Mr. Damien, Your Wife is Toxic

Chapter 31: 031 Damn the rich

Lu Ziqing was a bit confused; this little fellow bore a slight resemblance to Song Lili, especially those eyes... “Oh, Brother Lu, we only came back last night too.

I haven’t had the chance to tell you.

This is my brother, Tang Xiaocao.” “Your brother?” Lu Ziqing furrowed his brow, his mind racing with all sorts of conjectures as he looked at Song Lili with mixed emotions.

Song Lili nodded.

With an expression of existential doubt, Lu Ziqing glanced at Tang Xiaocao, who was staring straight back at him... “Brother Lu, I’m cooking.

Do you know how to cook?

Come and give me some guidance.” “...” Lu Ziqing followed Song Lili into the kitchen where braised pork was simmering in the pot, looking quite professional.

Glancing outside the kitchen, Song Lili saw Tang Xiaocao and Qi Yong together and then looked back at Lu Ziqing, “I’m sorry, Brother Lu.

I didn’t have the chance to tell you, this person is Xiao Hua’s brother.” “...What happened?” “When I got there, Xiao Hua was dead, and there was no one else in her family.

So, I brought Xiaocao with me.” “You brought him here, what are you planning to do?” “I don’t really have any plans.

Xiao Hua was murdered.

When I arrived, it was unfortunate timing.

I could only collect her body but not report the crime.

If I’m to use her identity, I have to pay some kind of price.” Song Lili stated indifferently, “I will raise him.” “You’ll raise him?” Lu Ziqing’s eyes widened.

Song Lili nodded.

“You’re only this young, and you’re planning to raise a child?

How can you be so casual about it?

Why didn't you discuss it with me before bringing someone home?" "Discussing it with you wouldn't have led to a different outcome." Song Lili's gaze remained firmly on Lu Ziqing, "I've already decided." "..." "Xiaocao and I still haven't unpacked our luggage.

I was thinking of asking later if you'd still be willing to let us stay here.

If you are, we'll stay; if not, I'll take Xiaocao and rent a place outside." "..." Lu Ziqing looked at Song Lili, feeling a bit baffled for a moment.

"Brother Lu, it's fine.

You've already helped me a lot." "But this is a person, a living person, not a pet.

What will you do with the child when you go to the military academy?" In response to Lu Ziqing's slightly unsettled question, Song Lili answered with composure, "He's also old enough to go to kindergarten.

I've checked, there's one not far from the county town.

I plan to buy a car and commute daily." "..." "When necessary, I'll hire a part-time helper.

I may not be his biological sister, but I can give him much more than his own sister could." Lu Ziqing had almost forgotten that this little girl, even if she was hiding her true identity and had traveled alone from the south to the west, was still the wealthy daughter of the deputy mayor of Anlin...

She had plenty of money!

Apparently, there really isn't anything that money can't solve!

"Brother Lu?" "You guys just stay here.

It's idle anyway." Lu Ziqing didn't really have the right to say "no." Otherwise, if she really moved out...

she would be even farther away from him.

"Thank you, Brother Lu." Song Lili brightened with a smile and quickly added, "If you ever feel inconvenienced, just tell me right away, and we'll rent another place.

If renting is not suitable, I can also buy a property here.

I've checked, the housing prices aren't expensive here." Damn the wealthy...

Lu Ziqing muttered to himself.

Yet, he had stayed in Xilin for so long that he had forgotten he was also from a middle-class family, a treasured son of wealth, his family's financial resources were by no means inferior to Song Lili's.

Chapter 32: 032 Afraid to hear his voice it comes sticking close to my ears

Song Lili finished dishing up the food, and the two of them came out of the kitchen.

At this time, the amount of information Lu Ziqing had given was a bit much, so much so that he still had the bag he hadn't taken off since entering the house on his back.

Song Lili also only noticed it then, and after glancing again at the luggage and blankets on the other side, she hesitated before asking, "Brother Lu, you...

you're not planning on moving back in today, are you?" "Of course not!" When Lu Ziqing denied this, Qi Yong standing in the living room was a bit confused.

"Then why are you bringing so much luggage..." "Oh!

These bags, I'm planning to go camping and stargazing with my comrade tonight!

It's just on another hilltop." "..." Qi Yong's mouth was slightly ajar.

"Comrade...

you mean Comrade Qi Yong?" "Yeah!" "..." "Just the two of you?" "Yeah!" Lu Ziqing answered very straightforwardly, but Song Lili's gaze on him became increasingly strange.

Qi Yong really wanted to grab his head and leave.

What on earth was the higher-up talking about!

"Are you staying for dinner then?" "No, no, we just brought some fruit for you, and now we're leaving." Saying this, Lu Ziqing instructed Qi Yong to carry the blankets and they left one after another.

"There are only two days left until the exam.

If you have any questions or need anything, call me, you understand?" Song Lili nodded, "Do you need my help to carry anything downstairs?" "No need, we're leaving.

Go back in and lock the door.” Lu Ziqing waved his hand and went downstairs, with Qi Yong hastily following.

In the car, Lu Ziqing sat very quietly in the passenger seat.

After a moment of contemplation, Qi Yong asked softly, “Higher-up, are we...

really going to look at the stars?” “Are you looking for trouble?

Head back to the military district!” “...Haha, hahaha—!” Qi Yong had been holding it in for too long!

Song Lili closed the door, facing Tang Xiaocao’s wide-eyed blink...

“Sister, who was that uncle?” “Umm...

a very nice brother whose house we’re currently living in.” “Then...

our home?” Song Lili stroked Tang Xiaocao’s head, “Xiaocao, remember, wherever I am, that’s your home.” “...Yes!” “I’ll stir-fry one more vegetarian dish, and then we can eat dinner.” “Okay.” Song Lili turned back to the kitchen, but Tang Xiaocao came in holding her phone, “Sister, here!” Song Lili took it, glanced at the caller ID, and then put the phone aside, letting it ring...

Wen Nian almost called every day like clockwork, and she perfectly “missed” every one, before sending him a message, spinning the illusion that she was traveling abroad...

It was the same every day, but today was different, this deathly series of calls had been ringing for over half an hour now.

Tang Xiaocao looked at Song Lili with confusion...

“What’s wrong?” “Sister, you look so sad?” “...I’m not.” “Your eyebrows...” Tang Xiaocao couldn’t articulate it, so she used her hands to gesture the meaning of “furrowed together.” Song Lili quickly smoothed out her eyebrows.

“Your eyes...

also look so sad...” Song Lili clenched her fist tightly and quickly averted her gaze; she was truly afraid of this child.

“Go wash your hands, it’s time to eat.” Song Lili urged her, and Tang Xiaocao obediently went to wash her hands.

Song Lili arranged the bowls and chopsticks.

The phone was still ringing, and looking at the unmarked but all-too-familiar number on the caller ID, Song Lili felt like there was a stone weighing on her heart.

She was afraid to hear his voice, especially from the phone, a voice that would be right at her ear...

Chapter 33: 033 Deadly Series of Calls

After dinner, Song Lili picked up her phone again, her screen full of missed calls.

Wen Nian probably had it in for her, thinking that if she turned off her phone, he could feel untold what he might do.

Tang Xiaocao blinked and watched Song Lili, who was deep in thought and motionless, staring at her phone...

Her phone rang again.

Song Lili had a headache.

As she hesitated whether to answer or not, she heard the sound of dishes clinking and quickly snapped back to reality, only to see Tang Xiaocao rolling up her sleeves and standing on a chair!

“Xiaocao, what are you doing?” “Cleaning up...washing dishes...” “My little ancestor, you’re so young, I never asked you to do the dishes.

Come down right now, you’re not allowed to stand so high by yourself.

What if you fall?” Song Lili was truly startled by Tang Xiaocao, tossed her phone aside, and hurriedly lifted Tang Xiaocao down, only to be told by her, “At home, I would do the dishes...” Tang Xiaocao scratched her head while Song Lili held her hand, which was indeed very rough.

Looking at her and then thinking about her own half-brother, who had been the apple of everyone’s eye since childhood, who at ten years old had never even touched a speck of dirty water, let alone wash dishes.

“Wait until you’re two heads taller than the sink; then it’ll be your turn to do the dishes, okay?” Tang Xiaocao nodded earnestly and then asked, “What about now?” It seemed he’d be restless unless he helped with something.

Song Lili patted his head, “You can go play with the toy we bought this morning.” “...” Happiness came so suddenly that Tang Xiaocao’s face of uncertainty genuinely tugged at Song Lili’s heartstrings.

After coaxing Tang Xiaocao to go play with his toys, she tidied up the kitchen, bathroom, and dining room.

It occurred to her that she was someone whose fingers were unaccustomed to spring water, as the actual cleaning took quite an effort.

Just as she settled down, the phone rang again.

Song Lili, as if making a resolution, picked it up, “Wen Xiaonian, you really do make relentless, life-snatching calls.” Who knew that on the other end of the line, there would be a long silence...

“Hello?” After a while, it seemed a breath held in for a long time was finally exhaled...

Even the sound of the exhalation, Song Lili could tell, was Wen Nian’s.

“Why aren’t you speaking?” At this moment, Wen Nian was seated in a chair in the large study, a broken pencil in the palm of his left hand.

Listening to the familiar voice speaking by his ear with an almost heartless tone...

Why wasn’t he talking?

What was he supposed to say?

He hadn’t heard her voice for a month, and his calls for two hours hadn’t gotten through...

The President himself had been close to calling the police out of fear!

The more he thought, the scarier it became; the chill on his back hadn’t even subsided, and her question was so nonchalant!

Under the weighty silence, his anger simmered, Song Lili knew.

If he really wanted to lash out at her, then let him; it would be better that way.

A few times more, and he’d be annoyed; it would be a natural end to their relationship.

“You weren’t answering your phone, I thought something happened to you, I was worried,” he said.

“...” There was no expected rage, only a sentence suffused with reluctant concern...

Song Lili’s hand involuntarily clenched tight.

“It’s good to hear your voice now.

How is it?

Having fun in Venice?

How many days do you plan to stay in Venice?" "..." Yes, she had replied to his message yesterday saying she was in Venice.

"Why aren't you speaking?" "...

It's quite nice, Venice really is the 'Water City.' I took a long boat ride today." "Have you forgotten all your worries, then?" For some reason, Song Lili couldn't continue the fabrication and promptly changed the subject, "You're so busy on regular days; stop worrying about me.

I can take good care of myself." "Lili..."

Chapter 34: 034 Auction_1

Conditions?

Christopher Robinson had never thought these words would come from the mouth of Amelia Cobb.

In his impression, Amelia was not someone who could be taken seriously.

She was just an art student who hadn't graduated from college yet, lacking in logical thinking and meticulous erudition.

Would they be discussing Beethoven and Van Der Rey?

Christopher glanced at Amelia, his eyes filled with surprise.

He remained silent for a moment before asking, "Miss Cobb, what do you want?" "It seems too much to expect Mr.

Robinson to let me off the hook." Christopher nodded seriously, "Indeed." "I want to go to the negotiation between D&T Group and Six Nations Enterprise," Amelia looked at Christopher, her words serious, her demeanor cute and obedient, like a little bunny.

A little bunny?

Christopher sneered in his heart, how could Amelia be associated with these four words?

If anything, she was more like a highland rabbit, sharp-toothed and fierce enough to tear everything apart.

“Reason?” Christopher’s tone was indifferent.

“I’ve heard about it, but never seen it,” Amelia gave a relatively normal explanation.

Christopher remained silent and did not pursue Amelia’s real intentions.

He seemed to agree.

As Mr.

Thompson once said, if you want to open a window, why not say you want to demolish its roof first?

The car headed towards the clubhouse.

Both remained silent during the journey.

When they got out of the car, Christopher offered his arm, and Amelia took it naturally.

This kind of auction was just a pretext for some people to extract something from wealthy businessmen.

Christopher Robinson knowingly headed towards danger.

Foolish?

No, no, no.

Christopher Robinson was not a man who would be short-changed.

“President Robinson is here!

Long time no see.” Minister of translation, Charlie Wood, greeted Christopher from afar.

Christopher, arm in arm with Amelia, walked over without haste.

“Old Mr.

Wood.” Amelia had met Charlie Wood before, and the two had had several dealings in their work.

Moreover, this interaction... wasn’t exactly a pleasant one.

“I heard something big happened to President Robinson at Capital University today?”
“Indeed...

President Robinson just got engaged and he already has a new lover?

Won't the fiancée mind?" Initially, Charlie Wood tried to get some information out of Christopher, yet the moment he saw Amelia, his pupils dilated, his face full of disbelief.

He felt like he saw someone who shouldn't be here.

Christopher slightly curled his lips, "It's truly hard to keep anything from Old Mr.

Wood." Charlie Wood laughed loudly, "President Robinson, you're too humble.

The subtle movements of the capital are all grasped in your hands.

What we see is just what you want us to see, right?" "I'm not worthy, I'm not worthy," Christopher responded with a smile.

Amelia stood by quietly, watching the two exchange verbal knife cuts.

Perhaps thinking that Amelia wasn't a woman they needed to worry about, they didn't pay much attention to her.

When the charity gala staff handed over the auction catalog, Christopher casually passed it to Amelia and said, "Take a look and see if there's anything you like." Christopher's circle never lacked people, whether they were wealthy businessmen or politicians, they all ranked second to him.

In an era where money controls the world, everything should be overthrown and restarted.

Everyone looked at each other when they saw Christopher handing the booklet to Amelia.

Presumably, they were pondering the status of this new love interest.

In the past, the women who appeared beside Christopher were barely seen a third time.

Men in the business world always treated women like disposable clothing, especially the likes of Christopher, a top-tier tycoon.

In the years Christopher had been in the business world, there had never been a shortage of women at his side at events requiring female companions, but no one could name a specific woman.

That's why Charlie Wood just showed surprise earlier, and then proceeded without saying anything else.

Everyone stared at Amelia intently, while the person in question remained calm.

She seemed completely indifferent to the gazes of these people.

“President Robinson had a scare at Capital University today.” “I’m sorry to have worried Old Mr.

Wood.” “When the news came out, everyone was shocked.” “Even as a participant, I was surprised.” “I heard President Robinson’s fiancée was frightened?” “The young lady, a little bit.” “President Robinson should comfort her well, I heard Miss Cobb of the Cobb family has a timid personality.” Christopher and Charlie Wood took turns jabbing each other, with seemingly caring questions, but not actually sincere.

“Please, everyone, take your seats.” The hostess’ voice rang out in the hall.

The auctioneer was a middle-aged woman, about 35 or 36, with a mature charm about her.

Amelia sat next to Christopher, her expression indifferent as she looked at the stage.

Christopher, on the other hand, had expected Amelia to say something, but she didn’t.

As if she had experienced everything that had just happened and the scene in front of her hundreds of times before, nothing seemed to bother her.

To Christopher, Amelia seemed very strange.

It was a feeling somewhere between familiarity and strangeness.

“Today, the first item in our auction is a green gemstone from our respected Mr.

Wood, Charlie Wood.

Please welcome Mr.

Wood on stage.” Amelia was extremely silent.

She followed the rhythm of applause, her indifferent expression revealing no flaws.

“Greetings, dear friends.

I am Charlie Wood.

Today, I will be auctioning a green gemstone from the Republic era.

This gemstone was given as a gift by a friend.

I believe everyone here has heard of the gift giver, International Negotiator Evelyn Cobb.

I am putting this gemstone up for auction today because during her lifetime, Evelyn once told me that she wanted to donate a welfare home to Seorida County.

Today, I will auction this gemstone and the proceeds will be taken over by the Red Cross to build a new welfare home for Seorida County." With Charlie Wood's speech finished, the audience burst into applause.

Amelia, sitting beside Christopher, seemed unaffected.

But her straight spine betrayed her.

It was true that she had gifted the green gemstone, and she had indeed mentioned the Seorida County matter.

However, just after her news of death went public, Charlie Wood brazenly came up with an excuse to auction off her gift.

Was it just to commemorate her?

Amelia thought: doubtful.

"Start at 2 million." One after another, people raised their bids, and Amelia remained stoic.

As the price reached nearly 6 million, Amelia slowly raised her bidding card: "7 million." The room fell silent, followed by an uproar.

It was just a green gemstone, not worth 7 million.

Everyone's continuous bidding was nothing more than trying to save face for Charlie Wood.

At this moment, Christopher's companion bid 7 million.

This was equivalent to Christopher raising the bid himself.

In an instant, the venue fell silent.

"7 million for the first time." "7 million for the second time." "7.1 million," a steady male voice came from the back.

Amelia shuddered.

Her body was covered in goosebumps.

It remained that way.

Eventually, Christopher pinched her waist just as the hostess was about to finalize the bid.

Chapter 35: 035 Another heavy bomb

Two days passed, and it was the day of the entrance exam at Xilin Military Academy.

At the President Mansion, Mr.

President was not idle either.

After concluding the Cabinet meeting, he returned to his office past twelve noon.

He switched on the television on the wall and tuned it directly to Xilin's local channel.

Ever since Song Lili boarded the train for Xilin, Wen Nian had been closely monitoring the situation in Xilin, particularly the progress of the riot in Xilin.

Even in places where he couldn't reach momentarily, he wanted to ensure her safety as much as possible.

As long as the leader of the riot was not arrested, his heart remained in suspense.

It seemed almost predestined, as though something was bound to happen— Indeed, on the day of the entrance exam at Xilin Military Academy, the riot in Xilin threw another bombshell!

"The examination venues of Xilin Military Academy are all evacuated, the engineer corps is conducting a carpet search for mines, and miniature bombs have already been found in five venues." Wen Nian had not even sat down when he heard this news on TV.

The site of the incident at Xilin Military Academy was enough to unsettle Wen Nian.

Pressing the button on the telephone, "What can I do for you, sir?" "Call Long Hongzhuo and Liu Yuankai to my office." "Right now?" "Right now!" Wen Nian's voice deepened over the phone, tensing the atmosphere at the President's Secretariat!

The broadcast on TV continued, and Wen Nian picked up his mobile phone to call Song Lili.

One call, two calls...

no answer.

“According to the military’s top brass, the culprits who entered the academy are the same leaders who instigated the Xilin riot.

Currently, the criminal has taken a student hostage and has fled the academy, their whereabouts unknown.

The military is actively pursuing, and the Xilin police have dispatched manpower to investigate intensively.” “Mr.

President, you called for us?” Entering one after the other were Long Hongzhuo, the Great General of Country G, and Liu Yuankai, the Director of the Central Intelligence Agency.

Wen Nian pointed to the TV, and as the two followed his gesture and glanced at the screen, even without looking, they were aware it was about Xilin’s situation.

“General Long, I reminded you five days ago to exert some pressure on Xilin Military Region, to bring a swift end to the riot in Xilin.

It’s been five days, Long Hongzhuo, and this was the task I assigned to you.” Wen Nian’s tone was not loud, yet it was forceful.

This young President, facing Long Hongzhuo, an over fifty-year-old veteran national military officer, held a powerful presence without a trace of timidity.

Long Hongzhuo took a deep breath, “Sir, I did as you instructed.

However, Xilin has its own pace, it’s not something I can change just by applying some pressure.” “Fine, if you don’t have the ability, then I’ll find someone who does to take the position of Great General.” After Wen Nian spoke, Long Hongzhuo’s face turned red with embarrassment, and even Liu Yuankai beside him became uneasy.

The riot in Xilin was no trivial matter, but to say it was severe enough to influence the fate of a national Great General seemed excessive.

“Liu Yuankai, what is the current progress on Xilin’s side, and why didn’t you report this morning’s incident in time?” “Sir... I thought there was no need to especially alarm you.” “But this incident has already alarmed the entire nation.” Liu Yuankai pursed his lips, not daring to say more.

“If this criminal is not arrested by the end of today, you should both resign on your own.” “...”

Chapter 36: 036 Her little hands are chubby and she has always been very lucky

Long Hongzhuo and Liu Yuankai left the President's Office, their faces pale and strained.

In the office, Wen Nian was still listening to the news broadcast.

A criminal had disguised himself to enter the Xilin Military Region, and fortunately, he was discovered in time before the incredibly powerful miniature bombs went off.

So far there had been no casualties, at least that was some good news...

Wen Nian thought about the three test sites at Xilin Military Academy—each site having about one thousand five hundred candidates.

It wasn't certain that she was at this particular site, and even if she was, being one among fifteen hundred, what were the chances that she would be taken hostage?

Wen Nian, don't forget, her hands were chubby, and she had always been lucky.

When she was young, she would often win another bottle under the soda cap!

Once, she was hit by a bus while crossing the road on her bike, thrown several meters away.

Everyone on the bus was shocked, and the driver got off, his head dripping with sweat, only to see the girl get up, dust herself off, and say, "Uncle, it's okay, I just scared you, right?" Then she picked up her bike and continued to cross the road, and God knows, when he heard this description from her classmate, he was so frightened and yet found it amusing.

"That's because my mom is watching over me from heaven.

Try making someone else get up and walk!" She was quite proud of herself.

She was lucky.

Even if something bad happened, she would turn danger into safety, and she often brought luck to others— "The student hostage held is named Tang Xiaohua..." Those three words pierced Wen Nian's ears like sharp needles!

After that, the broadcaster said some more, but he could barely listen.

Tang Xiaohua...

That was the name Lili used on the identity card when she boarded the train.

———— On the day of the exam, Song Lili got up early.

Though the test would be over before noon, she wouldn't be back until the afternoon.

So she had to prepare Xiaocao's breakfast and lunch, keeping them warm in a thermal box.

"I'm heading out, you stay home, wait for me, and don't open the door to strangers, alright?" "Uh-huh!" Tang Xiaocao nodded, seeing Song Lili out, "Sister, good luck on your test!" Xiaocao's chirpy voice was adorable, and Song Lili couldn't help but smile, "Yes!

I'll try to be number one!" "Awesome!" Tang Xiaocao gave Song Lili a thumbs up.

Walking on the road, Song Lili thought about how well she got along with Xiaocao.

The child was so easy to look after, probably because she matured early due to her parents' early deaths.

She drove the car Lu Ziqing had lent her to Xilin Military Academy.

Xilin Military Academy wasn't far from the military region, both located on the same mountain, the military region at the peak, and the academy mid-mountain.

The exam began at nine, and by eight o'clock, the site was already swarming with people.

Each candidate, after having their ID and admittance ticket checked, entered the examination hall, where soldiers stood guard, military region leadership managed discipline, and academy instructors proctored.

Pairs of stern eyes filled you with an involuntary reverence for the exam hall.

Song Lili briskly walked to her exam classroom and, in the corridor, happened to run into Officer Duan Chen walking towards her—Song Lili instinctively nodded a greeting, "Good morning, Officer!" Duan Chen glanced at her and walked past.

In the moment he passed by her, Song Lili's heart suddenly raced...

Back in the train compartment, she had mistaken Duan Chen for a criminal, yet felt his demeanor didn't match that of a terrorist.

But today, in that instant...

it matched.

Chapter 37: 037 Do you need me to remind you

The truth doesn’t sound too good_1 37: 037: Do you need me to remind you?

The truth doesn’t sound too good_1 Christopher Robinson, when dealing with scions of wealthy families, found them to be without exception dissipated.

Speaking of the daughters of these wealthy families, they all inherited the convenience of not having to lift a finger for anything.

However, Amelia Cobb tonight really caught his eye.

Dong dong dong—— The man gently touched the door frame.

Amelia glanced to the side, her freshly curled hair tied low, her fair face lifting slightly as she did so, resembling an unsullied water lily.

Amelia didn’t expect Christopher Robinson to come downstairs at this time.

Her original intention was to have something to eat.

But remembering that she had argued with him earlier, her confidence faltered, and her pride caused her ears to turn slightly red.

It was assumed that Christopher Robinson would take this opportunity to mock her, but he simply reminded her indifferently, “There’s yogurt in the fridge.” “Oh——,” Amelia responded awkwardly and, with great stiffness, said, “Thank you.” Christopher Robinson did not linger and turned to go back upstairs.

As for Amelia, she bent down to take a plate from the sterilizer to put the steak on, but as soon as the steak was placed on the plate, it cracked in half.

The freshly cooked steak fell to the floor.

For a moment, Amelia felt all her hidden restraint surge to her forehead like a raging river.

Looking at the plate on the floor, tears flooded her eyes and overwhelmed her senses.

She suddenly squatted on the ground, burying her head in her arms, while her other hand still held the broken plate, and she began to cry out loudly.

The heart-wrenching wailing made the quiet room seem eerie.

Christopher Robinson was about to leave when he heard the shattering sound and turned back, but when he reached the kitchen doorway and heard her heartbroken cries, he froze.

In Amelia’s sobs, Christopher Robinson heard her misery and unwillingness.

Moreover, it was a sense of helplessness and attachment.

This girl's emotions exploded in her cries.

It caused Christopher Robinson's feet to be rooted to the floor, unable to move forward.

All sorts of thoughts played out in Christopher Robinson's mind, and the events of the night replayed over and over again.

In the end, his thoughts landed on Henry Wood.

Seeing others think of himself, so resentful?

Christopher Robinson thought, "That's probably it!" After a while, the footsteps that stopped at the kitchen door changed direction.

Heading to the dining room.

Separated by a wall.

A world of difference.

The quiet of the dining room contrasted sharply with the earth-shattering sorrow in the kitchen, as if it were a dirge and the helpless resignation after heartbreak.

She hugged her chest and cried out in agony, inconsolable.

Christopher Robinson sat quietly in the dining room chair, drawing on a cigarette.

No one could tell what he was thinking.

……

A few minutes later, Amelia stopped crying.

However, her choking sobs continued.

Looking at the plate in her hand, she recalled her decades-long life journey.

Her parents, her career, her fiancé, and the friends and family around her.

She was dissatisfied with the status quo but was powerless to change it.

She would rather die, but had to live like this, watching the pain of those around her.

What kind of sin had she committed in this life?

Picking up the pieces, she wiped her tears away.

When Amelia came out of the kitchen, she was startled to see Christopher Robinson sitting at the dining table, smoking.

The man leaned back in his chair, wearing loose gray pajamas that made him look less upright than during the day.

He held the cigarette in one hand, while the other slowly moved a napkin from the tabletop.

The dining room was so quiet that only the sound of the cardboard box rubbing against the tabletop could be heard.

Amelia stared silently at Christopher Robinson.

In the several encounters she had had with him, though she could match him in tactics, she could never truly penetrate his mind.

Just like now.

He had no emotional attachment to her, and he had even threatened to abandon her if she didn't obey.

But at this moment, even without a hint of speech, Amelia could see faint concern from him.

Amelia stood still, staring at Christopher Robinson for a few seconds before quietly asking, "Why?" The midnight dining room was very quiet, so quiet that only the sound of their breath could be heard.

Do you want to hear the truth?" Christopher Robinson raised his hand to take a drag from his cigarette and asked casually.

Amelia said softly, intentionally suppressing her voice, "You tell me," it seemed she was afraid of accidentally tearing apart the quiet of the night.

Do I need to remind you?

The truth isn't very pleasant,"Christopher Robinson ultimately weighed his words, as in his eyes Amelia was someone who had never even stepped out of a university gate.

She acknowledged him with a sound in response.

Christopher Robinson tapped some ash into the ashtray.

“Wealthy families have never had love or friendship.

Mothers giving birth to children as a means to secure the family’s position is nothing new.

You were born into the Cobb family, and you belong to them.

This is an irrefutable fact that cannot be changed.

Though your father initially struggled against the family when he was young, in the end, he didn’t find much success.

If a family needs someone to make sacrifices to achieve the family’s goals, and you are the perfect candidate.

You’re timid and dare not speak up against them.

You see your parents’ love and are especially understanding, willing to suffer depression rather than make your parents feel embarrassed.

But do you know?

Or does everyone know that you have depression?” “Hating me is useless.

The more you struggle around me, the more difficult your situation will become, because apart from me, there is a second Christopher Jones, Christopher Lee, and so on waiting for you.

Living in the Cobb family, marriage is an unavoidable mission for you.

Although your grandfather was successful in his early years, now his influence has waned.

Your father and your uncle need to resort to certain means to solidify their position in the capital.

Those who claim to love you might not love you as much as you think.” Christopher Robinson took another puff from his cigarette and seemed unsure why he was lecturing a girl who had never even left a school gate.

His intention was to stop talking.

But Amelia’s gaze was too intense.

Christopher Robinson opened his thin lips again, “What you can’t escape isn’t any one of your arranged marriage partners, but the family.” Life seems to force itself on you, and you are powerless to resist it, so why not try to enjoy it from another perspective?” Why are you telling me all this?’ Amelia stared at Christopher Robinson, her eyes full of doubt.

He, at his station, shouldn't have been able to help her at all.

Christopher Robinson could have ignored Amelia's life or death because, even without her, there would still be Emma Lee, and Amelia Jones.

She wasn't his only choice.

"Because," Christopher Robinson began, "I don't want to see Miss Cobb crying under my roof, and I don't want anyone to mistakenly think that I, Christopher Robinson, have mistreated you." Christopher Robinson slowly stood up and put out the cigarette in his hand in the ashtray.

As Amelia saw him about to leave, she hurriedly asked, "Who pushed me into this?" Christopher Robinson sneered with a cold smile, "When an avalanche occurs, no snowflake is innocent."

Chapter 38: 038 Go back and drink some Dettol_1

The next morning, Amelia woke up to find Christopher already gone.

When Sadie saw Amelia, she wasn't as talkative as usual and looked at her cautiously.

"Miss Amelia, good morning." Amelia felt helpless with this address.

She wanted to correct it, but decided against it.

As Sadie called out, her gaze on Amelia was cautious.

She figured that if Amelia showed displeasure, she would be more cautious.

However, it was Amelia's silence that gave her the desire for further conversation.

"Are you going to school today?" "Yes." "I'll arrange for a driver to take you there." Amelia ate her breakfast while nodding her head: "Thank you." At nine o'clock, Amelia arrived at school.

As she got out of the car and walked towards the classroom, she saw people pointing and whispering sarcastically at her along the way.

"You still have the nerve to come to school?" Amelia was walking when she heard the sarcastic remark.

She didn't need to look back to know it was the idiot Sophia.

“If you can’t talk, then go drink some laxative.” “The school is not a cesspool, don’t pollute the environment everywhere.” Amelia threw out two sentences in a row that caused a surge of anger in Sophia’s mind.

“What do you mean?

Are you cursing me?” Amelia hooked her lips in a shallow smile: “What kind of idiot rushes to insult themselves?

If your brain doesn’t work, either go piss yourself or ask your classmates to donate money for you to see a neurologist.” Amelia’s words were elegantly vulgar, not a single one clean but filled with malice, leaving Sophia speechless.

She reached out and grabbed Amelia forcefully: “Don’t you know?

It’s because of you that the school is now infamous.

Capital University was a prestigious institution, and now all the online reports are about trampling the school’s reputation.” Amelia shook off Sophia’s hand: “So bitchy, why don’t you become an air purifier and add a shield to the earth?

You blame me for other people’s mistakes?

You can say that without a second thought?

The police said I was a victim, but you said I was a criminal.

How?

Are you the law?

The principal hasn’t even criticized me, yet you rushed in.

People who don’t know you would think you run the school.” “Take advantage of my good mood today, and don’t provoke me.

If you piss me off, it won’t be that simple.” People around who were enjoying the show felt very happy to see Sophia lose the battle.

“Don’t they say they are family?” “Does it look like it?” People were mocking.

“It’s really exciting.” “I don’t know what Sophia’s thinking.

Any roommate who experiences this kind of situation would at least offer comfort, but she’s just trying to pass the buck.” “If you didn’t know any better, you would think their family makes pots, they have plenty of them.” Amelia was about to head to the classroom

with her backpack when she was stopped under the tree-lined avenue outside the teaching building: “Amelia.” The moment Amelia heard Jason Wood’s elegant voice, she hesitated, then looked back and saw him standing there, wearing a washed-out white shirt.

Although there were a few gray hairs on his temples, he appeared spirited.

“Mr.

Wood called me?” “Are you rushing to class?” “No hurry,” Amelia replied as she approached Jason Wood.

“If it’s not urgent, would you accompany me to buy breakfast in the canteen?” Amelia glanced at her watch and nodded.

As Amelia and Jason Wood strolled along the tree-lined avenue, there was a brief moment when she felt like she was Evelyn, not Amelia.

“Do you like international relations?” “Yes, it’s my dream.” “Then why did you choose art for the college entrance examination?” Jason Wood asked, walking leisurely side by side with Amelia, his hands clasped behind him.

“Everyone has a time when they’re powerless.

I’ve just crawled out of that time,” Amelia’s words were plain, mixed with the warm breeze of May.

Jason Wood glanced at Amelia and smiled faintly: “So, you think you can be your own master now?” Amelia nodded: “I guess so!” “Women of the new era won’t marry for their families, your explanation is too light.” Jason Wood smiled, and while his words seemed ordinary, Amelia knew they were a loaded test.

Jason Wood wouldn’t seek out someone for no reason.

He cherished his principles and would not suddenly find Amelia unless he had a reason.

From the teacher’s apartment to the teaching building and then to the cafeteria formed a triangular distance.

It was obvious that it was deliberately arranged.

Various emotions surged in Amelia’s mind, as she endured and weighed her words: “Women of the new era will find any suitable outlet for their own future.

I just went on a different path from others.” Jason Wood hesitated, unable to read his emotions on his aged face.

He nodded slightly: “I see, I just remembered I have something else to do, you can go to class first!” Amelia’s rising excitement was extinguished by a bucket of cold water.

It left her feeling bitterly cold.

Thinking there was hope for her to join Jason Wood’s team, it turned out to be nothing but empty talk.

For a moment, she doubted herself.

Amelia felt resentful, and as Jason Wood walked far away, she caught up with him quickly: “Can I ask why?” Jason Wood stopped, his gaze deeply fixated on Amelia.

As he watched her, something flickered in his mind.

The unyielding look in her eyes reminded him of Evelyn.

“No matter if life is going well or not, eventually it will come back to the endpoint.

Your dream is good, but your family is destined not to let you achieve it.” “What if I can break free?” Amelia quickly cut off Jason Wood’s pace as he was about to leave.

“I don’t believe in ‘if,’ Amelia.” “I will prove to you that I am no worse than any of your students.” “As long as you give me a chance.” Amelia’s gaze was sincere, staring at Jason Wood, trying to make him relent.

Yet Jason Wood’s gaze was indifferent, neither refusing nor agreeing.

Jason Wood could see that Amelia would not let him pass so easily, and as their eyes collided, the elderly man took a step back.

“Only proof comes first.” .....

Amelia spent the day in a daze.

When she returned to Orchard Garden, Jason Wood’s words still lingered in her mind—only proof comes first.

“Miss Amelia, the sir asked what you’d like for dinner tonight.” Amelia’s thoughts were interrupted by Sadie’s words.

She hesitated for a moment and answered absently, “Anything!” She was about to go upstairs when that stupid cat appeared again.

Sadie could clearly see that Amelia was in a bad mood today.

Just as she was about to say something, her words were interrupted by Kallie Rayno's gentle voice.

Kallie had arrived.

When Amelia heard Kallie's gentle voice, her entire body tensed, and for a moment, she felt rebellious.

If she had to choose between Christopher and Kallie at this point, she would rather choose Christopher than Kallie.

The overwhelming love that was never earned made it almost impossible for her to move forward.

Chapter 39: A Firm Attitude

Sharon Dalton looked at Timothy Sterling pitifully, tears streaming down her face. 'It's true that I'm a child of the Sterling family, and Timothy has already acknowledged me. Isn't that enough? If I have to get a paternity test, won't that just show all these onlookers that Mrs. Sterling doubts my identity? That I have no status in the Sterling family?'

Timothy Sterling looked at Mrs. Sterling with a troubled expression. "Mom, Sharon really is my child. About that..."

"You be quiet!" Mrs. Sterling sharply interrupted Timothy. "In any case, get me that paternity test. I'll see the results and then we'll talk! If this child truly belongs to the Sterling family, I'll host a grand banquet to officially acknowledge her. If she's not, then she can get as far away from me as possible!"

Mrs. Sterling's attitude was firm. With things having come to this, Timothy had no choice but to agree. "Alright, Mom. I'll arrange a paternity test with Sharon as soon as possible."

Hearing Timothy say this, the color drained from both Sharon Dalton and Joy Dalton's faces. A daughter who needed a paternity test just to be accepted into the family would surely never have high status in the Sterling family. Moreover, Joy knew in her heart that this was Mrs. Sterling's way of slapping her in the face—telling the whole world that the Sterling family didn't trust Joy Dalton, and by extension, they didn't trust her daughter either.

'This is just great. All my years of meticulous planning are ruined!'

Joy Dalton gritted her teeth. She knew she couldn't give up yet, so she turned to Timothy with a pitiful look. Sharon was definitely Timothy's daughter; a paternity test would prove it.

“In that case, take your daughter and go home. Don’t come to the Sterling family estate again until the paternity test results are in.” Mrs. Sterling shot Joy a look of disgust. “As for what’s between you and Timothy, that’s your own business. I’m just an old woman; I don’t want to get involved, nor can I!”

Mrs. Sterling’s actions moved Aurora Sterling deeply. She knew that Joy and Sharon Dalton would inevitably find a way into the Sterling family; if not now, they would exhaust every means to do so later. Mrs. Sterling was also well aware that she couldn’t ultimately control the outcome. Therefore, she was deliberately making things difficult for Joy and Sharon now as a way to back Aurora up.

At that moment, Aurora felt the warmth from the hand Mrs. Sterling was holding spread all the way to her heart.

Timothy Sterling’s heart ached for Joy and Sharon, but right now, he could only obey his mother. “Let’s just do as my mom says. Take Sharon and go back to the Daltons’ for now. And please, don’t do anything foolish again.”

With no other choice, Joy Dalton gritted her back teeth and swallowed her rage.

The Dalton family lived in Westcroft, in a high-end condominium that Timothy Sterling had bought for them. The Daltons were originally an ordinary, working-class family. Mr. and Mrs. Dalton were laborers who had barely managed to raise their two daughters.

Aurora Sterling’s mother, Jean Dalton, had started out as Timothy Sterling’s secretary. Over time, their professional relationship blossomed into romance, and they eventually married. It was precisely because Jean married Timothy that the Dalton family’s standard of living gradually improved.

From a young age, Joy Dalton had been spoiled rotten by Mrs. Dalton. She always had to have the best of everything and particularly loved to take things from Jean. As the older sister, Jean always gave in to Joy.

But Jean never could have imagined that this time, her own sister would secretly steal her man, and even worse, plot to take her position as Mrs. Sterling—a scheme that had been in the works for ten long years. In the end, her sister even cruelly took her life.

Chapter 40: Joy Dalton's Doubt

The Dalton family’s door was violently flung open by Joy Dalton, who then stormed in with a furious expression. Sharon Dalton kept her head down, wringing her hands as she trailed slowly behind.

“What are you standing there for! Get in here!” Joy Dalton barked at Sharon Dalton.

Sharon Dalton flinched and hurried through the doorway.

Seeing that something was clearly wrong, Joy Dalton's mother, Mrs. Dalton, quickly asked, "What's happened? Why are you scolding the child out of the blue?" Sharon Dalton had grown up with Mrs. Dalton, so Mrs. Dalton doted on her granddaughter, Sharon, far more than she did on Aurora Sterling.

"Ask her!" Joy Dalton glared at Sharon Dalton, her anger finally boiling over as she slapped her across the face. "I've been scheming for so long, and now it's all for nothing! You wretched girl, this is all your fault!" With that, Joy Dalton slapped Sharon again.

Stunned by the two slaps, Sharon Dalton clutched her face and sobbed, "It's not my fault! If you want to blame someone, blame Aurora Sterling! Why did she have to go to the walk-in closet for no reason and give away some bracelet! And of all the ones she could have given Rose White, why did she have to pick the one I liked! And that Rose White is such a bully, throwing her weight around. It was just a bracelet, but she insisted on calling the police!"

"You yourself say it was 'just a bracelet,' so was it really worth stealing?" Joy Dalton hissed through gritted teeth.

Sharon Dalton shook her head. "I didn't steal it! I don't know how the bracelet ended up in my bag! Why won't you believe me?"

"How am I supposed to believe you? You're always taking things from the Sterling family! I used to turn a blind eye, but I can't believe you've caused such a huge mess for me today!" As she spoke, Joy Dalton raised her hand to slap her again.

Seeing this, Sharon Dalton scrambled behind Mrs. Dalton for cover. "I-I was forced to! No one was helping me, even Grandma agreed to call the police, and Aurora Sterling was over there making snide remarks about me rotting in jail. I was scared! I had no choice but to tell them I'm a child of the Sterling family."

"What!" Mrs. Dalton was stunned. She immediately yanked Sharon Dalton out from behind her. "You told them you're Timothy Sterling's daughter?"

Sharon Dalton hung her head. "...I did."

"Good heavens! This changes everything!" Mrs. Dalton clutched her heart, looking nervously at Joy Dalton. "What did the Sterling family say? What was Timothy's and his mother's reaction? And what about Aurora Sterling? Did she give you a hard time?"

"What else could they say!" Joy Dalton shot an irritated glare at Sharon Dalton. "They want a paternity test and said they'll act according to the results. If Sharon really is a child of the Sterling family, they'll hold a grand banquet to announce it."

Hearing that they wanted a paternity test before acknowledging her as the mother, Mrs. Dalton's expression soured. "A paternity test? Aren't they questioning your fidelity?"

'That damned old hag, she's deliberately humiliating me!' The thought made Joy Dalton practically fume with rage.

She had meticulously planned everything, paving a smooth and logical path for herself and Sharon to enter the Sterling family. Her perfect opportunity was just around the corner, but then Sharon had to pull this stunt today and destroy all her careful scheming!

At this thought, doubt and a creeping fear began to surface in Joy Dalton's mind.

'Why is Aurora Sterling still alive? I saw her get thrown off that mountain with my own eyes. She should be dead, completely and utterly dead. So why is she still alive?'

'Not only is she back alive, but she's completely unscathed. And she hasn't said a single word about being thrown off the mountain. This is all wrong.'

'Could there have been a mistake? Was the person thrown off the mountain that day not Aurora Sterling?'