

Love the Second Time Around Chapter 16

Chapter 16

No, their family is insatiable! Even if I capitulate now, they can still seek my parents out and kick up a fuss in the future. As such, I definitely can't give in to them!

"Julius, I actually want to end things amicably with you. But since you're now blackmailing me after you cheated on me in the first place, then don't blame me for disregarding our past affections. If you really want to go so far, then I'll play your game by all means!"

Without waiting for a response from him, I hung up on him with a beep and even blacklisted his number.

Hmph! We'll just see who can hold out longer! Besides, I've got Dominic backing me up, no? As long as he doesn't testify, the fact that I committed copyright theft doesn't exist. As for the issue of having lost my virginity before marriage... Well, I lost it to Dominic anyway, so I'll just bring him home to meet my parents if worse comes to worst. No matter what, I'll never cave in! Therefore, I must curry favor with him for now and never offend him.

After making up my mind, I promptly called room service and asked for a blow-dryer. Quickly drying my hair, I then fell into slumber the moment my head hit the pillow. I was resolved to look my best tomorrow since the crisis would likely pass if I pander to him and get into his good graces.

However, my sleep was fitful with countless bizarre dreams that alternated from Julius chasing after me with a machete and Dominic pinning me down while urging me to repay the debt I owed him. When I woke up, a beam of light filtered in through the window. I touched my forehead, only to find it all sweaty.

Subsequently, I dragged my tired body to the bathroom and washed up. When I came out after I was done, the phone in the room rang.

Hmm? Logically speaking, no one knows that I'm here. Still, I answered the phone in mystification.

"Good morning, Ms. Zanetti. This is Calvin Merchant here. I'm already waiting in the car in front of the hotel."

Calvin... Merchant?

That was the first time I heard his voice. It was low and rich, very mellifluous. Uh... The thing is, how did he know that I'm here?

“Um... You... I... No, I mean, this early?” I stuttered.

In the end, I didn't ask him the question playing in my mind. Perhaps it was because he had been as cold as ice the few times I had seen him that I still harbored fear toward him.

“Mr. Hartnell said he's hungry and requested that you buy him breakfast.”

Upon hearing that, I almost burst a blood vessel. Jeez, he has money and an assistant, yet he's adamant about picking me up so that I can buy him breakfast! Suddenly, I felt that pandering to him wouldn't be a walk in the park. Argh! He's just an old cunning fox!

“Mr. Hartnell doesn't like to be kept waiting, Ms. Zanetti,” Calvin reminded coldly when I said nothing for a long time.

At that, I pouted morosely. “Okay, got it. I'll come down right away.”

“I'll be waiting, Ms. Zanetti.” After saying that, Calvin unceremoniously hung up. Meanwhile, I was foaming at the mouth.

I then dourly packed up and left.

As soon as I walked out of the hotel, my attention was snagged by a black Maserati right at the entrance. Through the car window, I saw Calvin's expressionless face. When he saw me, he politely inclined his head at me.

At that moment, my eyes almost popped out of my head.

Dear heavens! This is simply preposterous! He's actually driving me around in such a luxurious car just to buy breakfast from a stall...

Despite my exasperation, I could only open the car door and climb into the car. No sooner had I sat down than Calvin spoke.

“Ms. Zanetti, Mr. Hartnell asked whether you still remember the pancake stall at the northern gate back during your university days.”

The pancake stall at the northern gate?

All at once, I was stunned speechless. Whoa! I didn't expect Dominic to remember that. I thought he'd long since forgotten about it. After all, who'd still remember the place where he first met his ex-girlfriend after breaking up?

“I do, but I'm not certain whether it's still there.”

So what if I remember? Some things can never be recovered when they're gone. Perhaps the memory remains, but time never waits for anyone.

"Mr. Hartnell said when there's a will, there's a way. I'll drive you there."

Having said that, Calvin started the car. I slowly gazed out the window as our first meeting back then flashed across my eyes.