Mr. Damien, Your Wife is Toxic

Chapter 1: 001 Smelly Wen Nian

“Lili...” “Hm?” “...” “Wen Xiaonian!

You’re a grown man, so why are you hemming and hawing like this...” With her delicate fingers, Song Lili poked heavily at the young man’s chest, pridefully crossed her arms, and looked down on him with her chin held high in disdain.

Wen Nian, who towered a full head above her, appeared somewhat nervous, his eyes shifty, and after a long while, he stretched out his hand that had been behind his back...

He was holding a bright red flower, silently presenting it before her eyes.

“...” She glanced at the beautiful flower, then looked up at Wen Nian, and the fourteen-year-old tomboy’s face suddenly turned red.

Normally so fierce, she delivered a hearty slap on Wen Nian’s shoulder, “Ow!

We’re already so close, why give flowers?

It’s embarrassingly nice...” Wen Nian rubbed his stinging shoulder.

Song Lili, with her ponytail yanked the flower from his hand, hastily bent her head to smell its fragrance, twisting her body and muttering shyly, “Wen Xiaonian, you’re an adult now...

but I’m not yet!

You’re being so sudden, it’s making me shy...” With her head down, Song Lili couldn’t see the sudden brilliance in Wen Nian’s eyes followed by a sly tint.

“Of course, I’m not rejecting you...” she continued swaying, the spring breeze playing with her hair, unraveling the thoughts of the young girl, “it’s just, just...

you have to give me some time to think!

After all, if my mom found out about us dating early, I’d be in big trouble, so...

even if, even if we date, it has to be a secret, okay...” Feeling her ears burning, she dared not lift her head, her heart pounding “thump, thump, thump”— “What are you thinking!” Wen Nian flicked her forehead and then took the flower back from her hand.

He sat on the edge of the flower bed in the military compound, wearing a white shirt with the collar open.

One hand in his pocket, he held the flower with the other, “I just wanted to show you this red balloon flower I picked on the mountain.” “...” Suddenly, Song Lili realized she had been presumptuous!

Her delicate features flushed with embarrassment!

“Come here.” Knowing she was about to become furious from embarrassment, Wen Nian called her with a light chuckle.

Seeing she didn’t move, he pulled her hand and made her sit next to him.

Song Lili was so angry and humiliated that she couldn’t utter a word; she just wished she could crawl into a hole!

Wen Nian pried open her clenched hand and placed the blooming bright red balloon flower back into her hand...

When Song Lili looked up again, the young man was leaning against the flower bed, his head tilted slightly to bask in the spring sunlight at a forty-five-degree angle, a smile playing on his lips...

“Stupid Wen Nian!” ...

Stupid Wen Nian...

“Miss Song...

wake up!” The gentle, anxious voice pierced Song Lili’s ears, jerking her out of her dream.

The dome ceiling, painted with balloon flowers, sprang into her view!

Had she woken up?

What...

was happening...

“Miss Song, you’re finally awake!

You scared me to death.

Were you having a nightmare?” The maid beside her inquired with concern.

Song Lili's head was splitting with pain, and as she turned towards the voice, she locked eyes with the maid in shock—Pan Qin!?

"Miss Song?

Are...

are you alright?" Pan Qin, seen by Song Lili's pallid face, was about to reach out to check her forehead, but Song Lili fiercely slapped her hand away, "Don't touch me!" Song Lili glared at Pan Qin with such ferocity that it scared Pan Qin into retreating a couple of steps...

What had happened to Miss Song?

Song Lili just stared at Pan Qin, and after a long time, she gradually realized something was amiss because Pan Qin...

looked too young!

Pan Qin didn't dare approach any closer, and didn't dare make any sudden movements, and in this way, they remained at an impasse...

But Song Lili's mind was racing.

She remembered...

she had died.

She remembered being riddled with holes like a beehive by those masked people!

She remembered the laughter and insanity mixed with the gunfire...!

She shouldn't have survived, the people who wanted her dead were too many!

Yet now, she couldn't feel a hint of pain...

in fact, she was completely unharmed.

Frantically, she pushed Pan Qin away and rushed into the dressing room, staring at her reflection in the mirror— And not just Pan Qin appeared young.

Song Lili was dumbstruck, a multitude of bizarre thoughts leaping through her mind.

Could those thirty-three years have been just a dream?

Or a fanciful narrative she had created?

But everything had felt so real, so real that now the memories were like a knife cutting into her chest.

“Thump, thump!” “Miss Song, are you okay?” A mature, weather-beaten man’s voice came from outside the door, a voice strangely familiar yet long estranged, resonating deep in Song Lili’s heart...