# Mr. Damien, Your Wife is Toxic

## Chapter 2: 002 Keep it if it obeys discard it if it doesn't

Evelyn Cobb closed the door and headed for the computer on the desk in her room.

When she turned on the computer and saw the password input screen, she couldn’t help but blurt out a curse.

In no time, she started rummaging through her room, found her wallet in a drawer, and pulled out her ID card.

She entered the birthday as the password.

Wrong!

She put down her ID card and began frantically searching the room again.

She found a newspaper in the trash can.

[Bryan Robinson’s Joyful Union] The date was May 6th.

Evelyn Cobb tried the password again but still got it wrong.

Her eyes were no longer on the newspaper, and she was eager to know something else – for example, the cause of her own death.

Searching all over the place, she found a diary in the corner of a drawer with some numbers written on the title page.

She tried entering this string of numbers, and the computer turned on.

Her slender fingers glided over the keyboard typing the keyword “plane crash” into Google.

A piece of news popped up on the screen.

At 8 o’clock this morning, a Boeing plane crashed over the Pacific Ocean, killing four of our country’s senior negotiators.

Below was a black and white photo of her with her colleagues.

Evelyn Cobb sat in the chair, shaking all over.

Her mind went blank, and her breathing was so weak it was almost nonexistent.

She was dead.

But she was still alive now.

Living in someone else's body?

Living in a body called Amelia Cobb.

She meticulously recalled every detail before the plane crash.

They were representing the country to negotiate with Emarica.

The plane they boarded was an exclusive one, so such errors cannot occur.

There must be something she didn't know about in this situation.

Why did her boss give her a half-month's leave before her business trip?

Why was this news report so fleeting?

It didn't even mention the cause of the plane crash?

Questions swarmed through Evelyn Cobb's mind like a spider web, crawling all over her.

They spread throughout her entire body, making her feel ice-cold.

As the computer screen went dark, she saw her face in the reflection on the pitch-black screen, an ordinary-looking college student's face.

Gone was the confident, dazzling smile and elegant demeanor.

Her thick bangs blocked her eyes, making things blurry in front of her.

Evelyn Cobb sat at the desk until the wee hours of the morning, taking a long time to recover from her shock and disbelief.

The International Negotiator was dead.

This college girl was still alive.

Knock knock knock — the sound of knocking on the door.

Kallie Rayno pushed the door open and saw Evelyn Cobb sitting in a daze in front of her desk, then glanced at the newspaper beside her and sighed helplessly, “Haven’t you gone to bed yet?” “Mom knows that you’ve been wronged.

You have someone you like, but no one in the house dares to disobey grandpa’s orders.” Kallie Rayno walked over and patted her shoulder, comforting her, “Get some sleep early!” As Kallie Rayno left the room, Evelyn Cobb’s gaze fell back on the newspaper.

[Bryan Robinson’s Joyful Union] The man on the newspaper was the same one she saw at the nightclub tonight.

Did she know him?

Yes, she did.

He was the only son of the Capital’s Robinson family, a prince at the pinnacle of power.

She had heard of all the elites in the Capital circle, from one generation to the next.

They were supposed to be from two different worlds, but now they had mysteriously come together.

Evelyn Cobb flipped open the notebook she had found earlier and looked at the top essay.

[May 5th, I’m going to get engaged tomorrow, with someone I’ve never met before, but I have someone I like] ...

“Has she been sent back?” At the Fragrant Garden in the Capital, a man stood by the window, holding a glass of wine in his fingertips, speaking lazily.

“She’s been sent back,” Juliet Walker replied respectfully.

“Did the Cobb family ask anything?” “Not much,” Juliet Walker answered truthfully.

The man took a sip of wine from the glass in his hand, “What happened tonight?” The words were calm and emotionless, but Juliet Walker knew this was not concern for Evelyn Cobb.

On the contrary, it was avoidance.

If the Cobb family members disobeyed and the daughter went wild, the marriage might not happen.

“Miss Cobb went to a party with her classmates tonight and didn’t expect to be set up.

In the end, she struggled to escape and was found by us." "Who set her up?" Juliet Walker hesitated for a moment and answered truthfully, "We didn't investigate in detail." "However, after the news of your engagement to Miss Cobb was leaked, it's inevitable that some people would want to cause her trouble." Christopher Robinson remained silent for a long time before uttering an affirmative grunt.

He seemed not to want to say more.

"Keep an eye on the Cobb family." To the Robinson family, the Cobb family was nothing more than a pawn that could be discarded at any time.

Keep them if they obey, kick them out if they don't.

...

Evelyn Cobb was still sitting at her desk.

She began to doubt her situation, thinking for a moment that it was a dream, but the reality of the touch and the injuries on her body told her that it was real, not a dream.

She was dead but alive in someone else's body.

Her memories belonged only to herself.

She remembered everything about her past, but she was utterly unfamiliar with the owner of this body.

On the computer screen, the news of the International Negotiator's tragic death was still displayed.

When Amelia Cobb woke up the next day and dazzling sunlight shone through, she felt dazed.

"Amelia, are you awake yet?" "I'm awake." Just as Evelyn Cobb sat up, someone opened the door from the outside, "Do you want the driver to take you to school later?" Evelyn Cobb nodded: "Okay." If the driver didn't take her, she wouldn't know which university this person attended or what major they studied.

What was most horrifying was that Amelia Cobb's WeChat, Weibo, and all social media platforms were empty of any records.

Her understanding of Amelia Cobb only came from a notebook with a few occasional lines.

No more, no less.

“Come home early tonight for dinner at grandpa’s house.” Kallie Rayno’s gentle voice rang out, and her hand fell on Evelyn’s arm, giving her an odd sensation.

“Okay.” “I’m worried about whether she’ll do something reckless,” Evelyn Cobb had just turned around when Kallie Rayno’s worried voice came from behind her.

Do something reckless?

Did Amelia Cobb commit suicide?

...

The driver took Evelyn Cobb to Capital University, but miraculously, she had no idea which department she belonged to.

All she could see were the pointing fingers around her.

As if she was some kind of tumor.

“Amelia—,” a crisp voice rang out behind her.

Amelia turned slowly and looked at her.

“Aren’t you going to the classroom?

What are you doing standing here?” “Oh, going.” “Let’s go then!” The girl looked at Amelia strangely, her gaze lingering on her for a moment, “You’re acting weird today.” Amelia didn’t mind, “I’m not feeling well, let’s go!” Second-year classrooms were not fixed anymore.

As soon as Amelia entered, a wave of sighs and whispers began, “Yo, the princess is here too?” “She’s engaged but not staying home waiting to get married?

She’s still attending classes?” Amelia probably knew that they were mocking her, but she still wasn’t sure, so she asked the girl next to her, “Are they talking about me?” The girl looked shocked, staring at her as if she’d seen a ghost, “You don’t know?” Amelia pursed her lips and walked into the classroom under everyone’s gaze.

She glanced around and saw quite a few familiar faces inside.