

Please Love Me, Mr. George by Sophie Johnson Chapter 6

"I'm amazed by your rapid mood change, Miss Pearson." I shot a faint glance at Olivia, picked up my purse and left for the George Residence. Dennis wouldn't go, but I had to go.

However, the moment I reached the door, Olivia blocked my way. Now that Dennis was not around, she showed her true color and scowled at me. "When will you file for divorce?"

I was astonished to hear that, but chuckled at the same time and stared at her. "Are you forcing me to get a divorce as the other woman, Miss Pearson?"

"You're the other woman!" It seemed that Olivia didn't like being called "the other woman" and her face darkened suddenly. "Clara Kennedy, if it weren't for you, I would have been the hostess of this house! Since Freddy's dead, no one can keep your place in this household anymore. Were I you, I would sign on the divorce settlement immediately and fuck off with Dennis' money as soon as possible."

"What a shame, Miss Pearson, but you can never be me!" I scoffed. Ignoring her arrogance, I walked around Olivia and went downstairs. No one in this world could ever hurt me, except for Dennis.

Of course, Olivia, the spoiled girl, felt offended since I ignored her, so she grabbed me and snapped, "Clara, do you have even a little self-respect left? Dennis doesn't like you at all. What do you latch onto him for?"

I got amused by Olivia's question and looked back, replying in a calm voice, "Since you know he doesn't like me, why are you so worried?"

"You..." Olivia's face turned red in annoyance and she was lost for words for a moment.

I leaned over to her, gave a sneer and lowered my voice. "As for what I latch onto him for..." My tone became gentle again at this point and I breathed, "He's good in bed. What else could it be?"

"You're shameless, Clara!" Olivia flared up and shoved me away without hesitation. Since I was standing at the head of the stairs, I flinched away by instinct and dodged her hands. However, it didn't occur to me that Olivia lost her balance and tumbled down the stairs.

"Argh..." Her shrill scream split the air in the living room, while I was totally stunned. Before I could react, a gust of cold wind pushed me aside, and the next second, I saw Dennis rushing downstairs to check on Olivia, who was lying on the floor.

Her face pale, Olivia huddled herself up and covered her underbelly with her hands, whispering, "Baby... My baby."

A pool of blood was spreading beneath Olivia's body, staining the carpet red. I was dumbfounded. She was... Pregnant?

With Dennis' baby?

"Dennis... Baby... The baby..." Olivia pulled at Dennis' sleeve and repeated the word "baby".

Sweat was oozing from Dennis' forehead, his face clouding over.

"Don't worry. The baby will be fine." Dennis tried to calm Olivia down and scooped her up, striding toward the door.

Suddenly, Dennis stopped in a sulk and growled, his eyes glinting with anger, "Clara, look what you've done."

I could detect the indifference, hatred and rage in his voice. I froze, not knowing what to do .

"Maybe you could catch up and explain it to him?" A deep voice came from behind me. I looked up and saw Mario, wondering when he had come upstairs.

I settled down and asked calmly, "Explain what?"

Mario raised his eyebrows. "Aren't you afraid that he'd think you were the one pushing Olivia downstairs?"

I dropped my eyes and replied bitterly, "It doesn't matter if I was the one pushing her. All that matters is that someone has to take the responsibility at last since his Olivia gets hurt now."

"I didn't expect you'd be so self-possessed about it!" Mario went downstairs and left the house with his medical box. Presumably, he followed them to check on Olivia.