

Virginity 39

Chapter 39

The suddenly louder voice startled Serena, who clutched the cloth and then walked slowly toward Cristian.

At a fairly far distance, Serena stopped.

She bit her lower lip and asked, "What is it?"

"Help me lie down." Cristian's sound was cold and his face was expressionless.

Serena let out a sigh of relief. Helping him lie down was easy. However, she was now carrying only a bath towel, which could fall off at any time if not held tightly. So Serena begged, "Can you let me change my clothes before help you? I had...forgotten to bring my clothes inside."

Cristian remained silent, staring at her.

Serena clutched the corner of the towel, and bit her lower lip, "One moment, one moment please."

He still said nothing, but Serena could not let her help him with only a towel on. Seeing he did not speak, she moved her steps slowly, observing his reactions. Since Cristian said nothing more, Serena suddenly turned toward the bed to get her clothes and ran to the bathroom.

Shortly after, she came back with a crooked night skirt hanging over her body. Serena walked toward him as she tidied the skirt. By the time she got in front of the man, it had already been put on properly.

The whole process took less than a minute.

Very fast.

But her hair was still messy.

Cristian squinted his eyes, looking at the woman. She showed up barefoot in a poor-quality blue pajama-skirt, and it was also discolored probably after wearing it for many years. It was still completely unsuitable with her rosy skin.

He really thought that this skirt did not fit her.

Cristian frowned and looked at her unhappily.

Serena noticed the look, and looked down at her skirt. She probably understood what Cristian was staring at. She was embarrassed. Her cheeks turned red, and she bit her lower lip, saying, "I'm ready to help you."

As she spoke, Serena pushed Cristian to the bed.

After Cristian climbed onto the bed, he looked at her disgruntledly and said, "Open the drawer of the nightstand."

"What?" Serena did not understand at first, but soon nodded. She bent down to open the nightstand as he asked, "Mr. Cristian, what do you want?"

She was now used to calling him that as she always did in the company.

The drawer were very tidy, with some books, papers, watches and other stuff inside.

"At the page 205 of the second book. Take out a card."

"Okay," said Serena.

Serena had no doubts, and carried out what he said. When she opened that page, she was slightly surprised that he had remembered it so clearly.

Cristian had to be an extremely precise person.

"I found it." Serena saw the card and handed it to Cristian.

Cristian did not take it instead and stared at her firmly.

"Mr. Cristian?"

"It's for you."

Hearing this, Serena was surprised, and looked at the card she had in her hand.

It was a debit card.

"For me?"

She thought he was looking a name card or something, but she did not expect it to be a debit card.

But why?

"Mr. Cristian?" Serena did not understand, holding up the card and looking at Cristian.

Cristian taunted her, "Being my wife, you'd better buy good quality clothes. There's money in it. Do you understand?"

As soon as her voice fell, Serena's face suddenly paled and she bit her lower lip.

"Are you insulting me because I don't dress well?"

"What? Do you think you dress well?" Cristian looked at her skirt, which bleached slightly after numerous washes, and said in a terrible tone.

Serena felt ashamed, and there was almost blood in her lower lip. She held up the debit card, saying, "I don't need it. Thanks. I already work in the company. Just as long as I am paid on time every month, I will have money to buy clothes. I don't need yours."

Serena put the card back on the nightstand.

"Take it." Cristian looked at her without moving, "After all, you don't have the money now, do you?"

Serena finally couldn't take it anymore, "Yes! I don't have the money now, but so what? The clothes I'm wearing aren't stolen, are they? They're just a little shabby and that's the only reason you always have to make fun of me?"

"Yes, that's all it takes."

"Don't be too obnoxious!"

Serena clenched her fist angrily.

But she looked more beautiful with those vivid though angry eyes.

With his hands behind his back, Cristian looked at her with a pleasant expression.

"What will you do if I'm too obnoxious? Am I not telling the truth? Even if you're not my real wife, you're still my assistant. You dress like that, and you're shaming the Ferrari family."

"If I am so shameful to you, go find Alessandro and refuse to keep me as your assistant."

Serena's lips turned white, but she did not stop looking at Cristian stubbornly.

"Eh." Cristian snorted in disdain, "I didn't even refuse my marriage. Do you think I will refuse this?"

Hearing this, Serena stopped and was astonished.

True. He had accepted the wife chosen by Alessandro. An assistant would be nothing. Or, did he know something?

Thinking about this, Serena looked at him and asked, "Is it true that you will agree to everything Alessandro asks for you?"

"What? Are you gathering information for Alessandro?"