

# Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 5

Olivia was astonished to hear me say that, her eyes darkening all of a sudden. She looked back at Dennis and whispered, pulling at his clothes, "Dennis, I put myself first last night and disturbed your night. Could you ask her to stay and have breakfast with us? Consider that my apology, will you?"

I was speechless. This, again, was the proof that some people could get the things effortlessly others vying for by playing weak.

Dennis, at first, couldn't care less about my appearance. Now that Olivia asked, he glanced back at me and ordered in a cold voice, "Join us!"

Did it hurt? I was just used to it and nodded with a smile. "Thank you!"

I could never say no to Dennis, because I had fallen in love with him when I first met him, and I couldn't change that this life.

It was a great privilege, as well as the first time, for me to have the food cooked by Dennis. The food, scrambled egg and oatmeal, was ordinary but special at the same time. To my point of view, Dennis was some man blessed by God, and he was born to rule the world.

"Clara, have a taste of Dennis' scrambled egg. It smells so good. When we're together, he always cooks it for me." Olivia put some egg on my plate as she spoke before she put some on Dennis' plate and said with a grin, "Dennis, you promised me you would watch the flowers with me in NJ Avenue. Don't go back on your word."

"I won't!" Dennis agreed as he ate breakfast elegantly. He was a man of few words, but he never said no to Olivia.

Mario seemed to have got used to everything. He chewed gracefully while watching us like an outsider.

Looking down, I couldn't help but frown. It was Freddy's funeral today. If Dennis went away with Olivia, the people of the George Residence would...

I lost all my appetite and hardly ate any. Seeing that Dennis had finished eating and went upstairs to get changed, I put down the spoon and followed him.

In the bedroom, Dennis knew I was behind him and asked with an air of nonchalance, "What is it?"

He took off the shirt with icy calm as he spoke, revealing his muscular upper body, while I turned around instinctively and reminded him, "It's Freddy's funeral today."

I could hear he was unzipping his pants, and then came his cold voice, "You can handle it on your own."

I knit my brows. "Freddy is your grandfather." Dennis was the eldest of his generation. If he didn't attend his grandfather's funeral, what would the rest of the Georges think?

"I asked Toby to deal with everything about the funeral. As for the details, you can figure them out with him," Dennis said emotionlessly as if he was briefing me on some insignificant work.

As he walked towards the study, I raised my voice and asked sadly, "Dennis George, apart from Olivia, is everyone else inessential to you? Don't you care about your family?"

He paused and looked back at me, his dark eyes narrowing with an air of indifference. "It's not up to you to step in the Georges' affairs."

After a few seconds, his thin lips curled into a smirk and he scoffed, "You don't deserve it!"

These words sent chills down my spine, as if he was throwing a wet blanket on me. I heard him walking away and let out a wry smile.

I didn't deserve it! Wow.

It took me two years but I still failed to soften his stony heart.

"I thought you were simply brazen, but it turns out you're nosy too," a female voice taunted. I looked back and saw Olivia, somehow, leaning against the door with her arms crossed. Innocence could no longer be seen on her face, but a sinister smile.