

Revenge On Love Rats After Rebirth by Olivia Marsh Chapter 1343 Go To Capital!

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Her tone had already regained its calmness. "He threatened me. If I give up the position of the dean of the research institute, he will tell me what I want to know."

Oswaldo held Selena's slender shoulders and stared at the girl for a moment, making sure that Selena didn't have any other emotions, and breathed a sigh of relief.

For this man, nothing is more important than her safety.

As if sensing his tension, Selena smiled at him, "Did you receive the text message I sent you?"

Oswaldo's thin lips curled up. "You miss me?"

Selena leaned into his arms, her face blushing. "I do."

Oswaldo held his girl in his arms and let her not strain her neck too much. His gentle voice was full of tenderness. "In the future, if you miss me, you must tell me."

That way, he would know that his girl missed him. No matter where he is, he will immediately come back to find her.

Selena's smile suddenly became sweeter, and her hands wrapped around the man's slender neck, looking pitifully at him. "When you're not here, they all bully me..."

Oswaldo held her and walked towards the room. "Wait for me to avenge you."

...

At the same time, Cassius got into a black sports car.

The person in the driver's seat frowned disapprovingly at his return. "The Shaw family is blocking the way ahead, and you don't need to personally make this trip."

Offending the young master at this juncture would do them no good!

Because of Miss Turner's desire to use them to get the "Divine Love" message, Cassius and Oswaldo have been maintaining a delicate balance.

But Cassius personally came to Selena today.

Oswaldo will not tolerate them.

The road back will not be peaceful!

Cassius leisurely lit a cigarette, his voice as mellow and elegant as a cello. He chuckled, "Let me see, after more than ten years, how far has that boy grown..."

...

After successfully coaxing Oswaldo away, Selena walked to the window and looked in the direction of Cassius' departure, her eyes filled with a flood of icy coldness.

She made a phone call. "Cassius just told me that I came to Creephia as Selena, not by accident."

"Someone helped me, but I don't know who he is."

"If I give up the position of the dean of the research institute, he will tell me the person's identity."

"That person is likely to be in trouble, and if I don't speed up, maybe I will never see him again in this lifetime..."

"At all costs, investigate!"

After explaining everything, Selena raised her hand and pressed on the location of her heart. A trace of discomfort and oppression appeared in her pale eyes.

In front of Cassius, she showed no flaws and talked and laughed with Oswaldo, seeming to be completely unconcerned about Cassius' threats. But only Selena knew how much Cassius' words had stirred up in her heart.

That man, who had gone through the risk of approaching her in person, crossing over Freddie with whom he cooperated, to inform her of this matter, was definitely a secret.

A secret that no one in the entire capital, except for Cassius, knew!

If she wanted to know this secret, she would have to give up her position as the dean of the research institute.

Selena's eyes were cold, and she tightly pinched her palm, with a hint of unprecedented confusion in her eyes.

Cassius said that the man had paid a great price to save her.

If she was too late, she might never see him again in her life...

Was that man dying?

The moment this thought penetrated her heart, Selena's entire heart twisted in pain, causing her to even bend over, with a miserable grayish color appearing on her face.

She curled up on the sofa, subconsciously reaching out her hand, as if wanting to grasp something.

Then she only grasped a void.

Selena stared blankly at her empty palm, and suddenly tears fell.

"Who are you..."

...

A sudden cough interrupted the tranquility on the island.

"Young master!" The person guarding him looked at the man who suddenly coughed up blood and hurriedly exclaimed, "Call the doctor!"

The bright red blood flowed down the corners of the man's mouth, like a red flower, staining the book on his knee.

The man wiped the blood off his lips and looked towards the direction of the capital.

His eyes were so deep and dark, and the angelic face lost all its calmness, revealing sharpness.

He said lightly, "Prepare, I'm going to the capital!"

The people around him were startled, then erupted in anger and shouted, "No way!"

The man turned his head, his deep gaze fixed on their faces. "Her existence is becoming harder and harder to conceal. I have to go and personally watch over her, rather than letting her become a tool for those jackals and tigers to threaten her."

The man kneeling in front of him was panicked, with fear written all over his face. "Miss has so many people around her to protect her. She'll be safe..."

"I can feel it," the gentle voice was cold, with bone-deep chill. "She was in great pain for a moment just now."

His sister had always been tough and strong.

If something could cause her so much pain, it could only be something that she couldn't bear.

The man's heart clenched at the thought.

The man on his knees cried out in agony, "But if you leave this place, you might... die..."

The man coughed a few times, his face turning white, but his tone was cold. "If I can't even save her, then what's the point of living?"

She had been the only reason he had kept going all these years, his only support.

He had already let her die alone once...

He would never let her suffer the same fate again!

The man's beautiful, hollow eyes suddenly turned cold, his low and hoarse voice trembling with intensity. "Until I can ensure her happiness, I won't die!"

The man on his knees looked up at his master.

His cold hair wrapped around his pale cheeks, but his weak body exuded an incredible strength.

He knew that no one could stop him now.

He had been waiting for so many years, and he was already impatient.

...

At the same time, inside the research institute, Freddie stopped Patrick.

"Mr. Turner, do you have a moment to chat?"

Patrick's tone was cold, "I don't think there's anything to talk about between the Turner family and the Shaw family."

Freddie didn't care about the other's indifference, sneering, "What about Miss Turner?"

Patrick's footsteps came to a halt.

He turned around to look at Freddie. "What do you want to say?"

Freddie laughed, the smile of a winner. "Mr. Turner, after twenty years, is the sister you found really your sister?"