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He frowned slightly and glanced sideways at Luna. With a deep voice, he asked, "When did you become so cruel and merciless to a child?"

For a moment, Luna felt extremely aggrieved. "Samuel, do you know how the days were when Olivia was in City P? I just care about my daughter!"

"Nonsense!" Samuel was a little angry. "You will spoil her."

Luna lowered her head with tears. "We owe her too much over the years."

Samuel sighed and looked at me. "Ms. Kennedy, what's done is done. You can put forward requirements. We will definitely try our best to make up for you."

I found it funny. The couple was really extraordinary. One of them killed people, and the other gave people money to keep them silent. They were really amazing.

I sat up straight and looked at them, saying, "Since you are so sincere. You know, I don't lack money and influence. How about this? In Buddhism's words, it calls karma, as the law says that one life is worth one life. I know that Ms. Pearson is about to give birth. Why don't we exchange one life for another? The two children can also have companions on the road to hell!"

"Clara, don't push your luck!" Luna flushed with anger. "Do you really think you're a great person just because you are a friend of a few big shots? I'm telling you, you're still too young."

I smiled, but I was not angry. I nodded and said, "Mr. Knight is right. I know I'm still young, so I know that there will be a long way to go!"

"Ms. Kennedy is a smart person. Do you think it's worth it to ruin your future and make everyone unhappy for a child?" It was definitely a threat.

I laughed and said, "It's worth it! Take your time. I have to run." I looked at Luna and smiled brightly. "Mrs. Knight, we have a long way to go. I'm not in a hurry!"

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She looked gloomy and unhappy. I stopped smiling and went straight into the hall.

It's their business whether they're happy or not. What I care about is whether I'm comfortable or not.

Rich and powerful people could do whatever they wanted. It was ridiculous that life was nothing to them!

When we arrived at the hall, almost all the guests had left. Seeing me, Link smiled and said kindly, "Although the Kennedy family is big, since you have become my daughter, we must take a ceremony to announce it on an auspicious day. My daughter should be proud."

I smiled lightly, but nearly could not hold back my tears. My voice was slightly choked with sobs. "Thank you, Mr. Kennedy!"

He clicked his tongue and said, "Come on, you should change your words. Call me dad!"

I pursed my lips and burst into tears. "Dad!"

"Good girl!" He laughed and said straightforwardly, "Tell me your address. I'm going to inspect the provinces in the next two days. I'll bring you delicious food when I come back."

I nodded and looked at him. "I live in Central Park. Look after yourself when you are away from home."

He nodded and said with a smile, "Ok, I'll let your brother take care of you these days. We'll be a family in the future. If you need anything, just tell him!"

I nodded and felt warm in my heart.

After sending the guests off, Hank walked towards us. He looked at Link and said, "Link, don't worry. I will take good care of your daughter. I promise she will be healthy and happy."

Link laughed, narrowed his eyes, and whispered, "To be honest, are you two in a relationship?"

Hank was stunned and said with a smile, "Link, it doesn't up to only me."

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“Ha-ha!”

For a moment, everyone laughed. After sending Link away, Hank said goodbye to Gloria.

Gloria gave me a glance and looked at Hank with a complicated look in her eyes and said, “You know what you should do. Don’t make things complicated. If there is any news about you in City P, it will be even more troublesome, think about it, the Georges, the Gibsons, and now the Kennedys.”

Hank nodded and comforted her, “Mom, don’t worry. I know what to do!”

After leaving the hotel, we got in the car.

I looked at him and asked, “Although Link has always wanted a daughter, he is a high-ranking political man. He can’t casually adopt a daughter at a glance, right?”

He started the car and said with a smile, “You’re smart. You’re all surnamed Kennedy. Do you think it’s a coincidence?”

“What do you mean?”

He drove on the road and said, “Leo also participated in this matter. He is Link’s nephew and was raised by Link. Leo mentioned you more than once in front of him. I guess he has said everything he knew.”

I was stunned. “Isn’t Leo’s father a businessman?”

He raised his eyebrows and said, “If you have a chance, you can ask Leo. There are few people in the Kennedy family. Link has no children in his life. An uncle of the Kennedy family is dead while the other is disabled. So although the Kennedy family is big, it is still desolate.”

I nodded, more or less guessing. A few years ago, Leo was indeed returned to the Kennedys in City P. I didn’t know much about the details by asking him later. When he came to City P, we were young and never learned much about the investor who committed suicide from Grandma.

After so many years, I’ve never asked about his antecedents.

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After being busy for an entire night, I felt sleepy in the car. The car had already entered the community while I was drifting off to sleep.

Hank stopped the car. Seeing that I was sleepy, he got out of the car and said, "Do you need me to carry you up?"

I suddenly opened my eyes and shook my head. "No, thanks, I can go up by myself!" Gloria was right. If something would draw a misunderstanding was photographed by people with ulterior motives, everyone would be embarrassed and troublesome.

Seeing Dennis waiting at the door, I was not surprised but just frowned with curiosity. Was he trying to redeem in this way?

He sat on the steps of the gate, looking like an abandoned child.

After not seeing him for a few days, he became thinner. His arrogance in the past was gone, and his eyes were bloodshot.

Hank frowned slightly and said, "I'll go back."

I nodded and looked at Dennis, who was slowly getting up. His hand was wrapped in white gauze.

I was so regretful now that I would rather live a poor life than meet him.

Because of him, in the past three years, I had been hurt so much which made me a complete change.

After looking at each other for a long time, I thought carefully and really didn't know what to say to him.

In the end, I said indifferently, "Go back, and don't come again!" I ignored his gaze and went straight in.

"You live together?" He said in a tired voice.

I frowned and paused. "That's my business!"

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“All right!” He said in a hoarse and weak voice, “Is this really the end?”

“.....”Was this the end? I really don’t know. I thought of hundreds of ways to torture him, but I found that I would hurt too in the end, so I chose to turn a blind eye to it.

“I know you hate me and blame me! It’s my fault that I didn’t protect you and the child well. But Clara, I can’t give it up. If you hate me, you can take revenge, but... at least, go back with me, we are husband and wife, and we have to face it together in the end, right?”

I pursed my lips, still feeling sad, and said, “Then divorce!” I tried my best to learn to be relieved and not hate him. After all, it was my limit to not hate the people I loved.

My heart seemed to be torn apart, it was painful.

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 182

Human! How ridiculous we are. I was wrong when I loved him before, and I was wrong too when I didn’t love him.

I turned around and went upstairs, feeling that there was nothing I could talk to him about.

“You want to finish all the past between us with just a sentence, don’t you?” He spoke in a very indifferent voice.

I stopped where I was and didn’t look back.

“Clara, if you really hate me, are you willing to let me go just like that? The best revenge in the world is to live a life worse than death. Are you taking revenge? Or are you relieved?”

I didn’t know what made such a nobleman say this, so I looked back at him.

I frowned slightly. “Dennis, you know well that these mind games never work on me!”

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He looked up with sharp eyes. "Go back with me. That's the only way for you to vent your anger and hatred at me."

"Aren't you afraid that I will stab you to death in the middle of the night?" I wouldn't have done it before, but now it's really different. If I hate enough, I would do anything more terrible than kill.

He pursed his lips with flickering eyes. "I'll wait and see!"

I looked up and saw that the lights in the house had been turned on. Hank was standing by the French window.

From a distance, I couldn't see his expression clearly, but at least I could imagine.

Dennis naturally saw my actions and frowned slightly, but said nothing.

After a long while, I looked at him and calmed down. "Dennis, I can go back with you, but I want you to do something."

"Go ahead!"

"I want everyone in City P to know my identity and distance you from Olivia. And never ask what I will do in the future!"

He frowned and nodded. "Deal!"

After a pause, he continued, "I'll pick you up tomorrow."

"All right!"

At the entryway.

Hank waited at the door with his arms crossed. He looked at me indifferently and asked, "Have you reached an agreement?"

I nodded and bent down to change my shoes. "I can't always hide behind you since I've said that I have to make it by myself."

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“Well!” He sneered. “Are you worried that someone will use us as an excuse to implicate the Georges and the Kennedys?”

I frowned and felt that his words were harsh. “Hank, I am still the wife of Dennis. What your mother worried about is right.”

Hank was very good in every way, but I couldn't be so selfish. I had enough of being hurt by loving Dennis and could not be able to fall in love with another one, even it was Hank.

Seeing his gloomy face, I looked up at him and said, “Thank you for your help these days, but I can't play deaf and dumb anymore. Hank, I'm sorry!”

Without looking at him, I went to the bedroom. One person would not be so kind to another for no reason. I am not stupid. I know why he was so kind to me.

Sometimes I also want to pretend to be stupid and continue to stay, but people are complicated and I can't pretend forever.

What's more, I'm not qualified to be stupid now!

“Clara Kennedy!” He said in a low voice, “Have you... fallen in love with me?”

I was stunned. For a moment, I didn't know what to say. After a pause, I said, “Hank, I'm sorry!”

From behind came his low laughter. “Well, okay! I see.”

I could hear the gloom in his laugh.

But I could not do anything.

I opened my mouth and wanted to say something, but in the end, I gave up.

Back in the bedroom, I felt a little uneasy and couldn't sleep no matter how hard I tried.

In just two months, I have never thought about how to live the rest of my life.

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How to deal with the matter between Dennis and me? And Hank, I accepted his taking care of me and his kindness with ease, but I forgot that I couldn't give him anything in the end. Finally, it was still him who would be hurt!

I was already badly mauled all over. I could not implicate him anymore.

The night was so long that I thought the day would not come.

The next day.

As a result of losing sleep for a whole night, I had a headache.

Hank was already in the living room. When he saw me, he looked at me with a poker face. "Have breakfast first?"

I nodded and my gaze fell on the dining table. White porridge, fried dough sticks, fried eggs, they were all home-cooked.

Sitting opposite him, I saw him drinking the porridge quietly and elegantly with dark circles under his eyes.

"You didn't sleep well last night?" I asked.

He looked up at me and responded lightly, "Eat more!" He placed a fried egg into my bowl.

I looked at him and shut my mouth.

I was absent-minded for a moment when my phone rang. Not until I noticed Hank looking at me do I hear it and gave a glance at the screen.

It was Dennis.

Seeing that I didn't want to answer it, Hank raised his eyebrows and asked, "Are you not going to take it?"

I picked up the phone but didn't say anything but waited for the man on the other end to speak.

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"Is there a lot of things? I'll go upstairs to help you with them. I'm downstairs." Dennis said in a neither too loud nor too low voice, and no emotions could be heard.

I got up, walked to the window, and lifted the curtain. The person downstairs was still in a black suit, straight and tall.

"No, thanks!" "See you downstairs," I added lightly.

"Okay, I'll wait for you!" It was an ordinary response, as if we had always been like this.

After hanging up the phone, Hank looked at me and pursed his lips. "You haven't finished breakfast yet."

I looked at him and knew that he was in a bad mood. I paused and said, "Hank, thank you."

Except for this, I don't know what else I should say. Everything in the bedroom was arranged by him. Nothing should be taken away.

I missed him and went straight out of the bedroom. Suddenly, he grabbed my wrist. Before I could react, he kissed my neck hard.

All of this happened so quickly that I couldn't react in time. I pushed him away in pain, covered my neck, and became slightly angry. "Hank, I thought you would respect me!"

He found it funny. "Clara, you really think too highly of human nature!"

I took a deep look at him and said in a serious voice, "Goodbye!"

This was my own problem. I was not qualified to reprimand him but to accept everything instead.

Downstairs.

Dennis was already waiting at the door. When he saw me coming out, he was a little stunned and soon stretched out his hand to me. "Let's go home!"

His words were as light as a gust of wind.

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I pursed my lips and ignored his hand in the air, missed him, and headed straight for the car.

Hank said in a gloomy voice behind us. "Dennis, you'd better take good care of her. Otherwise, next time, I won't let her go."

I was stunned. I looked back and saw two men looking at each other with anger.

After getting in the car, I didn't look at them but just faintly heard Dennis say, "There won't be a next time."

The car started, but Dennis kept silent. Naturally, I wouldn't say anything too but looked at the scene of the tall buildings flashing by the window.

It drew my attention to the extraordinary prosperity of City P.

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 183

"What would you like to eat?" Dennis spoke in a usual tone and looked at me from the side a little cold look in his eyes.

I pursed my lips and said lightly, "I'm not hungry!" I ate more or less just now.

Without saying a word, he parked the car in front of a breakfast shop and looked at me. "I'm hungry!"

After getting out of the car, he went into the shop and sat down at a table. He looked at me expressionlessly and asked, "Do you want soup dumplings?"

I was not hungry at all, so I nodded. "All right!"

I didn't look at him anymore. I lowered my head and played with my phone. A text message came in from Leo. "How about going to Newton Town on Wednesday to meet the president of JD Technology Co., Ltd.?"

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I almost forgot about it. After replying to the message, I thought I could go back to Newton Town to visit Alex and Diana. I hadn't seen them for a long time. Diana's child should have been two months old.

The phone was suddenly taken away by someone. I looked up and found it was Dennis. I frowned. "What's wrong?"

He put the phone in the place where I couldn't reach, looked at me, and said, "Enjoy your meal."

I couldn't help frowning. Looking at the food in front of me, I had no appetite. "I just ate. I'm not hungry!"

"It's okay. Eat more!" As speaking, he pushed the small steamed bun toward me.

I frowned and was a little unhappy, but I didn't lose my temper.

After breakfast, I felt that he was in a bad mood but couldn't figure out why he was so angry, so I chose to be silent.

After we arrived at the villa and got out of the car, we were back to the bedroom. Dennis suddenly hugged me from behind and asked in a hoarse and low voice with anger. "Did he touch you?"

His words were inexplicable. Before I could react, he kissed me.

I frowned in pain and got angry, but I still said calmly, "Is it all because Olivia was pregnant and couldn't make love with you that you pick me back here to be a bedmate?"

As soon as I finished speaking, he stopped and looked up at me with heavy breathing. "Clara, do you think I'm that bad?"

"Isn't that so?" I asked him in reply and looked back at him, only to see his red eyes.

The atmosphere was down.

The handsome man smiled with a little loneliness and stared at me. "Aha, then I'll do as you wish!"

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Without waiting for me to react, he pushed me onto the bed, pulled off the tie at the collar, and threw it aside. Then he unbuttoned his shirt.

For a moment, I was absent-minded and suddenly realized what he was going to do. Suppressing my fear, I got out of bed and prepared to leave.

But before I could get out of bed, he pressed me down. "Hank won't force you, will he?"

He gritted his teeth and said, "Let's do something different from him."

Nanny Daisy was happy to see me back, so she made some delicious food and brought it up. When she stood at the door, she shouted, "Clara!"

Seeing me and Dennis George like this, he was stunned at the door.

"Get out!" Dennis George's face was covered with a layer of fierceness and malice.

Nanny Daisy had never experienced Dennis George's anger. She was stunned for a moment, then quickly closed the door and went out.

"Well!" All of a sudden, I burst out laughing. Looking into his pitch-black eyes, I could not help but mock him. "Haha! I'm glad that the child is not alive. Otherwise, how miserable would he be with a father like you?"

He looked at me, his dark eyes fixed on me, and his cheeks showed signs of depression because of anger.

For a few seconds, I thought he would raise his hand and hit me.

But not.

He leaned over to my ear and said in a low voice, suppressing his anger, "I want to see if he's sad or happy to have another one."

I was stunned.

Dennis George pressed his thin lips over.

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After a while, I felt a dull pain on my lips.

I couldn't help but scream, "Dennis George, you belong to a dog?"

"Well!" He sneered. "As long as you know it hurts!"

"Dennis George..."

Before he could finish his words, he suddenly froze and breathed heavily.

I looked at him and saw a pair of heavy eyes staring at the centipede-like scar on my lower abdomen.

He raised his hand and wanted to touch it, but I suddenly pushed him away. I had a plan in my heart.

He asked, "What's wrong? Are you not interested in this scar?"

He looked at me, and the pain in his black eyes was hard to bear. Knowing that he was uncomfortable, I felt more and more ridiculous.

His eyes were deep and hard to read. "Does it still hurt?"

These inexplicable words made my heart ache and I couldn't breathe.

I got up and pushed him away. I put on his clothes without any expression and said indifferently, "Dennis George, you're much more ridiculous than I thought."

She turned around and went downstairs.

Nanny Daisy was in the kitchen. When she saw me coming downstairs, she looked at my face and said awkwardly, "Clara, are you hungry? I cooked something for you and Jenny. Why not eat something first?"

I shook my head and said lightly, "No, I'll go out for a walk."

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I was a little surprised to meet Olivia Pearson at the gate of the villa, but I also felt that it was a common thing. She held her belly and was helped out of the car by the nanny.

She didn't know what to say to the driver, but the driver left. The nanny helped her walk toward the villa.

Seeing me leaning against the gate with my arms crossed and looking at her coldly, she couldn't help but pause for a moment. Her joyful face showed surprise and coldness.

"Good morning, Miss Pearson. Your belly is so big. Why don't you move in?" I really didn't mean to mock her. I just simply felt that it was not appropriate for her to run back and forth like this.

After all...She was a precious woman!

She pursed her lips, and her face was extremely pale. She looked up at me, looking particularly unfriendly. "Don't you hate Dennis? Why are you back?"

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 184

I laughed and said, "No matter how much I hate you, we still have a piece of paper with a fixed price. What's more, this house also has half of my assets. If I don't come back, won't I have to give in?"

She said disdainfully, "Don't be sarcastic. I don't want to compete with you for money at all."

I raised my eyebrows. "It's hard to say. After all, you even spied on my man."

Seeing that she was so angry that she was about to scold me, I turned around and went to the yard. It was autumn in City P. What a fast day!

Perhaps because he heard the commotion, Dennis George followed. When he saw Olivia Pearson, he frowned and pursed his lips. "What are you doing here?"

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Seeing his lover, Olivia Pearson's angry face changed into a soft smile. "Dennis, I heard from my father that you are going to the border town next month to discuss development. He asked me to send you the cooperation contract."

As she spoke, she glanced at the nanny who was supporting him. The nanny took out the documents and respectfully handed them to Dennis George.

"Puff!" I failed to control myself and laughed out loud.

I drew their attention and pursed his lips. Dennis George glanced at me and said, "It's cold. I'll put on a coat when I get back."

Olivia Pearson stared at me unhappily, looking a little angry.

I ignored her gaze and walked to Dennis George's side. I took the initiative to hold his hand and said, "You made me feel a little pain just now. I don't want to go. Go and get it for me."

As I spoke, I deliberately tilted my head slightly, revealing the place where he bit my neck with force.

My skin is tender, so if he bites it, it will leave a mark. You don't have to think about it.

Seeing Olivia Pearson's darkening face, I looked at Dennis George and smiled sweetly. "Can I?"

"Who is Dennis George? How could he not see through my little trick?"

He frowned slightly, glanced at Olivia Pearson, and said lightly, "If you need anything in the future, just let uncle take you to the company. You don't have to send it."

After a pause, he said, "It's cold. Go back early."

"Dennis, I..." Olivia Pearson still wanted to say something.

Dennis George frowned slightly and said in a low voice, "Help me greet Mrs. Knight."

His words were very heavy. He didn't want to say hello, but it was like a warning. Olivia Pearson was suddenly stunned and felt a little wronged.

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Dennis George pulled me back to the hall. I let go of his hand and looked up at him. "Go get my coat for me. I'll see Miss Pearson off."

He frowned.

Seeing this, I couldn't help but say, "You promised me that no matter what I did, you wouldn't ask."

He pursed his lips and paused. "It's cold outside. Don't stay too long."

I nodded and watched him enter the hall. I turned to look at Olivia Pearson and smiled. "Miss Pearson, I'll see you off!"

"No need!" Olivia Pearson felt unhappy when he looked at me. "A woman can't even protect her own child. Clara Kennedy, what do you have to show off?"

From the hall to the entrance of the gate, they had to pass by a cobblestone path, next to which was a small pond.

Because it was winter, the fish inside was relatively quiet. The lotus flowers on the water had withered. In order not to affect the visual effect, the broken branches and fallen leaves had been cleaned up. The water surface was still clean.

Olivia Pearson put his hand on his waist, and the disdain on his face was clear. The nanny had just been ordered away by her.

Looking at her, I couldn't help but sneer. "Miss Pearson, what do you think I have to show off? I really can't protect my child, but why don't we try and see if you can keep it?"

She was close to the pond. I took a few steps forward and pulled her to the pond.

I forced her to look at the pond and said, "This pond won't drown people even if it falls. It's just a little bit of suffering. Why don't you go down and try and see if you can protect your baby?"

"You..." She cried out in shock, "Clara Kennedy, if you dare to touch a hair on my head, my father will definitely make you suffer!"

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"Then let's give it a try." I chuckled. Looking at her shivering face, I found it a little ridiculous.

"How dare you!" She said in a particularly loud voice, "If you push me down, my father will never spare you!"

Hearing her call him father, I felt bored. I pulled her into the pond with all my strength.

She was so scared that she screamed and instinctively pushed me away.

"Pfft..."

Damn it. The water in winter was really cold. After struggling in the water a few times, I was pulled to the shore by a force.

The temperature was low, and I was shivering from the cold.

Dennis George wrapped his coat around his body and looked at Nanny Daisy, who had hurried out. "Call Dr. Bennett."

Nanny Daisy nodded repeatedly and called in a hurry.

After a while, Dennis George picked me up and glanced coldly at the stunned Olivia Pearson.

She said in a cold voice, "In the future, Miss Pearson, please not step into a small place like this. My wife is thin and can't stand your torture."

The meaning was very clear, which was to prevent Olivia Pearson from coming again in the future.

Olivia Pearson then realized what had happened and her eyes turned red. She hurriedly tried to defend herself. "Dennis, it's not me. I didn't touch her!"

Dennis George snorted. "Is she stupid enough to fall down?"

Olivia Pearson opened his mouth to defend himself. "She pushed me. I resisted, so she fell down. It has nothing to do with me, she..."

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"A normal person like her is not as strong as a pregnant woman like you?" Dennis George opened his mouth, his thin lips tightly pursed, revealing a bone-chilling chill.

"Olivia Pearson, you know very well why I spoil you. Calvin Pearson's kindness has been exhausted by you all these years." His words were cold enough.

Olivia Pearson's face was pale, and his eyes were red. He said in a choked voice, "My brother died because of you. Why did you say that you were relieved because of me? Dennis, what do you mean by this?"

"How clear do I have to be?" Dennis George's breathing was heavy and he was suppressing his anger. "Go back and tell your mother that we will settle the matter of the child sooner or later."

After that, he carried me into the hall. Nanny Daisy came out after the phone call, and her face was not very good. She looked at the pregnant woman standing outside the door and said, "Miss Pearson, please go back. There are very few members of the Georges, and they can't stand the torture of your First Miss."

After that, she closed the door of the hall without waiting for Olivia Pearson's response.

The bedroom!

My clothes were all wet. Dennis George carried me directly into the bathroom, put me in the bathtub, put in hot water, lowered his head, and reached out to untie my clothes. I quickly avoided it.

He said, "I can do it myself!"

Then I untied my clothes and took off my coat. Seeing that he was still standing by the side, I couldn't help frowning. "Do you like it?"

His cold face cracked into a smile. "No?"

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I stopped what I was doing and looked into his eyes. "I'm sorry, Ms. George. I don't have many hobbies, so I may need to invite you out."

He pursed his lips. Fortunately, he didn't say anything and went out.

After taking a shower, I went out of the bathroom and he was not here but put milk on the bedside table carefully.

I took a glance at it and dried my hair in front of the dressing mirror. I was not in good spirits at first, but suddenly fell into the water and might be cold.

Feeling a little tired, I didn't want to fall asleep. I just wanted to lie on the bed and warm myself up.

Dennis George didn't say anything, and I became relaxed. After reading for a while, I played video with my mobile phone for a while.

When Dennis George came in, he was still holding a document in his hand. It seemed that he just came to see what I was doing.

Seeing me lying on the bed playing with my phone, he frowned. "It's not good for my eyes to keep looking at my phone."

I glanced at him, nodded, and answered. Then I put the phone on the bedside table.

He pulled the rope back into the cup.

The bed was pressed down a little. Dennis George sat next to me and said, "Drink the milk. If you are sleepy, you can sleep for a while."

"I don't want to drink!" I've never had a good impression of pure milk.

"Clara Kennedy, listen up. Get up and drink." For the first time, I felt that a person could be so annoying.

Opening the glass, I looked straight at him for a few seconds, got up with anger, got out of bed, picked up the milk, and walked to the bathroom.

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After pouring the milk into the toilet, I came out and put down the cup. Looking at his dark face, I said, "Please bring the cup down later. Thank you!"

"Clara Kennedy!" He said angrily, "Is it fun?"

I raised my eyebrows and looked at him in confusion. "What are you playing?"

Seeing me like this, he lost his temper for a while. He stared at me for a while, sighed, and said indifferently, "Have a good rest!"

Seeing him get up and go out, I was really tired. I covered myself with the quilt and was ready to have a good sleep.

However, it was a pity that he couldn't fall asleep. He was very sleepy, but he couldn't fall asleep no matter how hard he tried. This feeling was really not good.

After several hours in bed, she finally fell asleep.

The bedroom door opened and he walked to the bedside carefully. Dennis George's eyes fell on me. "You can't sleep too much during the day. Get up and eat something. You can continue to sleep later."

At this time, I finally felt a little sleepy and was woken up by him. I couldn't help but be a little speechless. I ignored him and continued to close my eyes to continue my sleepiness.

He walked up to me, pulled me up from the bed, and said sternly, "Get up and eat something."

I completely lost my temper. I suddenly opened my eyes, pushed him away, and glared at him, waiting for him to say, "Dennis George, are you sick? Do you know how difficult it is for me to have a good sleep? How many times have you thought about my feelings?"

Perhaps my reaction was too intense. He frowned, and his black eyes were filled with coldness. "Okay, let's sleep together!"

I was stunned to see him climbing onto the bed. There were some things that I could avoid once or twice.

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No matter how hard I struggled, he was half coaxed and half domineering.

My fingertips brushed across his skin and I cursed, "Dennis George, you bastard!"

"All right!"

I suspect that during this period of time, Dennis George had not touched a woman at all. He was like a wolf pouncing on its prey without any self-control.

After that, he was half lying on the bed smoking.

Under the hazy light, there were quite a few scratches on his strong chest, and there were faint traces of blood.

I got up to wash my body, but was held in his arms, and my head was forced to lie on his abdomen.

The air was filled with the smell of tobacco. After a cigarette was finished, he said in a deep voice, "I'll go to see a psychologist with you for a while."

I was a little confused. I looked up at him and saw him put out the cigarette butt in the ashtray. Then I realized and pursed my lips. "No!"

He raised this kind of question. Except for the coldness there, I couldn't think of anything else.

"I have never thought about treating this disease since I was pregnant. There are so many diseases all over my body, and this one is not missing."

Looking up at him, I said indifferently, "If you can't feel anything, you can find someone outside in the future."

Dennis George frowned and lowered his body, his eyes devoid of any expression. He looked at me with a vicious gaze and said, "Looking for someone outside? Clara Kennedy, you really have no bottom line. I asked you to treat me because I was afraid that you would hurt me. If you don't look like this, there's something wrong with your heart or your body."

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Surrounded by him, most of the light was blocked by him. I frowned and really didn't like this kind of oppressive atmosphere. I said lightly, "It's the first time that you know I'm sick. How do you want to treat so many diseases?"

Without waiting for his response, I withdrew from his embrace and went to the bathroom.

When he came out, he sat on the bed, covered half of his body with the quilt, and held the mobile phone in his hand. He looked at me and said, "Mario was downstairs. Change your clothes and go down... to see a doctor!"

I was speechless again.

Throwing the bath towel aside, I said lightly, "He can't cure my illness."

He frowned. "He's a doctor. What can't he do?"

I narrowed my eyes and looked at him. "I told Dr. Bennett that I was cold. What do you think his reaction is? You can't do it? Or..."

Speaking of this, I stopped talking. I know that he knows what I mean better than I do.

Seeing that he was frowning, I kindly reminded him, "I only have no reaction from you, so, Ms. George, if you have time, please go and see your own illness first."

Seeing his face darkening, I went straight out of the bedroom. I don't think it's easy to challenge a man's bottom line.

Sure enough, as soon as I stepped out of the bedroom, an angry voice came from inside. "Clara Kennedy..." There was also the sound of something breaking.

Standing at the door, I closed the bedroom door on purpose to prevent him from disturbing the people.

When I went downstairs, he saw Mario Bennett sitting in the hall. Nanny Daisy had prepared a lot of dessert for him, but he didn't move. He just took a few sips of tea.

Thinking about it, boys generally didn't like dessert.

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Hearing the noise, he looked back at me and raised his eyebrows. "You're thinner!"

This...He was really good at praising people.

Sitting next to him, I said, "You're quite good at praising people." Girls liked to be praised for being thin.

He took a sip of tea and frowned. "Do I sound like a compliment?"

"All right!" I said, "At least I think so." No one likes greasy and chubby people!

Seeing this, he stopped talking and felt that he could not continue.

Nanny Daisy walked up to me and said, "Clara, I cooked something to eat. Have some food first, and then let Dr. Bennett treat you!"

"It's okay, I'm not very hungry!" After that, I looked at Mario Bennett. "Do you think I look like a patient?"

Mario Bennett raised her eyebrows. "Yes! Let's go eat!"

I was speechless again.

Seeing that Nanny Daisy was not leaving, I couldn't help frowning. "Nanny Daisy, I'm really not hungry. You..."

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 186

"You don't need to wear clothes if it's not cold? Let's go eat." Dennis George walked down the stairs, his face as dark as a bag.

I curled my lips. You've improved a lot. You know how to correct it.

I was about to retort when my phone rang. It was Leo Kennedy.

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Seeing Dennis George and Mario Bennett looking at me, I said lightly, "I'll take a call."

Seeing that the caller ID was Leo Kennedy, Dennis George narrowed his eyes and said, "Just answer it here!"

It was boring!

I rolled my eyes at him and answered the phone. "What's the matter with Leo Kennedy?"

"Dennis George seems to be deliberately fighting for JD Technology Co., Ltd.'s case. We've been secretly competing for a long time. If I let go of this case, the possibility of it falling into his hands will be very high. What you need to do now is to find a way to persuade Dennis George to give up buying JD Technology Co., Ltd.." His voice wasn't loud, but at this moment, the hall was quiet, so both Dennis George and Mario Bennett could hear him.

Looking at the two of them, I said to the phone, "Okay, hang up first."

"Don't!" Leo Kennedy hurriedly said, "Third Uncle is taking you as his adopted daughter will probably become a hot topic in City P. You'd better keep a distance from Hank Gibson. In addition, you need to go back to Newton Town to settle the matter of JD Technology Co., Ltd. as soon as possible. Uncle will go to various provinces to inspect and come back. When you enter the genealogy, you can do what you want to do!"

Dennis George looked at me with a sneer.

I ignored his expression and said to the phone, "Okay, I see. I'll hang up first."

After hanging up the phone, Dennis George looked at me carefully. His face, which had not been very good, became even darker at this time. "What do you want to do? You even schemed against Link?"

"With you..."Divorce!

I stopped halfway. I have to beg him to give up JD Technology Co., Ltd.'s acquisition later. If I argued with him now, it would be troublesome to talk to him.

Looking at Mario Bennett, I asked, "Dr. Bennett, would you like to have dinner together?"

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Mario Bennett glanced at Dennis George. Seeing that he didn't look well, the corners of his mouth curled up and he nodded. "Just in time, I'm hungry too."

Walking closer to the kitchen with him, Nanny Daisy cooked a lot of dishes, which were very sumptuous. Dennis George came in soon.

Sitting next to me, both of them were well-educated young masters, so they didn't say anything.

After dinner, Nanny Daisy cleaned up the kitchen. Sitting next to Mario Bennett, I took the initiative to stretch out my hand to him and said, "I've been suffering from insomnia recently. My head hurts and my heart palpitates. Could you take my pulse?"

The corners of Mario Bennett's mouth curled into a smile. He glanced at Dennis George, who had remained silent the entire time, and raised an eyebrow at me. "Okay!"

After feeling my pulse, he said seriously, "There are too many diseases. You should pay attention to your diet as your gastritis is a little serious. Insomnia is caused by a bad heart rate, and the lack of Qi and blood should be caused by you not paying attention to recuperation after the birth. These diseases need to be recuperated by yourself."

I nodded and withdrew my hand. Seeing him lower his head to prescribe the medicine, I looked up at Dennis George and smiled. "You don't want Dr. Bennett to see you?"

Dennis George pursed his lips and asked, "Is it fun?"

I raised my eyebrows and shrugged to end this topic.

Mario Bennett hesitated for a long time when he left. It seemed that he had something to tell me and I took the initiative to send him off.

At the entrance of the villa, he took the initiative to ask, "Clara Kennedy, has Diana contacted you recently?"

I was stunned and shook my head. "No!" Thinking about the child, I couldn't help but ask, "Have you seen her recently?"

He nodded. "If you see her, please tell me!"

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I responded, wondering if he knew that Diana had a child. During this period, I had been busy with my business and had no time to care about Diana. I didn't know how she was doing.

Mario Bennett drove far away. I went back to the hall, and Dennis George sat in the hall reading.

Seeing me come in, he just looked up and said nothing.

I hesitated for a moment, made him a cup of tea, sat down beside him, and put the teacup in front of him. "Drink some black tea to digest."

He looked up at me, put down the book in his hand, and reached out to pull me into his arms.

A pair of black eyes stared at me. "When are you going to speak?"

I was stunned and said calmly, "Some people say that men are the easiest to talk in bed."

He raised his eyebrows. "So, are you going to lie down first?"

I nodded. "If you agree now, then I'll tell you now."

"Well!" He pressed his hand against my forehead and sneered. "What do you want JD Technology Co., Ltd. to do?"

"I can't be a homely woman. I want to be a strong woman." I said seriously. My eyes fell on his Adam's apple, and then went done. It was the button of his white shirt.

He lowered his head, lifted my chin, and rubbed his lips against the corner of my mouth. There was a hint of a smile in his voice, but it couldn't penetrate his eyes. "If it was so easy to buy JD Technology Co., Ltd., do you think Leo Kennedy and I would delay for a year?"

"I know. That's why I'm begging you to give up on purchasing JD Technology Co., Ltd. If you and Leo Kennedy both give up, then the Gibson family's negotiations will be less difficult."

He squinted at me and said in a calm voice, "Clara Kennedy, should I be glad that I have such a smart wife who can make money?"

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Knowing that his words were not of good intention, I nodded. "It's much easier for a husband and wife to work together than to fight alone."

"Well!" He sneered. "You're quite self-righteous."

I pursed my lips and stopped talking. "Can I?"

He looked down at me, his eyes a little cold. "Didn't you say you would ask when you lay down?"

I was speechless again.

He was really thinking about those things at any time and place.

If this topic continues, there will definitely be a quarrel. I don't want to quarrel with him now.

I simply asked, "What are you cooperating with the Lewis family for?"

I was not interested in paying too much attention to it. I just wanted to ask.

He lowered his eyes slightly and said indifferently, "A development case!" These words made me feel gloomy.

Well, it didn't seem appropriate to talk.

I got up and was about to go upstairs when he held me in his arms. "Let's watch a Korean drama together?"

I???

They hadn't seen each other for a few days and he had a special taste.

"No!" After that, I was about to leave. He pressed down on me and the phone started to ring.

It was his.

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He glanced at the caller ID. It was Yara George's. He was not in a hurry to answer, but looked at me. "You answered it?"

I pursed my lips. "It's not appropriate!"

After that, I regretted it. For this thing, I meant that I was rejecting his family.

"Not appropriate?"

Before I could react, he grabbed my chin with some strength. "When did we become so aloof? You've been with Hank Gibson for so long? Aunt is going to become a stepmother?"

The phone kept ringing, and I was a little annoyed. I pursed my lips and didn't want to speak.

He pressed his fingers hard. "What? Did he kiss you like me? Is it appropriate for Hank Gibson to let you answer the phone?"

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 187

With a pale face, I tried my best to control my emotions. I pursed my lips and said sarcastically, "You insulted me so unscrupulously because you dislike me for being dirty, don't you? In that case, why did Mr. George come to me again and again?"

After a pause, my voice was cold to the bone. "Mr. George, do you know what it means to be appropriate? What should I do to a man who humiliates me all the time? To flatter him in a low voice? Mr. George, I'm afraid you've never been willing to say such heavy words to Olivia Pearson, have you?"

He stared at me with his black eyes.

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I endured the pain in my jaw and continued, "I'm not a young lady that you've gone out to look for. You can insult and scold me as long as I lie on the bed and lean against your body. I'm a human and have no tendency to abuse myself. I can find a man who respects me and love me. I don't have to endure a man to insult and torture me and even can't protect our own child."

I looked at his cold lips tightly pursed and his breathing was low. After a long time, he let go of me and casually hung up the phone.

He took the car key and left.

If he had his pride, would I not have?

The roar of the engine came from the yard, followed by the sound of the car driving away.

I couldn't help but sigh. Lying on the sofa, I felt tired and screwed things up again.

"I just need to endure it. I didn't come back to quarrel with him. If I push him away, it'll be good for Olivia Pearson!"

It's still early, and I can't fall asleep at this time. So I called Leo Kennedy, asked the address, and went straight over.

The Joy Place.

I've been here several times, so I asked Leo Kennedy about the No. of the box and went straight in.

Originally, I thought that he had asked someone to talk to him, but I didn't expect that he would come alone while drinking.

Seeing me enter, he patted the seat beside him and raised his voice. "Come, sit!"

I pursed my lips and sat down. I turned off the sound equipment and looked at him. "You want me to drink to relieve my worries?"

He glanced sideways at me and threw the microphone aside. "I heard that Dennis George took you back?"

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I nodded, poured myself a glass of wine, and said, "Is there anything wrong with Olivia Pearson recently?"

He leaned against the back of his chair and said, "After Luna learned about the video last time, she asked someone to hack my computer and delete the video."

I frowned. "Is she on guard?"

He raised his eyebrows. "You came out so late at night. Where's Dennis George?"

"He went to the Gibson family!"

He nodded. "I'm afraid that old man Yank Gibson won't last long."

After that, he looked at me. "Why don't you go and have a look? Hank Gibson treats you well."

I had to find an opportunity alone to go, so I changed the subject. "Is there no other way for the things of Olivia Pearson?"

He pursed his lips and took a few sips of wine. "So do you think I have nothing but a handsome face?"

I was speechless again.

"Not at all!" I had never seen such a shameless person.

He let out a sigh and said, "I've given her photos. Her due date is at the end of the year. What are you going to do?"

This question stunned me and made me frown. "What should I do?"

He might think that I was a little silly, so he looked at me like an idiot and said, "You don't intend to let her child die with yours?"

I couldn't help pursing my lips. What I said was cruel, but if I really hurt an unborn child, what was the difference between me and Luna?

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Seeing my hesitation, he sighed and said, "It's not a good thing to be too softhearted. It's easy for you to take revenge on Olivia Pearson, but it's difficult to deal with Luna. This woman has been working hard all these years. She's been hard for a long time."

"No matter how hardhearted she is, she has a soft spot. Since Olivia Pearson is easy to deal with, it won't be difficult." The best revenge was to watch the thing in her hand shatter.

Seeing this, he didn't say anything. He looked at me and said, "Let me remind you one thing. The two children before and after of Olivia Pearson were not Dennis George's."

I was stunned and looked at him with a frown. "How did you know?"

He shrugged his shoulders and said, "I saw it by accident when I was challenging a difficult problem. Olivia Pearson seemed to have been raped by other people before, and then she was pregnant, but she got pregnant by accident. Now it should be an accident, when she is with Marcus Thomson. However, judging from Olivia Pearson's current meaning, she probably pointed out that Dennis George, to be the father of her child, so she insisted that the child was Dennis George's."

I couldn't help but be surprised. "Luna knows too?"

He shook his head. "I'm afraid that even now, Marcus Thomson himself doesn't know it. I'm afraid only Olivia Pearson knows it. She insisted that the child was Dennis George's, so Luna naturally thought it was Dennis George's."

"So, Luna wants to get rid of my child because she wants to pave the way for Olivia Pearson's belly?"

"Does Dennis George know that the child is not his?" In my memory, Dennis George seemed to have said before that he had nothing to do with Olivia Pearson.

He sneered. "He doesn't even know if the child is his. Is there shit in his mind?"

I was speechless again.

OK!

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In that case, although Dennis George took good care of Olivia Pearson, he had never touched her. Why didn't he explain it to me?

However, thinking about it, according to my temper, I don't believe him even if he explains it to me a hundred times.

It had to be said that Olivia Pearson's brother was really brilliant. He could choose such a man for his sister to protect her even if he died.

Even though he knew that the baby was not his, he still had to bear these reputations.

"What is he thinking?" Leo Kennedy patted me and said, "My birthday is coming. You have to give me something. I'm helping you, but I can't do anything for you. It's not worth it."

What he said...

I pursed my lips and asked, "What do you want?"

"Everything is ok!"

This...

"Clothes? Tie? Belt?" I really couldn't think of anything to give him as a birthday present.

He looked at me, and his black eyes darkened. "It's more appropriate to give you to me."

I sneered. "Do you want my corpse?"

He...

"With your mind, don't be perfunctory. Don't buy those useless things. You made them yourself. It's more interesting."

I was speechless for a moment. It was not like I was in ancient times when I personally embroidered a purse or a belt. After all, this was a gift. Wouldn't it be the same to buy one?

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When I returned to the villa, it was already 11 o'clock in the evening. Dennis George didn't come back. Nanny Daisy was in the living room, and it seemed that she was sewing something.

Seeing me, she put down the things in her hand and smiled at me. "You're back."

I nodded lightly and turned to pour water, but the water in the water dispenser was cold. I pressed it several times, but there was no response.

Nanny Daisy said, "Do you want some water? I just dragged the ground and accidentally knocked it. It might be broken. It's too late now, so I didn't ask anyone to fix it. I'll burn some for you?"

I shook my head and saw that she had packed up her things and was ready to go back to the backyard to rest. It seemed that she was waiting for me. I looked at her and said, "You go back and rest first. I'll rest for a while."

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 188

She pointed to the water dispenser. "Then you..."

"I'm not thirsty. Go to rest!" I didn't want to talk, so I frowned slightly.

She was stunned and left without saying anything.

My temper seems to be getting worse and worse, and I was losing patience.

Nanny Daisy was gone. I sat in the hall for a while and saw the clock reach 12 o'clock in the morning.

"Dennis George didn't come back so late. Is he going to stay in the Gibson family?"

After a pause, I went into the kitchen and filled it with water, ready to boil some water to drink. I took out my mobile phone and looked at it, but there was no message.

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I sighed slightly and the water boiled. I reached out to lift the kettle, but it was suddenly scalded by the steam vapor.

I couldn't help taking back my hand and staring blankly at the kettle. After a long time, I took out my mobile phone.

After hesitating for a while, there was a sound at the door.

"He's back?"

I pursed my lips, took the kettle to the living room, and poured two glasses of boiled water.

It might rain outside. When Dennis George entered the door, he came with a chill, and his coat was stained with water droplets.

He put his coat at the door and saw that I was still in the living room. He frowned and stepped forward. "Can't you sleep?"

I nodded and looked up at him indifferently. "Is Uncle Gibson all right?"

He was stunned and frowned. "Did Hank Gibson tell you?"

I shook my head, looking calm. "Uncle Gibson has always been in poor health. I know."

He said yes and walked to me. "Are you worried that I won't come back?"

I shook my head, a little thirsty. I raised my hand to pick up the cup, but it was not steady. The water splashed on my thigh.

It's very hot. I couldn't help frowning.

Dennis George took a few steps forward, picked me up, went into the bathroom, and washed me with cold water.

He frowned. "Did you drink?"

I was stunned and nodded.

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He took out his phone and was about to make a call. Thinking that he was going to trouble Mario Bennett again, I snatched his phone and said, "It's not serious. It's late now. Don't bother him."

He frowned, lifted the hem of my skirt, and looked at the place where I had been burned, and it turned red. "Did you do it on purpose?"

I didn't deny it and nodded. "Yes!"

"Why?"

"I want you to help me!" He hasn't promised me about JD Technology Co., Ltd. yet.

He sneered and carried me straight to the bedroom on the second floor, taking off my wet clothes.

After putting on my pajamas, he found some burn medicine and squeezed the ointment to wipe it for me. It was a little painful, but I could bear it.

Seeing that he did not answer me, I lowered my eyes slightly, put my finger on the back of his hand, and took the initiative to pull him. "Okay, it's not serious."

He frowned. "Have you ever seen anyone who only applied half of the medicine?"

I pursed my lips, momentarily speechless.

Thinking about what to do next, he suddenly asked, "What if I don't come back?"

"I'll hurt badly, and then call you!" That's what I thought. He wouldn't leave me alone.

"Hiss!" He exerted his strength and I gasped in pain.

"Does it hurt?" He sneered. "You want to burn yourself a little more? Are you going to cripple yourself?"

I didn't say a word. I held his arm with clear texture and lines and rubbed it intentionally or unintentionally. He kept the posture of applying medicine to me and frowned slightly because of me.

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“What are you going to do?”

I pursed my lips. “I’m seducing you!”

“Well!” He laughed and put away the medicine. His eyes narrowed slightly. “Is it worth it for a project?”

I didn’t say a word. I just took the initiative to climb onto his shoulder and stared at his lips stiffly.

His breathing was a little heavy, and his hand was around my waist. His breath was unstable. “How much did you drink?”

I mumbled, “A few glasses. I can’t remember.”

The matter between men and women was actually very tiring. I was prepared to say that I was not good at hooking up with people. After a long time, I only felt powerless. I couldn’t help but let go of my hand and wanted to go straight to the point.

He circled around me, breathing heavily. “You’re giving up just like this?”

I shook my head and changed my posture.

Seeing how happy he was, I couldn’t help saying, “The George Group already has HY Technology Co., Ltd., JD Technology Co., Ltd....”

“Yes, I won’t participate in JD Technology Co., Ltd.’s affairs!” After saying that, he became a little rude.

I frowned, reached for my phone, and handed it to him. “Call Toby!”

He suddenly stopped and stared at me with dark eyes. “In your opinion, what am I? As long as you use your body, I will compromise with anything?”

For a moment, I didn’t know what to say. I knew that he was angry at this time.

I pursed my lips slightly. “You promised me, as long as I want to do it, you will support me.”

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He sneered, accepted the phone, and called Toby.

Maybe he was asleep. After a while, Toby answered the phone. Dennis George said in a cold voice, "You don't have to follow the case of JD Technology Co., Ltd. anymore!"

After that, he hung up the phone directly, then threw the phone aside, stopped, and went straight into the bathroom.

Perhaps it was because I had drunk some wine, or maybe I had finished my work, so I was fine. I slept.

Dennis George came out of the bathroom. I was already asleep, but things were far from as simple as I thought.

In the middle of the night, Dennis George wanted to torture me, so he basically made love with me once an hour. It was rare for me to fall asleep so easily.

The next day.

I opened my eyes and saw the ceiling. The pain on both sides of my head was probably due to alcohol. I raised my hand and pinched the space between my eyebrows.

I had to go to the Gibson family today to prepare some documents. I got up and went to wash up. As soon as I lifted the quilt, my wrist was held.

Before Dennis George could wake up, the stubble on his chin rubbed out. He looked sexy.

I couldn't help but raise my hand and touch it with my fingertip. The hard stubble stuck on my fingertip, making it a little soft and itchy.

The man's facial features looked deep and three-dimensional in the dim light. He was very vigilant and woke up as soon as I touched him.

He opened his eyes, still sleepy, and his voice was a little low and sexy. "Want more?"

I withdrew my hand and he sat up. Several scratches appeared on his body.

Obviously, I did it.

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Noticing my gaze, he raised his eyebrows and said, "It seems that you were also very happy last night."

I pursed my lips. Without the alcohol, I became much soberer. "If you were normal, would I hurt you?"

He found it funny. "Are you going to do it again?" As he spoke, his gaze was unfathomable as he gave me a shallow kiss on my forehead. "If there's anything in the future, just say it directly. We're husband and wife, not some random relationship outside, huh?"

I nodded and raised my hand to push him. "I'm going to the company today. I can't come again. I can't walk!"

He couldn't help laughing. He got up and put on his pajamas. When he saw me sitting on the bed, he lifted the quilt. I was stunned and saw his eyes falling on my legs.

I thought he was seeing...After a while, I realized that what he was looking at was the part of my burns.

He looked up at me. "Does it still hurt?"

I shook my head. "No."

"Rest well at home today. Don't run away."

I refused. "It doesn't matter. I have something to do in the company!"

He frowned with a trace of displeasure on his face, but after a pause, he managed to control himself and said, "I'll send you there later!"

Realizing his concession, I nodded and no longer refused.

Please Love Me Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 189

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Dennis George's car stopped below the Gibson family's building, and the employees walked in and out. His car was eye-catching, and many employees looked at it from the side.

I unfastened my seat belt and was about to get out of the car when I raised my hand to open the car door. I couldn't help but stare at him. "Dennis George, open the door!"

He pursed his lips and stretched his handsome face toward me. "It's time to say goodbye, husband and wife. Don't you need to do something?"

I didn't understand. He tapped his face with his slender fingers, which meant that he was asking for a kiss.

"Dennis George, this is a public occasion!" Below the big company, it was not suitable.

He curled his lips. "We're husband and wife. It's normal for us to kiss. What are you worried about?"

We couldn't go further on this topic, or we would quarrel again.

I approached him and kissed him gently on the face. He suddenly pressed the glass window, and then directly blocked my lips. "It's very sweet!"

I got out of the car and tried my best to control my temper.

After a few steps, I stopped. It was Hank Gibson.

He had been standing at the entrance of the company, slender and cold. He should have seen clearly what had happened in the car just now.

After all, Dennis George had pressed down the car window and wished everyone could see it.

Seeing his gloomy face, I stepped forward and greeted him lightly, "Morning!"

He pursed his lips, withdrew his cold gaze from Dennis George's car, and said lightly, "Morning!"

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After entering the elevator, he handed me a document and said, "This is JD Technology Co., Ltd.'s information. Take a look at it. Leo Kennedy and Dennis George are now with this company. We won't have a good chance of winning if we stick it in now!"

I nodded, took the document from him, looked up at him, and said, "If they both give up, won't we have a big chance?"

He was stunned and frowned. "You talked to them?"

I nodded. The elevator arrived. I got out of the elevator and said, "One is my brother, and the other is my husband. I got a bargain."

"Well!" Hank Gibson sneered and said, "You are looking at the bright side."

I stopped talking to him. I went into the office and continued to read the information he gave me.

At noon!

Yara George entered my office and went straight to the point. "Clara Kennedy, let's talk!"

For a moment, I couldn't figure out what she wanted to talk to me about. I was slightly stunned. "Ms. George, what's the matter?"

She pursed her lips and wore a black professional suit, which made her look particularly elegant. "Let's talk?"

Putting away the documents, I nodded and followed her out of the company.

In the downtown commercial building.

In a coffee shop on the third floor.

After ordering coffee, Yara George looked at me and asked, "What's going on between you and Hank Gibson?"

This was completely the tone of an elder.

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“Cooperation, friend relationship!” This was the most accurate explanation.

She nodded, took a sip of coffee, and said, “What about Dennis? Are you going to divorce him or calm down for a while?”

Oh! By the way, most people probably don’t know that I moved back.

Looking at Yara George, I narrowed my eyes slightly. “Ms. George, you came to talk to me today, it’s...”

She pursed her lips and said, “I heard that you and Dennis were going to divorce after my father passed away. You didn’t divorce because you found that you were pregnant. Dennis was a responsible man and didn’t agree to divorce you. That is to say, there is no relationship between you and Dennis! Am I right?”

“You heard it from someone?”

I smiled and said, “You care so much about me and Dennis. I have to thank you, Aunt.”

She smiled faintly. “No need!” She looked better and said, “Child, you just need to tell me, do you still have feelings for Dennis?”

“Ms. George, you can go straight to the point. Everything is made after weighing the pros and cons, right?”

She could not help but sneer. Maybe she thought that my words were too snobbish, so she said, “You were together because of the child. Now that you have no child, there is no relationship between you. I think you and Hank Gibson seem to be very good. If you have no feelings for each other, you can divorce him!”

This was the first time I had heard of someone persuading others to divorce like this.

“Has Dennis George agreed to this?” Yesterday, Dennis George had visited the Gibson family. It seemed that Yara George had already made up her mind.

She frowned. “After all, there’s no relationship between you two. It’s good for each other to separate now.”

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I nodded. From the perspective of the elders, it was true. Hank Gibson and I had been too close these days. Dennis George and I were separated from each other. We hated each other.

In this case, the best way to deal with this matter was to divorce.

However, Yara George wasn't such an unreasonable person. She wouldn't persuade Dennis George and me to divorce just because of this matter.

Unless there were other reasons.

Looking at her, I couldn't help but said, "Ms. George, if you persuade us to divorce just because I have a conflict with Dennis George now, I don't think this is what an excellent elder should do. You might as well tell me the real reason. As I said, everything is decided after weighing the pros and cons."

She took a sip of coffee and pursed her lips slightly. After a pause, she said, "You should know better than me who the child in Olivia Pearson's belly is. The estrangement between you and Dennis is mostly because of her. In that case, since she has the child of the Georges, there is no need for us to ignore this child. I am the child of the Georges, so I naturally have to plan for the Georges. I can't let a George be born for no reason."

Oh!

I saw!

I smiled faintly and realized that it was because of the baby in Olivia Pearson's belly.

Looking at Yara George, I pursed my lips and smiled faintly. "Ms. George, you must have known Olivia Pearson's belly before I give birth to a baby, right? You haven't mentioned it all this time because you think that I am Dennis George's wife after all. You have no reason and there is no need to participate in the conversation between me and Dennis George. Now that the child is gone, the reason why you want Olivia Pearson to marry into the Georges should be because of the child. Speaking of which, do you know Dennis George know it?"

Her face turned cold. After all, no one liked to talk about their selfishness so straightforwardly.

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“Clara Kennedy, you’re right. We’ve all made the decision after weighing the pros and cons. I’m the same. There’s nothing between you and Dennis. Besides, there’s no affection between you. I’m just giving you a way out.”

I nodded and decided that there was nothing wrong with her words, but I was not very happy in my heart.

I turned to the phone on the table and said, “Did you hear it clearly? If you agree, we can make time to go to the Civil Affairs Bureau and get the divorce certificate.”

Yara George probably didn’t expect me to call Dennis George and let him listen to us all the time.

For a moment, her face turned pale and she looked at me with a very bad expression.

On the other end of the phone, Dennis George was not in a good mood. He said in a low voice, “Clara Kennedy, marriage is our business. It doesn’t matter whether I have feelings for you or not. Others are not qualified to judge. You should know better than me.”

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After a pause, he raised his voice. “Aunt’s interpretation of feelings may be different from ours. Do I have feelings for Clara Kennedy? As an outsider, how much do you think you can understand?”

These words kept calling Yara George an outsider. Yara George’s expression didn’t look too good.

She still wanted to argue, but Dennis George continued, “Aunt, you’d better not interfere with my affairs in the future. You are already the wife of the Gibson family. If you can’t let go of the Georges, I don’t think we should contact each other in the future.”

These words were too harsh. After all, they were relatives. How could he cut off the relationship by saying so?

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Dennis George hung up the phone. Yara George looked at me with a pale and embarrassed face. "Clara Kennedy, did you frame me?"

I shrugged my shoulders in amusement. "I don't think so! I just want to make sure that it's either your own decision or his, so I called him."

After a pause, my lips curled into a faint smile. "It seems like you're the one who made the decision on your own. This way, I'll avoid quarreling with Dennis George. The relationship between us won't continue to worsen."

Well, the implication was that Yara George was like a shit-making stick, ruining our marriage. Yara George was a sensible person, so it was impossible for her not to hear it.

"Clara Kennedy!" She raised her head and said, "I can't interfere in the marriage between you and Dennis George, but the child in Olivia Pearson's belly is from the Georges. I won't let him be born for no reason!"

I nodded and didn't think that there was anything wrong with what she said. I agreed and said, "Ms. George, you have a good idea. However, I warn you in advance that you should first figure out whether the child in Olivia Pearson's belly is Dennis George's or not before making a decision. Otherwise, in the end, don't let Dennis George become a father for free without knowing who the child is from."

It's getting late. I would have something to eat later. Lifting up my bag, I smiled and said, "By the way, there's one more thing that Ms. George probably doesn't know. Why did my child die during the delivery? Why don't you ask Luna and Olivia Pearson? When Ms. George is trying to distinguish right from wrong, you'd better try not to use your eyes. Your heart and mind are much more useful than the naked eye."

After that, I picked up my bag and walked out of the cafe.

"It's bad. She asked me to come out at noon. We don't go out for lunch, but coffee."

On the first floor of the shopping building, there was a newly opened Sushi shop named "Yuck Sushi" which made me want to laugh.

This boss must be a young man, and he was definitely not short of money. Otherwise, if he broke his reputation so openly, wouldn't he be afraid that he would lose money?

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Out of curiosity, I couldn't help but buy a box. Not to mention, it looked pretty good, delicate, and refreshing.

Thinking that Hank Gibson probably didn't eat anything, I went back to buy another box. Unfortunately, I met Olivia Pearson again.

From the looks of them, they should be out shopping. The mother and daughter were well-dressed, and pregnant women could live so well.

Rich people's lives were really exquisite.

The shopping mall is so big that I can see Olivia Pearson. Naturally, they can also see me.

In this case, we should have avoided meeting with each other. After all, it was not appropriate to quarrel in such a public place.

There weren't many people in the mall at noon, so Olivia Pearson and Luna naturally saw me.

It was not far away, Olivia Pearson's face was as proud as ever. She looked at me coldly and said sarcastically, "The more I hate someone, the easier it is to meet someone."

I shrugged. "What a coincidence. So am I!"

"You..." I can't compare with Olivia Pearson in crying and acting like a spoiled child, but I'm good at letting people unhappy.

Seeing that her daughter was at a disadvantage, a hint of coldness appeared on Luna's gentle face. "It's different for Ms. Kennedy to be in the light of the Kennedy family. You are so arrogant when you speak."

I laughed and said, "Of course, Ms. Pearson and I seem to be the same with me!"

"Clara Kennedy, don't flatter yourself. You're just a wild chicken in the mountains. You're just adopted by the master. Do you really think you're a phoenix?"

Olivia Pearson's mouth was really sharp.

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I smiled and said flatly, "That's right. A wild chicken can't change into a phoenix. No matter how hard she tries, she can't change her despicable nature. Money can't change it. Am I right, Mrs. Knight?"

Everyone knew what to say. Luna's face darkened and she warned, "Ms. Kennedy, it's not a good thing to be too arrogant."

I nodded in agreement and saw Yara George coming down from the coffee shop.

Looking at Olivia Pearson's belly, I raised my voice. "I heard that the baby in Ms. Pearson's belly is my husband's child. Ms. Pearson, is that true?"

"What does it have to do with you?" Olivia Pearson looked embarrassed. "This child belongs to me and Dennis. What do you want to do?"

"What can I do?" I found it a little funny. Seeing that Yara George had already walked to our side, I couldn't help but say, "Dennis told me that he has never touched Ms. Pearson. I'm very confused why Ms. Pearson is pregnant. Could it be from the air?"

Olivia Pearson's face suddenly darkened. "Clara Kennedy, what do you mean? I don't know who my child's father is?"

"Of course!" Seeing that she was so flustered, I confirmed Leo Kennedy's words more and more. I smiled gently and said, "Of course, you know who the child's father is, but I still hope that Ms. Pearson won't let my husband be a cheap father for no reason. How about this, for the sake of everyone's reputation, let's make a date. Let's make a spiritual fluid puncture and test the DNA to see who the child belongs to."

"I don't mind Dennis having a child outside, but his reputation and the reputation of the Georges plus the Kennedy family. As a married woman, I have to get to the bottom of it. Everything should be clear."

With that, I looked at Yara George and smiled. "Am I right, Aunt!"

Yara George was stunned for a moment, and her gaze fell on Olivia Pearson's belly. Taking into account Luna's face, she said gently, "Olivia, why don't we take some time to check it out? After all, we're not sure if it's true that the child belongs to the Georges. If it's the Georges, it'll be fine. If it's not the Georges, the reputation of these families will be ruined."

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Olivia Pearson probably didn't think that I would be so serious to study if the child in her belly was really Dennis George's.

At this moment, she was flustered and at a loss as to what to do. She looked at Yara George and said, "Aunt, this child is really Dennis'. The risk of a slippery fetus being pierced by the amniotic fluid is too great. Are you really willing to use the lives of the Georges' descendants to joke around? Clara Kennedy is simply trying to sow discord between us. She is clearly trying to take revenge on me."

I found it funny. "Why should I take revenge on you? Ms. Pearson, do you think I need revenge?"

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