gave him a polite smile, "Mr. Collins?"

"Just call me Luis." Luis was a tall and handsome boy, and had two dimples on the cheeks

when he smiling, which made him look cuter, but he got a pair of sapiential eyes.

He looked he really got something on him.

I walked to the table and sat down, while Luis looked at me with a cute smile on his face,

"Clara, what would you like? I'll help you call the waiter!"

He directly called my name.

"I'm not picky!" I responded, put the bag in my hand aside and looked up at him as he ordered.

After he ordered a few dishes, he casually gazed at me with his chin in his hand, "Clara, you look a lot better than I thought you would!"

I raised my eyebrows, "Is Jo Turner Credit your company?"

I thought he probably was about twenty-three years old, although Jo Turner Credit was not considered large, it must not be bad for it can be selected by Dennis. I was surprised such a child can run a company all by himself.

He slumped on the table, feeling a bit bored, "Yeah, when I was bored in college I started Jo

Turner Credit and find it was fun." He then squinted at me with a tilted head and said, "Let's talk about something else, shall we?"

I nodded, "What do you want to talk about?"

He was suddenly intrigued, sat up straight and gazed at me, "Are you going to get a divorce with old Mr. George?"

I was stunned, "Old Mr. George?"

He then continued, "Dennis George is more than thirty years old, isn't he an old man? You are only twenty-six, do you really intend to live with that old man for the rest of your life?"

I was stunned by his words for a while and did not know what to say, "You're interested in my personal life?"

"Of course!" He nodded and responded with a serious look, "No one has ever said that you are stunning? Especially your temperament."

This child's thought was quite special. I grinned and answered awkwardly, "Thank you!"

"What do you think of me? Is it your type?" Would this child know when to stop?



Taking a sip of water, I looked over at him and changed the subject, "Do you think you can successfully complete the annual audit of the George's if I give it to you?"

Seeing that I changed the subject, he pouted, and began to lie on the table again, "I have to do it before I know the answer, so I can't tell you now!"

I twisted my eyebrows, slightly less interested in talking, "The George's has just gone public, with huge funds to sort out. You should know audit better than me. A small error will cause huge losses to the company, and I am responsible for this year, I naturally have to be more careful with it!"

He slightly narrowed his eyes, a pair of black eyes faintly revealed a few crafty bright, "Do you think I'm not capable of doing a good job in auditing the George's?" I raised an eyebrow and did not answer his question head-on, but said with a light smile, "You are so young to establish Jo Turner Credit, I naturally believe in your ability, but after all, we have not worked together before and do not understand each other, so next, the George's will hold a bidding session and we'll see by then. If your company wins the bid, then I hope to work well with Mr. Collins."

"Whatever!" He held his chin and squinted at me, "You don't seem to think much of me!"

I was getting a bit uncomfortable with his attitude and slightly frowned, "You're funny!"

"You think I'm too young?" He pushed the dish the waiter had just brought to the table in front of me and looked at me and said, "Don't you think young people are more energetic?"

I can't continue this conversation, got up and said, "I will inform you of the specific time as soon as possible, if there is nothing else, I will have to leave now!"

My wrist was tugged by him with some force, "So rush?" He stretched his tone and gazed out of the restaurant. I couldn't help but follow his gaze, right into Dennis's. Then Olivia beside Dennis. I retracted my gaze, tried to retrieve my hand. But he held me tightly and wouldn't let go. I twisted my eyebrows and said with some displeasure, "Let go of me!" "How about watching a show before leaving?" When he said this, he pulled me back to the seat, and then pressed my shoulders. Then he watched Dennis and Olivia walk in with a smile on his face and said, "Mr. George, what a coincidence! Please join us!" I got a bit irritating and said coldly, "What do you want?" "A show!" He said and sat down next to me. Dennis sunken his face and walked over with Olivia and sat down opposite us.

Olivia naturally saw me. With the last incident, at this time she did not continue to pretend, just coldly glowered at me, very unfriendly. It's good that Olivia didn't pretend anymore. I did not bother to look at them, simply took out my phone.

Luis's passionate voice came to my ears, "Mr. George, Miss Olivia, what can I get you two?"

I was amused by Luis. Didn't he just call Dennis old Mr. George? Dennis indifferently glanced at Luis, then turned to gaze at Olivia and said, "What would you like to eat?"

Look, he just can't ignore Olivia, because it's a habit imprinted in the bones.

Olivia responded with a "whatever" and then back to silence. Yet I was a little annoyed when

Luis kept talking to me, and if he hadn't blocked my way out, I would have just walked away.

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie  
Johnson Chapter 39

“Clara, what are you doing later? Can I ask you for a movie with me?” I thought Luis was stirring things up by saying this. When did we get to know each other so well? “I’m busy!” I responded and stopped talking as well. I was vaguely aware that Dennis was staring at me, which I automatically ignored. Seeing that I was not in a high mood, Luis turned to say to Dennis, “Mr. George, I heard that you and Clara have a very good relationship as a couple, last time my mother wanted to ask you two to have a meal in L Community!” Dennis said faintly, still looking indifferently, “Thanks for Mrs. Knight’s kindness.”

“Is it the fashion magnate that you mentioned to me last time?” Olivia seemed to be intrigued. Luis immediately continued, “Does Miss Pearson know my mother too?” Olivia’s eyes were lit up for a while, “So she’s your mother. She is the queen of fashion across Western Europe, Northern Europe and the continent, and I heard that Mrs. Knight manages two listed companies at the same time. Now she has jumped to the third place in the global rich list and is the richest woman in the world!” Luis’s mother is Luna Knight? I’ve read about her in financial reports before, she was a typical strong woman in this era, I didn’t expect her to be Luis’s mother. Luis and Olivia found common topics and had a great conversation. I was already bored, and now even more, I can’t wait to leave. Finally, when the waiter finished serving the food, the two ended the conversation. “Clara, try this one. It’s especially nutritious and tasty!” I didn’t know what’s wrong with Luis, but he suddenly picked some food for me. For the sake of good manners, I didn’t refuse him but just slightly frowned, “I can do it

myself!”

He ignored my words, but glanced at Dennis and Olivia and said enviously, “Mr. George, you’re so sweet to Olivia, you really care about her!”

Olivia put on a sweet smile and looked in a good mood. Dennis frowned slightly, and gazed at me with his black eyes.

I didn’t know what expression I should have, and I bowed my head slightly, oblivious to everything.

As long as I didn’t care about it, my heart would not hurt!

I took a small bite of the food Luis gave me, but before I had time to chew it, my stomach rolled violently. I covered my mouth, signaling Luis to let me out.

He froze for a moment and reacted that I wanted to throw up, so he got up and got out of the way. He said worriedly, “How can you eat fish and throw up? Are you pregnant?”

He startled me with this statement.

But I did not have time to think about it, I could only run into the bathroom and vomit. As I finally felt better, I turned around and saw Dennis standing behind me coldly.

“Clara, let me get you to the hospital!” He requested indifferently, with no emotions, but absolutely not friendly.

“No!” I bypassed him and went out of the bathroom.

All of a sudden, my hand was grabbed by him. I got a little emotional and looked back at him

coldly and said, “Dennis, I told you, stay away from me!”

I paused and continued, “Also, if there’s nothing wrong with your memory, I think I told you

last night that I hope we get a divorce soon, and I don’t know how you’re thinking about it!”

The color of his eyes gradually deepened, “Clara, do you know what you are doing?”

I sneered, “Of course!” I scowled at him, “You take care of Olivia meticulously while tangling

with me, and do you particularly enjoy the feeling of being tangled in two women?"

His face was getting gloomier and gloomier. I knew he's angry, but I was telling the truth,

nothing but the truth. In the end, we both had to face it, didn't we?

"What do you want from me?" After a while, he suddenly opened his mouth, and sounded

helpless.

I was stunned for a while and stated, "Divorce me, and let's go our separate ways and live

each other's lives!"

"No way!" He refused coldly.

I sneered and glowered at him, "Or you can stay away from Olivia and give her enough

money to get her out of your life completely!"

"Clara, who do you think you are to come here and decide my life?"

Olivia came out of

nowhere and roared towards me.

I shook off Dennis's hand and looked at her. Her face got red because of anger. I said, "For

what? For Dennis is not willing to divorce me, for I am still his rightful wife, and for he can't

let go of me!"

"You..." Olivia's face turned redder with anger and she tried to argue with me, but I wasn't

interested in getting too involved with her.

I went straight back to my seat, grabbed my bag and left.

Luis followed unhurriedly from behind me.

I stopped and looked back at him, "Something wrong?"

"I didn't drive here today, so can you give me a ride?" He asked casually.

I squinted at him and said bluntly, "Not in the same direction!"

I then got straight into the car and started it.

"Hey, I didn't tell you my address, how did you..." His noisy voice faded away.

Over the next few days, I had some severe reactions to morning sickness.

In order to avoid

Dennis, I went to YT Apartment. When Diana intended to settle in Newton Town, she and I

bought two suites together in YT Apartment, one for each of us, so that we can take care of each other.

Later, after Dennis and I got married, I had been living in the villa, so I did not come here much. The good thing was that Diana had been taken care of this place, and it was very comfortable to live in.

Watching me vomit a lot, Diana poured me a cup of hot water. She gazed at me suspiciously and said seriously, "Clara, you didn't abort the baby, did you?" I did not want to hide it from her from the beginning, so I took a sip of hot water and nodded, "Yes!"

She paused for a few seconds, then looked at me and said, "What are you going to do?"

"I'm gonna divorce Dennis, and then go back to Hensley Town to raise my child!" I had it all planned out.

She rolled her eyes at me, "I mean this period of time. You vomit too frequently, even I can find out you're pregnant. You work with Dennis, you think he's an idiot and can't find out?"

I knew what she meant but I really can't leave now. I can't just throw away everything and just leave!

If I didn't take care of these things carefully, Dennis would definitely be suspicious.

After thinking about it, I gave Mario a call. Within seconds, the call was answered.

With the experience of the last time, this time I waited until Mario said hello, "Dr. Bennett, do you have any prescription to suppress or reduce pregnancy sickness?" Diana bent down, leaned over my ear and whispered, "Who is this Dr. Bennett? Why would he help you?"

I didn't answer her, but quietly listened to Mario's words on the other end of the phone, "Yes,

but I don't recommend it. I will ask Chef Owen for advice tomorrow to see what kind of foods can reduce pregnancy sickness without affecting the fetus."

"Well, thank you, Dr. Bennett!"

"Anytime!"

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie

Johnson Chapter 40

After the phone hung up, Diana looked at me excitedly, "Something's up between you and this Dr. Bennett?"

I pushed her curious head away and got up to go back to the bedroom, "Sleep well, and don't

be nosy!"

"Hey, Clara..."

The room door isolated her voice. I went back to the bedroom and began to continue to work on the case of the George's audit, which will be tendered tomorrow.

I originally thought that the middle-aged man that night would appear again, but a few days passed and there was nothing special at all.

I was a little confused about what exactly was going on.

The next day.

The day in Newton Town was getting hotter and hotter, and the sun was a little hot even at

eight o'clock. Diana was a nightbird, so she never got up early.

And I've been so busy the past two days that I've had to get up early every day.

In the morning I hurried to the office. Jackie handed me the prepared papers and said, "Let's go straight to the bidding site!"

I nodded and carried the papers and computer out of the office with Jackie.

At the entrance of the elevator, we met Dennis and Mario. Mario handed me the lunch box

he was carrying after he saw me, "This is the soup Chef Owen prepared for you, it's good for

your body's recovery. I heard Dennis say that you have been throwing up a lot recently, it should be a false pregnancy sickness after abortion, you'll get better after some time."

I was worried that Dennis would suspect anything. But when he said that, I was relieved,

"Thank you!"

Dennis's face was gloomy, and I can't tell his emotions. I had never been able to figure out

his temper, and I can't figure out what kind of feelings he had for me.

Elevator doors opened, the four of us together into the elevator. The atmosphere was a little

cold, but no one wanted to talk, until out of the elevator.

Jackie gazed at me and said, "Miss Kennedy, you and Mr. George?"

"It's getting late, let's hurry to the bidding site!" I didn't want to say much. Dennis and I hadn't

seen or spoken to each other since the last time in the restaurant.

When I came to the bidding site, I met Luis again, which gave me a headache. He came up

to me as soon as he saw me, young and energetic. He then greeted excitedly, "You're here!"

I did not like his enthusiasm, so I nodded slightly and then directly into the bidding site.

More people came here today, basically wanted to fight for the George's audit.

Halfway through the bidding, I got a slight headache, and I didn't know why. Jackie saw that

I was not right, so she helped me to the rest room and poured me a glass of water, "Miss

Kennedy, there are several other companies involved in the bidding behind, why don't you go

to the hospital first?

I shook my head. I had watched most of the companies on the bidding, so I sipped and

watched her, "You go check the following companies, save some if it's appropriate, reject all

of them if not!"



I almost understood the specific situation, so I sat in the rest room for a while, and Jackie went over to continue to listen. It's not easy to be a mother. I thought I was invulnerable, but such small mistakes still occurred on such occasions. "What's on your mind?" A teasing voice rang out. I took a sideways glance and it was Luis. I rubbed my brow and said, "Aren't you going to bid? What are you doing here!?" "Check on you!" After that, he went behind me and rubbed my temples for me. His hands were strong and he used moderate force, and I originally tried to dodge it but was held down by him. He persuaded coldly, "Don't be too stubborn!"

I did not have much energy and simply gave in. Unexpectedly, it didn't take long for my headache to subside a bit. He then let go and looked at me and said, "How about now?" I nodded, "Much better, thank you!" He found a seat and sat down, his face no longer frivolous, but more serious, "What kind of existence is Dennis to you?" This topic was too boring. I frowned, "Shouldn't Mr. Collins be concerned about the bid results right now?" He smiled lightly, "I care more about you!" I ignored his words. Jackie came in at this time and I thought the bidders probably were done speaking. Jackie gathered all the bidders' profiles together to make a comparison. I picked out a few suitable candidates and looked at her and said, "Go make a statement, and compare the companies which had done the audit and contact with the company, and then filter them and give me the result!"

Jackie took the files and nodded. She glanced at Luis and hesitated for a moment and said

to me, "Miss Kennedy, should I send you back now, or?"

"You go ahead! I'll send her back later!" Luis answered before me.

Jackie still looked at me and waited for my answer. I said, "Go!"

After Jackie left, I gazed at Luis and said, "If you don't want to make it straight, then I don't

mind stalling time!"

There's no way he just showed up for no reason. If he did not indicate his intention, then I

did not have time for this.

Since I said so bluntly, he raised his eyebrows and pouted, "It's not a good thing for a girl to

be too smart!"

I didn't bother with him, grabbed my bag and got ready to go.

But I got stopped by him, "The George's audit equals to the George's future in some ways.

Have you ever thought carefully why Dennis chose me over AC, who has been working with

him for years?"

I sat back in my seat and didn't say anything, just continued to wait for him to go on.

He found a seat next to me and said, "The George's has been listed for one year, and

seemingly, the George's is growing as fast as it can, without any problems. But think

carefully, why did the project that you and Stefan were in charge of, which was only

postponed for a few days, cause huge economic losses to the George's?

Do you really think

it's the loss caused by the delay in funding because the George's is developing too fast?"

I frowned, didn't open my mouth, and waited for him to go on.

"The great George's will cause losses because of a delay in the final payment of an

engineering project, which means that its internal reserve funds are likely to have been

deficient. Dennis chooses not to continue to work with AC because once AC's audit statement shows the George's deficit, then it will lead to a big drop in the George's stock and panic among stockholders."

I only frowned slightly at what he said. Then I squinted at him and said, "But Dennis did not directly designate you to do the George's audit. Besides, as the director of the company, would I not know its situation better than you?"

"Alright!" He sneered, "Clara, it's not good to be too arbitrary!"

I got up and didn't want to talk anymore, so I said, "Since I said I would hold a bidding for the George's audit, then your ability means everything. As for other things, I think I know it better than you. Mr. Collins better go home and wait for the news!"

When I finished, I went out of the rest room and went straight to my car. After starting the car, I recalled his words. His words were not completely without merit, but they can't be believed in full. It's not that the George's had not experienced losses due to delayed final payments over the years, so it's a normal situation.

But it did not exclude the possibility that the George's funds had problems!

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie  
Johnson Chapter 40

After the phone hung up, Diana looked at me excitedly, "Something's up between you and this Dr. Bennett?"

I pushed her curious head away and got up to go back to the bedroom, "Sleep well, and don't be nosy!"

"Hey, Clara..."

The room door isolated her voice. I went back to the bedroom and began to continue to work on the case of the George's audit, which will be tendered tomorrow.

I originally thought that the middle-aged man that night would appear again, but a few days passed and there was nothing special at all.

I was a little confused about what exactly was going on.

The next day.

The day in Newton Town was getting hotter and hotter, and the sun was a little hot even at

eight o'clock. Diana was a nightbird, so she never got up early.

And I've been so busy the past two days that I've had to get up early every day.

In the morning I hurried to the office. Jackie handed me the prepared papers and said, "Let's go straight to the bidding site!"

I nodded and carried the papers and computer out of the office with Jackie.

At the entrance of the elevator, we met Dennis and Mario. Mario handed me the lunch box

he was carrying after he saw me, "This is the soup Chef Owen prepared for you, it's good for

your body's recovery. I heard Dennis say that you have been throwing up a lot recently, it should be a false pregnancy sickness after abortion, you'll get better after some time."

I was worried that Dennis would suspect anything. But when he said that, I was relieved,

"Thank you!"

Dennis's face was gloomy, and I can't tell his emotions. I had never been able to figure out

his temper, and I can't figure out what kind of feelings he had for me.

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