Mr. Damien, Your Wife is Toxic

Chapter 21: 021 I brought Miss Cobb to Orchard Garden for recuperation_1

If trying to save someone urgently has to be considered a crime, then I admit that I am a criminal.

Save someone urgently?

Amelia Cobb has already cursed Christopher Robinson and his ancestors in her heart.

“If Mr.

Robinson’s urgency to save someone is like this, then I’m afraid I can’t agree.” “Boss,” Juliet Walker enters the room just at this moment, pushing the door open.

As soon as she enters, she feels that the atmosphere in the room is not right.

She takes two steps back, intending to leave.

“Secretary Walker, just speak up.” Amelia calls out to her, stopping her from leaving.

Not letting her leave, Amelia takes away her chance by directly forcing her into the cradle.

Juliet’s footsteps pause, and William Cobb glances over at her.

She looks at Christopher, her eyes full of hesitation and anxiety.

“President Robinson, the driver...

was one of our company’s employees.” Amelia laughs.

Originally half-lying on the bed, she sits up straight, staring at Christopher, ready to start a war of words.

“Go to the police and tell them.

Let them handle it.” “Yes,” Juliet immediately answers and then turns and leaves.

Amelia’s words are stuck in her throat, unable to come out.

Seeing their back-and-forth, Amelia doesn’t have a chance to speak up.

“Mr.

Robinson–, ” Amelia’s voice is slightly raised, her eyes filled with fury as she looks at Christopher.

Christopher seems not to see it, turning to look at William: “I’m sorry for what happened, Mr.

Cobb.

If you don’t mind, I will take Miss Cobb to Orchard Garden to recuperate.

After some time, she will surely return.” “I’ll ask Amelia for her opinion,” William hesitates to make a decision.

After all, his wife and child take up a large part of his life.

Ask Amelia for her opinion?

No, no, no, no.

Amelia will not agree.

Taking advantage of the situation, Christopher has his own aims today.

“I’ve been engaged to Amelia for a long time but haven’t had any real contact.

Since the Cobb family wants to form a marriage alliance, we should show some attitude.

Don’t you think so, Mr.

Cobb?” Christopher’s words are relatively mild.

But this mildness, along with the punctuation marks, carries a hint of threat.

Christopher is seen by the Cobb family members as a godlike figure.

Controlling the power of life and death over the family.

William has no power to fight back against Christopher’s threats.

If the Cobb family wants to form a marriage alliance, we should show some attitude.

This sentence, if said in ordinary times, should be said by someone else, because someone as high-ranking as Christopher would not stoop so low to threaten anyone.

But today– is an exception.

Oddly, he sees a long-lost uncertainty in Amelia.

In Christopher's nature, anything uncertain is a threat.

Threatening items must either be dealt with or controlled.

Obviously, Amelia is the latter.

Christopher wants to keep her close and under control.

Amelia is shocked.

In her years as a negotiator, she has seen too many instances of flesh-and-blood deals.

Dickering over prices in front of the person involved, treating people like items.

Those accessories, in their eyes, have no emotions and should not exist in this world.

She has always believed that she would always be the dominant party.

Never to be the fish on the chopping board, at the mercy of others.

But today– everything has changed.

She feels like an emotionless object, while the two men in front of her discuss matters.

"Both of you have made your positions clear for your own interests, so is there really any need for me, the sacrificial lamb, to exist?" Amelia's gaze on William is full of murderous intent, yes, murderous intent.

William thought he saw it wrong, but when he looked carefully again, he realized he was right.

"Amelia–," William's voice carries a hint of helplessness.

"I've said what I have to say, I'll be waiting for Miss Cobb at Orchard Garden," Christopher clearly does not want to get involved in the argument between father and daughter.

As he opens the door to leave, he sees Juliet frowning deeply.

Her face is full of anxiety.

Amelia watches Christopher leave the ward, her anger finding nowhere to vent, and can only watch him go.

The ward falls silent.

Amelia stares at William without speaking.

William?

He uses silence to face everything.

“I want to be alone,” Amelia speaks out after a long silence.

“Amelia, if I could, I would wish for other choices too.

Once you stand in my position, you’ll know that there are many things I have no reason to refuse.” William does care for Amelia; if he didn’t, he wouldn’t say this.

But the more so, the more heartbreaking it is.

Stand in his position?

Standing in his position, Amelia still couldn’t understand.

Any normal person would not send their daughter into a marriage alliance, let alone knowingly send her to the tiger’s mouth.

Amelia feels like she’s fucked.

The romance novels she read during her studies were full of beautiful, idyllic scenes.

But in her life, in addition to leveling up and fighting monsters, she encounters idiots.

“Really, romance novels are killing people,” Not long after William leaves, the door to the ward is pushed open again.

Old Mr.

Cobb is also in this hospital.

When Sophia Cobb and Linda Kent hear the news, they hurry over without stopping.

The moment they see Amelia lying on the bed, they feel a rush of joy and excitement.

“Is this the turning of the tide?

The wicked will be punished by the wicked?" Sophia looks at Amelia with cold derision.

Amelia, who has been resting with her eyes closed to adjust her emotions, slowly opens her eyes, "Yeah, the tide has turned.

Today, a bunch of idiots came to my house." Sophia chokes, "You—-" "What about me?

You're trying to argue like a normal person when you can't even speak properly?

If you're a parrot, don't pretend to be human." "Amelia, even in this state, you're still arrogant?

With your parents gone, who will protect you?" Linda has long been displeased with Amelia, but she never dared to offend the main branch of the family because Alex Cobb still relies on William.

Today, finally, there's an opportunity.

Of course, she won't let it go easily.

"Want to take action?" Amelia can see Linda's intentions at a glance.

She hooks up a smile at the corner of her lips: "You believe it or not?

If you dare to touch me, the one lying here will definitely be you." Amelia lifts the blanket, sits up on the bed, pulls the needle out of her hand without hesitation, steps barefoot onto the ground, and walks toward Linda step by step.

Her face, akin to the King of Hell, makes Linda flustered.

"Amelia—-," Kallie Rayno just had an argument with William and came in to see such a scene.

"Linda, are you ever satisfied?" "Kallie, your daughter has just angered Old Mr.

Cobb into the hospital.

Isn't this retribution?" "I think you're just like a bored dog.

If you can't find my second uncle's mistress, you start to bother us.

If my second aunt needs help, just tell me, maybe I'll take pity on you," Jaso Cobb enters from outside and suddenly pushes Linda away.

With a bang– Linda slams into the door.

Chapter 22: 022 Enter Orchard Garden_1

“Jaso, what are you doing?” Sophia hurried over and pulled Jaso away.

Jaso stared at her coldly.

“When you enjoy someone else’s kindness, you should know to bow your head.

Don’t think you’re really something.” “Get lost!” Jaso’s temper was very similar to Kallie Rayno’s, gentle and courteous towards others, excellent temper.

But he often clashed with the Second Branch of the Cobb family.

Linda Kent came and went quickly.

Amelia Cobb stared at Jaso, feeling a flutter in her heart.

Although the Cobb family sent their daughters for an alliance marriage, both Kallie Rayno and Jaso were very caring towards Amelia.

“How did you get hit by a car?” Jaso was asking Amelia that question.

Amelia pursed her lips: “To save someone.” “The premise to save someone is that you can protect yourself, Amelia.” “In this world, the death of any person would at most make me sigh, but if anything happened to our family, we would feel heartbroken.

Do you understand that?” Amelia’s heart suddenly felt like it had been shocked by an electric baton.

Any person’s death would only make her sigh.

So, her death, for some people, would be insignificant.

But for others, it would be a devastating blow.

Amelia’s heart seemed to be viciously hollowed out by a hand, not giving her a chance to catch her breath.

Did the people who designed all this feel the same way?

“Amelia?” Jaso saw that she was silent and called her gently.

Amelia nodded, coming back to her senses.

“What’s wrong?” “Nothing, I will be careful in the future.” Jaso patted her head, looking relieved.

“Where’s dad?” “He’s gone out.” This night, Amelia was in the hospital.

The lights in the master bedroom of Orchard Garden were on.

At his computer, Christopher Robinson was replaying the video of Amelia rushing out during the day.

Her concise movements, decisive actions, and the moment she scooped up the child all showed that she had a strong foundation.

“Sir.” Isaac Fenton came in and handed Christopher Robinson the information in his hand: “I checked Miss Cobb’s growth records and asked some people around her.

They all said she has never practiced any martial arts, and even her exercise is very limited.” “Do you think the moment she rushed out today was something an ordinary person could achieve?” Isaac Fenton was silent for a moment: “From my years of experience in the military, ordinary people can’t do that.” “The Cobb family is really interesting,” Christopher Robinson’s smile deepened at the corner of his lips.

His eyes staring at the screen were gleaming with mysterious light.

“Sir, do you think the Cobb family is intentionally hiding something?” Isaac Fenton seemed to catch a hint of something from Christopher Robinson’s words, but on second thought, it seemed impossible.

Amelia’s attitude could explain everything.

Christopher Robinson did not respond to Isaac Fenton’s question, but was pondering the whole process of the matter.

The man’s slender fingertips gently tapping on the table, one by one, clear rhythm.

“Have Sadie clean up the guest room next to the master bedroom.” “Arrange it according to Miss Cobb’s preferences,” as if afraid Isaac Fenton’s explanation was not detailed enough, Christopher Robinson added this sentence.

Isaac Fenton admired Christopher Robinson.

A person who could play around in the Capital Mall had a lot of ability and means.

And all this, how could ordinary people like them know?

When Sadie learned of the news, she was stunned: “Is Sir planning to live together before marriage?” “We can’t ask that,” Isaac Fenton replied.

Sadie knew she had asked too much and pursed her lips.

She nodded gently, indicating that she understood.

The third day.

There was continuous rain in the capital.

Dark clouds oppressed half of the city, making it hard to breathe.

When Amelia was discharged from the hospital, William Cobb deliberately diverted Kallie Rayno.

When Amelia saw him coming alone, she already knew everything.

Inside the car, she stared out the window, not knowing what kind of mood she was in.

Joy of rebirth?

No.

All she had was a heavy heart, a heavy stone pressed at the bottom of her heart.

“Amelia...” William Cobb tried to say something but stopped.

Amelia looked straight ahead without looking back: “If Orchard Garden is a dangerous place, would you still let me go?” “A week ago, when Dad talked to you about his difficulties, you expressed understanding, Amelia.” Amelia was slightly startled.

So, the matter of the alliance marriage was discussed with Amelia’s consent?

Her hand hanging by her side raised and fell on her knee.

It curled up somewhat unnaturally.

There were too many pitfalls, and she had almost fallen into them if she was not paying attention.

So her strong attitude these few days was a bluff?

All this was because of her own choice?

“I see.” “Your luggage is in the trunk, I will try to get you home as soon as possible from Mr.

Robinson’s side.” “Amelia...” As they waited for the traffic light, William Cobb called her gently.

He stared at Amelia, his eyes slightly reddened: “Wait for Dad for a while, Dad needs time to deal with all this.” “Can I know what happened?” William Cobb answered her question with silence.

Amelia was sitting in the passenger seat and watched the car drive into the Orchard Garden territory.

When the car stopped in the courtyard of Orchard Garden, she glanced at William Cobb: “Can I trust you?” William Cobb looked at Amelia and nodded heavily without thinking: “Yes.” “Amelia, you don’t need to be aggrieved to win Christopher’s love, be yourself.” The last four words were said with extreme heaviness.

Amelia’s fingertips twitched slightly.

She got out of the car, and Sadie, accompanied by the servants, stood by her side and bowed slightly: “Welcome, Miss Cobb.” “Mr.

Robinson is at the company, I’ll take you in.” Amelia had seen Sadie a few times, but each time was a brief encounter.

This was the first time they had met like this.

As Amelia followed Sadie to the residential building, she seemed to hear something, and glanced back at William Cobb standing not far away.

This look was filled with too many emotions.

Amelia felt like a duckweed.

And the Cobb family was now her lifesaving rope.

She couldn’t let go at all costs.

“Your bedroom is next to Mr.

Robinson’s bedroom.

He said you can find him or me for anything in Orchard Garden.” “You can move freely in the first floor area, and your activity area on the second floor is only the bedroom.” Standing by the staircase, Amelia asked, “What about the third floor?” “In Orchard

Garden, everyone knows that the third floor of the residential building is forbidden." Without Mr.

Robinson's permission, you cannot enter it at will." Amelia's gaze moved slowly from the third-floor staircase.

Her eyes deepened.

"This is Miss Cobb's room." Amelia looked at the pink room in front of her and almost felt like her eyes had gone blind.

"Can I change to a different room?" Sadie looked at her: "You don't like it?

Mr.

Robinson specifically ordered the room to be arranged according to Miss Cobb's preferences." Amelia was startled inside, almost exposing herself again.

She shook her head slightly: "I just don't want to be too close to Mr.

Robinson."

Chapter 23: 023 Da Lu got a girlfriend

"I said no!" Lili said sternly, clearly not appreciating Ziqing's joke.

Ziqing went on regardless, "Well, if you don't have one, that's even better." Lili's mind was a bit chaotic for a moment, and she wasn't paying attention to the deeper meaning in Ziqing's words.

"I just went to the resting room and saw you were still revising.

What's up?

Haven't finished reviewing the content for the written test?" "Military knowledge, military law, and current political affairs—three big books, there's more content than I expected." Lili honestly admitted that she thought half a month would be enough time, but after going through it once, she still didn't feel confident.

"That day Xiaoer called me, and I said over the phone that you have to get into Xilin Military Academy on your own merit." "I know." "Lili..." "Brother Lu, you might as well call me Xiao Hua.

If you mix it up and let it slip someday..." "You don't trust me?" Well, indeed she didn't trust him very much.

“No, no...

just to be safe.” “When it’s just the two of us, I’ll call you Lili.

In public, I won’t make a mistake.

Of course, in private, you’re happy to call me whatever you like.” Lili felt that Ziqing was very much doing his own thing, which was quite unlike the honest and proper soldiers she had imagined.

“Alright then...” The jeep wound around two mountain peaks and entered a small county town at the foot of the mountains.

The roads in the county town weren’t very wide, and there were a variety of shops on both sides of the road: grocers, snack stalls, hardware and repair shops, small clinics—much more miscellaneous than the storefronts in big cities.

The vehicle entered a residential complex and as soon as Lili got out of the car, a feeling of familiarity hit her.

“The house is assigned by the military, can’t compare to the military residences in Ruicheng, but for this small county town, it’s already a nice place to settle down.” Ziqing was saying this as he took Lili’s luggage out of the car.

“Let’s go.

Building 15, apartment 501.” Lili, shouldering her bag, followed Ziqing up the stairs, just in time to see a resident coming out on the third floor, “Isn’t that Da Lu?

What brings you back today?” “Oh!

Uncle Zhuo, where are you off to?” “I’m off to sit in the yard...

have a little chat...” “Take it slow, sir!” Ziqing hurriedly stepped aside, but in doing so, he ended up revealing Lili to Uncle Zhuo.

When he saw Lili, his eyes lit up, and spinning around he asked Ziqing, “You, you’ve got a girlfriend now?” “Cough, Uncle Zhuo, you—” “Amazing, amazing!

Da Lu’s got a girlfriend.

Granny Wang is going to cry her eyes out...

She’s so pretty too...

No hope now, no hope...” Ziqing hadn’t even finished his sentence when he saw Uncle Zhuo muttering to himself as he slowly went downstairs.

Lili’s face turned red with restraint as she looked toward Ziqing, “Brother, why didn’t you explain it to the old man?” “I wanted to explain, but I didn’t get the chance, did I?” Ziqing spread his hands, managing to deflect blame smoothly.

Lili felt that this wasn’t good.

“Forget it, forget it.

With the old man, if you explain too much, he might not understand anyway.

Let’s head up.” Just as they reached the fifth floor, the door opposite apartment 501 opened, and a woman in her thirties, holding a child, who seemed to be on her way out too, saw Ziqing and was visibly delighted, “Senior Lu!

Haven’t seen you in a long time!

What brings you back today?” “Ah, sister-in-law, taking the little one out?” “Yeah, going out for a stroll this evening.

Senior Lu, are you...

bringing your girlfriend back?”

Chapter 24: 024 You did not choose

When was the last time Sadie saw her husband so restrained?

It was probably many years ago when Mr.

Robinson’s mother-in-law came to him, asking him to do something he couldn’t do for financial gain, but had to do out of moral obligation.

At that time, he endured a hundred times more, and his anger was just short of bursting.

But this man, after weighing all the pros and cons, still chose to extinguish his own anger.

As restrained as he is today.

Essentially, Christopher is not a person who indulges himself arbitrarily.

His upbringing molded him into a restrained person.

It is appropriate to describe him as someone who practices self-discipline and follows his principles.

His anger circled in his chest for a long time before finally subsiding.

Amelia's carefree attitude contrasts sharply with Christopher's solemn demeanor: "Whether I want to confine and torment you, or take care of you carefully, you have no choice, Amelia.

If I were you, I would be smarter." "But I am not you, Mr.

Robinson," Amelia speaks word by word with her back to Christopher.

Her cold tone is not inferior to Christopher's.

There is some gritting of teeth in the words 'Mr.

Robinson'.

Christopher, with his status, had to pinch his time as he shuttled between various international occasions.

Amelia at this time, of course, did not give him much thought to waste his time.

If it had been Evelyn in the past, he might have been willing to waste some time discussing things with her.

"Take care of Miss Cobb." "Yes," Sadie knows that even if her husband does not mention it, she knows this is directed at her.

Amelia sits in the chair for a long time.

And Sadie has been standing silently beside her, not urging, not speaking.

Like a silent robot.

For Amelia, Sadie has always treated her as a guest.

And Sadie excels at the art of treating guests.

That is why she has been able to stay by Christopher's side all these years.

In Sadie's eyes, Amelia is a very composed person when she is quiet.

This woman, although her face reveals childlike innocence, her eyes give a sense of having experienced the vicissitudes of life.

Her upright posture is not something that can be pretended, but rather, it is revealed from the bones.

She is a contradictory combination.

At the age of twenty-one, she already carries the sense of having lived through half a lifetime.

Amelia went to the courtyard today, not far from the dining room.

She walked along the cobblestone path in the garden.

In May, the peonies were in full bloom.

Various flowers were colorful and beautiful, Amelia stood in front of the peony and fell into deep thought.

Once, a friend pointed to a wild peony and said to her, “Do you know?

The first time I met you, I thought you were just like it – no friends, but proud and independent.” Amelia hooks her lips, the smile is neither deep nor shallow, and carries a touch of desolation.

In the second-floor study, a man is standing by the window taking a phone call.

His gaze remains locked on the person standing below when his hand raising the cigarette pauses.

Evelyn?

Christopher hurriedly pushes the window open and takes a closer look, realizing it is Amelia.

This scene had happened only two weeks ago in Orchard Garden.

International Negotiator Evelyn Cobb was his guest at Orchard Garden when he took a call during their conversation, and Evelyn wandered around the courtyard, standing in the same spot, staring at the same flower.

In that moment, Christopher felt the two were very similar.

The man throws the cigarette in his hand into the ashtray and rubs his temples with his free hand.

A sense of fatigue wells up from within.

As he takes a closer look, Amelia has already crouched down.

“Bella” crouches down at her feet, using her claws to scratch her knee.

Amelia crouches down and talks to the cat.

The cat responds to her with a sound in return.

The strange and thrilling scene locks Christopher’s gaze.

The line of sight from above is too blunt, and there is no evasion.

Amelia turns her eyes, and their gazes collide.

As for Christopher?

He does not avoid it.

How does that saying go?

True love will be shy.

If you don’t love, you will be open and generous.

Amelia hooks her lips and slowly retracts her gaze.

Amelia is not having a good time at Orchard Garden, and the Cobb family is in a mess.

Kallie Rayno’s face is red and her neck is thick with anger.

After a round of quarrel, she sits on the couch, wiping her tears.

William Cobb sits opposite, his elbow on his knee and his face in his hands.

His face is full of grief.

“Bring Amelia back tomorrow.” “Christopher won’t agree,” William says with a hint of helplessness.

“What is Christopher, that he can keep my daughter and not let her go?

Huh?” “He is not what, but most of the lifeblood of the capital’s prominent families is in his hands,” William’s tone is not overly aggressive, nor does he deliberately express anything, but his calm statement makes Kallie silent.

On Amelia's third day at Orchard Garden, she found it extremely boring, and if it weren't for a cat accompanying her, depression would probably not be far away.

On the fourth day, as she sits at the dining table in the morning, she speaks to Christopher: "I should go back to school." Christopher didn't make things difficult for her: "Let Sadie arrange a driver." He is very busy.

Early to leave and late to return, he's hardly ever seen.

Apart from the first evening meal, Amelia has not seen him for several days.

Only at midnight, the sound of a car engine in the courtyard can prove that he has come back.

Until the next morning, they might meet at the dining table, or they might not.

"Don't forget, Miss Cobb, tomorrow night." Christopher finishes speaking, takes a towel handed by the servant, wipes his hands, and leaves the dining room.

It has been two weeks since the incident on May 17.

Amelia gradually walks out of that uncontrollable sense of powerlessness.

She goes to class in the morning and sees a crowd in the hallway before she even enters.

They are whispering to each other about something.

"Christopher Robinson will give a speech at the School of Economics tomorrow morning?" "What's the big deal with the School of Economics?

Every big shot they invite is so good." "Half of the country's families have visited." "I heard Christopher is engaged to a girl from our school." "How do you know?" "It's not a secret, it was even in the news." "When?

Why didn't I know?" Because of that person's words just now, the crowd suddenly exploded with excitement.

Amelia retreated in time.

Fearing being surrounded later.

"Amelia————," The call of Abner Rodriguez comes from behind.

"Are you going to the International Relations class?" Amelia nods.

"So am I, together?" "If I say no, will you take a detour?" Amelia asks coldly.

Abner smiles and shakes his head: “Not likely, Aunt Kallie told me to look after you.” Abner’s mother has been a good friend of Kallie for many years.

The two often get together.

Amelia knew about this a few days ago.

She is not too surprised.

The young man beside her is spirited and full of youthful vitality.

If it had been a few years ago, he might have been the type she liked.

But now−−−−−Leave it.

Amelia feels old.

“Are you going to Mr.

Robinson’s speech tomorrow?”

Chapter 25: 025 Thinking of each other is useless_1

“I won’t study economics,” Amelia Cobb stated with a bland expression.

Even though everyone already knew about her engagement to Christopher Robinson, she was still not hiding her dislike for him.

“I forgot, I’m sorry,” Abner Rodriguez said with an apologetic tone.

But Amelia didn’t want to understand his apology.

She stopped and looked at Abner, “We’ve been the subject of rumors, haven’t we?” Abner was stunned, “Yes.” “Then you better stay away from me!

I don’t want to be hurt by rumors anymore.” Amelia didn’t care for any advice about not minding other people’s opinions.

Even if she could truly not care, the troubles brought by those rumors were unavoidable.

After saying that, Amelia turned to leave, but Abner grabbed her arm to stop her.

“I said those things before because I wanted to protect you,” the boy said urgently, his face filled with a hint of tension, as if he were afraid of affecting their relationship.

Such a lovely scene with a young handsome boy and a beautiful girl!

However, Juliet Walker felt that the scene was too beautiful – he dare not even look.

President Robinson was supposed to deliver a lecture at Capital University tomorrow, and he was supposed to check the venue in advance, but because he did not have time, the task fell on Juliet.

Coincidentally, the main characters did not change, and they were still caught up in their tug of war.

Amelia watched car number 03456 flash and pass by, took a deep sigh, and then looked at Abner, “Let go of me first.” “If we’re seen pulling and tugging like this, we’ll have to spend a lot of time explaining again.” “I’m sorry,” Abner quickly pulled back his hand.

As the two walked side by side, there were always people pointing and whispering.

Some even took out their phones to take pictures and posted them in the school forum.

Amelia knew without looking that the comments would not be nice.

“What’s your major?” “What?” Abner was taken aback by Amelia’s question.

What major?

Didn’t she know?

“What’s your major,” Amelia repeated the question.

“I...Law.” “Oh……,” Amelia responded and said nothing more.

“Amelia,” As Amelia and Abner walked down the Tree-lined Avenue, someone suddenly called out to stop them.

She turned her head to look.

It was Jason Wood, standing there as if he had been waiting for her.

“You called me?” Amelia looked puzzled.

“Yes,” Jason responded in a relaxed tone and nodded.

“I left my textbook in the office, could you fetch it for me?” “Of course,” Amelia agreed happily.

She was just worrying about not having an opportunity to see Jason, and this request was just like a gift.

Jason nodded slowly, his tone mild, “Thank you then.

Room 2013, in Building 2, just ask when you get there.” Without a second thought, Amelia turned around and left.

Jason had always been living in the university’s Residential Building for many years, and the office was just a place where he occasionally worked.

He mentioned a few years ago that he didn’t need an office, but the school leaders thought that he had trained and produced many outstanding students and should at least have a place to receive guests, so they allocated an office to him.

Amelia was very familiar with this route.

As a matter of fact, she was thoroughly acquainted with it.

But today when she went in, she happened to meet someone coming out of the neighboring Principal’s office.

The two bumped into each other.

As Juliet opened his mouth to say something, Amelia glanced at him with an air of superiority before turning around and leaving.

She behaved as if she had just seen something disgusting.

This left Juliet sinking into deep self-doubt.

Amelia ran into the office quickly and also ran out just as fast.

Her hurried pace left Juliet dumbfounded.

In the large classroom, Jason had already begun his class, casually chatting with his students.

When he saw that Amelia had brought the textbook, he extended his hand to take it and thanked her.

During this class, Amelia wasn’t paying attention.

Her thoughts were not on the lecture.

At that moment, she was thinking of how to have a casual encounter with Jason.

Or rather, how she could visit him and walk the path she hadn't finished in her previous life.

"Amelia, please come up and help answer some questions for the class." "What?" Amelia, who was suddenly called upon, stood up abruptly and looked at the podium.

Jason was very mild, he didn't criticize her for not paying attention in class.

On the contrary, he looked at the blackboard, smiled and repeated the question, "What is the highest virtue of a statesman?" Amelia looked at Jason and said slowly, "Prudence." "Where did this quote come from?" "It's from 'Peace and War: International Relations Theory'." The Q&A between the two was nearly iconic.

"Has Amelia read this book?" Amelia nodded, "I have." "After the last class, I did some research on you and found out that your main major is Art.

You came to university by taking an art examination.

Why did you suddenly become interested in international relations?" It seemed that Jason had a lot of questions about Amelia.

And these questions could only be answered by her.

Perhaps fearing that Amelia wouldn't answer in private, he decided to ask her directly in front of the whole class.

"Because I want to be a real realist, not an ant lost in the fog.

I want to see the clearest sun, not a moon veiled in beautiful gauze.

I want to understand how strong a storm can be, not just to see the rainbow after the storm." International Negotiator, is someone who faces all these things head on.

They are the ones who see the world through the bloody reality.

The aura Amelia projected left the classroom silent.

Her calm voice, even with punctuation, gave people a strong sense of conviction.

However, upon hearing Amelia's answer, there was a moment of disappointment in Jason's eyes.

But after his disappointment, was a raft of complications.

The silence lasted too long.

It was so long that Jason just nodded his head, asked her to sit down.

And nothing else.

Amelia could only feel a sense of unease.

In her past life, she was already taken under Jason's wing after the first task.

But today, the second task was over.

It was not yet.

And the class was over.

Amelia started packing her things to leave.

She was stopped by Sophia Cobb, who had rushed over after hearing the news.

In the large classroom, seeing that most of the students had already left, Sophia stood in the first row looking at Amelia in the last row.

"When did you become interested in international relations?

Are you really Amelia?" Sophia's words made some people who were ready to leave stop to watch the drama.

Amelia did not pause her packing, she had a slight smile, "If I'm not Amelia, then I must be your mother?" "You———————." "I'm talking to you in a proper manner, there's no need to take it so seriously?" Amelia finished packing her things, stood up with her bag in hand, and stared at Sophia, "It's really pitiful.

You've lived for twenty-something years and still don't know what decent conversation means.

Should your mother send you back to kindergarten to start your education all over again?"

Chapter 26: 026 Arrives at Luo She

The owner had hardly entered the kitchen before he came out again, carrying two plates of cold dishes and some washed fruit, "Please start with these; the hot dishes will be

ready in a moment.” “Thank you, boss.” Lu Ziqing handed chopsticks to Song Lili, “This can’t compare with the lavishly decorated restaurants in Anlin City.

It’s run by a couple and serves nothing but home-style cooking.” Song Lili picked up a small piece of tofu, “Home-style cooking is very good.” She could hardly remember how long it had been since she last had real home-cooked food.

When mealtime arrived, the restaurant began to fill up, and almost everyone who came in and saw Lu Ziqing would come forward to greet the commander.

Song Lili naturally became familiar to everyone by association.

“Brother Lu, you’re quite popular.” “Are you making fun of me?” “No...

I’m speaking the truth.

Nowadays, genuinely people-friendly officers are becoming rarer.” “I’ll take that as a compliment.” Lu Ziqing was speaking when suddenly, a hurried figure rushed in, “Commander!

I’ve finally found you!” Qi Yong ran in, panting.

“What’s the matter?” “Why is your phone off?” Lu Ziqing pulled out his phone from his pocket and saw, “Ah, it’s out of power...” Qi Yong heaved a heavy sigh; this reaction indicated that it wasn’t the first time Lu Ziqing had been unreachable.

“Commander Shen Xinhui has summoned you to an urgent meeting at the military region!” Upon hearing this, Lu Ziqing quickly wolfed down a few bites of rice, took out a hundred yuan from his pocket, placed it on the table, then tossed his house keys to Song Lili, “I have to go back to the military region.

Lock the doors and windows when you sleep tonight, and I’ll send someone to take you to the station early tomorrow morning.” “...Okay.” After giving instructions, Lu Ziqing walked out with Qi Yong, “It’s said to be an order from Commander Shen, received from central command...

it might be a matter of accountability...” ...

Steamed white rice, sweet and sour pork ribs, braised shrimp, stir-fried vegetables, and tomato egg soup...

Song Lili ate everything on her own; both the restaurant owner and his wife were astonished, “Young lady, you have quite an appetite!” “It’s because the landlady’s cooking is too delicious.” After exchanging pleasantries, Song Lili headed back.

Although the residential complex was old, it was fully occupied, the multitude of lights made it seem lively.

Back in the room, she quickly tidied up and leaned on the sofa, turning on the TV, She switched to the central channel, where President Wen Nian was visiting the United States and the UK, meeting with the leaders of both countries in New York and London— Dressed in a sharp suit, his youthful and handsome appearance stood out amongst the aging world leaders; he couldn't blend into the background even if he wanted to.

Checking social media, the topic of the President seemed to be perpetually hot.

The entertainment media also catered to the public's taste, somehow getting hold of a video clip that showed President Wen Nian meeting with the British Queen, who joked about making him her son-in-law.

The comments under the video were lively!

Song Lili browsed briefly then tossed her phone aside.

———- Traveling to Tanjin from Loso required a train ride of over five hours.

When Song Lili arrived in Tanjin just after midday, she wore a hat and a mask, revealing only her eyes.

Following the address Xiaoer had given her, she found the rural village where Tang Xiaohua lived, and it was three o'clock in the afternoon when she got off the minibus at the edge of the village.

This truly was a remote and unsophisticated place, surrounded by vast fields and empty cement roads.

Chapter 27: 027 Christopher Robinson hugged her waist_1

Christopher Robinson has never been one to actively approach women, probably due to the environment he has grown up in and the position he holds, which have given him an infinite sense of superiority.

When initially treated this way by Amelia Cobb, although Christopher is somewhat surprised, his good knowledge and experience don't let him dwell on it too much.

He thought that Amelia was just another girl in his eyes, with no significant differences.

Originally, this was the case.

He gave the Cobb family benefits, and the Cobb family married their daughter to him in return.

It was a mutually beneficial relationship and nothing more.

But that day at the dinner table, Amelia shattered all his previous perceptions of children from wealthy and influential families.

The Chinese-style dinner was a balanced mix of meat and vegetables, looking exceptionally appetizing, both in presentation and color.

Over the years, Amelia had eaten her way through various negotiating forums, from state banquets to roadside stalls, so she could stomach any food as long as it wasn't too shabby.

With more experience and knowledge, she didn't care too much about the everyday food she could encounter.

Bella seemed to have become Amelia's playmate, squatting beside her during dinner, watching her eagerly.

Amelia prodded the pan-fried cod in her plate and threw it to Bella in front of a shocked Sadie and Christopher Robinson.

And Bella immediately snatched it up and ran away with it.

"Miss Cobb, pets cannot eat human food." Amelia was startled and blinked at Sadie, "What should I do then?" Sadie glanced at Christopher Robinson's face worriedly but couldn't read his expression, even though it was dark.

"Does Miss Cobb know how many people in this world starve to death because they can't get enough to eat?" Amelia looked at Christopher Robinson and replied confidently, "According to a 2002 survey, there are 840 million people worldwide who are hungry.

25,000 people die each day from hunger, either directly or indirectly, two-thirds of which are children.

Is that the number, Mr.

Robinson?" Christopher Robinson: ...

His original intention was to prompt Amelia to be a bit more human, but she didn't seem to want to give him the chance.

The conversation came to an abrupt halt.

Christopher Robinson stared at Amelia with his chopsticks in hand, his deep eyes almost bottomless.

How did the saying go?

She had anticipated his anticipation.

“Miss Cobb seems to enjoy contradicting me.” “Most people don’t have much patience for people and things they don’t like.

Isn’t that the case for Mr.

Robinson as well?” “Miss Cobb’s eloquence could make her best friends with the ladies in the neighborhood committee.” “Mr.

Robinson’s ability to nitpick could get him a job selling fish at the market.” The two exchanged banter, neither giving any ground to the other.

Sadie watched the exchange with trepidation, looking at Amelia and Christopher Robinson, her fingertips trembling.

“I’m very curious about something.” Amelia raised her own doubt, not caring whether Christopher wanted to answer or not, and asked directly, “When I saved the Robinson family member and was hit by the D&T Group people, I didn’t get a thank you, nor an apology.

Instead, I ended up half-incarcerated.

Why is that?” Christopher stared at Amelia with eyes that could not be described as deep anymore.

Sadie probably didn’t expect Amelia to be so bold either.

Layer upon layer of cold sweat broke out on the palms that hung by her side.

“Isn’t Miss Cobb very clear about it?

It’s because you are a weakling, and weaklings have no right to negotiate.” The coldness in Amelia’s eyes could hardly be concealed, and just as it was about to burst its banks, she slowly lowered her head.

From Sadie’s perspective, Amelia appeared to be a person recklessly testing her limits on the edge of courting her fate.

Even though Mr.

Robinson didn't have much pleasantness in his tone, he seemed to be continually backing down.

Later that night, Christopher Robinson entered his study.

Amelia went to the courtyard.

The two were like parallel lines living under the same roof, not bothering each other.

When Juliet Walker came in with the materials, she saw Christopher standing by the study window looking down at the courtyard below.

She was curious but didn't approach.

She coughed softly, "President Robinson, about the questions for tomorrow's lecture at Capital University." "Just leave it there!" The man's tone was indifferent.

Juliet stood silently behind him for a moment, wondering whether to tell Christopher about what she had seen today.

"Is there anything else?" "No, then I'll leave," Juliet eventually chose not to speak up.

Downstairs, Amelia strolled while scrolling through the forum of Capital University on her phone.

Unintentionally, a post caught her attention.

[Does she have depression?] Below was a screenshot of a social media platform.

Amelia clicked on the picture and found a post made by Amelia Cobb showing an array of antidepressant medications.

[Really?

She doesn't seem like it.

She's been answering questions in Professor Wood's class recently, and she looks radiant.] [Maybe her depression is gone?] [I don't know, but I heard Mr.

Robinson is her fiancé.] [Is that true or false?] On the eve of Christopher's speech at Capital University, Amelia was exposed on the internet.

On Capital University's forum, the title of fianceé of D&T Group's Christopher Robinson alone was enough to make her a target of scrutiny.

D&T Group's Christopher Robinson was a legend in the business world, and this man was working his way to the top of the business world in various countries.

He transformed the Capital City villages, established CBD business districts, and introduced top global enterprises...

Any of these events would make him an object of admiration.

He was a god high above, a role model for students.

And Amelia, an ordinary person, had dared to pull the divine god down to the mortal world.

How great a sin was this in the eyes of others?

Miaow – a miserable cat's cry pulled her thoughts back.

When Amelia's gaze shifted away from her phone, she saw the foolish cat, round-headed, standing in the gutter staring at her.

Amelia fell silent.

She stared at the cat for a long time, "Meow louder, let Christopher come to save you, you're his cat." Miaow – Amelia sighed, cursing Christopher's ancestors a million times in her heart.

She rolled up her sleeves, squatted down to catch the cat.

"I'm here to recuperate, and since I met that damned man, I haven't had a good day." "Amelia, what are you doing?" Just as Amelia finished cursing, a questioning voice came from above her head.

Amelia squatted on the ground, looked up at Christopher, and pursed her lips angrily, "I'm not full, so I want to find something in the gutter to eat, is that okay?" Christopher:...

"Do you want me to take you to the outhouse?

There should be more choices there." Through their countless verbal clashes, Christopher had more or less gotten used to Amelia's character.

She was truly sharp-tongued, but also very childish.

Christopher took a small step back, seemingly even more repulsed by Amelia.

Amelia's fury ignited in an instant.

She sprang up, and her low blood sugar made her sway.

As she reached out to steady herself against a nearby tree, she was caught by a wide and powerful palm around her waist.

Chapter 28: 028 I won't misuse your identity for nothing

Song Lili didn’t go to console him, Instead, she fetched some water and found a towel; she wiped Tang Xiaohua’s face and body, All the while, she meticulously examined Xiaohua’s body.

She had indeed been raped and murdered.

Song Lili found a set of clean clothes in the wardrobe and dressed Tang Xiaohua in them, The blood-stained bedding from the bed was piled in a corner by Song Lili.

“Tang Xiaohua, fate really has a way of fooling people.

If only you had waited for me to come, I would have given you some money, and you probably could have had a decent life with your brother.” “Now... I should go to the nearby village police and have them search for the murderer, but I can’t... A dead person’s identity is meaningless to me.” Song Lili looked at Tang Xiaohua and muttered to herself, behind her was the unceasing crying of the boy...

“However, I won’t use your identity for nothing.

I will take care of your brother, and before I leave this place, I will find your murderer...” ——— Song Lili was sitting at the doorway, She had changed into a set of clothes, ones from Tang Xiaohua’s wardrobe.

On the horizon, the sunset was like spilt blood, The crying of the little boy inside the house had slowly subsided.

Not long after, the little boy came out and sat down next to Song Lili.

Song Lili took a deep breath and removed her mask...

The little boy’s eyes suddenly widened as he looked at Song Lili!

“Sis... sister...” Song Lili touched the little boy’s head and asked him, “What’s your name?” “Sister!” Without saying another word, the boy threw himself into Song Lili’s arms and hugged her fiercely!

Song Lili looked at the little boy, and for a moment, her mind wandered to what could have been.

If her child had lived, he would probably have been about this size.

It had been a boy, prematurely born at seven months and perished, That year she was twenty-seven, and that premature birth had left her infertile, creating an everlasting rift between her and Wen Nian.

“My name is... Xiaocao...” “Tang Xiaocao?” Xiaocao nodded.

Song Lili suddenly smiled a little.

Xiao Hua, Xiaocao; it was quite fitting.

It seemed she and this little boy must have been fated somehow... Lili was originally on the grass... The wildfire cannot burn it all, and the spring breeze brings it back to life.

“Xiaocao, is that uncle’s house far away?” Tang Xiaocao pointed towards the area where the village houses were clustered.

“I’ll take you for a walk.

If we see that uncle, will you point him out to me?” “Okay!” Carrying Tang Xiaocao on her back, Song Lili walked through the unfamiliar village while it was still not dark.

It was evident that Tang Xiaohua wasn’t well acquainted with the villagers; hardly anyone greeted her.

The village dogs barked at her, but Song Lili wasn’t afraid of dogs.

When a dog came close, she stood still to let it sniff her scent.

After having their fill of her scent, the dogs ceased barking.

As Song Lili walked, she observed the reactions of the villagers; they weren’t close with Tang Xiaohua, but they weren’t strangers either.

“Bang!” A sound rang out!

A bowl shattered on the ground!

Song Lili stood still and looked toward the middle-aged man crouching at his door, eating.

His skin was oily and dark, his belly round, and at that moment, his small eyes looked at her in utter horror!

“What did you break the bowl for!

Have you seen a ghost or something?” The woman of the house came out on hearing the noise and scolded the middle-aged man while picking up the scattered food.

“Ghost...” The middle-aged man trembled where he stood, and slowly, his shorts became wet as a stream of liquid ran down.

The woman looked up, her frown deepening, “You damned spirit!

What are you doing—!” “Ghost!

Ghost!”

Chapter 29: 029 Chaos 1_1

Years later, the name of Mr.

Robinson’s Miss Amelia resounded throughout Capital University and became a regular topic of conversation among people.

However, Amelia didn’t know that today, the casual nickname given by Christopher would become her signature in the future.

On this day, Capital University went into a frenzy.

News media and students crammed the Grand Auditorium to the brim, leaving no room for even a gust of wind to enter.

Students at the entrance had to strain their necks to watch what was happening inside.

They tried to squeeze in but found the crowd unyielding, leaving them feeling deflated and longing for a glimpse of their idol.

Today, Amelia came with Christopher.

She didn’t intend to join the crowd, but the wave of people dragged her into the Grand Auditorium.

Once inside, she found no seats were available except for a few scattered spots in the last row.

Amelia pulled down the brim of her hat to shield her face.

She had become a hot topic on the university forum the night before, and if she were smart, she'd avoid drawing attention to herself now.

But since she's already inside, she glanced at the crowded aisles, knowing there was no way she could leave now.

"Did you see the university forum last night?" "Are you referring to the matter of Mr.

Robinson's fiancée at our school?" The girl next to Amelia nodded.

"I guess the whole school knows about it already.

It's no secret.

The rumor has been around since morning, but today, with Mr.

Robinson's visit, everyone feels like they've found the 'real deal.'" Amelia sat in her chair, listening to the conversation, and lowered her head slightly.

Years of experience as a negotiator taught her to remain low-key in situations like this.

"I saw the photos, she's not very impressive-looking.

But the comments are divided, with some saying she's very confident." "Didn't someone post her social media pictures last night, saying she has depression?

How can she be confident with depression?" "Just not committing suicide would be a good thing," the girls whispered to each other, completely unaware that the topic of their conversation was sitting nearby.

Amelia had only taken a cursory glance last night but pulled out her phone to check the forum after hearing the girls' enthusiastic conversation.

The girl next to her noticed and jokingly said, "You're behind the times, this thread has already reached thousands of layers since last night." "Really!

It's a good chance to see the full picture then." Amelia smiled dismissively.

The girl seemed to sense something strange about Amelia and held back her words.

At exactly nine o'clock, Christopher appeared on stage in a custom-tailored suit.

The entire auditorium fell silent for a moment before erupting in an extremely enthusiastic round of applause.

The gossiping girls quickly turned to excitedly discussing Christopher: "Oh my god!

How did Amelia even come close to matching him?" "He has an even stronger presence in person than he does in the newspapers." The fanatical screams of the girls around Amelia made her frown slightly.

Christopher had a handsome appearance, no doubt about it.

But beneath that charming façade hid a heart of a wolf, also no doubt.

As Christopher took the microphone from the host, the whole audience went silent.

The man's gaze swept the room, paused for a second on the last row where Amelia sat, and then moved away.

"Hello, everyone.

I'm Christopher Robinson from D&T Group." The lecture by Christopher lasted for forty minutes, covering his perspectives on the current market trends, world trade outlook, and advice for students after graduation, all from an economic standpoint.

As she listened, Amelia thought that Christopher was truly well-intentioned in delivering these honest insights.

There wasn't a single false statement.

However, these truths were too profound for the average student to fully comprehend.

In the face of his peers, Christopher would discuss daily life, but within weaker circles, he would discuss career matters.

He could speak human language when addressing humans and ghost language when dealing with ghosts.

"Mr.

Robinson, I am a graduate student in economics at Capital University.

I would like to know what you think about graduate students starting as entry-level employees in a company after they graduate?" Christopher's eyes settled on the student as he gently smiled, "When I graduated from Hervard with my Ph.D., I also started at the bottom." The entire auditorium was abuzz, and the student who asked the question turned beet red.

"Whether it's Emperor Alexander or Emperor Caesar, in modern terms, they both started from the very bottom.

This world isn’t lacking talent; what’s missing are those who can calm down and fulfill their potential.” Amelia wasn’t surprised by the response.

Christopher had an extraordinary background, allowing him to secure his position.

“Hello, Mr.

Robinson.

I am an economics sophomore.

While my seniors are more concerned about their future, I’m more interested in the recent hot topic on our school forum about your fiancée.

Everyone who saw it was puzzled.

I want to ask: if in the future, I find a significant other and I love them despite our differences, should I choose my career or love?” Amelia’s gaze fell on the student who asked the question, expressing a hint of admiration.

The student seemed to be asking about her own issues but was actually questioning why a wealthy businessman like Christopher would choose an unremarkable university student.

As the question was posed, Christopher’s gaze instinctively swept to Amelia.

Then he moved it back to the student, addressing the previous student with tenderness, but now, his words and tone were sharp.

“People with a promising future would choose love, while those with love would choose a promising future.

If you have to make a choice between the two, it means you’re not good enough.” Amelia raised her hand to her chin.

It seemed as though she appreciated Christopher’s answer.

She curved her lips, unintentionally laughing.

“Is Mr.

Robinson’s fiancée here today?” “What does that have to do with the students?” When Christopher saw the person starting to pry, he glanced at the Vice-President and Juliet Walker beside him.

Clearly—this was not a “simple” student.

“The students are curious.” “As a citizen of Leovaria, the law allows me the freedom to choose whoever I want as my wife.

Student, aren’t you being too nosy?” In May of 2010, the Internet was not yet well-developed, but the D&T Group wasn’t lacking in capable people.

Within a few minutes, they found that this person was not a student but a reporter from a gossip news agency.

When Juliet pulled out the reporter’s press badge, the reporter continued to put up a fierce resistance.

The police, who were on standby outside to maintain order, entered upon hearing the commotion.

It was clear that gossip media like this wouldn’t act alone.

In the last row of the classroom, Amelia was suddenly nudged: “Amelia is right here.”

Chapter 30: 030 Stirring Spring Emotions

The Xilin Military Region is stationed on Kirin Mountain just outside Luoshu County, so named because, from the air, the mountain resembles a crouching legendary Kirin beast.

The winding road up Kirin Mountain is famous for its narrowness and danger and is often used as a training track for the soldiers.

Qi Yong had just led the new recruits in a live-action training exercise at the nearby combat training base, and as soon as the exercise had finished, he was called over by Lu Ziqing.

“Commander, what are you doing?” “Don’t just stand there, help me move this stuff onto the truck.” Seeing Qi Yong frozen in place, Lu Ziqing hurried him along.

After a closer look at the items Lu Ziqing was moving onto the truck, Qi Yong blinked, “Commander, are you planning to...

move back into the military residential complex?” “What’s the matter?” “Didn’t you prefer staying in the military area because you found it bothersome to go up and down the mountain every day?

Why do you want to move back now?” Qi Yong scratched the back of his head, puzzled.

“What?

Do I need to report to you about where I'm going to live?

Hurry up and help me move." "Commander, don't twist my words!" Qi Yong sighed, finished moving the items, then drove off.

Driving down the serpentine road of Kirin Mountain, he sneaked glances at Lu Ziqing and tentatively asked, "Commander, is Tang Xiaohua really just a distant relative of yours?" No sooner had he asked than Lu Ziqing shot him a glare, "Don't keep bringing that up." "I get it, I get it.

I'm just curious.

Commander, for so many years, I've never seen you 'spring-hearted', and how many elders in the residential complex want to set you up?

Even our military region's old commanders were watching you closely, but you ignored them all.

Suddenly, Tang Xiaohua pops up..." Qi Yong pursed his lips, "Anyway, if you tell me she's just a distant relative, I won't believe it." Lu Ziqing just looked out the window, letting Qi Yong babble on.

'Spring-hearted'...

Was he that obvious?

Ten years should have been enough for him to almost forget about Song Lili, but as fate would have it, Song Lili came to him...

No matter, what's wrong with being 'spring-hearted'?

"I'm warning you, in front of Tang Xiaohua, keep your mouth shut.

If you ruin my big plans, you can forget about getting promoted in this lifetime." Qi Yong's eyes brightened, "Yes, Commander!" Having said that, he drove on while chuckling to himself, relishing the thrill of knowing a secret about the Commander!

The corners of Lu Ziqing's mouth curved up unintentionally.

When they arrived at the residential building, Qi Yong carried two quilts on his back, and they made their way upstairs, one in front of the other.

Lu Ziqing stood at the door but hesitated for a long time before ringing the doorbell, nervously reciting the speech he had rehearsed countless times in his head...

It was Qi Yong's first time seeing the Commander like this, and the effort to suppress his laughter was almost causing him physical pain.

Just as Lu Ziqing took a deep breath and was about to ring the doorbell, the door opened from the inside— Inside, Song Lili was learning to cook in the kitchen.

Hearing the door, she instinctively poked her head out and saw— Outside stood Lu Ziqing with a bag on his back, looking down, and inside stood Tang Xiaocao with her head tilted up, the two staring at each other...

"Brother Lu?" Song Lili hurried out to let him in, followed by Qi Yong, who smiled at Song Lili, "Hi." Song Lili nodded, "Hello." "Who's this kid...?"