

Love the Second Time Around Chapter 14

Chapter 14 Accepting Her Fate

Although I had no inkling where Dominic had been in the past few years or how he had been doing, he did not seem so destitute that he hadn't the money to hire a caregiver, what with his luxurious car and having an executive assistant.

A sliver of regret crept into me at my rash words earlier. For some reason, I couldn't shake off the feeling that he had dug a trap and was just waiting for me to fall into it.

"Are you going back on your word now? Weren't you the one who said you'd do your best to accommodate me? I'm just asking you to take care of me, yet you can't even do such a simple thing? Liliana, are you really sincere in apologizing and making amends?" Dominic finally spat coldly when I hesitated for too long without saying anything.

Anxiously stealing a gander at him, I saw that his cheeks were now puffed up against his chiseled countenance.

Even if I know that it's a trap, how can I decline when both of us have said as much? In fact, isn't there a saying that goes like this—curses, like chickens, come home to roost?

"Alright, I agree. But let me make it clear that I'll only be taking care of you. There'll be no monkey business!"

"But of course! What monkey business do you have in mind? Did you really think that I'll use my hands and mouth on you?"

What the hell? Ugh! How I wish to clobber him! Truly, I've never met anyone with a more serious lack of filter than him. Ah, forget it! My brain cells are all going to die off if I stay with him much longer.

Subsequently, I morosely muttered, "Drop me off at my parents' place in Dellmoor. I miss them."

"Ah, it makes sense that you've got to tell them about your divorce since it's such a serious matter."

Huh... Is he perchance a mind reader? Indeed, I was going home to feel my parents out since I wasn't certain whether they would be able to take it when I was asking for a divorce just after being married for half a year.

But speaking of being a mind reader, it was even more apt about the taciturn Calvin. Just from our conversation, he drove me right up to my parents' house without fail.

"You'll be starting your duties tomorrow. I'll have Calvin pick you up."

Dominic left after saying that, giving me no opportunity to decline. Sighing, I went upstairs. Throughout it all, I kept racking my brain on how I should broach the subject of my divorce with my parents when I arrived home.

After all, they were both lecturers. Though they were highly educated, their thoughts remained as antiquated as millennia ago.

Everyone else supported change and freedom in love, but they held fast to the classic principle of dating for the express purpose of getting married.

While my thoughts drifted, I had unknowingly reached the door. But at the thought that they might reprimand me later, I wavered, for their lecture could truly bore me to tears.

Mustering all my courage, I knocked on the door. It was my mother who opened the door, and she froze for a moment at the sight of me.

Then, she peered at the corridor behind me before asking, "Where's Julius? Didn't he come with you?"

Panicked, I stammered, "No... He's in the office, working."

I didn't bring any luggage since it was a last-minute decision to come over, so my mother didn't suspect anything. The moment she turned back around, she started chattering.

"Your father is reading in the room, so keep it down. Why did you come back out of the blue? Don't tell me you fought with Julius?"

Saying nothing, I plopped down onto the couch and turned on the television. Truth be told, nothing registered to me. Soon, my father came out of the room. When he spotted me, his expression turned unwelcoming as though having seen someone who shouldn't be there.

Well, well... Sure enough, a daughter who's married is no longer part of the family. My father had married me off, so it seemed to me like he didn't even want me as a daughter anymore.

"I really don't want to lecture you, Liliana, but you should really change that obstinate temper of yours. Julius is really quite good-natured since he can tolerate you. If you had a row with him, just go home instead of coming back every so often. What will our neighbors say of you when they see you showing up so frequently?"

That was my mother—she always advocated reconciliation rather than separation. As soon as my father heard that I quarreled with Julius, he immediately got into a tizzy.

“What? The two of you had a row? No wonder you came back. Well, I’d advise you to go home after dinner so that Julius isn’t worried.”

Ah, I just knew that they would say this since Julius is a good man in their eyes. Even I had been deceived for a year. But little do they know that it was all an act of his!

Steeling my resolve, I gritted my teeth and inquired tentatively, “Mom, Dad, what if I were to divorce Julius? Would you both agree?”