

Chapter 3 For Selen Only

Selen took a deep breath, smiled at Zeke, and spoke lightly, "Zeke, I'm sorry. I was too stubborn, and I realize my mistakes now. I shouldn't have pushed you so hard. I've come to my senses, and I'll always remember that you are my brother."

Despite her calm words, she felt like a lifeless rag doll, devoid of the emotions she once had for him.

Zeke's gloomy eyes flickered, and a cold, sarcastic smile formed on his thin lips. He wondered if this was one of her new plans.

In a warm tone, Zeke replied, "It's good that you realized your mistake. Go to bed early. I'll pick you up tomorrow."

He then gently touched her head, and Selen suppressed her urge to avoid his touch, obediently nodding in response.

As Zeke turned away, the tenderness in his eyes vanished, replaced once again by his indifferent and cold demeanor.

After leaving the ward, Zeke pulled out a white handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the spot where he touched Selen. He then threw the handkerchief into a trash can.

Heading to the elevator entrance, he pressed the button for the floor leading to the underground parking lot.

An Audi, its headlights on, was waiting there. A woman with long wavy hair sat in the passenger seat, dressed in revealing clothing, holding a cigarette between her sexy red lips, exhaling a cloud of smoke.

Zeke's eyes followed the woman's figure as he got into the car.

"Are you done coaxing her?" she asked.

Zeke fastened his seatbelt, a hint of disgust in his eyes. He snatched the cigarette from the woman's hand and threw it out of the window. His voice turned cold as he spoke, "You're not allowed to smoke in my car!"

The woman coquettishly smiled and raised her legs, saying, "If I don't smoke. How else can I cover up the scent of the little girl's perfume?" Her eyelined eyes glanced at the pink perfume bottle on the car, which had a sticker on it saying, "For Selen Only."

The woman chuckled, taunting Zeke, "I can't believe an eighteen-year-old girl can be so possessive. What's the matter? Never thought about marrying into the Turner family? If you use her, you can achieve your goals without spending a lot of money. You don't even need to use Rowan."

Zeke turned the steering wheel and stepped on the accelerator, leaving the parking lot. "Don't lay a finger at Selen for the time being. She's still useful," he replied.

The woman clicked her tongue in annoyance, "I thought you'd be sentimental and hesitant, but it seems you're even more ruthless than I thought! It appears she's not very effective. After all these years, she hasn't managed to take you down."

Annoyed by her comments, Zeke said coldly, "Say one more word, get out of my car!"

Selen? She's Just a naive fool! I have no interest in a childish girl.

The car disappeared into the night.

Meanwhile, Selen lay on her hospital bed with her eyes open, feeling the occasional twinge of pain from her wrist. She calmly gazed into the darkness, unable to see her fingers in front of her.

She decided not to wait for Zeke to pick her up. At 6.30 in the morning, she completed the discharge procedures and left the hospital on her own.

In her previous life, she devoted herself entirely to Zeke.

But in this life, she vowed to live for herself...

She knew Zeke's purpose for being in the Turner family was for revenge. She also knew that she could not stop him, nor did she want to.

Selen did not want to get involved in the animosity between her father and Zeke, knowing they would fight to the death regardless.

She did not want to repeat her mistakes, foolishly thinking she could reconcile them and make them put aside their hatred to be together peacefully.

Now, she only wanted to wait until she graduated from university and survive for three years.

After that, she would leave the Turner family and Hulbury to start her own life...