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# Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 11 - 20

When I arrived at the ward where Olivia lived, she had fallen in a sleep. There was a middle-aged woman, who was a care worker hired by Dennis. She paid me a greeting and said that she stayed here to take care of Olivia with requirement of Dennis. So I left.

Out of the hospital, I directly took a taxi to the villa.

With a busy night, it's the dawn when I arrived at the villa. I often felt drowsy after I got pregnancy, so I went straight to the bed

In drowsy dimness, I was awoken by heavy cigarette smoke, to see a figure beside my bed. I was scared and totally sober enough to recognize that it's Dennis.

It's smoky in the bedroom with window and door closed. Between his fingers was a firing cigarette. It's clearly that he had smoked a lot here.

"You are back here!" I uttered, up. I raised eyes and looked at him.

He never smoked, but he had done it so much here today. It seemed that something bad happened to him.

Keeping silent, he just stared at me with deep eyes. I can tell nothing from his eyes.

It's so smoky here that I can hardly breathe, so I got out of bed to open the window.

Sitting on the sofa, he suddenly pulled me and held me into his arms while passing by him. He put his arms around me with great strength.

"Dennis!" Without knowing why he was like that, I did dislike the smell on him. I struggled but he didn't release me.

Calming down, I turned to look at him, "You drunk?" So close to him, I just noticed he was covered by alcohol.

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"You don't hate me?" His sudden words made me puzzled. Looking at him, I saw his narrowed eyebrows and light moustache. It's likely that he was so busy that there was no time to glam himself up.

"Yes!" I replied and tried to get rid of him by prizing his hands. But he spared no strength and I failed.

His behavior made me so confused. Looking at him, I asked, "Dennis, what's wrong with you?"

"Will you get it back?" His black eyes fell on me. He looked blurred perhaps thanks to the alcohol.

At that time, I was not clear what he was talking about, so I doubted, "What?"

Looking at me, he stopped talking and began to fondle me. His intent was clear.

Out of instinct, I grabbed his hands, frowning, "Dennis, I am Clara, not Olivia."

Keeping silent, he directly lifted me and began to kiss me with hastiness and violence.

"Dennis, I am Clara. You look at me!!" I was a little hysterical and held his face to force him to see me clearly.

With frazzle, he peered at me for several seconds, then he uttered slightly, "Yes!" His kept kissing.

His suit had wrinkles all over it, and the coat was thrown at the foot of the bed.

Seeing the mess on the floor, I suddenly came to myself. I was pregnant and I cannot do that.

I thrust him off the bed and buried myself into the quilt. I looked at him, "Dennis, you are drunk."

Finishing, I left the bedroom.

Getting changed, I went out of the house. I was afraid that I will lose my baby staying here.

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# Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 12

Recently many things happened, and I had no idea how to deal with that. So I crisply went to Diana.

When I arrived at the Time Bar, it's was not dark. So there were not so many customers, and Diana served me a glass of cocktail, "Why you come here now? What happened?"

Looking at the hot pole dance on the stage with loud music and scream mixed, I nodded. Putting down the glass, I turned to her, "Nothing, I just come and pay you a visit here."

"Did he pick on you?" Diana asked, "You'd better have a divorce from him if you cannot get along well with him. As beautiful as you, you can remarry a better man. You don't have to live with him lifelong."

Diana had been straightforward, and we were best friends to each other and gave the other support. She always got comfortable with her life, so she cannot bear my irresolute altitudes to Dennis.

Handing over the B-ultrasonography result to her, I said helplessly, "Do you think who will marry a woman with a baby, although she was attractive and well-shaped?"

Grabbing the result from me, she checked it and then stared at me, "Six weeks, don't you have sex with him, do you? How do you get pregnancy?"

"Do you remember that day last month when I was drunk and he picked me up?" I got the result back.

With eyes open wide, she said with shock after a while, "What are you doing to do?"

Shaking head, I was also bewildered, having no idea what to do.

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“Get an abortion.” Diana uttered. “You and Dennis are not in a world, and Old Mr. George who can protect you in the family has passed away. You’d better have an abortion and a divorce from Dennis, or you will get yourself in trouble.”

I was a little distracted. Looking at more and more people in the bar, I turned to Diana, “You go back to your work, and I will stay here for a while.”

Knowing clearly my being deaf to her words, she stopped talking and rolled eyes, changing the cocktail into a glass of juice.

As the night deepened, the bar started to come alive and Diana also got busy. While I stayed in a daze in a corner.

Gazing at the men and women circulating from group to group, Clara got carried away.

I knew there was a chaos in the bar till I heard a noise.

There were several thugs in the bar, who were around Diana, messing up. And even most of customers had gone and the music was turned off.

Sitting in a corner in dim lights, it’s hard to find me there. But I can see the thugs around Diana with sticks in their hands.

Obviously, they came here to make trouble. But Diana was clam, looking at them, “Are you here to enjoy or make trouble?”

“We are making trouble here, bitch. How about going out with us?” The leading thug uttered, stretching to touch Diana’s face with a bad smile.

“Clap!” Before his hand touching her face, I threw the glass to stop him.

Hit by the glass, the thug shouted, covering his arm, “Who hit me?”

“Me!” I stood up and walked to them. Turned to Diana, I saw her looking at me with worry in her eyes, “Why you still here?”

So she just thought I had left here.

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Rolling eyes, I said, "I didn't go!"

"Fool!" Diana protected me behind her, whispering, "You find a chance and leave later when I fight with them."

Knowing her worry about me, I just talked to the thugs, "You several men bully a woman, are you ashamed?"

## Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 13

"Why?" The thug spoke and laughed at me, "It's you who hit me, right?"

I nodded, "Yes, it's me! Why?"

"You are trying to get yourself killed." Finishing, he tried to thrash us with the stick, and I and Diana dodged simultaneously. Then we grabbed the bottles close and smashed them.

Other thugs were intended to be onlookers, but they also joined them while we fought back.

We knew kung fu, so we didn't get hurt at all. When the policemen arrived, the thugs were all slight hurt. Then we were all taken away.

After making a statement, we had to ask someone to bail us out though we were victims. After all, we were also in a fight.

Diana was an orphan, and she had no friend in Newton Town except me. So she had to rely on me to find someone to help us.

However, I also had no friend in this city thanks to being unsociable. At last, I mustered up courage to call Mario Bennett.

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The call was soon answered but no one replied. I felt a little awkward and said, "Doctor Bennett, I am sorry to bother you now, but could you do me a favor? I am in the police station, and could you come here now?"

No reply! I paused and continued, "Doctor Bennett, please!"

A long while later, a cold voice rang at the other end, "Clara Kennedy!"

This was Dennis' voice!

Why did he answer Mario's call?

With shock and scare, I stammered, "Dennis, you..."

"Address!" Before I finished, he spoke in a cold voice.

I can tell from his voice that he was in a bad mood.

"HC police station!" He hung up.

Diana looked at me, speechlessly, "Why not call Dennis directly? Why you always make things more complicated?"

I was more speechless, "He was drunk when I left the villa and I thought he had fallen in sleep, so I called Mario. But I never expected..."

Never expected that Dennis would answer this call.

Half hour later, Dennis amongst a crowd showed up in the police station. With vacant expression and impressive figure, just standing there made himself a picture.

Besides, the reports about him can be seen every day on the headline of financial news, so the workers in the police station all stepped forward to say hi.

Seeing this, Diana rubbed my shoulder, "I can understand why you are so obsessed with him. He is really outstanding and every woman wants to be Mrs. George. Not to mention that you share a bed with him every day."

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I rolled eyes to her. She just advised me to have a divorce, but now...

Women were really capable of change.

After Dennis negotiated with the police and signed, and then we can leave.

At the gate of the police station, the policeman told us, "You don't begin a fight if such things happen again, you should just call the police."

I and Diana looked at each other and then smiled to the policeman, saying thanks.

Then Diana whispered to me, "We will be killed when the police come!"

I was about to say something, but I felt something peculiar. I looked over, to see Dennis in black suits standing beside his black Jeep.

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Aware of his anger, I whispered goodbye to Diana and then walked to him heartily, "Thanks!"

He glanced at me coldly, and I cannot tell anything from his deep eyes. He uttered, "Get into the car."

Saying nothing, I got in.

On the half way, I received a message from Diana. She said she had arrived home. And I texted her back letting her have an early rest.

Glancing at the man beside me, he was cold as usual. He didn't volunteer to break the ice, so I kept silent.

Arriving at the villa, he pulled over and then directly got into the house with big steps. I followed him, saying after thinking, "Dennis, I thought you were drunk, so I called Doctor Bennett. I have no other intention."

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I knew that the explanation was useless, but I still made it. And he didn't mind it at all.

He suddenly stopped, and looked back at me, narrowing eyes, "Other intention? Do you think that Mario will love you?"

His words made me silent.

Yes! Not to mention that Mario was his good friend and I was his wife, Mario will never love me if I was not.

To Dennis, I was nothing. But for Old Mr. George's kindness to me, I was not qualified to see Dennis and it would be impossible to marry him.

Getting no reply from me, he shot a cold look at me and then was going upstairs.

He suddenly stopped and turned to me, "You go to Moon & Star Restaurant and buy midnight feast."

I paused. Why didn't mention that on the way? The restaurant was in the opposite direction to this villa. Besides, it's dawn now, he asked me to go through half the city to buy him midnight feast.

"You have to have it? It is dawn now and the restaurant might be closed."

"It runs for 24 hour per day." He then went upstairs, leaving me no chance to say no.

He didn't want midnight feast, and his purpose was to mess me up.

But I had made mistakes, so I still went out of the villa.

In a rainy season, it's dense and muggy, so it's going to rain. I planned to drive his Jeep, but the key was taken away. I had to drive another car and went out.

At one o'clock in the morning, I drove through the city to buy the midnight feast. I thought that I was lucky that it's not raining.

However, when I got out of the restaurant, it rained heavily, with thunder.

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I drove back. In the rainy season, a lot of channels and roads will be flooded, so I deliberately avoided the channels. But it's much farther.

But I never expected that the car broke down on the half way. In a rainy day, I was still far from the villa, and it's hard to take a taxi here.

Glancing at the phone screen, the phone was nearly out of juice. So I called Dennis.

But I called him for times, there was no one answering. As a result, I found an umbrella and began to walk, with the feast in hand.

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If I was lucky enough, I would perhaps encounter a warm-hearted driver. In the windy and rainy night, the sun umbrella didn't work well, so I was all drenched to the skin.

However, with bad luck, I didn't come across any car on the way. In coldness, I felt ache from my belly. A few steps further, I can barely hold on, and my belly also began to be prickling unpleasantly.

Worrying about the baby, I had to stop, crouching with hand on belly. It rained more heavily. I fumbled about my phone in the pocket, but found nothing. I was afraid it was left in the car.

I had walked a long way from the car and the belly ached so much, so I can hardly step back. With support of the stone on the side, I tried hard to walk. However, the pain made me sweating, I had to keep crouching.

At that time, I felt a stream of warm current between my legs, and I was startled. I was losing the baby.

The ancient songs told that girls were made of sugar, perfume and other wonderful things, and they were as nice as angels.

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However, not all girls were made of those things, some girls were born to face disasters and grief.

Feeling fainted, I can hardly keep eyes open. I raised eyes weakly when hearing the car pulling over.

It's a black Jeep, and the plate was ACL999.

Dennis came. I struggled to stand up. But owing to crouching long and feeling fainted, I suddenly fell down.

"Fool!" His cold voice rang beside my ear, and I tried to open eyes but failed. I just knew that he lifted me and put me into the car, and then I fainted.

When I woke up, it's all white around. I was in the hospital.

I moved a little, but felt great pain.

Out of instinct, I stretched and touched my belly.

"Don't worry, your baby is fine." The sudden voice scared me. I turned and saw Mario. I paused.

"Why..." Why you here? But with a sore throat, I cannot speak out.

Seeing this, he raised eyebrows, and then went to get me a glass of water. Then he approached me and helped me up. But I was intended to keep him away.

He ignored my actions, and moved the glass to my lips. I stretched to hold the glass, but he avoided, "Just drink!"

So I said nothing more.

Sipping the water, I felt better about my throat.

He put me on the bed and put down the glass. I looked over at him, "Thanks!"

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He lowered eyes and stared at his phone, nodding.

Hesitating, I spoke, "Did Dennis knew about the baby?" If I didn't make mistakes, it's Dennis who sent me to the hospital yesterday night. Mario had known about the baby, so did Dennis.

He turned to me, narrowing eyes, "You don't let him know?"

## Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 16

I nodded, "He has planned to divorce from me. If I tell him, he would believe that I am threatening him not to divorce from me."

He raised eyebrows, "But he knows it now, what will you do?"

I paused, and had no reply.

Looking at him, I tried him, "Will Dennis want this baby?"

"I am not Dennis." He uttered, and looked at me, "But Dennis is in his thirties now, and he gets no excuse to get you aborted."

Finishing, he walked out the room, with hands in the pocket.

So Dennis will want to keep this baby?

However, Olivia frustrated me. I was on a drip when Olivia thrusted my room. She rushed in and had me by the throat.

With red eyes, she shouted, "Why? Why you pregnant? Clara Kennedy, you killed my baby, and I will never let you give birth to the baby."

With my throat in her hands, I can hardly breathe. I struggled to get rid of her, but she seemed to lost control in hysteria.

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With a ferocious look, she looked at me, "I will kill the baby. I will never allow you have a baby to make Dennis around you."

She looked delicate, but she was choking me with great strength. I tried hard to save myself, but I cannot move.

I struggled to say some words, "Life... for a life..."

She snorted, forcing, "A corpse of two lives, it was all worth it,"

"Olivia, what are you doing?" By the door, a man shouted in a cold voice.

Hearing the voice, Olivia froze suddenly. Red eyes disappeared, and the tears rolled down. Perhaps thanks to Dennis' sudden appearance, she fell down on the floor.

He hurried to lift her. I was released and breathed madly with mouth open wide.

A long while later, she calmed down. In his arms, she sobbed, "Dennis, you promised me you will never let this woman have your baby. You promised me."

I felt better, lying on the bed and looking at the couple. I cannot tell my feeling.

Dennis glanced at me, with his hand petting Olivia. He comforted her, "Stop crying, you just get better."

Olivia raised head to see him, wiping the tears away, "Dennis, you will never allow her have your baby, right?"

I also stared at Dennis, waiting for his reply.

While he didn't bother to look at me. With eyes on Olivia, he wiped her tears away gently, "Olivia, stop it."

Hearing this answer, I took a sigh of relief. At least, Dennis didn't want me to have an abortion.

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"I don't!" Olivia got excited again, with tears falling along her face. Grabbing Dennis's sleeve, she said in a humble tone, "Dennis, you promised my elder brother that you would take care of me. Now my brother had passed away, and I have nothing, except you."

Choking, she pointed at me, "If she has your baby, you are not having a divorce from her, right? You are not going to keep your words to take care of me and you have your family, while I have nothing. No! I don't want to be alone..."

## Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 17

Olivia wept with sorrow, grabbing Dennis. She looked like a lost boy, pitiful and helpless.

Dennis held her into his arms, comforting her, "You are not alone, and you will not. Calm down."

Olivia looked at him with bulging eyes, "Don't let her have your baby, OK? Please don't, or I will die."

She said it seriously.

Dennis looked at her, with anger in his deep eyes, "Olivia, don't mess around."

Olivia pushed him away, and rushed to take the fruit knife and cut her own wrist.

Things happened so quickly. I never expected that Olivia would commit suicide, as well as Dennis. He lifted Olivia to the emergency room.

However, Olivia grabbed the bed handrail tightly, looking at Dennis with red eyes, "Don't let her have your baby."

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With bewilderment, I wondered how much Olivia didn't want me to have the baby. Looking at Dennis, I uttered first before he spoke, "Olivia, you rest assured. This baby, I ..." Suppressing the sorrow from the heart, I took a deep breath, "I won't give it a birth."

"Clara!" Dennis got completely raged, with bloodshot eyes.

"She will die if you don't send her to the emergency room." I spoke, with a tight throat.

Sipping lips, Dennis gave me a shot with deep look in his eyes, and then he lifted Olivia and left my room.

In the empty room, I stared at the blood on the floor, stinging and piercing.

My fever was brought down, and I refused to get IV. I left the hospital.

After a stormy rain for a night, the Newton Town was refreshed.

After leaving the hospital, I went directly to the George Group, rather than the villa.

The receptionist rushed to me while seeing me. "Director Kennedy, Alice Booth Pearson has been waiting for about 15 minutes in your office."

I nodded, entering the elevator and looking over at her, "Tell Jackie to prepare a gift, and I will take it to Alice Booth Pearson. The gift shouldn't be much expensive, but delightful."

The receptionist nodded.

In the elevator, I called Mario and he gave a fast answer, "Clara!"

Surprisingly, it's the first time that I heard him call my name. I frowned slightly, "Do you have time this evening? What about having a talk?"

Seemed to be surprised, he replied, "Okay, When and where?"

"I will text you later." The elevator was open and I hang up, sending Mario the time and address for the meeting.

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Then I went to the rest room to fix face before back to the office.

I learned a lot in the past two years with Dennis. I had made great achievements at the scope of business, but failed in obtaining his love.

At least, I grew mature from a green hand to a tactful woman who can handle various difficulties.

In the office, a middle-aged woman in a plain cheongsam sitting elegantly on the black sofa, was reading the messages with the phone in her hand.

I knocked the door which was half closed, and then I pushed into the room. Smiling, I apologized, "Mrs. Pearson, Sorry to keep you waiting. I met a traffic jam."

She stood up and shook hand with me, "That's all right, and I just arrived here."

After a small talk, Mrs. Pearson cut to the chase, "Mrs. George, I am sorry to bother you now, but you know that my husband just signed a contract with the George Group. However, no one can expect that things will have gone wrong. Could you talk to President George to postpone the starting time so that we can have breathing room?"

## Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 18

The corporation between the George Group and the hospital was in a state-owned system. The George Group was a company in architecture and commercial trade, and I took charge of the architecture program of the corporation. Mrs. Pearson's husband was Stefan Pearson, president of the hospital.

We had signed a contract. According to the contract, the building program will finish this month and the hospital building can be put into use later. However, Stefan Pearson applied the designated fund for something else, so that the building cannot be completed.

Briefly, the rest of funds cannot be paid out at the time on the contract to the George Group.

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Hearing her words, I showed a vexed smile, "Mrs. Pearson, you know that. I have married Dennis for years, but we didn't get along well enough. He is precise! Besides, this is a great deal of money, and I cannot shoulder the responsibility if any mistakes.

Mrs. Pearson was a little upset, and she said, "In one week! You give us only one week. We will pay you off as long as Stefan has enough to meet the need."

In fact, it's not a difficult thing. But I paused, "Mrs. Pearson, as you know, the George Group is not a small company, so it's way strict with turnover of funds. I have to take some risks if I do you a favor, but..."

Speaking here, I stopped, looking at her.

She seized the opportunity, asking urgently, "But what?"

Looking over at her, I hesitated, "But I can make it if I get a reasonable excuse."

Before she said something, I continued, "I happens to have a good excuse."

"What excuse?" She held tightly the cup, asking.

"I need Mr. Pearson to arrange an abortion operation for me."

With my voice fading away, she got shocked with eyes open wide, "You are pregnant?"

I nodded, "Six weeks!"

"Six weeks! Why you have an abortion? Does Mr. George know it?" She was a little bewildered, "You and Mr. George are old enough, and this baby is just in time!"

I smiled, not intended to tell more, "We are not well prepared to welcome this baby, so ..."

Pausing, I uttered, "But I can take this to postpone the due time. So Please Mrs. Pearson gets Mr. Pearson informed of this."

"Does Mr. George know it?" She asked, seeming not to understand my excuse.

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I nodded, "Yes, he does."

She said nothing more, but sighed, "What a pity!"

Speaking here, the thing was finished.

Jackie got Mrs. Pearson Healthy ingredients as the present. Seeing out Mrs. Pearson, I looked over to Jackie, "You go to Toby Collins in the President Office and let him hand over a copy of the Divorce Contract to me."

Jackie was stunned, "Director, you..."

## Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 19

Jackie had worked with me for two years and she knew well the thing between me and Dennis. She frowned, "If you serious to the divorce, you will fail to live up to Old Mr. George."

"What's more, the shares Old Mr. George transferred to you will be transferred back to President George. It might not be worth the hassle."

Knowing her worries, I had no time to make more explanation, "I have my plan. You go now and I need to go out later."

Seeing me deaf to her words, Jackie walked out of the office angrily.

I found the car key and went directly to the stair landing, waiting for Jackie. She soon came with a document bag.

Handing over the bag, she tried to advise me, "Director, it's not the best time to get a divorce now, you..."

"Well!" I interrupted, entering the elevator, "Go back to work. I know what I am doing."

Before she can say something more, the elevator was closed.

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I started the car to the appointed spot.

Southern Bay Restaurant was an elegant and quiet Chinese Restaurant, and Chinese style and delicate dishes were its features. Thanks to the high consumption here, most of the consumers were rich.

Entering the restaurant, I directly went to the reserved seat. What surprised me was that Mario had arrived in advance.

In neat and casual clothes, he sat beside the window, with his long fingers tapping the desk.

“Sorry for being late.” Sitting opposite to him, I uttered and called the water for a menu.”

Hearing my voice, he turned over to me. Raising eyebrows, he showed a smile, “A treat on a beauty, how can I be late?”

It’s rare to see his smile, I showed him the menu, “Is there anyone telling you that you have gentle smile?”

Raising eyebrows, he didn’t pick up the menu, but let me make the order. With eyes narrowing, he looked at me, “You are the first one.”

I laughed, and tried to select some dishes he might enjoy.

Returning the menu back to the water, I sipped the water, to see he stared at me with curling lips.

I paused and put down the cup, “Is there anything on my face?”

The corner of his mouth raised. He seemed very cheerful. “It’s the first time to have a dinner with my friend’s wife, and it’s...”

He paused, and then continued, with a delighted smile, “It’s not bad!”

It’s said that the birds of a feather gather together. As Dennis’ friend, Mario was also difficult.

I didn’t dig further his words, just jumped right into it. “Could you do me a favor?”

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Raising eyebrows, he reared back, looking at me, "What favor?"

"The Chinese traditional medicine for miscarried woman."

He frowned, "Just this?"

I nodded, "I heard that Doctor Bennett is a talent in Chinese traditional medicine. I want some medicine. Would you help me?"

## Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 20

Frowning slightly, Mario's eyes were fixed on me, seeming to judge whether I said it sincerely.

Calm, I sat there and smiled, letting him scanning me.

A long while later, he uttered, "OK!"

"Thanks." You didn't have to say too much while talking with a clever man, he can read you from your look in the eyes.

The dishes were served. He glanced at me, saying meaningfully, "Have you been so sophisticated?"

I laughed, "I am flattered. I just do that to keep myself safe. Besides, I and Dennis are not a good match to each other, and the baby is not in time."

With several bites, he seemed to be satisfied, "When are you going?"

I was stunned, raising to glance at him. He should guess what I will do next. I planned that I will leave this city after the divorce and the abortion, but I didn't have made a choice where to go.

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Dropping the chopsticks, I replied, "Perhaps two month later! But I haven't decide where to go."

"How about Hensley Town? It's a good place to live in." He advised. Laying down the chopsticks, he used tissues to wipe his mouth elegantly.

That's a good idea. I nodded, "Yes, a good option." Hensley Town was not as busy as Newton Town, but it's a much ideal city where I can lead a slow and comfortable life.

After finishing the dinner, I found that he had paid the bill in advance. We walked out of the restaurant. I turned to him, "I owe you a meal. Please let me next time."

He nodded, "Hope that we can have a meal in Hensley Town."

With a pause, I smiled, having no idea what to say.

It's getting late, and I had to go back. Walking to the car, he suddenly asked, "Is the operation scheduled?"

I turned around, nodding, "Tomorrow!"

Now that I had made up mind, the earlier, the better.

He nodded, staring at me, "Dennis knows it?"

"No!" I shook head, "I am not intended to tell him."

He frowned, saying nothing.

He was in a daze beside his car. Starting the car, I said goodbye to him and drove back to the villa.

Ten minutes later, I pulled over the car outside the villa. In the car, I took out the Divorce Contract.

Feeling bitter, I thought I will never agree to divorce from Dennis although someone threatened me with a knife on my neck. However, now I was going to offer to have a divorce from him.

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Dennis had been generous. According the contract, he promised to leave this villa to me, as well as the most shares of the George Group.

Seeing the details, I felt like laughing. He perhaps believed that's why I would have married him. I had no excuses to disagree the divorce as he left so much to me.

A while later, I signed on the contract.

Back to the villa, it's dark in the hall. I turned on the light, catching sight of a man sitting in the hall.

Jumped, I saw his black eyes fixing on me. I can tell no emotions from his look.

Keeping calm, I asked, "Why not turn on the light? Do you have your dinner?"

However, he asked in an indifferent but slightly displeased tone, "Where did you go?"

"I went to the company." Speaking, I entered the kitchen, "I am cooking for you."

In the hospital today, Olivia had messed up like that. I supposed that he didn't have a good meal. Thinking here, I felt that I was sticking my nose into his affairs, after all, I was leaving him.

But I had loved him so long, and I wished our relationship a relatively nice ending.

Cooking the noodles, I felt sudden coldness from my back. I turned around, to look straight into his black eyes, indifferent and cold.

"What...what's up?" He usually stared at me with cold look in his eyes, so his complicated look now made me out of my wits.

He didn't reply. I thought he was not willing to have a talk with me, so I kept quiet. I put the noodles on the table, "There is no other ingredients, but eggs, so you contrive."

I was going upstairs for washing up when I heard his sudden voice, "You can also contrive your marriage?"

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I was stunned, feeling heart-broken. I usually kept silent at such situations, but my tears suddenly occupied my eyes now. Looking at him, I said, "Anyhow, we have put up with each other for two years."

"Dennis, I agree to divorce." I took the signed divorce contract out from my bag to him, "I have signed. You check it, and we can make time to the Civil Affairs Bureau to take the divorce certificate."

I said it in a breath and sighed. Suppressing the bitterness, I peeped at the good-looking face, "You don't worry about the baby thing, and I will never let it hinder you and Olivia."

A man had to shoulder the corresponding consequences after he made a decision.

Ignoring Dennis' face with slight anger, I turned to go upstairs. It's very likely to be the last talk between us in this villa.

My wrist was suddenly grabbed, "Never hinder?" He uttered, with anger in her voice.

Knowing he was furious, I didn't turn back, "I will handle it well."

"Clara!" My words caused outraged Dennis. In his hand, my wrist was hurting badly. "What are you going to do? Have a divorce from me, and then abort the baby? Leave this city?"

"Any other way?" Looking over at him, my tears rolled down. "What can I do? Dennis, you have been expecting today, don't you? I have done it as you wish!"

With deeper look in his eyes, he wore a cold face.

"You thought you are clever, right?" He snorted, snapping my chin tightly. Hurting, I tried to get rid of him, but he did it with more strength. We were close to each other, and I can even hear his breath. "It's my baby. You have no qualification to abort it."

"I have no qualification?" I laughed, looking at him and asking word by word, "Olivia has the qualification?"

Narrowing eyes, he stared at me with ice in his eyes. "Clara, you are killing yourself."

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