

Virginity 871

Chapter 871: Calm down

She had only tried to be as calm as possible, pretending not to know anything.

But when Vittorio brought it up that way, Serena, being a woman after all, blushed up to her ears.

The agile Vittorio did not even notice Serena's dilemma and tried to say something else to her, but

Serena interrupted him before he could say anything else: "Well, it's been a difficult night for you,

Vittorio, so go home.

After saying this, she pushed Vittorio toward the door and slammed it.

Vittorio almost hit her nose, and when he wanted to say more she left, rubbing her head in pain.

-Why is everyone like this?

Vittorio grumbled as he entered the elevator, remembering in retrospect the embarrassment Serena

had just gone through, and realized what he had just stupidly said.

He thought sarcastically that it was lucky Cristian was not there, or Cristian would have had to kill him.

After Serena closed the door, she stood for a moment with her back against the panel before resuming

her steps in the direction of the bathroom.

Serena was just on edge with every step she took.

She did not know what was wrong with her now, but she had indeed told Vittorio to leave after hearing about Cristian's situation.

Remembering him now, her ears were warm.

Pushing open the door, Serena was still discussing what to do about Cristian's situation when she heard the sound of water coming from the bathroom.

Serena's footsteps hurried, and a moment later she entered the bathroom; where Cristian, who had been motionless before, was now standing in the shower with cold water.

It was the middle of winter and almost freezing, and he was soaked with water like that, and even though the house was heated, he was already freezing, his face pale and his lips purple.

-What are you doing?

Serena hurried to turn off the water, then took a towel from the shelf and put it over Cristian to dry him.

She didn't know if it was the cold water or what, but when Cristian opened his eyes, Serena felt his eyelashes freeze and her heart grew sad, and Serena's eyes reddened.

By now Cristian's senses were almost exhausted and he opened his eyes to see Serena standing in

front of him with reddened eyes. Her face was pale and playfully beautiful, her crimson lips as inviting as a freshly picked fruit.

Something broke into his reason and his brain.

In the next second, Cristian had reached out and grabbed the back of Serena's head, leaning down to grasp her lips tightly.

So cold.

That was all Serena felt as she leaned against him and wondered how long she had been in the cold shower to have this ice on her body.

Serena could not hold back a shudder, her hand unconsciously tried to push him away; and as if irritated by this action, the man who was lightly straddling her, a moment later, hugged her directly with force.

His strength was heavy, and from the cold, chilling way he kissed at first, Serena now felt a fire.

A steady stream of heat began to emanate from her body again.

This would be the power of the drug.

Serena had not forgotten her pregnancy, and if she did not stop it now, things would probably get out of

her control later.

With this in mind, Serena pushed him hard, saying abruptly as she did so, "Calm down, calm down.

However, her voice was like a catalyst at that moment, causing Cristian's offensive movements to intensify.

Serena had no chance to escape, but Cristian suddenly pushed her away, then turned his back on her and said coldly, "Go away.

The voice is hoarse as hell, like a voice scalded by strong wine, hoarse but sexy.

Serena felt as if there were ants gnawing at her heart, a dense sensation.

If it were not for the fact that she was pregnant and Cristian was in his current state, surely she would not have hesitated even half a second.

But if there really was no way out, then she would have been willing to do it.

Evidently he had done it a moment ago, so how come now he was pulling her aside and letting her out.

Could it be that she was struggling to contain herself?

At the thought, Serena bit her lower lip as she approached him and brought her hand to his already wet

sleeve.

-That...

As soon as her hand touched Cristian's, he turned and pulled her wrist away, pinning her against the cold wall with a cold warning.

-How strong the drug is, you felt it a moment ago, if you don't get out ... Again," he narrowed his eyes, a pair of deep eyes that were sharp and lustful.

Serena bit her lip nervously.

The drug made Cristian's eyes blur, as if they were stained with ink. Soon the veins in his forehead swelled, cold sweat broke out, and the strength of his grip on her hand became much heavier.

Serena began to feel pain in her wrist and struggled unconsciously, whispering, -You're hurting my hand.

Her voice was soft and subtle, as if seducing him.

But not

Although her will was shattered beyond belief, Cristian remembered that the person in front of him was someone he wanted to pity with all his heart, and he could not have her in this situation.

Cristian took her by the shoulders and with great effort pushed her out of the bathroom.

-If you dare to come here again, don't blame me for not being an honest person.

Serena was about to say something else when the door closed.

She remained motionless, staring at the closed door, not feeling the cold because a moment before she was nervous, but now that she had regained her senses, she could not help but shiver from the cold.

However, she was already cold when her clothes were only a few degrees wet because of Cristian, and what about Cristian?

There was the sound of water coming from the bathroom again.

Serena became anxious and walked to the door and knocked, "Open the door and let me in."

He was already high and still so careful about his manners, and if she was going all the way, then she was really going too far.

Serena was distressed that he was pouring cold water on her all the time, and after knocking on the door several times, she went to turn the handle to find that it was locked from the inside by Cristian.

-Cristian Ferrari, open the door!

In her anxiety, Serena even called his original name.

However, at this moment Cristian, sitting against the wall, his consciousness was so permissive that the only thing left for him to do was to lock himself inside and do nothing.

The person outside the door was banging on the panel, yelling and screaming, but Cristian could no longer hear what he was saying.

All he knew was that the cold, pungent water was still coming down and soaking his body.

Serena.

Serena banged on the door half a dozen times, but when she heard nothing but the sound of water inside, she calmed down and thought about it, and went to the closet to get the spare key.

The bathroom door was locked to avoid accidents.

With some luck, he found the spare key and hurried back to the door.

After a few turns of the key, the door finally opened and Serena saw Cristian, sitting against the wall with a pale face.

Chapter 872: I'm worried about you.

Serena's face paled as she hurried to turn off the water.

Serena bent down to touch Cristian's shoulder, and checked that he was cold all over; after so long under cold water and the effects of drugs, he should now be in agony.

His clothes weighed on his body, and Serena could only awkwardly reach out and unbutton him, removing his water-soaked coat.

It would not have been impossible if she had been allowed to use cold water, but she thought Cristian would have to soak until morning.

Now, in the middle of winter, he would have to freeze in the cold water until morning.

-The water-filled jacket was really heavy, and Serena struggled to push on Cristian's shoulders.

Cristian, who was leaning expressionlessly against the wall, finally opened his eyes and his gaze fell on her face.

-Didn't I tell you not to come in?

His voice seemed to have little force and a slight trill.

Serena did not have to look up to feel that his gaze was now as deep as that of a wolf lurking in the night, and without meeting his eyes, she repeated the words she had just said.

But Cristian still did not move, instead he slowly reached out and grabbed her wrist, his voice hoarse,-

Do you know how much I have endured?

Serena looked up shocked, -I know, I know....

I certainly knew.

She had been drugged by others before, so she naturally knew the pain she had to endure, but she

knew exactly why she didn't want him to suffer alone.

-Do you know? -Cristian's eyes narrowed, with a dangerous light, and with a push of his hand, Serena

collapsed uncontrollably on his chest.

-If you knew, how did you dare to enter?

Serena blinked nervously a couple of times, her eyelashes fluttering continuously like two small fans,

and bit her lower lip before saying, -I'm worried about you.

When she finished, she lowered her eyes and closed her lips as if making a big decision. After a long

moment, she raised her head again and her eyes met his.

-I want to help you.

At those words, Cristian breathed harder and looked at her through clenched teeth, -What did you say?

Say it again.

His gaze was so intimidating, his eyes so fierce that they looked like they were ready to eat her alive, that Serena shuddered unconsciously, but she had to push those fears away when she saw his thin, pale lips and stoic gaze and leaned closer to him.

-I know it's hard for you, it's winter, you'll get sick if you soak in the cold water all night.

Serena, wearing only a nightgown, had listened to Cristian and put on a jacket, but the clothes she had worn during the kiss in Cristian's arms were already wet and now clung to her body, revealing the curves of her body.

She did not need to do anything, just standing in front of him was enough for the usual Cristian to lose control.

Now, in this position, she said she wanted to help him.

How much resistance did he need to reject her? Cristian's eyes were cloudy and shadowy, and he reached out to grasp the back of her head, his voice low and muffled, "Are you sure?"

Serena nodded without hesitation, and Cristian's kiss fell.

It was very cold, very cold, and it rested hard on her lips.

Only Cristian pulled away quickly again, his gaze locked on her with a deadly, -Think about it, there is still a chance.

Serena half-open her red lips and reached up to unbutton him.

This behavior said it all.

The lump in Cristian's throat churned as he watched her movements.

It seemed he could not escape tonight.

As Cristian lifted Serena, she wrapped her arms around his neck and whispered in the man's ear, "Be careful.

Cristian gently kissed her earlobe and replied softly, "Good.

The two in the bathroom had disappeared, but their wet clothes fell to the floor, replaced by two other figures in the dimly lit room between the soft bed covers.

A warm yellow light on the bed illuminated the beautiful room.

The moon was hiding in the clouds, and after a long time, the clouds vanished again.

After tonight, everything would become different.

Serena woke up very early.

When she opened her eyes, she saw an additional layer of gray outside the window, and looking at the time of day, it must have been a little after six o'clock.

Her whole body was now sore after a night of tossing and turning, Serena bit her lower lip before gently moving to remove the big man's hand from her waist and get up to dress.

Then she looked at Cristian again.

Probably from the effects of the drugs, he was sound asleep, and Serena blinked, getting up and heading for the bathroom.

Throwing all the wet clothes she had left in the bathroom the night before into the washing machine,

Serena felt something happening in her body.

She had to close the door to check, only to find blood between her legs.

There wasn't much blood, but the scene was quite shocking.

Serena paled abruptly and used a tampon, after which she opened the door and went out.

She was no more than three months pregnant, and although she had asked Cristian to be careful last night, and he had listened, she had been unable to restrain herself in the heat of the moment.

What to do?

Serena was scared to death, but she could not tell Cristian.

Serena thought and walked out of the bathroom to get her coat, just in time to see Beatrice calling her on the phone.

Beatrice ...

As if clinging to a life preserver, Serena hurriedly grabbed her cell phone and ran to the balcony to answer the call.

-Aunt Beatrice.

Beatrice heard the anxiety in her tone on the other end, and instead of saying why she had come, she asked, -What's wrong? You seem so anxious, has something happened?

Serena bit her lower lip, she wanted to say something but found it difficult to do so, but thinking about what had already happened, what else could she not say?

Finally she could only say stiffly, "Auntie, Cristian was drugged last night.

At these words, Beatrice's heart skipped a beat, -What did you say?

She was so angry that she slammed her palm on the table just then, -Why did this happen and how did it happen?

Serena bit her lower lip and whispered, -It's okay, don't worry.

Aunt Beatrice was relieved to know that she was all right.

-That...

-Even if he is all right, I.... -Serena hesitated.

-So what are you still waiting for, get dressed and I'll take you to the hospital to get checked out.

Beatrice, a former doctor, said so and Serena did not dare to wait any longer, hung up the phone and went back to the room to change her clothes.

Chapter 873: Sign of miscarriage

When Serena finished dressing, she looked at Cristian, who was still in a deep sleep. He was still in the same position and had not moved, so it was probably the effect of the medicine that had caused him to fall into a deep sleep.

It was appropriate for her to take that time to go to the hospital for a checkup, and if he was awake

when she returned, then she would tell him that she had gone to the supermarket to buy food.

If he wasn't awake, that was even better.

Serena reached forward to pull the blanket over him and whispered, "I'll be back soon, so be good.

The sleeping man's eyelashes seemed to flutter, but there was no other reaction.

Soon Serena was out the door, and as she came down the stairs Beatrice called her to tell her she was

out of the hotel.

-Call a cab and meet me there at Hospital XX, okay?

Beatrice had lived here in the past. Serena had no doubt in her words, nodding, -I know, I'll be right

there.

Serena quickened her pace, but her belly ached vaguely and her legs did not walk well from the

previous night's pleasure.

She had not felt it so strongly when she had gotten up, but now, the more she walked, the more pain

she felt.

Serena was so frightened that she could only walk slowly as she hailed a cab.

After the cab took her to the hospital, Serena had just gotten out of the car when Beatrice came to help

her.

-Are you all right?

Serena shook her head and took a couple of steps forward, but she almost fell to the ground, and

Beatrice was there to help her.

Beatrice felt worried at that scene, knowing that Serena was pregnant and that if she fell, it would be

her fault.

-Why don't you be careful too?

Beatrice looked at her helplessly, with a slightly caustic look on her face.

Serena was ashamed; she had not wanted to talk to Beatrice about it-after all, it was still something to

be ashamed of.

But now the situation had to be brought to her attention again.

Being scolded in this way by her, Serena did not dare to respond and could only whisper: -Sorry, I was

a little distracted earlier.

Beatrice realized that she herself had exaggerated so she lowered her eyes and coughed slightly to

change her attitude.

-No, I didn't mean to blame you, I was just anxious because I saw you almost fall.

Afterwards, Beatrice accompanied Serena toward the hospital.

As she walked, Serena held back the pain to walk a little slower, and Beatrice noticed her strange gait,

her lips moved to say something but she held back.

It didn't matter, things were already like that anyway, and there was no point in talking about it now.

They would see when the test results came in.

Since it was still early, they didn't even have to wait in line when they arrived to take the number and

went straight to the doctor to be examined.

Beatrice was with her throughout the process, and when the test results came in, the doctor frowned

and said, "You're not in the third trimester yet, are you?"

Serena bit her lower lip in embarrassment, so Beatrice stepped aside and said softly to herself, "This

time is a special case.

-What special circumstances could have made this happen? Even if you can't help yourself anymore,

can you do this? This one is already showing signs of miscarriage.

Serena paled and could barely stand. Luckily Beatrice held out a hand, otherwise she would have fallen backwards.

After hearing the doctor's words a moment ago, Beatrice could not help but frown.

-Doctor, what he said won't happen again, even she didn't know she was pregnant, that's why she came to the hospital when she noticed something was wrong....

The doctor shook his head helplessly, seeing that Serena hadn't said much and that her face had turned pale again after hearing that there were signs of abortion, even he felt a little sorry for her and could only say, -There are only signs of abortion, but it's still not so bad as to be an abortion, so if she takes care of herself, she should be able to make it to delivery without any problems. But.

His gaze fell on Serena's and continued, "Be careful in everything, you must not panic, and situations like this must not happen again.

When he finished, he added, "Stay in the hospital to recover.

Hospital admission?

Serena immediately shook her head, "No, I can't stay here.

At her words, the doctor narrowed his eyes at her and Beatrice immediately said, -Yes, our family situation is complicated and we can't stay in the hospital at the moment, can you see if there is another way?

The doctor was speechless.

When the patient was uncooperative, that doctor could only think of other ways and in the end could only say, -So, let's fix the fetus, then go back to bed and get more rest, come for regular checkups and come to the hospital on time if there is some other condition.

This was handled in such a way that Serena accepted it and nodded her head.

-Thank you, doctor.

It was late when they left the hospital.

Serena pulled out her phone and looked at it to find several missed calls from Cristian.

He seemed to have woken up.

-Did he call you? -Beatrice asked after glancing at his screen.

-Yes,|| Serena nodded.

-Have you thought about what to say to him?

Serena thought, not responding positively to Beatrice's words, and Beatrice half-open her lips, -Do you want me to go with you? I can explain it for you.

-No need, I'm already embarrassed to bother you to come with me to the hospital early in the morning, you were busy all day yesterday, come back and rest today.

Rest?

Beatrice raised an eyebrow and laughed: -After what happened last night, do you think I would rest quietly? I didn't think there was any movement over there, but....

At that moment, the look between Beatrice's eyebrows became much colder.

Serena was about to say something else when another call came and Beatrice smiled slightly, -Don't worry about me, I actually know the area quite well, I have lived here for many years, since Cristian is looking for you, you should hurry back and be careful not to hurt the baby again.

At these words, Serena blushed and nodded.

-Thank you Aunt Beatrice, I know.

-Call me aunt from now on, and don't be so polite to me, sooner or later we will be a family," Beatrice said and stroked her head.

Let's go.

After saying goodbye to Beatrice, Serena took a cab back.

She got into the car before answering Cristian's phone.

-Hi.

There was silence at the other end for a few seconds, then a rough voice.

-Where are you?

Serena looked outside and smiled slightly, -I'm on my way back after doing some shopping at the supermarket.

Since he didn't seem to expect her to be at the supermarket, there was another moment of silence at the other end before she was admonished, "Come back soon or send me the location and I'll come get you."

-No, I'll be back soon, wait for me.

After hanging up the phone, Cristian looked at him blankly.

Chapter 874: Aren't you tired?

After what happened last night....

His first reaction when he regained consciousness was to reach out his hand toward her. When those dark eyes opened, and there was no sign of Serena.

Cristian quickly lifted the sheets and sat up, only to find the sheets and comforter crumpled beyond recognition.

After calling out Serena's name and receiving no response, he got up, dressed, and searched the house for her.

It turned out that the house was quiet and there was no Serena in sight.

Cristian sat on the edge of the bed, the sound of her breathing only around him, and if not for those marks on the sheets, Cristian would have wondered if what had happened last night was real or not.

After a few moments of silence, Cristian pulls out his cell phone and calls Serena.

One, two, three...

The end is followed by a polite but icy female voice.

-We are sorry, the number you called is temporarily unanswered, please try again later.

Cristian frowned and his fingers continued to dial the phone, but the call was never answered. His brow furrowed as he pressed the phone harder.

Could it be that she regretted what happened last night?

So she left early in the morning and didn't even answer the phone?

As soon as he realized this, Cristian immediately got up to leave, walking past the bathroom, but

Cristian's footsteps stopped.

Then he glanced out of the corner of his eye and saw that the clothes they had changed into the night before had been packed and put into the washing machine, only presumably the machine was not yet running because he was afraid of disturbing him in the morning.

Seeing this scene, Cristian thought some more.

If she regretted it, then she should have stopped doing it and packed up and left.

Cristian watched in silence for a while and then returned to the house to find Serena's suitcase and everything else except her cell phone and purse gone.

That should be a way to get out of the house and do something.

Cristian thought that if she had not answered the phone, the cell phone must have been on silent, or

perhaps there was too much noise outside to hear it.

He consoled himself with the fact that it all seemed quite logical.

But as soon as he closed his eyes and thought about the images of last night and Cristian felt again

that he should not do that, he could not control himself just because she had told him that she was

worried about him and wanted to help him....

Obviously the two had only been together for a short time....

The more he thought about it, the more Cristian felt sorry for her.

If he got angry, it would be normal for her to run away....

After a few moments of silence, Cristian could not stand by and called someone to find out where

Serena was.

Soon the community surveillance video was transferred to Cristian's mailbox and he opened it to take a

look.

Serena was found in her usual state and face when she left, and nothing else was visible except her

strange walking posture.

Cristian's eyes clouded and his throat constricted as he remembered his own ferocity from the night before and the scene of her telling him to relax.

The taste of her...

In fact, it was as good as he thought.

Even though he himself was high at the time, Cristian knew that even without the drugs, he would probably react the same way in front of her.

He did not answer the phone and, judging by his appearance, he should have left.

After that, he received a message that she had gone out with Beatrice.

Cristian paused for a moment when he heard Beatrice's name -wasn't she his aunt?

-Sir, Ms. Serena left with Ms. Beatrice....

-All right," Cristian interrupted, "I understand.

Since she left with Beatrice, there shouldn't be any problem. However, she was a girl, and with the kind of things that happened last night, maybe she wanted to ask someone close to her.

Cristian insisted no further, and the man who was investigating could only swallow the comment that they had both gone to the hospital.

Probably distressed, Cristian called Serena's cell phone over and over again.

He finally answered the phone.

Only after hearing that Serena's voice had returned to normal did Cristian finally let out a sigh.

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Serena made a trip to the nearby supermarket and bought some light everyday items before heading home.

She did not expect Cristian to pick her up in person when she left the supermarket.

He stepped forward to take the bag from her hands and said in a deep voice, "Why did you leave without saying goodbye?"

There was nothing wrong with the man's appearance with his gray coat, thin, closed lips, and deep-set eyes.

Well, he was fine now.

His appearance last night was truly frightening.

Serena took his hand naturally, "I saw that you were still sleeping, so I didn't want to disturb you."

Hearing this, Cristian narrowed his eyes slightly and asked in a deep voice, "Aren't you tired? Last night..."

He could not finish the last half of the sentence because Serena suddenly blushed and interrupted him,

"Stop it.

Last night...

It was for real...

Serena's ear tips began to blush again at the thought of her convincing herself to take the initiative.

Seeing her face, Cristian's heartfelt concern disappeared in an instant, replaced only by the girl's

flushed face.

This scene...

Cristian's eyes were bright, the lump in his throat rising and falling as he kept from looking away, his

large palm clutching her tender white hand, he said in his rough voice: -Ok, I won't say anything.

She thought he had been honest, but he continued, -I can use my action to do so.

Serena could not answer him.

The redness that had only been on the tips of his ears and cheeks had now spread to his neck, and

Serena was pinching his palm hard.

He didn't know if it hurt her to pinch him like that, only that Cristian's eyes were filled with an affectionate smile.

After a moment, Serena withdrew her hand, remembering the doctor's advice from earlier in the hospital, and whispered, "You can't do that in the future...."

The baby in her womb was not yet three months old, and she did not know what would happen if it happened again like last night.

Although she was fine this time, she was already showing signs of miscarriage.

Still, the blood was indeed shocking.

Unaware of her inner thoughts, Cristian heard her say this and thought she was frightened by the way she had looked the night before and laughed.

-Next time...I will be more gentle.

Chapter 875: Sophistry

This man, who actually kept talking about this. Serena felt that if she kept talking to him, he would only take advantage of her.

So Serena interrupted the conversation in time and immediately changed the subject: -First let's go back.

Here it was not too far from the commune, which is probably why Cristian was able to find her.

Still, Serena was a little worried; after all, she had left early in the morning, and according to the phone call Cristian had made to her, there was no telling if she had done anything yet.

What if she had asked for something, then?

And what would she say?

Tell the truth?

Serena half-closed her lips, thoughtful as she was led forward by Cristian, thought for a moment that she was not really trying to hide something on purpose, and that these would be Cristian's previously lost memories, and that if he really sensed something, or remembered something, then there would seem to be nothing wrong with her being honest.

Cristian left, leading Serena to the car and running his hand over her to keep her from hitting her head as he prepared the driveway.

Serena was still thinking, when suddenly she heard a warm breath coming toward her, and when she

turned around Serena suddenly saw a beautiful face in front of her, magnified a million times.

She was startled.

The approaching handsome face made Serena wince, and she gasped, "You, what are you doing?"

The man's narrowed eyes narrowed slightly, forming a particularly beautiful arch, and Cristian's lips curved, -Safety belt.

After saying this, he fastened his seatbelt.

After that, however, he did not move away from her, but came closer, his breathing audible.

-What's all the commotion?

-It's nothing.

She looked away and turned her head in the process.

A moment later, however, Cristian grabbed her chin and forcibly turned her face so that Serena had to meet Cristian's gaze.

-Nothing, for what? -Because he was so close, Serena could see even the fine hair on his face, and as she thought about those images from the night before that made her blush, Serena's heart began to

beat against her body again, as if it wanted to burst.

-And you say it's nothing, why like this?

Cristian lowered his voice, his voice hoarse by several degrees, -Are you thinking about last night

again?

At these words, Serena's face blushed abruptly and she rose to push him away forcefully, -What are

you talking about? Drive your car.

After pushing Cristian away, she turned toward the car window, not daring to look Cristian in the eyes

again.

After a few moments of silence in the car, the car finally started.

Soon they were both home again, and the first thing Serena did when she went back inside was to take

off her shoes and run to the kitchen without even talking to Cristian.

If he had not walked so fast that he caused her pain somewhere, she would have frowned on the spot

and then her gait would have become awkward.

With what seemed to be fiery eyes staring at her, Serena didn't dare stop, but she endured the strange

sensation and went back to her usual self, walking into the kitchen and closing the door behind her.

Bang!

Cristian, standing in the hallway, watched the scene and unconsciously reached out to touch his nose at the sound of the kitchen door closing.

Why was he always under the illusion that the door had hit his nose when he was so far away?

Once the kitchen door closed, Serena finally felt a sense of freedom, and whatever she had just clung to collapsed at that moment, lightly touching her waist as she trudged forward.

Laying the bags on the table, Serena unpacked them one by one and put the ingredients in the refrigerator.

The only thing she did in the morning was go to check in, and at this point she had not even eaten breakfast.

It was too late to cook the porridge, so Serena decided to eat only the noodles.

Serena turned on the fire to boil the water and then pulled the noodles out of the bag, which she had just bought at the supermarket and to which she would simply add the toppings later.

Once the water boiled, Serena put the spaghetti in.

At that moment, however, the door jerked open and the sound of determined footsteps came from behind her.

Serena felt her heart skip a beat and quickly regained her composure.

A large hand encircled her waist, the tall man embraced her from behind, lowering his head to rest it gently on her shoulder, said in his rough voice, -Why didn't you sleep more in the morning before you left?

Serena was speechless.

Finally she couldn't resist asking.

Just as Serena was struggling with how to answer him, she felt a touch of warmth and softness on her neck.

Cristian's lips lightly kissed her neck and whispered, "I thought you'd be sorry.

What?

Serena thought she heard wrong.

She blinked at the thought, "How could I regret it?"

But thinking about it, after what happened last night, she left without a word early in the morning, which

made him worry.

If the person left had been herself, a soap opera would probably have been going on in her head.

Serena avoided his kiss and turned to ask, "What happened last night?"

A hostile look appeared under Cristian's eyes at the mention of last night's events and he did not

respond.

However, Serena asked somewhat hesitantly, "Didn't your grandfather tell you to come back last night..."

because...?"

Now she wondered how on earth he had been drugged, did Cristian's grandfather know too?

At her confused look, Cristian shook her hair from her cheeks and whispered: "Don't worry, I'll take care

of it.

"Before you left last night, you told me to wait for your return, and it's"

"And I didn't come back?" Cristian interrupted her: "I came back even though I was drugged, right?"

Serena looked at him for a long moment, biting her lip.

Even if the person was back, but with such a big thing happening, she would be worried too, right? And in a critical situation like last night, what would happen if he didn't come back? Then he wouldn't have been there....

Thinking about it, Serena said, -I don't see you coming back, unless it's Vittorio.

-I will definitely come back.

However, Cristian answered her firmly.

Serena froze.

-Even without Vittorio, I would have come back.

Serena looked at him dumbfounded, not expecting such a reaction from him. She did not say another word, and Cristian's hand caressed her cheek.

-You were very tired last night, so stay home and rest today and don't go to the office.

Chapter 876: Your sister-in-law is very shy.

Serena did not object because she shared that she could not go to work because of her current condition. Moreover, the doctor had already suggested that she stay in bed longer. If there were no signs of abortion, she probably would not have taken the fatigue she was feeling to heart. It was this that warned her to be more careful.

Therefore, Serena took the opportunity to ask Cristiane for a few more days of rest, telling her: -Well

Will you allow me to rest for a few more days?

Hearing this, Cristian could not help but frown and asked, -Are you really that tired?

Serena felt so embarrassed that she wanted to find some other excuse. However, he preceded her by

saying, "Seeing this, we will have to be more moderate.

Serena wanted to blame him, but gave up because she was surprised to see that the spaghetti was

boiling and spilling.

Immediately, she turned to put out the fire, and then began to chase Cristian out of the kitchen, saying,

"You go out first, I'll take care of the cleanup."

The two just ate spaghetti to fill their stomachs. When they finished eating, Cristian put down his bowl

and said, "I will ask a servant to come in the afternoon to take care of you.

-No need," said Serena.

-I need to go out to resolve last night's incident, you stay home, okay?

Serena replied, -Okay, be very careful. Take Vittorio with you if that's okay.

Although Vittorio seemed very careless, he was still very reliable when it came to something important, completely different from his womanizing appearance.

Speaking of Vittorio, Cristian could not help but take an extra look at Serena and asked:

-Are you the one who asked him to come here last night?

-Yes..." Serena avoided meeting his eyes because she felt afraid and uncomfortable, and explained in a very low voice, -I was very worried about you when you were late last night. While I couldn't go out, I thought I would call Vittorio and ask him to see how you were doing.

-It's fine," Cristian replied.

When he got into the car, Cristian called Vittorio on the phone.

Just then, Vittorio was anxiously waiting for his call. Although he had gone home last night, out of worry, he could not fall asleep until 12:30 in the morning.

When he woke up, he found that it was already dawn and the phone was lying quietly beside his pillow, without having rung for calls.

Vittorio's heart instantly broke at the thought that he had been worried for a long time last night, while the two ingrates had not called him to inform him of what had happened. Even more, Vittorio became

jealous when he remembered that Cristian was high on aphrodisiac the night before and was going to spend the night with Serena.

The more he thought about it, the more jealous he became. Just as Vittorio was about to go crazy with jealousy, the phone rang and he immediately answered the call.

-Cristian, you finally called me!

Cristian was driving on the viaduct when he heard Vittorio's screams on the other end of the phone. He frowned and said very calmly, -Shut up.

Vittorio immediately fell silent, and a few seconds later added, "Do you know how long I've been waiting for you? You got away with it last night, while I...poor thing...."

These words made Cristian frown even more. In an unpleasant tone Cristian interrupted him, saying,

"Don't talk about it anymore.

Vittorio asked, "Why?"

Cristian replied, 'Because your sister-in-law is very shy.

Vittorio blurted out, exclaiming, "Damn it!"

"I shouldn't try to answer this bastard's call..... I never imagined he would treat me like this, making me so jealous with his love affairs. How cruel to flaunt his romance to a poor bachelor! If I ever had the chance, I would leave him with unforgettable lessons," Vittorio thought.

There was traffic ahead, so Cristian slowed the car down and added in a low voice, "I'm getting ready to go back.

-Where, back to your house? Vittorio offered to follow Cristian because he was a witness to last night's accident. He was also quite convinced that the reason for Cristian's return at this time was because of what had happened last night. Otherwise, he would have already gone to the company.

This answer was exactly what Cristian wanted, so they agreed.

Vittorio immediately stood up and said as he put his clothes back on, "Let's be serious, it was Magdalena who drugged you last night, wasn't it?

Cristian answered nothing, but his eyes darkened in anger.

-She really is crazy to do something like that," Vittorio added.

Fearing he had gone too far, Cristian interrupted him, saying, -I'll see you later at my house.

Hearing the beep coming from the phone, Vittorio sat where he was and was stunned, while his eyes

were filled with a bitterness he could not hide.

Magdalena ... When he still did not know her well, he liked that girl very much.

He thought her name was really appropriate because, in his heart, she was as pure as white snow

falling from the sky, a noble and beautiful little thing. However, after that...

Phew, reality was really cruel.

Vittorio laughed at himself and told himself to stop thinking about it, because everyone had been wrong about people once when they were still young.

Thank goodness he finally met the real Magdalene behind the pretty face. He should feel lucky that he went to Magdalena that day, otherwise he would never have found out that she took him for such an unpleasant person. He stopped thinking, got ready, and then left the house.

*

At Calligaris's house

-Girl, everything will be all right. Don't cry...-Angelo stood by the bed and tried to comfort Magdalene

with his words, while she did not stop crying despite the fact that her forehead was wrapped in a thick

layer of gauze and her eyes were swollen from so much crying.

-Mr. Angelo was disturbed by her crying and turned to scold the family doctor standing beside him,

"How did you treat her wounds, why is she still crying?"

The doctor felt helpless at the sight and sighed, "Sir, I treated the young lady's wound. She is crying--

probably because--

-Why? -Mr. Angelo asked.

The doctor looked at Magdalene again, fearing that what he would say would affect her as much as

before when he had told her she would have a scar on her forehead.

However, Mr. Angelo's stern look forced him to pull it out again to give her an explanation, -The wound

on the lady's forehead ... can leave scars even after healing.

-What? -Angelo narrowed his eyes slightly and asked again to confirm what he had heard, -Will it leave

a scar?

When Magdalene heard this, her tears overflowed like a raging river.

Her cries echoed in the room as the doctor could only comfort her in a soft voice, "Miss, I understand.

All girls worry about their beauty, but don't feel desperate about the possible scar, because it can be

removed with surgery in the future.

Hearing this, Angelo quickly responded by saying, -It's true, girl, don't worry so much, now with advanced technology all kinds of scars can be repaired. If surgery is needed, I will find you the best hospital to make you as beautiful as before.

Magdalena was still crying, tugging at Angelo's sleeve with tears in her eyes as she said, "Grandpa, Cristian didn't like me before, if I get a scar this time, he will probably be even more disgusted to see me.

Chapter 877: If we don't blame him, who does?

At the mention of Cristian, Angelo became furious and said in an indignant voice, "Damn you!

Cristian has spent too much time with you, he has also hurt you so much. My child, don't worry, I will still defend you. If he really hurt you so much, he must take responsibility!

Hearing Angelo's words, Magdalene raised her hand to wipe away the tears at the corners of her eyes and pleaded, "Grandpa, can I stay here for a few more days? I'm afraid my brother and grandfather will find out...- She left suspense in a witty way.

Angelo hastened to reply, "Don't worry, don't worry about anything. My grandson is the culprit, so I take

responsibility. Be that as it may, I will never leave you alone to deal with this. Also, you are my grandson's future wife, so I will take care of communicating with your grandfather and brother.

-Thank you very much, Grandpa," Magdalene said and showed an innocent expression, but her eyes could not hide her foxy nature.

"Grandpa probably doesn't know yet that I drugged Cristian. Even if he knew, he won't admit it in any way, since that cup of tea was given to him by the maid in his house, with whom I connived and bribed her with a huge sum of money not to say anything until death. As for Cristian, since all this has already happened, he will not put it on the table. So, I just have to wait for the Calligaris family to take responsibility," he thought.

It was just then that there was a knock on the door.

-Who is it?" Angelo was in a bad mood, so his tone was unkind and impatient.

Dominic stopped at the door and respectfully answered Angelo: -Sir, Master Cristian is back.

At this, Magdalene's eyes lit up with joy. He had finally returned.

But soon Magdalene's expression changed to seriousness as she remembered what had happened last night, when she had given Cristian a powerful dose so that he could take advantage of the only

opportunity to have a relationship with Cristian.

However, she did not expect that Cristian would push her so hard that she would bang her head until she saw stars. When she regained consciousness and wanted to look for him, he had disappeared.

Cristian had been missing all night, and had not returned until this moment.

"Who would be the beneficiary who had a good night with my Cristian?" thought Magdalene as she clenched her fist angrily. In truth, she had never imagined that she had done others a great favor. But that didn't matter much anymore.

When Angelo heard that Cristian had returned, he jumped up and angrily exclaimed, "He still has the nerve to come back! I'm going to see what he wants.

-Grandfather,|| called Magdalene in a very tender voice, begging him to forgive Cristian, -Don't punish Cristian, it's just that you can't put all the blame on him.

-If we don't blame him, who else? Stay here and rest well, I am in charge of teaching him to behave well," Angelo replied angrily and left the room once these words were finished, and the doctor also told Magdalene to rest well and followed him out.

And Domenico, the butler who was following Angelo toward the stairs, as he was walking, heard Mr.

Angelo's order, "Domenico, bring me the family cane.

Domenico hesitated and said, "Sir, Master Cristian is a grown man, it is not appropriate to punish him

with the cane, is it?

Angelo was conservative and traditional, so his family continued to maintain order in the family with old-

fashioned punishments. When Angelo heard what he had said, he stopped and looked at Dominic with

disgust, saying, "What do you mean by that? Even though he is a grown man, he cannot escape

punishment after hurting Magdalene so much. In this way, he can remember the family rules well.

Hearing this, Dominic reached out his hand and touched his nose without realizing it, but then he could

not stop himself from saying something to defend Cristian, "Although Master Cristian has not spent

much time with us, it can be said that he does not seem like an impulsive person. Besides, Miss

Magdalena is a girl, it is not possible that Cristian mistreated her out of anger.

Domenico did not agree with Angelo's idea and did not believe Cristian would do that.

However, this was of no use because he was only a servant, an outsider in this case.

However, it is true, it was these outsiders who could see things more clearly than those involved. What was happening with Angelo demonstrated this idea perfectly. He still insisted on his ideas and was increasingly convinced that his nephew had gone too far with his behavior.

Thanks to Domenico's words, he had enlightened Angelo. He narrowed his eyes slightly and looked sternly at Domenico. Then he asked, "So what did you want to say?"

Domenico cleared his throat and added, "I suppose there may be some misunderstanding here. Sir, Cristian is your grandson whom you have found with great difficulty, and in no way do not hurt his feelings about certain things.

Angelo was speechless. It had to be acknowledged that Dominic, his longtime servant, had said something that greatly affected Angelo. At times he also realized that he was putting Cristian under pressure, and sooner or later his grandson would no longer be able to stand on his own two feet. But remembering the tragedy of Cristian's mother, Angelo did not think it was wrong for him to be more stubborn and heavy-handed to keep his grandson by his side forever.

Finally, he let out a sigh and said, "I understand.

That's enough, I stand by my opinions.

In the living room, Vittorio and Cristian had arrived a little before Domenico went to tell Angelo. And a little later he returned with Angelo.

Seeing the two slowly approaching, Cristian stood up. Suddenly, a blow fell on his shoulder after

Angelo raised his cane and struck his hand.

"Fuck!" thought Vittorio frightened, he didn't even have time to stop him for not reaching to see how

Angelo had hit Cristian with the stick. And that severe blow sounded quite loud.

Vittorio suddenly stood up and asked worriedly, "Cristian, are you okay?"

Domenico, who was behind Angelo, was also surprised, because he thought that what he had said just

now must be convincing for Angelo to change his mind and not punish Cristian.

"It seemed that Cristian had not tried to escape that blow. Otherwise he could have dodged with his agility," Domenico thought.

It was the truth, Cristian did not want to escape because he did not mind such a blow.

The only thing he did not want to do was to reject Angelo's decision: Cristian would have to commit to

Magdalena. A punch could help Angelo externalize anger, and that was also part of Cristian's plan,

since the conversation would be better after Angelo calmed down.

Angelo did not expect this, so he was stunned.

The blow with this stick was far from kind, he thought Cristian would dodge it, but.... Immediately, he

felt sorrow for the poor girl's suffering, but he did not show it but shouted seriously: -You brat, how dare

you come home after hurting Magdalene so badly?

Chapter 878: I think it is very unfair to her.

Vittorio, who was next door, heard this and narrowed his eyes to think, "Is Magdalena hurt? What

happened?" He looked at Cristian in front, and wanted to ask him. However, he still knew what he had

to do, so he hurriedly put the stick away and said to Angelo with a smile, "Grandpa, don't be so angry.

What if he gets hurt, who will take care of the business? As he said this, he put the stick down.

Hearing this, Angelo said angrily, 'Hurting him will be better for him, so he will understand how bad his

mistake was.

Vittorio was still smiling as he spoke, "Grandfather, even if he made a mistake, it would not be too late

to ask for clarification before punishing him. You beat him without giving him a chance, I also think it is

very unfair to him.

Hearing this, Angelo narrowed his eyes slightly and asked, "Do you feel unfair to him?" He put the stick

away and looked at Vittorio, then glanced at Cristian and huffed. He added, "Because while Magdalene is hurt, what do you have to feel unfair about?"

Vittorio half-closed his lips and glanced at Cristian, who remained expressionless on his face as if that blow had not hurt.

-Grandpa, do you know what happened last night? -Cristian asked.

At the mention of last night, Angelo immediately became furious and snapped at him, saying, -How is it possible that I don't know? I asked you to go see Magdalene, but I didn't expect you to disappear after leaving her injured," he said, and as he finished saying this, Angelo sat on one side and threw his cane at him with very obvious anger.

Seeing this situation, Cristian narrowed his eyes slightly and thought to himself, "It seems that Grandpa still doesn't know that I was drugged last night. If he found out that his beloved Magdalena was so evil and made such ugly and despicable plots just to achieve her unspoken goal, how would he feel?"

Thinking about this, Cristian sported a mysterious smile.

Coincidentally, that laugh was conceived by Angelo, who asked with annoyance, "What are you

laughing at?

Vittorio saw Cristian like this and began to think, "Shit! If I don't reveal the truth, I'm afraid it will be harder for Cristian to tell. At this crucial moment, Vittorio was glad he had followed him.

Then Vittorio stepped forward and approached Angelo and whispered, "Grandpa, you only know that Magdalena is hurt, but you don't know the hidden reasons behind it.

Angelo looked at Vittorio with much confusion and asked, "What reasons? Tell me, I am very curious to know what kind of reason could cause Cristian to hurt Magdalene like that.

Vittorio deliberated for a long time and looked at Cristian.

As he was planning what he was going to say, Cristian suddenly blurted out a surprised sentence.

-Grandfather, if Magdalena did something despicable and shameless, will you still force me to engage with her?

Angelo was irritated at these words, and he suddenly stood up, exclaiming, -What does this mean?

Clarify for me what this despicable and shameless thing means.

In truth, what Dominic had told him sounded reasonable and convincing, but he could find no reason to explain that Magdalene had done anything to make her nephew so crazy as to hurt her.

Cristian remained calm, his expression indifferent. He replied only half-heartedly, "Your grandson almost went to the hospital last night.

-What?

Angelo gritted his teeth and looked at him. Finally he turned to Vittorio to draw out the answer: -What the hell is going on here?

Vittorio was speechless at such a sudden question. He was still organizing his words, not having waited for Cristian to speak first, so he had no choice but to explain, saying, -Grandfather, what happened is this: although I was not on the spot, when I received Cristian outside the house, who was quite sick, he almost lost consciousness. As for the cause of his condition, I am sure there is no one else in this family but Magdalena who would have drugged him.

Since Vittorio had not expressed himself very clearly, Angelo caught only a few key points: had Cristian been drugged, was that why he had almost fallen unconscious, and then was he about to be hospitalized? However, this all seemed absurd to him, so he shouted, "What nonsense are you talking about? Do you mean that Magdalena wanted to hurt Cristian? How is that possible? You know that first

Magdalena did everything to take care of Cristian, how could she do such a thing?

Vittorio added, "Grandpa, I didn't say Magdalena wanted to hurt him, who said drugs must be poison?"

Seeing that Angelo still did not understand what he had drugged him with, Vittorio decided to reveal it through his form of questions.

Nevertheless, Angelo still did not understand, so he narrowed his eyes at Vittorio, and then at

Domenico, who was equally confused.

Within seconds, the intelligent Domenico understood everything by analyzing Magdalena's obsession with Cristian. The truth was that Domenico blushed at the thought that Magdalena had drugged Cristian with the aphrodisiac, and began to cough slightly, "Sir, I think I understood the drug Vittorio was talking about.

-What is it? Tell me clearly.

Domenico looked at Cristian's expressionless face, then explained: -As we know, Miss Magdalene has no evil intention to harm Cristian, but she is madly in love with him. If this drug is not poison, I am afraid it is Afro....

Angelo had never thought about it, because the Landi family seemed decent and elegant to him, and

that the children of that family would be as well. He thought it was impossible for Magdalena to have done something so despicable. Therefore he could not understand Vittorio even though he had done his best to make the allusion clearer. Finally, with Domenico, the butler's explanation and suggestion, Angelo was able to understand: was it an aphrodisiac?

Just thinking about it, Angelo could not help but show an unpleasant expression.

Cristian let out a very cold laugh and said, "You got the truth right.

So you can also understand that he suffered from his own badness when he was unconscious, so it's not unfair to put all the blame on me, is it?

Vittorio also echoed, "By the way, Grandpa, Cristian did everything to prevent him from getting away with it. What a will he had! That is rare for most people.

In my opinion, Magdalene is only paying for her misdeeds with her injury.

-Shut up,|| Angelo shouted at Vittorio and looked at him with disgust, -This is a matter between our family and Magdalena, why did you get involved?

Vittorio did not know what to say because he had never expected that he would become the target.

Immediately, he looked to Cristian for help.

Angelo was really stunned at that moment that he could not accept reality, and he could not believe at all that Magdalena could do such a thing. He had watched her grow up as a child, and she seemed caring. Moreover, she was kind and polite to the elderly, and had even taken special care to take care of Cristian when he was injured.

How could she do something so dirty?

She had drugged Cristian... what kind of person would have to be to do that?

Chapter 879: You say it all

The more he thought about it, the more absurd it seemed to him, so Angelo decided to reject the idea.

-It's impossible! I watched her grow up as a child, so I know her very well. It is impossible that she could have done something so despicable. Cristian, I doubt that you conspired with Vittorio. Is it to cheat a poor old man like me, and not commit yourself to Magdalene?

Vittorio replied, "Grandfather, how is it possible that we conspired to lie to you? It's about our honor and

reputation, how could I have told you if it wasn't the truth?

Just then Cristian gave a rather cold laugh and said to his grandfather: -I figured you wouldn't believe

us, so...-As he paused, two men with a bound maid entered.

Vittorio blinked and looked very confused by what he had seen, while Angelo understood all at once by recognizing the maid, who was in charge of serving tea. What had happened was that he had not expected his nephew to be so efficient in his actions.

The maid, who was escorted by two men dressed in black, was stunned to see everyone in the room and her face immediately paled. She then began to plead with those two men, saying, "Let me go ... let me go, I don't know anything." let me go, I don't know anything ...

Before she was asked about last night, her frantic reaction had already sold her. This convinced Angelo that what Cristian and Vittorio had said might be the truth: Magdalene had indeed done wrong.

However, Angelo feared that such dirt would come out, because the Landi family's reputation would probably be ruined by Maddalena.

Considering his close friendship with the Landi family, he could not stand by while Maddalena and her family's reputation was ruined. So, he decided to cover up the reality, wanting her to take it outside, and exclaimed, -What is all this noise? It's giving me a headache, take her outside now!

In everyone's impression, Angelo had never been so hard on the servants; he had always treated them

with respect, never with contempt. Right now, however, what he had let go in anger meant that he was panicking and doing everything he could to protect the reputation of the two families.

However, there was no way Cristian would let him get away with this, regardless of whether it was against his grandfather. He felt it was important to tell the truth, no matter what, because he was tired of taking the blame.

-Grandpa, there is no hurry here. We can listen patiently to what you say before we throw you out.

Angelo took a deep breath to calm himself and looked at Cristian. Just then, his gaze met Cristian's, and he was surprised to notice that he was so cold, he even felt that Cristian was not treating him like a grandfather.

Suddenly, what Dominic had said came back to him: do not break Cristian's heart. And that phrase echoed in Angelo's head as he could say nothing in the face of that look on Cristian's face.

He had always believed that he was doing what was best for his grandson, preventing him from following in his mother's footsteps, but... Why did it always end this way? He did not understand what was wrong with what he had done.

The maid stopped screaming innocently when she met Cristian's terrified gaze, then lowered her head without daring to make a sound.

At that moment, the silence was broken by Cristian's boisterous laughter, who then said, "Confess what you did last night, and tell us everything.

Although Cristian was turning to the servant, his gaze still lingered on Angelo, a gaze like a revealer that allowed no one to hide.

After listening to Cristian, the maid trembled with fear and collapsed on the floor because she felt no strength left in her legs. A moment later she raised her head and pleaded with Cristian through tears, "Please forgive me. I was too confused to make this mistake.

If she had known she would be caught, she would never have done it. Cristian really scared her, and one look from him was enough to defeat her. Remembering what she had done at tea for Cristian, she felt that death was already very close.

-Say more details,|| Vittorio saw that she was stalling, so he stepped forward and questioned her, -

What exactly did you do last night? How was the process? And who ordered you to do it? You say everything! If you get even one word wrong, you'll see!

-Enough!" cried Angelo, unable to bear it any longer. He was no fool, so the maid's words were clear enough for him to get his facts straight. It was simply because he did not accept that Magdalena was up to all this, and he was worried about the reality coming out.

-Grandfather, you are protecting Magdalena,|| Cristian scoffed, saying, -And I am not your grandson?

This interrogative question hit Angelo hard, whose pupils shrank slightly as he stared wordlessly at Cristian.

-I really am your nephew," Cristian added.

Angelo replied, -Of course, where did that question come from?

-If I am, then why are you protecting others while you don't care that your grandson is suffering,"

Cristian continued to ask, with a deep and serious look on his face.

Seeing such a look, Angelo knew that if he continued to help Magdalena instead of forcing Cristian to reveal the truth, Cristian would surely be disappointed by his grandfather's betrayal. So he decided to relent on this, saying, "Okay, continue your questioning.

Seeing Angelo give in, Cristian was pleased but maintained his usual indifference. As Vittorio took the

opportunity to intimidate the maid, shaking his fists, he continued, "Do you hear me? Say it now! If you were not a woman, I would have convinced you with my fists. Surely you don't feel like experiencing their strength, do you?"

Perhaps Vittorio's threat worked, and you could see that the maid was trembling with fear and didn't take a second to confess everything,-Well, well! It was-it was Miss Magdalena who paid me to do this,"

After saying this, her eyes suddenly turned red and her voice trembled, probably because she was about to break down. Then he added, "Last night I was about to serve tea to Mr. Angelo and Mr.

Cristian as usual, when Miss Magdalena suddenly appeared and gave me a package of medicine. She told me that she would pay me a lot of money if I would pour it into the tea for the master. With what she would give me, I could live worry-free with my whole family. Of course, I was worried about being found out, but the young lady encouraged me that this medicine was colorless and tasteless, that no one would notice.

Moreover, she promised me that as soon as I accomplished that mission, she would immediately instruct someone to send me away, and by then-no one would find me.

Who knew that Magdalena would fail and be injured without being able to give the order? In this way,

the person who would be assigned to help the servant girl escape would not be able to take her away before her arrest.

-I have said it all. I really regret being an accomplice. Please forgive me. For what I have served this family for so many years.

Angelo closed his eyes to calm himself, then let out a sigh.

Chapter 880: I would not be with any woman but her.

Angelo was shocked because it was beyond his imagination. He had never imagined Magdalene to be

so evil, so it took him a while to recover. Then he opened his eyes and warned everyone present, "Dirty laundry is washed at home." No one is allowed to divulge.

Vittorio understood the reason for what Angelo had said: the fact that Magdalene had done such a vile

thing would dishonor the two great families. However, what she had addressed to Cristian made him

wince: although it is a fact that she drugged you, you also hurt her face.

After hearing this, Cristian stood there like a statue, with cold stares and tight lips. What a gloomy

atmosphere! His thin lips were so tight together in anger that they turned pale. He was already

imagining what Angelo would say next.

Angelo paused to think once more, but finally added, "This way, we settle the score, right?"

Vittorio looked at him surprised, even butler Domenico was astonished, he did not expect that Angelo still had a preference for Magdalena. If the situation continued like this, it would have few positive consequences.

Angelo's words corresponded perfectly to what Cristian had sensed. Instead of being surprised like the others, he showed a mysterious but fleeting smile. He asked his grandfather very casually, "Then what? Don't tell me you still want him to engage with that harpy?"

Angelo frowned at him, but he had to admit that Cristian had hit the nail on the head. By virtue of that serious wound on Magdalene's forehead, he thought Cristian should make it up to her. Moreover, he did not want his nephew to be with Serena.

Seeing this, Vittorio couldn't take it anymore and stepped forward to advise: -Grandpa, you can't do this with Cristian. Magdalena doesn't deserve him....

Angelo interrupted him and looked at him with disgust, saying in a rough voice: -Vittorio, I just told you to mind your own business. This is a family matter that has nothing to do with you.

Vittorio fell silent. It seemed to him that those words were right. He had no reason to get involved. He

relented and said, "Okay, he's right, Grandpa. It's true that I don't want to be involved.

-Then why don't you leave?" said Angelo.

-But... -Vittorio rubbed his head and said nervously, "Cristian is my partner, I can't stand by and watch him suffer injustice.

-God! -Angelo was so angry that a profanity escaped him.

-Vittorio looked up at Cristian, looking at him in his usual way. In a second, Cristian added, -You go back first.

It had come to that, so there was no need to involve him further.

Vittorio was puzzled for a moment, and could only nod. Although his grandfather's words had broken his heart, the look on Cristian's face was quite comforting.

It seemed to him that coming here would be worth all the pain. Then he left, while Angelo watched him until he was completely out of sight. Until then, he started to turn Vittorio green, saying, "This guy is always going around, and he has a bad reputation, so you should keep your distance from him.

Cristian turned deaf and did not respond to his "good" advice. He looked at him with disgust.

Angelo saw him like that and felt offended. Then he seriously shouted, "Do you hear me?"

Finally, Cristian couldn't take it anymore and began to complain, "You force me to marry for your taste, and you also took away my right to decide who to befriend."

Angelo became so angry that he wanted to scold him with expletives, but he gave up because there were so many people in the room. He then made a sign to signal the two men to take the maid outside.

Since the maid had already confessed everything, Cristian nodded. Soon there were only three people left.

Dominic stood quietly on the sidelines, feeling helpless in the face of such dramatic theater: Magdalene had drugged Cristian, but Cristian had managed to reveal the truth by capturing the maid, leaving Angelo humiliated. The struggle against one's own grandfather turned out to be a very emotional drama.

-Now that the others are gone, I must say something so that you have a very clear idea.

Our family has always maintained a good friendship with the Landi family. The fact that Magdalena did this and that to you is surely due to her anger that you provoked by your stubborn refusal to compromise. If she had accepted it, she would never have risked drugging you.

He gave a deep sigh and sat down. Then he lowered his voice to advise Cristian, saying, "I know you don't like it, but love grows with time. First, make a commitment to her, and soon the two of you will get along. In this way, the two families will become even closer, and this will benefit everyone.

Cristian looked up only to see his grandfather. He kept his mouth shut and said nothing. His silence made Angelo believe that his words had killed Cristian's desire to talk. So he changed the subject and asked, "Last night, where did you go?"

He had better not talk about it because Cristian's reaction almost gave him a heart attack.

Instead of answering him, Cristian asked a question: -Grandpa, do you have any other ideas about this?

-This question as if it were a lid covering Angelo's mouth.

Then he added: -Grandpa, you are absolutely right. She drugged me and got hurt because of me, so now be at peace. But-

-He paused before continuing, giving her a somewhat mocking look, "I'm not a doctor, so I'm not good at removing the scar on her forehead. There's no way I'm interested in a snake that drugged me, let

alone engaging with that.

-My God," Angelo was so angry he gritted his teeth, "You're stubborn!

-Aha?" laughed Cristian, who was surprisingly calm, "How about you?

-Angelo jumped up from the couch and threw his stick at Cristian, who saved himself by stepping back.

Then Cristian said, "At first, I let him hit me, because I wanted to show him that I would not be with any

woman but Serena.

Angelo wanted to go ahead and hit him again, but he was stopped by Dominic, who said, "Sir, don't be

angry, calm down! That blow was strong enough to hurt Master Cristian, do you want to cripple him

with more blows?

-I still have business matters to resolve.

I'm going," Cristian said, then left without looking back.

-Damn it, come back!" ordered Angelo.