

## Love Rats 861

### Chapter 861 Secret!

After Selena confirmed that there was nothing wrong with her eyes, she glanced coldly at Leah and walked out.

Leah stared at herself in the mirror, feeling devastated. Just as Selena was about to leave the restroom, Leah suddenly laughed coldly and said, "Do you think I would appear in the international perfume competition if I didn't have confidence?"

Selena paused for a moment and turned to look at Leah, her eyes filled with a hint of coldness.

Leah suddenly snapped out of her brief breakdown and regained her gentle and tender manner. Except for her pale complexion, there was no trace of her twisted and cold appearance just a moment ago.

Turning around, Leah walked towards Selena with a strange smile on her face. "I'm telling you, I will definitely win the championship at this year's international perfume competition!"

Selena raised an eyebrow and said with a cold smile, "Are you completely crazy and daydreaming?"

Leah stared at Selena's eyes and said firmly, "No! The champion of the international perfume competition must be me, and only me!"

Selena's eyes became deep, and she curved her lips into a cold smile. "I heard that Isabel is now locked up in a mental hospital, almost crazy. Or do you want to go in and accompany her now?"

Leah's face twisted briefly with terror, but she smiled arrogantly again. "Selena, you're afraid..."

Selena squinted her eyes slightly.

Leah circled around her and sneered, "If you weren't afraid, you would have just turned and left instead of staying to listen to my nonsense. You know better than anyone else how vicious I can be. If it was Isabel or someone else, there might be room for exaggeration, but when it comes to me, Leah, you can't help but take me seriously."

Selena snorted, "You're only worth so much now."

Selena didn't care about Leah herself, but she was concerned about the support behind Leah. What kind of threat could make this woman so certain that Selena would give up the championship of the international perfume competition to her?

Although Selena didn't pay much attention, she remembered that Leah had handed in a bottle of white perfume, just like her own. This was definitely not a coincidence.

The perfumes in the perfume competition had no names or labels to prevent judges from being biased towards cheaters. Except for the perfumer, no one knew who the owner of the perfume was.

It was clear what the other party was up to.

Leah was so angry that her face turned pale, and she hated Selena's contemptuous and cold attitude so much that she gritted her teeth. After a moment, she suddenly laughed strangely again.

Leah looked straight at Selena, smiled, and asked in a gentle yet eerie voice, "Selena, do you really think that your sudden change in personality after the canceled wedding was just a coincidence?"

Selena paused in her action of fiddling with her bracelet, looked up suddenly, and her indifferent expression disappeared in an instant. Her dark eyes rolled with icy anger and frightening chill as she stared at Leah, asking in a bone-chilling voice, "What did you say?"

As Leah faced the sudden darkness in Selena's eyes, she shuddered all over, her smile freezing in an instant. But along with the fear, Leah also saw hope in being able to trample Selena underfoot!

In truth, Leah did not understand the true meaning behind the words she had spoken. It was just that someone had told her that if she said these words to Selena, she would get what she wanted. And obviously, the other person knew the meaning behind these words, what exactly had happened to Selena after the failed wedding banquet at the Walson's residence.

Leah was both happy and resentful. She was glad that she had once again gained the secret that could threaten Selena. But she resented why Selena had changed!

If Selena hadn't changed and was still the weak, kind, and foolish person, Leah would never have ended up where she was today!

Just as Leah was feeling pleased with herself, she suddenly felt a cold hand clamp down on her neck. The hand was slender and delicate, enough to make anyone want to take good care of it. But the temperature of that hand was so cold that it made Leah shiver.

Selena squeezed her windpipe tightly and pressed down hard. "Tell me everything you know, or I'll kill you!" she threatened.

Leah's breathing almost stopped at that moment, her face turning a terrifying white. She stared at Selena with wide eyes and a twisted smile on her face, mouthing, "No..."

She had finally had the chance to regain everything, and even if she had to die, Leah would not give up this opportunity.

Leah struggled and shouted hoarsely, "If you want to know the truth... give me the championship!"

Selena's eyes grew colder and colder, and her gaze was bone-chilling.

Leah laughed in a manic way, like a dying beast, with a look of desperation in her eyes. "Selena, if you miss the clues I have here, you will regret it for the rest of your life!"

"Give me the championship, and I'll tell you everything you want to know!"

"It's just the champion of a fragrance competition. What does it matter compared to your glamorous life? So why wouldn't you let it go?"

Selena's slender fingers tightened, and the darkness in her eyes became more chilling.

The reason for her sudden change in personality was because she had died and been reborn in the body of Selena in Creephia. And now, Leah had told her that her rebirth was not accidental...

How could someone bring a dead person back to life?

If Leah was telling the truth, the only thing that could be confirmed was that the person who “revived” her had no ill intentions towards her. After all, Miss Riddle was truly dead.

To bring a dead person back to life and give them a new life without asking for anything in return, how could that person have any malicious intentions? Selena even felt a hint of tenderness.

But who was that person?

Stanley?

No – Selena subconsciously denied it. Stanley had grown up with her since childhood. There was no reason why she wouldn’t know what he knew. And if Stanley had done it, he wouldn’t have stayed away from her for so long.

Could it be Callum?

That was impossible... because it was the real Selena who disappeared.

Then who else would help her so unreservedly?

Even though Selena didn’t know the truth, she knew that bringing a dead person back to life was a heaven-defying act, and there would be a huge price to pay afterwards.

To pay such a huge price to bring her back to life... yet the person who did it had not shown any trace so far... Who could it be?

Suddenly, Selena felt cold.

It wasn’t until this moment that she realized that there seemed to be a great secret hidden behind her smooth sailing life of over ten years.

### **Chapter 862 You’re Disgusting!**

But Selena’s fear and confusion only lasted for a few seconds, and soon she regained her composure, staring at Leah with cold eyes. “In the capital, I have plenty of ways to make you talk!”

Leah had completely lost it, her face full of insane pleasure. “Selena, no one knows better than you how much I hate you, how much I want to see you fall from grace, and how much I wish you were dead! I would do anything to make you suffer, even if it means sacrificing myself!”

“You can have the Turner family and your boyfriend capture me, torture me, and force me to confess, but Selena, I promise you, even if you torture me, humiliate me, or even kill me... you will never get the answer you want!”

Selena’s beautiful face turned icy cold.

Looking at her expression, Leah twistedly laughed and spoke with bitterness. “Selena, do you know how much I envy your current glamorous and arrogant life? I dream of crushing you under my feet and making you lose everything, to the point of wishing you were dead!”

“In this lifetime, you will never be able to get rid of me, this nightmare!”

Selena stared at this woman who had lost herself in obsession and laughed disdainfully. "You're disgusting."

Leah covered her throat, breathing heavily. Her alluring eyes stared at Selena as she spoke, "The champion of the fragrance competition must be mine!"

Selena smiled sharply, "Even if my 'sudden change of personality' wasn't accidental, what does it matter?"

Leah's proud expression suddenly froze.

Selena circled around Leah, sneering and staring at her incredulous expression, casually probing. "After my 'sudden change of personality,' I immediately dumped that scumbag Dominic. You can no longer use him to hurt me. On the contrary, because of my revenge, you and your reputation are ruined, with nothing left."

"And I have become the high and mighty heiress of the Turner family, with a handsome boyfriend, a noble family background, a happy love life, outstanding talent, and a successful career... I am so happy, why would I bother investigating the so-called truth that you speak of?"

Leah stiffened as she stared at Selena, hoping to see any trace of concern or hesitation in her face. Selena sneered, "Besides, no matter what truth you speak of, it doesn't change the fact that I am Nevaeh and Callum's daughter. You can't steal my boyfriend or make me stupid... So what's the point of pursuing it?"

Leah's face turned ashen. David had told her that as long as she said those words to Selena, Selena would be threatened and willingly give up the championship of the international competition to her. But why did Selena seem to not care at all?

The reason Selena gave was so realistic that Leah couldn't refute it. Through Leah's eyes, Selena finally confirmed that she was just a pawn being used to convey a message. She didn't know anything, and therefore couldn't ask anything.

If she wanted to know what secrets were hidden in their lives, she would have to find the person behind Leah who told her that sentence.

Selena's heart was empty, and an indescribable sense of loss swept over her whole body. She had no more time to waste with Leah here and turned to leave.

Leah maliciously stared at Selena's back and suddenly spoke, "Don't you want to know the truth behind your sudden change of character? Don't you want to know what happened to your father?"

Selena's steps halted immediately, and she turned around with eyes as cold as ice, "What did you say?"

Although Leah had already experienced the shock, she couldn't help but shudder. She almost had to forcibly suppress the expression of fear and grinned, "The person behind me knows that the first secret may not threaten you for the time being, so he also told me the second secret."

Leah stared into Selena's deep and beautiful eyes, and her crimson lips curved up, "Selena, hasn't your boyfriend told you how your father died?"

Callum's death had always been the biggest question mark in Selena's heart, and the blood debts in the underground city had always been her Achilles' heel. According to Leah's words, did Callum not die in the underground city incident?

Everyone is saying that he is dead, but no one knows what he died of. From the video left behind, it seems that Callum, before setting off to the Arctic laboratory, was not completely without confidence, even though everyone knew it would be very dangerous. Given the power of that man, if he was really sure he couldn't come back, he would definitely have arranged a way out for Nevaeh, who was pregnant with Selena, at that time. He would not have watched the Turner family be exterminated.

Callum had not been gone from the capital for long when the Arctic laboratory was successfully destroyed, but he did not return.

What was transmitted back to the capital was news of his death.

Later, the Turner family was exterminated and Lady Nevaeh was expelled.

But thirteen years later, the underground virus broke out, and based on what Selena deduced from what that person said before he died, it was still Callum who destroyed the second genetic experiment of Divine Love all those years ago.

So, Callum's most likely fate is to have been buried forever in the darkness with the people in that city.

Selena waited for so long and finally someone came forward to lift a corner of the iceberg of the truth from back then.

Regardless of whether this news is true or false, Selena is bound to get to the bottom of it!

Leah stared at Selena's cold and pale face, finally finding a way to regain control of Selena's confidence.

She approached Selena like a venomous snake, saying, "Perhaps the Turner family doesn't know how your father died, but the Anderson family does... they know very well... but they didn't tell you. So it seems like your boyfriend doesn't love you as much as you think he does."

Selena's beautiful face turned as cold as ice as she stared at Leah and said in a freezing tone, "Go on!"

The person behind Leah openly offered her one hundred million, and as a naturally suspicious and quick-thinking commander, Selena found it difficult not to know the relationship between the other party and Osvaldo. This also meant that all of Leah's information sources came from David.

### **Chapter 863 Continue!**

Leah's smile widened on her face as she calmly and gently asked, "Has your boyfriend been acting strange lately? Does he always look at you with a hesitant or fearful look in his eyes?"

Selena remembered Osvaldo's recent unusual behavior, her heart tightening slowly, but her face showed no signs of it. She tilted her head and arrogantly, her tone icy and cold, "I'll give you three minutes!"

That meant for Leah to stop with her pretentious nonsense.

From Selena's response, Leah got the answer she wanted and felt even more pleased.

Leah enjoyed this sense of superiority, deliberately playing coy, and giggled as she asked, "Selena, think carefully. Does your brother really disapprove of your relationship with Mr. Anderson? He doesn't want you two to be together at all..."

Although Patrick didn't show any obvious rejection of Osvaldo's relationship with her, he wasn't very friendly either.

Selena had once thought that he was only following his brother's attitude and showing that hidden opposition.

But what if he wasn't?

What if Patrick had to oppose her relationship with Osvaldo for other reasons but couldn't speak out because of guilt and concern for his little sister, choosing to remain indifferent?

Selena suddenly felt a bit chilly.

Leah hinted at something in her words.

Callum's death was related to the Anderson family.

But Selena didn't believe it!

Twenty years ago, the head of the Anderson family was Osvaldo's father.

Although Selena had never met Osvaldo's father, she had once received a call from him while in Creephia.

Although she didn't realize his identity at the time, after learning about Osvaldo's identity, the identity of the caller was obvious.

Although there was only a short exchange of words, it was enough to make her feel that he was a man of great importance.

In addition to Lady Lauren's and Osvaldo's character, Selena was sure that he was not a person who would do anything for power.

Selena glanced at Leah's triumphant expression and pulled her bracelet on her wrist, saying lightly, "Two more minutes."

Leah didn't see any fear or panic in Selena's face, and her dissatisfaction grew heavier.

Any woman who lost both parents at a young age and suffered hardships would have some doubts when hearing this, even if she loved her boyfriend very much.

But Selena didn't!

Selena looked at her with eyes that seemed to be looking at an insignificant clown, very convinced that Leah was trying to sow discord.

Leah was almost going crazy, her voice hoarse as she said, "Selena, all women in the world can be with the Anderson family man except for you. If you fall in love with him, you would be a disgrace to your parents, the entire Turner family, and your brother who is risking his life to protect you from the virus!"

Selena looked at Leah's hysterical appearance, and the darkness in her eyes overflowed. "What do you want to say?"

Leah laughed and shouted hoarsely, "Because your father was..." Her words abruptly stopped.

Selena frowned and raised her head, only to see Leah staring at something terrifying behind her like a puppet that suddenly shut down, with a stiff and cold expression on her face.

Selena was about to turn around, but she suddenly felt a tightness around her waist. Two slender arms extended from behind her and wrapped around her entire body. Selena was stunned for a moment and had not yet come back to her senses when her back was embedded in warm and powerful arms.

The familiar breath blew in her ear, as if teasing her heartstrings. Selena's heartbeat skipped a beat inexplicably. "What are you doing..."

Oswaldo smiled and raised his hand from behind Selena. The icy fingertips gently stroked her somewhat pale eyes. "Selena, you've been out for too long. I'm worried about you."

His gaze towards Leah was different from the gentle and doting look he gave Selena. His stare at Leah was a mechanical, cold, and eerie one that was unsettling.

Leah stood frozen, feeling a terrifying shiver from the soles of her feet to the top of her head.

She seemed to hear her own nerves screaming in fear and unwillingness. Leah stared at the man in black in front of her.

All the most beautiful words in the world would not adequately describe his extreme perfection. Such a good man was deeply in love with Selena. The way he looked at her was so merciless, as if he were looking at a worthless ant.

When Oswaldo raised his hand, Leah felt as if she could hear the sound of her own fragile neck snapping. She had to use all of her self-control to resist turning around and running away.

The air was so cold and still that it seemed lifeless. Selena's view was blocked by Oswaldo's hand and she blinked.

Her curled eyelashes brushed against the palm of his hand, causing a soft tickling sensation. Oswaldo chuckled and leaned down to kiss her neck while whispering tenderly in her ear, "It's too dirty, don't look."

Selena grabbed his hand, freeing her eyes and looking at Leah who was about to speak, then suddenly remembered that they were in the women's restroom.

Oswaldo had come into the women's restroom to find her...

Selena paused for a moment, then gently took Oswaldo's hand and said, "Can you wait for me outside?"

Oswaldo looked puzzled and said, "Why?"

Selena smiled at Leah's pale face and said, "I'll be out in a minute after I say a few more words."

Oswaldo didn't react at all, he just leaned down and kissed Selena's eyelids, "I'll wait for two minutes, otherwise I'll come in and hug you."

Selena's cheeks turned slightly red as she softly replied, "Okay."

Oswaldo turned and walked out.

After he left, Selena looked at Leah across from her.

Leah stared at her with a cold, poisonous gaze. Her twisted expression made her look like a demon crawling out of hell.

Selena smiled and her gaze turned ice-cold, "Go on, say what you want to say."

Leah bit her white lips tightly, but couldn't bring herself to speak.

That man was just outside the door. When he turned and left, his gaze made her break out in a cold sweat...

Although he didn't even look at her directly, Leah felt extremely afraid of him.

Perhaps that man didn't bother to threaten someone as insignificant as her.

Or maybe he was convinced that Selena wouldn't listen to her?

Selena saw Leah's silence...

#### **Chapter 864 Is Callum still alive?**

Seeing Leah's silence, Selena's patience gradually wore thin. She lifted her chin and coldly reminded, "The award ceremony is about to start. This is your last chance!"

Leah was provoked by Selena's condescending attitude and finally freed herself from the fear of facing Oswaldo. But thinking back to the painful experience of falling down the stairs last time, she dared not continue to provoke Selena in front of the man.

With a crazed look, she stared at Selena and hissed, "Selena, your father is still alive! If you want to know his whereabouts, do as I say!"

Selena's expression suddenly changed, and she stared at Leah's eyes. For a moment, her usually calm and indifferent face showed signs of cracking.

Is Callum still alive?

Selena's thoughts were momentarily chaotic. But... upon careful consideration, it did not seem entirely impossible.

Everyone said Callum was dead, but no one had ever seen his body, nor could they explain the cause of his death. If that man could survive in Arctic laboratory, then why not in the underground city?

If he's still alive... why hasn't he come back home for so many years?

Selena's heart trembled and she stared at Leah, her voice bone-chillingly cold, "Why should I believe you?"



Leah sneered, "Because he's in David's hands. You can go ask your boyfriend. He might know but just didn't tell you."

She stared at Selena with a pitying yet arrogant look, "Selena, I pity you, being raised by men to be so foolish and ignorant..."

"David hates Nevaeh, this is not a secret in the circles of the capital's older generation. Because Nevaeh killed his beloved woman, and the Anderson family men are notoriously obsessed with love. David would love to torture Nevaeh in any way possible. How could he let you win the championship and help Nevaeh clear his name?"

Leah grinned proudly, "If it weren't for this reason, how could someone like me catch David's eye? And how could I step on people like your father and get everything I want? It's all thanks to you and your mother..."

The last sentence was nauseatingly obvious in its attempt to flatter Selena. And David used Callum to let Leah, a despicable and malicious thief, openly threaten Selena, attempting to seize the championship of the perfume competition and defile Nevaeh. It was utterly disgusting.

The chill on Selena's face grew heavier. With only two minutes left, Leah was afraid that Osvaldo would come in and ruin everything. Gritting her teeth, she whispered, "Selena, your father's life is in your hands. Think carefully before you speak later!"

After speaking, she looked nervously towards the door and hurriedly hid in the booth.

As soon as Leah entered the booth, Osvaldo walked in. His expression was unchanged, and his eerie and bottomless eyes carried Selena out of the restroom.

Selena quietly hung her head, and the skin visible outside her clothes was so pale that it was almost bloodless.

Osvaldo held Selena and turned a corner, arriving at the VIP room on the second floor. He put her on the windowsill and looked at her, lowering his gaze.

The expression on Selena's face was one that he had never seen before: confusion.

Obviously, her inner emotions were not as calm as her outer appearance. Or, Selena was successfully hitting a soft spot, making her look vulnerable for the first time.

Even at the moment when Selena learned about the Turner family's massacre, she did not show this indescribable, sad emotion.

Osvaldo fluttered his black butterfly-like eyelashes and aching emotions poured out of his heart. He raised his hand and touched her eyes with his slender fingers. The expression on his face was indescribable, whether it was gentle or obsessive. "... Selena, you—"

Suddenly, two ice-cold hands gripped his wrist. Osvaldo's gaze suddenly froze, falling on his right wrist.

Selena tightly held onto him, and the bandages on his wrist, which were wrapped tightly before, split open, and the bright red blood seeped out, staining Selena's tender skin.

But she didn't seem to notice.

A terrifying shadow fell over Osvaldo's eyes, and a cold and dark feeling crept up in his heart. Selena raised her hand to rub her temples, as if trying to suppress her emotions and calm herself down. Her voice was slightly hoarse as she asked, "Can I... ask you a question?"

Osvaldo shifted his gaze from the bloodstained area to Selena's face. He looked at her pale face with a gentle voice, shrouded in a terrifying shadow, "I won't hurt you, ever."

Selena smiled and looked up at him, her face pale and expression somewhat wooden.

"Is my father really still alive?"

Osvaldo carefully freed his hands from hers, wrapped his arms around her, and gave a positive answer, "Yes!"

Selena buried her face in his chest and said softly, "That's great."

The person who should be alive is still alive.

When Osvaldo heard her words, panic surged in his heart.

Selena cared so much about the Turner family. Upon hearing the news that Callum might still be alive, she should have relaxed, been happy, and then confidently gone to find Callum.

But even though she said "that's great," her emotions did not improve in the slightest.

Osvaldo pinched Selena's chin and lifted her face, his gaze sticking to her face, carefully examining Selena's expression.

Selena looked at him in confusion. She looked like a lost and helpless child whose parents were missing.

A kind of loss of control gradually overwhelmed Osvaldo, his voice cold as ice, "Do you have any other questions to ask me besides this?"

Selena looked even more confused, seeming not to understand the meaning behind Osvaldo's words. "What?"

Osvaldo's expression on his face was momentarily cold as if he were wearing a divine mask.

Besides the question about Callum, what did David ask that woman to say to her?

The unexpected development made Osvaldo's heart uncontrollably violent. He leaned in and kissed Selena's face, "Selena, what are you thinking about?"

His gentle breath slipped across her cheek, carrying a softness that coaxed a child...

## **Chapter 865 Bastard**

Selena's eyelashes trembled and, out of a sense of danger, she instinctively said, "I don't know."

She was thinking about someone.

But she didn't even know who that person was.

Just...

Selena turned her head, looked up at the starry sky outside the French window, feeling sad.

At the same time.

On an island thousands of miles away, under the tall Moonlight Tree, a man who was watching a live stream suddenly felt surrounded by a shallow sadness that came unexpectedly, like a tide.

He raised his long and dry fingers and stroked the position of his heart.

“Young Master!” The person guarding beside him hurriedly looked over, and upon seeing the man’s pale and beautiful face, immediately called for a doctor.

But the man paid no attention to the people around him.

He raised his cold and beautiful eyes, his gaze piercing through the void, as if traversing millions of miles of distance and time, seeing someone he missed so much.

For a long time, he suddenly spoke, his voice clear and worried, overflowing from his thin and elegant lips, “She’s been gone for too long...”

The members of the Riddle family have a strong sense of time.

Even in such a boring situation, Selena would not leave her seat for so long without any special circumstances.

“Young Master,” the person next to him advised, “Miss’s identity is unknown now, and with so many people protecting her, she won’t be in danger.”

The man’s gaze settled back on the screen, and his eyes, which had little warmth to begin with, grew even colder. His tone was flat, “I know she won’t be in danger for now.”

If she was in danger, he could feel it.

Just like when she was pierced through the heart on the battlefield...

The man seemed to recall some painful memory, and his face suddenly turned pale. Unconsciously, he raised his hand to press against his heart, trying to calm down that fearful and painful emotion.

This way, the other person who was identical to him wouldn’t feel this kind of trivial emotion.

Selena couldn’t be seen in the live stream, and the man moved his gaze away, looking at a meticulous painting beside him.

The woman in the painting had a face extremely similar to his own, the same elegance, and the same beauty. The only difference was that she was smiling, a sweet and unrestrained smile, with the taste of being well taken care of and happiness.

The man’s snow-white fingertips caressed the eyes of the figure in the painting with fondness, and a slight smile appeared on his pale face hidden in his hair, though his eyes betrayed a hint of sadness.

He had lost her for fifteen years.

After she turned four, he never saw her again. He only heard about her wellbeing and happiness from others. He never saw her himself.

Later, he left her alone on the battlefield, all by herself...

The man's deep eyes lost all their calmness and showed a hint of coldness. Such a thing could never happen again!

The man's gaze fell on the painting, and he spoke in a gentle voice that penetrated deep into one's bones, "... wait longer. This time, big brother will protect you himself."

...

Selena, lost in thought, staring at the starry sky, suddenly snapped back to reality. She raised her head and looked around, seeming to search for something. But after looking for a while, she found nothing. She just raised her hand and unconsciously touched her chest.

What was that feeling just now?

Oswaldo had been watching Selena all this time, so he could clearly sense the emotional change that had just occurred in her.

That feeling of overwhelming confusion and loss, which had been suppressing him, seemed to have been eliminated by some force within Selena, and he could no longer see a trace of it.

Oswaldo suddenly reached out and grabbed Selena's wrist as she was unconsciously searching. She snapped out of her thoughts and looked up at him with bright eyes, no longer showing any trace of sadness. "What's wrong?"

Oswaldo stared at her motionlessly, his expression deep and inscrutable. "... the wound on your hand has reopened."

Selena was taken aback, looking down at her palm, and then showed a hint of regret.

Black Crow had told her that it would take seven days for her hand to heal, but she had caused herself another injury when she was provoked by Leah.

Selena's expression turned cold as she looked up at Oswaldo and murmured, "It hurts..."

The little girl looked up at him with wide eyes, looking pitiful.

After confirming something, Oswaldo smiled softly and found her adorable. He reached out and held the back of Selena's head, bringing her towards his own lips. "If you hurt yourself again, you'll be punished by the family rules!"

Selena was speechless. Family rules? Did the Anderson family have such a thing?

In the neighboring VIP rooms, there was also no peace at the moment. Those who had been keeping an eye on Selena couldn't help but think more as she had been away for so long without reason.

Hattie couldn't sit still in the room and wanted to go out to find someone, but Leon stopped her, saying, "Oswaldo is here, and she won't be in danger."

Compared to Selena, Hattie was actually more dangerous. Leon had promised Selena that he would absolutely not let anything happen to Hattie, so he had to keep a close eye on the little girl. If anything happened to Hattie in the capital, Selena, who was fiercely protective of her family, could bring down the entire Riddle family.

Hattie stared at Leon with a cold face, saying, "Brother, haven't you noticed that the bad woman on stage has also disappeared with Selena? She's with the man from the Anderson family, and she must be thinking of how to harm Selena..."

Leon said, "... Do you think Osvaldo is a pushover?"

Even if David was powerful, he wouldn't dare to act rashly on Osvaldo's turf. But in front of Selena, Osvaldo was so gentle that it made people question their lives.

Hattie was unsure of Selena's whereabouts and was still worried, so she waved her hand and said, "Okay, brother, I'm going to the bathroom, I'll be back soon."

Leon couldn't stop the little girl from going to the bathroom...

Fortunately, Hattie came back soon with a relaxed expression, obviously knowing where Selena had gone.

Out of curiosity, Leon asked, "Where did Selena go?"

Hattie pointed to the next room and frowned, "She was caught by a smelly man in the room and was molested!"

She suddenly remembered that Osvaldo was in the next room, so she went to take a look and saw an unsuitable scene.

Men are shameless! They don't even care about the occasion!

This was too much...

...

Next door, Christ listened to the report of his subordinates...

### **Chapter 866 If there's anything, be sure to tell me**

Upon learning that Selena had been taken to the room by Osvaldo, the man's face darkened terrifyingly.

Christ crushed the cup in his hand and said suddenly, "Go tell the organizers to come forward and find her."

"Yes!"

The person reporting left.

A moment later, someone knocked on the door of Osvaldo's VIP room.

Selena was talking to Osvaldo when she heard the knock. She raised her eyes and was about to respond, but the man pressed his lips and said, "Don't answer."

Selena blinked, looking a bit puzzled.

Oswaldo rubbed her forehead and said, "Selena, you can ask me anything you want to know."

Selena tilted her head and thought carefully before saying, "When I can't figure something out, I'll come to you and ask."

Oswaldo stared fixedly at her eyes, stubbornly trying to see something from them.

Selena smiled and touched his face, "Before coming to the awards ceremony, I told Lady Anderson that I would personally visit the Anderson family elders after the ceremony... and I will ask everything I want to know then."

Whether or not the Anderson family was innocent had nothing to do with Oswaldo.

Twenty years ago, he was just a child.

Just like how she had inadvertently carried the Turner family's guilt, even if the Anderson family was at fault, it couldn't be blamed on Oswaldo.

Moreover...

This man was too good.

So good that Selena would forgive him even if she didn't know the truth.

Oswaldo could clearly see her thoughts from Selena's eyes.

Although he wasn't suspected or blamed, there was no joy in his deep eyes.

He was thinking about what kind of unforeseen circumstances could make such a rational and gentle girl show the expression she had just shown.

There were too many uncontrollable factors in Selena.

She had experienced death and had inexplicably turned into another person.

Her background, experience, preferences, hatreds, life goals... were all like a tangled ball of threads that he couldn't grasp.

Oswaldo was panicked, just like when she suddenly appeared in his life, one day she would disappear from his side.

And he didn't even know where to find her.

"On the stage are the top perfumers from various countries. Leah shamelessly snuck in and it's really disgusting to watch! How dare she come here with her face after causing trouble back in China? Now she's causing trouble at an international competition!"

"The organizers should send someone to find Lady Selena quickly. I'm worried that this malicious woman, Leah, will harm Lady Selena!"

In the gap between the whispers of the audience, Selena reappeared on stage with grace and composure. She didn't seem to notice the discontented and condemning gazes from the perfumers. She

calmly sat back down and lifted her injured hand, smiling at the worried looks from the students of Creephia University and Capital University in the front row. She spoke slowly, "It's okay, the wound on my hand opened up just now, I need to go find the doctor to rebandage it."

The bandage on her hand was brand new and creatively tied into a butterfly shape. It was obviously real.

The students from both universities breathed a sigh of relief upon seeing Selena was okay, but then remembered that her hand had been injured twice and became anxious again. Even Mr. Jenkins on the judging panel and Principal Chow in the audience were nervous. Selena's hands were invaluable, whether as a perfumer or as a medical student. Injuring them once was already nerve-wracking, but now she was injured a second time!

The elderly judges were furious!

The perfumers on stage averted their gaze. It was no secret that Selena had been injured in an assassination attempt a few days ago. They may not have been pleased, but they dared not openly confront an injured person in this situation, especially when Selena had so many people protecting her.

Leah's lips curled when she heard about Selena's injury. She had just contacted David who had confidently told her that Selena was pretending to be okay.

Selena cared more about the two things Leah had mentioned than anyone else. Her action of unconsciously tearing open her wound was enough to prove that David was right.

### **Chapter 867 Bodyguard**

Even she had a weak spot!

Leah sneered and hooked her lips.

Lancelot looked at Selena's freshly bandaged right hand and frowned, "You must be careful not to damage the nerves in your hand."

Lancelot was probably the one who knew the true value behind Selena's hands.

Selena turned her head and nodded at him, "Thank you."

Lancelot smiled at her and noticed that her face had turned pale. He asked, concerned, "Lady Selena, are you feeling unwell?"

Selena replied in a calm tone, "No, I'm just thinking."

After nodding politely at him, Lancelot withdrew his gaze.

...

Second floor.

Patrick stared at Selena's face, his expression cold.

He had arrived late today and was not aware of whom Selena had just met.

But he could sense that something was wrong with her mood.

She had always been elegant and confident, but for the first time, her dark eyes seemed clouded with a layer of gloom.

A hint of darkness flashed through Patrick's eyes. "Go find out who Selena just met!"

"Yes!"

His subordinate walked out of the room.

Soon after, the door behind him opened again, and a black-haired young man walked in, standing next to Patrick with his hands in his pockets.

Fraser had a face that seemed to bring trouble to young girls, with cold, pale skin that revealed the dark circles under his eyes from staying up late. He had a cold and unfeeling expression, giving off a sense of ruthlessness.

He stared at Selena for nearly a minute before suddenly asking, "Has your sister ever served in the military?"

Patrick coughed lightly. "No."

Selena's past had already been thoroughly investigated, and there was no connection between her and the military.

Fraser's handsome brows furrowed as he continued to stare at Selena. He insisted on his view, "No, she must have served in the military!"

Although she didn't stand as straight as other soldiers, her overall demeanor and style were too familiar to him.

Patrick glanced at him and said, "She's just a girl who had to grow up on her own."

If Selena had really been involved with the military, she wouldn't have gone through so many years of hardship.

Fraser noticed the displeasure in his tone and glanced at Patrick. He swallowed the words that were already on his lips and lowered his thin eyelids lazily. "She may not agree to your arrangement," he said.

Patrick looked at Selena sitting in her seat, lost in thought. There was a hint of understanding in his eyes. "You must protect her!" he said.

Fraser frowned. "Who is that assistant of hers, anyway?"

If Leia was working for Patrick, he wouldn't have called Fraser back to protect Selena.

"The Anderson family," Patrick replied in a cold tone.

Fraser recalled the rumors about Selena and the man from the Anderson family, and immediately understood Patrick's intention. Since Selena returned to the capital, there had been too many people who wanted her dead. The Anderson family's position was complicated, and even if Osvaldo truly liked Selena, there was no guarantee he wouldn't harm her.

Fraser put on his black gloves and spoke lazily, "If you can get her to agree, I'll help you protect her."



As Callum's daughter, Selena couldn't afford to have anything happen to her, both morally and logically.

"It's not just about protecting her," Patrick looked at Selena and added proudly, "She's investigating the cause of her father's death, and you need to help her as much as possible."

"Are you crazy?" Fraser frowned. He couldn't let Callum's only daughter get involved in dangerous things.

Only Selena and Fraser were left in the Turner family. Somehow, there had to be someone who stayed out of it.

Patrick had been trapped in this quagmire since childhood and couldn't get out. Selena still had a chance.

"Don't treat her like an ordinary girl," Patrick's thin face showed a hint of a smile, "Selena will surprise you."

Most importantly, it was too late to stop now. From the moment Selena chose to return to the capital, she couldn't avoid it anymore.

Patrick thought of the incident and a coldness passed through his eyes.

Selena could have left without a care in the world and gone wherever she wanted. But just as the girl was about to leave, Osvaldo had used any means necessary to keep her here!

Until now, Selena had no idea about it.

Fraser thought of Selena's strange aura and hugged his arms, not saying anything.

After a moment, the subordinate who had just left returned. "Young master, Miss just met Leah from Creephia. She didn't find out anything between the two of them and was taken back to the private room by Mr. Anderson after that."

Patrick's gaze swept over Leah, a fleeting glint of killing intent in his eyes. He turned and walked towards the door.

Behind Leah, David was now standing, involved with the Anderson family... no wonder Selena's face looked so pale.

...

On the stage, Selena keenly sensed a gaze lingering on her for a long time. She raised her head and looked at the VIP box on the opposite side of the second floor. Fraser was caught off guard by Selena's gaze, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes. What a keen insight! This little girl could actually detect his peeping...

But Selena just glanced at him and probably didn't detect any malice, so she withdrew her gaze.

At this moment, many judges wandering around the venue finally decided on the ranking of the International Fragrance Competition and returned to their seats one after another.

When the four hosts returned to the stage, the noisy atmosphere of the venue suddenly quieted down. The International Fragrance Competition had reached its most tense and exciting moment.

Except for Selena, everyone on the stage, including the perfumers, sat up straight, tightened their nerves, and stared at the judges' seats without blinking. Even the live broadcast room quieted down at this moment.

"It's finally about to start..."

"I'm so nervous..."

"I'm nervous too..."

"Every time this part comes, I feel like I'm going to have a heart attack, but it's still so attractive..."

"The champion will definitely come from Selena, Daisy, and Lancelot. I just don't know who it will be..."

The stage lights dimmed, and the female host in a cheongsam took a deep breath, holding the list in her hand, and said excitedly, "After many excellent judges and heated discussions, the Fragrance Competition has finally come to the final stage!"

"Next—"

#### **Chapter 868 The championship has been decided**

"The award ceremony has officially begun!"

The host's fervent words brought the emotions of the audience to the breaking point.

Accompanied by a burst of passionate and high-pitched screams, the big screen in front of the stage was suddenly plunged into a deep and depressing darkness.

Everyone's eyes were firmly fixed on the darkness without a single ray of light, and they held their breath without moving.

And gradually, in the midst of this darkness, there was a blinding spot of light.

The total blackness was illuminated a little bit, a process that was so stunning and new that it was like being in a 5d movie clip, giving people a sense of vertigo and tension.

Not to mention the nervousness of the perfumers on stage, even the audience on stage and in front of the live broadcast were infected by the sudden darkening of the stage lights, their palms sweating and their hearts racing.

As is customary, the placings were still announced from the fifth last place.

As the crowd watched without blinking, a bottle of golden perfume suddenly appeared on the darkened screen.

The crowd was stunned.

It had to be said that the standard of the international competition was several notches higher than that of the domestic competition.

The fifth place had already ruled out the most basic seven colours.

On the stage, the perfumers could not tell whether they were relieved or whether their hearts were raised even higher.

And of the fifty or so perfumers on the floor, only one had handed in a golden perfume.

So when this bottle of perfume flashed out, everyone's eyes subconsciously looked in one direction.

Accompanied by the host's gleeful introduction, without any surprise, Alice stood up from her seat, but the expression on her face was not as elated as the audience had expected.

Obviously, she was not very happy with the ranking.

After Alice finished her usual speech of thanks, amidst the screams of tears and laughter from the H audience, it was soon time to announce the fourth place.

The atmosphere was such that a pin drop could be heard on the floor.

Everyone's emotions were thrown into tense anticipation.

Except for Selena.

She sat on her seat without any emotion, her pretty face cold, and her eyes seemed to be covered by something, absent-minded.

Lancelot stared at her for a while and placed a bottle of water in front of her desk. With a smile on his handsome face, he whispered, "Lady Selena, there's no need to be nervous. There's a spot for you between the champion and the runner-up."

Obviously, this young genius perfumer paid much attention to Selena as his opponent.

In Lancelot's impression, Selena was definitely not an unstable person.

Perhaps due to the mutual admiration of geniuses, he could feel that this woman had a talent for perfumery that surpassed everyone else.

Just like him, in this field, there was no concept of losing in their dictionary.

Everyone, including him, couldn't help but feel nervous, but Selena, of all people, should be the least nervous.

Her confidence and arrogance seemed to be engraved in her bones.

Selena blinked her eyes, lowered her eyelashes, and twirled her hair with her slender fingers. "Do I look... nervous?" she asked.

Lancelot frowned slightly, "Your complexion... doesn't look good."

Selena glanced at Leah and said slowly, "I'm fine."

...

In the VIP room on the second floor.

Oswaldo sat there, staring at Selena's expressionless face. Although there was no expression on her delicate face, her breath had deeply suppressed traces of emotions.

James walked in from outside the door with his usual cold expression, "Just got the news," he glanced at Selena downstairs, his voice and gaze equally cold, "the champion has been decided."

Oswaldo's deep and unfathomable eyes remained fixed on Selena, and a layer of inorganic coldness shimmered in his eyes.

James carried a cup of coffee and casually said, "Two parties have intervened. One party has ordered that the white perfume cannot win the championship, and the other party is from your Anderson family... aren't you going to do anything?"

With the pressure from the major families and David's hidden threats, it seemed impossible for Selena to win the championship today.

But that's only the case if Oswaldo isn't here.

How could this man bear to see Selena with a disappointed or unhappy expression?

With this man here, no matter how many insider deals and unexpected situations arise, the championship trophy today will ultimately only fall into Selena's hands.

...

The fourth place went to a male perfumer from Y Country.

Third place was Daisy.

The fiery rose in the perfume industry was clearly dissatisfied with her third place finish, her expression was extremely unpleasant. And the audience on site whispered as they saw Daisy only get third place.

"Oh my God! Daisy is so amazing, yet she only got third place..."

"That's pretty normal, isn't it? After all, Lancelot and Lady Selena were there..."

"I admit that Lancelot is better than Miss Daisy, but Selena is a newcomer who hasn't even participated in the International Perfume Competition before. What makes her better than Daisy?"

After the third place winner was announced, the atmosphere became even more tense as the competition for first and second place began.

The tension was so high that many people felt like cursing after so many rounds of suspense.

Students from Creephia and Capital University were gripping their palms tightly.

Capital University students didn't know enough about Selena and nervously asked each other, "I don't think Lady Selena looks too good. What if she doesn't win anything today?"

With all the commotion around Selena before, if she doesn't win the championship today, she might be called all sorts of names.

Creephia students were also sweating nervously, but when they heard this, they were unusually confident, "Don't worry, Lady Selena won't lose. She'll definitely win the championship!"

"That's right! Lady Selena's stinky man said that if the Perfume Alliance dares to manipulate the results and not give her the championship, he'll destroy their brand!"

Nova was crouching in her seat, her eyes wide open, holding her fists and muttering over and over again, "Selena will win, Selena will definitely be the champion!"

The host held the microphone, wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, and jokingly said, "Why am I standing here? Every time I announce a ranking, I get a lot of hate. Alright, without further ado, let us warmly welcome the second place winner of this international competition, please watch the big screen \_"

The lights in the venue dimmed.

All the whispers instantly disappeared.

In the quiet space, the only thing that could be heard was the sound of hearts pounding wildly.

Whether in the audience or watching the live broadcast on television, at this moment everyone held their breath and stared motionlessly at the giant screen.

### **Chapter 869 Runner-up?**

In the pitch-black space, as if someone was holding a light source and approaching, a moon-white radiance, gentle and pure to the extreme, descended like a savior's white light, becoming brighter and brighter until it finally shone to the utmost.

At the moment when everyone couldn't help but close their eyes, the white light scattered into countless star points and illuminated the entire banquet scene.

The whole scene was so shocking that it reached its apex.

Finally, the only thing left on the big screen was a bottle of white perfume sparkling with holy light, shimmering cool and luxurious on the red throne, warm and beautiful to the extreme.

When Selena's gaze fell on the bottle of white perfume, a trace of darkness flashed across her eyes.

Leah, who had been keeping an eye on the big screen all the time, was stunned.

Selena was only the runner-up?

She clenched her fists, a hint of discontent flashing in her eyes.

Lancelot was also taken aback for a moment, then turned his head and smiled slightly at Selena, with a hint of arrogance in his eyes, "Lady Selena, you lost."

Selena smiled back, and a surge of darkness flashed in her eyes, "I won't give up until the champion trophy is decided!"

Lancelot looked at the sharpness in her eyes, not only did he not feel unhappy, but he also appreciated it more and laughed along, "I'm looking forward to Lady Selena's counterattack."

Generally speaking, the rankings announced by the judges would not change.

But given the special nature of the perfume contest, there were a few perfumes that could make a comeback in the later stages!

However, the chances were too slim.

For so many years, such unexpected situations had never occurred.

Unless Selena could make all the audience present, especially all the perfumers, overturn the decision of so many international judges and confirm that she was stronger than Lancelot, the already established rankings would not be changed.

But could this happen, with all the audience and especially the perfumers on her side, and with a heavenly prodigy like Lancelot as her opponent?

Lancelot thought, it was impossible.

But as he looked into Selena's dark and stern eyes, he suddenly felt a wavering in his resolve. Selena was definitely not one to easily give up.

He was eagerly anticipating what her next move would be.

Lancelot stared at the perfume on the big screen and smiled slightly. And at the moment when the white perfume appeared, everyone in front and behind the stage was stunned and forgot to breathe. After a few seconds of vacuum-like silence, thunderous applause broke out on the scene. Even the screams that usually occurred at this moment disappeared under the holy and gentle atmosphere created by this perfume. Everyone was excited, their faces red and necks thick.

"Whose is this? It's so pretty!"

"Wow! For the first time, I feel like perfume really has a soul. It's just a bottle of perfume, but I can actually tell that it's like a princess, really more beautiful than other perfumes!"

"This perfume has a soul, just like a living being! It's too beautiful and too pretty!!"

"Even someone like me, who knows nothing about perfumes, can tell that it's more beautiful than other perfumes. It's too incredible!"

In the world, there can hardly be found anything more gentle and beautiful than this pure white...

How could anyone turn a cold, lifeless object into something so holy?

The host's excited voice, full of emotion, spread through the microphone and reached every corner of the scene. "This perfume has a beautiful name, it's called 'Devotion'. Now, let us welcome the perfumer of 'Devotion' to the stage with warm applause!"

Almost as soon as the host finished speaking, Leah immediately stood up. Selena's gaze suddenly darkened. Leah smiled proudly at her and lifted her skirt, walking towards the stage. Under the gaze of countless people, Leah confidently walked up to the host.

At the moment when she walked up, the excited screams of the audience suddenly came to an abrupt halt. Lancelot was stunned. All the perfumers on stage were stunned. The audience below the stage was also stunned. Most of the judges on the judging panel were also stunned. The scene fell into a breathless silence.

This perfume... was actually Leah's?

What the hell was going on here?

"Fuck!"

"This can't be possible!"

"This damn woman, how could she get second place?"

The students from Creephia were collectively on the verge of exploding.

The audience from H country all showed a disgusted expression.

Everyone knew about Leah's plagiarism of Lady Nevaeh's work, and they all agreed that this shameful woman couldn't possibly win a prize.

Yet here she was, holding a bottle of pure and beautiful white perfume, winning second place... How could such an absurd thing happen?

The stark contrast swallowed everyone's hearts in H country, and they all glared at Leah on the stage as if looking at a shameful piece of garbage.

Lancelot observed Selena's expression for a moment and suddenly seemed to understand why she had returned with an unpleasant face after leaving earlier.

He frowned for the first time and said, "The champion of an international competition cannot allow any insider information to be leaked!"

At the entrance of the VIP room on the second floor, James held a coffee and glanced at Osvaldo. As expected, Osvaldo's gaze was firmly fixed on the screen showing "Heartfelt," and his dark, eerie eyes were entwined with a hint of excitement and joy. He seemed very convinced that Selena would eventually be able to snatch back the championship.

Selena had fallen from champion to second place, but he didn't seem to have any special emotions. Leah had taken Selena's perfume, but he didn't seem to have any special emotions either. It seemed that he was very confident that Selena would eventually be able to win back the championship.

James looked at Selena sitting in her seat with a cold smile on her lips. Any normal person would not be able to sit still at this time, but she remained as steady as a mountain. It had to be said that these two people were quite compatible...

Leah seemed to be oblivious to the atmosphere of the scene, standing next to the host with a gentle smile on her lips. "Heartfelt" was my perfume, thank you to the judges, thank you to the audience, and thank you to my fiancé Dominic, who gave me inspiration..."

After the audience came to their senses, they were crazy with comments. "Leah's perfume won second place? What kind of international joke is this?"

"Isn't Leah a copy cat? How could she win second place? Did we all wrongly accuse her before?" "Ah, I'm so angry! Why would such a shameless woman win second place?"

Even the judges' table was filled with noise.

After Nova learned about Selena and Leah's relationship, she was so angry that she wanted to jump up and curse, but Candy stopped her.

### **Chapter 870 Selena, Can't You Say Something?**

"Sis, why are you stopping me? When Selena went on stage just now, she was still smiling, but when she came back, her face turned so ugly. That woman just chased after her outside... she must have done something behind the scenes!"

Nova could see it, how could other viewers not think more?

The little girls who were fans of Selena were all angry, their tempers flaring, and they started cursing on the spot.

"Leah, don't you have shame? You're already infamous throughout the entire H country, why can't you just settle down?"

"Leah, please spare Lady Selena and spare the disgrace of our H country! If you don't think of others, then at least think of the good karma for the child in your belly. We really don't want to make a scene and curse at a pregnant woman!"

"If Leah weren't pregnant, I really want to pounce on her and tear off her face, to see how she dares to be so shameless!"

The students of Creephia University went to see Selena, who was sitting pale and silent in her seat, asking about her with great concern.

"Lady Selena, 'Heartfelt' is your perfume, right?"

"Lady Selena, did Leah use some despicable means to threaten you to give her your perfume? This shameless plagiarist!"

"Lady Selena, don't be afraid, what did Leah use to threaten you? Just tell us and we'll get justice for you!"

Because of the sudden turn of events, they temporarily forgot about Selena's disappointment at only getting the runner-up.

On the judges' bench, all the judges in H country had blackened and become more serious than ever before.

Leah stood on the stage, looking at the overwhelming angry shouts directed at her, her spine chilling, and her eyes completely dark.



In the many years of the fragrance competition, it was the first time that someone had received the runner-up, yet had received such a wave of angry shouts from the audience.

The audience's backlash was too severe, even the usually agile host didn't know how to round it off, standing awkwardly in place.

Dominic, sitting in the corner, watched the scene with a stiff expression.

In theory, Leah was now his fiancée, and getting the runner-up meant that they had the possibility of making a comeback. Dominic should have been happy.

But as he looked at so many voices accusing Leah, Dominic's mood became even worse.

Because he suddenly realized that he and Leah could never go back to their former glamorous life in the mansion.

No matter where they go, as long as Selena is alive, the reputation of being a scumbag man and a cheap woman will follow them for the rest of their lives.

Dominic looked at Selena on stage, her expression hidden behind her long hair, and suddenly closed his eyes. On stage, the faces of several perfumers from H country were also particularly ugly.

Mandy took a deep breath, "... it's too disgusting."

Alice was so angry that she trembled all over, glaring at Leah, "Is this woman treating us all as fools?"

Compared to the anger of the H country audience, the reactions of perfumers and audiences from other countries were not as intense.

Firstly, people tend to have preconceived notions. Leah was already more famous than Selena internationally, and not everyone knew about the H country competition, leading to the impression that Leah still had the honor and ability of an international runner-up.

Secondly, as a newcomer perfumer, Selena's aura was too strong and her popularity was too high, which sparked a lot of people's rebellious psychology.

Seeing so many H country people helping to curse Leah, foreign audiences immediately fought back.

"What does this H country audience mean? Miss Leah won the championship with her own ability, and you just say that her perfume is Selena's? This is ridiculous!"

"Are you all crazy? Miss Leah is an international runner-up, what is Selena? She only just touched the threshold of international competition for the first time this year, it's normal that she didn't get a ranking. How can you say that Miss Leah's perfume is Selena's?"

"This approach is wrong. As soon as Miss Leah took the stage, you shouted that her perfume was someone else's. This is a strange way of doing things. Have you all been brainwashed by Selena?"

On the judges' bench, Cronin slammed the table and stood up, cursing loudly, "What is the meaning of H country? Treating the international competition's runner-up like this, do you have any manners? My disciple won the honor with her own ability, what is Selena? How dare you say that my disciple's perfume is hers?"

Cronin was so angry for a reason.

Daisy, who was the most promising candidate to win the championship under Cronin's tutelage, ended up as the third-place winner in this fragrance competition, which made Cronin very unhappy. Unexpectedly, Leah became the runner-up.

With Daisy already eliminated, the championship was 100% certain to go to Lancelot, which meant that he had lost to Gibran, that old man. However, even if he did not cultivate a champion, a third-place winner and a runner-up would be enough to save his face.

But before he could even feel happy, Leah found herself in a situation where she was being blamed by everyone. A runner-up could make him famous, but being a plagiarist could also make him infamous.

Mr. Jenkins looked at Cronin coldly and said, "Based on the fact that Leah has won the international competition runner-up and domestic championship with perfumes that were plagiarized from Nevaeh, she is not qualified to be a perfumer!"

Cronin did not show any shocked expression at what he had heard. He just sneered and questioned Mr. Jenkins, "Do you have any evidence that my disciple plagiarized Nevaeh?"

Mr. Jenkins immediately became gloomy. During the domestic competition, Selena was about to produce evidence of Leah's plagiarism, but Leah suddenly fainted and was later found to be pregnant. Eventually, the matter had to be dropped.

The current situation was that everyone in H country knew that Leah had plagiarized Nevaeh, and everyone believed that Leah was a plagiarist. However, there was no conclusive evidence to convict her.

The members of the fragrance association regretted not pursuing the matter to the end earlier.

"I knew you didn't have any evidence!" Cronin felt pleased when Mr. Jenkins did not respond and turned to Leah. "Leah, hold on to your runner-up honor. With your master here, I want to see who among these brainwashed fools dares to say that your runner-up is someone else's!"

In the center of the stage, with someone backing her up, Leah finally smiled with her delicate face.