Mr. Damien, Your Wife is Toxic

Chapter 3: 003 I want to apply for a military academy

Wei Yuandong was pushing in the trolley when Song Lili had already finished washing up and changed her clothes.

Song Lili, seeing the food on the trolley, couldn't help but laugh and said, "I can't possibly eat this much." "It's all your favorite food.

I was afraid you might later complain it's not enough, so I prepared a bit extra." Song Lili was indeed hungry.

She picked up a piece of bread and started eating.

When she was young, she loved to eat and was passionate about all kinds of delicious food, but later...

everything lost its taste.

"Uncle Wei, Wen..." Song Lili took a deep breath before she could say that name again, "When will Wen Nian come back?" "Young Master Nian said..." Wei Yuandong was cut off mid-sentence when he saw the tall figure at the door—Wen Nian had already returned, but he placed a finger to his lips, signaling Wei Yuandong not to tell Song Lili.

"What did he say?" "He should be back soon, I guess." Wei Yuandong's reply was admittedly a bit stiff, and Song Lili couldn't help but notice.

Soon, a shadow reflected on the tabletop and then a pair of large hands wrapped tightly around her from behind, "Did you miss me?" Wei Yuandong, very tactful, immediately smirked and left the room, gently closing the door behind him.

Song Lili, munching on her bread, asked indifferently, "Is the meeting over?" "Yeah, I'm tired, sleepy, and hungry.

Feed me a bite." Who would have thought that a nation's President could be so childish in private...

Song Lili tore off a small piece of bread and brought it to his lips.

He purposely opened his mouth wide, biting the bread and her slender fingers at the same time, the moist touch passing over her fingertips.

She withdrew her hand and whispered, “How it would look to others.” “The door is closed, who’s going to see?

And even if someone does, who would dare say anything?” As Wen Nian spoke, his lips moved along the nape of her neck, “Sit properly first; I have something to tell you.” Song Lili pulled him to sit down beside her.

Wen Nian took a shallow breath and sat across from her, following her lead.

“What is it?

Go ahead and say it.” He was born to rule, a child of the heavens—such was the man that Wen Nian was.

At merely twenty-six years old, he became the youngest President in the history of Country G.

His grandfather was a former President, his father a former Premier; the Wen Family’s bloodline was woven through the entire power structure of Country G.

Him becoming the President was largely due to his family’s influence, but it couldn’t be denied that Wen Nian was no ordinary man.

His experiences had far exceeded his age.

His temperament was gentle yet authoritative.

With a strikingly handsome face—because of that face, how many female voters lost their reason and became devoted fans of President Wen Nian?

“What’s wrong?

Are you...

mad at me?” He was always so tender, his words filled with an unspoken doting and care, which once were the air she lived on, everything she could rely on.

He wiped his hands with a warm towel, took a piece of bread, and while spreading jam on it, he explained, “The Cabinet meeting didn’t finish until four in the morning, and I couldn’t make it back in time.

You were left alone on our wedding night.

I thought Lili wouldn’t be mad...” “I’m not mad,” Song Lili chuckled, “Besides Uncle Wei, who else knows last night was our wedding night...” Wen Nian’s expression shifted subtly.

He put down the bread, wiped his hands again, and took out a plain ring from his chest pocket, pulling her hand to slide it on, “Give me one year, and I will make you the rightful First Lady.” “One year...” Song Lili looked at the plain band on her ring finger.

She had believed his “one year,” and that led to the subsequent “year after year.” “Fine, then I will come back after a year.” Wen Nian was puzzled, “What do you mean?” Song Lili wiped her mouth, straightened her back, and looked at him, “Wen Nian, I’m going to apply for military school.

I want to become a soldier.” “...”