

Love the Second Time Around Chapter 17

Chapter 17

At that time, I was a freshman, while Dominic was a sophomore. He was my senior as well as a renowned figure in our university, but he seemed very busy and seldom made an appearance. Thus, had only heard of him but never seen him in person.

Unexpectedly, a misunderstanding transpired during our very first meeting.

Initially, I had a date with my roommate at the pancake stall. Knowing that she was always late, ordered some snacks while waiting. But even after I had finished eating, there was still no sign of her.

I didn't have any money with me back then as I went there right after my lecture, so I frantically phoned my roommate time and again. However, she didn't pick up a single call of mine for some reason.

When I noticed that the stall owner was eyeing me suspiciously, I was so embarrassed that I didn't quite know what to do. At that precise moment, a figure appeared and nonchalantly sat down at my table on the chair opposite me.

Seeing that, the stall owner hurried over. After casting him a look, the stall owner smilingly commented on how he had finally arrived after I had been waiting for such a long time before asking for his order.

Only when I heard his remark did I realize that he mistook the man in front of me as the person I had been waiting for. I was just about to wave a hand and counter him when my cell phone dinged with an incoming message.

When I opened it, I saw that it was an apology from my roommate. She said that she was having a row with her boyfriend then and couldn't make it, so she told me not to wait for her.

All at once, my mind went blank. I've never once eaten without paying the bill. Am I supposed to dine and dash now?

Panicked, I lifted my eyes and looked at the man across from me. He had his head lowered as he perused the menu solemnly. I couldn't see his countenance, merely his long and slender fingers.

His fingers were tapered and delicate, making it apparent that he was an artist.

Gritting my teeth, I steeled my resolve. I got to my feet and muttered, "Uh... You go ahead. I'll be leaving first."

With a grimace on my face, I spun around and sprinted away without waiting for his reply. Never had run so swiftly, even during my physical education class usually. I ran hell-bent for leather as though it was a 100-meter sprint, panting heavily. It wasn't until I reached the university entrance did I screech to

a stop.

Just when I was sweating profusely and thanking my lucky stars, a figure blocked my path. When I looked up, sheer terror struck me that I cried out and collapsed onto the ground on my butt.

What the hell? Can he teleport? How did he get here so quickly?

He looked down at me condescendingly. The first thing out of his mouth put me on the verge of flipping out. "You dared to pull a dine and dash despite your stubby legs, huh? I really admire your courage."

Getting to my feet glumly, I dipped my head and mumbled, "Um... I'm sorry, but I was desperate. I'll return you the money I owe you. Just give me your PayPal account, and I'll wire it to you." –

Since I had my head lowered, I naturally couldn't see his expression. I could only see a pair of legs in my line of sight. Jerking my head up in shock, I realized that the man who was a head taller than me had come so near that he was an inch away from my face.

Flustered, I hastily backed away, only to be pinned against the wall.

"Wow, there's actually such an advanced way of asking for someone else's phone number nowadays, huh? I've learned something new. Actually, there's no need to go to such trouble. I'll tell you my dorm room number, and you can bring the money over."

Sh*t! So, I actually pulled a dine and dash on someone from the same university? Gah! Why am I so unlucky to be caught? How am I going to show my face in public if word of this gets out?

"Block C, Room 508. I'm Dominic Hartnell. Don't forget to pay me back!"

The tall figure turned around and left after saying that. Only then did I realize that he was my legendary senior, Dominic. When I wanted to call out to him, he was already long gone.

"We're here, Ms. Zanetti."

"Uh... Oh, okay. Thank you."

Calvin's voice pulled me back from my memories. I swung my gaze at the pancake stall, surprised that it was still there.

I promptly scrambled out of the car and ordered some pancakes for takeaway. Then, I rushed over to Dominic's house. The moment I stepped foot into the house, I was greeted by his languid voice. "You must have made the pancakes yourself from scratch."

I was panting, yet he was merely criticizing from the sidelines. Red-hot anger swamped me that I was gripped by the urge to throw the pancakes at his face.