

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 4

The corridor was not a wide one, so we bumped into each other. Surprised, he pulled his collar up and explained, "Miss Kennedy, I'm here to treat Olivia."

Mario was Dennis' best friend. It was said that if a woman wanted to know whether a man took her seriously, all she needed to do was see how his friends treated her. Sometimes, a woman didn't even need to check his friends' attitude towards her. She just needed to know how they called her. I, Clara Kennedy, seemed to always have only one title, "Miss Kennedy". It sounded so polite but distant!

It was these details that cast me into an unfathomable abyss of depression. I gave a wry smile, stepped aside and replied, "Well, go ahead."

Sometimes I just envied Olivia. It took her a few tears to get attention and love, but it took me a lot of hard work and I still got nothing.

I came back to the bedroom, got some fresh clothes and went to the living room. At this time, Mario had already taken Olivia's temperature and given her some aspirin. He walked downstairs and gave a dry smile at the sight of me in the living room. "It's late now. Time to go to bed, Miss Kennedy."

"I will in a while." I passed the clothes in my hands to him. "You're wet, and it's still raining outside. Get changed before you leave, in case you catch a cold."

Mario might be surprised that I would offer him some fresh clothes. He paused for a moment and forced a smile. "Don't bother. I'm strong and I'll be alright."

I stuffed the clothes into his arms and explained, "Dennis has never worn these, and they still have those tags on. You two are about the same size, so they'll fit well." Having said that, I went upstairs and returned to the bedroom.

I didn't do this to show kindness. In fact, back when my grandmother was ill, Mario operated on her. If it weren't for the Dennis family, Mario, as an internationally famous surgeon, wouldn't have performed an operation on my grandmother in person. Therefore, I did this in return for his help.

The morning after a stormy night was bright and sunny, while the air was filled with the fragrance of the earth. I was a morning person. When I went downstairs after washing up, I saw both Dennis and Olivia in the kitchen.

Wearing a black apron, Dennis was standing at the stove, frying eggs. He looked no longer sharp or stern, but like a dear husband.

Olivia's dark and sparkling eyes were wandering over his body. It might be because her fever was just gone, and now she still had those rosy cheeks, looking cute and charming.

"Dennis, I want my eggs well done." Olivia stuffed a strawberry into Dennis' mouth as she spoke and went on, "But not too well done, or it'll taste a little bitter."

Chewing the strawberry, Dennis threw a loving glance at her but remained silent.

These two beautiful people were indeed a perfect match. Their interactions were so sweet and romantic, and anyone would find this scene fascinating to watch.

"They are made for each other, aren't they?" A male voice came from behind me. I looked back in surprise and saw it was Mario. Now I realized that Dennis wouldn't have let him go since it was raining so heavily last night and more importantly, Olivia was running a fever.

"Good morning!" I greeted him with a smile and my gaze fell upon his clothes, which were the ones I had given him last night.

Mario noticed it and raised his eyebrows, grinning, "They do fit well. Thank you."

I shook my head. "You're welcome." I bought the clothes for Dennis, but he never touched them.

Probably having heard our voices, Olivia called out to us, "Clara, Mario, you're awake! Dennis made scrambled egg. Come and eat with us!" She sounded like the hostess of the household.

I gave a faint smile. "Don't bother. Have some bread and milk in the fridge I bought yesterday. I hope you'll get well soon." After all, I had lived in this house for two years. Besides, Dennis and I shared the ownership of it.

I might be weak, but I would never allow anyone else to take over my house.