

Love the Second Time Around Chapter 61 - 65

Chapter 61 I Am Not A Guest

I glanced at my hand that was still in Dominic's clutch. Without a second thought, I reached out my other hand and pinched him hard, twice.

What is it with him? Why is he still holding my hand when we're already at the door? How many times do I have to make it clear to him?

I actually pinched him quite hard, but he didn't react whatsoever.

At that time, the front door swung open, and my heart began to beat frantically.

Fortunately, Dominic and I were standing behind the others. But it didn't stop me from trying to pull my hand away from him.

Louis had actually called home earlier to inform my parents of our arrival. My mother was delighted to have guests, and she was quick to welcome them into the house.

When I was about to pinch Dominic again, he suddenly let go of my hand and walked up to my mother.

"Do you still remember me, Mrs. Zanetti? I'm Dominic."

My head spun immediately. Why is he so upfront?

Instantly, my mother remembered who he was and exclaimed happily, "Dom? It's you? What brings you here? I haven't seen you for ages."

Obviously, you haven't seen him! We broke up ages ago!

Back then, when my parents knew I had broken up with Dominic, they had questioned me incessantly about it for a long time.

And I always used the popular phrase —graduation season is breakup season — to brush them off.

"You do remember me, Mrs. Zanetti. I went abroad after graduation, and I just got back not long ago. Since it's National Day and it's the holiday, I took the opportunity to come and see you and Mr. Zanetti."

I rolled my eyes as I listened to him sweet-talk my mother.

Despite me feeling exasperated, I had to admit that him doing this saved me the trouble. I wouldn't have to crack my head for an explanation.

Fortunately, Dominic did not blabber. Otherwise, I would have sealed his mouth shut.

But even so, I would rather prefer my mother and Dominic not to chat for too long. I was afraid he might slip his tongue.

At the moment, he was unpredictable.

“Mom, let’s go in. Are you going to keep them waiting outside?” I reminded my mother as I lightly squeezed her arm.

With that in mind, she stepped aside and welcomed Dominic and the others into the house.

As soon as she entered the house, she called out to my father, “Dear, look who’s here!”

Do you have to be so happy? It’s just Dominic.

I thought my father would be more steadfast, but in the end, he too was allured by Dominic’s sweet words.

With the addition of the eloquent Benmin and Mitch, my parents were simply ecstatic.

At that moment, Louis pulled me into the study room and closed the door.

“Lili, I’ve been wanting to ask you this for a long time. Are you back together with Dom? What about Julius? Are you cheating—”

Before he could finish his sentence, I covered his mouth with my hand.

I glared at him and said, “Nonsense! Julius and I are divorced. He’s the one who cheated, not me.”

I had become overly sensitive to that topic. Just hearing that word itself made me jumpy.

Louis pried off my hand and asked in astonishment, “Are you serious? Do Mom and Dad know about it?”

“I’ve already explained things to them. So your sister’s single and ready to mingle.”

To be honest, I’m loving my freedom.

“Then did Julius really cheat on you? That b*stard! It’s good that you left him. Besides, you still have Dom. Julius is no match to Dom.”

I was quite happy to hear the first part, but the second part had several meanings to it.

Is Dominic really that good of a man? And by the sound of that, it's as if Dominic and I have gotten back together.

Other than that regretful night, there was nothing going on between us.

I lifted my hand and knocked on my brother's forehead with my middle finger's knuckle. Then, I told him matter-of-factly that I had nothing to do with Dominic.

Louis cut me off and said, "I'm not blind. If there's nothing between the both of you, then what about the incident in Deborah's? I saw everything, Lili. Not just me, but Benmin and Mitch saw it too!"

That rendered me speechless. Instantly, I was filled with an indescribable sense of embarrassment.

"You're talking rubbish. Get out, go on." I said, all flustered.

As I pushed Louis out of the study room, I saw Dominic, my father, and the other two men chatting on the couch.

I had no idea what their conversation was about, but there was a big smile on my father's face.

I felt my face burning with embarrassment as I thought back to what Louis had said just now.

Not wanting to join in their conversation, I turned and headed into the kitchen.

"What are you preparing, Mom? Let me help you."

My mother pointed to the vegetables in a colander and instructed me to de-stem them.

I had come into the kitchen because I wanted to avoid Dominic. However, for some reason, he entered the kitchen as well.

And he even promised to help my mother with cooking.

I tried my best to hold in my laughter at his words. In my stint as his caregiver, I had never once seen him cook.

"You can't cook. You'd better go out before you burn down the kitchen."

Even though I was telling the truth, my mother smacked me lightly. She seemed to be afraid that Dominic would be offended by what I said.

Not wanting to argue with her, I pursed my lips and said no more.

It was the same as before. Whenever Dominic came over to my house, my parents would always take his side.

They acted like he was their son and I was their daughter-in-law.

With my mother around, Dominic didn't dare speak to me in a sarcastic tone.

"How would you know? You haven't tried my cooking yet. Leave it to me, Mrs. Zanetti. I'll get Lili to help me in the kitchen."

He sounded sincere, but I knew better when I saw a hint of mischief flash in his eyes.

He was definitely a devilish man. I wasn't going to wait around and watch him weasel his way.

Before my mother could answer, I said, "I'm sorry. But you're the guest, and we can't have you cooking in the kitchen."

"Based on our relationship, am I still counted as a guest? I came here to see your parents today, and I'd be happy to cook them a meal."

My eyes bulged so much that it seemed like they were about to pop out of my sockets. Our relationship?

He was not in any way related to my family, so why didn't he think he was a guest?

My mother watched us bantered back and forth for quite some time before she finally took off her apron.

Before she left the kitchen, she reminded me to lend him a helping hand.

Once my mother retreated from the kitchen, I puffed my cheeks angrily and turned to scowl at the smirking Dominic.

"Stop with the nonsense. What if my mother misunderstood what you said?"

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Chapter 62 Devious

He leaned in and lifted my chin with his finger before saying in a captivatingly low voice, "We're both single. So what if she gets the wrong idea?"

I was stunned, and my heart began pounding away. What does that mean? Does he want to get back together with me?

I looked deeply into Dominic's eyes, trying to gauge the meaning behind his words.

But before I could read him clearly, he let go of me and pushed me aside.

With arms folded across his chest and a smile on his lips, he said, "What's with that look? It's just tongue-in-cheek. Could it be that you still have feelings for me?"

My cheeks flushed red in embarrassment when I realized he was just playing with me.

"In your dreams. I don't have any more feelings for you."

Back then, he was the one who had betrayed me. I would be crazy to have any more feelings for him.

I thought Dominic would snap at me, but he only glanced at me coldly before turning around to put the pan on the burner and turn the stove on.

I pursed my lips and kept quiet. Once he figured out the breach of contract, we would go our separate ways.

I watched him heat the pan with oil and brown the meat over high heat before stirring in the greens. Honestly, I did not think that he could actually cook.

He was a jerk through and through. Back then, he not only pretended to be handicapped, but he also insisted I prepare three meals a day for him when he could have done it himself.

Obviously, he was capable of doing everything on his own. It was a wonder why he still had me at his beck and call.

"Help me with the apron."

Although I heard him, I didn't move a muscle. Instead, I looked at the apron my mother had placed on the table earlier and said, "Put it on yourself."

With the spatula in his hand, Dominic turned his head and glanced at me. He scowled icily, "Fine then. If you're not helping, I'll ask Mrs. Zanetti for her help."

After he said that, he turned his head and looked at the kitchen's entrance. He really had the intention of calling my mother for help.

"Okay, okay. I'll help. You don't have to yell for her."

Damn it. I should have realized he's a rascal with tricks up his sleeves.

I reluctantly took the apron and walked up to him. I then lifted the halter neck strap of the apron, about to hang it over his neck.

However, he was way too tall — I couldn't reach the top of his head. I can't put on the apron if he doesn't bend over a little or bow his head.

"Can you bend your knees a little?" I asked as I tugged at his shirt.

Dominic turned his head and looked at me before he bowed his head, allowing me a chance to throw the apron's neck halter over his neck.

At the same time, I thought of tying the string of the apron around his waist. Naturally, with the strings of the apron in both my hands, I wrapped my arms around his waist to tie it on his back.

As I was tying a knot, I heard him say from above my head, gently teasing, "You can hug me if you want to. It's not going to cost you anything."

I quickly pulled away from him and said sarcastically, "You're such a narcissist."

Once I was done, I moved to leave the kitchen; I didn't want to stay around him for too long.

Before I could even take two steps away from him, I heard him yell out, "I need salt and chicken stock."

"It's right there beside you. Can't you see?" Those items were there within reaching distance.

"Maybe I should get Mrs. Zanetti..."

Before he could finish, I turned around and handed him the salt and chicken stock.

Why does he keep wanting to call my mom? He's crazy!

Not wanting him to actually get my mom's help, I remained in the kitchen. He would occasionally ask me to pass him condiments or plates, but other than that, we had nothing else to say to each other.

It didn't take long for Dominic to finish cooking.

Looks good, and it smells delicious too.

"I didn't know you could cook so well. When and where did you learn how to cook?" I asked abruptly.

He dished the food up straight out of the pan before he replied airily, "Why do you want to know? I didn't learn to cook for you."

I was rendered speechless by his remark.

He's right. It's none of my business. He probably learned to cook for Camille.

The thought of that made me bitter. When we were together, Dominic used to say he would take up cooking lessons once we got married so that he could cook for me every day.

Now he's a good cook, but the food he's cooking isn't for me.

"Go on and take the food out. I'll tidy up the kitchen." His words pulled me out of my melancholy thoughts.

I hurriedly snapped myself out of it. I can cook for myself, and my cooking is not any worse than his.

I left the kitchen with two dishes in my hands. Before I entered the kitchen again, I asked Louis to help me to bring out the remaining dishes.

Soon, Dominic came out from the kitchen, and we all sat down at the dining table.

My father instructed my brother to bring out his best Bordeaux wine that he had treasured for many years from the study room.

In fact, this bottle of wine had been given to him by a former student of his. He had always been reluctant to drink it, so it was rather surprising for him to open it today.

I knew my father was willing to open this bottle of wine simply because Dominic was here. Benmin and others were just incidental.

I stole a furtive glance at Dominic, who was sitting next to my mother, fuming a little inside.

He sure is a devious man. I wish I could smite him.

Dinner didn't end till almost ten in the evening, and after drinking a few glasses of wine my father was a little drunk.

My mother instructed me to see Dominic out while she, together with Louis, helped my father back to his room.

Once I walked the man out of the house, I turned around and prepared to head back inside.

The three men were not short of money, so I was not bothered where they would be sleeping that night.

Back in the house, I headed into my bedroom and collapsed exhaustedly on the bed.

As soon as I closed my eyes, I heard a knock on the door. “Lili, it’s Mom.”

I frowned upon hearing her — I was not in the mood to talk to my mother.

I had an inkling that she wanted to talk to me about Dominic.

In a loud voice, I said, “I’m tired, Mom. I’m going to bed now. Let’s talk tomorrow.”

There was silence for two seconds, and then I heard my mother say, “Alright. Have a good rest then.”

At the sound of her retreating footsteps, I let out a sigh of relief.

Although I knew what she was going to ask me, I planned to let it drag out as long as I could.

After taking a bath, I snuggled into my warm bed, scrolling through social media before I eventually fell asleep.

My throat was parched when I woke up the next morning.

Still dressed in my pamas, I headed to the living room with tousled hair, a cup of water in my hand.

“Good morning.”

At the sound of that familiar voice, I spewed out the water I had just gulped down.

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Chapter 63 I Will Give You What You Want

“Cough... Cough... You... Cough...” I choked and was struggling to recover.

“There’s no rush. Take your time. Here, wipe your mouth first.” I took the tissue he gave me and quickly wiped off the water around my mouth and on my hands.

After a moment, I finally shouted, “What are you doing here, Dominic!”

What is wrong with him? Seeing such a horrifying thing in the morning isn’t good for my heart!

“Helen let me in.”

I didn't care about who let him in. All I wanted to know was the reason he came.

Besides, where were my parents? And where was Louis? I had looked around earlier but saw no one.

Just how much trust do they have in Dominic that they were willing to do this?

As if he knew what I was thinking, Dominic informed me that my parents had gone out to get breakfast and that Louis was still sleeping.

All right, then. These weren't as important right now. I really wanted to know the reason he came again so early in the morning.

“Why are you here so early in the morning?”

A long moment passed since I asked the question, but he still wasn't answering. He continued to stare at me, causing me to start getting goosebumps from his gaze.

“Hey! I asked you a question. Why are you staring at me like that?” Is he crazy?

Right then, Dominic smiled and asked in a low voice, “Is it possible that you knew that I was going to come, and that's why you're trying to seduce me?”

I was left confused as I didn't understand what he was saying.

How I wished to chase him away. Why would I waste my time seducing him?

“You're not admitting to it? Why did you come out wearing that then?”

Before I could process what he said, I suddenly felt a stabbing pain in my chest.

Right at that moment, I finally understood what he meant.

I was wearing nothing but a thin, cotton nightdress. Even though it wasn't see-through, one could still see something if they got close enough.

I was just planning to get a cup of water and go back to sleep after that. Naturally, I wouldn't get changed for it.

However, I was taken advantage of by Dominic instead.

My face flushed red as I covered up my chest. “You pervert!” I cried out in shocked anger.

He blinked a few times before saying in surprise, "You're the one who's wearing that and isn't shying away. Aren't you the one giving out an invitation?"

I- I... Invitation my ass!

I reached out and pushed him away before dashing into my room.

I was about to lock the door, but Dominic followed me and forced his way into the room.

He then closed the door behind him.

Seeing that, I quickly pulled my collar close and backed away into a corner. I glared at him in alarm and said, "Get out now, Dominic! This is my room."

With his hands in his pockets, he slowly made his way toward me. A subtle smile hung on his lips the whole time.

My room wasn't big. Besides the bed, there was also a desk and a wardrobe, so I had nowhere to hide anymore.

Well, there was one place I could get to. I could get on the bed, but I didn't want to.

"Lou is still home, Dominic. Mom and Dad are coming home soon too. Don't you dare do anything crazy!" He was getting out of hand. I thought about the time when we were in Deborah's room. He dared to do such a thing even when we were in the corridor. That was why I couldn't be sure what he would do the next second.

"Then you should come here. I probably won't do anything if you come here." Dominic crooked his finger at me as though he was playing with a puppy.

I puffed out my cheeks, feeling uncomfortable. Besides, I wasn't that stupid. Why would I go to him voluntarily?

"If you don't come here, don't regret it when I get to you," he added.

My body shuddered at his threat.

Seeing that he was coming closer and closer, I blurted in panic, "Don't move! I'll go to you."

Dominic stopped and was looking at me with a smile that did not reach his eyes.

Why was I getting bullied like that in my own home? I was about to burst into tears at that moment.

I took small steps toward him, feeling as though my legs weighed a ton.

How heartless of Mom and Dad to leave such a cunning fox at home.

Louis, you jerk! I'm about to be bullied to death. Why can't you sense that I'm in a crisis and come save me?

So many thoughts filled my mind in the short moment it took to get to him.

Dominic stood before me, and I swallowed. I pretended to sound tough as I shouted, "I'm here now. You have to keep your word! Ah!"

Before I could get everything I wanted to say out, he suddenly reached out and pulled me toward him.

My forehead slammed into his chest the next second.

"Look at me."

I lifted my head instinctively after hearing his words, and my lips happened to touch his.

S***. This angle... This height... He definitely did it on purpose!

And he said that he wouldn't do anything. What a liar.

The worst thing was that he spoke first before I could even get a word out.

"You're still going to deny that you're trying to seduce me? Look how eager you were."

"No, I'm not!" I denied while blushing.

Dominic put his arms around my waist and pulled me closer to him. Then, he pressed his lips against mine.

"I'll give you what you want."

I wanted to scold him, but he took the chance to stick his tongue in my mouth. He was even holding my head from behind, making me unable to escape from him.

Just as I was about to kick him in his shins, Dominic finally let go of me.

He ran his fingertips over my lips and mumbled, "You'll have to wait for next time if you want more. Your parents are going to be back soon."

With that said, he left my bedroom and closed the door.

I was so angry that I couldn't get anything out, so I grabbed something blindly and flung it at the door.

You bastard, Dominic! Ever since that night, how many times have you kissed me forcefully already?

He even suggested that I wanted more. Even if it was true, I wouldn't have gone to him for it.

S***! This makes me so mad!

I quickly got changed and went to the living room. I wanted to kick the bastard Dominic to death.

However, he wasn't around anymore. I went to look in Louis's room, but he wasn't there either.

I sat down on the couch unhappily. Did he escape already?

Right at that moment, the phone rang. It was Dad calling. He wanted Louis and me to get changed, saying that we needed to head out.

Since I couldn't find Dominic, I took out my anger on Louis and threw a pillow at him to wake him up.

By the time we were done and were finally downstairs, I saw Mom getting down from a black MPV while waving at us.

I walked over quizzically. What is she up to?

With a smile, Mom opened the door of the passenger's side and pushed me into the car before getting into the backseat herself.

"Where are we going – Dominic? Why are you still here?"

I fastened my seatbelt and turned to ask Mom but instantly saw Dominic's face. Love the Second Time Around Chapter 63 Read,

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Chapter 64 A Coincidence

I had thought that he escaped. Who knew that he was actually waiting for me? He was just like a ghost who refused to move on.

Actually, this is great. I'm still angry anyway.

Before Dominic could say anything, Dad shouted at me, "Dom is kind enough to drive us, Lili. What's with the attitude?"

"Where are we going, Dad? We'll hail a cab ourselves. We don't need him."

This man was evil, and it was impossible to guard against him.

"Lili!" Dad shouted again.

"I won't want him to drive me, Dad," I said in a panic.

Why is this happening? What's so good about Dominic? They only met him again yesterday, so why are they standing on his side now?

He even pretended to act like a kind and generous man as he said, "Don't blame Lili, David. There's just some misunderstanding between us. Sit tight; I'm going to start driving now."

Misunderstanding? Nonsense. There was only hate between us.

I reached out to try and open the door even when I saw that he was starting to drive. Naturally, it was already locked.

I turned toward Dominic angrily, but he remained calm as he looked in front. "Fasten your seatbelt and sit tight. Stop messing around."

"Lili, Dom is driving already. Just forget about whatever misunderstanding there is for now and stop throwing a tantrum. Your safety comes first," Mom said.

Everyone was nagging at me, and I felt so aggrieved at that moment.

I shifted my body and turned toward the window. At least I wouldn't be able to see Dominic's face like that.

Mom told me to eat a little something. They had bought some food to eat on the way since they were worried that there wouldn't be enough time.

However, I had no appetite, so I pretended to be asleep. She stopped trying to talk to me after that.

Throughout the journey, my family was chatting away happily and Dominic would contribute to the topic from time to time.

I was only pretending to sleep at first but fell asleep for real eventually.

Mom woke me up afterward and said that we had arrived.

After getting down from the car, I instantly kept my distance from Dominic.

I was studying the place we were at when I saw the words "Lightspring" at the entrance. It was an infamous ancient town.

"Your Dad's students are having a class gathering here today, and they invited him," Mom said.

Dad knew that the place was an ancient town. Since it was National Day, he wanted us to spend the holiday here together as a family.

Coincidentally, the student who gifted him with the Bordeaux was one of the students. Dad had brought this up casually, and Dominic said that there was some work he needed to attend to here so he could drive us.

And that was why whatever happened this morning, happened.

I was puzzled when I heard what Mom had said. I had dinner with them yesterday, so why didn't I know anything about it?

Dad came to attend a student gathering while Dominic was here for work. How could it be so coincidental?

I pouted and started to grumble inwardly. I was afraid that if I said anything out loud, Mom would start talking for that man again.

After we entered the town, Dominic really did go off on his own.

Well, it was better this way. He would only be an eyesore if he stayed.

After he left, Dad led us to a hotel. There was a bulletin board near the entrance that proclaimed it to be a five-star hotel.

Seems like the students who invited Dad are quite well-off.

A five-star hotel in a landmark like this wouldn't be cheap.

Someone came to welcome us just as we stepped through the entrance. "Mr. Zanetti, you're finally here. I've been waiting for ages."

Our family glanced at the person, and after thinking for a moment, Dad finally recognized him. "Jonathan! I haven't seen you since you graduated. I almost didn't recognize you."

When he finally recognized Jonathan, the latter walked up to him and hugged Dad emotionally. "I know. But I've always remembered you, Mr. Zanetti."

Both of them chatted for a while before we made our way into the hotel together.

Louis and I were about to book our own rooms, but Jonathan insisted on booking a room for each of us when he found out that we were family.

He even told us that he didn't want Dad to spend a single cent during this trip.

Later on, Mom and Dad followed Jonathan to meet up with the other students and catch up with them. Louis found something to do on his own too.

I didn't want to stay in the hotel myself, so I took my bag and decided to go walk around the area.

I really liked ancient towns like this as they gave off a really calm energy.

However, since it was National Day, there were a lot of people visiting as well. I really hated crowded places.

I followed the stone path and tried my best to go somewhere with fewer people.

Suddenly, someone tapped my back, trying to get my attention. I instinctively clutched my bag as thieves and scammers were the most abundant at a time like this.

I turned around and saw a man in a baseball cap, a mask, and a pair of sunglasses behind me.

I blinked my eyes several times but was not able to recognize who it was.

He didn't wait for me to ask. Instead, he pulled down his mask and lowered his sunglasses slightly before saying in a low voice, "It's me, Liliana."

I almost screamed upon hearing his voice. Luckily I reacted soon enough and had slapped a palm over my mouth.

The man tilted his head and motioned for me to follow him.

I obediently trailed behind him. After taking lots of twists and turns, we arrived at an old and rustic-looking house.

He only removed his disguise once he entered the house.

“I thought I had made a mistake when I saw you from afar, but it really is you! Why are you here at Lightspring?”

I was just as shocked. I had never expected to see the national heartthrob at such a place.

“Dad’s students invited him here for a gathering so I followed along. What about you, Nicholas? Are you shooting a movie here?”

I had taken a quick glance around earlier and saw that there was a lot of shooting equipment.

“I’m here to shoot for an advertisement. They wanted an ancient vibe to it, which was why we chose this place. Besides, there’s an event I need to attend tonight,” Nicholas said with a smile.

“Well, it’s quite gutsy of you to bring me over here. Aren’t you afraid that I would sell you to your Darlings? That huge fanbase of yours is really something,” I joked while laughing.

I had followed Nicholas on his Twitter ever since I got to know him. All his fans called themselves his Darling on the platform.

“I trust that you won’t do that.”

I excused myself after having a brief chat with Nicholas as I was worried that I would delay his shoot.

“The shoot’s almost over. I’m just waiting for the event tonight,” he said.

He also told me that I would be working in the film crew soon and wanted me to get ready for it.

I took a look at the time and realized that I really needed to head back soon. Our family was supposed to be having dinner with Dad’s students.

Nicholas didn’t try to get me to stay when he saw that I was going to leave. All he did was ask if I was interested in checking out the event with him later.

“I’m allowed to go? Will there be a lot of celebrities?” I asked excitedly.

“There should be. It’s a fashion show. I can bring you in if you’re free tonight.”

I had never attended a legit fashion show in my life.

That was why I was quite intrigued but also hesitant at the same time.

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Chapter 65 To Gain An Experience

I was mostly afraid of causing trouble for Nicholas. After all, the fashion show had to be swarming with journalists.

He assured me that it was fine and even told me to give him a call the moment I arrived. That way, he could arrange for someone to escort me in.

I thought about it for a while. In the end, my curiosity prevailed.

I used to watch male and female models walk the runway on television, so it would definitely be a thrill to have a chance to watch it live.

After we reached an agreement, I left.

When I returned to the hotel, it suddenly occurred to me that I never told Nicholas that I wanted to be at the set. So how did he know about it?

I figured he must have heard it from Flash and thought nothing more of it.

After dinner, while my father was chatting jovially with his students, I waved at Mom and stole softly out of the room.

Dad never saw me leave, but someone else sure did. Louis followed behind me and came running after me.

I told him to go back, but he refused. He said that if I didn’t take him along with me, he would go back and report to Dad. If that were to happen, neither of us would be able to leave.

I was speechless for a moment. In the end, I decided to give Nicholas a call.

I can’t bring my brother along without asking Nicholas.

I spoke with Nicholas on the phone, and without another second of delay, he agreed to have my brother tag along. He asked me to wait at the hotel entrance, and he was going to come and pick us up.

After the phone call, I glared at my brother fiercely and said, "Someone will be here to pick us up. Once we're there, stay close to me and don't wander around. I'll skin you alive if you cause any trouble."

Louis replied nonchalantly, "How old do you think I am, Lili? Why do you think I want to follow you? I don't want to stick around with Dad, and it's boring to be alone. Why are you acting so mysterious anyway? Are you going on a date with a celebrity? Or are you meeting up with country leaders?"

I ignored him. I'm sure he'll be star-struck when he sees Nicholas and the other celebrities later.

Louis and I waited at the hotel's entrance for twenty minutes before a black SUV stopped in front of us.

I glanced at the car, but I couldn't see inside it. The car had curtains tightly drawn over each of its windows.

At that moment, the rear door was pulled open from the inside, and I saw Nicholas' face.

He beckoned to me, and I quickly pulled Louis into the car.

"Thank you for picking us up, Nicholas. And thank you for letting my brother tag along," I said, somewhat abashed.

"Don't mention it. Hello there," Nicholas greeted Louis.

Just then, Louis looked like a complete fool. He was staring intently at Nicholas with his mouth agape.

I called it! Star-struck indeed.

"Ahem! Earth to Louis. Say hi." I feigned a cough and nudged him.

After more than ten seconds, Louis suddenly jumped up in his seat violently, enough to knock his head on the car roof.

Louis clutched the top of his head, his face scrunched up with pain.

He shook my arm and kept mumbling, "Lili, it's Nicholas! Am I dreaming? Pinch me so that I know it's real!"

I lifted my hand and rubbed the top of his head. "Doesn't your head hurt? You still can't tell that you're not dreaming?"

Such a silly boy.

I wanted to remind him to be a little more courteous, but he pushed my hand away and turned to Nicholas. "Are you really Nicholas Scott? The real deal?"

"Louis, that's a silly thing to say." I couldn't help but pinch him.

What's gotten into him?

Nicholas chuckled and replied, "In the flesh."

Nicholas' reply caused Louis to grin from ear to ear.

I never thought that Louis would still be a huge fan of Nicholas. To see him all tongue-tied and starstruck was quite a rring sight.

I smiled awkwardly and said to Nicholas, "Ignore him. He'll get over it in a while."

Nicholas beamed with delight and even gave Louis an autographed photo of himself.

After a short drive, the car finally came to a halt.

As soon as we got out of the car, a man with a pair of black round glasses, a pink shirt, and checkered overalls came rushing over to us.

Only when he was near did I realize his bow-tie was the same pattern as his overalls.

"Where have you been, Nic? I've been looking all over for you. The journalists are asking for you."

When the man in bow-tie spoke, I couldn't help but shudder.

"I'm back now, aren't I? Let's go in then," Nicholas said to the man. He then turned around to beckon at Louis and me.

Once inside, Nicholas said to the man in a bow-tie, "Stay with them for a while, ke. I'll be back shortly."

"Liliana, the show will begin in half an hour. You may walk around the set to have a look. If you need anything, just tell ke. He's my manager."

With that, he turned and left.

As soon as he left, ke scrutinized us from head to toe before asking warily about the relationship between Nicholas and me.

Looking at how overprotective he was, I wouldn't tell him even if Nicholas and I were truly in a relationship. However, we were not.

I told him that Nicholas and I were just friends, and I came here today to gain an experience.

ke's expression finally eased up after hearing what I said.

At that moment, a few staff came up to ke.

I quickly said to him, "Go ahead. Louis and I will be fine by ourselves."

"Don't get yourself into trouble. I'll be back soon. Why don't you guys have a seat over there? Right there, behind the row of chairs."

My eyes darted in the direction he was pointing before I nodded at him.

I led Louis to the back of the row of chairs and sat down at the farthest seat.

At first, Louis sat quietly beside me. But after he caught sight of a few celebrities, he became extremely excited, especially after he spotted Scarlett.

He insisted on approaching her for an autograph, and I couldn't even stop him.

I got up and decided to follow him. Yet after a few steps, I accidentally bumped into someone.