

Virginity 1331

Chapter 1331 - Drunk beyond belief

Since he is just a friend, then there is no way something like: I treat you as a friend and you really try to sleep with me.

"I'm not going to argue with you, however you say it now, later when you really like it, then it will be a good show and I will surely wait for you to slap yourself."

"Doria, you want my death!"

"Hehehe, I don't want to! Let's go to the bar tonight!"

"..... Yes,go!"

Samantha roared and hung up Doria's phone, then stood angry on the spot, staring at him with her arms crossed.

So so she is in love with Luca? Was that why?

Samantha put down the phone and went to the kitchen to prepare lunch.

When Luca came out of work at lunchtime, he saw Samantha huffing and puffing at him, setting her bowl and fork on the table with such force that it made noise.

Luca frowned, "Who made you angry?"

He was answered with a blank stare by Samantha, "No, who would make me angry?"

Luke: "....."

He raised an eyebrow, "Problems with the script?"

She had been in quite a good mood since she moved in, and although the two of them didn't like each other, she hadn't lost her composure like today, so Luca thought about his work.

When Samantha heard this, she immediately became angry and said, "Why do you ask?"

Are you so worried about my work?"

Luca meant that I was just asking a casual question.

Samantha added, "That's not why you're asking!"

"Then what is it?"

"Will you stop asking?"

Samantha suddenly looked at Luca in front of her a little annoyed and thought about what Doria had said and the whole thing had gone wrong.

She had been thinking about it since morning when she had brought him into the room.

And then to think that now, Samantha had not really forgotten him and her mind had been in turmoil.

She felt that she must have been affected by Luca.

So what was troubling her now was why she was the way she was.

Luca did not know what was wrong with Samantha, obviously the two had not spoken in the morning.

She had slept tightly when he had taken her to her room; she had not even woken up.

He had no reason to disturb her sleep, so what was the reason for her anger?

She did not say, and Luca did not disturb her again.

After that, Samantha waited for Luca to leave and simply opened the drama app and began reviewing

the entertaining hit variety. It took her the whole afternoon to gradually forget the matter concerning

Luca and finally put herself in the right mood.

But she thought it was better not to see Luca for a while, so she sent a message to Luca saying that

she had something to do tonight, so she would not cook for him and asked him to take care of it

outside, and then she called Doria.

Doria was smiling when she got the call, "You finally remembered me?"

"Do you want to go out with me tonight?"

"Yes!" Samantha replied, "I'm going out with my friend tonight, I've been too cooped up lately and I need to relax once in a while."

So the two returned to the same bar as before.

The reason they had not changed venues was that Doria's boyfriend was the bar's resident singer, although it was not known how long he would be there, but at least he had been for the past few months.

So Doria frequented that bar.

As usual, Doria went off to see her man, while Samantha went to the bar for a drink alone.

The bartender was the same as last time, looked behind Samantha and asked in a low voice, "Girl, isn't your boyfriend here with you?"

At that point, Samantha said gruffly, "Who told you he's my boyfriend?"

The barman blinked, "Isn't he?"

It was obvious that the barman had misunderstood her relationship with Luca-after all, last time

Samantha had told him to his face that she didn't know Luca, but then ended up admitting she did and

taking Luca away.

The two met again later and sat together again.

So the barman always thought the young couple was quite good at atmosphere and flirting.

Samantha saw the look on his face and knew he wouldn't believe her if she explained more, so he

didn't explain more and just said, "I'll have the same as last time."

"Okay."

After that she remained silent and drank her drink alone.

The barman noticed that she was not in a good mood this evening, so he approached her and asked,

"Did you have a fight with your boyfriend?"

Samantha found this a little funny to hear-she didn't even have a boyfriend, so how could she argue?

But she was too lazy to explain and could only nod her head.

"Did you really have a fight? So you're drinking away your sorrows?"

"Yes, you are right about everything." Samantha choked down her drink in one gulp and said drunkenly,

"Bring me another."

Bartender: "..... You'll get drunk easy if you drink like that."

Samantha looked at him with her hand on her chin, "How is that possible? I didn't get drunk last time.

Besides, you know I'm here to drink my sorrows, so I'll drink as much as I want."

"Fine." The customer had asked for something and he had to do it.

When Doria came back to talk to Samantha, Samantha was already having trouble talking, she said

something to the east and Samantha answered to the west, Doria said something to the left and

Samantha gave her something to the right. "Did you give her all the drinks?"

The bartender shrugged his shoulders innocently, "It's none of my business, I indulge customers'

requests.

Doria said nothing more, but looked at Samantha and asked, "Samantha, are you okay? How can I feel

comfortable with this?"

Samantha narrowed her eyes, "Doria what are you doing here?"

Doria: "....."

Come on, now she didn't even know why she is here, Doria wanted to hit her when she heard her.

"I'm here to get the man, what do you think I'm doing here? He's really drunk as hell."

The barman approached her and spoke mysteriously, "Your friend had a fight with her boyfriend. Why don't you call her boyfriend and ask him to come over?"

Doria was about to retort that Samantha did not have a boyfriend, but when she looked at how drunk Samantha was and thought about what she had said during the day, she thought it made sense.

So he narrowed his eyes at the bartender, "How do you know she had a fight? Did she tell you?"

The bartender nodded honestly.

Feeling like she was on to something, Doria did not speak to Samantha again, only persuaded her to sit in the chair and went to get her phone.

Chapter 1332-Bringing her back

She scanned Samantha's address book, found Luca's contact information and called him immediately.

When Doria came back, Samantha was on the bar shouting to the barman, "One more, one more, it's good"

The barman looked at Doria with a sad face, "Your friend needs another drink, should I give it to her?"

Doria thought about the phone call and then looked at Samantha's face, then nodded, "Give it to her."

The barman had to give Samantha another glass of wine.

Samantha held her drink and drank it obediently, without making any noise.

Before Luca's arrival, Doria felt she could not go anywhere and simply stood by Samantha's side and watched over her.

She shook her head helplessly as she watched Samantha drink.

Why did this person drink as if she were drinking mk

"Samantha," Doria's tone became softer, "I'm telling you this is the last glass of wine, so finish it and go home, okay?"

Samantha was so absorbed in her drink that she did not respond or reply, and wondered if she had heard his words.

Doria could only shake her head, then patted Samantha's shoulder and continued softly, "After this, no more drinks."

As soon as the words left her mouth, Samantha suddenly tilted her head back and drained her drink, then looked up at Doria with a red face and an innocent look on her face and asked, "What did you just say?"

"....."

So much that I want to punch someone!

The corners of Doria's mouth twitched, "I said you can't drink anymore and if you do I'll sell you! You heard me!"

With this last comment, Doria suddenly became fierce and looked menacing.

Samantha was taken aback and looked at her in sence for a long moment, then obediently threw herself on the counter and wrinkled her lips, "Okay then, no more drinks."

Doria was surprised that she was so obedient, but she quickly responded by reaching out and stroking the back of Samantha's neck as she said, "Good, Samantha, Samantha is the most obedient, now stay here unt someone comes to get you, and then go home and have a good sleep."

"Good, okay" Samantha actually obeyed and sat on the bar and waited.

The bar boy looked on in amazement, after all Samantha had acted very rough before, wearing a loose T-shirt and then a wide pair of pants, not at all girlish.

Then she took Luca away with her bare hands, and the barman kept thinking she was an extremely rough woman.

Oh, the kind of woman with a pretty face but a heart of steel.

I didn't realize there was such a good side to her. The barman blinked, stared at Samantha intently, and then covered his heart.

Ouch, how does one feel a little broken?

This kind of contrasting girl was more to his liking, ah.

"What are you doing?" Just as the bar boy was gaining courage, Doria put her arms in front of him and stared at him with a fierce expression, in the manner of an old mother protecting her chicken.

"Ahem" the bar boy came to his senses before realizing what he had just done and rubbed his nose in embarrassment before saying, "Nothing."

Doria huffed, "Don't tease me, do you have a crush on our Samantha? I tell you that our Samantha is already engaged, you are not allowed to hit on her, or I'll take your arm off, do you understand?"

Barman: ""

She wanted to cry, what had she done wrong?

Why did this seemingly kind girl have such a cruel side?

And why was he always the one to get hurt!

Samantha had fallen asleep on the bar when Luca arrived, and Doria saw him and waved vigorously at him.

Seeing the familiar figure, Luca walked over to him with his long legs.

"Great, you're finally here." Doria breathed a huge sigh of relief when she saw Luca, then pointed to Samantha and said, "She's drunk and I can't afford to take her back as a girlfriend, and I heard she's staying at your house now, so would that bother you?"

Hearing this, Luca frowned slightly, was this girl telling others everything?

But the girl in front of her had familiar eyebrows, she seemed to be the same girl who was with

Samantha, and the two must have had a particularly good relationship.

If that was the case, then it was not surprising that she was the one telling her everything.

Thinking about it, Luca's thin lips pursed ajar before he nodded, "Well, what about you?"

"Me?" Doria froze for a moment, then smiled, "I have other things to do, so I'll leave Samantha to you~

I'm leaving now."

After saying this, Doria immediately disappeared from their sight.

Luca wanted to say something but it was too late, in fact he didn't know why Doria had made him call

when it was obvious that those two were best friends.

Was she so drunk that she should not have called her family?

And Luca was neither her boyfriend nor her nobody, so it was quite a surprise for Luca when he got her call.

But he came anyway.

It was not safe for a girl to be drunk in a bar.

Thinking about it, Luca walked over and elbowed Samantha's shoulder, "Get up, let's go home."

His voice was cold and harsh, sounding devoid of warmth. The bar boy blinked again when he saw that scene beside him, thinking of Samantha's naive look just now, and he also wondered if he had been in a fight, he surely would not be so cold to her right now.

If he had been a man, he would have grabbed her and gone straight home!

Why push his shoulders?

When Samantha did not respond, Luca reached out his hand and pushed again, "Get up."

Samantha was pushed twice and looked up with some displeasure, staring at the man next to her.

It was also at this point that Luca took a good look at Samantha.

When she opened her eyes, they were all red, and not only that, her cheeks, neck, and ears were all red as well.

"....."

How much did she drink? Luke's mind was speechless and his forehead wrinkled as he looked at Samantha with some displeasure.

He expected her to get up, but who knew Samantha only looked at him for a moment, then slumped down again.

The boy at the bar finally couldn't take it anymore and approached directly with a scuffle, "Young I have to remind you of a word haha, your girl drank too much tonight, you made her get up, I think she won't leave even if she gets up, why don't you take her back? "

He swore he was really suggesting it because he couldn't stand it, but he didn't expect Luca's hard stare to come at him as soon as the words left his mouth.

Startled, the barman immediately waved his hand and said, "You can forget I said anything."

With that, he turned and went to serve the other customers.

Luke simply reached out and grabbed Samantha's arm, taking her in his arms.

Chapter 1333 - You've been watching too many dramas.

Samantha, who had slept well, was suddenly grabbed and was so stunned that she immediately

huffed, "Who is it? Let me go!"

Her voice was full of midair, not a trace of drunkenness could be heard.

If not for her already red cheeks and neck, it would have been impossible to tell that she had been

drinking.

The more Luke looked at her, the angrier she became, the stronger his grip on her arm became, almost

crushing her, "You're a girl, don't you know how to measure yourself when you come to a bar to drink?

Do you want to drink so much that you can be picked up by others?"

I don't know how many incidents of picking up bodies in bars have happened.

It's okay to have a night of love, some people wake up and lose their organs and life.

She was a girl, did she not know how to take care of herself?

Luke was so angry with her that his brain hurt and his temples throbbed, so he squeezed his hand on

Samantha's arm harder and harder.

Until Samantha could take it no longer and choked, "It hurts"

Only then did Luca come to his senses and let go of his grip on her.

Samantha looked at him pitifully, her mouth deflated, "Why are you so aggressive? I just like to drink,

what do you care? Let go of me, duck."

Luke: "....."

The Samantha in front of him suddenly turned into a small woman, not only her expression but also her

tone of voice became like a pouting child.

It was obvious that one moment she was fierce, but the next moment she was condescending?

Luca was confused by her reaction, but he knew very well that the most important thing at that moment

was to take her home first.

So Luca said nothing more to her and said coldly and stiffly, "Let's go back."

The place was too messy and not a good place to talk.

Luca pulled Samantha out, but Samantha did not want to move her feet at all, staying there and not

wanting to leave, even ending up with her arm around the chair next to the bar.

"What do you want? Do you want to stay here and keep drinking?"

Samantha said nothing, huddling there with her arms around the chair for a long moment before

looking up and staring slyly at Luca.

"I want you to carry me."

Luca: "?"

For a moment he thought he heard wrong.

"What did you say?"

Samantha seriously emphasized, "Carry me."

Then, lowering her head, she said pitifully, "I'm so dizzy I can't walk."

When the bartender heard this, he could barely contain his laughter. She had already advised Luca to

carry her, but he did not listen. The girl herself had asked for it, and look how embarrassed he was to

refuse?

Luca looked at Samantha seriously for a moment, thinking that she was probably too drunk to know

what he was talking about, and that she was probably really uncomfortable with that blush.

Thinking this, he half-open his thin lips and walked over to Samantha, squatting down in front of her.

"Let me carry you on my shoulders, okay?"

"Shoulders?"

Samantha looked at him with a new expression on her face when she heard the word, "Not on my shoulders?"

"You will be more comfortable if you carry yourself back, and you can rest on my shoulder and relax."

"Wow." Samantha seemed quite pleased with what she had heard, and nodded with a sweet smile, "All right then, you can carry me on your shoulders!"

Then she opened her arms toward Luca.

The girl's face was clean and white in the glow of the light, her cheeks and neck tinged with powder, and her eyes were slightly confused as she opened her hands toward him.

Luke was stunned for a moment, then afterward he had turned his back to Samantha.

Samantha saw his broad shoulders and without any hesitation stood up and launched herself at him, a little too hard, so to speak, hitting Luca's back.

Luca was almost thrown forward by the impact and leaned his hands on the ground to steady himself.

He grunted, how strong that girl had been, hitting him so unexpectedly that if it had not been so strong,

both of them would have already been on the ground.

"Get up, get up!!!"

As soon as Samantha was on his back, she stretched her arms around Luca's neck with such force

that it felt like she was about to break Luca's neck, making him almost unable to get up.

Luca squatted down, took her hand and said in a deep voice, "Don't hug so hard, I can't breathe."

At his words, Samantha resentfully hugged him a little tighter, Luca almost lost his breath, this girl is

really

He gritted his teeth and said, "Do you stl want me to get up?"

Samantha blinked innocently, "Can't you stand up if you're strangled?"

"You tell me. Let go and the grip!"

Yes."

Samantha mercifully left her hand to his ferocity.

Luke: "..... I'm asking you to let go a little, not take your hands off, and if you fall like that."

Then Samantha wrapped her arms around him again, this time stl tight, but not as tight as before, to

the point where she could still breathe, so Luca said nothing more this time, straightened up to support Samantha on her feet, and then headed out.

Samantha, who was on top of him, smothered and wrapped her arms around Luca's neck, shouting "Let's go" as her legs wobbled every which way.

Although she was light enough for Luca to carry or hold her without any pressure, it was easy for Luca to lose his balance with her arms wrapped around his neck and her legs wobbling, so Luca had to stop her as she walked quickly outside.

As she walked out of the bar, a cold breeze blew and Samantha immediately hugged Luca very tightly as she shouted, "It's freezing!

I want heat! Warm air!"

Luca: "....."

He looked back a little breathlessly, "It's not like this is the north, and besides it's not very cold now, what do you need heat for?"

"I don't care!" Samantha shouted as she made a scene on his back, "I want heat, I'm cold!"

Her voice was so loud that it caused passersby to look over their shoulders!

"If you don't warm me up, then you are abusing me! Wooooooooooooooooooooo"

Luke did not care for her and continued on his way, pushing her into the car when he got to the parking lot and then peeking inside to buckle her in.

Who knows as soon as the seat belt was fastened, Samantha took his hand and looked at him with a sad face, "Your Majesty, what are you going to do to my concubine, Your Majesty?"

Luke's hand trembled and he looked up to look at her.

Samantha's eyes were tinged with tears, "Your Majesty wants to tie up my concubine and send her to the cold palace? What have I done wrong? You tell me, I will definitely change, okay?"

"....."

Luke's throat rolled up and he pushed his hand away, "Have you watched too many dramas?"

"Your Majesty! Please tell my concubine!"

Samantha clung to his arm for dear life, not letting go, "Otherwise I will never let Your Majesty leave today, even if I have to die to make it clear."

Facing such a crazy Samantha, Luke was really helpless, he did not know she was so drunk, if he had

known she was like that, he would not have gone to get her back.

Chapter 1334 No making noise

"Let go."

Luca said in a cold voice.

Samantha's eyes fled with tears, "Does His Majesty not love my concubine? Your Majesty does not

despise me, okay? How about I change my body for you?"

Do you think you are Ultraman?

Luke cupped her chin and said in a low voice, "Samantha, I don't care if you are drunk or what, if you

keep acting like this, I will leave you on the road and leave you alone, believe me."

He approached her, only to show her his grimace, and Samantha, obviously frightened by his sudden

approach, froze in place.

Luke thought she had heard him clearly and was about to back away when Samantha's hands

suddenly wrapped around his neck and kissed him.

The soft lips collided with the liquor in them with such force that they knocked Luca off his feet and he

did not react for a long time.

When he did react, he was about to push Samantha away when Samantha pulled away herself, and

then her eyes looked straight into his eyes.

"Your Majesty, don't leave me behind, I know I was wrong~"

Luke: "....."

Dare I say she suddenly kissed just now because she heard those words he threatened, then?

But Luca frowned fiercely, just now she came close and kissed him, their lips were in front of each other.

When the two had gone to his house, she had kissed him, but then she had kissed the corners of his lips, not like now.

This woman was a terrible drinker, and Luca was thinking about what he would do to her.

Samantha's eyes blinked again and her long lashes were like two little fans, "Your Majesty is sent, are you stl angry with me?"

Then may I kiss you again?"

"I"

Without finishing a sentence, Samantha abruptly approached again and gently kissed the corner of

Luca's mouth, her eyes shining, as if she wanted to ask for a reward.

Luca leaned down, his eyes burning as he stared into Samantha's grasp, his tone a little hoarse, "Do you know what you're doing?"

Samantha blinked, her eyes purely innocent.

"Doesn't the emperor like it?"

Samantha's gaze was soft and charming, a soft charm that had never been there before was on full display at this moment, a completely unexpected her.

"So what does Your Majesty like about my concubine? May I kiss you again"

Her voice was getting lower and lower, her red lips were getting closer and closer to Luca's thin lips, and Luca felt his heart pounding, as if it were about to explode.

Just as Samantha was about to brush her lips once more, Luca pulled back in time and abruptly turned his head.

Samantha's soft lips imprinted on his cheek, and before his stunned face could react, Luca got out of the car and slammed the door with a bang.

Samantha's expression immediately became agitated and she leaned over the car window shouting

something at Luca.

Luca went around the other side and got into the driver's seat. Samantha, who had a look of panic on her face, saw him coming back and immediately jumped and took his hand, "Then Your Majesty don't leave me behind, I was so scared just now."

Luke: "....."

He gave Samantha a breathless look, reached out his hand and squeezed his temples, he thought he should just move the TV when he came back this time, to save this woman from watching too many serials, this time it was a court battle, next time there might be demons or devils.

He pressed Samantha's hand and said coldly, "Sit down."

Samantha looked at him pitifully.

"If you don't sit still, I will throw you down."

Samantha still looked at him pitifully.

Luca half-closed his lips and wondered if his mind could simply be not listening right now, and thought of a different phrase: "If you don't sit still, you will be thrown into the cold."

Sure enough, after Samantha heard these words, a flash of horror flashed in her eyes and she hurried to pull back her hands and find a suitable sitting position.

Sure enough, she heard Luca now finally realized that her line of thinking was not at all on the same page as his.

But soon Luca realized what he had said and put his head down, not realizing that in fact he too had been poisoned.

Fortunately, for the rest of the trip, Samantha was quiet and did not let loose or joke more, and she arrived home in peace and quiet.

As soon as she got out of the car, however, Samantha trotted to Luca's side and, without saying a word, threw her arms around his neck.

Luca looked down at her.

Samantha also looked at him, pitiful and helpless.

The two looked at each other for a moment, Luca seemed to give up resistance and led her upstairs.

Probably because her remark earlier in the car had startled Samantha, she was very good later,

watching Luca's movements lighten as he entered, and tting her head to look at the accessories in the

house as she changed her shoes, as if she were another person.

Because he smelled of alcohol and Luca himself was sweating from all the tossing and turning he had just done, Luca thought about taking a shower and changing his clothes.

But then he looked at Samantha, who was sitting straight up on the couch when he entered the room, and was a little helpless. He had not prepared her room here in the first place, and she would not even sleep here in the future, Luke never had guests, so there was no guest room prepared either.

That's why he had taken her to his room to sleep in the morning.

He knew where his home was, but what if Samantha came looking for him again the next day if he brought her home so late?

Luca approached her, half-open his lips and said, "I'm going to take a bath, you sit here, drink some water if you're thirsty, sleep here if you're sleepy, and don't run around, okay?"

Samantha nodded obediently, "Yes, Your Majesty~"

Luca: "....."

Here we go again, but Luca phantomly responded with, "If you run around, you wll be put in the cold."

Once in the bathroom, Luca looked at himself in the mirror and laughed bitterly.

Luca, Luca, why were you brought up to be so childish? How can you say something like "leave you in the cold"?

Luca thought no more about it, because he knew Samantha would behave herself, so he took a shower before leaving.

Sure enough, Samantha stayed there after he went out and obediently sat down, although she apparently remained in the same sitting position as before and made no other movements.

It seemed that now she was really treating herself as a "concubine" and him as an "emperor."

Seeing Luke leave, Samantha gave a deceptive look of approval, but Luke ignored her and went to the kitchen to pour her a glass of water and handed it to her, "Drink."

"Yes." Samantha dutifully took the glass of water and then tilted her head back to drink it.

"How do you feel?" Luke asked, how could she be so good after drinking so much and her whole face was red? How come she didn't even fidget?

Chapter 1335 What's going on

However, Luke was wrong, Samantha was just having a crisis, only she was having a crisis in a different way.

Unlike some people who get drunk and vomit and cry or scream or whatever.

Samantha's drinking is such that she doesn't cry or make a scene, as long as it's the right spot for her.

So when Luke asked her if she felt uncomfortable, Samantha even had a shy expression on her face

and said softly, "Your Majesty, don't worry about me, I'm just having a small drink, it's not a problem."

"....."

This was indeed an addiction to acting.

Luca surely wouldn't let her take a bath at this hour, there was no telling what that girl would do, so she

could only go back to her room and tidy up a bit, then pull out the bed out.

"The room is yours, now be a good girl and go inside to sleep."

At this point, Samantha blinked, "What about the emperor?"

Luke pointed to the couch where she was sitting, so Samantha got up and entered the room, Luke

thought she was going to bed so he put the sheets and plows on the couch ready to lie down, just as

he did Samantha came back in.

"Your Majesty, you gave your bed to my concubine and you are here yourself oooh, I am so

moved."

Samantha said as she squatted next to Luca, holding Luca's hand and saying with tear-fled eyes, "I

want to be here with you."

Luca's scalp tingled at her words, so he took her arm in his hand and sat up, taking her in his arms and

walking toward the room.

Before Samantha knew it, she was placed on the soft bed and Luca said gruffly, "Sleep here and never

come out again."

So fiercely that Samantha blinked softly and then fell sent again.

"All right then, His Majesty take care of her, I wl rest for now."

After settling Samantha down, Luke finally breathed a sigh of relief and went to bed.

However, after lying down, Luca could not fall asleep, because this couch was the one Samantha had

used and she had specially moved it from her house, so after lying down the breath between them

seemed to be fled with the sweet and fresh scent of a woman, nothing like the kind of smell Luca

usually smelled when he slept.

He frowned slightly, very uncomfortable with this, but it was not very bothersome.

So in the end, Luca slowly fell asleep in this uncomfortable environment.

The next day

Samantha awoke with a throbbing headache that felt like it was about to explode, the features almost wrinkled on her little face as she sat with her head covered.

When she saw her surroundings, Samantha froze for a moment and quickly tried to figure out where she was.

She had been here once before when she woke up, and last night she had gone drinking and then seemed to have accidentally had too much to drink, and then she could not remember anything after that.

At that thought, Samantha shook her head and pulled the covers off.

There was nothing wrong with the dress she had worn yesterday.

Lucky, lucky she was so drunk yesterday that she couldn't remember anything now, so it was better that nothing had happened.

With this in mind, Samantha lifted the covers and tiptoed off the floor, then headed outside barefoot.

Although she did not remember anything after drinking, she did remember what had happened before drinking, and she clearly remembered that she had gone with Doria, but how had she come back afterwards? How had she come back and slept in Luca's room?

Did Doria bring her back? But why didn't send her back to her home?

Or was it

It seemed the only way to solve the mystery was to go outside.

When she opened the door, Samantha smelled the aroma of food and was a little surprised that Luca knew how to cook. So she headed for the kitchen and sure enough she saw Luca in the kitchen.

He was preparing breakfast, he was cooking noodles, the simplest kind, just noodles in a broth and chicken soup.

Probably seeing her, Luca cast a glance at her and their eyes met in the air, and Samantha unconsciously stretched her arms around his body, "What?"

"Are you waking up from your nap?"

As she asked, Luke cracked another egg, "Go wash up and have breakfast later."

Samantha couldn't help but stand on tiptoe and look at the eggs in her pot, her expression depressed

as she asked, "You made breakfast, can you eat it?"

Luca cast her a glance, "You'll see if it's edible, or if you don't want to do it yourself."

Samantha was so tired and had a headache, how could she be in the mood to cook? So she gave up the idea and went to wash up.

After Luca had brought spaghetti and eggs to the table, Samantha sat down and sighed helplessly,

"That's not how you used to settle when you lived alone, is it?"

"What's the problem?" Luke asked rhetorically.

Samantha pointed to what was in front of her, "A bowl of noodles in clear soup and a fried egg, your breakfast is not rich and nutritious at all."

"What's the point of being rich and nutritious when you're just fling your stomach?"

Luca overwhelmed her, "Do you think everyone is like you?"

This last remark made Samantha uncomfortable and she raised her eyebrows, "What do you mean?

Everyone is like me?"

"Do you think everyone is a foodie like you?" Luca had not finished his sentence, so Samantha had

somewhat misunderstood.

Now that Luca had finished his sentence, Samantha immediately stared at him, "Who's a foodie? I'm just enjoying the food, you know?"

Luca did not bother talking to her and looked down to eat because he had to get ready for the office.

When Samantha saw that he had stopped talking, she picked up the bowl and took a sip of the soup.

She had thought it was inedible, but it tasted good.

But Samantha didn't feel like eating right now; she wanted to know how she got back last night.

But she certainly didn't want to ask right away, so she took a few sips of soup and a few more noodles in front of Luca before looking up and pretending to casually ask, "That looks like I drank too much last night.~"

Luca ate quickly, his bowl was already half-empty of noodles when Samantha's was still full, he scrutinized his bowl and then looked at hers, and when he heard her question, he looked up.

"Don't you know yourself whether you are drunk or not? Is the food not good enough for your taste?"

"No no!" Samantha hastily waved her hand, "It's quite delicious, I just have a little headache, so I don't have much appetite, you cooked it quite well. By the way, Wasn't I terribly drunk last night?"

"You think so?"

Luca asked again in return.

It wasn't bad, he thought.

It was like a woman who had gone too deep into the drama.

She could not remember what had happened last night, and after Luca had said this, she felt sure she had been embarrassed last night.

Chapter 1336 - Peeing on him?

But she was too embarrassed to ask directly, so she had to keep going in sideways.

"Tell me straight: am I drunk off my ass? Or maybe I said some nonsense or did something strange?"

Samantha asked this last question very clearly, and she felt that Luca would clarify it.

And indeed Luca had not expected her to ask about herself at first, thinking that she had come to him

to apologize because she was embarrassed, but now what?

Luca stopped eating and gave her a deep look.

"You seem to have forgotten all about last night?"

Samantha froze for a moment, then replied with a smile, "No no, where did I forget, I just wanted to ask your opinion, so I asked."

Oh Luke gave a low laugh and continued to eat with his head down, not answering her question at all

.

"Say something."

"Hey say something!" Samantha extended her arm to push him, "Can't you just eat breakfast? I'm asking you a question, give me an answer!"

Luke raised his head and looked at her seriously, "Samantha, I think you'd better not drink alcohol in the future."

After saying this, he tilted his head as if he was thinking hard, and when he had finished he added,

"The average person can't take it?"

What?

Samantha's whole body froze.

The average person couldn't take it?

What did that mean? Did it mean that she had made a fool of herself last night? How had she been last night?

Had she thrown up? Did she go crazy? Singing? Or hugging Luca and pulling at his clothes?

Samantha could not accept any of this.

She tightened her grip on Luca's sleeve and wouldn't let go.

"What do you mean the average person can't take it? What did I do last night?"

Luca looked at her, his eyes and expression were very confused, it seemed like he really didn't know what had happened last night, it seemed like he had really forgotten everything about last night.

This was something Luca was quite amazed at, how could she forget everything and not remember a single thing when it was obviously something she herself had done?

"What do you say?" Samantha saw that he was just staring at her, but did not say a word, so she became even more anxious and continued to shake Luca's arm.

"Is it true that you can't remember anything?" Luca asked.

Samantha shook her head, "I really can't remember, if I could remember, why would I ask you?"

"You can't remember?" Luca's thin lips frowned slightly, "If you can't remember then don't think about it,

it's not good for you."

Luca stood up and patted Samantha's shoulder comfortingly, "It's okay, no one else saw you last night

and I didn't record it, so don't worry."

Then, to Samantha's dismay, he left.

Samantha stayed for a long time before reacting, and when she tried to go back to Luca to ask for

clarification, she found that Luca had already gone to work!

"Ah! You bastard!" Samantha was so angry that she yelled at Luca, "You didn't say a word after asking

for so long, would it kill you to say something? I'm so pissed off!"

She rushed to her room to look for her cell phone, but when she got it, she found that the battery was

dead.

The moment the call was answered, Doria's ugly laugh came over the phone.

"Damn it, Comrade Samantha, how did you feel last night? Did you have a real relationship with your

fake boyfriend? Did you turn him into your real boyfriend today?"

Hearing this flirtation, Samantha immediately guessed what probably happened last night after getting drunk.

"Doria, tell me honestly, do you like living again?" Samantha said through clenched teeth, "It was you who called Luca last night, wasn't it?"

"Sister, let me explain? I saw you gloomy about love and drunk like that, so I called him for you, what's wrong with that?"

"Oh, so you are really doing a good deed."

"Of course, we are good sisters after all, I'm definitely looking out for you."

Doria finished her excitement and then complained, "Besides, you were so drunk last night, there was no way you could handle yourself. Also how could I feel comfortable going after my man? I had to call Luca to come and help you."

"..... How drunk did I get last night?"

"Do you know?" Samantha didn't want to talk to her about anything else, she just wanted to know what she had done when she was drunk.

Doria was a little confused by the question and answered honestly.

"I know, all red and red and then clumsy all the time, couldn't even stand, and extra obedient, I told you to stand stl on the counter and you just sat there."

Listening to her best friend's description, Samantha thought that was quite normal?

But looking at Luca's reaction, it didn't seem that simple either.

"No, are you lying to me?" Samantha looked fierce, "Tell me straight, what do I really look like when I'm drunk?"

"Just what I said, nothing more, what is it Samantha, did you do anything else?"

"If I knew, I wouldn't ask!"

Samantha scratched her head, "Is what you just said true? Am I that good when I'm drunk? Why do I have the feeling that I act like a crazy person?"

"You think too much Samantha, it's all on TV, how can it be true in reality? Don't worry, you seem perfectly normal, I'm sure not, " Doria suddenly stopped talking as if she was thinking about something, "Ah, if you say so, I think I remember something. "

"What?" Samantha asked with a wary frown as she clutched the phone a little tighter.

"I left after Luca arrived, but then I was feeling a little uncomfortable, so I went back to check on you, and when I got there, I saw you hugging the chair and talking to Luca, and then Luca crouched down, and then you jumped on his back like a tiger, not that I'm saying that you Samantha you are also too rude, that time I saw Luca almost thrown to the ground by you, with that force, do you think you are a bull?"

Samantha: "....."

Did you jump on Luca's back? And almost knocked Luca down?

"By the way, when you were talking to Luca, you had that shy expression on your face that I've never seen before, I felt like you were cuddling Luca?"

"Me? Was I sulking with Luca?"

Samantha sounded unrealistic and laughed coldly twice, "How is that possible? How could I, cuddling with him?"

Chapter 1337 - Capable of anything

"I don't think it's possible either. Could such a man take advantage of such a weak woman? But there was so much noise in the bar that I couldn't hear what you were saying, anyway, after that it was Luca who took you away and you wrapped him around your neck rather tightly, that's all."

Hearing these descriptions, Samantha could almost conjure up an image before her eyes.

It was of her clinging to Luca's neck, her whole body hanging onto his back, and then an expression of pain as she struggled forward on her back.

How horrible it was to think of

But was it really like that? Luca didn't seem to look at himself with that meaningful expression if that was all it was.

"What happened next?"

"I don't know, I didn't follow you after you left the bar, but why are you asking me all of a sudden?"

Don't you remember?"

"No, I forgot everything, including the part you just said."

Doria: "You are such an idiot, run over a piece of tofu and die."

As much as Doria tried to remind her of last night, Samantha could not remember what she had done last night, she had literally forgotten everything.

What was worse was that Luca had seen this horrible scene.

And Luca didn't want to talk about it, and Samantha felt like her heart was being tickled.

"Why don't you ask Luca, I don't think he would be so reluctant to tell you."

Look at the naivete of this statement.

"Would I call you if you had told me?

He wouldn't have told you."

"Why?" Doria could not understand, "Why would he keep it from you? That's not how this is supposed

to work, you ask him and he answers, you two should pretend anyway, it doesn't seem like there's

anything to hide."

Samantha thought the same thing.

Doria, however, suddenly thought of something and shouted, "Ah! It could be that you did something to

harass him that he found difficult to talk about and that's why"

Before the words were out of her mouth, Samantha's face had turned ugly.

"That's not possible! How could I have harassed him!"

"Then let me ask you, would you jump on him and let him take you when you are sober?"

Without thinking, Samantha said, "No."

"Then yes, last night when you were drunk, you jumped on his back and wrapped your arms around his neck."

Samantha was stunned by Doria's comment.

"So it's really possible that you can do anything when you're drunk Samantha, he won't tell you, it must be something you did to him!"

Samantha was speechless and at the same time felt that Doria was right.

Damn it! Ah! Why did she think the other woman was right?

But on the other hand, she couldn't remember any of it, and Luca's comment, that look, was simply meaningful and inspiring.

It was over, it was finished, and Samantha now felt, too, that she might have done something rude to a particularly rude act.

"So what do I do? If I did what you say I did to him, wouldn't it be awkward for us to see each other later?"

"Ahem" Doria coughed slightly twice, "Embarrassing it is, but you forgot everything anyway and

he's the one who remembers, I think even though it will be embarrassing, he should be the one who's embarrassed."

Samantha had a headache.

After hanging up the phone, still remembering the incident, she lay down and tried to think about it, but still no semblance of memory about last night after getting drunk came to her mind.

No one in bits and pieces.

*

Sabrina spent a few days recovering in the hospital, and her face was finally much better.

During this time, Anna occasionally brought meals on her own time and Chiara supervised Sabrina.

Over the course of a few days, the women got to know each other quite well.

Chiara and Anna were the ones who talked the most, while Sabrina was always quiet.

Sometimes she would stare at Anna and only when someone called her would turn around and smile slightly.

When the number of times was small, Anna became suspicious and asked her why she always stared at her.

Sabrina's response was also very measured.

"I look at you young, so I envy you and I like your energy."

In short, she was on all sides and made no one uncomfortable.

Chiara had hoped to see something by spending time together, but nothing came of it, and she finally came to a conclusion.

Sabrina either did not have the heart for it, or she hid it so well that she could not even see it in herself.

If it is the former, then nothing better.

If it was the latter

Clare's eyes became heavy as she stared at the side of Anna's face for a moment, noting that the girl's eyes were as innocent and naive as ever.

If it was the latter, then it could end badly.

After all, even Chiara could not tell which one was really Sabrina.

"Anna."

Anna was putting her things together and when she heard Chiara calling her, she murmured then

turned her head to look at her, "Chiara, what is it?"

The innocent look on the other side made Chiara's words get stuck in her throat and she swallowed them.

What if she was thinking too much?

"Chiara?"

Chiara turned and saw Anna staring at her with a curious expression.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing." Chiara finally swallowed those words, after all, Sabrina hadn't done anything now, although she was really the latter, but loving someone was free, and if she liked Matteo but kept him in her heart without expressing it, then he had no right to interfere with her.

What if she said something to Anna that she should not have said, and then she would be misunderstood?

With this in mind, Clare changed the words on her lips to: "I just want to ask you when are you and Lord Giordano getting married?"

Anna did not expect Chiara to ask such a question again, and her face suddenly turned red.

"Chiara, why do you always ask these questions?"

"Why? Why don't you let people ask these questions when you are together?"

We have been together for a long time, right?

E" Chiara bumped Anna's arm and lowered her voice, "Matthew never had a woman around, he was as abstinent as a monk, and for a while I even thought he liked men. But then you surprised me, so"

He smirked wickedly and took Anna's hand intimately, asking in a low voice, "Satisfy me and tell me, are you two sleeping together or not?"

Anna: ""

He half-closed his red lips and whispered, "You are so direct in asking."

By the end of her sentence, Anna's face had blushed beyond words.

Clare narrowed her eyes slightly, "Seeing the way you are blushing, it looks like you two are really"

Chapter 1338 You're doing it for him

"Sh"

Chiara did not even have a chance to say these last words before Anna came up and covered her

mouth.

Chiara stared at her and smiled as Anna blushed like an apple.

"Chiara, please stop asking."

At his thirsty look Chiara nodded and Anna let go of her hand, however as soon as her hand was

released Chiara smiled and said, "It looks like you were right eight or nine times out of ten."

"Chiara!"

"Okay, okay, I won't say anything, okay? By the way, Sabrina is getting out of the hospital today, right?"

"Yes." Anna nodded, "She also doesn't want to stay anymore, she wants to go back to work in the

office."

"You know she works in the company, right?"

"Yes, Matteo has told me a lot about her."

Anna had a sad expression on her face, "It's hard for her to be alone, but she and I have joined

Facebook, so hopefully we can be good friends in the future."

She was, after all, someone Matteo had known as a child, and from what Matteo had said Anna could

feel that the Ronzi family and the Giordano family were quite close, and that he was quite kind to the

people in the Ronzi family.

So Matteo should be very distressed that Sabrina is in this state.

Since she is his girlfriend and he is so busy at work, he should take care of Sabrina instead of Matteo.

That's why Anna is always running to the hospital these days.

Chiara wanted to say, "You are a simple girl," but she thought better of it and said nothing.

Afterwards, Anna went to help Sabrina pack. Sabrina didn't have much to do, she only had a few things, just clothes and toiletries.

But when Anna approached to help her, Sabrina stared at her again in disbelief.

After spending the last few days together, Sabrina found her inner gut deepening, because this girl was not really defensive about half of her.

She did not realize the kind of crisis that comes from having another woman around her boyfriend, being honest and doing her best to treat her.

Sabrina does not know why, feeling warm and resistant at the same time.

She looked at Anna's back, her and Anna alone in the ward at that moment, and was sent for a

moment, then said softly, "These have been difficult days for you."

Anna was surprised when he spoke out of the blue, smed, "It's nothing, it's not difficult, I think it's good to be together."

Really?

I think it is the lack of heart that makes the atmosphere pleasant.

The sme on Sabrina's lips was faint: "You came to the hospital to take care of me because of him, didn't you?"

As soon as the words left her mouth, the movement of Anna's hands stopped.

Then she turned her head again and stared blankly at Sabrina.

"Right?" Sabrina asked again, as if to confirm something.

Anna bit her lower lip, her expression slightly distraught, and after a moment of deep thought, spoke seriously to Sabrina.

"Of course it's mostly because of him, after all, you and he were old friends, and then he was so busy with work and I didn't have much to do, so I came to look after you. But don't get me wrong, I don't mean to lead, I just think it's not easy for you to be a girl right now, and I feel sympathy for you, nothing

else!"

"Sympathy?" Sabrina's lips nibbled at those four words, her smile gradually turned from light to warm, "I

still want to thank you for taking care of me, Matteo and I were childhood companions and the two

families were very close. I am so happy for him now that he has found such a smart and caring girl."

Before Anna could respond, Sabrina stepped forward, "Is everything ready? I don't have anything, I can

leave the hospital today, I've been bored here the last few days and I want to get some air."

The things Anna was holding were collected by Sabrina, who then headed outside, looking relieved

and relieved.

But for some reason, Anna always felt that when Sabrina was talking to herself just now, the air of

melancholy was heavy on her body, and those eyes were so sad that they looked like they were about

to cry.

But then she looked again, and it was gone.

Was it his illusion?

"Anna, come."

Anna snapped again when Sabrina's voice came through the door again, "There she is."

After that she exhaled an unpleasant breath and smacked her head, Matteo was right, she had really been rambling.

Although Sabrina had seemed sad just now, it was normal, after all she had lost her loved ones and it was inevitable that she would think about those things when she was now alone.

Sabrina was successfully discharged from the hospital and Chiara returned to her work.

Sabrina disappeared for a few days, and on the day of her disappearance she was taken away with the help of Matthew, accompanied by Anna, and the people in the company witnessed it all.

The group was gossiping like crazy, but since Sabrina hadn't been in the office for a few days, and Anna hadn't come either, it could be said that the group was completely blowing up at this time.

"What the hell is going on? The three of them left together that day, and the original couple met, but none of them has come to the office in the last few days, except Lord Giordano.

"Yes, I'd like to know-someone should answer our questions!"

"Where is the receptionist? Isn't she usually the most informed? Let's call her and ask her."

The receptionist looked at her cell phone and had a headache; she wanted to know too.

But she didn't come to the office, so where could she find her? She didn't even know where they had gone that day, and she couldn't leave work on purpose just to go find someone!

"Don't ask, guys, I don't know anything right now either. I just wanted to ask Tonia, isn't Signore Giordano's girlfriend one of yours? Haven't you called her in the last few days to check on the situation?"

Tonia had not spoken in the last few days.

It was mainly because she knew Sabrina's identity and felt she had to be more careful about what she said in the group, lest some people with bad intentions take screenshots and use them as evidence or something to overshadow her.

He contacted Sabrina recently, and after she said she was in the hospital, Tonia told her to catch up, he didn't bother her anymore.

However, Tonia was sure that Sabrina and Matteo knew each other.

It was Matteo who had left that day with Sabrina in his arms.

This was enough to prove his identity.

But Tonia still did not understand what Sabrina's purpose was.

Surely her purpose in coming to the company could not be so simple to work here properly, but then she had not moved to bring the two together.

If Matthew knew she was in this company, I wonder if the wind would change after this?

The more she thought about it, the more Tonia felt there was no certainty, so she just played dead in the group.

Chapter 1339 not forgotten

"Yes, why hasn't Sister Tonia come to speak in the last two days? Are you there, Sister Tonia?"

A group of people started calling Tonia, Tonia now wanted to slap the receptionist, she was obviously the one who had started the trouble in the group, now how could they put things in her head.

Since someone had mentioned it, Tonia could no longer play dead and went out to answer after a few minutes.

"Sorry, I've been a little busy with work, I haven't paid much attention to what you are talking about lately."

"Sister Tonia, we are in the same boat, why don't you pay attention to me? Doesn't he work under you?"

Just make a phone call and ask."

Tonia saw this and her uneasiness grew a little more.

What do you mean she was going to find out with a phone call?

Even if she had to make a phone call, it was not anyone's place to tell her to do so!

This tone of being told and instructed made Tonia unhappy, so she spoke into the group.

"Call yourself if you want to know, don't bother others."

After saying these words, the group became a little quiet for a while.

Probably because they didn't expect Tonia to say it suddenly-after all, they used to be quite gossipy

when we talked together-but she suddenly refused to do so.

When the receptionist saw this, she too was upset and was about to say something to displease Tonia

when a familiar figure walked past her.

She looked up and found that the protagonist of the group discussion was right in front of her, so why

was she still asking in the group? Wouldn't it be better to go up and ask the protagonist?

Thinking about this, the receptionist quickly put down her phone and headed toward Sabrina.

The coldness in Sabrina's eyes grew a little more when she saw the person who had stopped her path,

then stopped and looked at the receptionist.

"Is something wrong?"

The receptionist was taken aback by this look, because when she had approached her before, Sabrina did not have this look, and now she gave a particularly cold and unapproachable impression.

So she froze for a moment, and she took a long time to react and said, "Nothing, it's just that I saw that you fainted before, and you didn't come to the office for a few days, so we're all in the same company, so I was a little worried about you, and I wanted to see what your condition is now, there's nothing serious about you, right?"

Sabrina wanted to laugh when she heard that.

It was clear that she was worried about her relationship with Matteo and whether her girlfriend status was true, but she was insincere in a roundabout way.

She said nothing, and Sabrina intended to play dumb, looking at her and smiling faintly.

"Thank you for your concern, I am recovering well, there is no more serious problem, and I can work well later."

After saying this, Sabrina turned and was about to leave, the receptionist was a little anxious and

hurried to stop her.

"Is there anything else?" Sabrina looked at her as if her eyes could see through her thoughts. The receptionist could not say anything for some reason and could only stare blankly at her.

It was a long time before she said, "The other day I saw Lord Giordano coming out of the office with you in his arms and then, with his girlfriend by his side."

Sabrina blinked, finally unable to resist saying?

"Well?"

"Uh" the receptionist was overwhelmed by her question, was she really wondering like that?

So what? What was she going to say?

"You don't seem to have thought about what you're going to say, I have to go to work, so I'll let you talk for now."

The receptionist saw that she was about to leave again and knew that if she didn't ask for clarification this time, she might actually stop talking to her, so the receptionist quickly stepped forward and took her

hand.

"This, I actually wanted to ask you, is the identity of your engagement real? If it is a real engagement,

what do you think of the fiancée next to Lord Giordano?

Aren't you angry that he stole your fiancé? Shouldn't you take him back?"

Take him back?

Sabrina thought about those three words in her mind, her expression gradually deepening in thought.

From the beginning of things until now, she had never thought of the three words tearing back.

"You are the girlfriend, that gentleman Giordano's girlfriend came later, so she is the third wheel and you can scold her."

Sabrina looked at the receptionist and suddenly looked at her with curiosity.

"So why are you telling me this?"

The receptionist was stunned by her question, and before she could think of what to answer, Sabrina

insisted, "Even if what I said was all true, what does this have to do with you? You are just the

receptionist of a company, right? Since when does a receptionist's job include worrying about other

people's personal feelings?"

"I"

The receptionist did not expect Sabrina to be so disrespectful to her and actually disrespected her directly to her face.

She had never expected such a scene, so she found it difficult to answer her question for a moment.

"From before, you've been hounding me about this, and I didn't say anything because I didn't think you had the right to interfere, and because I hoped you might understand that this matter was not something you could get involved in just because you wanted to. But you don't seem to have understood the meaning I conveyed to you and you're still nagging me about it, is there really no problem with having your hands in the game up to this point as a front office worker?"

With that last sentence, Sabrina's tone became abruptly harsh, just like the aura of a superior, which startled the receptionist, who did not react for a long time.

The first time I heard you say that you were Lord Giordano's girlfriend, then I said, "That's all I wanted to say, you're not angry, and I didn't want to extend my hand, I just heard you were Lord Giordano's girlfriend, that's why"

I don't know why, Sabrina's breath at this moment became hot again, she asked softly the other party,

"You are because the road is not right, so dial the knife to get along?"

Hearing this, the receptionist nodded quickly, "Yes, yes, that's right."

"Oh, that's too bad." Sabrina stepped forward and approached the receptionist, "I still remember the day I came to see Matteo and she stopped me at the door and laughed endlessly after asking me if I was Mr. Giordano's girlfriend."

The receptionist's face paled, not expecting Sabrina to bring up the question out of the blue.

She panicked and defended herself.

"...Mrs. Ronzi..... I apologized to her for that, I really didn't want to, and she told me that day that she wasn't sorry."

Sabrina was still smiling.

"It's true, I wasn't sorry. But I have a good memory and I haven't forgotten it yet.

I don't have the option to erase my memory, do you think?"

The receptionist looked at the Sabrina in front of her and felt a chill run down her spine; it was clear that she was smiling in front of her, but she felt an infinite coldness through that smile.

"Well, I'm off to work, you work hard too."

Sabrina patted her shoulder and stepped forward.

This time the receptionist did not chase her.

She stayed where she was, thinking about what Sabrina had just told her, and the more she thought about it, the more frightened she became.

Chapter 1340 Transfers

She had never seen such eyes before.

It was clear that there was a smile on his face, but there was no warmth in his eyes at all, just endless ice and cold.

No, this was not the way to describe it.

It should be dead air.

Yes, there was no hint of vitality, it was that look of death.

Thinking about it, the receptionist felt that her legs and feet were starting to get weak, and how she ended up going back to her job she didn't know either.

When the phone rang, the receptionist was still taken aback and remained unresponsive for a long time.

It was only when someone next to her called her that she reacted.

After answering the phone, she too was confused and asked all sorts of questions. Only after she hung up did the receptionist realize that a cold sweat broke out on her back.

"What's wrong? Don't you know anything about answering the phone, and why are you so pale? Are you not feeling well?"

The receptionist said nothing, just shook her head.

When Sabrina returned to work, Tonia saw her and greeted her warmly, shushing her and asking her a few questions, before letting Sabrina return to her seat, without saying a word about Matteo.

Sabrina hooked her lips; this person was very intelligent.

She knew what to ask and what not to ask.

Tonia did not ask Sabrina what had happened, but she was calculating in her mind.

In the afternoon, Tonia received the news of Sabrina's transfer.

Tonia is Sabrina's direct superior, so she is not happy to hear this news.

After all, it was a loss for her department to transfer Sabrina's talent to another department, and she

also saw Sabrina's ability and thought she would be a good helper for her work in the future.

But when she thought about her state and what had happened this time, Tonia felt that she was unable to say anything, even though she felt bad about it.

She had to go to Sabrina herself and tell her .

When Sabrina heard this, she was a little surprised, "A transfer? To another department?"

Tonia sighed, "On the surface it's a transfer, but it's actually a promotion for you. That department is very easy, and with your health status, you will be more comfortable there."

She was greeted by silence.

"Sabrina, go pack, you will report to this department in the afternoon."

Without a word, Sabrina stood up, wrinkled her pink lips and headed outside, when Tonia called to her,

"What are you doing?"

"Tonia, I have something to do, I'm going out for a while and I'll be back."

She did not say what she meant, but Tonia had a feeling she had guessed.

Sabrina went to get the elevator and went directly to Matteo.

As she went upstairs, Sabrina watched the increasing numbers in the elevator, a heart gradually

becoming restless and a heart beating much faster.

In the few days she had been in the hospital, he had visited her only once.

Now that he was out of the hospital, he was reassigning her to a new position.

Had it been earlier, Sabrina probably would not have gone directly to him, but now she had to go to him for clarification.

Just as she was getting out of the elevator and taking a few steps, Sabrina bumped into Chiara.

Chiara was surprised to see her, but she quickly greeted her with a nod and a smile.

"Mrs. Ronzi, I was just going downstairs to look for you."

Sabrina curled her lips and stopped to look behind her.

"You already know about the move, don't you? Have you packed all your things?"

"Is that what Matteo meant?" Sabrina asked.

Chiara raised an eyebrow, "Of course."

Who would dare to transfer someone under normal circumstances? Only Matteo had that maximum power.

"Then please, Chiara, go back and tell Matteo that I will not accept such a transfer."

"But the transfer has already gone down and consequently adjustments will be made between departments, so I'm afraid it cannot be changed."

Can't be changed?

How was it possible?

Sabrina did not believe it, "Then I want to see him, I will talk to him in person."

Chiara knew she could not stop Sabrina, so she said, "Signore Giordano is in his office now."

"Thank you."

Sabrina walked past her and Chiara followed, turning her head to look over her shoulder, her eyes looking at her with an inquiring gaze.

Not even a transfer, did that mean she really had good control?

The office

Sabrina knocked on the door and heard a male voice coming from inside.

"Come in."

Only then did she push open the door and enter, and sure enough she saw Matteo sitting at his desk

with a look.

Matteo looked up and did not seem surprised to see that it was her.

Sabrina walked in and stood in front of him.

"I don't need a transfer."

She got straight to the point and made her intentions clear.

"No?" Matthew's thin lips were tightened and his eyes fell on Sabrina's face with slight displeasure,

"How long do you think you can last without a transfer in your current state of mind?"

Hearing this, Sabrina's face turned a few shades whiter and she bit her lower lip, "I know my body well,

the department I'm in is fine, I"

"Well enough to go to the hospital? Or do you just not care what your body is like?"

She did care, how could it not matter?

There was no one left in the Ronzi family, just her, and all her relatives were unwilling to help when

their family was in trouble, and no one even came to visit her parents when they ended up in the

hospital with gas.

Sabrina's heart is not only sad, but also hated.

Of course she wanted to revive the Ronzi family, to show those people that Sabrina could get back on her feet without their help.

"How could I not care?"

"If you cared, you wouldn't have been admitted to the hospital or refused a transfer."

"Those are two different things!" Sabrina said anxiously, "I told you earlier that I wanted to be alone, so I hope you can resume this transfer!"

Matteo stood up and looked at her with a cold look on his face.

"Do you think Uncle will accept this transfer when he finds out about your current situation? If he were still alive, would he allow his daughter to belittle him like this?"

Sabrina: "....."

"Now the Ronzi family has become like this, I didn't know before that I didn't help in time, even I have some responsibility, before you said you wanted to rely on yourself I didn't object because I thought you could, now?"

..... or let me take care of you a little instead of uncle. "

Hearing this, Sabrina's face paled a little and her body swayed as she looked at the expressionless

Matthew in front of her and asked his innermost thoughts.

"If the Ronzi famy and the Giordano famy had never befriended each other, if my father had not already died, wouldn't you have helped me this time?"

Matthew didn't think much about this question and murmured before explaining, "The Giordano famy and the Ronzi famy the two famies have always been friends, if I had known at that time I would have helped, I'm just sorry it was too late, now that the Ronzi famy has stayed with you, they are justified in taking better care of you instead of aunt."