

## Virginity 54

### Chapter 54

The shameless question left Serena speechless. Thinking about the fact that he was the one who had brought her home last night, she had a feeling of gratitude.

"In any case, thank you."

Always like that.

Always with an idle face.

The emotions in Cristian's eyes fluttered. Why did she have no emotions when she talked to him? Why did she treat him with this attitude? Thinking about this, an inexplicable anger rose from his chest. He said coldly and laughed, "I'm just afraid you will lose the dignity of the Ferraris. Otherwise, I don't even care if you die outside."

The merciless words penetrated Serena's heart like a poisonous sword. Serena's mouth opened, and her hands closed in silence.

"I know."

And she went to the bathroom.

When she came out, Cristian had already gone to work. Serena had intended to get changed to go out, but she couldn't find her suitcase and clothes in the closet.

Serena was startled, and hurriedly turned to leave.

Just at this moment some maids came in, carrying several boxes of clothes. Serena's footsteps stopped when she saw them, and she heard them call to her, "Mrs. Aurora."

Serena was astonished and looked at them doubtfully, "What are you doing?"

"Mrs. Aurora, Luca sent us to bring you clothes."

Serena was speechless, and suddenly remembered that yesterday Cristian had bought her clothes in large quantities, "Are these all for me?"

"Yes, Ms. Aurora."

With what they said, the maids began to sort the closet, filling it with new clothes.

Cristian was generous about this fact, however, since by taking up a small part of the huge closet, he left plenty of room for Serena. The maids finished sorting the closet and told her, "Ms. Aurora, everything is sorted. If you have no other requests, we can go out."

Serena looked at the closet in silence for a moment, then raised her head and asked, "Wait."

The maids stopped nervously, "Ma'am...Mrs. Aurora, is there anything else?"

"Where are my old clothes that were in the closet? And where is my suitcase?"

Hearing this, the maids were slightly afraid, and one of them explained in a low voice, "Ma'am, the suitcase was very old. That's why we threw it away, and the clothes too..."

Serena was very angry after hearing her words, "You threw them away? How can you throw away my things like that?" She asked furiously.

The maids lowered their heads, "Sorry Ms. Aurora, Mr. Cristian ordered us...so..."

Serena understood. It was all done by Cristian. It was from the moment he did not like her old clothes that he had planned to throw them away, and buying her new ones.

They didn't throw them away. They just obeyed Cristian.

"We apologize, Ms. Aurora, sorry...really."

"These are not your mistakes. Where is the suitcase?" SHE had something very important in there!

"In the garbage room, follow me."

"Yes."

She followed a maid into the garbage room and immediately saw that her suitcase had been thrown into a corner. Serena walked over and quickly opened it. The maid continued to explain, "This suitcase has always been here. We have never opened it. See if you are missing anything?"

She checked it and breathed a sigh of relief, "Thank you, no."

"You're welcome ma'am, but...do you take the suitcase back to the room?"

Serena nodded, "Yes."

"But..." the maid hesitated to speak, "Mr. Cristian wanted me to..."

"Don't worry about that. If he asks for something, you say you threw it away, but I brought it back."

Having said that, Serena dragged the suitcase back to the room, and the maid followed her wanting to say something, but in the end she said nothing.

Serena went into the room, cleaned the suitcase and pulled out an envelope. There was a black skirt she had bought when she had married Francis, but she had not had a chance to wear it since she had started working.

She had no other solution. At least this skirt was decent.

Anyway.

Serena turned to look at the closet full of clothes. She had said she would never spend Cristian's money, never!

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Serena knocked on the door at Cristian's office.

"Come in."

The door opened, and Serena entered, bringing him a coffee.

"Mr. Cristian, your coffee." Serena placed the cup on the table without expression, and then turned to leave.

Cristian was looking at the papers, but suddenly he had remembered something and raised his head. Serena was wearing a black skirt, which was comfortable to work with, even outlining her slim waist.

But.

This skirt did not look like one she bought last night.

Thinking about this, Cristian moved his mouth.

"Wait."

Serena stopped, and turned around.

"Mr. Cristian, do you have anything else to ask?"

Cristian narrowed his eyes.