

## Love the Second Time Around Chapter 18

### Chapter 18

“Here are your pancakes. Watch out that you don’t get obese eating that many pancakes early in the morning!” I muttered huffily.

However, Dominic ignored me entirely. Reaching out, he took the pancakes from me.

As he swept a placid gaze over me, he commented, “It’s cold. I don’t like eating cold food, but since you went so far to buy this, I’ll just eat a few bites for your sake.”

Hah! How shameless!

Just after a few bites, Dominic suddenly blurted, “I wonder whether I’ll get indigestion from pancakes that are a few years overdue.”

I was initially chagrined, but my heart inevitably jolted upon hearing that.

I understood his meaning. Back then, he didn’t get to eat pancakes because of me, and I later became his girlfriend, so I naturally forgot about the pancakes I owed him.

“I’m sorry...” I mumbled.

“It’s okay. My stomach is lined with steel. No matter how many years, I’ll continue waiting until I get to eat it.”

It was a simple utterance, but my face flushed, and my heartbeat accelerated for some inexplicable reason. I couldn’t shake off the feeling that he didn’t mean it explicitly. Instead, there seemed to be an underlying meaning to it.

“Oh, how did it go with your parents last night?” The man put down the plate. As though he was having steak in the restaurant, he didn’t forget to wipe his mouth elegantly after he was done eating.

Recalling my parents’ reaction, I hung my head and shook it dejectedly.

“You know how my parents are. They both have antiquated perceptions, so they’d never agree to me getting divorced...”

I hastily stopped before I had finished speaking as Dominic was staring at me with his profound eyes.

Damn it! I’ve misspoken again. Back then, my parents considered him their prospective son-in-law, but we unexpectedly became strangers in the end. And what do I take him for to utter such a remark nonchalantly as though nothing had ever happened?

“Indeed, I know how they are. However, your life is yours, not your parents’. Don’t tell me you’re not getting a divorce just because they disagree?”

After throwing me a glance, he shifted his wheelchair and gave his back to me. His voice was as indifferent as ever.

“Of course, I’m getting a divorce! I don’t want to be linked to that scumbag for even a moment longer! But I’m afraid it’ll be quite a complicated process since I’ll need time to persuade both Julius and my parents.”

Hmm? Why do I feel as though I’m explaining myself to him? What has it got to do with him whether I’m getting a divorce? I’m just here to be his caregiver.

“Well, that’s enough about me. Tell me about my duties as your caregiver. What are my working hours?”

“I’m thirsty, so go and get me a glass of water.”

I waited for a long time, yet I didn’t receive a single word in response. Instead, all I got was a blunt order. Jeez, does he think he’s all high and mighty just because he’s in a wheelchair?

Upon seeing that I wasn’t doing his bidding, Dominic looked up and swept his eyes over me. “Do you know what a caregiver is? In simple terms, it’s personal care. You’re lucky I’m not a baby, or I’ll definitely have you feed me milk as well.”

Cough, cough... At that, I went to get him some water.

I only found my way to the kitchen after wandering around with my gaze darting everywhere. I was only nursing my anger when I came in earlier, so it wasn’t until then did I realize that the house was incredibly huge.

Not only did the first floor have a massive living room, but there was also a small dining room, followed by a kitchen and a lounge at the side. I hadn’t the time for a tour, so I simply took a peek. To my surprise, there was even a pool table in there.

Besides, there was a circular staircase that spiraled up, so there were seemingly two floors. I reckoned that the bedrooms and all were upstairs.

Goodness gracious! This is a luxurious mansion that only exists in the movies! What exactly happened to him in the past few years? Did he rob a bank or something? But... how does he go up the stairs to sleep every day when he now has limited mobility?

While my thoughts drifted, I poured a glass of water for the demanding man. Unexpectedly, he refused to take it from me, merely staring at me with his head tilted

up. I didn't quite understand his meaning, so my mind whirred in an attempt to figure him out.

In the end, he coolly demanded, "Feed me!"