

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 7

It took one hour to get to the George Residence from my house, and I was dizzy all the way.

I lost my breath at the thought of the baby in Olivia's womb and the look in Dennis' eyes before he left.

Just when I was devastated, my stomach began to churn as my car stopped at the entrance of the George Residence. I jumped off the car, crouched down by the flower bed and started to vomit, but hardly anything came out.

"Well well, I remember you weren't so fragile before you became a Mrs. George. It's not a long drive, but why are you throwing up?" a voice taunted at the gate of the George Residence.

I knew who it was without looking. Freddy had two sons. The elder one, Edwin, had a car accident long ago, and both he and his wife died, leaving their only son, Dennis. The other son of Freddy's, as well as the younger one, was called Andrew, whose wife was ridiculing me at the gate of the George Residence. There were a lot of dramas in a wealthy family, and I was no stranger to them over the years.

I tried to calm down and stared at Lydia, greeting her politely, "Hello, Lydia!"

Lydia was never a fan of mine. It might be because she was jealous of me since I came from a humble background but was appreciated by Freddy, or because Freddy thought highly of Dennis and thus appointed him as the successor of the family when he was alive, which made her green with envy, and she vented all her anger on me.

Lydia threw me a cold stare and looked into the car. Seeing that no one else came with me, she pulled a long face at once. "What? Wouldn't Mr. George attend his grandfather's funeral?"

There were many visitors in the George Residence today. I was aware that it was inappropriate for Dennis not to show up, so I forced a smile and explained, "Something urgent happened and Dennis went to take care of it. He will come later."

"Humph!" Lydia sneered, "And I thought the person chosen by Old Mr. George would be better than this!"

It was true that Lydia hated me. However, the George family was an influential family, and many people came today, so she stopped picking on me in order not to embarrass herself.

Inside the George Residence , Freddy's memorial tablet was placed in the middle of the hall. His body was burned to ashes, and his urn was put behind the memorial tablet. There were many white flowers in the hall, and in the front of the mourning hall placed some burning joss sticks and tributes.

Visitors came one after another. Freddy was a man of high prestige, so most of the visitors were of high social status. Andrew and Lydia were greeting them inside and outside the George Residence respectively, while I greeted them at the mourning hall.

"Mrs. George," Nanny Daisy greeted me with a sandal wood box in her hands.

"What's wrong, Nanny Daisy?" Admittedly, the George family was a wealthy family, but there weren't many people in the family. Besides, Freddy preferred a quiet house, so he only had Nanny Daisy take care of him.

Nanny Daisy put the sandal wood box in my hands and said with a sad face, "Old Mr. George wanted to give this to you. Keep it." She continued after a pause, "He knew that after his death, Mr. George might force you to get a divorce. If you don't want to do it, show this box to Mr. George, and he might give up that idea after seeing what's inside."

I looked down at the sandal wood box in my hands. It was a square box with a built-in lock. I looked at Nanny Daisy and wondered, "But where's the key?"

"Old Mr. George gave the key to Mr. George," replied Nanny Daisy. She stared at me and went on, "You look haggard. Please take good care of yourself. Old Mr. George always wanted you to give birth to a boy to carry on the family name while he was alive. Now that he passed away, please don't let him down."

My heart skipped a beat when I heard the word "baby". I smiled at Nanny Daisy and said no more.

When the mourning ceremony was over, Freddy's urn was taken to the graveyard for burial. At this point, it was already afternoon, but Dennis hadn't turned up yet.

After the burial ceremony, Dennis was still nowhere to be seen. Holding Lydia's arm, Andrew stared at me and said, "Clara, the dead is dead. When you get back, tell Dennis not to hold grudges against his grandfather anymore. He owed him nothing