

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie

Johnson Chapter 61 - 70

I had no idea what was going on. So I went to work as usual. When I arrived, there were only

a few staffs in the company as I got up much earlier this morning.

However, those

managers in charge of the financial department who always greeted me with a warm

morning smile before actually started to gossip about me behind my back.

I frowned, confused. When I entered my office, Jackie hadn't arrived yet.

I flipped to scan all documents on my desk and signed those needed.

About an hour later,

Jackie entered. She paused a bit when seeing me. Then she greeted with a smile.

However, she looked a bit weird. After sorting out all the signed documents, she was about

to leave.

While noticing that she seemed to feel like telling me something, I said,

"Your expression

tells me something strange happened. What is it?"

She paused with surprise and answered awkwardly, "Miss Kennedy, are you really dating

with Mr. Collins?"

I was rendered so confused that I asked again, "Who?"

"Luis Collins!" she still looked curious while looking at me. Then she

continued, "The gossip

news about you and him has been spread for a few days. What's worse, someone released

the photos that you and Mr. Collins spent a whole night together in a hotel of City A. But

Miss Kennedy, you haven't divorced Mr. George though you have just had a miscarriage,

right? So why do you..."

I was so confused and asked, "What?"

Hearing that, she showed me her phone and then clicked on the local news column.

I started to read carefully. On the screen there shown a headline, the content of which started from my meal with Luis in the downtown area while he was driving his fancy Maybach. And then the gossip was followed by all kinds of posts of rumors. It had gone so worse that I was described as a slut. Those posts really struck my head. No wonder those financial managers stared at me with such a weird look. So that was why Dennis changed the lock of the villa and put me on the blacklist? My head ached even more when it suddenly occurred to me that it was Luis who picked up my call in the hotel at that time. I had never expected that all those troubles rushed to me altogether. Then my phone was buzzing. Seeing that, Jackie left with those documents. I took a look at the phone and noticed that it was a call from Luis. I got annoyed again and answered it, "What's the matter?" "Have you read about the headliner?" he asked with a frivolous tone. I said yes and replied with a bad mood, "I have!" "I'll hold a birthday banquet for my mom tomorrow evening. Would you like to come with me?" he proposed casually as if the gossips had nothing to do with him. I rubbed against my brows to alleviate my annoyance. Then I replied, "I'm not free for that. And you should think about some ways to refute those rumors!" As Leo showed up, I had no one to turn to except Dennis. After a few seconds of silence, he answered, "I will set the water still." "Okay." Then I added, exhausted, "Don't bring me any troubles again." I had no idea how soon Leo would come to the Newton Town again. If the relationship between me and Dennis ran into a collapse because of the rumor, the hellish experience

happening five years ago would come to me again. If so, I was afraid I might fail to go

through it this time.

Nothing else is comparable to my own life.

After hanging up the call, I put away my phone. I stood up after a while of silence. Then I

headed to Dennis's office.

But his office appeared to be much less active than last time. Now it was empty and even

Toby had disappeared from the specific room for secretary.

I could hear the sound of typing from the quiet office. I stood in front of the door and

knocked on it.

"Come in!" his husky voice still sounded sex appeal.

I hesitated for seconds and then pushed the door open. My impassive heart couldn't help

beating violently again as I approached him.

His office was spacious. So the sound of typing could be clearly caught in my ears.

I stood in front of his desk, silent. I just stared at him while he focused on his work

attentively. There was no doubt that now he looked really charming when he was dedicated

to work.

"Put it down. I will sign it later." He didn't notice me perhaps it was because he was being

too focused. He didn't even raise up his head. Instead, he still fixed his eyes on the screen.

I stood still and remained unspoken.

Not until quite a while did he stopped to look at me, frowning. When noticing that it was me,

he looked a bit colder, "What's the matter?"

His voice sounded obviously chilling.

"Dennis, I need a talk with you." I deemed it necessary to explain about the rumors between

Luis and me.

"Have you slept with him?" he frowned, looking horribly cold.

I failed to get what he meant at the beginning. But soon I realized. My face turned ghastly

pale, "No!"

“Huh, Clara, do you deem yourself convincing enough?” he let out a deep and cold smile while staring at me, which seemed to freeze me.

“Dennis, I still have a chance to explain, right?” Nor did both Luis and I make a formal declaration about the rumors. So it was about to lose control at this moment.

But he didn’t seem to be patient enough to hear it. He rubbed against his brows and looked at me, “Miss Kennedy, you aren’t highly paid for discussing your privacy with your boss during work hours.”

“Dennis...”

“You should know better than I do what you need to do now.” He asked while looking at me with his voice mixed with obvious irritation.

Before I could continue, Toby entered unexpectedly and said to me with formality, “Miss Kennedy, Mr. George still has a lot to deal with.”

Apparently, he was here to ask me to leave.

I looked at Dennis, who kept his dark eyes away from me with his eyelids slightly closed. He didn’t feel like talking to me anymore.

But I simply ignored Jackie and asked again, “So Mr. George, when will you be available for a talk with me?”

He still remained silent with a cold face.

Seeing that, Toby said to me, “Miss Kennedy, please leave if you finish.”

I knew I could do nothing about the stalemate. So I left the office and happened to see Mario, who was also waiting for the elevator.

He saw me walk out of Dennis’s office. He raised his brows with a bunch of stuffs held in his hand, “Are you having a quarrel with him?”

I nodded, ‘Kind of...’

Dennis had been in a weird temper. I had never figured out what was in his mind though we had been married for years.

“Here are the pills for you. Do remember to take them on time.” Mario handed me a bag to me. He looked at the office and then at me, “I heard about the rumors of the headline. You just need a clear explanation.”

He then returned to his office and so did I.

Finally, I finished the messy day for work. Then I went to the parking with my bag to wait for Dennis.

I walked over to his black jeep and waited beside. Since I was involved, it was a must for me to explain to him.

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 62

I had been waiting for almost an hour till most of the cars in the parking had left. But Dennis

still didn't show up. So I assumed he might need to work late tonight.

However, it was Toby who came here.

He seemed to be surprised when seeing me. So he asked as formally as still, “Miss Kennedy?”

“Where is Dennis?” I asked straightforwardly.

“He had left with Mr. Thomson.” Toby said and took out the car key.

I felt like replying but I still stopped.

So I just smiled, “Alright, I gotta go now.”

‘Dennis, you jerk!’

I drove back to the villa by myself and kept pressing the doorbell for a few times. Then

Nanny Daisy came over to open the door while wiping her own hands.

She smiled as soon

as she saw me, “Welcome back!” while speaking, she hinted at me with a side glimpse.

I tilted my head and saw Dennis reading newspapers in the parlor. He looked aloof and

proud as usual.

I changed my shoes. Then Nanny Daisy entered the kitchen to continue to cook. I sat beside

Dennis and didn't intend to bring up a topic so soon. Instead, I just waited till he finished the newspapers.

After quite a while, he put down the newspapers. I pushed a glass of juice served by Nanny Daisy to his front and said, "Dennis, can we have a talk now?"

He simply cast a glimpse at the juice but he showed no intention to take it. His dark eyes remained slightly opened and then his cold and husky voice sounded again, "Miss Kennedy, in which identity would you like to talk to me?"

He looked so indifferent that I couldn't tell what was his attitude. I hesitated and said, "Dennis, I am still Mrs. George before we officially divorce."

"Huh!" he sneered and continued, "Do you still deem yourself Mrs. George?"

I knew the rumors really irritated him. So I explained in a soft tone, "Nothing had happened between Luis and me! It was the paparazzi who faked this gossip. Dennis, you should know about me better than anyone else does. I am innocent!"

"So what?" he stood up, looking freezing cold, "Clara, do you think you can do whatever you want just because you are pregnant?"

I fed up with his indifference. Of course, he knew if I had an affair with Luis. But he still emotionally abused me just because he got annoyed. Grievance surged up in my heart. Staring at his back while he was going upstairs, I raised my voice, "I can do whatever I want? So what about you and Olivia? Your affairs with her during the past two years have probably gone way much beyond the gossip about me!"

He suddenly stopped. I continued, "If Olivia hadn't miscarried, I would have been expelled long ago! After all, now Olivia even looks like the recognized 'Mrs. George' instead of me!"

He gazed at me and the coldness emitted from his eyes was about to gulp me down. But I managed to withstand the attack and I could tell what was probably in his mind. Before he could reply, tears welled up in my eyes and then streamed down my face.

“Why are looking at me like that? Didn’t I tell the truth? I married you officially just because I loved you! But that should make up of the reason why I suffered from continuous compromises and living alone in this cold hell?”

He frowned while looking at me crying sadly. Then his tall and slender figure approached.

His voice sounded as his thin lips moved, “Are you suffering?”

He reached out his hand to wipe off my tears. But I took a step back to avoid it. Then I

continued, “I am a mankind with emotion! Of course I am suffering!

Dennis, you have been

aware that the gossip between Luis and me is none of authenticity but of slanders! You

know it even better than I do. You know I have been suffering! But you still changed the lock

of the gate and blocked every single call from me!”

While speaking, I gazed at his face to observe. When I noticed that he seemed to soften a

bit, I continued, “What do you mean by doing that? You want to expel me from the family?

And you want me to commit what was in the gossip? Or do you deem it nothing to care even

if I marry another guy and make him the stepfather of our baby?”

His face darkened and he huffed with a bit of madness, “How dare you...”

I refuted with strong voice while biting my own lips, “Of course I dare if you keep pushing me!”

After saying that, I turned around to walk out of the villa. I had tried all means including both the stick and the carrot. If it still didn’t work, I would have to give up.

He suddenly grabbed my wrist and huffed with deep voice, "You can leave after dinner first!"

But it seemed that his anger had disappeared. Nanny Daisy, who stood beside, smiled,

"Time for dinner!"

Dennis took my hand and we sat beside the table. He brought me tableware elegantly and

then he started to eat decently.

As he had been raised with strict manners, he barely talked while eating.

Nanny Daisy poured me a bowl of soup and smiled, "You have been pregnant for two

months, right? Have you registered in the hospital and appointed for a maternity check? A

pregnant lady should stay away from strong emotional fluctuation such as crying or

irritation. I am not being naggy. After all, I am an experienced one. So I am giving

suggestions for you."

I nodded and listened while continuing with my soup.

I took a glimpse at Dennis, who was still eating as a well-educated man.

But he seemed to

be much less irritated.

After dinner, Nanny Daisy asked seriously, "Clara, do you feel frequent cramps on your calf

these days?"

I paused and was about to shake my head to deny. But she beckoned me to say yes with her

eyes. Then she continued, "Cramp is really a torture for every pregnant woman. Especially

for the early three months, you should stay still and avoid exhausting yourself. If not, it

might probably bring a risk of miscarriage."

As Dennis was about to go upstairs with files, Nanny Daisy smiled to stop him, "Sir, the

cramp has been a bother for pregnant woman like her. I have bought a bottle of massage oil

at noon and I placed it in the bedroom. Why not massage her for a while?"

Undoubtedly, Nanny Daisy was really responsible as a nanny.

Dennis put down the files and looked at me with his clear eyes, "Do you still feel hurt?"

I paused and then noticed that he was talking about the cramp.

I looked at Nanny Daisy, who kept nodding at me. Then I stared at him and nodded out of no

reason. I let out an awkward smile, "Yes..."

Dennis frowned and said, "Let's go."

Then he got into the bedroom. I said to Nanny Daisy, "Nanny Daisy, but I didn't cramp my calf."

Though I had been bothered by all kinds of symptoms, cramp was an exception.

Nanny Daisy said to me with an anxious look, "It doesn't matter if your calf really cramps or

not. All those symptoms will come to you when you are in your fifth or sixth month of

pregnancy. Just get into the bedroom right now!"

I tramped into the bedroom, in the bathroom of which Dennis was having shower.

As expected, I saw a big bottle of massage oil on the night table.

What a thoughtful nanny!

He soon finished showering. When he came out of the bedroom, he only had a bath towel

wrapped around his waist. Water dropped down from his hair and went all the way down on

his chest.

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie

Johnson Chapter 63

"Go to take shower!" his voice suddenly cut my fancy.

I turned around and saw him staring at me with his dark eyes. While looking into his

mysterious eyes, I felt like flinching. So I shifted my eyes off from his and hurried into the

bathroom.

Though the shower sounded loud, I could still clearly hear the phone ring in the bedroom. I

supposed it might be Dennis's. However, I saw him holding my phone against his ears with a sullen face when I came out.

Not until then did I realize that he answered a call on my phone. I hurried over and asked, "Who is it?"

He showed no response but to hand me the phone.

I took it over and saw from the screen that it was Luis. I frowned, wondering why he called me.

I held the phone against my ear and said, "Hello, Mr. Collins!"

I tried to be formal so as to avoid being wronged by Dennis.

He just leaned against on the sofa and fixed his eyes on his own phone with a sullen face still.

"I have dealt with the headline. And I am sure it's necessary to have a press conference."

Luis said seriously.

His reply was a bit out of my expectation. So I nodded, "Okay, thank you."

"Don't mention it." But he still seemed to bury something in his mind. Then his voice

sounded again, "I will make you officially recognized as Mrs. Collins for the sake of my crush on you!"

I hurried to stop the topic, "Good night then!"

But I still noticed that Dennis was staring at me impatiently.

I knew I shouldn't continue. So I hung up and put the phone away. I said to Dennis while looking at him, "It's about the headline. He has..."

But it seemed to be a clumsy denial if I kept explaining. So I stopped even though I didn't

finish. Then I turned to grab the towel to dry my hair.

But then he grabbed the towel. I turned around and saw him, who was just focusing on his phone on the sofa, suddenly stand behind me. Before I could react, he started to dry my hair.

Both of us fell into silence.

After a while, he threw away the towel and ordered domineeringly, "Lie on the bed."

I was stunned.

He took over the bottle of oil and kneeled on the bed with one knee. Not until then did I

realize that he was going to massage me.

My face was rendered burning blushed. Then I looked at him, "You don't need to...I can do it..."

However, I held back my unfinished words when looking into his gloomy eyes.

He remained unspoken and got some massage oil on his palm adeptly.

Then he started to

massage my calf. It felt a bit weird. I felt like breaking the ice with a topic but I failed to

come up with any.

"Are you still being mad?" I asked cautiously, feeling worried.

He suddenly stopped and looked at me with his dark eyes. His voice sounded deep and

alluring, "So how are you feeling now?"

I paused, not knowing what he meant. I thought he was talking about the cramp. I shook my

head as it was just an excuse that Nanny Daisy came up with to alleviate the

embarrassment.

"I am fine."

But he stopped again and was about to leave. I grabbed to stop him out of instinct, "Dennis,

if you are still mad at me, you can shout at me! But stop abusing me with coldness!"

His impassive attitude towards me really annoyed me a lot.

He sneered at me and looked quizzical, "Mad at you? So do you want to do something to

make up for me?"

I was rendered speechless.

I bit my lips hard while looking at his cold face. Then I sat up on the bed and crawled on him

in a clumsy way.

Perhaps he was annoyed because of my clumsiness. He pushed me away and said, "You

are going to fudge me like that?"

I murmured, "If I were skillful enough in sex, you wouldn't have enjoyed your relationship

with Olivia."

"Clara!" he seemed to be exasperated.

"Okay!" I answered and refuted, "Stop shouting! I can hear you!"

"Huh," he sneered, "how dare you refute!"

...

After the routine of sex, he still hugged me tight and said with husky voice, "Enough..."

I didn't answer. Nor did I tell anyone about what happened that day. As for the man who

kidnapped me, I had never seen him again.

It seemed just like a nightmare only.

He held me in his arms to walk out of the bathroom. I was quite sleepy after the

time-consuming process. I felt relaxed while leaning on his arm.

I murmured as I still remained vaguely sober, "Dennis, don't be mad at me. I have never

claimed an affair with Luis. I am pregnant and he is only in his twenties.

How could that be

possible?"

He turned to wrap me tight and said with sexy voice, "So you mean it might still be possible

with another guy?"

Of course he was just simply bickering. I kept my lips pressed and glared at him, looking

aggrieved, "So you still don't trust me!"

It seemed to work when I showed my grievance. He smiled and kissed on my forehead

gently, "Time to sleep."

So I also stopped arguing. Soon, I fell asleep under the effect of sleepiness.

I had been in a business trip in the following days. When I finally returned home, I only

fancied a nice sleep.

I lay on the bed for a while and then got up. At this moment, I saw some missed calls on my phone. It was Jackie.

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie
Johnson Chapter 64

I didn't notice the call because the phone was mute. As soon as Jackie answered, she said in anxious voice, "Miss Kennedy, bad news! Mr. Collins announced last night that he had asked most media reporters to attend the press conference through which he will publicize his relationship with you. Now the building of the George Group has been flooded with a horde of reporters and others expecting gossips."

Publicize my relationship with her? Was he out of his mind?

I got up and pulled the curtain open. The sun shone brightly and I could see everything look good.

I shook off the sense of annoyance and answered, "Don't worry, I won't go to work today.

After all, Luis should be sensible enough. I am sure he knows what to do."

She agreed and continued to ask cautiously, "So are you still good with Mr. George?"

I nodded, "We are good."

I went downstairs after hanging up. I looked around but I didn't see Dennis, only to notice that Nanny Daisy was working in the kitchen. I walked over and asked, "Nanny Daisy, did Dennis leave?"

Nanny Daisy was a bit stunned when hearing my voice as she was being too attentive. She turned around and smiled when noticing that it was me, "Mr. George told me that he had something urgent to deal with so he hurried to leave. I have stewed some soup for you.

Please have a taste. It should be good for the baby."

I nodded and touched my slightly bulging underbelly. I felt like putting on some weight these days.

When I was having soup, I got a call from Diana. As I could tell from her voice that she sounded quite anxious, I stopped to ask, "What's the matter? What happened?"

"I saw the headline! Don't you think it has gone too viral? What if Leo notices that?" the possible reaction of Leo really worried both of us.

I would be quite distraught every time we mentioned about her.

"I will do my best to deal with it! Don't worry. Just stay at home for rest during these days.

Don't hang out!"

I had no idea when Leo would come to Newton Town. So I had to stay under the shield of Dennis before he showed up.

I hung up the phone, got some food to eat and then went out. To my surprise, I bumped into

Luna, who actually came here for me.

The Villa was located in an area rarely exposed to others. After we got married, only those

both Dennis and I acquainted with knew the exact location.

Luna was dressing in an aqua blue fancy one-piece, looking elegant and gorgeous with a

special-designed handbag of limited edition produced by Van Cleef & Arpels. Obviously, she

showed what a privileged lady looked like.

I hesitated for a few seconds. Then I forced out a smile and walked over,

"Mr. Thomas, I am

so sorry for not having known that you will come."

She replied with a smile and appeared to be kind and warm, "Never mind. I should apologize

for my sudden arrival."

The villa consisted of a front yard and a backyard. Dennis and I both lived in the backyard.

While the front yard was decorated with a garden and a reception room for guests. So I led

her into the reception room and asked Nanny Daisy to get some refreshment. Then I made some tea and looked at Luna, "Mr. Thomas, are you here to have a talk with Dennis?"

She shook her head and fixed her eyes on my hands while I was making tea. She replied warmly, "Miss Kennedy, I am here for you. By the way, your fair hands really attracted me."

I smiled as a reply to her friendly greeting, "I am flattered. But I am sure yours look more perfectly cared."

But I could tell that she wasn't just here for such a daily chat with me. Then I took out the tea Dennis treasured the most. I smiled at her, "Dennis always has tea as daily routine but I don't. So I am not sure if I could present the best part of the tea..."

She smiled decently and stared at the tea I was working on, "That should be among the vintage aging twenties years. It's priceless. I am truly honored for tasting such nice tea.

Thank you, Miss Kennedy."

I smiled to reply, but still wondering what she was up for. After a few sips of tea together with her, I took the initiative to ask, "So Mr. Thomas, what actually brings you here?"

She took another sip, stared at me with her alluring eyes and said softly, "Nothing serious.

You looked familiar to me after we met in L Community last time. So I fancy a visit to you."

I was a bit stunned as I assumed that she should come for lecturing me because of what happened between Luis and me recently as his mother. However, I had never expected that to be her reason.

I refilled her cup with tea and smiled, "Mr. Collins told me the same thing before. He also deemed me familiar to him. But I don't think there is anything special. After all, we might

always look alike someone else in the world. Besides, it seems that I also look alike Miss

Pearson. I suppose you know her, right?"

I said straightforwardly as I saw her with Olivia in the restaurant last time.

She paused, looking a bit surprised. But she still smiled, "You are right.

So Miss Kennedy, how are your parents?"

I shook my head, feeling a bit confused, "My parents have passed away since I was a kid. I

was raised by my grandma. So I don't know much about them."

"So how about your grandma?" she continued. But then she seemed to notice that she had

probed into too much. So she explained, "Miss Kennedy, please don't be mistaken. I am just

being too curious. So I like to dig into some questions."

While saying, she took out a delicate invitation card and handed it to me,

"I will arrange a

private banquet tonight. So Miss Kennedy, may I have the honor to see both you and Mr.

George present?"

I took over the car and opened it to take a look. When I noticed it was an invitation for a

birthday banquet, it suddenly occurred to me that Luis had mentioned the same thing to me

yesterday.

I carefully put away the invitation card and said to her, "Thank you for your invitation, Mr.

Thomas. That's a great honor for me."

She smiled and took a sip of the tea. After a pause of a few seconds, she looked at me,

"Miss Kennedy, I heard that you have married Mr. George for two years.

And I have seen

both of you in L Community last time. So I assume you must be in a good relationship with

him, right?"

I smiled but didn't intend to answer as I still felt restrained while talking to her. The tea time

lasted for a while. Then Luna left with an excuse.

Nanny Daisy asked as she saw her leaving, "Clara, were you talking to the richest lady in this city?"

I was rendered a bit surprised and looked at her, "Do you know her?"

She nodded, "She has been here before Master Freddy passed away. So I have seen her."

She paused and then murmured, "She has been looking for so many years. I am afraid she might fail to see that kid for the rest of her life."

I asked out of curiosity, "You know that she has been looking for her kid?"

"She has been here to talk to Master Freddy just to know about what happened twenty years ago. I happened to hear their conversation while serving tea for them. Master Freddy had been working on it during those years. However, it has been more than two decades. And there was nothing special shown on that kid. It's really a mission impossible to get him among others."

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 65

I put away all the tea set and my phone started to buzz again. I was rendered nervous as soon as I saw the caller's ID. I hurried into the bedroom before I could continue with the talk with Nanny Daisy.

"What are you doing?" I answered the phone as I entered the bedroom. I couldn't help trembling all over while answering.

Then I heard him chuckling, "Clara, why are you being so nervous? As your brother, can't I just have a chat with you?"

I hated hearing his insidious chuckles. I bit my lips hard, "Leo, we are not kids like what we used to be five years ago. Now both of us should live our own lives. Please, let it go."

I would rather die than live in the hell he created.

“Clara, come on, we are brother and sister! How could I bear to depart from you! Even my life has gone meaningless without you. I need you!” though he tried to convince me with warm words, it still sounded horrible.

I was almost driven into a breakdown. I shouted through the phone, “Leo, what the hell do you want from me?”

He had always acted like a phantom, haunting me and scaring me. “I want you!” then he hung up the phone after this hair-raising answer. Before I could collect myself, I got a text from him, ‘No.221, GF Street. Clara, do remember to show up on time at 4:00 PM.’

Though it was just a brief text, it still took me quite a lot of efforts to regain my calmness.

While grabbing my phone hard, I told myself that I would never get trapped once again.

Since I could never get rid of Leo, I decided to figure out a solution to convince him to stay away from me.

Then my phone was buzzing again.

It was a call from Dennis. I picked it up and heard his cold voice, “Dress yourself up and get ready for a banquet with me tonight.”

As I was still distraught because of Leo, I paused and then asked, “Is it important? I feel like staying at home because I don’t feel well today.”

After a few seconds of silence, he asked seriously, “Are you feeling really bad?”

“Not that bad. But I feel like staying at home.” I replied.

But then I asked tentatively, “Is it a really important one?”

“It’s okay. Just stay for a rest.” He still sounded husky and restrained. No one could tell what was in his mind.

After hanging up the phone, I texted Diana. Then I dressed up and drove to the location as Leo texted.

It was still hot and sunny at 4:00 PM. The street was bustling and hustling as usual. When I arrived, I noticed that the location referred to a high-end shop offering tailor-made suit.

I didn't go straight in. Instead, I tried to dial Leo's number but no one answered. Then a lady in cyan dress came over from the shop.

She smiled while looking at me, "Excuse me, are you Miss Kennedy?" I nodded.

She kept the smile on her face still, "This way, please. Don't worry. Mrs. Kennedy has told us everything we should do. Just trust us."

I followed her upstairs to the VIP room. After giving assignments to the other staffs, she led me to pick up an evening dress.

Of course I could tell what they were told. However, I still had no idea what Leo was going to do to me. What was worse, my phone was taken away.

Then I was fixed in front of a dresser and then the lady smiled at me, "Miss Kennedy, don't be nervous. We have the orders from Mrs. Kennedy. Please be patient and sit tight."

It only took about ten minutes to finish the makeup. I frowned while looking at my face modified, feeling annoyed.

But Leo still didn't show up. Instead, there was a black Bentley expecting me outside the shop, while the chauffeur of which looked young.

But I didn't want to get in. I said to the chauffeur with my arms crossed, "Where is the location? I can drive my own car."

"Miss Kennedy, don't I deserve your trust?" the chauffeur said with a smile.

I nodded, "You are right about that!"

Perhaps my answer had gone beyond his expectation, he seemed to be a bit surprised. But

he still wore a smile, "Don't worry, Miss Kennedy. Mrs. Kennedy just fancies attending a

banquet with you. He just wants to introduce you to his friends.”
“You can just tell me the location!” I still stayed alert because I had no idea what Leo was up for.

The chauffeur got off and opened the door for me. He smiled politely, “Miss Kennedy, please don’t embarrass me. Besides, Mrs. Kennedy has also learned that you asked Miss Diana to come with you. So he has already made his man to pick her up. Miss Kennedy, please don’t fail his kindness.”

Leo actually threatened me with Diana.

After a while of struggle, I smiled and still decently got into the car.

There was no doubt that

Leo was good at making me give in.

I had no idea where we were bound for at the very beginning. About more than an hour later,

the car reached a resort hotel located in S AREA.

When the car entered a golf course in the south part of the suburban area, I finally realized where I was.

Newtown Town had been an ancient place famous for its history.

Though it had also been

following the development of the modern world, the traditional culture inheriting from the ancient time still remained.

Actually, Newtown Town barely related to military nor politics. It was still regarded as a city

of renown as it was the hometown of a lot of eminent persons in history.

Thus, most of

those privileged elders would like to get a piece of land in Newtown Town for their retirement.

So S AREA had turned to be a focus of the rich and the powerful. Though this city upheld the

principle that all men are created equal. However, for most of the common, it took more

than a life time for them to even step in a bit.

But still, people had been striving to be part of the class here. Of course, the reason appeared to be obvious—every man you randomly encountered in this area might be the one who could offer you a chance to blow. The car stopped after entering the golf course. Then someone beckoned me to get off and to get into another black Bentley for private use only. Then I finally saw Leo after I entered. He looked gentle and eminent. Then he fixed his cunning and shining eyes on me, “Clara, it has been a long time.”

I lifted the hemline and was about to get off out of instinct. However, he grabbed me and fixed me on the seat. Then his deep voice sounded, “Clara, just stay. I fancy a romantic reunion.”

However, his sweet words still sounded bloody to me. I tried hard to hold back my fear,

“What did you do to Diana?”

He raised his hand and stared at me attentively. Then he answered casually, “She is still fine.” He lifted my jaw and said, looking a bit upset, “Clara, you look thinner. But you are still gorgeous.”

I lowered my head to avoid talking to him.

“the Knight Family has been a privileged family in Newton Town for more than a hundred year. You should know how many high-rank officials were raised in that family, right? They even take dominance in the business world. Just stay with me. You will have the greatest life guaranteed.” Said Leo seriously.

I frowned, wondering what he had done during the past five years when he went missing.

How did he turn himself to be one of the top in both the authority and the business world from a hacker only?

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie

Johnson Chapter 66

About tens of minutes later, the car stopped at the gate of a villa decorated in classic European style. Leo got off and opened the door for me in a gentle manner. Then he reached out his arm and said, "Hold my hand when we get in." I hated his hypocritical and weird smile. And it really scared me. I knew how long he had been soaked in violence during the old days. Even if now he was presenting me a bunch of roses, it still made me feel like a dagger pressed against my neck. However, I could do nothing but to obey. So I held his arm after getting off.

The villa was designed in a noble and delicate style mixed with exotic elements. As we walked pass the gate, there laid a path covered with cobblestone and it went all the way through a garden, at the end of which we could reach the lobby. I walked steadily on my high heels while holding Leo's arm. As we were about to enter the lobby, I suddenly noticed Dennis standing not far away from us. He was in a black suit, white shirt with the collar of same color standing tall. His short hair stood straight and even highlighted his sharp-looking and charming face. He looked so tough and powerful that I could notice him immediately even among the crowd. Not until then did I realize that it was the birthday banquet of Luna. Since Dennis had attended, so would those celebrities that I acquainted myself with in Newton Town. I, known as Mrs. George, actually held the arm of another guy. If others noticed that, it would definitely be a harsh humiliation against Dennis. So I hurried to pull my hand away from his arm. Fear and panic crawled all over my heart.

However, Leo had been bathing in blood and slaughter. He soon noticed and grabbed my

hand, looking sullen, "Clara, mark my words!"

My lips clung tight to each other and my palm started to sweat out of panic.

As I raised up my head to look at Dennis, he also noticed me. He squinted and fixed his dark

eyes on my black off-the-shoulder evening dress.

But then he shifted his gaze at Leo and said, "Mrs. Kennedy, it has been a long time."

Did they know each other?

Leo smiled while holding my hand still, "Mr. George, long time no see."

For me, it only sounded like a common greeting.

Dennis looked at me again and said with composure, "So, who is this lady?"

"She is my fiancée."

Upon hearing that, I froze on spot. I could tell from Dennis's bottomless eyes that coldness

started to exude inside.

But he still smiled to reply, "But it was said that you had always shied away from ladies. And

now it seems that you do a nice cover-up for your lady."

Leo still wore smile while grabbing my hand, looking gentle and tender,

"Well, actually, I have

been waiting for my true love."

Dennis squinted, looking dangerous, "True love..."

I was rendered so panic at this moment. Before that, I didn't even have a chance to tell

Dennis about my relationship with Leo. I had never expected such an emergency occurred

before I could have a clear explanation.

I couldn't break free from his grip. Nor could I hurry to deny his nonsense.

I was thrown into a mess.

Dennis smiled while fixing his eyes on me for a second, "So how should I address you now?

Mrs. George or Mrs. Kennedy?"

My heart felt like being struck. I struggled to break away from Leo's grip and went over to grab Dennis's arm, "Dennis..."

"Dennis!" another sweet voice of girl sounded. I looked aside and found that it was Olivia.

She dressed in a backless flesh colored gown, which highlighted her nice figure. She lifted the hemline and walked over to Dennis elegantly. Then she naturally held Dennis's arm.

They looked perfectly matched.

Olivia didn't seem to be surprised when seeing me. But she seemed to be a bit sullen, "Oh, Miss Kennedy, here you are."

She then looked at Leo and smiled, "So Miss Kennedy, is this gentleman your friend?"

However, she stressed out ambiguously while saying 'friend'.

I lowered my eyelid to hold back what I was going to say. Now any explanation only sounded like a joke.

"Clara, come on, let's get inside!" Leo appeared to be disgusted as if he saw someone irksome. Then he took me into the lobby.

Actually, Leo hated all ladies. Since the age of eight, he found that ladies had turned to be quite repellent to him. If it weren't because of the fact that we grew up together, I would have disgusted him as well.

However, for me, this exception felt like the hell, which kept me under the shadow of Leo.

Then Olivia's voice sounded from behind, "Dennis, I didn't expect Miss Kennedy to be an acquaintance with Mrs. Kennedy, the president of AD Group. No wonder Luna told me that there would be a horde of celebrities attending tonight."

Though it was announced to be a private birthday banquet only, it actually looked like a social occasion for those elites to exchange ideas. Luna was wearing a black gilt gown

embroidered with a phoenix. She stepped on a pair of ink-colored high heels made up of blue crystal. She looked incredibly gorgeous. Even though she was about to reach her fifties, she didn't seem to age a bit. Instead, her age even seemed to put on a makeup for her. She exactly incarnated what an ageless goddess looked like. She saw Leo from distance while talking to other gentlemen. Then she walked over with a glass of champagne. "Mrs. Kennedy, it's such an honor to have your attendance!" she smiled and raised up the glass. Then she was a bit stunned when seeing me. She asked, "Oh, who is this lady?" Before Leo could answer, I took the initiative to say, "Mr. Thomas, you look so gorgeous today!"

She paused for only a second and then smiled at me while holding back her surprise, "Oh, Miss Kennedy, you look so attractive today! I didn't even recognize you at the beginning. I am so sorry." I smiled, "I am flattered. Little have I cared about my appearance in the daily life. So maybe I do look a bit different after dressing up." She looked at me and then noticed that Leo was holding my hand. She was a bit surprised and asked gently, "Do you know each other?" While speaking, she cast a curious glimpse at Leo. "Of course, it has been more than a decade." Before Luna could continue, the lobby suddenly fell into silence. Then most of the guests started to look outside the lobby. I also looked back out of instinct. Then there strode over an extraordinary-looking middle-aged man in an overcoat, followed by four men in black suit.

As soon as the middle-aged man showed up, a horde of guests came over to greet. But the man only fixed his eyes on Luna and walked towards her. "He is Samuel, the one who captures the greatest respect from the upper class of both Newton Town and Capitar." Leo explained in husky voice. I just casually observed both Luna and Samuel. They seemed to be quite intimate with each other, which made me confused. "But they look..." Leo furrowed his brows and answered obscurely, "They are the beloved one to each other but they both fail the love of each other." I was rendered even more confused, "Mr. Thomas was once married, right? But her ex-husband was a common guy only. And then she married Luis's father. After that, Luis was born, but..."

I couldn't help wondering why this man named Samuel got involved. Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 67
Leo sneered, "She was just faking a seemingly convincing story in front of the public..."
Dennis, together with Olivia, greeted both Luna and Samuel. And then Luna whispered to Samuel, whose voice was too small to be heard. But then Samuel stared at Olivia with a sharp change of his expression. His tough-looking face suddenly turned to be pleasantly surprised as if he had just retrieved something precious. Then he gazed at Olivia dotingly. I was rendered quite confused when seeing that. Leo said to me weirdly, "Olivia is exactly the kid Luna has been looking for during the past two decades. She is her mother while Samuel is her father." I was shocked with my mouth wide open. Olivia was actually their daughter?

But I had never heard about it before.
When Luna and Samuel finished their conversation, they both turned to look at Leo and me.
While gazing at me, Samuel seemed to be a bit surprised.
Luna seemed to notice what was in his mind. She whispered to him and then Samuel regained his calmness.
Leo let go of me and walked over to greet Samuel.
As soon as I was free, I hurried to look for Dennis. But he seemed to disappear after greeting Samuel just now.
I looked around and found someone familiar. It was Luis! So I walked over.

Luis paused for a second out of surprise. Then he greeted, "Welcome!" I couldn't help asking while noticing his pale looking face, "Why do you look so haggard on your mom's birthday? I just heard that you mom has found her missing girl. Why don't you go to meet your sister?"
"For what?" said Luis, looking a bit desolate, "She has laid all her care on her daughter. I am just a nobody born out of coincidence."
I could tell how aggrieved he was. I took a plate of cheese and said, "Every sibling would be treasured by their parents. After all, her daughter has gone missing for more than two decades. The one lost and found always counts the most. You will retrieve what you deserve after this."
He sneered and fixed his eyes on the cheese, "I would like to make you my sister instead of Olivia. She appears to be too scheming. I don't think it would be anything worth celebration to have her stay in L Community. "
I was a bit stunned. Then I chuckled, "Is it something easy-peasy to be your sister?"
He cast a wry glimpse at me as if I were a fool, "Come on, don't be silly. Do you reckon that

my mom came to you that day for a common talk only?”
I was confused though I knew it might have something to do with the banquet tonight,
“What do you mean?”
Though I was puzzled by the questions Luna asked today, I didn’t actually notice something special.
Not until then did I realize something suspicious.
“Huh,” he wore a wry smile still, “I just can’t figure out why Dennis chose to marry such a dull lady like you. I have told you before that you look alike my mom. And so do Olivia. Do you just deem it a coincidence?”
I frowned, “I am still confused?”

He rolled his eyes, “I mean my mom has got both your DNA and Olivia’s for paternity test before.”
Then he continued, looking a bit doubtful, “At the beginning, I assumed that you should be her missing daughter. However, it turns out to be the fact that it was Olivia.”
Now I was flooded with all kinds of doubts. I looked around the lobby and reckoned we should get to somewhere else to continue the talk. So I dragged on his arm to lead him to the corridor outside and then we entered a tea room.
I asked seriously, “You stole my DNA for test just because I look like your mother?”
He pouted, “Of course not! My mom has been searching for more than two decades. She would never persist if she found no clue. Both you and Olivia share a lot in common regarding your past. So my mom wasn’t sure which one of you would be her daughter. That was why she asked Dennis to take you and Olivia to her respectively. And then she went for the test of DNA.”

The similar parts of my past and Olivia's wasn't the one which intrigued me the most.

Instead, I was much more surprised to know that Dennis took me to meet Luna before not

because of doing Diana a favor. The fact was that he was just doing Luna a favor.

But I had been kept in the dark from the beginning to the end.

"Did Olivia know about this at the very beginning?" I asked, feeling upset.

He nodded, "I suppose Dennis has mentioned about it to her before.

And she then appears

to be close to my mom. So perhaps she has known it."

I felt like letting out a bitter smile as I was the only one being played with.

My expression seemed to be frozen. I felt like being a fool, being fooled around till the end.

As Luis noticed my doleful look, he paused. But then he shied away from sentiment as he

seemed to notice something important. Then he said to me

sympathetically, "There is no

need to be too sentimental. They kept you in the dark out of concern about you. Perhaps

they were worried if you would overdo it. And no one was sure about that. So..."

"So I should be kept in the dark like a fool and you take it for granted?" I was really upset.

He frowned, "Clara, you know I don't mean that."

"No!" I huffed and got out of the tea room. I perceived that I would be away from harm if I

showed enough kindness and trust to others. But the fact told me that I was too innocent to

get away from harm! I still suffered from what I deserved!

The lobby was crowded with all guests, among whom there were the powerful and the rich.

Olivia, being the most eye-catching one, followed both Luna and Samuel, who were

introducing her to every guest they met. It looked warm and nice.

There was no doubt that someone was born to be blessed.

I collected myself and wandered around the catering area. After all, starvation was the easiest one to be removed among all these sentiments bothering me. What was more, I couldn't starve my baby. However, I accidentally bumped into someone as I was still lost in thought. The cream cake rolled on the plate and stained someone's suit. "Sorry, I..." I raised up my head and happened to see Marcus's cold and mocking face. I chilled myself and took back my apology. I knew a simply sorry would never work. And it might even trigger a quarrel. Though I wanted to stay away from troubles, Marcus didn't. He sneered while looking at me, "Clara, are you really mad at this moment? Olivia is the daughter of Luna. So a big change of her life will definitely expect her. You, a nobody from a filthy slum, could never be the match of a refined gentleman like Dennis no matter how hard you struggle." I put down the plate and furrowed my brows, "Yeah, I don't deserve to be the match. So you want this opportunity?" "You..." he was about to refute out of madness. I casually interrupted, "I have married him and we now have our own baby. Mr. Thomson, you try so hard to mock me out of self-abasement because you deem yourself that you

could never be qualified to be with Olivia, right? So you come to me to vent out your madness?"

"Bullshit!" he was so pissed that he took off his suit jacket and threw it to me, "Get it clean!"

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie
Johnson Chapter 68

But Marcus always appeared to be too clumsy to stir up trouble. Whenever he provoked me,

he would only end up making himself mad. And that was exactly what happened at this moment.

So he could do nothing but to embarrass me.

I frowned while looking at the stained suit jacket, "Mr. Thomson, I suggest you should not leave it to me. Otherwise, you even look worse when standing beside Olivia with a wet suit jacket."

"Just do it!" the banquet was about to formally begin. Luna got on stage elegantly to deliver opening remarks. Marcus didn't want to continue to argue with me. He walked over to Olivia while holding a plate of food and handed over to her.

Olivia turned to look at me when noticing Marcus's sullen face. Then a provocative and disdainful smile showed on her delicate face.

I cast an indifferent glimpse at her as reply. While staring at the stained suit jacket, I was rendered distracted. But then Dennis suddenly approached with a little gift box from nowhere.

He said coldly, "Here is the birthday gift for Mr. Thomas."

After saying that, he stuffed it on my palm. He frowned while noticing the suit jacket I was holding, "Whose is it?"

"It's Marcus's! I accidentally stained his jacket just now." While speaking, I looked at the box, wondering if he had specifically prepared for it.

He glanced at the jacket impatiently and said, "Just dump it!"

The lobby soon turned to be more bustling when Olivia was led to stage with Luna. I

squinted, "Mr. George, why don't you come on stage with her?"

He seemed to be in a bad mood. So he only replied coldly, "Clara, don't you deem it

necessary to explain your story with Leo?"

If he had asked me the same question about half an hour ago, I would have been patient

enough to give a clear explanation. However, now I didn't even want to talk to him.

I walked over to a trash can, threw the jacket inside and replied coldly, "There is nothing to explain. The truth is what you have seen with your own eyes."

While on stage, Olivia and Luna hugged each other, showing a touching scene of a reunion

of blood. To show her care for her missing girl, Luna announced that she had transferred

50% of her property to Olivia. Meanwhile, Olivia would start to work in different enterprises

owned by Luna so as to grow her management skills.

Also, Olivia would move into L Community to live with Luna. After all, it was the reunion of

their missing girl. So Samuel also came on stage. With the support of Samuel, one of the

powerful in the upper class, Olivia would be the one that no one could afford to offend in

both Newton Town and Capitar.

Dennis looked quite sullen. But he didn't intend to start a quarrel in the midst of such an

occasion. He held back his bad mood and said, "Dance with me later."

I sneered, "Well, I suppose now you should dance with Miss Pearson...Oops...now she

should be addressed as Miss Pearson. So I'd better dismiss myself, I reckon."

"Clara!" he grabbed my wrist so hard that I felt a bit hurt. He tried to suppress his anger,

"Stop being willful!"

Being willful?

I almost laughed out loud when hearing that. I nodded while looking at him, "Dennis, stop your sophistry!"

I glanced at Leo with my side view, who was approaching. Then I flung my arm to break free

from his grip and walked over to Leo. For me, sometimes an evil would be a better choice

though compared to the angel.

Leo squinted with his slanted eyes. Seeing me approaching, he smiled, "Clara, you have never been so active to me before."

I ignored his shady eyes and asked, "When can I leave?"

"Whenever you want!" he shrugged and showed a smile, "Where would you like to go?"

Since he only asked me to attend the banquet, I deemed myself free to leave whenever I wanted as I had done what he required.

At the thought of that, I lowered my head to look at the box. Then I looked at Luna, who was about to finish her speech.

I walked over while holding the box. She smiled elegantly when seeing me, "Miss Kennedy, I have so many guests to welcome today. Please forgive me if there's anything wrong with hospitality."

I smiled in a formal way, but feeling a bit restrained, "Mr. Thomas, It's a great honor for me to be invited. Here is the birthday gift for you. Happy birthday and may your charm be everlasting!"

She couldn't help grinning. I could tell she did have a nice banquet tonight. She took over the box and replied, "Miss Kennedy, thank you so much for your blessing!"

Samuel, who was taking Olivia to do social talk with other guests, saw me talking with Luna.

Then he whispered to Olivia and they both walked over.

Olivia seemed to be a bit displeased when seeing me. But soon she returned to be friendly.

Though Samuel was in the midst of his mid-life, he still looked tough and majestic with his tall figure. While looking at me, he appeared to be kind, "Are you Clara Kennedy?"

I nodded and replied decently, "Nice to meet you, Mr. Lewis."

He suddenly laughed out brightly. Then he said to Luna, "This girl does look alike you when

you were young. And I can even feel that her tough nature seems to be similar to yours.”

Luna nodded and smiled warmly, “I feel the same when I saw her for the first sight. I would

really deem you my girl if it weren’t because of the paternity test.”

“So can I just call you Clara?” Samuel asked.

I nodded. But something in the past seemed to pop out in my memory.

However, it just

flashed away because it had been too long ago. I could notice nothing

from it but his voice

sounded a bit familiar.

“So your parents...”

“Mom, dad!” Olivia suddenly cut in while walking over elegantly on her high heels with a

glass of champagne.

Then she said to both of them, “Uncle Sam is expecting you on the second floor.”

Both Samuel and Luna paused and then looked at me, “Sorry, Miss Kennedy, we have a talk.

I am afraid we need to leave now. Please feel free to tell Olivia if you need anything.”

After saying that, they went upstairs.

Then only Olivia and I were left on spot, looking at each other.

“Miss Kennedy, shall we have a talk?” Olivia beckoned, looking a bit arrogant.

The lobby was still bustling with guest and servants coming back and forth. As I was in a

mood, I didn’t want to talk to her.

I sighed and required, “Miss Pearson, could you please stay away from me? I don’t think we

have anything worth talking.”

“This is the banquet of my mom. Miss Kennedy, where would you like me to stay?” her

words sounded sarcastic.

“Oh, sorry, I almost forget that now your family name is no more Pearson. Instead, now you are Olivia Pearson.”

I paused and then continued with a smile, “Since you own the place, I’d better stay away from you, okay?”

“Clara, what’s your offer for your divorce with Dennis?” Olivia stood in front of me to stop me from leaving, “Dennis is one of the most excellent. And I have been in the top. So only I could be qualified enough to be his match. But you, Clara, will never deserve his love.”

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie
Johnson Chapter 69

“I don’t deserve it?” I smiled as a reply to her arrogance, “We have been married for two years. And now you insist that I don’t deserve it? You deem yourself qualified enough to match him just because you manage to turn yourself into the daughter of the richest woman from an orphan?”

“Clara, he doesn’t even love you. Don’t you think it’s meaningless to be with him?”

I furrowed my brows and smiled, “Yes! No matter how far he will go beyond our marriage or whoever he loves. He will still return himself to me because I am his wife. And my baby will still call him dad aboveboard!”

“Clara!” she looked sullen, “that’s the marriage you ask for? I can offer you whatever you want! But I have only one request from you—just divorce Dennis, okay?” She required in a humble way. Before that, I might have been moved because I would deem her too infatuated with Dennis. But now, I felt so pathetic for her. She didn’t beg because of her love for Dennis. Instead, it was out of a sense of pity because she failed to capture his heart.

As this kind of sense had been kept too long, it would grow into obsession. And thus it had nothing to do with love.

I couldn't help snickering. Then I squinted at her, "Olivia, I am just curious about the question—do you really love him? Or do you just simply base your relationship with him on your own will because you once failed to get his love?" As proud as she had always been, she still struggled to remain composed to keep her dignity. Then she refuted in a low voice, "How dare you challenge my relationship with him? You are just a mistress who stole him from me!" I smiled, "Hilarious! So why did Dennis marry a mistress like me?" I paused and then continued, "Oh, by the way, Dennis starts to keep himself away from you recently, right? Do you know why?" I approached and looked at her with a mocking face, "Because I told him I hated him sleeping with another woman. If he dared to do that again, he could never get on my bed!" "Bullshit!" I sneered, "Really? So could you explain why he would ask me for a handjob rather than come to you?" She was rendered so incredible. Seeing that, I felt better. For me, teasing an Angelic bitch like her brought me great fun. "Alright! Let's see if he still cares about me." She let out a weird smile. Her delicate face started to approach and then she dragged me forward. Suddenly, she threw herself toward the tower piled up by glasses of wine. All the glasses fell down as soon as she hit. Glasses broke into pieces and scattered all over the ground. Even some of the guests standing beside got cut by the fragments. Shriek sounded and some of them hurried to dodge. While there were still a number of guests looking shocked but confused. "Olivia!" Luna exclaimed. Then the lobby fell into chaos.

Someone rushed by beside me and hurried to held her up, who was lying in the middle of the falling tower.

He cleaned up those fragments on her body and put her on a couch.

Then there came some family doctors to check her wound.

Someone started to call an ambulance while some of the guests tried to comfort Luna.

Soon, Olivia slightly opened her eyes and started at Dennis with her puppy dog eyes,

“Dennis!”

“I am here!” Said Dennis while frowning. The annoyance shown on his face just now seemed to fade away.

“It hurts!” Olivia grabbed the end of his shirt with her pale hand.

Then a car was stopped outside the gate. Dennis held her up, “Don’t say anything! Just rest if you still feel hurt.”

Olivia stayed quiet while leaning against his body.

While Dennis was walking away with Olivia in his arms, he fixed his dark eyes on me. I could

tell nothing from his gaze. Then he stepped out of the lobby.

But there came the gossips.

Some of the guests looked at me and started to gossip.

“I heard that there has been a feud between Mrs. George and Olivia. As she just got a

reunion with her parents, I reckon Mrs. George must have pushed her because of jealousy.”

“I don’t think so. I have negotiated with Mrs. George about some projects. She has been

tough, measured and decent. I suppose she wouldn’t be so rude to push Olivia during such an occasion.”

“Can’t you see how worried Mr. George was just now? It’s a matter of relationships!

Everyone can tell how much he cares about Olivia. As his wife, of course Mrs. George would be jealous.”

“Yeah, since now Olivia has been recognized by her parents, perhaps a divorce of Mrs. George will be coming soon.”

“How apathetic!”

I only stood still and listened to the gossips.

“Huh,” Marcus, who was just standing and watching beside, also walked over to sneer,

“Clara, you are being jealous, right? Olivia is much better than you when it comes to her look, her social status and her family background. Now she is perfect enough to match Dennis.

But you...”

He didn’t finish his sentence. He only cast me a disdainful glimpse to show his attitude—I

could never be a match for Dennis.

I raised up my head, looked at him, shrugged and smiled, “Yeah, I am being jealous! But at

least I dare to uncover it instead of being stealthy just like you!”

“You...”

He was so mad that he failed to utter. So he huffed and turned around to leave.

The gossips gradually dismissed and so did the onlookers. I lifted my hemline to step out of the lobby.

Leo sat on a swing in the garden while watching from distance lazily. A vague smile showed on his face.

“I had never expected that you preferred to watch me being setup rather than bail me out!” I huffed and left.

It seemed that everything had changed and so had Leo. He fancied violence to torture five years ago but now he seemed to prefer another way—he brought me to an occasion so as to see me being embarrassed.

The area was specifically for the rich and it was far away from the downtown. Only the private-owned cars could have access to enter.

The cars from outside would be prohibited unless they got a permission.
So I had to walk
out of the golf course to hail a cab.

What a long distance!

I took off the high heels and walked along the asphalt path surrounding
the golf course.

Soon, there was a car following behind in a slow speed.

Of course, I could tell who it was. I didn't stop and started to speed up
my pace.

The car still followed for quite a while. So I stopped and sat down on the
lawn.

A minute later, a man sat down beside me.

He let out a long exhalation and said with vague dolefulness, "Clara, do
you insist that a bad
guy would never return to good?"

I replied, but showing no intention to answer, "What brought you back
this time?"

Actually, from my perspective, Leo had been gentle and refined.

However, the nightmare was

carved inside my brain ever since he caused the death of Diana's parents
and my grandma.

And he even dropped both Diana and me underneath the water. Though
it had been five

years, I could still clearly recall every detail.

He lay down with the back of his head resting on both arms. He fixed his
eyes on the dark

sky, "I feel so lonely. I just want to live with you in peace."

If he were a family of mine who came for a reunion after long separation,
I would have been

moved and convinced. However, he was an exception from whom I
could feel nothing but

horror.

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie

Johnson Chapter 70

"My death could be the only way to stop you from pestering, right?" I
said while looking at

the flickering streetlight in distance. Something pessimistic started to
crawl on my heart.

He let out a spooky smile, "I won't let it happen. I can't live for the rest of my life without you."

I remained silent.

I knew fear didn't work. My life still needed to go on.

"Just leave Dennis! We can live a happy life together just like when we were kids. Dennis doesn't deserve your love!"

I lowered my head and smiled. How hilarious! When everybody insisted that I didn't deserve

Dennis's love, only Leo perceived something opposite.

"There is no way turning back. Grandma had gone and so did the mulberry tree in front of the door. Leo, just leave me alone and stop ruining my life, okay?" though I knew it wouldn't

work, I still told him my wish.

He still stared at the dark sky. His eyes turned to be blurred but still dark.

After quite a while,

he finally uttered, "I have tried so. But it didn't work!"

'Forget about it!' I was a bit tired of this lame talk. I stood up and looked at him, "Drive me home."

Now I figured it out—he didn't intend to hurt me this time. Otherwise, he wouldn't spend so

much effort taking me here. He just fancied seeing my helpless eyes soaked in horror. As a

predator, he only wanted a prey to kill time.

So I was sure he wouldn't do anything harmful to me by now.

He sent me back to H Villas. After he parked the car, he locked the door again and fixed his

eyes on me, "What about a night kiss?"

"Huh, don't ever think about it!" I said with indifference while looking at him.

His desire for control seemed to surge up. He furrowed his brows, leaned against the seat

and looked at me from above domineeringly, "Tell me! What if Dennis sees you staying in the car for long?"

But then he nodded and continued, "Well, but now he must be tending his beloved lady in the hospital, I reckon. So he might not have time to care about you." While speaking, he approached. But the clear smell of tobacco from his body displeased me.

"Leo, don't you think my death will be a relief for you?"

He huffed seriously, "How dare you!"

Though it wasn't the right time for me to test if it mattered to him, I would still deem it

worthy if my death could put an end to this devil.

But suddenly, a beam of light came inside the yard. It was the headlight of a car. I raised up

my head to look outside and saw that it was Dennis's jeep.

Then I noticed that it was already at midnight. I didn't even expect him to return home.

Leo's car was eye-catching enough for Dennis to notice as soon as he drove into the yard.

But he didn't get off. Instead, he lit up a cigarette and stayed in the car to watch both of us.

Leo had been a troublemaker though he always behaved like a gentleman in public. As he

noticed that Dennis still stayed in the car, he inclined himself towards me with a snicker,

"What if he see me kissing you?"

"Are you out of your mind?" I nudged to get away from him. However, the space in the car was too limited.

He nudged forward and dropped a kiss on my lips. Then he smiled at Dennis, looking nasty.

"Leo, are you crazy?"

"You are right!" he nodded. But then Dennis had got off his car.

I frowned and looked at Leo, "Open the door!"

He raised his brows and simply ignored me. We saw Dennis got off and entered the villa.

Then he smiled at me, “See? Clara, he doesn’t even love you. That was why he didn’t even care the kiss.”

Leo was really talented in smashing one’s hope. But I sneered, “So what? It has nothing to do with you! Let me off...”

However, a bang of loud noise sounded and then the window of Leo’s car was smashed.

I was stunned when looking at Dennis, who was standing beside the car with coldness and rage shown in his eyes. That was truth—everyone had a dark side. No matter how decent and refined both of them showed from the façade, they were both dirty from the inside.

The principle applied to the three of us

There was also a bloodthirsty evil lurking inside Dennis.

He was holding a sledge, which belonged to the worker who came to fix rockery in the yard

few days ago. He simply sledged the window. Undoubtedly, it failed to withstand such a strong hit.

He squinted and looked at the window. Then Dennis reached his hand inside to open the door.

As soon as the door was unlocked, I got off the car but still remained unspoken. I just watched this neck-and-neck rivalry.

Leo squinted. Though he still sat on the seat, he still looked threatening, “You want a fight?”

Fist fight had been a traditional way to solve dispute between men. Only the fist could convince each other.

Dennis looked serious while slightly moving his thin lips, “Of course!”

The loud smash of window woke Nanny Daisy up, who lived outside the villa. She turned on all lights in the yard and hurried over.

She was stunned when seeing Dennis and me and also Leo—a stranger to her. She asked

worriedly, "Sir, shall we call 911?"

Dennis took off his tailor-made suit jacket. He huffed with determined dark eyes, "No! Go to get a chair for her. I need her to sit and watch."

I was speechless.

Nanny Daisy nodded and hurried inside the villa.

I frowned and looked at Dennis, displeased, "I don't want to watch the fight. It's too violent

for the baby. Watch yourself. Don't get hurt. I will wait for you inside."

Perhaps what I said worked. Dennis seemed to relax a bit. He smiled and looked at me,

"Okay, just get in and wait for me."

"Fuck!" Leo cursed nastily as he had always done. But he seemed to be irritated out of no

reason. Then he punched at Dennis.

The fight started.

I didn't intend to stay. So I simply ignored the noise behind.

As I entered the parlor, Nanny Daisy asked nervously, "What's going on?"

"Nothing!" I shook my head. But now I was starving because I didn't have much food during

the banquet. I looked at Nanny Daisy, "Is there anything else to eat?"

"Yes..." she ran to the kitchen while saying. Then she came out with a pot of stewed chicken

and a plate of braised egg.

I was quite surprised while looking at her, "Nanny Daisy, now it's over midnight. How did you..."

I was really amazed when seeing the steaming hot food.

She smiled, "Mr. George called me to prepare it for you. He said you barely had food during

the banquet. So you will be starving when you return home."

I was stunned with mixed feelings surging up in my heart.

I couldn't tell he only cared about the baby or me.

Then there came groan outside the villa. Nanny Daisy got me a bowl of rice and asked

worriedly, "Shall we call the police?"

I shook my head and kept chewing, "No!"

I knew they were equally powerful. But it killed neither.
About half an hour later, the noise stopped. Then I heard the sound of
engine. A few minutes
later, Dennis came in.
My belly felt like being stuffed after meal. I could tell my belly bulged
even larger. So I
assumed I should go for a prenatal care tomorrow.