

## Love Rats 831

### Chapter 831 Please do not disturb her

Osvaldo and Patrick were willing to wait, but the live audience didn't have their patience. They saw Selena confidently take the stage, but just as she was about to make her move, she suddenly stopped in a strange way.

They waited for a long time, and even the perfumers who had finished their own work and started to leave the stage would stop and look at her when they passed by Selena. Although they didn't say anything nasty in public for the sake of their image, their arrogant sneers had already conveyed everything.

Audiences from other countries openly ridiculed her.

"Is this the champion of H country? Just this?"

"Sleeping in the venue of the World Championships, isn't that foolish?"

The H country audience glared at them in anger but couldn't find a reason to argue.

In the live broadcast room, some impatient people couldn't help but start verbally attacking Selena.

"What is Selena doing? If she doesn't start soon, the other perfumers will all be gone!"

"Didn't she say she wanted to win the championship? Why did she drop the ball at this moment? It's so annoying to do it in front of those idiots outside..."

Mandy and Alice had almost completed their own work one after the other, and the two of them looked at each other and walked towards the stage.

But when they passed by Selena, both of them instinctively stopped and looked at her.

In this tense atmosphere, the woman lowered her eyelashes and had a gentle and warm expression on her face, as if she was immersed in some beautiful memory. Her delicate lips still had a hint of a faint smile.

The two of them looked at each other, hesitating whether or not to call her.

Mandy hesitated for a moment and was about to remind her, but suddenly a gentle voice came from behind Selena.

"Please do not disturb her."

Mandy was taken aback and turned to Alice, and they saw Lancelot sitting behind Selena with a handsome face and a quiet smile.

"The competition rules specify a whole day, and whenever she finishes within today, it complies with the rules. Please proceed, both of you."

Mandy and Alice were shocked to realize that not only had Selena not moved, but Lancelot had not started yet either. It's just that no one noticed because he had been sitting there quietly.

Mandy and Alice looked at each other, and their hearts began to sink inexplicably. But in this situation, they obviously couldn't ask any further questions, so they turned and continued to walk down.

As time passed, more and more perfumers finished their work and left the stage. By noon, only three people were left on the high platform.

Selena, Lancelot, and Leah sitting in the corner.

However, the audience spontaneously ignored Leah and focused solely on Selena and Lancelot. It was at this moment that Selena opened her eyes. She sat up straight, her dark eyes radiating with bright confidence, and her slender hands picked up the materials on the table, finally beginning to work.

The H-country audience at the scene had been worked up and almost cried with excitement when they saw her finally start.

"I was really nervous just now..."

"We're really struggling with this lady..."

Almost at the moment when Selena started, Lancelot also began to work. The two sat in their seats, one in front and one behind, their fingers moving, refining various materials, with quick and graceful movements that dazzled the eye.

"Lancelot just started? What does that mean? Did I miss something?"

"No way, I've been watching all the time, and the two haven't communicated at all. Can it be that Lancelot is specifically waiting for Selena and then trying to compete with her in technique?"

"It's very possible. Both of their techniques are too beautiful and fast..."

"Lancelot was born into the fragrance world of F Country and has been learning how to blend scents since he was sensible. Those hands are a treasure of the entire fragrance world. I didn't expect Selena to be able to keep up with his speed. She's amazing..."

"What do you mean keeping up? Our Selena is obviously better! She's better-looking!"

...

On the judges' bench, Gibran saw Selena's technique and was excited, "Truly Lady Nevaeh's daughter. I was just worried that she wouldn't have a strong enough mentality..."

Mr. Jenkins breathed a sigh of relief and showed a rare smile on his serious face, "This child's mentality is even stronger than her mother's."

Cronin glanced at Leah. At this moment, everyone's attention at the scene was focused solely on Selena and Lancelot, with no one paying any attention to Leah.

The other fragrance makers from M-country had already finished their works and proudly left the stage.

Displeasure flashed in his eyes.

From Gibran's tone, it was obvious that both Lancelot and Selena were working at full speed. However, there was also some doubt in his heart. Even though they were both in their twenties and had

exceptional skills and experience, what kind of perfume could they produce even with their extraordinary abilities? Thinking of Daisy's skills, Cronin felt relieved.

Unless these two people can create "God" or "City of Charm", there is nothing to fear. ...

Patrick looked at Selena's expression and was completely relieved. He remembered what Selena had said before, perhaps he could witness the birth of "City of Charm" at the International Perfume Competition, and he couldn't help feeling excited.

When Lady Nevaeh created "City of Charm", he was still young and didn't see it with his own eyes, so he didn't understand why "City of Charm" still had such a great reputation even twenty years after Lady Nevaeh's death. Perhaps he could resolve this doubt at this perfume competition.

On stage, Lancelot and Selena's speed was very fast and graceful, fully demonstrating the skills and qualities of an advanced perfumer. The live audience was excited.

The H Country audience screamed and cheered for Selena, shouting for her to beat Lancelot. The foreign audience, on the other hand, was cheering for Lancelot.

Despite the commotion, the two contestants seemed to be completely focused on their own hands, as if there was no one around them. This kind of mentality was really terrifying.

Forty minutes later, the two of them almost simultaneously placed the perfume they had made on the table. The eyes of the live audience eagerly looked over, and when they saw the two bottles of perfume, they were all stunned in place. Even Selena and Lancelot, who looked at each other's perfume, were stunned. They saw on the tray lined with precious velvet...

### **Chapter 832 You are so beautiful, intelligent and kind**

Two bottles of perfume were placed on the table, one rich black and the other pure white, flowing in exquisite bottles that were so vivid they shone. Yet, they also emitted a mysterious harmony.

On the judges' panel, the display caused a stir, and several judges couldn't help but stand up.

Lancelot's gaze fell on Selena's slender and graceful hands.

Those hands seemed to be not of this world, with each movement graceful and refined, captivating at first glance. This was something even he, who had been trained since childhood, couldn't match.

The young man smiled at Selena, his eyes shining with admiration. "You are very impressive, but I won't lose!"

Selena was momentarily stunned, then regained her composure. Hearing his words, she said with a smile, "The champion will definitely be me!"

With that, she turned around, walking towards the stage in her high heels.

Oswaldo was already waiting for her at the bottom of the stage. Selena walked over and naturally extended her hand, which he held as he led her away, leaving the audience to watch in awe.

Meanwhile, at the operating table, Leah placed a bottle of perfume on the tray.

The staff member holding the tray was stunned when she saw the perfume handed over, and blurted out, "How could this be..."

Leah glanced at her, smiling. "Is there a problem?"

The staff member seemed to want to say something, but after a moment's hesitation, realized there was nothing wrong and shook her head. "No."

With that, she turned around and left, carrying the bottle of perfume.

Leah raised her head and looked at Selena's retreating figure, a cold smile on her face. Then, she turned and left through the side door where there were fewer people.

...

Oswaldo escorted Selena out of the World Expo gate and drove them back to their villa.

Knowing that the mistress was participating in the competition today, the butler had started preparing early in the morning, decorating the entire courtyard festively, and preparing a table full of delicacies.

Looking at this familiar scene, Selena couldn't help but feel a mix of emotions.

She had been too busy lately, spending all her time in the laboratory. Although the butler had arranged for her meals to be delivered daily, it was not as good as eating at home.

Selena touched her face, feeling like she had lost a bit of weight lately.

After washing her hands, she sat down at the table with Oswaldo to have lunch.

After the meal, Oswaldo went to deal with business matters while Selena stayed in her room to read. Then, she received a call from Mr. Jenkins inviting her to attend the banquet organized by the host that evening.

Selena had not planned to attend, but since the old man had personally called and invited her, she couldn't refuse.

When she arrived at the venue, it was already completely dark.

Selena brought Leia into the garden and, as she turned her head, she saw a graceful and beautiful figure sitting on a wicker chair, barefoot and lost in thought. Despite her languor, she couldn't conceal her charming and alluring demeanor.

Selena fixed her gaze on the woman's face for a few seconds and seemed to have a flicker of recognition before turning to Leia and saying, "Wait for me here."

Leia looked at the woman, who reeked of alcohol, and frowned. She seemed reluctant to let Selena get close to her, but she still obediently said, "Yes, Madam."

Selena didn't immediately approach the woman. Instead, she walked to the nearby garden, picked a white camellia, and held it in her hand before turning around and walking towards her.

She stopped three steps away from the woman and smiled gently, "Miss Poole, did you want to see me?"

Milana lifted her eyes, her face pale but still breathtakingly beautiful. She stared at Selena for a while, as if she was looking through her at someone else. Her eyes carried a poignant sense of nostalgia, and it was a long time before she snapped out of it and sneered, "You really look like your father..."

Selena smiled faintly, "Thank you for the compliment."

Everyone who had seen her said she looked like Lady Nevaeh. Only Milana said she looked like Callum. And compared to her mother's appearance, Selena's temperament was really like Callum's.

Although the nostalgia of her inherent qualities was touching, her face was still annoying. Milana moved her gaze away and coldly snorted, "Let me remind you, stay away from the Poole family. They are a bunch of heartless people who devour others without a second thought. Girl like you can't fight them."

This was a warning not to be deceived by Christ's appearance.

Selena smiled, "The Poole family is my enemy, so I naturally won't have any relationship with anyone from the Poole family. And, I have a boyfriend now."

Milana couldn't help but look back at Selena's gentle and cold smile, feeling a sense of nostalgia. She said softly, "For a woman, compared to the heartless Poole family, the men of the Anderson family may be terrifying, but they are more reliable—"

At this point, she seemed to remember something and stopped abruptly, her eyes suddenly cold, and she didn't continue.

Selena raised an eyebrow, suddenly curious about the woman in front of her.

A woman, for the sake of a man who does not love her, betrayed her family, remained unmarried for life, childless, watching her youth slip away, and her life about to pass by...

Yet in her eyes, there was not even a trace of regret.

Selena did not understand what kind of emotion this was.

The education she received since childhood was to always be self-reliant and love oneself. A person should respect themselves, and others will respect them.

If a person lives in the world without any ability, that is fine, but if they lose even themselves, isn't that very sad?

So she really couldn't understand Milana.

But this did not prevent Selena from developing a good impression of this woman who came all the way to kindly remind her, as if it was fulfilling a long-standing wish for Callum.

In the dark night, Selena said softly, "I think you don't look as good as my mother in red."

Milana glared at Selena fiercely, as if she wanted to pounce on her and tear her apart. "Where exactly am I inferior to Nevaeh? Why can your eyes only see Nevaeh? Clearly, I have everything she has, and what she can do, I can do too. Clearly, I am even better than her..."

Tears broke through her eyes, as if the suppressed grievance had reached its limit, and her pale face collapsed in tears.

Selena sighed slightly, took a few steps forward, and handed the white tea in her hand to her. "Miss Poole, you are the most beautiful woman in the capital. You don't need to imitate anyone else." Milana looked at the plain and elegant white tea in a daze.

Selena gently wiped her tears with a handkerchief and her tone was also gentle. "You are so beautiful, smart, and kind. Why do you have to treat yourself poorly for a man who doesn't love you?"

### **Chapter 833 The Man Who Fell in Love with You is So Pathetic**

In the black night, the snow-white camellia bloomed with a light fragrance.

It reminded Milana of many years ago, when the Poole family's gem, who liked to wear white dresses and loved camellias, had a cold and elegant temperament.

Milana looked at the camellias in front of her and murmured to herself, "But he said Nevaeh looks good in red..."

Selena gently looked into her eyes and said, "My father loves my mother, it has nothing to do with what color clothes she wears. As long as it's her, he will think she looks good."

Milana trembled and gritted her teeth, "Are you telling me that I will never win against your mother?"

Selena looked at her tearful eyes and shook her head, saying softly, "I'm telling you that no matter what you do, my father will never love you. The person he loves, from beginning to end, is only my mother."

"Most importantly, they love each other. Miss Katie Poole, you should give up."

Milana's face turned pale. She raised her hand and tightly grabbed Selena's neck, as if she wanted to strangle her. "You don't understand anything! You don't understand anything at all..."

Selena didn't care about the hand on her neck and looked at her calmly. "I may not understand, but I know that life only has one chance. People should live for themselves. My father wouldn't want to see a woman who betrayed her family and lived in such pain."

This sentence seemed to touch something in Milana, and she let go of Selena and fell back on the wicker chair, laughing nervously.

Selena frowned slightly.

Milana laughed louder and even Leia next to her was startled and took a few steps forward.

Selena shook her head at her and the little girl had to walk back again.

Milana finally laughed enough and sat barefoot on the wicker chair, looking at the cold and elegant girl in front of her. She suddenly said, "It seems that I was worried for nothing. I don't need to worry at all. You will be destroyed by Christ..."

Selena frowned and said firmly, "I have nothing to do with Christ."

Milana's eyes were complicated and she sneered, "The man who loves you is so pathetic."

Selena pursed her lips. "Will the man who loves her... be very pitiful?"

Milana looked at her with a bewildered expression, raised her head to look at the night sky, and asked in a cold voice, "Do you know what it feels like to be rejected by the man you love?"

"I don't know," Selena thought to herself. From childhood to adulthood, she was the only one who rejected others, and no one had ever rejected her. And especially not a man she loved... She had never had a man she loved before.

Without waiting for her answer, Milana had already guessed it, and laughed sarcastically. "Let me put it this way, if one day, Mr. Anderson fell in love with another woman and wanted to divorce you for her, would you be sad?"

Selena's heart tightened suddenly. She unconsciously clenched her fist, as if she couldn't control her anger. But her reason suddenly reminded her that their marriage was just a contractual one. It had been agreed that if he had a woman he loved, she would automatically give way. It seemed... she didn't have the right to refuse.

After a moment, Selena spoke slowly, "If he really had a woman he loved, I would divorce him and then bless him."

Milana seemed surprised by her answer, looked down at Selena, and was full of incredulity in her eyes. Even the surrounding wind seemed to have chilled for a moment.

Milana stared at Selena for a long time before gritting her teeth and saying, "You really deserve to be Callum's daughter. When it comes to being ruthless, you are even more ruthless than him!"

At least Callum deeply loved Nevaeh and would never allow her to leave him. But this woman, Mr. Anderson loved her so much, even a blind person could see it. He would do anything for her, and yet she refused him just like that, as if she had no heart...

How could there be such a cold-hearted woman? Or... did she simply not know how much that man loved her?

Selena seemed unwilling to talk about this topic, shifted her gaze, and brought up another topic. "Being rejected by the man you love is not a reason to humiliate yourself. Only a fool would hurt themselves for someone who doesn't love them."

Milana stared at Selena for a long time and suddenly seemed to understand something. She couldn't help but burst out laughing. She laughed so hard that even tears came out of her eyes. "Retribution... It's all retribution..." she said.

It was the Anderson family's breach of contract, the Poole family's opportunism, and the Soo family's additional blow that led to the tragic annihilation of the Turner family. And now, over twenty years later, no one would have thought that the Turner family would give birth to a daughter like her, who specialized in tormenting the heirs of the Anderson and Poole families.

No one understood better than Milana the pain and despair of loving someone but not being able to have them. And when she thought about how this pain was now falling on the heirs of the Poole and Anderson families, causing them to suffer day and night, she felt an indescribable sense of satisfaction.

And then there was the man from the Soo family. Although he may not have liked Selena, the fact that he was her fiancé meant that he was fated to have a bad relationship with her...

None of the three culprits had escaped... It was all retribution!

Selena asked slowly, "What do you mean?"

Milana wiped away her tears, but she didn't explain. She didn't want Selena to understand her thoughts. She wished that the executioners' most beloved grandsons would taste the pain of losing their loved ones...

"I used to think that being rejected by the man I loved was the most painful thing in the world," Milana said, looking at Selena. Her tone suddenly became oddly gentle. "But then I realized that compared to hearing that he had died, that pain was nothing..."

Selena frowned. She felt like Milana suddenly seemed more favorable towards her, but she wasn't sure if it was just her imagination.

Milana seemed to be lost in painful memories, and her eyes became empty. "At that time, I begged everyone I could think of. I even knelt down to beg my grandfather to spare the Turner family, but he didn't agree and even hit me."

"I went to the men who said they loved me and begged them to save the Turner family, but those hypocrites were just pretending to be righteous. In reality, they were all fighting over the spoils of the Turner family."

"I imagined that as long as the Turner family existed, he might come back, and as long as Nevaeh was still in the capital, he would definitely come back..."

"But no one listened to me. No matter how much I begged or cried, no one was willing to help me..."

Twenty years ago, Katie was just a well-raised, innocent young lady.

### **Chapter 834 What Are You Doing Here?**

When she was young, she fell in love with a man and tried her best to confess her feelings, only to be rejected. Later, the man she liked left and died. She was jealous of Nevaeh, but she was also one of the few people who helped Nevaeh during the catastrophe.

Selena remained silent.

Milana's actions contradicted the ideological education she had received since childhood. She couldn't understand what it felt like to love a man to the point of losing oneself. She didn't understand, but she wouldn't judge either.

Milana seemed to know what she was thinking and took the white mountain tea from her hand with a half-smile. "When you truly fall in love with someone in the future, you'll understand..."

She jumped off the wicker chair, put on her shoes, glanced at Selena, and said, "I have something related to your father, but you can only come to me to get it after you've avenged the Turner family."

After speaking, she turned and left.



Selena wasn't surprised at all. After all, Milana had lived for twenty years longer than her and had an obsession and perseverance that ordinary people could not reach. Even if she had once been a simple-minded lover, she had become deep after twenty years of wind and rain.

Selena took her eyes back and just turned around when she was stunned.

Leia was standing on the side of the road not far away, looking a bit cautious.

Selena's gaze fell on the person standing beside her. Under the dim street lamp, the man stood at the end of the road, his expression hidden in the darkness, somewhat blurry.

His deep black eyes stared at her motionlessly, with darkness, allure, and a faint sense of oppression.

Selena sensed something unusual and walked over quietly. "What are you doing here?"

Immediately, she frowned.

On a winter night, Osvaldo wore only a black shirt, with his sleeves rolled up, revealing a slender and pale wrist. It looked like he was in a hurry to leave and forgot to wear clothes.

Selena walked over and took his hand, leading him in the direction of the banquet hall. Osvaldo's gaze fell on the two hands holding each other's, and after a moment, he lowered his eyelashes.

Selena led him into a lounge and made a phone call to the butler to bring Osvaldo's coat. After hanging up the phone, she turned around and said to him, "Wait here for me. I'll go get you a cup of hot water."

When she was holding his hand just now, she noticed that his palms were ice-cold.

As Selena took a step forward, two hands suddenly reached out from behind and hugged her waist tightly. "Selena..."

Selena was stunned. With her back pressed against the man's chest, she looked at the two arms wrapped around her waist and put her hands on the man's hands, struggling to break free.

Osvaldo's breath hitched, and he instinctively wanted to pull her back into his arms. But Selena turned around, facing him with a pair of clear black eyes, staring at his face with some confusion. "What's wrong?"

Osvaldo's lips were slightly pale, and he met her gaze but turned his face slightly.

Selena lifted her hand, holding his chin and getting closer to stare at him. "Milana didn't tell me anything. She just reminded me to be careful of the Poole family."

That was the only reason she could think of for Osvaldo's sudden change. The reason he came to her without even having time to put on his clothes... It seemed like it was because of Milana.

Osvaldo's face was pale, and his strange black eyes burned with a cold flame as they locked onto her. "Selena, if..."

Her heart was almost melting under his gaze. She had never seen a man so cold and desolate before. She asked softly, "Did something happen?"

She remembered Leia's hesitant expression when she wanted to see Milana, but then she changed the subject and said, "If you don't want me to see Milana, then I won't see her..."

Oswaldo seemed to have something to say, but he couldn't bring himself to be honest when he met Selena's eyes. Silence pressed down on the air, becoming increasingly lifeless.

Selena's heart gradually tightened. She couldn't imagine what kind of thing would make such a dominant man become so cold and desolate.

Oswaldo's deep black eyes stared at her without moving. For a long time, he suddenly spoke up, "Milana is still a member of the Poole family. Don't trust her too much."

Selena breathed a sigh of relief and smiled at him. "It's okay. I'll stay away from her from now on."

She didn't have any special thoughts about Milana in the first place. With Oswaldo's reminder, she would remember to stay away from her.

There was a knock on the door outside, and Selena withdrew her hand from Oswaldo's face and walked over to open it. Leia walked in with a black coat and looked at Selena pitifully.

Selena chuckled, thinking that she had been stuck in Capital University with her for these past few days and probably had been bored to death. She said, "I'll be with the young master tonight. You can go out and have fun."

After all, she was still a young girl in her late teens and was at an age where she loved to have fun. Not everyone was like her, born with an old soul.

Leia glanced at Oswaldo standing behind Selena. Selena was much safer with him by her side, and she hadn't seen her master for a long time. She said, "Okay, I'll be back tomorrow." After speaking, she waved her hand and ran down the stairs.

Selena took Oswaldo's clothes and helped him put them on herself. Then she smiled and reached out her hand to him, "Let's go." Her glory was meant to be shared with him.

Oswaldo's lifeless expression finally showed a hint of vitality. He took Selena's hand and led her to the banquet hall.

...

At this moment, the banquet hall was filled with guests. The leaders of the four major families in Capital all appeared at the fragrance competition, which made some people who weren't originally paying attention turn their attention to it. These lords were difficult to see on ordinary days, but suddenly gathering together, how could people not be longing for it? Although there was no exact news that they would attend tonight's banquet, it was still a chance. What if they were lucky enough to run into one or two of them?

Therefore, in addition to the perfumers from various countries, there were also many daughters of major financial magnates at the banquet.

Mr. Jenkins looked at the scene and sighed heavily, asking, "Has that girl Selena arrived yet?"

Mollie shook her head, "Not yet."

Mr. Jenkins' expression became more serious. The older perfumers obviously knew what he was thinking and comforted him, "That girl seems to be sensible and won't cause any problems."

However, Mr. Jenkins' expression did not improve much, especially when his gaze swept over so many people who should not have appeared at this occasion, a hint of worry appeared in his eyes...

### **Chapter 835 The Champion Will Definitely Be Hers!**

The Fragrance Competition was originally just a simple event, but now it has become a game between major forces.

There are too many enemies of Selena in the capital, and they do not want her to win the championship, so they are bound to take some actions in secret.

Selena wants to win the championship, she not only needs to be strong, but also needs a strong background.

The location of this year's competition was not originally in the capital, but suddenly changed to the capital before the competition.

This is definitely not a natural occurrence, it must be manipulated by someone.

Mr. Jenkins tightened his hand on the cane nervously. At this moment, he suddenly heard a wave of exclamations coming from the door.

A group of old people looked up and saw Selena walking in from the door, holding the arm of a man with a smile on her face.

"Oh my god! Mr. Anderson, he really came..."

If it was someone else, the young ladies at the scene would have rushed up eagerly. But when Osvaldo walked in with Selena, the financial heiresses present not only did not come up, but also stepped back and gave way.

It's not that they don't want to.

It's that they dare not.

Thinking of the rumors about this man, the many financial heiresses at the scene looked at Selena with eyes that had an indescribable meaning.

It's hard to say whether it's envy or something else...

Selena seemed to be unaware of the gazes on her, holding Osvaldo's arm, calmly walking towards Mr. Jenkins.

She stood in front of the old man and smiled slightly, "Mr. Jenkins."

Mr. Jenkins first looked at Selena, then at Osvaldo, and finally at Selena again, snorting unpleasantly, "I see you're not nervous at all. Why so confident?"

Selena tilted her head and thought for a moment before giving a confident answer, "If there is no insider trading in the competition, then the champion will definitely be mine!"

Even though Mr. Jenkins was in a bad mood at the moment, he couldn't help but laugh at Selena's words.

He relaxed and said to Selena, "Go play around for a while, I have something to discuss with Mr. Anderson."

Selena turned her head to look at Mr. Jenkins, then at Osvaldo. She seemed to not understand why there was something they needed to talk about behind her back.

Osvaldo raised his hand, touched her hair, and softly admonished, "Wait for me here, don't run around."

Selena obediently responded with a soft "Okay," and left.

After she left, Mr. Jenkins waved away the people around him and stared at Osvaldo with a powerful gaze, asking, "Can you guarantee that she will definitely be the final champion?"

The question was meaningful.

After all, in Mr. Jenkins' eyes, Selena was just a nineteen-year-old girl, no matter how smart she was, there were still things that she couldn't understand.

But this man must be more insightful than anyone else.

Osvaldo's eyes were cold, but he spoke with a smile, "The champion can only be her."

...

As Selena walked into the corner, she heard a voice beside her, "Lady Selena."

She turned her head and saw Lancelot, who handed her a glass of red wine.

Selena shook her head slightly and smiled, "Thank you, but I don't drink."

It was true. Due to her poor health in her previous life, she had never touched alcohol.

The only time she drank was in the castle after she arrived in Creephia, and Osvaldo had accompanied her, but she only tasted it.

Therefore, Selena had no desire for alcohol at all.

Since she didn't need to socialize, she naturally refused when she wanted to.

Lancelot wasn't upset and placed the glass of wine on the table. His blue eyes looked at Selena's face, and his voice was very soft, "I have a question, Lady Selena, can you answer it for me?"

Selena knew what he was going to ask and smiled, "My father is an excellent doctor, and his hands are called the 'hands of God' by the medical community. Maybe it's genetic."

Although this wasn't the real reason, only by saying this could she explain where her perfumery skills came from.

Lancelot was stunned for a moment, then pursed his lips.

It seemed like he had been hit. He had practiced hard for more than twenty years, yet he couldn't match up to her talent...

Selena could tell what he was thinking and added, "Of course, it's not just talent. My mother was the most outstanding perfumer of the last century, and I started studying perfumery when I was very young."

A smile appeared on Lancelot's face, "Lady Nevaeh is indeed amazing."

It seemed like her explanation of her father's talent plus her mother's careful teaching was completely plausible...

Lancelot politely said with a smile, "I hope we can determine the winner in three days at the awards ceremony."

Selena was slightly surprised, "Isn't the awards ceremony tomorrow?"

Lancelot was even more surprised than Selena. He looked at the confusion in Selena's eyes and patiently explained to her, "Domestic competitions in each country are generally judged by local perfumers, making it easier to compare, but for international competitions, professional analysts are hired to analyze the materials of each perfume. One day is simply not enough time, usually three days are needed."

This is common knowledge, but Selena obviously didn't know it. She silently averted her gaze. Lancelot couldn't help but laugh and nodded at Selena as he was called by the perfumer from France, "Excuse me."

Selena smiled slightly. After Lancelot left, she glanced in the direction of Osvaldo and happened to meet his gaze. She was constantly attentive to his movements while listening to the lectures of her elders... her boyfriend seemed too much to handle...

Selena waved at him and pointed to the door, indicating that she wanted to go out for some fresh air. After reporting her departure, Selena walked out of the door.

Winter in the capital was cold, but also beautiful.

Selena stood on the steps and looked at a chubby little boy squatting by the nearby pond, not knowing what he was doing.

She carefully observed and found that the child seemed very young, around two or three years old, and she didn't know how he ran outside alone.

Selena walked over and crouched in front of the little chubby boy. She raised her hand and patted his head.

The little guy seemed startled, and he instinctively covered his bottom with both hands, staring at Selena with his big round eyes.

Selena looked at his cute little face and asked with a smile, "Where are your mom and dad?"

The little guy stared at her for a while with his big eyes, then suddenly a big smile appeared on his white and tender face. He threw himself at her and exclaimed, "You smell good..."

Selena was caught off guard and hugged the little guy. She was about to lift him up, but suddenly a strong force pushed her heavily from behind. Selena was unprepared and fell into the water, with the child in her arms.

### **Chapter 836 Call My Name When You're in Danger**

A piercing chill instantly penetrated Selena's limbs and bones.

Despite holding her breath at the fastest speed possible, her entire body was frozen stiff. Even breathing was extremely difficult, let alone struggling, as she held a child in her arms and fell straight down.

The surging water engulfed her nose, ears, and lungs, making it impossible to breathe. Her chest was suffocating to the point of explosion.

The other party seemed to be worried that she wouldn't die and might crawl out to seek help, so a sharp knife followed closely behind and stabbed her on the thinly frozen water surface, causing a burst of blood.

Then came the sound of fast footsteps leaving.

Selena released her grip on the knife and wanted to swim up, but the child in her arms clung to her like vines, and with the frozen body, she couldn't muster any strength, not even a bit.

The painful and dark suffocating feeling gradually overwhelmed her consciousness.

It hurts so much...

In the dark thoughts, a sentence suddenly sounded in her mind.

"If you encounter danger, call my name. No matter how far away I am, I will come to save you."

Someone seemed to have said this to her in a very distant memory.

Name...

But...

What is your name...

A gentle and sincere whisper followed without any gap, "Osvaldo Anderson, my name."

The man's tone was gentle to the bone, like making a reassuring promise, "If you encounter danger, call my name, I will always be there."

Osvaldo...

Save me...

At the moment when the endless darkness was about to engulf her, with the last obsession, Selena lifted up her bloody hand and reached upward.

She still had so much revenge to seek!

She absolutely couldn't die here!

The lifted hand was held by an equally cold hand.

Suddenly, it seemed like a powerful arm was holding her tightly and pulling her into an embrace.

Someone hugged her, put their lips on her, and brought in a mouthful of fresh air.

The chest that was about to burst from suffocation suddenly felt a bit relieved.

The terrifying suffocating feeling suddenly receded at this moment.

The person hugged her delicate body, giving her strength as if he wouldn't let go even if his hands were cut off.

In the chaotic thoughts, it seemed like she heard countless panicked screams.

The person held her slender body, giving her life-saving oxygen, and swam with her towards the surface.

...

At this moment, the poolside was surrounded by people.

Earlier, when they were in the banquet hall and the atmosphere was thick, Mr. Anderson suddenly seemed to be stimulated and turned around to run outside.

He was the central figure in the banquet, and countless eyes were fixed on him.

Therefore, when Osvaldo moved, he almost stirred the attention of everyone present. After a moment of confusion among the crowd, they immediately followed him and saw the man jump into the water without hesitation.

The people who followed saw the blood on the surface of the water and the girls present were immediately scared and screamed.

"Did someone fall into the water?"

However, Osvaldo had just talked to Mr. Jenkins in the hall, how did he know someone fell into the water?

While the group of people was observing with different thoughts, they heard a splash and someone came out of the water.

The eyes of everyone on the shore immediately looked over nervously. Then they collectively froze in place.

A man in black emerged from the water, holding an unconscious woman in his arms. His arm was covered in blood, and in his other hand, he was carrying a child with a pale face who seemed to have stopped breathing.

Although he was in a messy state, he still had a compelling charm that made it hard to look away. The person who fell into the water turned out to be Selena? And with a child?

After realizing what had happened, the scene became chaotic in an instant, and there were calls for an ambulance everywhere. Alice came to her senses and took off her coat and handed it over, trembling as she asked, "How is Lady Selena?"

Osvaldo did not respond, he took the coat handed over by the other person, wrapped it around Selena, placed her on the lawn, knelt down, and pressed his hands on her chest, leaning over to give her artificial respiration.

People who understood first aid immediately went to treat the child.

The scene was silent, and no one dared to speak. It seemed that even breathing loudly had become a taboo.

Osvaldo's cold face was colder than before as he looked at Selena lying on the lawn, with a pale and cold face. Her long eyelashes hung down like butterfly wings, which made her skin look even whiter. Her face was small but lacked the most important sign of life.

Despite the extremely cold weather, his lips became eerily redder than blood, with a touch of a disturbing emotion in his eyes.

Some were worried about whether Selena could be saved, while others watched her half-dead body lying there with a sense of schadenfreude in their hearts.

From somewhere in the crowd came a schadenfreude laugh.

"Serves her right! It's better if she dies like this!"

As soon as the words were spoken, everyone saw a black figure flash before their eyes. The man who had just been performing CPR on Selena was now in the crowd, and with a hand dripping with coldness, he grabbed a woman's neck.

The woman looked horrified, her face turning pale, as if she hadn't realized what was happening yet.

With a "click" sound, anyone who heard it instinctively felt a coldness around their necks.

A bone-chilling sensation rose from the soles of everyone's feet.

The woman who was being strangled didn't even have time to scream, as the man threw her onto the ground, her back tearing against the pavement, and kicked her into the water, blood streaming out.

Everyone present gasped, retreating in fear from the man's murderous aura.

The scene that was once bustling became silent in an instant.

No one even dared to help the woman who was thrown into the water, leaving her to experience the pain and despair of drowning.

In the end, someone jumped into the water to rescue her before it was too late, and threw her aside.

The woman sat on the ground trembling, her face stiff with fear, no longer daring to say a word.

As time passed by, Selena remained unconscious...



Those who had just been gloating were now praying to the gods and Buddha, hoping that Selena would wake up soon!

Otherwise, according to the ruthlessness of the Anderson family's prince, everyone present today would probably be implicated...

And in the midst of this silence, a few coughs from drowning suddenly sounded.

Oswaldo held Selena's head and patted her back as she vomited all the water from her mouth. After a few light trembles of her long eyelashes, she finally opened her eyes.

### **Chapter 837 Check!**

At first glance at the man's familiar eyes, his skin was cold and white, and water was still dripping from his hair.

Selena looked at him for a long time before suddenly smiling, "Oswaldo..."

Oswaldo leaned in and placed a gentle kiss between her eyebrows, "It's okay..."

His lips were cool as they touched her skin, causing her heart to flutter.

Selena's eyelashes trembled, and she suddenly seemed to remember something and hurriedly said, "There's a child in there too..."

Oswaldo glanced at the child next to them whose complexion had already improved, and said coldly, "He's fine." After that, he didn't give Selena a chance to speak and picked her up, walking towards the banquet hall.

After Selena confirmed that it was safe, she fell asleep in his arms again.

It wasn't until the two of them left that everyone present breathed a sigh of relief, clutching their chests.

The Anderson family's prince really was as cruel as the rumors had it...

Oswaldo took Selena into a presidential suite, ran the hot water in the bathroom without hesitation, stripped her clean of her clothes, and put her in the bathtub.

But Oswaldo didn't like it here. He gave Selena a hot bath, draped her in a robe, and used a hair dryer to dry her hair before the door was opened.

Joanna walked in with a medicine kit, a slightly cold smile on her lips. "Hold your breath so you don't scare your baby," she said as she walked over to the bed and checked on Selena. Once she confirmed that there were no other problems besides the after-effects of the fall, she turned her attention to the wound on Selena's hand.

As soon as Joanna saw the wound on Selena's palm, her face grew even colder.

Callum left something behind that Selena had to help with, but her hand had been cut with a knife at this very moment... This was definitely not a coincidence!

Oswaldo stood by the side as Joanna applied medicine to Selena's wound and bandaged it. She said, "You never taught her to be on guard against others? She won't be able to protect that child if someone sets a trap for her..."

Selena had already fallen into a trap like this in Creephia last time.

She didn't expect to fall into a similar trap this time.

After applying the medicine, Joanna stood up. Just as she turned around, she bumped into Oswaldo's ghostly and cold eyes, emitting a chilling cold light.

Joanna felt a chill down her back as a dense coldness crawled through her body. "This guy... he couldn't really want to turn Selena into someone as heartless as him, could he?" On the hospital bed, Selena had regained some of her energy. She opened her eyes and looked over, then froze. Sensing the strange atmosphere, she furrowed her brow slightly and asked, "Joanna?"

Joanna shifted her body and turned her head back with a perfect and flawless smile, like a mannequin. "Do you have any discomforts left?"

Selena hesitated for a moment and shook her head. "Aside from being weak and my wound hurting, no."

"I'll give you some medicine. Remember to take it on time," Joanna said.

Selena's pretty face immediately wrinkled into a frown. "Make sure the medicine isn't too bitter..."

Joanna took a deep breath. "Okay." Then she picked up the medicine box and left, leaving the two of them alone.

Selena lowered her eyelashes. Someone wanted her dead, which wasn't surprising. But to attack her in this crowded party... one had to admit that the attacker was bold. No, rather, they had seized the psychology of everyone, who thought it was impossible to attack her in this situation, and took a gamble. She almost got caught.

Selena's eyes suddenly turned cold, and she began to ponder who might be the attacker. She had a feeling that it was a woman. Besides Leah, who had a deep grudge against her, there were also perfumers from various countries. But those perfumers were unlikely to be the culprit. If Leah wanted to get close to her, she wouldn't be able to sense it. It wasn't Leah...

Eliminating the one who had a serious grudge against her, who else at the scene might want to kill her?

Oswaldo saw Selena wake up and start thinking, but he couldn't remember anything else. His dark and deep eyes turned cold, sweeping over her hand wrapped in bandages, suppressing the anger in his heart. He turned and picked up a cup of hot water, squatted down, and personally fed it to Selena's mouth.

Selena was stunned for a moment, raised her eyes, and met Oswaldo's nearly tender gaze, smiling lightly. "I'm okay, don't worry." She drank a few sips of water and finally felt a hint of warmth in her stiff body.

Oswaldo remained silent, put the cup of water aside, sat down next to her, and stretched out his hands, holding her like a fragile treasure. His delicate and slender fingers stroked her pure white face, his movements gentle, and could even be described as infatuated.

His gaze locked onto her beautiful face, he lowered his head and lightly brushed her forehead, as if trying to calm some emotion that had been corroded by fear.

Selena's long eyelashes trembled, sensing the man's abnormal heartbeat, she closed her eyes and waited quietly in his arms.

...

Joanna walked out of the door carrying a medicine box, just as she breathed a sigh of relief, she was confronted by the man waiting outside the door.

Patrick stood by the window and heard the noise, turning around.

The man's pitch-black and transparent eyes were surrounded by a hint of dark mist, his tone sounding quite respectful, "Joanna, how's Selena doing?"

Joanna looked at the man with a half-smile.

She found that these men were all damn good at pretending.

When they were in front of Selena, each one was purer than the other, but they were all hypocrites.

"She injured her hand," Joanna lit a cigarette, her tone somewhat cold, "I checked the wound. The other party probably wanted to take her life. She caught the knife in the water with her hand and was lucky enough to be stopped by buoyancy. She's just injured, otherwise her hand would have been disabled."

If Selena's hands were disabled, it would be a huge loss.

Patrick's eyes grew colder, turning to look out at the cold night outside the window. His voice still sounded calm and polite, "Thanks for your trouble, Joanna."

Joanna smoked her cigarette and listened to the noisy sounds downstairs. Stepping on her high heels, she turned and walked away with graceful movements.

She could almost predict what would happen in the hotel next.

Miss Turner, who had just returned home, had almost been publicly assassinated... this was definitely not a small matter.

The man behind her better pray that these two people don't find any evidence against him, otherwise the fate that awaits him will be worse than death.

After Joanna left, Patrick coldly uttered a word, "Check it out!"

"Yes!"

...

In the room, Selena stayed in the man's arms for a while, and her emotions finally returned to calm.

She opened her eyes.

### **Chapter 838 Who Do You Think You Offended?**

She raised her head and said to Osvaldo, "The person who attacked was a young woman with exceptional skills!"

At the same time, Penelope was kneeling on the ground, her face pale as she held her broken arms, a gun pointed at her forehead. David, well-dressed and with a casual smile on his face, sat in his seat and held her chin, lifting her face gently as he spoke softly like a lover, "Don't you know that I don't like toys that don't follow the rules?"

Penelope was frightened, with goosebumps all over her body, gritting her teeth and justifying, "Everything will be solved as long as she dies..."

David chuckled lightly and said, "Break her leg."

The woman with short hair, holding the gun against Penelope, kicked her leg bone without expression, and a clear sound of bones cracking echoed in the quiet car.

Penelope's face turned pale in an instant. She bit her lip tightly, lowered her head, and dared not say a word.

David looked at her obedient face and laughed again, his tone full of ridicule and condescension, "If she dies, who will decode the experimental data left by Callum? Will it be you?"

Squeezing Penelope's fingers tightly, he exerted force continuously. "I sent you to the Riddle's to enjoy top-notch resources for so many years, but you haven't given me the corresponding returns. You've only caused me trouble. Is there any need to keep useless person like you?"

Penelope was sweating all over and trembling, "Please give me some more time..."

David said with a smile in a mild yet cold tone, "I'll give you one last chance. If you disappoint me again, you can go die."

Penelope's face turned completely gray and she trembled, "Yes."

David withdrew his hand and glanced at her indifferently, "I heard Selena found an experimental lab left by Callum at Capital University."

Penelope spoke with a resentful tone, "Yes, but she has exclusive access to that laboratory with the most advanced security system. I have no chance of getting in there."

David smirked upon hearing this and said, "What do I need a laboratory for? I want the chip..." Penelope shuddered at the thought and replied, "But Selena has placed the chip in the laboratory, and there's no way to steal it."

She had tried before when Selena had first found the laboratory, but Selena was too quick and had caught her in the act, taking the chip back before she could escape.

As Penelope recalled the incident, she clenched her teeth with anger.

David looked at her playfully and said, "But I heard that Selena made two copies of the chip. Since the original is so hard to obtain, aren't there still two copies left?"

Penelope shook her head abruptly and said, "No! The contents of that chip are just some ordinary surgical procedures, and have nothing to do with genetic experiments."

Selena had indeed made two copies of the chip, one of which was given to Hamish and the other was kept by Cameron.

However, after most students at Capital University watched the video content, they could not understand it. As Callum had said, even if they saw the chip, it would be useless unless they could understand the materials in the library.

Capital University had only a handful of people who could follow along with the video.

After Hamish learned about this, he returned his copy of the chip to Selena.

Now, the only chance to obtain the chip was the one kept by Cameron.

Losing Callum's experimental chip was no small matter and could even result in Cameron being expelled from Capital University. It would be equivalent to ruining his life!

Panicking, Penelope shook her head and said, "Sir, please don't harm Cameron. I will try my best to find what Callum left behind as soon as possible!"

David looked at her with a gentle gaze but spoke with a cold tone, "You could have used the Riddle family's blood relationship to get close to her, become her friend, and extract information. But what stupid things have you done?"

Penelope thought about how she had offended Selena step by step since she joined Capital University, and how Daphne's words had completely offended Selena. She regretted her actions. She knew that David's advice was the correct way to complete the mission, only by befriending Selena under the umbrella of the Riddle family could she find a chance to complete the task.

She couldn't help but want to tear Selena apart when she saw her face!

Selena was alive, but she would always be a sad substitute!

Penelope clenched her fists tightly and forced herself to calm down, looking up at David. "I'm sorry, sir. I was wrong before. Please trust me again. I will get what you want from Selena!"

David chuckled mockingly. "Oh?"

Penelope stared at him. "I've seen that chip many times with the students from Capital University. Even when Cameron and Hamish studied it together, they only understood half of it and couldn't find anything related to the genome. Unless we can catch Selena now and make her crack the code, even if we get that chip now, it will be useless."

"You know Callum's things won't be easily obtained by others."

David sounded more interested and seemed to be convinced by her. "You make sense, but do you think you have a chance of surviving until tomorrow morning after what you just did to her?" Penelope's face changed abruptly, still holding a glimmer of hope as she argued, "I did it very cleanly..."

She avoided all the monitoring and made sure there was no one around before acting. Then she left quickly, and there was no way to find any loopholes.

David's eyes turned cold and mocking again, and he said slowly, "Who do you think you've offended?"

The Turner family has a military background and doesn't like to harm innocent people. Patrick might investigate.

But is Osvaldo a man who can see reason and evidence?

Tonight, if there is no definite culprit to take the blame, everyone in Capital who may have a grudge against Selena is likely to be within his hunting range.

Penelope would definitely be counted among them!

Killing Selena under Osvaldo's nose... what a foolish idea!

Penelope instantly understood the meaning of his words, and the last glimmer of hope in her heart vanished. She cried out in panic, "Sir, please save me..."

David sneered, leaned back in his seat, and said coldly, "Remember, this is your last chance!"

### **Chapter 839 Alfie, you should come back now.**

Penelope collapsed on the ground instantly.

David glanced at the woman with short hair.

The short-haired woman withdrew her gun expressionlessly and roughly helped Penelope pick up her broken hands and feet.

Penelope's face twisted in pain.

David looked at the deep night outside the window and thought of his nephew who had no relatives. He said with a smile, "You've been with the Soo family's Master David tonight, understood?"

This was to send her to the Soo family's mansion.

Even if the Turner family and the Anderson family found out about her, according to Cameron's tolerance for her, they would surely testify for her.

Penelope lowered her head and obediently said, "Yes."

As for who David would send out to take the blame for her, Penelope didn't know.

She didn't want to know either.

"Oh, there's one more thing," David looked at Penelope with a sneer, "The child you pushed into the pool with Selena tonight seems to be the Soo family's little young master."

Penelope's face turned pale.

She didn't even see who the child was at the time.

Selena was always surrounded by people and it was too difficult to find an opportunity to be alone. She made a quick decision and acted without thinking.

But she didn't expect that the child would turn out to be the Soo family's little young master.

If Cameron found out that she almost killed his younger brother...

Penelope's face turned ashen. She buried her face in her arms and gently hugged her body, but she couldn't stop shaking.

David seemed to enjoy seeing her current expression and said, "Selena had no connection with the Soo family before, but now she has become the little young master's savior. If the Soo family doesn't show any gratitude, it won't look good."

"Besides, that Mr. Soo is her fiancé."

"In a way, you're also a talented person."

The mocking tone made Penelope tremble even harder.

After she succeeded, she felt proud of killing Selena. But now, she only felt regret.

The car roared and headed towards the Soo family mansion.

...

In the hotel.

Patrick searched all the surveillance cameras in the hotel, but he found nothing.

This could only mean that the person who did it was skilled.

In addition, tonight there are many people and foreigners involved, which undoubtedly increases the difficulty.

"If they dare to make a move, they won't let us catch any handle in the hotel. Call Ralph and have all the surveillance within a five-kilometer radius of the hotel pulled out!"

Even the most skilled person has to enter the hotel to make a move. She cannot avoid leaving a trace in such a large area of search.

"Yes!"

After Patrick gave the order, he was about to turn around and look at Selena when an elegantly dressed lady walked towards him.

Patrick glanced at her, and his already cold eyes became even colder.

He ignored her and walked towards the guest room on the second floor.

The lady looked at the handsome young man's elegant back as he walked away and spoke up, "Patrick, wait!"

Patrick stopped his steps, turned his head slightly, and politely said, "Mrs. Soo, do you need anything?"

Mrs. Soo's face turned pale. She and Patrick's mother were sisters, and he should have called her aunt, but now he treated her so coldly, even ignoring her completely...

Mrs. Soo's heart ached, and she looked at Patrick, wanting to speak but hesitating.

Patrick coughed lightly and said, "If there's nothing, Mrs. Soo, please go back."

After speaking, he walked away.

Mrs. Soo watched the young man's figure disappear in the corridor, hesitated for a moment, and finally caught up with him. "Are you going to see that child?"

Patrick furrowed his brows, stopped his steps on the stairs, and looked down at her with a cold gaze. "The Soo family and the Turner family have no connection, and Selena has nothing to do with you, understand, Mrs. Soo?"

Mrs. Soo felt the chill in his eyes, took a step back in panic, and said, "I didn't mean that. I just want to see that child..."

Patrick's gaze fell on her face, revealing a sharp scrutiny.

Mrs. Soo was related to him through his mother's sister, but she had no relationship with Selena. The only connection was Alfie Soo's engagement to Selena...

Patrick's tone was calm and cold. "Mrs. Soo, what do you want to say?"

Mrs. Soo lowered her head with a ashamed expression and said, "I just want to thank Selena for ..."

The rest of her words were difficult to say, but she still spoke them out, "for saving Ernest..."

A trace of confusion passed over Patrick's face. "What did you say?"

Mrs. Soo's head almost drooped to the ground as she gritted her teeth and said, "Ernest has been physically weak since he was young. I brought him here tonight to meet some famous fragrance masters and wanted to use fragrance to strengthen his body and cultivate his potential, but he ran out while I wasn't paying attention..."

Patrick's clear gaze gradually turned cold.

If it weren't for that child, Selena would not have been targeted.

She would not have been helpless in the water, almost dying.

And in the end, she ended up saving a child from the Soo family...

"No need," Patrick stared at Mrs. Soo, his tone bone-chilling, "If you really wants to thank Selena, then don't let your Soo family approach her."

Mrs. Soo's face changed slightly, but before she could speak, Patrick had already turned and left.



Watching his back, Mrs. Soo thought of Alfie's engagement to Selena, the conflict between Cameron and Selena at Capital University, and Selena's amazing fragrance skills that might be able to save her youngest son...

Not letting the Soo family approach Selena...

But the entanglement between Selena and the Soo family had been destined since before she was born.

Her gaze gradually became firm.

After a long silence, Mrs. Soo walked to the window and took out her phone to dial a number.

"Alfie, you should come back to Capital."

...

Patrick arrived outside the room and raised his hand to knock.

Selena had just been pulled out of the water by Osvaldo. At this time, she couldn't be left alone with a wolf.

He knocked three times, but no one answered.

Patrick wasn't annoyed and continued knocking.

On the third knock, the door was finally opened from inside.

Osvaldo walked out, every strand of hair exuding annoyance at being disturbed, and he stared at Patrick.

Patrick waved his hand, and the female doctor and servant behind him were about to enter.

Osvaldo's cold eyes swept over the two of them, and he said coldly, "Get lost!"

The maid and doctor were both startled...

#### **Chapter 840 Selena really wanted him to stay?**

She immediately looked up at Patrick.

Patrick glanced at the man and simply said in a flat voice, "Go in and bring Miss home."

Earlier, when Selena fell into the water, he arrived a step too late and she had already been picked up by this man and taken into the room.

His previous permissiveness was purely out of helplessness, and he could no longer continue to condone it at this point.

Selena trusted him too much and had no guard against him. She was also injured, so it was difficult to guarantee that this man would not take advantage of the situation.

Osvaldo's eerie eyes showed no emotion as he announced his sovereignty flatly, "She's mine!"

Patrick's tone was indifferent, with no fluctuation, "Wait until you take off David's head and make up for your sins with her parents before you say that. Until then—"

The man's eyes suddenly deepened, exuding endless coldness and sarcasm, "You're not qualified to have her!"

Oswaldo's eyes were cold as he stared at Patrick, with a hint of killing intent.

The maid and the doctor beside them were both frightened and holding their breaths.

Patrick's eyes were cold as he glanced casually at the door behind him, his threat quite clear.

Selena was outside the door, and if there was a conflict now, it would certainly disturb her.

Once Selena found out the truth—

Oswaldo suddenly lowered his eyes, hiding the raging anger in his heart.

The only person who could force him to retreat was Selena.

He remembered the moment he pulled the girl out of the water, and how she lay in his arms, her face stiff and lifeless. Her emotions, which had always been silent, suddenly burst into flames of anger.

Mixing heartache and destruction, it was difficult to guarantee that he would not frighten her if he continued to stay.

Oswaldo raised his eyelids and his ghostly eyes fell on Patrick's face, silent.

"I'll leave her with you for now, but don't let her lose a single hair!" Oswaldo finally said.

Patrick's heart sank slightly, and a faint sneer appeared on his face, "Selena is the Turner family's daughter. I will take good care of her, and Mr. Anderson doesn't need to worry."

Oswaldo sneered, "It's as if in the past 19 years, the Turner family has taken care of her just like you have."

Patrick's face immediately turned pale. To kill a person, you must first kill their heart.

After Oswaldo left, Patrick lowered his eyelashes and collected his excess emotions before looking up at the maid and nurse beside him. The two had witnessed the scene of the two people in power attacking each other and were so scared that their hair stood on end. Upon receiving Patrick's gaze, they immediately pushed open the door and went in.

However, within a minute, the two came out again. The maid said to Patrick, "Young Master, Miss doesn't allow us to touch her. She only allows us to invite you in."

Patrick regained his composure, twisted the door handle, and stepped inside. Selena sat on the bed, still wearing a bathrobe, with her long black hair spread over her thin shoulders. Her palms were wrapped in bandages, but apart from her slightly pale complexion, there was no sign of illness.

She first looked at Patrick, and then looked behind him with an expectant gaze, but the person she wanted to see did not walk in for a long time. Selena looked at Patrick with a questioning gaze.

After a moment, Patrick calmly said, "He left." Selena was taken aback and subconsciously asked, "Where did he go?" As she spoke, she unconsciously twisted the sheets with her slender fingers. Her tone carried a hint of hidden grievances.

Before she fell asleep just now, the man had been with her, and she thought... he would stay with her. Although there was no evidence, it was hard to guarantee that David had nothing to do with this after what had happened in the morning.

Selena confirmed that Osvaldo would not come back tonight, and lowered her eyelashes. Her tone was bleak as she said, "Oh, I see." Patrick heard a hint of hoarseness in her voice and turned to pour a cup of hot water for her.

Selena took the cup of water with her uninjured left hand and drank two sips before saying, "Thank you." Patrick noticed her listless appearance and suddenly asked, "Does Selena really want him to stay?"

Selena was startled for a moment, then seemed to remember something and smiled faintly. "Maybe it's just a habit. When I was injured before, he was always there, and...

he saved me many times. If I hadn't met Osvaldo after being reborn, I wouldn't have gone so smoothly."

That man had taken care of her so well that she sometimes felt as if she had not been reborn, and she was still Miss Riddle, who was spoiled and grew up recklessly."

But the comrades who died on the battlefield, their bodies flowing like a river of blood, reminded her that this was just her illusion.

In an instant, Selena's reluctance, confusion, and vulnerability disappeared completely.

She became the resolute and icy girl who seemed invincible in battle once again.

She placed her glass on the table, smiled at Patrick, and spoke in an extremely cold tone, "Have you found out who did it?"

Patrick clearly sensed the change in Selena's emotions in that brief moment and replied, "Not yet." Selena's expression remained unchanged.

Whoever was able to get close to her in that situation without her noticing must have the ability to avoid the surveillance around them.

And judging from the situation, the people in the hall couldn't possibly ask anything.

All they could do now was to see if there was anything useful in the surveillance footage outside the hotel.

But it didn't matter. The other side wanted her dead, and sooner or later they would reveal their true colors.

She would settle the score with them, with interest.

She lowered her head and looked at her right hand wrapped in bandages, without any hint of nervousness or frustration.

She simply moved her wrist slightly to make sure that she had not injured any bones or tendons, then relaxed. She lifted her head and said to Patrick, "Let's go back."

There was no need to stay any longer.

Patrick's eyes were deep and he looked at Selena as he said, "Do you know who the child you saved today is?"

Selena blinked her eyes. If it were an ordinary child, Patrick would not have deliberately mentioned it according to his upbringing.

The fact that he spoke in such a cold tone could only mean that the child might bring some changes to her life, or trouble.

Selena propped her chin with her uninjured left hand and smiled, "Could it be that I saved the child of an enemy?"

Although she said it like that, there was not much regret or remorse in Selena's tone. For one thing, the child was innocent and had no ability to harm anyone at two or three years old. For another, although she didn't leave the child in the water, strictly speaking, the child was still involved because of her.