

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 10

At this point, Dennis walked in like a looker-on. He asked Olivia in a grim voice, his eyes deep. "What are you doing up?"

Olivia acted as if she was surprised by Dennis' sudden appearance. She put on a charming look, pulled at his clothes and forced him to sit down at the bedside, draping her arms around his waist. "I took a nap during the day and I can't fall asleep now. Why are you here?"

"I came to check on you!" Dennis' eyes moved to me and fell on my hand as he spoke. He gave a slight frown. "Go take care of your hand!" No love or tenderness could ever be detected in his indifferent voice.

Olivia held him, guilt on her little face. "It was careless of me to scold Clara's hand."

Dennis ran his fingers through her long hair, his face calm, as if he wasn't blaming her at all.

As if being pushed to the edge of the cliff, I found it hard to breathe and made for the door. In fact, I knew in the first place that I would lose the bet, but I still held a faint gleam of hope. Even if Dennis simply asked, "Does it hurt?", I would feel a thousand times better than now. However, he didn't even throw a compassionate glance at me. He didn't show any sympathy to me at all.

A broad chest blocked my way in the corridor. I looked up and saw Mario staring at me with a slight frown. Confused, I greeted him, "Dr. Bennett!"

His eyes fixed on me, he asked after some time, "Does it hurt?"

I froze, bitterness welling up within me. Patter! A teardrop of mine fell on the ground as the wind howled through the corridor, making it even more quiet and gloomy.

Even a person that I had met several times would ask me, "Does it hurt?" But why the man I had lived with for two years would turn a blind eye to me?

Mario held my hand and I wanted to pull it back subconsciously, but instead, it was held tighter.

"I'm a doctor." Mario explained in a decisive tone. Just because he was a doctor, he wouldn't turn a blind eye to a patient. But I also knew he wasn't a nosy person. He did so just because I was Dennis' wife.

I followed Mario to the operation room. He told a nurse something and looked at me. "Do as she says. She'll help dress your wound."

I nodded. "Thank you!"

When Mario left, the nurse started to disinfect the wound on the back of my hand. She frowned at the blisters. "It's worse than I imagined. It might leave a scar."

"It's alright." I would take it as a lesson.

Since there were a few blisters, the nurse had to prick them and let out the liquid in them before dressing the wound. Afraid that I would shrink back, the nurse warned me, "It'll hurt. Suck it up."

"OK!" Physical pain basically meant nothing to me. On the contrary, mental pain was what really hurt.

Having dressed the wound, the nurse told me some dos and don'ts before I left for Olivia's ward. When I walked by the staircase, I heard some faint voices and couldn't help but stop.

"Now that Old Mr. George is gone, when are you going to divorce her?" This sounded like Mario's voice.

"Her? Clara?" The other male voice was low and grim, as well as familiar. It was Dennis' voice, undoubtedly.

I got closer to the staircase and could vaguely see Dennis leaning against the handrail with a grim face, his hands in pockets, while Mario was leaning against the wall, a cigarette between his slender fingers, more than half gone.

He flicked the ashes from the cigarette and looked at Dennis, his face calm, "You're totally aware that she has done nothing. You treat her like this just because you know she loves you."

Dennis glanced up at Mario and snapped, "Why do you pay so much attention on her?"

Mario frowned upon hearing that and explained, "It's not like what you think. I'm just reminding you in case you regret it in the future. No matter how deep a woman loves a man, she'll take it back one day."

"Ha!" Dennis sneered, "I never take her love seriously..."

I stopped listening from this point. It was enough to know something roughly. If one must look into the details, he would only hurt himself at the end.