

Love the Second Time Around Chapter 26 - 30

Chapter 26 The Day Is Over

My eyes widened in surprise, and I retracted my hand, but Dominic grabbed my wrist and pulled me onto him. He hugged me so tightly around my waist that my body was pressed close to his.

“D-Dominic, I-I was not... This is not what it looks like. I was just trying to get rid of mosquitoes for you,” I stammered.

Hearing that, Dominic’s lips curled into a smirk.

“Oh really? Are you giving them a massage?” he retorted.

I flushed and stuttered an excuse, “I-I didn’t want to wake you. Now that I owe you again, what would you have done to me if I had woken you up from your sleep?”

Suddenly, Dominic ran his hand up along my spine from my waist, my skin tingling from his touch.

“It seems you’re very clear on where you stand. Besides owing me for the pancakes, your debts to me seem to have grown even more. Besides, I’d helped you successfully negotiate a contract tonight, so shouldn’t you thank me for that?”

“H-how?” I asked.

“Well, a man and a woman both in bed in this position... What do you think?”

Oh my God! Isn’t the lower half of his body no longer functioning? How could he ask such a shameless thing?

I moved my face as far away from him as I could and tried to wriggle out of his arms but for naught. Instead of letting me go, he wrapped his hand around my jaw firmly and squeezed it so hard that I thought he would crush my bones with his bare hand.

“That hurts...” I complained and cursed him silently.

However, being the stubborn mule that he was, Dominic ignored me and said, “You used to love being on top of me. Are you not attracted to the way I look now? Come on, pleasure me.”

Is he f*cking crazy? I gritted my teeth and wrenched his hand off my chin.

“Why should I pleasure you? You’re not my husband!”

As soon as he heard that, his face twisted in anger. "It seems you really miss being with that psycho. Liana, you disgust me."

Did he seriously just say that? Right then, I could not hold back any longer. After all, his hot-and-cold attitude was irritating me, and I wasn't going to back down without putting up a fight.

"I disgust you? For the record, you're the one who asked me to be your caregiver! If I had a choice, I wouldn't spend even a minute with you!" I yelled.

Silence ensued as soon as I finished yelling, and it was suffocating. It was so quiet that, in fact, I could hear the man breathing in front of me.

"Get out if you don't want to be here! Don't stay in my house any longer!" Just as I was regretting my outburst, Dominic shouted coldly in reply.

Any guilt that I was feeling vanished instantly.

I jumped off his bed and proceeded to the door. But before I could walk out, Dominic caught my wrist again.

"I bought that dress for you, so return it to me."

Upon that, I rolled my eyes in exasperation. How immature! It's just one dress! Whatever! I don't like this dress anyway. If he wants me to return it, then I'll take it off!

Just as I wanted to rip it off my body, the rational part of me suddenly wondered what I would wear if I took off the dress. I then turned to Dominic and stared at him coldly, "Where are my clothes?"

With a smirk on his face, Dominic then spread his arms casually wide and answered, "Well, they were dirty, so I threw them away."

What the hell? He threw away my clothes and won't let me keep the ones he bought me. Does he want me to leave this house naked?

"What should I wear then, my dear Mr. Hartnell?" I asked angrily.

"How should I know? You can leave naked if you want. I couldn't care less." He tucked his hands comfortably under his head and looked at me eagerly.

I had never felt such fury in my entire life.

Ah, forget it! Beggars can't be choosers. I shouldn't let him get to me.

"Where should I sleep?" I forced the words through my lips as my head hung in defeat.

“Aww, so you’re not leaving? Well then, I’ll take you in like the little lost puppy that you are. Tsk-tsk, I really am too kind. Anyway, you can sleep in any of the rooms. Pick whichever you like best.”

Without even looking up, I knew from his cocky tone that he was holding back a smile. If he wasn’t in a wheelchair, I would have long murdered him!

“Okay, then, good night.”

I decided to sleep on the second floor to be as far away from him as possible. Any closer and I might have nightmares about him.

After that, Dominic stopped bothering me and did not say anything else. I closed his bedroom door behind me and went up to the second floor.

There were a lot of rooms on that floor, so I simply chose one and opened the door. As soon as I walked in, I was stunned. This is the bedroom of my dreams!

From the color of the walls to the adorable princess-style bed, this room was exactly what I had fantasized for the longest time. Although I was no longer a child, I still harbored the fantasy in my heart.

I happily rushed towards the huge pink bed. It was so soft and comfortable, and the sheets smelled fresh. I could not wait to roll around the bed all night.

Feeling tired, I finally slipped into a dream, hugging a large pillow close to me.

Both my body and heart had been hurt badly, and I was exhausted both physically and emotionally. Thus, I fell into a deep sleep as soon as I had closed my eye. It would have been a restful sleep if it wasn’t for the demon haunting me in my dreams.

It was as if the demon was sitting on my chest, trying to suffocate me. I tried to peel my eyes open and escape the dream, but I was too tired, and I could not wake myself up. Nonetheless, the demon in my dream kept crushing my lungs.

However, for some reason, it looked a lot like Dominic.

He annoys me in the daytime and irritates me in my dreams! Ugh! That’s how much I despise him!

Luckily for me, nothing else unusual happened that night other than that.

The next morning, I was awakened by a shrill ring. I reached out sleepily for the source of the sound. It was coming from the phone sitting on the bedside table.

I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes and picked up the phone.

"I've never met a caregiver who needed to be awakened by her employer! I'm hungry. Make me breakfast!"

The line then cut abruptly. A shiver ran down my spine as I remembered where I was. Argh... Sh*t! This is Dominic's house, and my life as his caregiver begins now.

I looked longingly at my big, comfortable bed and bade it goodbye bitterly. Then, yawning all the way, I went into the bathroom to wash up.

Dominic was seated on the couch tapping away on his laptop when I finally came downstairs.

Without a word, I headed straight into the kitchen and pulled open the refrigerator to see what I could throw together to make for breakfast.

What the hell? There's nothing in this fridge but beer! Am I supposed to conjure breakfast out of thin air?

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Chapter 27 Screwed Up

"Hey, there isn't anything in the fridge, so what am I supposed to do?" I turned towards the living room and yelled.

Without even looking up from the screen, his slender fingers never stopped typing as if they were dancing across the keyboard. However, the words that left his lips the next second were unpleasant.

"Are you the caregiver, or am I the caregiver? All I care about is the food. You should take care of the rest."

I...

Hearing that, I admitted defeat and decided to leave to get groceries at the supermarket nearby. But I looked down and noticed that I was still wearing the dress from yesterday. I would just be digging my own grave if I went out like this.

"Um... Can we skip breakfast today? I want to go home and change."

As soon as I said that, he slammed his laptop shut and looked up at me, his eyes full of contempt.

"What? Should I let you go home and put on makeup too? Let me tell you, I have to have breakfast or I'll be having gastric pain. If that happens, you'll be having an even harder time returning your debt."

I ignored his sarcastic words as all I could focus on were the words “gastric pain” he mentioned. Why would he have gastric pain? For all the yearly checkups we had previously, I recalled that he was always healthier than me.

My mind then wandered back to the fridge; there was nothing except bottles of beer in it. Well, how did you not die from gastric pain then?

Right then, a loud knocking came from the door, and I glanced at Dominic in confusion. Who could it be so early in the morning? It... It can't be Camille, right?

“What are you standing around for? Go open the door!”

I glared at him upon hearing that. If it weren't for his legs, I would have thought that he must be ordering me around on purpose. Huffing in frustration, I opened the door and saw that it was Calvin, who was holding a huge bag in his hands.

He nodded slightly at the sight of me before turning sideways to squeeze his way through the doorframe, keeping as much distance between us as he could.

I was perplexed to see him do that.

“Mr. Hartnell, I've brought the things you asked for.”

“Great. Give it to her. Or else she's going to come up with another excuse to slack off.”

Hearing that, I glanced at the bag in Calvin's hand, and he quickly handed it over to me. I opened the bag to look and found a light blue women's suit.

Does this mean Dominic had called his assistant early in the morning to prepare this for me?

My lips twitched and curled into a smile. At least he's got some conscience.

“Don't smile just yet. The money used to buy the suit will be deducted from your pay. Also, I want to have my breakfast in half an hour, or you'll bear the consequences.”

My smile instantly vanished, and I couldn't even fight back. Annoyed, I ran to the room on the second floor to get changed.

By the time I was finally downstairs, Calvin was nowhere to be seen. I wasn't sure what Dominic was busy with, but I couldn't care less about him. I left the house after notifying him that I was going out.

Only when I got out did I realize that there wasn't a single soul nearby. Besides the mansions and the luxury cars speeding along the road, I was the only person walking.

At that moment, I absolutely despised the rich. What was the point of living in such a high-class area? They were just making life difficult for themselves since there wasn't even a place nearby to buy anything.

But it didn't seem right after I gave it another thought. Normally, people would drive when they go out, so why would they think that it wasn't convenient? Only a working-class person like me would walk to the place I needed to go.

I suddenly thought of the half-an-hour time limit Dominic gave me, so I started to run. Ten minutes later, I finally saw a grocer. I was so happy that I almost ran up to the shopkeeper to give him a kiss.

With that, I immediately rushed into the grocer and swept a bunch of food products into my basket as though I were a tornado. Earlier, I noticed that Dominic's kitchen was there just as an extra space because I could see that he never cooked in it before.

After paying, I realized that twenty-five minutes had passed. There were only five minutes left, and there was no way I could get back in time. I wasn't afraid of his harsh words but was worried that he would be having his gastric pain soon.

With the bags full of groceries in hand, I quickly ran back to the house. I was panting by the time I pushed the door open but was immediately met with Dominic wiping his mouth, with an empty plate and a cup of milk on the coffee table before him.

He looked up at me and shook his head in disdain. "Are you some kind of refugee? Why do you look like you just went to rob someone?"

Still panting, I let go of the bags I was holding and rushed toward him, thinking to give him a piece of my mind. Once I reached where he was, I stomped on the coffee table.

He shrunk his head unwittingly and stared at me in shock.

"So what if you're my creditor? So what if you're crippled? I was so worried that you would get gastric pain from not eating that I ran back here with those bags full of groceries. But look at you. You're here enjoying your breakfast and milk. This is just outrageous!"

"Hey, I—" Dominic was about to say something but was interrupted when I slammed my fist on the table.

"Yes, I do owe you, and I might not be able to return everything no matter what I do. But I'm human too. Is it fun for you to trick me like that? Did you feel satisfied seeing me fooled by you all day long like an idiot? Or when I had to bear all your ridicules? Alright, let's make things clear right this moment. There's a deadline even when it's a prisoner's sentence. When do you plan to stop making a fool out of me? A month later? Half a

year? Or maybe a year? I'll leave once I've returned everything. I don't even want to spend an extra minute with you!"

I couldn't hold it in anymore and vented all my frustrations and anger right then. Honestly, I didn't even care what he would do to me after this. All I wanted to do was scold him first.

"Your stomach won't be able to stand it if you don't eat, Mr. Hartnell. I— Oh, you're back, Ms. Zanetti. Then should I bring both of your breakfast out now?"

My head snapped towards him when I heard Calvin's voice, and I saw him walking out of the kitchen. He took a glance at me in puzzlement before going around me to take the empty plate and cup of milk, all while trying to keep as much distance between us as possible.

"Um, Calvin, what..." I swallowed hard before asking.

"Oh, that's mine. Mr. Hartnell said you're not familiar with the place around here, so he told me to go get breakfast. But he told me to eat first when I came back and said that he wanted to eat with you. I was worried that he would suffer from gastric pain again and was about to urge him to eat a little, but you're back already."

It was the first time Calvin had said so much to me, but for some reason, I wanted to dig a hole and bury myself right then and there.

With that, I quickly put down my leg as I chanted silently, "You can't see me. You can't see me." Then, I turned and tried to leave, but a cold voice sounded from behind me.

"You may go now, Calvin. Head back to the office first. Remember to close the door when you head out."

I could tell that the man was speaking through gritted teeth, and instantly, the temperature dropped by a few degrees. Thinking back to what I said to Dominic earlier, I knew that I would be dead meat soon.

Calvin seemed to notice that something was wrong, and he left after answering. He even shut the door close like he was told as he headed out.

I...

"You have three seconds to get here."

His low and cold voice sounded from behind me, and I sighed dejectedly upon hearing it.

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Chapter 28 Torture

I didn't want to die too miserably, so I quickly turned to smile at him. "You must be very hungry, Mr. Hartnell. Come on, let's eat..."

After that, I couldn't continue talking anymore because I could feel the fiery wrath coming from his intense gaze. If he could kill me with just one look, that would be it.

"One," he started counting down.

My lips twitched when I knew that I couldn't avoid it anymore, so I slowly made my way towards him.

"Are you crippled too? Don't you know how to walk anymore? Would you know how to roll your way here, then?"

Hearing that, I didn't dare to take my time anymore. After taking two huge strides, I was finally in front of him.

Even so, I did leave some distance between us so that I could run away from him if I needed to.

Dominic then started to scrutinize me up and down.

I was starting to feel uncomfortable under his gaze, so I found the courage to say, "Mr. Hartnell, I was wrong, alright? Come on, hurry up and say what you want."

All I did was scold him earlier. He should have gotten straight to the point. Why did he have to torture me like that?

At that moment, I stopped worrying. After all, I was already in deep sh*t, so there was no point fretting on what was about to come.

"Tell me what you did wrong, and I'll let it go if I'm satisfied with the answer. Otherwise, both of us will have a long talk about it."

I wanted so much to kick him when I saw the look that said—"I'm kind enough to spare you"—on his face.

You drama king! I've already admitted that I was wrong. What else do you want me to say?

"Two!" My heart thumped when he started counting down again.

Alright. Whatever you say, boss.

To make sure that I could satisfy him sooner, I started to talk so that I could clear my name. It didn't matter if it was true or false; words poured out of my mouth the moment I thought of them.

I was already starting to feel thirsty from all the talking, but he still remained indifferent. He didn't tell me to stop, nor did he say that he was satisfied. All he did was stare at me with an odd smile on his face.

This damned man!

Even though I was cursing Dominic in my heart, I said out loud with a smile, "May I know if you're satisfied with what I just said, Mr. Hartnell?"

I couldn't make up anything else, and my legs were starting to go limp after the intensive run this morning.

My heart thumped loudly as I awaited his answer. After a long moment of silence, he then finally replied, "Yes."

Upon hearing that, I heaved a sigh of relief.

However, before I could even take a break, Dominic said, "I'm hungry."

"Alright, alright. I'll go heat up your breakfast now." The food that Calvin bought must have gotten cold right now, so it wouldn't be good for his stomach.

At that moment, I realized how much of a lackey I was being.

"Who wants to eat that? Didn't you get groceries already? I'm giving you ten minutes to make something."

Why the hell did you ask Calvin to get you food if you weren't going to eat then? Don't you know that it's shameful to waste food?

I glared at him when I noticed the subtle smile on his face.

That a**hole must be gloating, seeing how busy I am.

Didn't you say that you would get gastric pain if you're hungry for too long? Why didn't you just die from the pain then?

I was still fuming as I went to pick up the bags full of groceries before going into the kitchen reluctantly.

What can I make in ten minutes? With a frown, I started to dig through the bags.

I saw a box of waffle mix in one of the bags, and I shouted, "Are waffles okay, Mr. Hartnell?"

It could be made in a few minutes, and it was filling, so it was the perfect food for him.

Unexpectedly, Dominic answered in disgust, "You're making something so unhealthy for me?"

I was left speechless at his words. Why don't you make your own breakfast then?

"I'll cut up some fruits for you too," I said through gritted teeth.

A moment passed before he replied, "Whatever. I doubt that you're able to make anything good anyway."

I almost smashed the plate I was holding when I heard what he said.

What is his problem? Would he feel uncomfortable all over if he kept his snide remarks to himself?

Frankly speaking, if there was a drug or poison that could cause him to lose his voice, I wouldn't hesitate to use it.

While grumbling under my breath, I was filled with resentment as I continued to prepare his food. Oh, how I wished the fruits that I chopped up were him instead!

Dominic would also remind me of the time every now and then, and it was getting on my nerves.

After ten minutes, I was finally done. Then, I placed his breakfast in front of him.

"Please enjoy, Mr. Hartnell," I said in a flattering manner.

I stared at him nervously. Even though I knew that he wouldn't say anything nice, I still looked forward to seeing how satisfied he would be.

My eyes brightened when I saw that he finally started to eat. "Is that alright, Mr. Hartnell?"

He swept a cold glance at me and avoided my question by replying, "Where's your plate of food?"

I was stunned for a moment but quickly answered, "I'm not hungry. You should go ahead and eat."

After all, I had lost my appetite after receiving all the snide remarks from him.

“Go get another plate.”

I didn't know what he was trying to do, but I quickly went to get a plate just as told.

To my surprise, he then pushed his plate towards me while saying, “Put half of it in yours.”

Huh? What does he mean by that? Did I make too much? I remained standing there as I stared at him, dumbfounded at his words.

“What are you looking at? Your waffles are hard, and they don't taste good at all. Am I supposed to finish all this alone? Hurry up and take half of it.”

My expression turned uglier upon hearing his words.

Forget about saying something nice; the least he could do is not make me seem so worthless. Hey, I worked my a** off for this, okay?

I huffed in frustration as I took half the portion of the waffles and put it on the empty plate while he continued to stare at me.

Whatever. If he's not grateful, I'll eat it myself.

Holding the plate, I started to shove the waffles into my mouth.

Excuse me? How does this not taste good? And how in the world is this “hard?” My waffles are the epitome of perfection!

It was obvious he didn't know how to appreciate it and was trying to pick a bone with me.

After breakfast, I felt as though all my brain cells were about to die due to my frustration for him.

As I cleaned up and took the dirty dishes into the kitchen, I heard him giving me instructions on what to do again.

“I need you to clean up the whole house. Use a rag to clean the floors, and I want all the glass in the house to be so clean that one can see their reflection on it. Call me when you're done preparing lunch. And don't even think about slacking off. If I catch you doing that, I'm going to deduct half of your salary.”

Once he was done, he wheeled himself back to his room and closed the door with a thud.

I was too consumed with anger to speak as I put the dirty dishes into the sink.

What on earth did I do to be tortured like this?

I felt like I was about to burst from rage soon.

Now that I was the only one left, I wanted so much to leave everything and run away.

However, I thought of the threatening words he said earlier, and my courage shrunk.

In the end, I finally accepted my fate and started to follow his orders.

By noon, I felt as though my back was about to break. I had never done housework like this in my entire life.

After setting the table, I went to his room, but no one answered even when I had knocked on his door for a long time.

I was left confused. Did he fall asleep?

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Chapter 29 A Death Wish

I knocked on the door, but no one answered.

Thus, I hesitated for a while before I yelled through the door, "Mr. Hartnell? Dominic, it's time to have some food."

However, only silence greeted me.

Could it be that he died in his sleep? Worrying that something untoward would happen, I said, "I'm coming in."

With that, I turned the knob and realized that the door wasn't locked.

Once I entered the room, I saw Dominic lying on the bed without a blanket.

Given his eyes were closed, I guessed he was sleeping.

I came up to him, unsure if I ought to wake him up.

After all, I was worried that he would reprimand me if I disturbed his sweet dream.

However, I also remembered that he wanted me to inform him when the food was ready.

I felt conflicted, thinking that he would scold me regardless of what I did.

As I observed him up close, I couldn't help but think that God was unfair.

I wondered why he didn't have any wrinkles on his face at his age. Besides, he had even become a wealthy bachelor, as if God had given him all the good qualities a man could have.

As I bent over and lowered my gaze, I gradually realized that something was wrong with Dominic.

At that moment, he looked pale-faced with sweat all over his forehead.

Is he sick?

I then lifted my hand to touch his face, and it was cold as ice.

Anxious, I kneeled beside the bed to give Dominic a nudge while yelling, "Dominic, wake up. How do you feel?"

Fortunately, he was awake after I shouted a few times. I immediately asked if he was feeling unwell.

A few seconds later, he croaked, "Gastric... pain... Pills. I need my pills."

I jumped up and hastily flipped through the dresser to look for his pills.

I'm sure he has gastric pain because he had breakfast late. Why didn't he eat the food that Calvin bought for him?

Ugh... And now, he's suffering because of it.

While I was scolding him quietly, I got increasingly nervous because I couldn't find any pills.

"Wait for me. I'm going to the living room to find the pills. If there are no pills at home, I'll go out to buy some."

Knowing that gastric pain could get serious at times, I swiftly returned to the living room to see if I had any luck. Yet, I still couldn't find any pills.

Meanwhile, Dominic's face and lips were drained of all color.

Why didn't he tell me earlier? I mean, it would've gotten worse if I didn't go into his room.

"Dominic, let me get you to the hospital now." Judging from how he looked, I reckoned he would still feel the pain even after taking pills.

However, I tried helping him up a few times but to no avail.

“Stop it. Are you trying to kill me now that I’m sick?” Dominic was still harsh to me even though his voice was hoarse.

He still dares to treat me so harshly even when I’m the only one here to help him?

Doesn’t he know that if I leave him here, he will die and rot, and no one will ever know about it!

Nonetheless, I could only curse silently but never execute it. After all, I was already a bundle of nerves.

“Stay here. I’m going to call an ambulance.”

“Call Calvin.” Once he said so, I dialed Calvin’s number instead.

Calvin arrived quickly. Once I heard the doorbell rang, I dashed toward the door as fast as lightning.

I was worried that his situation would worsen, for Dominic’s face looked increasingly paler. Besides, he refused to go to the hospital no matter how hard I persuaded him.

Calvin and a gorgeous woman, who had a box in her hand, rushed toward Dominic’s room.

I was shocked once I realized that she was a doctor. She professionally checked Dominic’s pulse and put him on an IV drip.

Miraculously, Dominic seemed to feel better after only a minute or so. It all felt so surreal to me.

I stood at the door and asked nervously, “How is he now? Should we take him to the hospital? I mean, his face contorted in a grimace of pain just now.”

While packing up her stuff, the doctor said patiently, “Don’t worry about it. He’s not going to die anytime soon.”

Her reply stunned me instantly. Is this the latest trend of how doctors speak?

“Ms. Zanetti, let’s go outside so that Mr. Hartnell can get some rest. He will be fine.”

I felt relieved after hearing it from Calvin.

After all, Dominic trusted Calvin, and thus he definitely wouldn’t look for an unreliable doctor to treat Dominic.

The three of us exited the room and gently closed the door.

“Thank you, Calvin. Also... thank you, doctor. Please have a seat. I’ll get you some water.”

“Ms. Zanetti, you don’t have to. Taking care of Mr. Hartnell is my responsibility,” Calvin said from behind.

Regardless of his responsibility, I had to thank Calvin for coming all the way here to help Dominic. Besides, I was way more generous than the stingy Dominic.

After putting two glasses of water before them, I gazed at Calvin and said, “You can go ahead if you’re busy. I’ll stay here to take care of him.”

Since Dominic asked Calvin to head back to the office this morning, I reckoned he would be rather busy.

Before Calvin could reply, the female doctor who sat beside him said something that bewildered me. “Whoa, whoa! So, you’re the one?”

I looked at her, baffled. “Huh?”

However, she didn’t dwell on it but began to introduce herself. “I’m Yvonne Baker from People’s Hospital.”

For some reason, I could feel a very strong aura coming from her as I scanned her from head to toe.

Calvin and Yvonne stayed for a little longer and chatted with me. Before they left, Yvonne asked me to prepare some light meals for Dominic when he woke up.

I nodded in agreement.

After they left, I went back into Dominic’s room to check up on him.

Since he was sleeping soundly, I left to attend to my own matters.

Later that night around eight, Dominic woke up and came out of the room. However, I was working on something on my laptop and didn’t see him as he came out.

“Is this how you look after a patient?” I was shocked, and my hands shivered the moment he yelled.

With that, I hastily put down my laptop and stood up from the couch.

“Why did you get up? Wait for me. I’ll get you some chicken soup. Yvonne said you should have some light meals since your stomach is quite sensitive now.”

Even though he ignored me, I didn’t want to be that petty to pick a fight with a patient.

Besides, I guessed he was almost overwhelmed by the pain. Although he looked better now than he was in the morning, he was still not spirited and didn’t argue with me like usual. Instead, he returned to his bedroom after having his meal.

As such, the night was tranquil and peaceful.

Before going to bed, I purposely set the alarm to wake up early so that he wouldn’t have breakfast late.

The next morning, Dominic woke up shortly after I finished preparing breakfast.

After sitting in front of me, he asked, “Were you worried about me yesterday?”

I stopped stirring the pot upon hearing it. A few seconds later, I purposely said, “Yes. After all, there were only two of us here yesterday. I can’t bear the responsibility if something terrible happens to you. Besides, others might even frame me for killing you. So, I’ve to prevent it from happening at all costs.”

The moment I finished, I heard him slamming the table loudly.

I looked up at him, clearly perplexed. What’s going on?

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Chapter 30 Favor Of God

Dominic pulled a long face and said harshly, “You should be nervous and worried because you owe me.”

I gulped down my food but didn’t respond to it.

Yes, you’re right. So do I have to sell the rest of my life to you?

Just then, someone knocked on the door. Guessing that it was Calvin, I went to open it.

After Dominic left with Calvin, I spat in anger at the door. What an unreasonable man!

I became the punchbag for his escaping fury in these two days.

It was bad enough with what happened with Julius earlier, and now Dominic also joined the party.

As I thought about divorcing Julius, I wondered when Galaxy Corporation would transfer the money to me because we had signed the contract.

Once I got the money, I would return the betrothal gift to him. If he insisted on giving me trouble, I would take legal action against him. After all, I didn't believe he was that audacious.

I enjoyed the tranquility, given that Dominic would probably come back tomorrow morning.

After a while, I grabbed my laptop and walked toward the balcony. I saw the recliner yesterday and thought I could sit here to enjoy the scenery and the breezy weather.

After making a glass of fruit juice and putting some snacks next to the recliner, I began drawing my new drafts.

I didn't spend a lot of time finding new ideas. After all, Shannon and I agreed that I just had to draw like usual.

More importantly, I had to work on something else and couldn't be Dominic's caregiver for the rest of my life.

Time flew by when I was drawing. It was almost 1 p.m. when I finally paused to get some rest. Just as I expected, Dominic hadn't come home.

Since I only had some porridge in the morning and overworked myself just now, I was famished.

As I was thinking about what I could eat, my phone on the balcony rang.

As such, I returned to the balcony to answer the call.

Shannon invited me to lunch, saying that she wanted to tell me some good news.

I agreed to it delightedly. After hanging up the phone, I packed my stuff and left the house.

Then, I hailed a taxi to head toward a café.

The café was considered our operation base. Besides, we would always visit it when we were free.

When I arrived, I saw that Shannon was already there while the food was served.

The boss greeted me warmly upon seeing me. After all, I had become a loyal customer after visiting his café many times.

Once I sat down, I couldn't wait to try the food and picked up a piece of meat. A moment later, Shannon asked, "Liliana, guess what I'm about to tell you?"

She had a secretive smile on her face but still failed to conceal her excitement.

After gulping down a piece of meat, I immediately picked up another piece and said, "Oh, will you just tell me already!"

Shannon pursed her lips and replied, "That's no fun. Well, someone wishes to ask you to design a poster for a movie. Liliana, I think you're getting more and more popular now."

Upon hearing it, my first impression was that Shannon could have met a fraud. Nonetheless, considering that Shannon had already been an editor for many years, she could easily differentiate a conspiracy scheme.

Thus, I figured that the chances of Shannon being scammed were extremely slim.

Still, I stared at her doubtfully and said, "Which movie is that? Did he meet you in person? Is he reliable? Besides, I've never designed a poster for a movie before."

Feeling that I was hesitant, Shannon quickly explained the whole thing.

I grew increasingly excited as I listened to it. Besides the fact that the movie was based on a popular fantasy novel, its male and female leads would be A-list celebrities.

If I accepted the job, I would be moving closer to the pinnacle of my life!

We left the café after enjoying the meal. Before parting ways, Shannon asked me to think about a preliminary idea for the movie poster or, even better, come up with a draft for them.

Deep down inside, I really valued this opportunity. After all, I would have an extra source of income if my work was selected.

After saying goodbye to Shannon, I made up my mind to work hard on it. As I was waiting for a taxi by the roadside, I suddenly received a text message.

It was something that excited me: Transaction complete.

I immediately checked the balance of my bank account using my phone. Shortly afterward, I was delighted to find out that a few digits were added to my balance.

Feeling relieved, I looked up at the sky and thanked God for finally favoring me.

Although it was still working hours, I called Julius right away. I didn't want to wait any longer since I had received the money.

The earlier I could solve the problem, the more at ease I would feel, after all.

Since Julius wanted money so much, I was sure that he would agree to meet me.

Just as I expected, he agreed to it almost instantly. Then, I purposely asked to meet him at a café near his office.

Given its proximity to his company, Julius dared not do anything to me in the café because he valued reputation above everything else.

Not long after I sat in the corner of the café, I saw Julius coming from outside.

As such, I lifted my hand and gestured for him to come over.

Before he could even sit down, I asked straightforwardly, "Have you brought the divorce agreement along?"

He threw the folder onto the table and gazed at me arrogantly. "Once you transfer me the money, I'll not only sign on the agreement but also have it processed immediately."

I laughed mockingly upon hearing it.

Considering that Julius got a high-paying job, I couldn't understand why he was obsessed with money. In fact, I felt that something was off when I asked him previously.

However, I didn't ponder over it for long, for we wouldn't cross each other's path once we got a divorce.

"Julius, I can transfer one hundred and fifty thousand, which is what the betrothal gift is worth, to you right away on the condition that our relationship ends today," I said calmly.

However, Julius suddenly got furious and stood up.

"What do you mean? One hundred and fifty thousand? Are you paying a beggar? Well, don't think about getting a divorce if you can't pay me five hundred thousand!"

As he talked loudly, many customers in the café turned their gazes toward us.

Shortly afterward, I took a sideways glance at him and replied indifferently, "You'd better speak louder to let everybody know. Let's see if you can keep your reputation in your company."

He pulled a long face and sat down upon hearing it.

Knowing that my tactic worked, I continued, "I'm telling you nicely now. One hundred and fifty thousand, take it or leave it. Well, I don't mind dragging you through the courts if you refuse to accept it. Regardless of your decision, I won't agree to pay you an extra cent."

"Don't you dare threaten me! Find the real author if you're that great, and we'll bring this up in court. I can sue you for defamation if you can't get it!"

Julius' expression darkened, for he probably didn't think I would be that firm.

"Are you clinging to a wealthy man now? I mean, it's the only thing that a b*tch like you can do! Why don't you ask a favor from your crippled lover? Since he's so rich, I'm sure you can get five hundred thousand effortlessly by spreading your legs a few more times. Everything is negotiable as long as you agree to pay me."

My body trembled in anger upon hearing his unpleasant words.

"Julius, you're nothing but a foul-mouthed bully. Do you think everyone is as cheap as you? Let's cut it short. I'm paying you one hundred and fifty thousand. Do you accept it or not?"