

Love the Second Time Around Chapter 66 - 70

Chapter 66 What Is Going On

"I'm sorry. It wasn't intentional," I apologized before taking a look at that someone.

Other than Louis and I, the rest of the people here were big shots. It was only right to apologize.

"What are you doing in here? Did you miss me that much?"

I know that voice. That annoying and self-righteous tone belongs to none other than Dominic.

I looked up at that person. It's really him.

J*rk! What terrible luck I have today.

"Nobody missed you. Nicholas invited me over," I said impatiently.

After I said that, I felt a chill run down my spine.

"Oh, seems like you've been in close contact with Nicholas."

I glanced at Dominic and ignored him. His voice was dripping with sarcasm, and it was making me uncomfortable.

"Do what you have to do. Get out of my way," I snapped as I pushed him away.

To my surprise, this lunatic grabbed my arm and refused to let me walk away.

I would have kicked him if this wasn't a public place. It would not do for me to act so violently here.

"What are you trying to do, Dominic? Let go of me." I reached out my other hand to pry his away from mine.

"If I let you go, will you go and look for Nicholas?" Dominic stared at me as he asked.

I was actually a little embarrassed by the way he was staring at me. Despite that, I didn't want to show my weakness in front of him either. Partially out of anger, I retorted, "That's right. I was just about to look for Nicholas. He went off quite a while ago..."

My mouth snapped shut abruptly. The hairs at the back of my neck stood up.

Dominic didn't speak or move. He just stood there looking at me.

“You... you’d better let go of me,” I shouted at him. I felt guilty under his stare.

There was an awkward silence hanging in the air.

Although I could hear the voices of other people around us and the soothing music that was playing on the set, my brain tuned out those sounds automatically as Dominic and I stared at each other silently.

At that time, a familiar voice rang out and broke the awkward silence.

“Mr. Hartnell, we have a problem,” Calvin said as he approached us.

“Ms. Zanetti? You’re here too,” Calvin greeted me, and he seemed a little surprised to see me.

I smiled at him and replied, “It’s been a long time, Calvin. Didn’t you say there’s a problem? Carry on then with Mr. Hartnell.”

Please take him and leave. He’s making me nervous.

Instead of letting me go, Dominic asked, “What’s the problem?”

Calvin glanced at me and said, “The model who’s supposed to walk the show’s finale is having acute gastroenteritis. She can’t make it to the show, and I can’t find anyone to replace her at the last minute.”

No model for the finale? That sounds like a serious problem.

I nudged Dominic and said, “That’s not good. You should handle it quickly. Otherwise, the show will be ruined.”

Although I couldn’t fathom why not having a model was Dominic’s problem, all I cared for was for him to go away.

To my embarrassment, neither Dominic nor Calvin reacted to my remark.

Argh! Say something, please. What are you guys thinking?

“Dominic, you’d better...”

“Get everyone ready, Calvin. I’ll be right there with a replacement,” Dominic interrupted me.

“Got it, Mr. Hartnell.” Calvin left upon receiving the order, leaving Dominic and myself behind.

“Let’s go,” Dominic said to me.

“Huh?” I was confused. Go where?

Dominic didn’t even bother to explain to me. He took my hand and pulled me along the runway before going around the back.

When we stopped at the back, I realized that we were backstage.

“Isn’t this the backstage? Why did you bring me here? Aren’t you supposed to look for a replacement model?” I was scratching my head in confusion.

Without bothering to say a word, Dominic continued ahead with his hand still holding mine.

I became angry. What’s he trying to do? Why isn’t he saying anything?

“I’m talking to you, Dominic!”

“You talk too much. Can you be quiet for a while?” He glanced at me indifferently.

“Hey, how could you be so unreasonable! I didn’t want to come here. If you think that I talk too much, then let me go.”

He’s such a pain in the butt.

Not bothering to respond to my complaint, he took me into a small room.

When he swung open the door, I noticed that there were already two people in there. Calvin was also in the room.

Calvin quickly approached us and said, “Everything’s ready, Mr. Hartnell.”

Dominic nodded. Then he sat me in front of a dressing table and beckoned to a long-haired woman on his right.

I heard him say to her, “Keep the makeup light and natural, and style her hair in loose curls.”

I sat there and listened silently when I was actually rather confused.

The woman shot me a look when she heard Dominic, then she looked at him and asked, “She’s the one?”

Dominic hummed in response.

At that moment, I was stumped. I didn't even resist when the woman started to apply makeup on my face.

It wasn't until the makeup was done and she started to curl my hair that I suddenly asked, "This isn't right, Dominic. Why did you ask her to do my makeup?"

All I got in response was Dominic yelling at me to stop moving to avoid accidentally burning my face with the hot rollers.

I glared at Dominic's reflection in the mirror.

When my hair and makeup were done, I studied my reflection in the mirror.

Truthfully, I was not one to wear makeup daily. Therefore, I was not quite used to seeing myself made up.

I look pretty good, if I do say so myself.

At that moment, another person walked up to Dominic with a bag and asked, "Mr. Hartnell, shall we get her to try on the clothes now?"

Dominic took the bag from that person and looked inside. "Not this one. Bring the other one."

Astonishment flashed across that person's face before he turned quickly to leave.

I was listening to their conversation, and I couldn't help but ask Dominic in bewilderment, "Try on what clothes?"

Love the Second Time Around Chapter 67

Chapter 67 Pushed Into The Spotlight

Dominic slung an arm around my waist and pulled me into his embrace. He whispered, "The costume for the finale."

I blinked dumbly, my brain stalling at his words.

About three seconds later, I asked, "You're letting me wear the final design? What about the model? What's she going to wear?"

He chuckled and replied, "Liliana, you really should be adding more brain foods to your diet. You're taking forever as always to connect the dots. Since you're wearing the costume, doesn't that make you the model? I was about to retort his backhanded jibe when the word "model" struck me dumb.

And indeed, I was silent for a while before I fully understood the implications of his words.

“Dominic, are you making me take the runway? Now’s not the time for jokes. It’s fine if it’s only my reputation at stake, but I don’t want to ruin someone’s hard work and the entire fashion show to boot!”

I stared at Dominic like he was deranged, wondering if he was the one who should be checking out brain foods.

It was not a sense of misguided humility that had me denying his request but a fair assessment of my actual talents.

Walking a runway? That’s absurd.

“Do I look like I’m making a joke right now?” Dominic arched a brow and asked calmly.

I heaved a long sigh. “I can’t do this. If this is your way of pranking me, there are way more appropriate occasions for that. Modeling is beyond me.”

My brain was blank save for one thought – Dominic was definitely trying to embarrass me.

Soon enough, the staff who had left to retrieve the costume returned with a garment bag in hand.

Dominic took the garment bag from the staff and inspected the dress. Satisfied, he dropped the dress in my arms.

“Get changed.”

His tone left no room for argument, and I felt like I was about to dissolve into tears.

“I’m not getting changed! Like I said earlier, it’s not only my reputation at stake. I can’t be responsible for ruining other people’s hard work.” I draped the dress carefully over a nearby chair and stood my ground.

Dominic stared at me intently before saying, “I designed this costume, and this is my fashion show. You’re not messing things up for anyone else.”

It was a jaw-dropping revelation, and my mind was running wild. “Why on earth would you have me wear this, then? Are you drunk?”

I was perplexed. Really? He’s going to drag himself down for a chance to denigrate me?

Though I had already made up my mind to reject him, Dominic pulled out the big guns, threatening to undress me himself if I refused to get changed.

His stubborn insistence was befuddling.

I had never been to a fashion show in my life, let alone modeled on the runway.

“You have three seconds. Get changed, or I’ll do it for you.”

“You won’t regret sending me out there?” I asked.

“One.”

I made a last-ditch attempt to dissuade him. “Dominic, you need to think things through. I could really damage your brand’s reputation-”

“Two.”

“Hey, you can’t turn around and blame me if-”

Before he could utter “three,” I grabbed the dress and dashed into the dressing room.

Just as I had gotten undressed, I heard a woman’s voice from outside the dressing room.

“Ms. Zanetti, may I come in to assist you with changing?”

“Oh, sure. Please come in.”

Changing in front of others was uncomfortable, but since this was Dominic’s creation, I wanted to take every precaution while putting it on.

He might come after my head if I ruin a zipper or something.

Under the female staff’s help, I managed to put on the masterpiece, which happened to be a wedding gown.

I could not help but sigh when I saw myself in the mirror. Dominic’s a pretty amazing bridal designer.

The dress fit me like a glove, so much so that I almost thought that he might have designed it especially for me.

To the female staff busy arranging my skirt, I asked, “Does he specialize in bridal wear?”

She seemed surprised by my question and smiled. "Do you mean Mr. Hartnell? He mainly designs casualwear for women."

"Casualwear? Then why is the final piece a wedding gown?"

Before my curiosity could be satisfied, Dominic was yelling at us to hurry up from outside the door.

The staff held my skirt for me as we left the dressing room in a rush, leaving my question unanswered.

Outside, Dominic had changed into a tailored black tuxedo. It looked like he had styled his hair as well.

In our respective outfits, we looked like a couple ready to head to the altar.

The female staff who had been with me earlier had nothing but praise for how I looked in the gown. Under Dominic's scrutiny, though, insecurity flooded my being.

What if he thinks it looks horrendous? Would he accuse me of ruining his design?

"I-is it nice?" I asked timidly.

Dominic continued to appraise me for a few more minutes before saying, "It's all right. The gown is the true star, anyway."

I fell silent. Internally, I cursed myself for asking such a stupid question.

"Come here." He stretched a hand out to me.

Instead of arguing, I obeyed his orders and placed my hand in his.

He tucked my hand in the crook of his arm and led us to the end of the long line of models.

The models were all dressed in casual apparel, and I was the only one wearing a wedding gown.

"Dominic, why do I need to wear a wedding gown? Won't I stick out like a sore thumb?" I asked quietly.

"It's the finale. It has to be different from the others." His explanation did make sense.

Ah well, he's the boss. Whatever he says, goes.

I got more and more nervous as we approached the runway. Sweat beaded on my face and turned my hands clammy as well. Despite that, I dared not wipe the sweat for fear of ruining my makeup.

“Calm down; it’s almost our turn. Just follow my lead and smile. Keep staring ahead.”

“U-us?” My head twisted sharply to Dominic. “You’re going out there with me?”

Wordlessly, he looked at me like I was missing some brain cells.

He never said he was walking the runway with me! What’s wrong if I’m surprised?

I was still fuming when Dominic said, “Showtime.”

My body tensed up instantly.

I guess I was lucky to have Dominic beside me. My legs seemed to have forgotten how to walk.

Never in my life had I been under the scrutiny of so many people. The flashing spotlights were painfully blinding.

I made out Louis in the front row, sitting beside Nicholas.

The runway was barely ten meters long, but I felt like it was endless.

Finally, we reached the end of the runway. Applause and bouquets greeted Dominic.

Just then, a bouquet was thrust into my hands.

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Chapter 68 Good News

My heart pounded at the massive bouquet of fragrant lilies I had mindlessly accepted earlier.

It was a gift from the national heartthrob, Nicholas Scott himself; I would be remiss to reject his present.

“Thank you!” My smile could not get any wider then.

Nicholas still had his hand on the bouquet. He tugged me into his arms and whispered into my ear, “It’s great that you’re fine. You look beautiful.”

I froze the minute I was in his embrace. Cameras were flashing at me from all directions.

Nicholas released me a brief moment later. Still, a blush crept up my face.

Just then, a thought crossed my mind. I wonder if Nicholas' fangirls will come after me.

I was still composing myself after Nicholas' hug when Dominic suddenly shoved all the bouquets in his hand to me and kissed me on the cheek.

"I can't believe you're so happy after getting one bouquet. Here, you can have all of these. Are you over the moon now?"

The cameras began flashing furiously once more.

I stood stunned with the mountain of bouquets in my arms. Dominic had already straightened himself as if nothing was wrong.

My gaze traveled between the two men beside me. I felt like I was in a daze.

Dominic and Nicholas, on the other hand, were staring intently at each other.

It may have been a figment of my imagination, but I thought I sensed a hint of hostility in their gazes.

The journalists at the event pointed their microphones at us, directing their first question of the night to Dominic.

"Mr. Hartnell, have you known the model beside you for a long time?"

"Yes."

The journalist continued, "Mr. Hartnell, the theme of today's fashion show has nothing to do with bridal wear. Yet, you've decided to use a wedding gown as your final piece. Is there a special meaning behind your decision? Did you prepare this gown specifically for the lady beside you?"

Even I could not help but be impressed by the journalist's intuitiveness.

"Every outfit is designed with a person in mind."

Dominic's simple reply sent the journalists into a tizzy.

One of them hopped on the bandwagon in the hopes of wrangling a headline. "Mr. Hartnell, are you implying that we should be expecting good news soon?"

Dominic smiled cryptically and answered, "I'll be sure to make a public statement when it comes to that."

Interest flitted across the faces of every journalist as they turned their attention to me.

Bewildered, I did not know where to look and why they had taken an interest in me.

I'm not his partner. Ah, he must be hinting about Camille!

Bitterness seeped through every fiber of my being as I tightened my grip on the bouquets. So this is how it feels like when my ex is getting married to another woman.

The journalists began peppering Nicholas with questions after their interview with Dominic.

Instead of entertaining their inquiries, Nicholas merely stated that he was here to view the fashion show and that they should dedicate their attention to the fashion show itself.

His eloquent mannerisms and kind personality meant that the journalists did not feel slighted by his refusal for an interview. The perpetual smile on his face did not hurt matters as well.

It was all fine and well that they could not interview Nicholas, yet now they had turned their arrows on me.

My inexperience caused me to freeze up in the face of a sea of microphones.

Thankfully, Calvin arrived with some staff to hold off the journalists, announcing loudly that the interview segment was over.

With their help, I managed to leave uneventfully with Dominic.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Nicholas' manager Jake usher him away as well.

I had barely taken a few steps when I heard Louis calling my name.

Turning my head, I saw Louis trying to squeeze his way through the crowd to us.

I was about to walk to Louis when Dominic stopped me in my tracks. He called for someone. "Calvin."

His assistant escorted Louis to us immediately.

"Damn, I could've gotten stampeded back there. Dom, I didn't know you're a fashion designer now. Good job, man!" The first thing that came out of Louis' mouth was an expression of his adoration for Dominic.

When he turned to face me, there was no trace of admiration left in his tone. "Lili, you're too much! You didn't even tell me that you were going to be a model. Plus, if I didn't call out to you earlier, you were planning to ditch me, right?"

"Model my *ss! I was an unwilling participant. And how dare you accuse me of ditching you! Who was the one who disappeared in the first place? You would've deserved it even if I ditched you," I shot back.

If he had been with me, Dominic wouldn't have dragged me into this mess, and I wouldn't have had to face all those journalists.

After some thought, I said, "Wait for me outside. I need to remove my makeup and change. Don't wander around again."

The little j*rk had the nerve to chuckle as he replied, "All right, all right. Anything you say, my dear sister. But Lili, you should think about what to tell Dad. Things are going to get interesting once he finds out about this."

I had not thought about how Dad would react to this until Louis' reminder.

While Mom would be pretty okay with this, Dad, being as conservative as he is, would probably go on a tirade and have a telling-off waiting for me at home.

"Louis, don't betray me, or I won't help you again." My gut instinct was to threaten Louis into submission.

He pouted and said, "I won't say a peep about this, but there were a bunch of journalists earlier."

Oh God, the journalists! How could I forget about them? Sh*t, I'm dead.

My only strategy was honesty. If all else failed, I could say I was doing Dominic a favor.

As I continued to ponder my dilemma, I realized I had wandered to the dressing room.

Calvin and Louis were both gone. Dominic told me that he had arranged for Calvin to send him back.

Annoyed, I asked, "Why did you let them leave first? How am I supposed to go back later?"

"You're not."

I was tongue-tied at his reply. Before I could make heads or tails of his comment, he had dragged me into the dressing room.

Dominic slammed the door shut and pinned me against it. A voracious kiss ensued.
What the h*ll is wrong with him? He's obsessed with forceful kisses!

Chapter 69 Temptation

Dominic's kiss was the perfect trigger for the resentment and anger that had been piling up in my body at him.

I immediately kned him in response.

His groan reached my ears as he released me, placing his hands on a rather compromising body part.

"Liliana!" Dominic gritted out in pain.

I was taken aback at the sight of the bulging nerves and angry flush on his face.

"I-I... Are you okay?" I had not meant to knee him in the groin.

He did not reply to me as his face was twisted into a pained grimace.

Oh God! I might've ruined his thing for good.

Alarmed, I ran to his side and supported his elbow. I stuttered through my apology. "I'm so, so sorry. I didn't mean to do it. I-I... Let me send you to the hospital. I'm sure there's something they can do."

Dominic remained silent. Instead, his face reddened further, his forehead drenched in sweat.

I was this close to a meltdown at that sight; I would never be able to make it up to him if he became unable to have kids.

"Dominic. I'll send you to the hospital right now. Just hang on for a bit longer, okay?"

Slinging his arm around my shoulder, I wrapped an arm around his waist and began leading him to the door.

"Hold up," Dominic said suddenly.

Worried that I had caused him pain, I stopped immediately in my tracks.

"What's wrong? Did I hurt you?"

He pointed at a nearby chair instead. "Let's sit for a while."

His request for a seat convinced me that I must have hurt him when I tried to help him to the door.

The thought to call 911 only crossed my mind then. I helped him take a seat and muttered, "Take a rest. I'll call for an ambulance."

Just as I was about to turn to the dressing table and grab my phone, Dominic's hand shot out and locked around my wrist.

"Hey, don't pull me. What's wrong? Aren't you still hurting?"

He had pulled me such that I fell straight into his lap. I frantically tried to get back on my feet.

He might've stood a chance if I didn't land in his lap. Oh God, have I completely ruined his chances at recovery?

Dominic, however, was grinning mischievously at me. Not a hint of his earlier suffering could be seen on his features.

"I didn't think you'd be this worried about me."

"Y-you-" I stuttered in disbelief and anger.

His smile widened into a chuckle. "Can't you feel it?"

Two seconds later, I caught his innuendo and blushed furiously. Rage, however, soon flooded my entire being.

This stupid j*rk's pranking me! And I almost started crying over him!

"Dominic, you've got a screw loose in your head! Were you that amused by my concern?"

Deep down, I knew I had my ignorance to blame as well. A man's family jewels might be fragile, but a knee to the groin would not render them useless either.

It was infuriating to have been played for a fool by Dominic.

The man in question continued grinning as he said, "I may be all right now, but you did hit me earlier. Shouldn't you bear responsibility for my injury?"

Jack*ss, I can't believe he has the gall to ask me to take responsibility! He'll be dreaming for a long time, then.

I roared, "Fine, let me take another shot, and then I'll take responsibility!"

I swore silently to myself that I would never pity him ever again. Not even if he was hemorrhaging blood; I would not put it past him to be using colored sugar syrup for such a prank.

And thus, I mustered all my energy to shove Dominic away, storming toward the door even though I had not changed out of the wedding gown.

I might destroy him for good if I had to remain in this room with him for one second longer.

My hand had just made contact with the doorknob when Dominic pounced on me and pinned me against the door.

At the same time, he grabbed both of my wrists and lifted my arms above my head. Now that my back was facing him, there was no chance of me kneeing him again.

Before I could yell bloody murder at him, I felt an unusual sensation near the base of my neck.

My body tensed involuntarily at his action.

"Dominic, you're a pervert!"

"Seems like you're enjoying yourself, though."

He had lowered the zipper on my gown in the meantime.

"D-Dominic, s-stop moving." Already, I could feel my resolve crumbling.

He ignored me and lowered my hands to hang by my sides.

Consequently, the gown slid off my body easily, leaving me nude before him.

I could not help but shiver as the cold air swept across my body.

"You're insane! What if someone comes along?"

We're in a dressing room, for heaven's sake; this is hardly a private setting!

Dominic seemed nonplussed as he continued, single-minded, in his seduction operation.

He lifted my arms above my head once more and lavished his attention on my back. A hand snuck around to my front and landed on one of my breasts.

"Your body's telling me that you're enjoying this. You were like this the last time, too; telling lies to deny your body the pleasure it desires."

My body temperature shot up at his provocative words.

"Dominic, you forced me once. Are you going to force me again?" I gritted out, trying desperately to resist the temptation of his actions.

He chuckled instead and placed his hands in front of me. Bending down, he whispered into my ear, "You call this forcing?"

His question rendered me speechless. I no longer felt like I had any control over my body and its carnal desires.

Dominic carried me toward the dressing table, and I shuddered when the coldness of the table seeped into my bare skin.

"Do you want this?"

His gruff, alluring tone reached my ears, while the hand he kept on my waist felt like it was burning my skin.

I had sworn up and down that I would not dignify him with a reply.

Yet, my mouth seemed to have a mind of its own. "Y-yes."

Before lust had taken over my mind, I thought that Dominic was the mad one. I guess I was the mad one in the end.

My body turned to jelly after our impromptu session. Not doing it on a soft surface like a bed made me feel exceptionally sore.

Dominic helped me to get dressed in the wedding gown and carried me out of the dressing room. I did not forget to grab my purse before leaving.

It was only after we exited the room that I realized we were the only ones left.

"Send me back," I muttered in exhaustion.

"Back?" A captivating smile appeared on Dominic's face as he murmured, "The night is still young. I'm not done with you yet."

Love the Second Time Around Chapter 70

Chapter 70 The Relationship

Upon hearing his words, I struggled to get down immediately, yet it was in vain. I could not even break free from him when I was at full strength, let alone when my whole body was aching badly.

I ended up tugging at the collar of his shirt and gritting out, "Send me back now. If not, I don't know how to explain to my dad!"

At that moment, I was still racking my brain for ways to explain to Dad about the fashion show. If he found out that I did not go back to my hotel room and spent the night together with Dominic, he would surely blow a blood vessel!

Turning a deaf ear to my request, Dominic carried me into the elevator right away. A while later, he carried me straight into the room, placed me on the bed, and got on top of me.

As his chest pressed down slowly, I struggled and muttered feebly, "Dominic, I have to go back now. I'm exhausted."

He lifted my chin and bit lightly on it. Next, he whipped out my phone from my handbag.

“What are you doing?” I looked at him quizzically.

“Shhh...” he whispered, placing his index finger in front of his lips.

In an instant, there was a big question mark on my mind. What is he up to again?

“Hello, David. Dominic here...” I gaped at him instantaneously. He has the guts to call Dad!

I did not dare to utter any words so as not to trigger Dad’s suspicion. At the same time, I hinted at Dominic to hold his tongue by glaring at him.

As I heard what he told my dad, I rolled my eyes. He not only helped to clear my dad’s doubt on the fashion show earlier but also effortlessly had my dad’s consent. Thus, I did not have to rush back to the hotel. My goodness, my dad did not doubt his cock and bull story at all!

After hanging up, he raised his brows and gave me a smug smile. “I have helped you to get the matters resolved. It’s time for you to pay back my kindness now.”

I was at a loss of words and could only fume, “You’re shameless!”

Turning a blind eye to my irritation, he started to indulge himself in another round of steamy sessions. He seemed to have unlimited energy, and I ended up being tortured by him the entire night.

The next day, my growling stomach woke me up. In that moment, I felt that I could swallow anything to fill my stomach.

I placed my arms on the bed and sat up. In an instant, the blanket slipped off, exposing the hickeys all over my body.

“Damn it! He’s really a pervert!” I cursed in exasperation.

I looked around and noticed that there was no sign of him in the room. When I was wondering if he had left, I heard the sound of the door opening. Within seconds, Dominic, who was well dressed, emerged and strode into the room.

He chuckled and commented cheekily, “Looks like you haven’t had enough last night, have you?”

I pulled the blanket up immediately to cover myself and snapped at him, “Do you think that everyone thinks about that all the time like you? I’m not surprised if you collapse due to debauchery one day!”

He smirked at me and mocked, "Don't worry. I will make sure to satisfy you before that!"

I puffed up my cheeks and remained silent. Even so, I felt like asking why he could speak so shamelessly.

Dominic tossed the paper bag in his hand onto the bed. "Get changed."

I took out the things from the paper bag curiously. A set of new clothes and underwear came into view.

I glared at him again and scoffed inwardly. Hmph! He looks like he has no intention of leaving. Does he plan to let me get changed in front of him?

My guess was proven right when he crossed his arms over his chest and smiled subtly at me.

This man is really becoming more shameless! Anyway, there is nothing to hide from him anymore. After all, compared to those steamy sessions, getting changed in front of him is no big deal.

Mustering up my courage, I put on the underwear and clothes one by one in front of him.

Dominic leaned closer to me and planted a light kiss on my lips. "Well done. You've improved a lot!"

I felt like throwing him a punch, yet I was so hungry now that I did not have any energy left.

"Let's go for a meal now. You foot the bill." Recalling how he had tortured me the whole night, I told myself that I should get him to buy me at least one hundred meals to pacify me.

Dominic led me to the restaurant in the hotel without any objection. I deliberately ordered almost all the food listed on the menu.

I'm not the one footing the bill anyway!

"Madam, are you sure you want to order all these?" The waiter was stunned and asked me hesitantly.

"I'm very sure! Just send my orders to the kitchen now and serve me the food soon." After sending the waiter away, I picked up the glass of lemonade and gulped down a mouthful. However, the sourness of the lemonade triggered my hunger even more.

Out of a sudden, something crossed my mind. I must buy contraceptive pills later. Damn it! This selfish man did not spare any thoughts on contraception last night! Ah! I forgot about it previously as well. It was indeed a close shave for me as nothing happened. I must take precautions this round!

A while ago, Dominic's phone rang. He went out to answer the call as though he was preventing me from eavesdropping on his phone call.

When the food was served, I started eating without waiting for him. Probably because I was starving, but the dishes tasted exceptionally delicious.

"My goodness! Look at how you are gulping down the food. What an eyesore! Where are your table manners?"

Glancing obliquely at Dominic, who was back from answering his call, I put another piece of pork rib into my mouth and chewed exaggeratedly.

I don't have good table manners, so what?

After munching and gulping down the food for quite a while, I finally let out a burp. I put down the cutlery and patted my tummy in contentment.

"Liliana, let's talk about our relationship."

I was stupefied when he blurted out the words. Coincidentally, that was exactly what was floating in my mind at the moment.

"All right, let's talk about it," I agreed without hesitation, hoping that he would not beat around the bush as I was tired of bickering with him.

"How about we just carry on with what we've been doing?" Dominic asked me solemnly, with his fingers interlocked beneath his chin.

In an instant, my face turned grim. "Have you gone nuts? Get out of my way!"

Hmph! Has he lost his mind even before he collapses because of debauchery?

"We fit each other perfectly in bed, don't we?" Dominic refuted casually as if he was oblivious to my frustration.

In a split second, fury welled up within me. I retorted, "Fit perfectly? What nonsense! Every time we do it, you're the one forcing me!"

"I only started moving last night when you said you wanted it," Dominic replied nonchalantly.

“You forced me into that!”

“Do you think I can force you if you really didn’t want it?” he mocked.

By this point, I was so furious that I gave up bickering with him.

In contrast to my exasperation, Dominic was still laid-back as ever. He even poured me a cup of tea. “You must be thirsty. Drink some.”

At the sight of the cup of hot tea, I had to hold myself back from pouring it onto his head impulsively. Tamping down my anger, I hissed, “You really love to be in bed with me, huh?”