

Virginity in second marriages Chapter 1: Virginity Lost

It was raining heavily at night, lightning flashing and thunder rumbling.

Drenched, Serena Gallo walked aimlessly, dragging her suitcase on the street

"Francis did not divorce you because he won five million in the lottery, but you did not do your duty as a wife."

"The divorce was decided for a long time. And now you don't want a divorce? Do you want to share my property?"

She could not distinguish whether it was rain or tears on her face, but it was blurry before her eyes.

Along the street a gray Bentley was speeding past, but Serena was so sad that she did not notice it.

Not until the car approached her did she see it, her mind was drowsy and she stood there watching the car going straight toward her.

With an abrupt stop, the gray Bentley swerved sharply and, despite the obvious skill of the driver, because of the high speed, accidentally hit the guardrail.

Serena stood in the place with her heart beating wildly.

The gray Bentley, after hitting the guardrail, stopped.

At night that place was lonely and no cars passed through it.

Serena stood motionless for a few seconds before she came back to her mind, raised her hand to wipe away her tears, then dropped her suitcase and ran toward the car.

Inside the car it was dark. She lied prone on the window and vaguely glimpsed the figure of a man leaning over the steering wheel.

She tapped hard on the window. "Sir, are you all right?"

The driver had been to avoid her that he had hit the guardrail; if there was any problem, she would have to take responsibility for it!

Having heard a click, Serena hurried to open the door and leaned in, "Are you okay? Ah..." She still sobbed while she was speaking.

Before she even finished speaking, the man leaning over the steering wheel suddenly grabbed her arm and pulled her inside.

The door was closed abruptly.

Serena fell onto the legs of the man, whose hand clamped her waist with force like a chain, preventing her from moving.

"Let go, let me go..." Serena sensed the danger, stammering.

"Do you want death? " Pressing down on her, the man opened his mouth, his voice deep and magnetic.

She was stunned for a few seconds before she realized that he was referring to that she was in the middle of the road getting in his way, so she shook her head, "I didn't mean it."

"It doesn't matter if you meant or not, but since you came to me, you are not in my hands..."

The man lifted her up and placed her on his lap.

Feeling the man's strength, Serena felt a shiver in her head and stammered, "What do you want?"

"What do you say?"

The man leaned down, his cold and thin lips suddenly pressed on hers.

Serena felt something explode in her head.

The man's kiss was extremely aggressive, but it was obvious that he was new at this, but soon he got his way.

Her head remained blank for quite a while, until a sharp pain brought her back to her senses and with all her might she beat the man up.

Lingering the feeling, the man stretched out the seat and placed her under the control of his body....

Rain fell all night, as if to wash away all the sins of the city.

After the night of madness, as his fingertips moved, Cristian snapped open his sharp eyes .

The sweet smell of the woman was still in the air, but now he was left alone in the car.

She was Gone?

Cristian's eyes went dark, a glance fell on the seat where the blood of virginity had remained. How troublesome!

Cristian called his assistant Luca Russo, and gave a cold order, "Find my location immediately, and find out who the woman from last night was."

Having said that, heedless of whether the assistant understood or not, he hung up.

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Serena escaped in the middle of the night and, taking advantage of the heavy rain, returned to her parents' house in a messy state.

After so many years of marriage, never had she slept with her husband, but now with a stranger, which was so freaking unbelievable.

As soon as she woke up, she instinctively decided to run away.

"Serena."

Her mother, Giulia Gallo, opened the door and entered, handing her some soup.

"Thank you, Mom."

"Have you and Francesco really got divorce?"

Hearing his name, Serena lowered her gaze and took a sip of her soup, had no interest to talk about Francesco.

"It is okay, your father has already arranged another marriage for you."

At those words, she had a pang in her heart, and raising her head sharply, she said, "Mom?"

"The man has leg problems, but after all you have got once divorce, it is acceptable."

Serena said, "Mom, what are you talking about?"

Giulia jerked up and said angrily, "The wedding is set in a month, whether you like it or not, you're getting married."

"I divorced Francis just last night. How did you know that already?" Serena only felt her heart slowly freeze.

"Actually, this wedding was supposed to be for your sister, but since you divorced, you can take her place."

Giulia gave a deep sigh before she said, "He has leg problems. Serena, our family cannot afford two daughters have their lives ruined."

Serena felt twinge in her heart, her hands and her lips began to tremble, saying, "Mom, I am your daughter..."

"Aurora is your sister, would you like to see her suffer?"

"What about me?"

"It is the decided fact, in a month's time you will marry Mr. Cristian Ferrari! Should both our daughters have ruined their lives, your father and I will die of it."

On the day of the wedding, Aurora, Serena's sister, went to her, "I'm sorry, that was not my intention, but mother..."

Serena stared at her and said, "Sorry? Then why don't you wear the wedding dress and get married?"

"Serena, I..." Aurora clenched her fists, gritted her teeth, and said, "I have a boyfriend, but you are already divorced..."

Serena retracted her gaze and lowered her eyes and said, "Yes, I am divorced...you take care of our parents, because they did their best to convince me to accept this marriage."

Marrying someone with leg problems meant that she would have to take care of him for the rest of her life, and if that was her fate, she might as well accept it.

But it was clear that it was supposed to be Aurora's fate, and she, Serena, had returned to her parents' home after her husband's betrayal just for comfort.

She never imagined being told that she would have to replace her sister and marry Mr. Cristian.

Because the man had leg problems, her parents did not want Aurora's life to be ruined. What about her? Since she was divorced, should she suffer? Absurd! But those were her parents, the ones who had given birth to her, raised her and she had had to accept.

The groom's family's preparations were enormous, and since Serena was to replace Aurora, she had first been brainwashed by her parents.

Although no one knew her, because of her substitution in place of her sister, she had kept her head down throughout the ceremony so as not to attract attention.

Fortunately, the groom owned all the attention by sitting in a wheelchair with a cold expression, and creating the extremely frozen wedding atmosphere.

Although it had been a pompous wedding, it was quite simple, as Mr. Cristian had not toasted, and everyone respected him and did not dare disturb him.

After the wedding, Serena was escorted to her new home.

An old servant stopped in front of her and said, "Although Mr. Cristian has problems with his legs, he is still and always our Mr. Cristian. Now that you are married with him, you will have to do your best to take care of him."

After the evening when, drenched by rain, she had been told by her mother that she should marry Mr. Cristian in her sister's place, Serena had fallen ill the next day, and it had taken several days before she could leave the house.

Thereafter, she had had several relapses without ever fully recovering, and until the very day of the wedding, she had had to take medicine before putting on her wedding dress.

At that moment her eyelids were too heavy, and after listening to the servant's words, she could only nod and say, "I see, can I have some rest?"

She really was no longer able to resist.

The servant's gaze suddenly filled with contempt, and he turned away, muttering.

As soon as she left, Serena, still wearing her wedding dress, fell asleep.

She had a very strange dream, in which a piercing look seemed to rest on her face.