

Virginity in second marriages Chapter 11: I decide the rules

"I need more time to make a decision." With no results, Alice took Serena back to the Ferrari house.

"Three days go by very fast. Serena, plan ahead and call me if you have decided." Recalling the words what Alice said before she left, Serena found out it was complicated to make up her mind.

"If you want to stay in the Ferrari family. It's easy, very easy. All you need to do is abortion."

"If both our daughters were to be ruined, your father and I would die from it."

Serena looked in the mirror and wondered, "What should I do? Really kill the baby?"

When she was pondering, footsteps were heard from outside, which made Serena nervous. She opened the bathroom door, and saw that Luca was pushing Cristian into the room.

Their gazes met in the air, but less than a second, Serena stopped looking at him and walked forward nervously.

"Stop." A cold voice was heard.

Serena stopped quickly and remained unable to move.

"Have you decided?" On Cristian's face was a mocking smile accompanied by a pair of dangerous eyes like a bloodthirsty leopard.

Serena's index fingers were twisted in insecurity. She said, "Didn't you say three days?"

"Do you really intend to make me wait until the last day?" The man's tone rose slightly and his eyes were even colder.

Serena could do nothing but open her eyes wide, "Are you a man of word?"

Her beautiful eyes were widened and filled with shock and awe, like a cold winter lake. As the man squinted his eyes and sneered, "You want to play? I'll let you play, but I decide the rules."

Play? The woman's red lips trembled. Was life a game in his eyes?

"If you feel reluctant and angry, that's perfectly fine. Just take your things away and get out of my house."

Hearing this, Serena clenched her fists. He was motivating her to leave, simply because he did not want her to stay.

Time still remained however. Not wanting to argue with him, she loosened her fists, turned and went inside. She pulled out a blanket and made herself a bed at the corner of the room.

Cristian thought she was going to start an argument with him but she turned away and ignored him as she looked at him, with her eyes full of offense, which disappeared in the next second.

She just ignored him completely.

This feeling was like he had no place to vent his anger, which made Cristian extremely uncomfortable!

"Luca, you get out."

Luca was stunned for a moment, "But sir, today I haven't helped you yet to-"

"Doesn't she want to become Mrs. Ferrari? I'll leave it to her from now on."

Serena, who was making the bed, stopped and stood up after the man's words.

"What do you need me to do?"

"Tell her what Mrs. Ferrari needs to do."

Not understanding what he was thinking, Luca's gaze fell on Cristian for a moment, and still told Serena according to his reasons. "It's not convenient for Mr. Cristian to take shower himself, so you have to take care of him and you have to be on guard. You should do whatever he asks you to do." After finishing these words, Luca, who was still worried, approached Serena and whispered a few words to her. At first, Serena listened attentively to what Luca said, but after a few moments, her pale face reddened and she bit her lower lip slightly, "Do I have to do this?"

Mindless, Luca replied, "Yes of course, behave yourself. Just be careful otherwise he will get angry and throw you out directly."

Serena trembled in fright and nodded, "I got it."

After the exhortation, Luca returned to Cristian, "Sir, I'll go out then."

Luca was not quiet at ease after leaving the room, and he stood in the doorway listening to the movement with his ears attached to the wall.

Only she and Cristian were in the room. Remembering the words Luca had just said to her, Serena's cheeks turned red again.

"What are you thinking about? Come here!" Suddenly the man shouted coldly.

Startled by the voice, Serena walked tremblingly toward him.

"Why are you trembling?" Cristian, seeing her so frightened, became angry and scolded her again, "Push me into the bathroom."

And Serena had to do as he said.

The bathroom was very large and was specially built for Cristian's leg problem. But after she pushed him in, his loud and cold breathing instantly covered the entire bathroom.

Suddenly, the bathroom seemed to become smaller than before.

According to Luca's words, Serena asked him in a low voice, "Where are your clothes? Shall I get your clothes for you?"

"The pajamas are in the first locker. Take the blue one."

"Okay." Serena turned around and went to get the blue pajamas. When she returned, she found that Cristian had already taken off his shirt. His bare torso startled her, and she screamed, turning to cover her eyes.

"What are you screaming about?" The man scowled.

"Why are you undressing?"

Cristian, who was disgruntled, turned and saw that the woman standing by the door with her back to him, not daring to enter the bathroom. He looked at himself, and a mocking smile appeared on his face.

"Are you pretending to be innocent in front of me?"

Serena wanted him to get dressed, but Cristian was right. How did he take a bath without taking off his clothes? Thinking about this, Serena closed her eyes and took a deep breath to convince herself: we were already husband and wife! She had prepared herself psychologically even before marrying him, and now she should not be embarrassed anymore.

Thinking about this, Serena turned around with a calm face.

"I brought your pajamas. Do you need anything else?"

"I need to undress."

Embarrassed, she advanced.

"Unbuckle my belt first."

Unbuckle the belt?

Serena looked toward the man. He was a man with leg problems. He should not be able to stand up and exercise. She thought he must be fat, but his belly was full of abs.

"Are you done looking at me? I said unbuckle the belt. Did you hear that?" Unexpectedly, Cristian's voice rang out again.

Serena looked up, met his sharp, deep eyes and nodded in panic. Her hands were shaking and tried to unbuckle his belt.

But she had never used this thing, so she could not unbuckle it....

The man frowned.

He looked at the bent-over woman with sweat on her forehead, who seemed genuinely anxious and nervous.

"Are you doing this on purpose?"

"Huh?" The more anxious she was, the more she didn't know how to take it off. Her voice sounded tearful: "I don't, I don't know how to..."

The woman's hands were soft with gentle warmth, while the man's inky eyes seemed condensed from the storm.

"Could you undo it yourself? Ah!" The words failed to finish as the man grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her forcefully into his arms.