Mr. Damien, Your Wife is Toxic

Chapter 11: 011 Don't call me sis we have no blood relation

Song Xiangqiao always had such a harmless expression.

Song Lili smiled, took a step forward, and looked closely at Song Xiangqiao, “Dear sister, do you...

want to be the President’s wife?” “Sister, what are you talking about!

You and Brother Wen Nian have been childhood sweethearts, how could I possibly...” “Don’t you realize that with every ‘Brother Wen Nian’ you call out, you reveal your desire to be even closer to Wen Nian?” “Sister!

What nonsense are you talking about!” “Don’t call me sister, we have no blood relation.

It’s fine to pretend in front of others, but there’s no need to keep it up behind their backs, Miu Xiangqiao.” “...” “Put away your ambitions, whether or not I will become the President’s wife, you don’t stand a chance.

Remember this well, so you won’t stray from the path.” Song Lili held her head high as she walked straight past her.

Song Xiangqiao shivered all over.

What happened to Song Lili...?

She seemed like a completely different person...

———— Song Lili’s return home was just to pick up some of her belongings.

Once she had them, she left.

Her father invited her for dinner, but she declined.

She then returned to her rented studio apartment.

Lying in the small room, she could pull the gauze from the skylight to see the stars scattered in the black night...

“Song Lili, all of the evidence indicates that you have secretly passed our military’s intelligence to the Prince of M country and that you secretly released prisoners during the wartime between our two countries, resulting in heavy losses for our military.” “The Prince of M country?

Who is that?

You accuse me of passing information to someone I don’t even know, and you think you can convict me with that?” “Song Lili!

You are still making excuses!” “Making excuses?

Do you think I’d bother spending my time on that?” “At this point, you still won’t admit your guilt.

I now represent the Supreme Court of G country in announcing: Song Lili, you have committed the grave crime of treason!

The evidence is conclusive, and the final sentence is: death penalty!

To be executed in three days!” “I am the President’s wife of G country!

Do you think the President knows about this ‘crime’ of mine?!” In the Supreme Court’s courtroom, the judge’s mouth twisted into a sneer, “President Wen Nian certainly knows, as it was him who decreed your death penalty!” “...” Tears slid down her cheeks.

Memories of her past life surged crazily each time she closed her eyes, reminding her that she had died once before.

In the Supreme Court, she was sentenced to death, with fabricated evidence, triumphant demeanors, and a ruthless judgment!

The man who said he would always protect her had signed his name on the approval for the death sentence, not giving her a chance to defend or refute.

Miu Xiangqiao and Lerong had worn their masks for thirteen years in front of her.

On the day the court’s verdict was delivered, the masks were stripped away, revealing their ghastly true faces.

Besides them, how many others were involved in this plot to murder and frame her!

The Miu Family’s influence that had infiltrated the Military Department, spies from enemy states, enemies lurking in the dark...

This country, how many things were hidden from the light.

Her tragic death in that life taught her...

In this world, one cannot rely on another person's favor and responsibility to live a good life.

She hated many people, but she hated herself the most.

Reborn, she would not circle around anyone; she swore, the paths she once took, she would not take again; mistakes she made, she would not make again!

She would do what she wanted to do, what she needed to do!

There was plenty of time ahead; she was not in a rush.

———— Mid-April was the registration period for the entrance exams for the major military academies.

The exams would start in May, with initial trials, re-examinations, and reviews of personal political backgrounds coming to an end.

In June, the admission list would be released.

Song Lili still had just over half a month to prepare.

With a height of 170 cm, she was quite tall among the girls.

She had participated in the school sports team during junior and high school, had a solid physical foundation, and shouldn't have a problem passing the physical examination.

As for the written test, Song Lili was fairly confident.

Chapter 12: 012 It was as ambitious as you at the beginning_1

Amelia Cobb's eyes were bright and clear, a trait peculiar to young people, perhaps because she has not experienced the cruelty of society or has gone through many life hardships.

When she looked up at him, Christopher Robinson felt like he was being seen through.

However, it was only an instant, and the feeling disappeared, never to return.

"I'm just minding my own business, right?" Christopher Robinson's tone was indifferent as he leaned back in his chair, sipping a cup of sobering tea and looking at Amelia.

Amelia still squatted on the ground, hesitating whether to pour out the cup of warm water in her hand.

“Would Mr.

Robinson admit he’s nosy?” Amelia’s soft counter-question suppressed Christopher’s urge to laugh.

“Mr.

Robinson, please let me go home!” “Why the rush?” “Who wouldn’t want to escape from a wolf’s den?” Amelia thought of Orchard Garden as a wolf’s den, and Christopher Robinson, the wolf inside it.

She had no good feelings for this man...

In other words, she had to avoid him until she figured out her situation.

“Don’t forget, Miss Cobb, this wolf’s den is where you will be living soon.” “As Mr.

Robinson said, not now.

Perhaps I still don’t understand, and Mr.

Robinson will find someone else.” Amelia’s voice was always calm, not confronting Christopher directly, but with a hint of deliberate gentleness, like a lady with a heart of cement but a gentle exterior.

Juliet Walker couldn’t help but take a few more looks at Amelia.

She looked too much like a strong woman who had been through ups and downs, hiding her true nature beneath a cloak of vulnerability to deceive the world’s eyes.

A gentle tone, a strong character.

Each aspect was just right.

“It seems Miss Cobb is looking forward to that day,” Christopher Robinson stared at her with a scrutinizing gaze.

Amelia shrugged, “I just want to live a normal life.” Christopher Robinson smiled faintly, bent down to put the cup in his hand onto the coffee table, “What can I do?

The Cobb family doesn’t think so.” “Miss Cobb was born in luxury, and she can’t escape.” Christopher Robinson leaned back on the couch, shaking his head slowly, looking at Amelia with a hint of pity.

That kind of pity, almost impossible to conceal, made Amelia's fingertips turn slightly white.

Christopher Robinson was the kind of person who stood at the top of the food chain, overlooking all the creatures below.

And Amelia, in front of him, was a struggling person with no way out.

Their statuses were like that of a cat and a mouse.

"Why bother, Mr.

Robinson!

There are countless girls in Capital University who want to accompany you.

Why pick me, an inexperienced person who wouldn't be able to help you and is unfit for the public eye?" Christopher Robinson didn't bother to hide it, "Miss Cobb, have you ever thought that what I like about you is that you're not fit for public view?" Inside Amelia's heart, thousands of grass mud horses were galloping as her hand holding the cup began to tremble.

Christopher Robinson, a man standing at the peak of power who had seen numerous life-and-death matters, wanted an object that he could completely control.

Not a ticking time bomb placed beside him.

"Mr.

Robinson isn't afraid that I'll stir up trouble in the next few years?" When Amelia asked this, there was hatred in her heart.

This world was too harsh on women.

If you were successful and excelled in everything, people would want to see you fall.

If you were trapped in a family, people would try to bring you down and make life difficult for you.

Christopher Robinson was a typical example.

Why would she say that?

Amelia watched him slowly reach out and tap the coffee table.

A fat, round cat slowly emerged from beneath the table, rubbing against Christopher Robinson's leg and looking up at him.

Christopher Robinson pointed at the cat, "It used to have ambition just like you." But now...

Amelia's body turned cold, and she looked at Christopher Robinson with even more caution.

"Mr.

Robinson has an interesting hobby." "Miss Cobb isn't bad either.

You've hidden your true nature for so many years, making people think you're a harmless little white rabbit.

But who would have thought, your claws are quite sharp." Bang!

Amelia placed the cup in her hand on the coffee table, her gaze on Christopher Robinson filled with coldness.

"Mr.

Robinson must have been pretending to be afraid of me running away, so he could bring me back and chastise me, right?" The corners of Christopher Robinson's lips curled up slightly, using silence to answer Amelia's question.

"Take Miss Cobb down, she won't be able to taste Orchard Garden's dishes anymore." The man spoke and got up, leaving the living room.

Juliet Walker saw Amelia's gloomy face and didn't dare to say more, simply gesturing her to follow.

Amelia sat in the car, trembling with anger.

If it were the past...

If it were the past, how could she let anyone rub her like that while pressing her to the ground?

If it were the past, how could Christopher Robinson dare to be so arrogant before her?

Juliet Walker clearly felt Amelia's surging murderous intent.

She was sent to Holy Garden, and before a polite remark could be spoken...

There was a loud bang, and the door closed deafeningly.

Amelia entered the room with her school bag, only to find it full of people.

Even Old Mr.

Cobb was there.

The whole room was silent, staring at her.

Only Kallie Rayno anxiously approached Amelia, grabbing her wrist, and reassuring her that it was good that she returned.

“Come and sit,” Old Mr.

Cobb sat at the head and spoke to Amelia.

How could Amelia listen after being upset by Christopher Robinson just now?

She stood still and let her gaze fall on William Cobb.

William sighed, “Amelia, you must be tired today.

We can talk about everything tomorrow.” Amelia waited for William to finish, said nothing, turned around, and prepared to leave.

“Stop.” “Amelia, now you’re getting more and more disobedient.” The angry voice of Old Mr.

Cobb rang out, and he stood up from the couch, his eyes widely staring at Amelia.

Amelia slowly looked back, her eyes full of defiance, “I’m disobedient?

Then what?

Since I’m so disobedient, why not choose someone obedient to marry?

Like Sophia Cobb.” “You’re outrageous.” “I’m outrageous?

If I were, I would never have agreed to your arranged marriage.

If I were outrageous, I would have run away.

You’re truly amazing, my father already separated from you, yet you’re still eager to drag us down.

What are your intentions?” “You shameless thing, you’re nothing but a shameless thing.” Amelia’s anger rose in an instant.

She had intended to find a quiet place to hide, but Christopher Robinson had found her and sent her back to be scolded by Old Mr.

Cobb.

Was she a punching bag or a venting object?

One after another?

“If I’m shameless, then what are you?

An old shameless?” Amelia turned around and walked towards Old Mr.

Cobb, her fierce demeanor making him think she was about to hit him.

He stepped back in fear.

“Amelia,” Kallie Rayno stretched out to grab Amelia’s arm.

Slap——.

Taking advantage of the gap, Old Mr.

Cobb slapped Amelia across the face, making half of her head buzz with noise.

Amelia had never been treated like this in over twenty years.

Finally, the tears she had been holding back for a long time streamed down her face.

Chapter 13: 013 Persisting in your ideals you've become much more charming

“Feign memory loss?

You’ve said it yourself!” “Alright, alright, I’ve thought it through now, applying to the military academy is more important.” Song Lili chortled, the only person she had really told about wanting to apply to the military academy was Lu Xiaoer.

“You won’t change your mind again tomorrow, will you?” “Not this time.” On the computer screen, a pair of calm and firm eyes were faintly reflected.

Lu Xiaoer smiled knowingly.

Song Lili looked at Lu Xiaoer, puzzled.

“What are you laughing at?” “Just feeling...

quite happy for you, you silly, sweet simpleton.” “...” Silly, sweet simpleton?

Song Lili stared at Lu Xiaoer with a blank face, only to see Lu Xiaoer laughing even more joyously.

After a while, she said, “The you who sticks to your ideals is much more charming.” “...” Hearing a compliment from the infamously sharp-tongued Lu Xiaoer made Song Lili feel quite accomplished.

She couldn’t fully trust anyone in this world anymore, except for Lu Xiaoer.

This hot-tempered, eccentric Lu Xiaoer, whose words often made people’s teeth itch with irritation, was probably the only friend from the past thirty-three years that she would never regret befriending.

She remembered that after the final court judgment, even her father in the audience shook his head, giving up on her, yet it was only Lu Xiaoer who rushed to the front of the court, pointing at the judge’s nose and angrily contesting!

At that time, Xiaoer had been eight months pregnant, with a large belly, standing alone against the court officers who were there to take her away.

She didn’t only have Xiaoer as a friend, but when she was accused of treason, it was truly only Xiaoer who stood up for her.

Fought desperately for her.

Song Lili didn’t blame those who didn’t stand up for her; after all, with such a grave accusation as treason, it would have been detrimental to them if they had helped her and ended up getting into trouble themselves.

Besides, she, Song Lili, wasn’t some rare treasure worth people risking everything, at any cost, to protect.

Perhaps that’s why Xiaoer’s affection felt all the more precious to Song Lili, far more valuable than the love she had once recklessly pursued.

“Then...

about the ID card, can you take care of it for me?” “When do you need it?” “The sooner the better.” “Okay, I’ll get it sorted for you.” “If someone finds out, will you get in trouble?” Song Lili really couldn’t find anyone else she trusted; otherwise, she wouldn’t want to drag Xiaoer into this...

Maybe the hesitation in Song Lili’s eyes was too apparent, because without a word, Lu Xiaoer rapped her on the head, “As long as you don’t betray me, I won’t get in trouble.” “How could I betray you?

I’d rather die than do that!” Song Lili said earnestly, amusing Lu Xiaoer.

“I can get the ID for you, but this person named Tang Xiaohua, you must make contact with her yourself.” Song Lili nodded like pounding garlic.

“Also, remember, you can only apply to Xilin Military Academy.” “...Why?” “What do you think?

Tang Xiaohua is from Xilin Tanjin County, so naturally, if you’re applying to a military academy, you’d go to Xilin, plus, it’s far from the reach of the emperor!” “...Makes sense.” “You remember my cousin, right?

Lu Ziqing, he’s in Xilin; having someone there who knows the ropes can look out for you a bit.” “Won’t that expose my identity?” “Are you dumb?

Having someone in the military officiating for you is how you’ll be able to keep it hidden.

You really think you can handle everything on your own?” Lu Xiaoer said, exasperated.

Song Lili thought about it, and it seemed to make sense, but...

“Lu Ziqing...

can we rely on him?

Why do I remember him being pretty unreliable...”

Chapter 14: 014 Disrespecting the Superiors_1

“Face,” Kallie Rayno stared at Linda Kent with furious anger: “If you care so much about face, why didn’t you send your daughter to the marriage alliance?” “It’s us who ate the loss, the bitterness is ours to taste, and in the end, you talk to us about face?

Linda Kent, it seems I really can't escape you?" Kallie protected Amelia Cobb, her demeanor more protective than any mother guarding her daughter.

When Amelia came out, she saw Kallie glaring at Linda with wide, angry eyes.

"Is Amelia justified in disrespecting her elders?" "Disrespecting elders?

If she dares to hit my daughter, do you believe I'll cut off her dog's paws?" Kallie was good-tempered in the past, but she was not that submissive, and she used to hope for peace by tolerating and stepping back.

But now...

tolerance would only make these people more aggressive in hurting her family.

Amelia slowed her pace, looking at Kallie with a somewhat unbearable gaze.

She didn't really have any intentions to create conflict.

She just didn't want to be bullied, but she never expected to make Kallie the target of everyone's arrows.

"Amelia, what are you hiding?" Sophia Cobb spotted Amelia at a glance and started shouting, ignoring Kallie.

"Why should I hide?" She stepped out from behind Kallie, walking steadily with an aura of authority, no stern expression, no flamboyant words.

Yet such an appearance made Sophia feel scared.

Amelia's presence was completely different from before, as if today's Amelia had a different wardrobe — simple clothes, a high ponytail instead of the thick fringe, and a simple polo dress that outlined her slender body.

White sneakers made her feel as if she were walking on flat ground.

This wasn't Amelia, was the first thought that came to Sophia's mind.

But on closer inspection, this was Amelia indeed.

The same appearance.

Not a single difference.

How could a person's temperament and presence change overnight?

She didn’t believe it!

Amelia stared at Sophia, her upright back exuding an indescribable sense of pride and dignity.

As if born with the breath of a king.

“You hurt Grandpa,” Sophia tried to maintain her composure.

“Ha...” Amelia scoffed: “Then call the police!

Let’s see how the law decides.” “Amelia, what do you mean by this?” “Aunt doesn’t understand?

Do you want to Google it?” Amelia moved Kallie behind her, protecting her invisibly.

Jaso Cobb caught sight of this, a look of surprise flashing through his eyes.

It was the first time he saw such a situation.

He was surprised, but it also felt very normal.

“Don’t talk nonsense with me, if you have the guts, go and call the police,” she had been reborn before her engagement, and that was an irreversible fact.

But now, everything was under her control.

She was not the weak, helpless Amelia nor the one who only knew how to endure and tolerate.

She was Evelyn Cobb, who stood on the international stage through her own efforts.

The Cobb family had complicated relationships.

Old Mr.

Cobb had two sons and a daughter, each extremely selfish.

Only the eldest William Cobb was slightly better, but it was only a little better.

He could not escape the clutches of the Cobb family and had to become a sacrificial lamb.

When she was young, Kallie didn’t want Amelia and Jaso to become the victims of wealthy family intrigues, so she braved the opposition and started their own business.

But after so many years, it seemed as if they had separated, but nothing had really changed.

William couldn't change the fact that he was Old Mr.

Cobb's biological son.

Throw her out for an alliance marriage because of the family's interests?

Not to mention the whole family's sacrifices for the family, they didn't even feel gratitude and, more than that, everyone could step on them?

Even if William had become a big shot in the diplomatic arena, he could not escape the shackles of the family.

"You think we're afraid to call the police?

Once the police are called, what reputation do you have left?" Amelia laughed: "Why would I need a reputation when I'm already a sacrifice?" "As for you all, who care so much about face," she looked around, her gaze finally falling on Linda Kent.

If the economy of the First Branch was in Jaso's hands, then the Second Branch's economic source was in Linda Kent's hands.

When power and money were divided equally, there was no winner between the two.

So whatever Linda did, Alex Cobb, the Second Branch's uncle, often turned a blind eye.

This included the quarrels between the two sisters-in-law.

Linda's confidence came from the substantial financial support of her family.

So she could act recklessly in the Cobb family.

"Kallie Rayno, this is your good daughter," Linda Kent looked at Kallie with a sneer, a contemptuous smile on her face.

The way she seemed to see through Kallie with just one look made people feel sick.

Amelia's spirits were high one week ago, and she was a guest of Christopher Robinson, the crown prince of Capital Mall.

One week later, Amelia became a college girl who was stepped on by everyone.

Her grievance was too suffocating to express.

With such a plight, she truly had unspeakable difficulties.

Amelia's hanging hand moved slightly, her fingertips subtly curling.

The desire to tear apart the person in front of her was especially strong.

Just as she was about to step forward, a gentle, large palm held her hand, and Jaso stepped in front: "Aunt, don't be too ugly.

Uncle hasn't reached a high position yet!" Alex Cobb!

Amelia seemed to have discovered a new world in her heart.

The incumbent head of the capital's investment promotion, Alex Cobb, held a lucrative but not-so-clean hand.

Over the years, even if you have money, you must hide it.

Thousands of thoughts flashed through Amelia's mind.

Jaso's palm warmed Amelia's heart.

She lowered her head and looked at the palm that held her tightly.

Suddenly, she thought of someone.

That person, too, had held her hand tightly like now, advancing and retreating together.

"Jaso, you haven't taken Christopher's position either!" Linda Kent threatened him in return.

Jaso laughed it off: "Whether I sit in that position or not, I am more upright and open than Uncle.

But Uncle..." He shook his head.

He didn't say another word, but it was enough to let the imagination run wild.

"Aunt, listen carefully.

While my parents can't bear to make things too ugly with you, you'd better take what you can get.

If it doesn't work out, we'll all go down together.

The Cobb family is now putting the family business on my sister's shoulders, and we have the ability to destroy the entire Cobb family." "You're not afraid of Grandpa hearing that?" "If Grandpa can hear it, I can still say it," Jaso said firmly.

Rarely, Kallie didn't stop Jaso.

Linda Kent's face turned from green to white in anger.

"Grandpa's awake." Linda glared at Jaso and went in with Sophia.

As for Kallie?

She glanced at William, who was standing not far away, silently watching her without saying a word.

"You two go back first," William knew Kallie was upset, and no matter what he said now, it would be in vain.

It seemed as if Kallie was just waiting for him to say those words.

As soon as William's words fell, she took Amelia and left the hospital.

"Mom, Dad has his own difficulties," Jaso tried to persuade Kallie.

Kallie scoffed disdainfully: "Is he the only one in the world with difficulties?"

Chapter 15: 015 He knows the whole picture_1

Returning home.

Kallie instructed the kitchen to prepare dinner, albeit quite late for that, it could be considered supper by now.

Amelia Cobb stood in the living room, fixing her gaze on the design of the carpet for quite a long time, her thoughts kept wandering.

If William Cobb knew about the plane crash, he must also be quite clear about the whole story.

So why, has the situation turned into a situation that wasn't publicly announced?

If these negotiations were deliberately sabotaged by a foreign country, the information should have been circulated by now.

The truth has been revealed, yet it continues to be hidden.

Could there be hidden details in the forest?

“Amelia, have some water.” As Kallie saw Amelia unmoving, she handed her a cup.

Amelia snapped back to the present and accepted the cup.

At this point, Jaso Cobb had changed his clothes and come down.

Seeing Kallie’s still very upset face, he could not help but say, “After all, dad and Grandpa are father and son.

Even if the family has been split, this fact remains, mom.” “I don’t want to hear that,” Kallie’s tone is very firm, so firm that Jaso didn’t have a chance to speak further.

Jaso cast a pleading look at Amelia.

He probably didn’t want to see their parents quarrel over this.

But Amelia knew nothing.

She could only hold the cup and stare blankly at Jaso.

“I’ll go up first,” Amelia escaped the scene, fearing that if she stayed too long, the truth would be exposed.

When William came home, everyone was already asleep.

He walked up the stairs slowly, reached out to open the door, but it was locked from the inside.

He gently knocked on the door: “Kallie.” He called softly a few times, but no one responded.

Finally, a sigh of helplessness echoed in the hallway, and he turned and entered the study.

The next morning, when Amelia came downstairs, the Cobb family members were already seated downstairs.

Kallie invited her to breakfast, Jaso, holding his mobile phone, sat at the dining table reading news, but there was no sign of William.

“Where is dad?” She asked with curiousity.

Kallie pulled her to sit down: “Don’t worry about him.” Jaso wanted to say something, but shut up when he caught Kallie’s gaze.

A few minutes later, when William came downstairs and saw his wife and children having a warm meal, he asked in surprise as he approached the dining table, “What about my breakfast?” Kallie sipped the milk, her straight back gave a sense of cold pride.

Obviously, she had no intention of responding to William’s words.

Jaso didn’t dare to speak either.

Amelia?

Even less so.

If it weren’t necessary, she wouldn’t dare to say a word extra.

In an ordinary household, it wouldn’t be a problem if she slipped up, but in the Cobb household, it wouldn’t end well.

“Kallie….,” William softly called.

Kallie still remained silent.

“Kallie————.” “Eat quickly, after eating, those who need to go to school, go to school, those who need to go to work, go to work.” “Isn’t this milk?” Jaso picked up a cup and took a sip, assuming it was milk, but it turned out to be milk.

“Drink it or get out,” Kallie was furious hearing the word ‘milk’, and her glare made Jaso shudder.

Kallie Rayno, who has been influenced by the family since childhood, is a genuine lady from an educational family.

Both parents are university professors, and the smell of the scholarly family is ingrained in her bones.

The impression she gives off is gentle.

However, this woman, who has been gentle for many years, has been frequently raging on the edge.

“Amelia is allergic to milk, from now on, milk will no longer appear in the house.

If you can't adapt, move back to your own apartment," William's voice was still gentle, with nobody looking out for him, he went into the kitchen and brought out his own breakfast.

Jaso looked at Amelia with confusion, "When did Amelia develop a milk allergy?

Hasn't it always been non-existent?" "Just these few days, the doctor said it was because of antibodies," Amelia tried to explain as she nibbled on her bread.

"Dad, I need some material in a bit, can I borrow your computer?" William looked up at Amelia, "Where's Amelia's computer?" "It's broken," Amelia pursed her lips.

"Then you can use daddy's for now." "Alright," Amelia nodded happily.

"Then I'll go up first, I need to finish it early and go to school." "Go ahead!" In the second-floor study, Amelia pulled open the swivel chair and sat down, she anxiously opened William's computer, first checked his folders but found nothing relevant.

Then, she opened his work email.

When she saw the words 'enter password', Amelia was almost ready to curse.

This family, each has their own secrets.

Amelia's computer, phone, all had passwords.

And so did William.

Looking at the computer's 'enter password' interface, Amelia scratched her head.

She closed her eyes.

Her slender fingers rhythmically tapped on the desktop from left to right, this was a habit when she needed to think.

People change, but habits are hard to change.

All of a sudden, she remembered something.

William and Kallie have a good relationship, there should be some crossover of information.

So, she entered the first letters of both their names on the keyboard, then...

it opened.

A feeling of jubilation rushed over her.

She clicked open the email and quickly skimmed through the documents until she saw an email sent on May 9th titled ‘Black Box Content of Plane Crash.’ “Amelia————.” Just as she was about to open it, William’s voice echoed through the hallway.

“Have you finished?” His voice gradually approached.

Amelia scrambled to exit the email and opened up Google.

Her heart pounded in her chest like a drum.

“Done.” “Perfect, Daddy’s going to the pavilion.” “Take care on the road, dad,” Amelia pretended to be obedient.

William reached out and pat her head, bending down to look at Amelia, “Would you mind doing me a favor?” “What favor?” “Help me talk to your mother,” William’s tone was very soft.

If Amelia had seen this moment in her past life, she would definitely have been envious of Kallie.

Perhaps she had seen too many unhappy marriages.

So now, seeing a happy marriage, it seemed especially dazzling.

Amelia tilted her head: “What’s the benefit for me?” “What would Amelia like?” Amelia thought for a moment, then looked at William as if she’d suddenly had a revelation, “I want to take a look at your workplace.” “Just this?” William was taken aback.

Amelia nodded.

William stretched out his hand.

After hesitating for a bit, Amelia extended her hand to shake, “As long as you can convince mom, everything’s negotiable.” Having seen the blanket on the sofa when she entered, and seeing the stubble on William’s chin, it wasn’t hard to guess what had happened.

Smiling at William, Amelia said, “Remember to shave when you go out, otherwise your colleagues will know you slept on the couch last night.” William was taken aback for a moment, then burst into laughter.

He patted Amelia’s head and said, “You’re quite a smart one!

Off you go!

Your older brother is downstairs waiting to take you to school.” When Amelia left the study, her legs were shaking.

She leaned against the wall for support and managed to stand up.

So.....William knows everything about the incident.

Chapter 16: 016 Dangerous Man

She hoisted her pack and embarked on an entirely new journey.

She hadn’t chosen a plane, but instead had purchased a sleeper ticket to Xilin City, a forty-six-hour train ride.

G country ranked tenth in the world by land area, and traveling from the southernmost Anlin City to the westernmost Xilin City, one could witness the nation’s mountains and rivers.

In the sleeper cabin, there was a compartment with four travelers.

When Song Lili boarded the train, only one bed in the compartment was occupied, with a person sleeping, face covered.

She dragged a large suitcase behind her and also carried a backpack, about to heave the luggage onto the rack, when the person sleeping with their face covered threw off the blanket, giving Song Lili a start.

She hurriedly greeted them, “Hello, you.” The young man glanced at Song Lili, walked out with a grim face that could easily be mistaken for a malevolent spirit.

Song Lili quickly tidied up and climbed to the upper bunk.

The man who had left came back, now holding a box of food, and began to eat by the window.

He seemed to enjoy his meal greatly, though his appearance was truly not amiable.

The man must’ve sensed Song Lili’s gaze, for he looked up, giving Song Lili yet another startling moment.

He glanced at her and casually asked, “Where are you headed?” “Big brother, I’m going to Xilin.” As the man ate, he paused and looked up upon hearing her response, his expression turning somewhat strange.

“Is there something wrong?” The man bowed his head and continued to eat, saying offhandedly, “There’s a riot happening in Xilin, looting and arson in the central district.

Didn’t you watch the news this morning?” Song Lili was taken aback—she hadn’t had the chance to look at the news today at all.

She quickly pulled out her phone and indeed found that the news about the riots in Xilin was everywhere.

From last night until this morning, over a hundred had died, and more than five hundred were injured.

The scale of death and injury was significant.

Song Lili remembered this riot; she had been abroad with Wen Nian at the time.

Thinking back, she did have an impression of the event—the rioters were too brazen, and Wen Nian had granted the enforcement troops significant powers.

It seemed that just a few days later, the leader of the rioters had been captured.

That leader... Song Lili felt as if she had remembered something and suddenly fixed her gaze on the rough man with the terrifying face in front of her— Logically, she shouldn’t be able to remember the face of a rioter from thirteen years ago, but against all odds, she remembered!

After his capture, that rioter had faced the cameras and spoke viciously, demanding that the President go to hell!

That face, as if not even a ghost would spare Wen Nian, had haunted her nightmares for a long time.

Now arising in her mind, the face matched that of the rough man!

She remembered his surname was Duan, called Duan... “Lower bunk Duan Chen, upper bunk Tang Xiaohua!

Final stop, Xilin; please take out your identity card and ticket for verification.” Duan Chen... Yes, Duan Chen!

How could Song Lili be in any state of mind to find an identity card or a ticket?

“You, you, you...” Song Lili pointed at Duan Chen while stammering.

She just didn’t know how to begin.

As her thoughts settled, she quickly clammed up.

Stay calm—the leader of the rioters must be carrying weapons.

“What’s with you?

Where are your ID and ticket?” The ticket inspector, growing impatient, addressed Song Lili, and Duan Chen also gave the oddly behaving Song Lili a glance, not knowing that this look made her spine go rigid!

She handed over her ID and ticket to the inspector, who checked them and then left their compartment.

Duan Chen had finished the food on his plate, and Song Lili could only feel that the air in the small compartment seemed tinged with a chilling, bloody scent.

What to do?

“You look like you’ve seen a ghost.” The man stood up, uttered the statement, and then left.

Song Lili took a deep breath, grabbed her phone, and dashed to the toilet compartment to calm down and dialed Lu Ziqing’s number.

Chapter 17: 017 Christopher Robinson didn't expect Amelia Cobb to say_1

How thrilling, isn’t it?

Christopher Robinson, who hadn’t been to Capital University for a hundred years, was kindly invited by the university leaders to have tea.

Yet before he could take a sip, he saw his fiancée right outside the classroom building, having a flirtatious interaction with someone else.

A campus romance about to bloom, a most horrifying scenario.

Juliet Walker’s back was covered in cold sweat.

Isaac Fenton looked at Juliet, not knowing what to do.

Although he knew the two were engaged, he had not been in Capital City for the past few days and was clueless about what had happened.

But his master's insistence on honking the horn did send shivers down one's spine.

"Sir?" Juliet hesitantly asked.

The question in her tone was apparent, only a step away from asking if she should get out of the car.

And what about Amelia Cobb?

She stared at the black Mercedes-Benz, feeling a sense of familiarity but couldn't quite place it.

Both she and Abner Rodriguez were distracted by the horn from the car.

But it was only for a moment, as no one came out of the car, they assumed it was honked by mistake.

"Amelia, if I could..." "Honk honk..." Before Abner could finish his sentence, the horn of the black Bentley sounded again.

Such an endless honking undoubtedly annoyed everyone.

"Go down and invite her up," Christopher said to Juliet, his words chilling and awe-inspiring.

A girl who has already been engaged, fooling around with strangers in broad daylight, indeed, was unacceptable.

After being warned and still not moving, it was indeed infuriating.

Amelia stared at the black Bentley and her gaze dissipated when she saw Juliet get out of the car.

The name Christopher Robinson flashed through her mind.

"Miss Cobb, Mr.

Robinson has asked to see you," Juliet spoke politely.

Amelia's eyes darkened as she stared at Juliet.

Compared to Christopher, she would rather stay with Abner, at the very least, she wouldn't need to be constantly on guard.

"Please let Mr.

Robinson know that I have something to attend to in a while." Juliet smiled: "Miss Cobb, don't make things difficult for me, I am just a secretary after all." Juliet had invited Amelia twice before, the first time was right at the school gate.

Amelia was visibly nervous when she heard about their engagement from her family and learned of Christopher Robinson's name.

When she saw Juliet, her tension was palpable.

Juliet couldn't bear to be harsh to the girl in her trembling state.

But today, here at the school, Amelia refused the invitation with a dismissive tone.

As if she had done it a thousand times in her daily life.

"Secretary Walker, don't I have the right to refuse?" Juliet nodded: "Of course you do, but as a secretary, my duty is to solve problems for my boss." Her unspoken words meant that her mission today was to bring Amelia to President Robinson.

For a while, they were at an impasse, when Amelia suddenly laughed, flashing her eyes and flicking her hair, giving Juliet a glimpse of another woman's shadow, her astonishment crawling up her limbs.

"Would Secretary Walker care to tell me if I am a worry or a problem?" Juliet paused for a few seconds, then hooked her lips into a smile: "Miss Cobb, you should know that President Robinson can see you anywhere." Others may not understand her words, But Amelia did.

If Christopher couldn't see her at school, the only other place would be at home.

Amelia nodded and took a step down the stairs.

Abner, who was standing beside her, grabbed her wrist: "Amelia." "Yes?" Seeing this, Juliet's brow furrowed.

"Do you know him?" "You should have heard of the President Robinson he was talking about," like Amelia, Abner was from the same circle and knew these things.

If he feigned ignorance now, Amelia might wonder about his intentions.

Stunned, Abner's eyes lingered on Amelia's face for a few seconds before he slowly let go of her hand.

He watched Amelia walk towards the black Bentley.

As Juliet stepped forward to open the door, Amelia reached for the handle herself.

The outstretched hand that came up empty clenched and withdrew awkwardly.

A tad embarrassed.

As soon as she got in the car, she was met with a strong smell of cigarettes.

There was a cup of coffee on the cup holder in the back seat.

The smell of cigarettes and coffee intertwined, making her feel uncomfortable.

Amelia cracked open the window.

Isaac started the car and drove away.

Christopher was silent in the car even after driving a considerable distance.

Amelia sat beside him, still speechless.

The awkwardness freely flowed in the cramped space.

Christopher raised his hand to take a drag of his cigarette, then tapped out some ash in the ashtray: “Miss Cobb, don’t forget your status as an engaged woman.” Amelia slightly pulled up the corners of her lips, her eyes fixed outside the window, without any intention to answer: “As President Robinson himself said, it’s just an engagement.

According to the law, engagements are not protected by national laws.

We are still relatively free.

In simple terms, engagement is just a ticket to marriage, but we have not entered yet, that’s all.” “Whether President Robinson wanted to restrict me morally or use morality to kidnap me, you’ve miscalculated.” Juliet sat in the passenger seat, listening to Amelia’s words.

She glanced at Isaac, clearly conveying the message: See, I told you this woman has changed!

She’s just terrifying.

Christopher obviously didn’t expect Amelia to say such a thing.

His hand, which was about to tap out the cigarette ash, suddenly stopped mid-air.He looked at Amelia for a long moment before speaking: “That’s a weak argument.” Amelia’s gaze returned, staring at Christopher, and mimicking his tone, retorted: “Busy interfering with the world while eating someone else’s food, Pacific Pie Stand should give President Robinson a discount.” Juliet:.....

Isaac:.....

“Miss Cobb has had quite a change of heart,” Christopher’s mind was now filled with investigations on Amelia, words like “gentle and humble” and “polite” seemed empty now.

At this moment, gentle and polite Amelia?

Empty words.

Petty and revengeful was more like it.

Amelia couldn’t stand these words, every time someone questioned her like this, her palms would break out in cold sweat.

She fell silent, staring at Christopher, her clear eyes filled with resentment: “Does Mr.

Robinson really know me that well?

I doubt it!

If I’m not mistaken, we’ve never met before our engagement, and how about Mr.

Robinson?

With no love or affection for me, he dragged an innocent person like me into the battles of a wealthy family, tormented and struggling in the prime of my life against a group of ruthless people.

Why bother, Mr.

Robinson?

Why bother to have an innocent girl’s blood on your hands?”

Chapter 18: 018 People who don't know might think that President Robinson respects me so much_1

“I have to admit that I haven’t done anything particularly wicked in my life, so if you want to talk about karma, meeting President Robinson was just bad luck for me.” Amelia Cobb’s words jumped into Christopher Robinson and the others’ ears word by word.

“No one told me the truth, but it’s not hard to guess.

The Cobb family and President Robinson reached some kind of agreement, and I became your pawn and bargaining chip.

How pitiful am I?

It's already sad enough to be born into such an inhumane family, but now I have to be sacrificed for the sake of moving forward." "Doesn't President Robinson have any sisters?

Aren't there any women in his family?" Her accusations fell like pearls into the hearts of the three listeners.

Neither light nor heavy, but indeed, every word struck a chord with them.

Amelia was good at psychological warfare.

If not for this skill, how could she have become a top negotiator at such a young age?

If not for this skill, how could she thrive in this industry?

Juliet Walker and Isaac Fenton were both silent for a moment.

The sight of Amelia's tearful accusations was indeed moving.

But Christopher Robinson was not like these two.

He silently tapped off his cigarette ashes: "Amelia, your accusations are directed at the wrong person." "First of all, the Cobb family sought my help.

Secondly, I didn't handpick you.

It was your grandfather who pushed you forward, with the consent of your father.

Furthermore, I too feel wronged and sad as I was spending my money and effort in the hopes of finding an obedient and virtuous wife.

Miss Cobb was repeatedly assured to me as the person I wanted, so I reluctantly agreed to your father's request.

Now, sitting beside me is a Miss Cobb who gives me a sense of being cheated." "According to what Miss Cobb just said, am I entitled to go and settle accounts with the Cobb family members?" Christopher's words were just as calm and without emotional ups and downs as Amelia's, but every word was well placed.

Amelia was startled, and her gaze cracked as she stared at him.

Christopher's words undoubtedly meant that no one in this world was innocent.

“There’s an ancient saying: knowing when to advance or retreat.

The Cobb family’s actions are tantamount to blackmail.” “Whether or not the Cobb family is like that, I have no control.

But doesn’t Mr.

Robinson think I’m innocent?” “Doesn’t Miss Cobb think I also suffered heavy losses?” “Please pull over.” She couldn’t continue conversing with that idiot.

Upon hearing Amelia’s words, Isaac looked at Christopher through the rearview mirror, noticing that he had no intention of speaking out.

He dared not stop: “Sorry, Miss Cobb, we cannot park here.” Amelia’s breath was stuck in her chest, neither going up nor down.

After a while, the car stopped in front of a Thai restaurant.

At noon, Amelia was initially planning to have lunch, but she didn’t expect Christopher to bring her out.

In the restaurant, the boss seemed to know Christopher and greeted him warmly while nodding and saying hello to Amelia.

“The usual place?” “No need, a small private room will do.” The boss nodded and led Christopher and Amelia into the private room.

Until Amelia sat down, she could feel the probing eyes of the man lingering on her.

“The dishes?” “Give it to her,” Christopher took off his suit jacket and draped it over the chair behind him.

The woman, dressed in an ancient-style dress, hesitated for a moment, then glanced at Christopher.

Usually, he would order casually every time he came.

Today, giving the menu to Amelia was undoubtedly letting her make the decision.

Lola didn’t say anything, handing the menu over: “Do you need any recommendations?” Amelia could feel the woman’s inquisitive gaze and didn’t give her any extra attention while ordering: “Braised Beef, Chicken Soup, Stir-fried Seasonal Vegetables, and Shredded Pork.” Lola stared at Amelia in surprise: “Has Miss Cobb been here before?” “Not at all, but I can see you’re very familiar with me.” Amelia answered her question and asked one in return.

The reason she was certain was that ordinary people couldn't enter this Thai restaurant.

Many people had booked a table for a year without tasting their dishes.

As a college student, Amelia had never had the opportunity to set foot in a place like this.

If she were a pampered girl, she might think that Old Mr.

Cobb would bring her here.

But clearly – she was not.

A flash of embarrassment crossed Lola's face.

She didn't expect to be questioned by a girl who had never left school.

She laughed awkwardly: "Mr.

Robinson rarely brings female guests alone.

This is the first time, so I took a guess." Guess?

Amelia lowered her head and took a sip of the tea in front of her, not speaking anymore.

Even if it wasn't a guess, there was nothing she could say.

And for a man like Christopher Robinson, the women he brought to any occasion were never the same.

She had seen it before.

Nightclub, where the women he brought wore revealing clothes and could accompany the others well.

In the coffee room, those he singled out were tea officials with a scholarly disposition and a gentle temperament.

At the dinner table, any part of the women beside him was boundless.

Thus, she didn't believe this was his first time.

Christopher leaned back in his chair, staring at Amelia.

Her lowered head as she drank water resembled someone he once knew, but it was just that – a resemblance.

That girl who almost ran away from the engagement party certainly didn't interest him, but the now provoked and defensive Amelia intrigued him.

"There is a banquet next Tuesday that Miss Cobb will need to attend as my fiancée." Without looking up, Amelia asked, "Can I refuse?" "I'm not asking for your opinion," Christopher picked up the cup and took a sip of water.

Amelia raised her eyes and stared at him: "Then why bother informing me in advance, Mr.

Robinson?

Why not just have someone pick me up when the time comes?" "With this advance notice, people who don't know any better might think President Robinson respects me a lot." Christopher Robinson: .....

Without a doubt, he had kicked an iron plate.

Amelia's guard against him was like she was guarding against a human trafficker.

"Heh," the man sneered, "sharp-tongued." Amelia was taken aback, somehow detecting a touch of indulgence in Christopher's words.

On the other hand, Juliet asked Isaac while pouring water for him, "Has she changed?" Isaac took a sip of water to calm his mind: "Indeed." "I still remember her trying to flee her wedding in a white dress, timid, incapable, and cowardly.

She's nothing like she is now." As Isaac thought about it, something felt off: "Possessed?" Juliet felt a chill running down her back, feeling a cold draft behind her.

"It shouldn't be that.

We have to believe in science, not ghosts." "But she really has changed.

We've interacted with her a few times before, and she was always submissive.

But now, every word she says is incisive, and she leaves you speechless.

Her stubbornness is eerily similar to Edward Cobb." "Which Edward Cobb?"

Chapter 19: 019 Car accident _1

Juliet Walker fell silent for a while, took a drag of her cigarette, as if brewing some emotion: "International Negotiator Evelyn Cobb." "Mr.

Fenton's guest of honor, I met her at Orchard Garden." When Isaac Fenton learned about this, he didn't have too much emotion, but instead fell silent.

That kind of silence, like mourning.

Like bowing down in reflection, and also like avoiding certain facts.

"Why do you bring her up?" It took Isaac Fenton a while to utter this sentence.

He reached into the ashtray to tap off some ash from his cigarette, and his gaze slowly fell on the window.

Juliet's hand holding the cigarette trembled slightly, as if recalling something, and she sighed helplessly.

"Only alike—it's true there is no such thing as two identical entities in this world.

Even twins have differences, let alone Evelyn Cobb is Evelyn Cobb, and Amelia Cobb is Amelia Cobb." Isaac Fenton's words, he didn't know if he's comforting himself or making excuses for himself.

Every word spoken, like a drumbeat, struck upon one's chest.

Juliet Walker sighed, "Let it be, it's already happened." Over the years, following Christopher Robinson, their hands had been stained with more than a little blood.

And Amelia Cobb was just one they felt slightly more regrettable about.

.....

They had a meal that wasn't filled with the smell of gunpowder, but neither was it harmonious.

After the dishes were served, Amelia Cobb lowered her head to eat and was unwilling to communicate with Christopher Robinson.

His articulate words seemed to hit a nerve, leaving her speechless for a while.

Amelia Cobb is just like that.

When she's in a good mood, even when a kitten scratches her, she'll stoop down and meow back.

But when she's in a bad mood, even the biggest bosses have to be mindful of her expression.

“Send Miss Cobb back,” the two of them came out of the restaurant and stood by the tree-lined avenue.

Christopher Robinson’s words sounded like instructions for a certain task.

Diagonally across from them was the Capital High-end Shopping Center.

Behind them was an area that had not been demolished and rebuilt in the entire city.

In the early years, the Embassy Area was full of low-rise British-style buildings.

Unassuming luxury and breathtaking beauty had become a must-see tourist destination for many visitors.

Amelia Cobb slowly withdrew her gaze, “There’s no need.

Mr.

Robinson doesn’t know where I’m going, does he?” “Miss Cobb can inform me,” Christopher Robinson’s gaze fell on her, losing a bit of its sharpness.

Amelia Cobb lowered her head to look at the fallen leaves at her feet.

In May, the leaves that should have fallen were long gone, leaving only a few scattered ones still clinging stubbornly to the tree.

“As Mr.

Robinson said, I have no choice.

But even if I have no choice, I don’t intend to cultivate any feelings with someone I don’t love.

Mr.

Robinson, I hope you can stay away from me.

The closest connection between us is, at most, a marriage certificate that should not have existed in this world.” Christopher Robinson’s hand hanging by his side tightened slightly.

Juliet Walker and Isaac Fenton were both stunned.

They stared at Amelia Cobb as if they had just seen a ghost.

Capital’s King—how many women flocked to him?

Even Old Mr.

Cobb, such a well-known former diplomat, had to curry favor with him.

Yet to Amelia Cobb, there was nothing but disdain.

Was she arrogant?

The essence of it was different.

Was she cold?

Almost the same meaning.

It was probably because they hadn't left the school yet.

Her plain face, white short sleeves, canvas shoes, and jeans combination made it hard for them to see what kind of person she would become in the future.

Their understanding of Amelia Cobb was confined to her identity as a college student.

But a college student saying these words was as frightening as a five- or six-month-old baby suddenly speaking.

Isaac Fenton believed Juliet Walker's words: Amelia Cobb is not Amelia Cobb.

But she is not Evelyn Cobb either.

The skin was completely different.

The air around the four of them fell silent, and passersby glanced at Amelia Cobb and Christopher Robinson, pulling out their phones to take pictures.

What for?

Probably because they had heard too many stories of shopping mall tycoons dating female students, they thought they had seen the original today.

Christopher Robinson wearing an expensive designer suit, and Amelia, worth no more than a thousand pounds from head to toe.

It was a stark contrast.

"Miss Amelia, can I understand your words to mean you only want to discuss interests with me?" "Wrong.

That’s not my idea, it was Mr.

Robinson’s from the start.

I’ll always remember Mr.

Robinson’s words—if you obey, you’ll stay; if you disobey, you’ll be kicked out.” Having said that, Amelia Cobb glanced sideways at Christopher Robinson and turned to leave.

Ah———————— A scream suddenly came from a well-dressed, wealthy woman across the street.

Amelia Cobb’s attention was drawn to it, and she saw a three- or four-year-old child chasing a flown-away balloon into the road.

At that moment, the red light was almost over, and the green light had just come on.

The cars waiting at the red light had just passed the first crosswalk, which was three to five meters away.

Even if the brakes were applied, there would still be an impact.

Without thinking, Amelia Cobb dropped her bag and sprinted to the middle of the road.

She stretched out her hand to grab the child and protect him in her arms just a few centimeters away from the car.

Tsk———————— Bang———————.

The former was the sound of brakes, and the latter was the sound of Amelia Cobb being hit.

In an instant, the air stood still.

People’s thoughts a moment ago were that the child was done.

But the next moment, someone stepped forward to save him and rescued him.

Christopher Robinson’s shock in his eyes took a while to fade away.

After a few seconds, he hurriedly walked forward, bypassing the traffic.

“Amelia, Amelia.” The man’s urgent voice echoed on the road.

He squatted down and patted Amelia Cobb’s face with his hand.

Across the street, the wealthy woman rushed over, repeatedly shouting the child's name, "Brian, Brian." It seemed the child was frightened.

The moment he saw his mother, he began to cry loudly.

Amelia Cobb relaxed her grip slightly, letting the child crawl out of her arms.

The crying of the adults, the crying of the children, the sound of honking, men's shouts, and the worried voices of the people all mingled together.

Just before she fainted, Amelia Cobb was thinking it would be better if she died.

This half-dead state was excruciating.

By the time Amelia Cobb was taken to the hospital, she was already in a deep coma.

The doctor took her for a series of tests, and in the long corridor, Christopher Robinson's suit had a faint trace of blood on it.

The woman was shivering in her seat from the cold.

Christopher Robinson looked at her with a low gaze.

He didn't say a word, but it was enough to keep her from speaking.

"Sir, Brian has been checked out, and there's nothing wrong with him.

He just has a little scrape on his arm." Juliet Walker came over from the hospital and whispered in Christopher Robinson's ear.

Christopher Robinson grunted in response.

Juliet Walker looked at the woman sitting on the long bench and felt pity for her for some unknown reason.

She continued, "The Cobb family members are already on their way." Christopher Robinson nodded slightly, his gaze still on the woman sitting on the long bench: "The Robinsons were too kind to you." Bang————————.

The woman suddenly knelt to the ground, her tearful face filled with fear as she looked at Christopher Robinson: "I didn't mean it, I really didn't know why he suddenly ran onto the road.

Christopher, you have to believe me." She gazed up at him, her face pale without any blood color.

Chapter 20: 020 Xilin Military Region

Song Lili, however, was annoyed by the questioning, “Commander, are you really that interested in me?” “...” “I’m not a criminal.

Your relentless questioning is making me uncomfortable.” Duan Chen remained impassive, sensing that Tang Xiaohua held many secrets inside.

Not only that, but she also had a temper.

Judging by how she had pointed a gun at him earlier, as though determined to send him to the gallows, the woman possessed a strong sense of justice.

Was that the reason, or was it something else?

He was curious, but he saw no need to interrogate her to the very end.

For the latter half of the journey, Song Lili kept to herself, showing little interest in communicating with Duan Chen.

The long forty-six-hour trip concluded.

Song Lili slung her backpack over her shoulder and dragged her suitcase to leave.

Duan Chen called out to her, “Lu Ziqing asked me to guide you on your way.” “...” ———— Riding in a military jeep, in the cramped space of the backseat, a pair of eyes watched Song Lili intently.

That was Jing Rui, Duan Chen’s communications officer.

Song Lili looked out the window and did not engage with him.

The young communications officer, running out of patience, finally couldn’t resist speaking first, “Hey, what’s your name?

Where are you from?

What’s your relationship with our commander?

Did you disrespect our commander on the train just now?

How did you get to ride in our car?” He blurted out a barrage of questions as if he’d been holding his breath.

“Ask your commander.” Song Lili replied.

“Hey, you’ve got quite the temper, little girl.

Do you know who you’re talking to?” Upon hearing this, Song Lili turned and glanced at him.

He looked rather spirited in his military uniform.

Jing Rui straightened up immediately when Song Lili turned to look, patting his shoulder as if to deliberately show off his epaulettes.

Song Lili raised her eyebrow, “Private First Class?” “Oh, you can recognize military ranks?

Good for you, you’ve got an eye for quality!” “A Private First Class...

Isn’t that still just a soldier?” “You—” “Enough, Xiao Jing, why so many questions?

She’s not obligated to answer you.” “But, Commander, why won’t you tell me...

There was such a commotion in your train carriage earlier!

I asked the conductor afterward, and they said she pointed a gun at you!

How can you let such a dangerous person ride in our car?” “Jing Rui.” Duan Chen’s voice grew stern, silencing the young communications officer instantly.

Still, he looked at Song Lili with various degrees of wariness and suspicion.

The vehicle climbed along a winding mountain road, approaching the military base by noon.

The sun shone brilliantly; May in Xilin was much hotter than the south.

Surrounded by mountains, the view was open and wide, and the inner environment of the Xilin Military Region seemed much better than Song Lili had imagined.

“Company Commander Duan, you’ve worked hard.” As soon as Duan Chen stepped out of the car, a soldier with a sublieutenant’s rank came forward to greet him respectfully.

“Welcome home.” Standing behind the sublieutenant was Lu Ziqing.

Lu Ziqing was still in training fatigues, seemingly just back from the field, with sweat marking his front and back.

His face, reddened by the sun, held a bright smile as he warmly embraced Duan Chen.

Song Lili got out of the car behind Duan Chen.

“Wow, welcome to the Xilin Military Region, little lady.” Lu Ziqing also made a gesture to hug Song Lili, but she deftly evaded, leaving him hanging somewhat awkwardly.

Yet Lu Ziqing, easygoing, wasn’t bothered by the detail.

“What’s this?

Company Commander Duan, have you been bullying her on the road?”