

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 8

Lydia, however, snorted and scoffed, "That ungrateful creature. Freddy had been kind to him for nothing."

"Stop the nonsense!" Andrew threw a ferocious stare at her and looked at me helplessly. "It's getting late, and Old Mr. George is resting in peace now. Go home early."

"OK. Thank you, Mr. George." Both Andrew and Lydia were in their 50s now, and they had no children, but they sat pretty living off the shares of the George Group they held. Lydia had a sharp tongue, but actually, she was a kind person, so the couple was the envy of many people in their circle.

Standing in front of Freddy's tombstone, I watched them walking away and fell into a trance. Since Freddy had died, the marriage between Dennis and I might have come to an end too. Just as the rain would stop, or the sun would go down, I would finally lose him.

"Take care of yourself, grandfather. I'll pay you a visit later." I took a solemn bow to the tombstone. Just as I turned around to leave, I was shocked.

When had Dennis come?

Dressed in black, Dennis was standing not far away behind me with a grim face, his dark eyes fixed on Freddy's tombstone, but I could hardly detect any kind of emotion from his grieving face.

Seeing me turn around, he looked away and said in a low voice, "Let's go!"

So he came... to pick me up?

I stopped him at once as he was about to leave. "Dennis, Freddy is gone, and you should let it go too. You know, he had done so much for you all these years..."

Watching his eyes turning cold, I couldn't help but stop talking, not knowing what to do. I thought he would lose his temper, but unexpectedly, he remained silent and left.

It was getting dark as we walked out of the graveyard. My driver had already gone since Dennis came to pick me up. Therefore, I could only go back with Dennis. We got into the car and left the graveyard. Silence hung heavily in the car on the way. I pinched my fingers, wanting to ask him about Olivia's condition again and again, but I swallowed the words at the sight of his sullen face every time.

After some time, I couldn't resist it anymore and asked, "How's Miss Pearson?" I didn't push her, but after all, she tumbled down under my nose.

The car screeched to a halt all of a sudden and inertia threw my body forward. Before I could react, I was held by the waist and pinned against the seat. The next moment, Dennis leaned over to me, his sharp and piercing cold dark eyes fixed on mine. Sensing danger, I flinched and said, "Dennis..."

"How do you expect she is?" He responded by asking, his voice stern. "Clara, do you really think I won't divorce you since Freddy gave you that box?"

My heart missed a beat. How did he know everything in only a few hours?

"I didn't push her." I repressed the bitterness and met his gaze, finding the truth funny. "Dennis, I don't know what's in the box Freddy gave me, nor have I ever thought of taking advantage of it to maintain our marriage. Since you want to get a divorce, fine! I agree. Let's file for divorce tomorrow."

It was completely dark outside now. Rain pattered against the car windows as the wind blew, making the interior of the car even glummer.

Dennis, nevertheless, seemed amazed to hear that I agreed to get a divorce so suddenly, but that only lasted a moment. After that, his lips curled into a sneer. "Olivia is still in hospital. Are you going to get away from it all by divorcing now?"

"Then what do you want me to do?" Exactly. In Dennis' eyes, I made his love lie in hospital now, so how would he let me go so easily?

"Take care of her from tomorrow." He sat straight in the driver's seat, his slender fingers resting on the steering wheel, his eyes darkening.