

Love Rats 461

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Adeline looked disgruntled and said, "Even if her perfume-making technique is better than mine, it doesn't mean that the perfume she makes is better than mine!"

Mollie lightly retorted, "Why not? At least from the aspect of skills, Selena is more talented than you, works harder than you, and has a better temperament than you."

"You have never seen the perfume she creates, so how dare you be so confident that a perfumer with such outstanding skills cannot compare to you, the previous champion?"

The so-called arrogance based on talent is targeted at those who are weaker than oneself. If in fact Selena is more excellent than you, then your behavior is not arrogance based on talent, but rather a lack of appreciation for what is good.

Adeline was suspected of something and her face turned pale, but she couldn't come up with a refutation.

And the other perfumers were also stunned.

Mandy and Hazel, who have already been expelled from the Olympus Group, have even paler faces. If Selena is truly more talented and stronger than all of them, then their confidence, discontent, and doubts from before would all become a joke, wouldn't it?

Mollie lowered her gaze, glanced around the room, and slowly said, "I really don't understand where all of you get the confidence to think you're better than Selena?"

She snorted and said, "We, a group of old folks, felt a huge sense of crisis and pride when we saw her fragrance blending skills."

"Mr. Ghost, who made 'God', has shown special attention to her several times. Have you ever thought about the reason behind it?"

"A formidable opponent stands before you, yet you not only fail to sense the imminent danger but also dare to feel embarrassed and reluctant to associate with her, intending to expel her from the fragrance competition... This is simply the biggest joke in the history of the fragrance industry!"

The perfumers who criticized Selena seemed as if they had just been slapped hard in the face, their faces turned pale.

Before today, everyone was drawn to Selena's scandal, even if they witnessed Selena's skilled perfumery techniques, jealousy and disgust still dominated their first senses.

None of them has ever paid attention to her ability.

Mollie's words were almost equivalent to telling everyone outright that the Perfume Association values Selena's potential.

All of them combined, including Adeline, cannot compare to one Selena!

Doesn't that announcement already explain everything?

Adeline's face was particularly unpleasant, her eyes filled with disbelief.

Does Ghost treat Selena differently because he feels that Selena is quite strong in her abilities?

While Leah felt jealous, she also had a strong sense of crisis rising within her heart.

Absolutely dare to destroy Selena before the awards ceremony!

Otherwise, if Selena was given the chance to climb up, she would be the unlucky one!

Selena looked down at the unattractive faces of the perfumers with a calm gaze, and sighed as if regretful, and smiled, "Mollie, you gave me my real name too early. You should have let Miss Watts and

others think that I'm just a worthless person who relies on my connections to make a fool of myself..." She smiled playfully and said, "When the winner of tomorrow's championship comes out, their faces will definitely be much more brilliant than they are now."

Mollie was amused, "Oh, this little affected behavior is really cute. Good girl, come closer to me.."

Adeline's hair stood up in anger as she coldly chuckled, "Selena, don't be too proud too soon. The championship will definitely be mine!"

She raised her chin and coldly said, "Even if I don't know what despicable means you used to get these judges to support you, you can never beat me!"

After Adeline finished speaking, Selena hadn't reacted yet, but Mollie's face turned cold. "Miss Watts, what do you mean by that? Are you insinuating that I am also being accused of favoring a cheating athlete?"

After Adeline finished speaking, she realized that her wording was not appropriate. She met Mollie's cold, questioning eyes but still kept her chin up, unwilling to apologize.

As is well known, although judges play an important role in fragrance competitions, they are not the ultimate determining factor.

The champion perfume created in the end will also be subject to a vote by all perfumers present on the scene.

The bottle that remains on the champion's podium last must be an existence that impresses everyone. Moreover, the perfume association, as a group of old veterans, is notorious for being stubborn. They may have a preference for Selena's techniques, but they would never compromise the fairness of the competition.

Mollie looked at Adeline and said in a cold voice, "I might as well tell you straight up that we are not happy with your method of threatening the Perfume Group by forming an alliance. However, we old folks are not petty enough to deliberately target any one of you."

"The existence of the Fragrance Association is to provide a platform and a stepping stone for more perfumers to prove their strength and enable them to step into the world."

"Strength is the only pass in our place, and in the eyes of us old folks, we cannot tolerate those shady and noxious things."

"Put away all your tricks, if anyone secretly does something again, the perfume organization will never accept her again!"

On-site perfumers remembered the recent waves of events, some showing dissatisfaction while others shamefully lowered their heads.

Mandy stared in a daze as Selena stood aloft with a calm expression. Suddenly, she regretted not standing with Selena before.

This woman seems to have never been defeated...

Mollie finished speaking and took Selena's hand, smiling and said, "Come on, let Mollie take you to meet some people. Those old fellows will be delighted to see her skills."

"It has been many years, and the fragrance industry has not seen such a good talent."

With a variety of expressions from the people around, Mollie led Selena up to the second floor.

Adeline saw Selena being carried away by a group of judges and stars, which almost made her want to scream with anger.

She glanced over at Patrick, who stood in the corner silent and reserved, and after biting her lip, she suddenly spoke up and asked, "Mr. Turner, are you really willing to just stand there and let Selena step all over you while she flaunts her power over me and you?"

She was the champion of the previous term, and Patrick is one year ahead of her. Patrick would be the strongest contender for the championship among all the perfumers present. Patrick stared at Selena's retreating figure until he couldn't see her anymore. Only then did he withdraw his gaze, gave her a faint glance, and said, "If she is stronger than me, why not?" Adeline choked up slightly. If Selena is really better than them, why should they not be resentful of her winning the championship and walking all over them? On regular days, isn't she also like this, stepping on those who have lost to her? "Mr. Turner, my sister is not as simple as she appears on the surface," a gentle voice suddenly came from behind.

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Leah's heart skipped a beat as she tried to straighten her back and showed a hint of shame and embarrassment on her face. "Mr. Turner, I know it's not appropriate to say this. But as a perfumer myself, I hope you can understand the pain and despair of having one's hard work taken by someone else, but being unable to prove it or seek justice." "If it turns out in the end that I was overthinking and Selena is innocent, I will personally apologize to her." In theory, she is the international runner-up and Patrick is the domestic champion. If they consider their qualifications, she is actually superior to Patrick. But the man opposite her inexplicably made Leah feel a great pressure. She always feels unable to stand up in front of Patrick. Adeline noticed Patrick's cold expression and displeasure in his face, and softly said, "Mr. Turner, if Selena is indeed a plagiarist, then she is not qualified to stand with us." She gave a cold smirk, with a look of contempt and malice in her eyes. "If this lady finds out that a shameless plagiarist dares to step on my head, stealing my name and boasting unscrupulously, I will definitely tear her apart alive!" Leah's eyelid twitched vigorously. Patrick gave a slight cough, his eyes cold and distant as he said, "Miss Riddle has grievances, she can go cry to the Perfume Association, there's no need for her to come to me." Leah's face turned slightly pale as she said, "Mr. Turner, you've misunderstood me. I just..." Adeline frowned, "Mr. Turner, this matter is of great significance and of a different nature..." Patrick's gaze was faint. "Lady Selena's strength, I have eyes of my own to judge, and I don't need others to tell me." He glanced at Leah with a sharp and meaningful look in his eyes, "At least up until now, Lady Selena's character is much more noble than the other two." Leah felt a deep sense of meaning in Patrick's eyes, as if he had uncovered her deepest and most hidden secrets. Her heart skipped a beat. Adeline was angry and asked, "Mr. Turner, what do you mean by that?" Patrick didn't look at her, moved his gaze away indifferently, coughed slightly, "At least Lady Selena won't make baseless accusations, let alone talk behind others' backs." The faces of Leah and Adeline suddenly turned deathly pale. Adeline was still arguing, but Patrick had already turned and left.

Adeline was furious and gave Leah a cold stare before raising her foot and going after Patrick.

Leah only snapped out of Patrick's cold and piercing gaze at this moment.

She raised her hand and pressed her chest to suppress the fluttering feeling in her heart.

She is not familiar with Patrick.

Besides being fellow perfumers, she had only heard of Patrick's name in rumors, so there was no question of any grievances or hostilities between them.

Why does he always look at her with those scary eyes that make her afraid?

Leah couldn't understand it no matter what, so she could only temporarily suppress her discomfort and push down the doubts in her heart.

No matter what, there must be no mistakes tonight.

Leah's eyes flashed with malice, and she walked out the door in high heels.

Selena was led upstairs by Mollie while holding her hand.

The second floor is very quiet, except for a few senior figures in the fragrance industry, there are no media or hotel guests to be seen.

There is an unknown fragrance lingering in the air.

As Selena stepped forward, she suddenly felt an extra sense of calmness in her heart.

She even sensed a long-lost tranquility.

Selena expressed a hint of sigh.

Indeed, there are hidden talents in any field.

How come those young people below couldn't even shake out the calming and concentration-inducing scent?

Mollie has already opened the curtain and said with a smile, "Mr. Jenkins, look, I brought someone up..."

As the bamboo curtain was opened, the precious and refreshing scent became even stronger.

Selena blinked her eyes and followed in.

In the room filled with ancient charm, there sat an elderly man wearing casual clothing. With a majestic countenance, his eyes faintly brightened upon seeing Selena walking in.

Mollie held Selena's hand and smiled as she introduced her, "This is the most senior member of our fragrance industry. I'm still a generation younger than him. Come and meet him."

Selena gave the elderly person a look, and after a moment of silence, she suddenly bent down slightly and said, "Mr. Jenkins."

The sound made both elderly people present there startled.

After a few seconds of silence, Mollie didn't know what to think and let out a small sigh.

Mr. Jenkins looked at the radiant girl in front of him and remembered Lady Nevaeh who had passed away early, who was also so intelligent.

It's a pity... excessive cleverness brings harm.

The tragedy of Lady Nevaeh must never happen to Selena.

Mr. Jenkins looked at Selena and said with great emphasis, "Young people occasionally make some mistakes. Being too smart may not necessarily be a good thing."

Selena gave a slight smile and said, "Mr. Jenkins, you worry too much. This bow is on behalf of my mother, to pay my respects to you, that is all."

Lady Nevaeh left behind so many fragrances, according to Lady Lauren's account, Lady Nevaeh was a master of fragrances, and even shocked the entire capital city back in the day.

It's not surprising at all that she has connections with people in the fragrance industry.

The sudden unusual behavior of the Perfume Association members can also be explained clearly.

Mr. Jenkins looked at the fresh and beautiful Selena, his old face showing a hint of emotion. "I have some advice for you. Unless absolutely necessary, don't go to the capital in this lifetime."

Selena tilted her head slightly, appeared to ponder for a moment, then smiled and said, "I won't."

Her only connection to the capital city is through Osvaldo and Hattie.

She had an agreement marriage with Osvaldo, and once she settled everything in Creephia, the marriage would naturally have no meaning, let alone any connection with the Anderson family in the capital.

Hattie is a strong girl. She will take revenge by herself and doesn't need to worry too much.

She only needs to carry the burden of Selena and her own life, and that's enough.

Mr. Jenkins probably noticed her determined attitude and, with a serious face, he rarely showed a smile.

"Your aroma blending skills are good. At what age did you start learning?"

Selena said, "Half a month ago."

There was a silence.

They must have misheard due to their advanced age.

Mr. Jenkins rubbed his ears and asked again, "Can you repeat it? At what age do you start learning how to blend scents?"

Selena blinked her eyes and said seriously, "Half a month ago."

Mollie, "... half a month ago?"

Selena nodded and said, "If it's about the technique of blending fragrances, then it was indeed half a month ago."

After some thought, she added, "By the way, I only came to understand the recipe for the competition with the help of my boyfriend half a month ago."

Therefore, the future of the fragrance industry should not rely on someone like her, who came into the industry halfway through and has a very careless attitude.

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In an eerie silence, Mollie cautiously glanced at Mr. Jenkins' twitching face and let out a heavy cough, "You can't say that recklessly. If you anger the master, even if you are a girl, he will hit you..."

Selena smiled lightly and said, "Mollie, I'm not joking. I did start learning fragrance blending technique only half a month ago, but I have been practicing the control and finesse of my hand strength for almost 20 years."

This saying is really true.

She specializes in firearms because of her congenital illness and lack of physical strength. Even before she was old enough to understand, her father had already made a meticulous plan for her future studies based on her physique.

Since she was able to walk steadily, the training that followed her like a shadow has already penetrated every corner of her life.

It can be said that when it comes to skills, there are few people in the world who can rival her.

Unfortunately, perfumery happens to be a delicate and intricate craft.

With Selena's original skills and Osvaldo's help, Selena took advantage of an opportunity and rose from a novice to a champion in just two weeks.

The two old people in the fragrance industry are already quite confused now.

It took a while before Mr. Jenkins asked, "So what is your major?"

"Doctor."

There was a silence.

When Mr. Jenkins and a group of old-timers in the fragrance industry saw Selena's skills, they had high hopes that she could become an outstanding perfumer like Lady Nevaeh.

Reality, however, dealt them a huge blow.

Selena is indeed outstanding.

However, it is a presence that has been inadvertently encouraged.

According to Selena, she is just a decorative object with skills in handcrafting, but she has no extensive knowledge in perfumery and other related fields.

Fragrance blending techniques can be trained, but fragrance formulas can only be accumulated through years of experience and personal aptitude.

In just a short half a month, even if Selena is exceptionally talented, she probably wouldn't be able to comprehend an especially outstanding fragrance formula.

A group of old folks in the fragrance industry stared at Selena with pained and regretful expressions, almost fainting from the heartache they felt.

From Selena's technique, it can be seen that her talent must be exceptional.

However, since she started practicing too recently, she cannot grasp good fragrance formulae, and it's useless even if her external skills are beautiful.

In this fragrance competition, she is almost certainly going through the motions.

Mollie was afraid of their disappointed reaction and did not want to hurt Selena's self-esteem, so she said, "It's okay. Everything has a process, don't have to rush, take it slowly..."

Selena looked at the group of people with expressions of both disappointment and heartache, speculating that they may have misunderstood something.

She wanted to explain, but she didn't know what to say.

She just smiled faintly and confidently said, "I will definitely win the championship at tomorrow's award ceremony."

In a certain room on the third floor.

Ghost stood in front of the window, looking down at the scene in the room on the second floor across the street.

He watched as Selena stood in front of a group of old men, speaking to them with ease and good humor. The confident and bold expression on that face makes him want to hold and indulge her.

His eyes were fixed on her in a meticulous way, with a hint of warm indulgence in his deep black eyes.

A person walked in from outside and said, "Sir, I found it!"

The expressionless face of Ghost seems to have a moment of freezing.

He turned his head slightly, and the moonlight shone through the French windows, casting a shadow on the man's face, which was covered with a black, mysterious mask.

At that moment, his gaze was suddenly filled with the darkness of the entire world.

In the room, Selena chatted with a group of elderly people for a while, and then went downstairs.

Leia walked beside her and asked with some hesitation, "Madam, why don't you tell them that you are actually..."

The aromatic formula that Selena came up with even impressed her boss, winning the championship is not even a problem.

But Selena didn't mention a word about those people just now.

Selena gave a faint smile and remained silent.

She is studying at Creephia University in order to help Selena obtain her graduation certificate.

She only came to participate in the fragrance competition to help Selena win back Lady Nevaeh's belongings.

Whether as a doctor or a perfumer, she cannot go too far.

So there's no need for those older generations to have any hope for it.

Instead of letting them down in the end, it's better to not give them any hope from the beginning.

Leia doesn't understand what Selena is thinking, she just feels regretful about it.

Leia turned and remembered Mr. Jenkins' reminder from earlier, furrowing her brows in response.

"Madam, are you really not going to the capital city in the future?"

Selena said casually, "I probably won't go."

Leia, "What about young master then?"

Selena was stunned for a moment before she realized Leia's meaning.

Osvaldo's home is in capital.

As his wife, however, she said that she would not go to the capital in the future.

This can easily lead to misunderstandings.

Selena was just about to speak when a faintly chilly voice came from beside her, cutting off her words, "Lady Selena."

Selena was startled and turned around to find Patrick standing in front of her.

With a gentle press on her forehead, Selena's voice was soft as she asked, "Mr. Turner, what can I do for you?"

With a hint of impatience in his eyes, Patrick hesitated for a moment before asking, "Can I buy you a cup of coffee after the dinner party ends?"

Selena smiled.

She raised her slender fingers and rubbed her forehead. "Mr. Turner, I don't know you well."

This is the second time she has emphasized this sentence.

Patrick's eyes darkened slightly, "I have not known you in the past twenty years either."

Patrick heard Selena's words and saw her lowered brows and eyes, which were full of warmth and coldness.

He was silent for a moment and was about to speak when suddenly a burst of screaming came from the hall.

The sudden noise suddenly startled Selena and Patrick.

Two people looked up together, then suddenly froze for a moment.

Ghost took steps down the stairs, and even with a mask on, his innate beauty and delicacy could not be concealed.

The aura around the person is not describable as stunning or frightening.

Everyone in the venue was looking at him.

A scorching gaze that almost wanted to poke countless holes of blood on the man's body.

The women's suppressed exclamations of astonishment rose and fell continuously.

"Oh my god! Ghost is here in the dinner party..."

"In my lifetime, I am fortunate enough to see the real "God" in person!"

Selena looked at Ghost and, under the intense scrutiny of onlookers, her slender body descended the stairs step by step.

And the man's eerie and cunning eyes were fixed on the direction where she and Patrick were, motionless at this moment.

The man's gaze is very strange, seeming both cold and burning hot, staring at her with unblinking eyes, as if glued to her and unable to tear away.

Accompanied by the footsteps of Ghost approaching little by little, Selena came face to face with those deep, dark and eerie eyes, and a chill gradually crept up her spine.

Suddenly she felt a bone-chilling palpitation.

It seems that Patrick noticed her fear as he frowned and took a step forward to stand in front of Selena. At the same time, it also blocked the gaze full of aggressive.

Patrick coughed softly, his gaze was very dark and cold, staring straight at Ghost, but his words were directed at Selena, "Stay away from this man."

"He's much more dangerous than you think."

Such a dangerous man who deliberately approaches her must have a hidden agenda.

The only woman who is worth this man lowering his status, hiding his true identity and character, and patiently and tenderly plotting for is her.

Selena naturally knows that Ghost is very dangerous.

Every nerve in her body instinctively tensed up and reminded her to stay away whenever this man attempted to come close.

But she was stubborn, and on her face, there was not a hint of fear.

She is always esteemed and beautiful, wherever and whenever.

She smiled elegantly, "As someone with a boyfriend, I naturally won't have anything to do with other men."

Ghost's sight was blocked by an outsider and could not see Selena, making its breath even colder.

A shadow fell silently over the man's eyes, as Ghost stared at Patrick and let out a cold laugh, with a chilling aura that made one's heart shudder.

"The Turner family has been patient for twenty years, and now finally produced a person like you. It would be a pity if you were to fall here."

Patrick's gaze turned cold, he cleared his throat lightly, and with an equally low tone, he retorted, "The Turner family's matter has nothing to do with you, Mr. Ghost."

Ghost saw Patrick getting so close to Selena, and even daring to stop him from approaching her. There was a hint of resentment in his eyes, "If you really want what's best for her, leave her alone."

Patrick drooped his thin eyelids and a hint of icy mockery spilled on his face. "Her boyfriend, gentle and chivalrous, with a pure and kind disposition, is a good person who knows how to protect the weak... Are you?"

The breath of Ghost turned cold in an instant, which was frightening.

Two men are playing a game of charades, confronting each other. Others cannot hear what they are saying.

But there was a sense of vague perception that their dispute seemed to be about Selena.

This made the fragrance blenders in the hall even more envious.

Leah and Adeline's faces were particularly pale.

How could they forget that not only Ghost, but even Patrick openly defended Selena from the beginning?

Compared to Adeline's intense jealousy, Leah was feeling a slight regret.

If Patrick tells Selena the things she said, wouldn't Selena be prepared in advance?

Although everyone has already submitted their work and there is no way to make any changes, even if

Selena regrets it, it will be of no use. However, if Selena takes the opportunity to tell Patrick the truth...
Once Patrick believed her words...

Leah trembled slightly and glared at Selena with anger, grinding her teeth in hatred.

Adeline couldn't help but curse out loud, "Damn Selena!"

Selena did not actually offend them, but her existence is considered a mistake by these proud perfumers who are used to being admired and pursued.

With her presence, everyone's gaze will only fall upon her.

Who can still see them?

How can they resist targeting her and wishing she would disappear with that?

Selena's eyelashes trembled as she watched the scene of two men confronting each other.

Although she couldn't hear what they were saying, she faintly sensed that Patrick seemed to have some kind of fatal leverage over Ghost, which abruptly halted the man's attempt to approach.

Selena's gaze slid over the tightly pursed lips of the man, her eyebrows furrowing slightly as a sense of unease rose up within her.

She casually picked up a glass of wine from the drinks tower beside her and walked slowly towards Ghost, offering it to him.

In the silence, her voice was particularly clear and gentle, "Thank you for helping me just now."

In any case, it is a fact that Ghost helped her.

The deep black and desolate eyes of Ghost suddenly became tense.

He stared motionlessly at the girl in front of him, with blood-red thin lips curved into a paranoid yet joyful arc.

"No need," he said, his slender fingers deftly taking the glass of wine from her hand.

Patrick was surprised to see Selena coming towards him on her own initiative, with a hint of sadness in his eyes.

Is it too late?

The president noticed the awkward and tense atmosphere at the scene and took a step forward, saying, "On behalf of the Perfume Association, I would like to offer a toast to welcome everyone to this year's fragrance competition."

With the words of the president, rows of servers entered through the door carrying wines, delivering them in an orderly manner to each perfumer's hands.

Men are all like white wine, while women carefully pair with red wine.

Leah's eyes flashed a trace of cunning as she saw Selena pick up the red wine that had been brought to her.

Selena held up her drink, toasted to Ghost from afar, smiled, and then took a sip before tilting her head back.

As Leah's tense nerves relaxed, a slightly manic excitement spread over her face. She drank the remaining wine from her glass in one gulp.

Selena took a sip and then put down her glass, turning to Patrick. "Mr. Turner, do you mind if I go to the restroom?"

Patrick's tone was infused with a hint of tenderness, "Of course."

Selena turned around and walked towards the direction of the bathroom.

Leia naturally followed along.

Leia walked while looking back at the two men behind her.

Did Madam just refuse to talk to the man from the Turner family earlier?

How did she suddenly change her mind?

The most important thing is that Selena wants to meet Patrick alone, and surprisingly, Ghost didn't show any signs of displeasure or coldness.

This is also a great anomaly.

Leia followed Selena into the restroom and saw that Selena was just standing in front of the mirror, staring at her reflection with a vague expression and gaze. It was impossible to tell what she was thinking.

Leia waited for a while, unable to hold back any longer and exclaimed, "Madam..."

Selena seemed absent-minded, tilting her head slightly and asking in a dazed tone, "Leia, whose face does mine resemble?"

Leia was startled.

Who does Selena look like?

Of course, like Lady Nevaeh...

Almost everyone who has seen Lady Nevaeh says that Selena looks like a lot.

Even Lady Lauren has said so.

Leia said, "Madam, you look like your mother, Lady Lauren said so, so it is true."

Selena looks dazed, as if she wants to ask something but can't quite bring herself to do it.

After a while, in the quiet space, her low voice sounded again, "What kind of existence is the Turner family?"

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Noticing Selena's mood wasn't great, Leia blinked her eyes and tilted her head upwards, seriously pondering for a moment before saying, "The Turner family used to be one of the Four Great Families in the capital, but over twenty years ago, it seems that they incurred the wrath of someone and the entire family suffered a devastating disaster. Overnight, the direct line of descent was almost wiped out." Selena's slender fingers trembled uncontrollably.

Leia looked at her with a chilly profile and lowered her voice, "The leaders of the Turner family all died in that calamity, and the whole family was severely weakened. Other families took advantage of the situation to rise to power, with the Shaw family using the most ruthless methods."

"Thirteen years ago, the Shaw family took over the control of the Institute in the capital and officially replaced the Turner family as one of the Four Great Families."

Selena stared at the familiar face in the mirror and slowly clenched her fingers.

Leia sensed her breath becoming more intimidating and stopped talking, feeling a bit scared.

Selena's voice was cold and gentle as it came through, "Is there more?"

After all, Leia was still young and had not experienced that era personally. Her understanding of and knowledge about the Turner family were all heard from other people's mouths.

Leia racked her brains for a while, and her eyes suddenly lit up, "I heard that the last heir of the Turner family was an extraordinary and stunning young man who was more popular than our young master's father in the capital."

"After all, that person from the Anderson family, his temper..."

Selena looked at the girl in the mirror, and the natural elegance in her eyes made her realize something, "Extraordinary and stunning?"

"Yes, how did that saying go?" Leia thought for a moment, and her eyes suddenly lit up, "Unmatched in

elegance and unparalleled in the world. That's him. Unfortunately, such a character died young..." Selena lowered her long eyelashes to cover the emotions in her eyes and asked, "How did he die?" Leia shook her head, "I don't know..."

She carefully observed Selena's expression and said, "Madam, if you want to know, you can ask young master."

Leia didn't know why Selena suddenly became interested in the Turner family. And why their master, who was clearly present, did not intervene.

Selena seemed to ponder for a moment, turned on the tap and washed her hands.

Then she stood up straight, gathered all the unusual emotions on her face, and returned to her usual elegant and indifferent demeanor.

Selena turned around and said to Leia, "Go tell the young master of the Turner family that I'll be waiting for him in the coffee shop across the street."

Leia remembered the drink that their master had instructed her to replace and a hint of killing intent flashed through her eyes, "Yes, Madam!"

Leia turned around and left for the hall.

Selena left the hotel from the other side.

In the banquet hall.

After Selena left, Leah waited anxiously.

She saw Selena drink that glass of wine with her own eyes, so there would be no accidents.

Dominic stood beside her and seemed to notice her distraction. He asked, "Leah, what's wrong?"

Despite Leah's bad reputation, she was still one of the top contenders for the championship, and without Selena, she had the highest popularity in the room.

After all, the sales record she set with "Morning Snow" three years ago was unparalleled. Countless media outlets interviewed her, and top executives from major conglomerates came to talk to her, all expressing a desire to collaborate.

However, Leah's competition entry for this year had already been agreed upon and would be produced and sold in collaboration with the Riddle family and the Walson family.

As her fiancé, Dominic was naturally qualified to bask in her success and became the object of flattery. After he helped turn down several companies that wanted to collaborate, he clearly noticed that Leah was uneasy.

She frequently raised her hand to look in a certain direction, as if waiting for someone.

Dominic followed her gaze and saw Selena's assistant run over with a panicked expression, saying something to the young master of the Turner family.

Patrick seemed to frown and walked towards the door.

Then the assistant found a hotel waitress and said something to him before turning around and running out.

Selena was never seen throughout the evening.

Dominic's brow furrowed as he unconsciously looked around, trying to find Selena. "If you're worried, Dominic, you can go ask," Leah's low voice suddenly came from his ear.

Dominic was taken aback and lowered his head, "Leah..."

Leah whispered, "You grew up with Selena, so it's natural to care about her."

Dominic looked at her pale and delicate eyebrows and wanted to explain something, "Leah, I..."

Leah's sharp nails dug deep into her palm, and her tone showed no emotions, "Dominic, I've said it before, you, me, and Selena grew up together, so it's only natural to care about her. If you keep

explaining yourself, it only shows that you're... guilty."

Dominic's face changed slightly, "That's not true!"

He looked at Leah and walked towards the waitress, "I'll go ask."

Leah looked at his back, her eyes flickering. After a while, a worried expression appeared in her eyes.

Leah lowered her eyes and her pupils couldn't be seen clearly. "Dominic, where's Selena?" Dominic

looked worried, "Selena's assistant said that Selena suddenly felt unwell and went back to her room."

Leah's crimson lips twitched slightly. To be on the safe side, she naturally wouldn't be foolish enough to drug Selena in public, as it would be too easy to see through. She just needed to make sure that Selena could take the first step...

Leah lowered her eyebrows and looked fragile and harmless. She whispered, "Selena is not feeling well, should we call a doctor? What did she tell the hotel staff?"

Dominic thought the question was a bit strange and glanced at Leah. "She didn't know where to find a doctor, so she asked."

Leah seemed stunned for a moment, and the curve of her lips deepened. "Selena's assistant went to find a doctor for her now?"

Dominic nodded absentmindedly as he thought about Selena being sick.

Leah smiled. Originally, she was thinking about how to deal with the skilled assistant. She didn't expect that the assistant would go help Selena find a doctor, so she wouldn't need her backup plan anymore.

This meant that Selena was now alone and on her way back to her room. Once she entered her room...

Leah's palms were sweating profusely. However, the plan was going too smoothly, and she began to feel uneasy, feeling that something was not quite right.

Leah looked up and searched around. Suddenly, she frowned and said, "Dominic, where is Angie?"

Dominic was taken aback...

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He was angry at Angie for not knowing the severity of the situation. After it was over, he didn't pay attention to her and walked away.

He looked around and realized that Angie was nowhere to be found.

Dominic furrowed his brow, took out his phone, and called Angie.

It took a while for her to answer on the other end, and Angie's petulant voice came through, "Brother."

Dominic breathed a sigh of relief and asked in a deep voice, "Where are you?"

Angie replied defiantly, "I don't want to see Selena. I went out to play on my own. You don't need to worry about me. I'll be back soon."

Dominic's brow furrowed even tighter.

This was M City, and Angie was unfamiliar with the area. She was going out alone at night...

But then he thought that Angie was already in her twenties and he didn't need to worry at all.

After a few instructions, Dominic hung up the phone.

...

Meanwhile, in a corner of the hotel garden...

After hanging up the phone, Angie looked up and stared at the room on the top floor.

Shyness and anticipation crossed her beautiful and cute face.

She tightened her grip on her phone, her eyes filled with excitement, and a vicious confidence appeared on her face. "Selena, I will never give you a chance to win the championship!"

After finishing her words, Angie checked her dress and makeup, which she had specially changed. Once she was sure there were no problems, she raised her head with a malicious and confident smile and walked towards the elevator.

...

At the same time, Selena arrived at the café.

She sat in a window seat and ordered a cup of unsweetened coffee for herself.

The night wind was cold, blowing through the open window and making her skin chilly.

As Selena was lost in thought, the phone on the table suddenly buzzed.

She smiled slightly at the flashing name on the screen.

She dropped the spoon in her hand and answered the call.

Oswaldo's voice came through the screen, dark and cool but with a hint of tenderness. "Where are you?"

Selena smiled faintly. "Café."

Oswaldo paused for a moment, but didn't ask her what she was doing in the café at night.

He just chuckled and his charming voice came through the phone, clear in her ears. "Selena, do you remember what you promised me?"

Selena was taken aback.

What did she promise Oswaldo?

If someone bullied her, she had to tell him.

When she left, she had to say goodbye to him.

She had to give him the perfume and trophy she won in the competition.

As Selena remembered these promises one by one, she suddenly realized that she had made so many promises to a man without even realizing it.

Plus those favors that haven't been paid back yet...

Selena broke out in a cold sweat for no apparent reason.

She rubbed her pale fingers over her forehead and suppressed the excess emotions in her heart, and whispered, "Yes..."

Oswaldo chuckled, his voice tinged with an inscrutable flavor, "Since you remember, you must keep your promise."

Selena's long eyelashes trembled as she remained silent for a long time before whispering, "Okay."

Sensing her unusual emotions, the man fell silent for a moment before his dark voice became even more tender to the bone.

"Selena, don't be afraid."

Don't be afraid.

I will protect you.

Selena felt a long-lost warmth and care.

It seemed that someone had said these words to her a long, long time ago.

Who was that person?

She couldn't remember.

After a moment of confusion in her eyes, she regained her firm and reserved demeanor.

She smiled and said firmly, "I'm not afraid."

Besides death, she was not afraid of anything.

No matter what stood in her way, as long as it hindered her from going home, she would step on it and tear it apart.

No one could stop her from going home!

Oswaldo chuckled softly, his gentle voice creeping slowly into Selena's ears, "You're obviously very afraid..."

Selena, "???"

When had she shown fear in front of this man?

How could he tease her like this...

"When you're sick and have to get a shot, you're so scared that you cry, and you're afraid of being bitter, and you absolutely refuse to take medicine..."

How could such a pretty and delicate girl say that she wasn't afraid?

Selena had actually forgotten about this.

It was definitely a pot of fever that burned her mind to confusion!

Oswaldo's voice was very soft and gentle, like a butterfly fluttering its wings, with a hint of seduction, "So you should tell me that you're very scared, and as your husband, I'll find a way to make you not scared..."

As long as those who hurt her disappeared, she would naturally always be beautiful, delicate, and radiant.

Selena, "..."

What kind of tone was this, trying to lure her?

Selena thought carefully and suddenly understood where the man's abnormal behavior came from.

The Turner family's past was too bloody and heavy.

If Selena really had a relationship with the Turner family, she would surely be sad and upset.

The man deliberately called to comfort her when he heard her ask about the Turner family.

Selena breathed a sigh of relief.

She pressed her heart and suppressed some foolish thoughts, with a touched smile on her lips, "I'm fine."

After a moment's thought, she added, "Really, I'm fine. Patrick helped me, and I have to invite him for a cup of coffee, for both gratitude and reason."

Oswaldo chuckled softly and murmured, "Okay."

As she put down her phone, Selena's frustration dissipated and she once again became the stunning beauty she was known for.

Soon after, Patrick walked in.

He draped his coat over the back of the chair, closed the window, and sat opposite Selena.

Stirring her coffee absentmindedly, Selena looked at the young man with a handsome face and asked with a smile, "Mr. Turner, you invited me out, what did you want to say?"

Patrick's gaze was faint, and there was no emotion in his voice as he said, "Nothing, I just noticed your exceptional perfuming skills and wanted to ask for your advice."

The stirring of Selena's coffee came to an almost imperceptible halt as she inquired nonchalantly, "What kind of advice?"

Patrick looked deeply into her eyes and said, "Lady Selena, have you heard of 'City of Charm'?"

Selena was stunned, as if something had lightly bumped into her heart, and she felt a strange sensation.

"What is that?" she asked.

A mixture of joy and sadness crossed Patrick's icy face as he replied, "It's a perfume that Lady Nevaeh created years ago."

Selena's heart trembled uncontrollably.

Suddenly, Patrick turned his head and looked out the window, his voice filled with nostalgia and

yearning, "The world only knows that Lady Nevaeh left behind 'City of Charm,' but they don't know that the fragrance recipe was actually given to her by another man."

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Selena almost immediately thought of the fragrance Lady Lauren had given her. It turned out to be called "City of Charm".

No wonder Osvaldo said it would be a waste to use it in the domestic fragrance competition.

Selena's lips curved into a faint smile. "I've seen it."

Perhaps it was Patrick's gentle and casual attitude, Selena's nerves gradually relaxed.

Patrick's deep gaze stared at Selena and a faint laugh emerged. "Is it beautiful?"

Selena thought for a moment. "Very beautiful." She looked into his eyes that revealed a hint of expectation and added, "Perhaps, you may see it at this year's international competition."

Patrick coughed softly, and a joyful tone crept into his cold voice. "I'm looking forward to it."

If "City of Charm" were to be reintroduced, the sensation it would cause would probably not be less than Ghost's "God".

Selena looked at his pale face and frowned slightly. "Not feeling well?"

She had noticed earlier that Patrick's body seemed to be in poor condition, always coughing.

Patrick's face remained calm, and his tone was casual. "Just a slight cold. No need to worry."

Selena lowered her long lashes and suddenly raised her hand, pouring a cup of hot water for Patrick. She smiled lightly, "Even a minor cold should not be ignored. If left untreated, it can become a serious illness."

Patrick stared at Selena's pretty and delicate hand for a moment, and a faint smile appeared on his icy face. "Thank you."

The two of them chatted about the fragrance competition as if they were two ordinary friends who had just met.

...

At this moment, the hotel's rooftop collapsed one floor down.

Angie was waiting at the elevator.

The elevator door opened and a person walked out with a tray of tea cups.

Angie's face showed a hint of arrogance as she looked at the tea cups in the person's hand. Her eyes revealed a trace of unease. "Are you sure the man on the top floor drank this tea?"

The woman dressed in the hotel's uniform nodded confidently with a meaningful smile. "I saw him drink it with my own eyes. There's no mistake."

Angie breathed a sigh of relief and thought of the perfect man, like God. A hint of shyness appeared on her face, mixed with a sinister satisfaction.

Other than not being as pretty as Selena, in terms of background, character, and talent... which aspect of Selena can compare to her?

She is the most prestigious daughter of the Creepia family!

Only a man like Ghost is worthy of her.

Although Angie was confident in her plan, she still felt uneasy. She twirled her hair and ordered, "In about an hour, find a way to bring everyone downstairs."

Although she was confident, she couldn't guarantee that Ghost wouldn't get angry and be manipulated. If he refused to take responsibility, she would have to find a way to make their relationship clear.

As long as everyone knew she was Ghost's woman, he would have no choice but to take responsibility. The female waitress nodded with a deepening gaze and a smile, "Okay."
After making sure there were no problems, Angie walked into the elevator.

...

At the same moment, in the ballroom.
Leah looked up at the clock on the wall.
Selena had left for ten minutes.

At this point, she should be on her way back to her room.
She took out her phone and calmly walked to a deserted corner, sending a message.
"Has he drunk the tea?"

There was a quick reply.

"I saw him drink it myself. I guarantee he's not just energized, but also lively and spirited."
Leah put down her phone, smiling and deleting the message.

As long as Selena was disgraced and ruined, that man would never look at her again!
She no longer had the right to compete with her for the championship of the fragrance competition!
She not only wanted Selena to lose everything, but also to live in a nightmare and never be able to hold her head up again.
Leah smiled faintly, and the malice in her eyes frightened a perfumer who was about to greet her as she walked by.

...

Hotel rooftop.

Angie cautiously walked out of the elevator.

She inquired clearly and found out that Selena's room was on the right side, and Ghost's room was on the left.

Angie walked shyly to the door of the left room, her face showing a mix of nervousness and joy.
She remembered Ghost's dominant and seductive aura, blushed secretly, raised her hand, and prepared to knock on the door.

Suddenly, she seemed to remember something and paused, turned around, and came to the door of the left room.

Angie stood outside Selena's room, showing a vicious smile that contrasted sharply with her innocent appearance. "Selena, you have been stealing my limelight everywhere, ruining my reputation. After today, when I become Mr. Ghost's woman, I will make you suffer!"

She seemed to have already seen herself soaring to the top, crushing Selena under her feet without hesitation.

With a sinister grin on her face, she said, "I will never let you win the perfume competition, you bitch. You're destined to be stepped on by me for the rest of your life, and you will never rise again!"

"Selena, watch out, I will make you suffer soon!"

After venting her emotions, Angie was about to knock on Ghost's door when the corridor lights suddenly went out as she turned around.

Angie stood in a suffocating darkness and was suddenly stunned.

Before she could regain her composure, someone opened the door behind her and dragged her in.

Angie was caught off guard and dragged into the room, her eyes widening in surprise.

How could there be a man in Selena's room?

That damn bitch was actually having an affair in her room!

Angie thought she had caught another piece of evidence against Selena and looked resentful and smug. As she was about to scold and make the man leave, she suddenly heard heavy breathing coming from the darkness.

A figure that was not Ghost's came swaying out of the darkness.

Angie's body suddenly stiffened as her jealousy-filled nerves finally detected the danger.

She looked at the figure, clearly not Ghost, and took a deep breath, feeling endless chills creeping up her spine, almost scaring her to death.

She opened her mouth to scream but was immediately silenced by a hand covering her mouth.

The man was obviously an old hand at this and knew exactly how to control a disobedient woman even in a confused state.

Angie was pressed against the door, her mouth blocked, and tears of despair and fear flowed from her eyes.

She kicked and hit, struggling with all her strength to break free.

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With a 'smack'-

A heavy slap landed hard on her face.

Angie's entire face swelled up immediately.

She cried, tears streaming down her face, her whole body filled with fear and despair.

"Bitch! How dare you hit me... how dare you humiliate me..."

"Are you still being arrogant?"

"Are you still shouting?"

"You're ruining my reputation!"

The person grabbed her hair and slammed her head hard against the door.

Angie's head throbbed in pain, tears streaming down her face, struggling desperately, wanting to scream for help, but it was all in vain.

In the silent darkness, the sound of her head banging against the door reverberated clearly, one after another.

Angie convulsed in pain, feeling a warm liquid dripping down her head, tasting the salty taste in her mouth.

It was her blood.

Angie trembled all over, in pain and fear, trying to scream for help, but the person didn't give her a chance, brutally beating her.

Another slap landed heavily on Angie's face, causing her to fall to the ground.

The person seemed to have vented their anger enough, grabbing Angie's hair, lifting up the woman who was already so in pain that she was like a pile of mud, saying with resentment, "This is just to collect some interest, you still owe me the principal..."

Amidst Angie's screams of fear and despair, the person lifted her up and threw her onto the big bed behind her.

Then he smirked and pounced.

After a piercing scream, all struggling and crying fell into complete silence.

...

Downstairs.

Leah stared at the watch on the wall, estimating the time.

She had to lead the people downstairs to Selena's room before Selena's assistant returned.

If she was late and gave Selena a chance to cover up the scene, if she couldn't catch Selena and the judges "cooperating" on the spot, everything she had carefully arranged tonight would be in vain.

Dominic stood beside her, looking at the gathering of celebrities at the banquet, feeling somewhat uneasy.

Selena left early because she was not feeling well, and Leah didn't know why, always absent-minded. In addition, Angie had disappeared at night, and no one knew where she had gone to play.

Dominic felt uneasy. He looked at Leah and said softly, "Leah, it's late, let's go back."

Leah was thinking about what reason to use to lead the fragrance specialists and the media up the stairs, when suddenly she heard a scream from outside the hotel door.

"Ah—"

The sudden sound startled the people in the banquet hall.

The crowd looked towards the source of the sound and saw a woman wearing a hotel staff uniform rushing in with a pale face, trembling and pointing towards the direction of the rooftop. "Selena..."
Selena?

Selena is the most eye-catching contestant in this year's fragrance competition. As soon as her name was mentioned, the attention of everyone present was immediately drawn to her.

Adeline frowned and complained, "What's wrong with Selena again? Is she causing trouble again?"

The tears were in the eyes of the staff member, who was clearly frightened. She was about to say something, but Leah suddenly spoke up and interrupted her before she could say anything.

She grabbed Dominic's hand and said anxiously, "Dominic, Selena must be in trouble, let's go up and see!"

Without giving Dominic a chance to react or refuse, she dragged him towards the direction of the elevator.

When Dominic heard Selena's name, his heart skipped a beat and he was worried that something had happened to her.

Seeing Leah's "forgiving and understanding" appearance, he was even more moved and obediently followed her.

After the other fragrance specialists looked at each other, they put on their high heels and followed suit.

After all, seeing the staff member's pale face, Selena had obviously encountered something bad.

They didn't believe that Selena would be lucky enough to be rescued after not seeing through her joke earlier.

And those media reporters, of course, would not let go of such a big hot news. Like sharks smelling blood, they competed to carry their cameras and followed along.

...

In the peaceful cafe, soothing music flowed.

Selena finished the last sip of her coffee and put down her spoon.

Perhaps because there was no sugar and it was too bitter, she frowned slightly, stuck out her tongue, and showed a rare hint of playfulness in her eyes.

Patrick gazed at the elegant and agile young lady in front of him, poured her a cup of hot tea, lowered his eyes, and casually asked, "Lady Selena, forgive me for being presumptuous... what kind of person is your boyfriend in your eyes?"

Selena's expression slightly froze.

She didn't seem to expect that the man who was just exchanging fragrance experience with her would suddenly bring up this topic so directly.

But strangely... it didn't raise any sense of disgust.

Selena thought for a moment, her lips curling up into a sweet smile. "He's a very kind and gentle man. He helps me, comforts me, protects me... he's the perfect boyfriend."

As far as a marriage of convenience husband goes, no one could do it better than Osvaldo.

Patrick seemed somewhat surprised, looking thoughtfully at Selena.

After a moment, the mist in his eyes suddenly dissipated, becoming deep and cold. "Girls can have boyfriends, but if they want to get married, they need to examine the other person's character for a few more years."

Selena smiled, "Of course."

But she and Osvaldo weren't going to spend their whole lives together, so they didn't need that kind of scrutiny.

She looked at Patrick's black eyes, smiled faintly, and added a hint of meaning to her tone. "Those bad things are all in the past. I'm doing well now and don't need anyone to worry about me."

Whether the Turner family had anything to do with Selena or not, for Lady Nevaeh and "City of Charm," she should say this to him.

Patrick stared at her quietly for a moment, and something seemed to flicker in the depths of his eyes, whether it was joy or sadness couldn't be said.

After a moment, he stood up as if nothing had happened, picked up his coat from where it was leaning, "It's raining, I'll walk you back."

Selena turned to look out the window and only then realized that it had started to drizzle outside at some point.

She softly responded and stood up.

She turned and walked towards the door first. When she opened it, the cold air hit her face, causing Selena to shiver and sneeze.

Her shoulder suddenly felt heavy, and Selena turned her head to see Patrick draping his coat over her shoulders, while holding a sky-blue umbrella with his other hand.

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The umbrella covered Selena's head, blocking the wind and rain, and keeping her safe and dry.

Patrick stood in the rain and fog, tall and straight. In the darkness, his breath became clearer. He coughed lightly and said, "Let's go."

Selena stared at Patrick's face, her voice soft but with a startling intensity. "Do you have anything else to say to me besides this?"

Patrick's gaze seemed to freeze for a moment, and after a moment, he took a small card reader out of his pocket and handed it to Selena. "If you want to know more about your mother's past, you can look at this."

Selena's gaze fell on the silver-black card reader, and after a few seconds, she reached out and took it. She held the tiny card reader in her palm and turned around, taking steps towards the hotel entrance.

...

At the same time, Leah and Dominic led everyone from the banquet hall and, ignoring the hotel staff's protests, headed towards the top floor.

The elevator door opened, and Leah led Dominic out eagerly.

As soon as she walked out of the elevator, she saw Leia standing outside Selena's room, holding a plastic bag with cold medicine inside.

Leia seemed to sense that something might have happened to Selena and her expression became fierce and cold. She was about to kick the door as she called out, "Selena—"

Leia heard Leah's voice, paused her kick, turned her head and glared at Leah fiercely. "It's you again, you wicked woman! You're not allowed near Lady Selena's room. Get out of here!"

Ignoring her, Leah ran up to the door and raised her hand to push it open.

Leia was so angry that she kicked Leah in the stomach. Leah staggered back and would have fallen if Dominic had not caught her.

She held her stomach in pain, her face contorted with anger. She was more certain in her heart that something must have happened to Selena. Otherwise, her personal assistant would not be so nervous.

Dominic helped Leah and glared at Leia. "Leah is just concerned about Selena. You're going too far!"

Leia laughed in anger, her hands on her hips, pointing at the two and cursing loudly. "This woman is hypocritical and malicious. She's shameless and would be glad if Lady Selena had any misfortune. How could she suddenly care about Lady Selena? Entering Lady Selena's territory in such an abnormal way, it's clear that you, a brainless and foolish man, have malicious intentions. Only someone like you wouldn't be able to see through her sinister plans!"

Damn idiot, don't dirty Lady Selena's place, get out now!

Dominic and Leah's faces twisted together.

Despite both of them having suffered losses at the hands of Leia, they knew how powerful she was and didn't dare to challenge her directly.

Finally recovering from the intense pain, Leah gritted her teeth, straightened her body, and resumed her elegant and gentle demeanor. She looked at Leia and said in a calm voice, "Selena is my sister, despite any conflicts we may have had. I can't bear to see anything happen to her. I really just came to check on her, and as soon as I confirm that she's okay, I'll leave."

After hearing her words, the others who had followed her began to doubt the truthfulness of the rumors.

Didn't Leah wish for Selena's death? But when she heard that Selena might be in trouble, she ran faster than anyone else. It doesn't look like she doesn't care...

Is she just acting? Everyone knows that Leah is the best at acting...

Whether or not she's acting doesn't matter, the important person is Selena. The waitress only said Selena's name, but didn't say what happened to her. What's going on with Selena?

The group's gaze was fixed on the door behind Leia, mixed with various unkind speculations.

Leia watched Leah start acting again and showed a disgusted expression.

Selena only told the hotel staff that she wasn't feeling well and needed to go back to her room, but Leia didn't know what happened afterwards. The only thing she could confirm was that Selena was currently in the café with Patrick and not in the hotel. So the woman in the room at the moment couldn't possibly be Selena.

There were two pieces of trash who came to dirty Lady Selena's place while she was away.

Leia remembered Selena's cleanliness, which was almost as strict as her master's. A strong murderous intent flashed in her eyes as she threatened fiercely, "Get out!"

Don't obstruct her from killing people!

As soon as she finished speaking, a man's laughter suddenly came from the room behind her.

“Selena... you’re so beautiful. I was stunned when I first saw you...”

“I should have three years ago...”

The man’s voice was nauseating, and just hearing it made it clear what kind of depraved activities were going on inside.

Those outside the door were all shocked upon hearing those two sentences.

Leah lowered her head, her long hair concealing the malice in her eyes. She clenched her fingers and silently hooked her crimson lips.

She knew that as long as these two sentences were spoken, even if the door in front of her wasn’t opened tonight, Selena was finished.

Just thinking about what was happening inside this room made her feel an indescribable pleasure.

She finally completely destroyed Selena!

She could finally rest easy and go win the national championship without any worries!

Selena finally lost to her and once again became the target of everyone’s scorn and ridicule!

If it weren’t for the fact that there were so many people around, Leah would have wanted to laugh out loud in delight.

Her slender shoulders trembled lightly, and others would think she was scared, but only Leah knew that she was just too happy to contain her emotions.

Selena had stepped on her so many times, almost every time leaving her stuck in the mud, unable to lift her head.

This time, she finally defeated Selena.

Just thinking about the expression Selena would have when she was despised, abandoned, and lost everything by that noble and handsome man, almost made her soul feel happy.

When Dominic heard these two sentences, he was stunned and his mind went blank.

He stared at the tightly closed door, listening to those unbearable words, his temples throbbing.

This scene was obviously Selena doing something shameless, and she even had her assistant guarding the door and spreading rumors to prevent them from entering.

Dominic clenched his fists, not knowing if he was angry or jealous, trembling all over, and even lost his etiquette and composure as a member of a wealthy family, his face distorted as he angrily cursed,

“Shameless!”

And Adeline and the group of perfumers, who had been a bit impatient, were suddenly shaken when they heard this sentence.

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As they all know, Selena’s boyfriend is in Creephia and didn’t come with her to M City at all. So there’s no way the man inside could be her boyfriend.

The perfumers’ eyes lit up in an instant.

The members of the Perfume Association were also stunned. When they heard that the old masters were interested in Selena, everyone went blank and almost fainted.

The media was even more excited.

Selena is the hottest celebrity in recent gossip headlines. If any scandalous photos or rumors about her were leaked, it would definitely make a fortune.

Adeline walked forward with a fierce momentum, raised her chin, and gave orders to the embarrassed hotel waitress standing by the side, “Open the door and see which man is so bold and dare to break into

Miss Riddle from the capital and have bad intentions towards her!”

The hotel waitress trembled when she heard Adeline’s words, “Miss Watts, I... I don’t have a room card...”

After all, Selena is the daughter of the Riddle family from the capital. When such a scandal happened in their hotel, they were already worried that the Riddle family from the capital would cause trouble for them, so they didn’t dare to help Adeline and the others catch the culprit.

Moreover... The people who booked the hotel for Selena were not from the Riddle family from the capital. It was something that even Adeline, the number one socialite in M City, couldn’t do, to reserve the two best supreme VIP suites in M City for two months.

Before they figured out the specific details, they didn’t dare to offend them rashly.

Adeline snorted coldly, “Useless!” She raised her hand and pointed to a few men on the scene with a proud expression, “You guys go and break down the door for me!”

The men who were pointed to by Adeline immediately rolled up their sleeves and prepared to break down the door.

Leia’s face turned completely cold.

In any case, this was Lady Selena’s room. Although it was now dirtied by two garbage men, she would definitely not step in again.

But even if it was something she had discarded, it was not these people’s turn to act recklessly.

Leia clenched her fists and a murderous intent flashed in her dark, tea-colored eyes. “I’ll say it one last time, get out!”

Some people were scared by Leia’s bone-chilling gaze.

However, the majority of people, seeing that Leia was young and a girl, didn’t take her warning to heart and even began to blame her.

“How did you become her assistant? There are so many people waiting outside, yet your master is fooling around in the room with someone else. Shameless!”

“Can’t the people inside hear us? This is such a formal occasion, and there are even media present. Selena’s behavior is so embarrassing, it’s disgraceful for the Riddle family from the capital!”

“The Riddle family from the capital is known for their nobility, so how could they have such a shameless granddaughter? If the Riddle family’s young master found out, he would immediately kick Selena out of the Riddle family!”

“Leia, you’re young and agile. Why do you have to lie? Don’t let her corrupt you. Why don’t you abandon Selena and become my assistant instead...”

As Leia listened to the various accusations, the murderous intent in her eyes grew stronger.

Adeline sneered and pointed out two men, “You two, grab her. The rest of you, go bang on the door!”

The two men singled out from the crowd went to grab Leia.

Leah curled her lips, waiting to see Selena’s complete downfall.

Dominic watched coldly, his eyes full of disgust.

Just as Leia couldn’t help but erupt in anger and wanted to throw all these annoying bastards off the building, a faint, dark, lazy voice suddenly rang out in the noisy corridor.

“So noisy.”

The voice wasn’t loud, it could even be described as low, but it seemed to carry a certain kind of demonic power and instantly silenced all other sounds.

The entire space seemed to have paused.

Everyone present was frozen, some stiffly turning their heads towards another direction.

The next second, everyone's eyes showed a mix of amazement and fear.

From a distance, at the entrance of the other room, Ghost lazily leaned against the wall, wearing a masked face. His beautiful appearance was like that of a demon, with lips that appeared to be stained with blood and sinister black eyes that were scary to look at.

At the sight of him, everyone present, regardless of age or gender, quivered.

Adeline spoke a bit stiffly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Ghost. We didn't know you also lived here..."

If she had known, she wouldn't have made such a fuss.

After all, he was famously fond of peace and quiet.

She had previously inquired about where Ghost lived, but had not found out.

When she saw this man in the room opposite Selena's, Adeline finally understood why he repeatedly defended Selena.

Damn Selena, why was she so lucky?

There was no expression on Ghost's face, and his gaze slowly fixed on the door across from him. "What are you doing?" he asked.

Adeline was pleased that the man took the initiative to ask, but she naturally wouldn't be so foolish as to say that she had come to see Selena's misfortune.

She smiled slightly, displaying the elegance and grace of a high-class lady, "It's like this. Just now, a hotel attendant ran to the hotel lobby and said that a man had broken into Lady Selena's room with bad intentions. There was indeed a man's voice coming from Lady Selena's room just now, and we were all worried that she might be in danger..."

"But for some reason, her assistant kept blocking us and wouldn't let us in, causing some conflict..."

Adeline observed the man's expression carefully as she spoke.

After all, everyone could see that Ghost treated Selena differently.

But once Selena was dirtied, wouldn't this fastidious and noble man find her too dirty to even look at?

Adeline sneered.

Leah looked at Ghost warily.

For some reason, this man always gave her a sense of familiarity and eerie coldness.

If he came forward now to defend Selena, at most, Selena's reputation would be damaged, and she wouldn't be ruined.

Leah had calculated for so long, and was just a step away from completely ruining Selena. How could she be willing to let her efforts go to waste?

So she stared at Ghost as if she were facing a formidable enemy.

Ghost's dark eyes revealed no emotions, and his tone was casual. "Open the door."

Leah breathed a sigh of relief.

Adeline's face lit up with joy, and she shouted at the stunned hotel attendant, "Mr. Ghost has spoken.

What are you waiting for? Open the door!"

As she walked towards Selena's room door, she couldn't help but feel a curious itch in her heart.

She remembered...