

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 9

I failed to figure out what Dennis was thinking and nodded approval.

Sometimes, people just groveled in a relationship for no reason. In my case, I was used to being given orders by Dennis, and all I could do was obey them, even if my heart was yelling no.

The car was heading to the center of the city. Originally, I thought Dennis would send me back to our house, but in fact, he drove me straight to the hospital.

The whole hospital was filled with the smell of disinfectant, which I hated, but I could only follow Dennis into Olivia's ward.

She had been put on a drip. Olivia was a fragile girl to begin with, and now she appeared even more weak and tiny lying in the white sheets, her eyes bleary.

The look in her eye became distant the moment she saw me coming into her ward with Dennis. After a while, she told Dennis, "I don't want to see her!" It might be because she had a miscarriage just now that she appeared cold and resentful instead of charming and adorable at this moment.

Dennis walked up to her and helped her up in bed, his chin rubbing her forehead comfortingly. "I asked her to take care of you for a few days. This is what she ought to do." The sense of tenderness and intimacy in his tone stung me.

Olivia had wanted to say something, but having heard Dennis, she looked up at him and gave a faint smile. "Fine, anything you say!" The two of them decided my schedule for the next few days after a simple conversation. Ironically, I followed their arrangement without saying anything.

Dennis was busy. Despite his absence from Freddy's funeral, he was the heir of the George family, and had to attend to a lot of business. He was the person in charge of the George Group, and didn't have much time to look after Olivia in hospital. Therefore, I seemed to be the only one who was able to take care of her.

It was 2 am. Since Olivia had taken a nap in the daytime, she failed to fall asleep now. There was no extra bed in hospital, so I could only lean back in the armchair next to the bed.

Seeing that I was still awake, Olivia stared at me and exclaimed, "Clara, you're pitiful."

I was lost for words upon hearing her. I dropped my eyes to look at the ring in my hand and looked up after a long while, replying, "Isn't love just like this?"

Somehow, Olivia chuckled, and asked after a long pause, "Are you tired?"

I shook my head. There was no easy thing in life, and I just fell in love with a man. That was all.

“Can you give me a glass of water?” Olivia asked, straightening herself up slightly.

I nodded, got up and poured her a glass of water.

“You don’t have to add cold water into it. I want hot water!” Olivia added, and no emotion could be discerned in her tone.

I passed the water to her but she didn’t take it, but stared at me and sighed, “I think you’re miserable, as well as pitiful. You’re not to blame for my miscarriage, but I couldn’t help passing the buck to you.”

I didn’t know what she meant by saying so, but handed the water to her. “It’s hot.”

Olivia took the glass and grabbed me abruptly, while I drew back my hand instinctively, but she stared at me with her dark eyes. “Let’s make a bet. Do you think he’s worried about you?”

I was shocked but meanwhile, caught a glimpse of the man standing at the door, wondering when he had come. Olivia looked at me calmly and asked, “I dare you to make a bet with me.”

I remained silent, letting her spill hot water all over my hand, the boiling hot water stinging my skin. I said nothing, but both of us knew I agreed to make a bet with her.

Olivia put down the glass and said innocently, “I’m sorry, but I didn’t do it on purpose. The water is too hot and I spilt it. Are you alright?” This excuse couldn’t sound faker.

I drew my hand back and shook my head in pain. “It’s alright!”