Mr. Damien, Your Wife is Toxic

Chapter 8: 008 I want a divorce

Wen Nian almost thought he had seen wrong, he had her pressed tightly...

Her delicate and pretty face, set among the upper-class ladies, was also standout.

Her almond-like eyes, black grape-like pupils seemed unchanged since she was young, the light brown mole below the left corner of her eye...

gave her beauty a poetic essence.

If it weren't for those eyes, if it weren't for that tear mole, Wen Nian would really doubt that the Song Lili in front of him was his Lili.

Just yesterday, she was cheerfully handing over her ID card and household registration to him, excitedly saying, "Wen Xiaonian, I'm entrusting my life to you now!" Today, her face changed faster than flipping a page!

He...

was confused.

Just now at the porch, when she spoke to Song Xiangqiao, her words were cold and distant, nothing like her usual self.

His thumb rubbed the mole below the left corner of her eye, their lips almost touching, "What on earth is happening, Xiao Li?" "..." Their eyes met, this was the first time he had looked into her eyes so closely since her rebirth, filled with confusion, incomprehension, conflict...

He should be confused...

after all, she was so excited about marrying him yesterday, and in front of the birthday cake, they even shared a long, century-long kiss.

But to her, this "yesterday" was already a memory from thirteen years ago, no matter how deep, it had been worn tasteless by time.

"I had a dream." "What dream?

Tell me about it." Wen Nian knew something must have happened the night he hadn't made it back in time.

Lili was still young and naive, perhaps after the freshness of getting married during the day had worn off, she felt anxious alone at night.

Many young brides feel this way, and marrying the President, it's inevitable to feel uneasy and anxious.

He had thought about these on the way here.

If it was just a nightmare, that was okay, he was confident he could soothe his wife.

"In the dream, you killed me." "..." The young President, who had just felt confident, was speechless, his eyes filled with absurdity!

"Wen Nian, after leaving the President Mansion, I thought for a long time, what virtues and capabilities do I have to be worthy of G country's youngest President in over a hundred years?" "..." "You've been preparing for the 'election' since you could talk and walk; and I, I am very ordinary.

If you hadn't hidden your identity and lived in the military compound, our paths would have never crossed, and no one would have thought the one without a childhood, Wen Xiaonian, was the Prime Minister's son, the President's grandson." Wen Nian narrowed his eyes, "So?" "Just thinking that we might end up being apart more often than together, turning love into hatred due to intertwining of personal and state interests, I feel it's better to stop everything now, for you, for me, for everyone." "Song Lili!" The room seemed to congeal a layer of frost, the air oozing with coldness.

Wen Nian's gentleness and warmth faded, the slightly uplifted corners of his phoenix eyes showing danger and coldness, his thin lips barely moving, he enunciated each word, "Say that again." In her memory, Song Lili had never seen Wen Nian show such an expression in front of her, even at their fiercest arguments, he had only helplessly slammed the door and left.

"I want a divorce." Divorce...

She was seriously talking about divorce with him...!

They had just gotten married yesterday, he had kept it a secret from the entire Wen Family, just to make her feel secure, after twenty years of effort, to end up with "I want a divorce"...

"Just because you had a nightmare, you easily speak of 'divorce,' Song Lili, what do you take me for."

Chapter 9: 009 Has anyone said that you've changed

_1 9: 009: Has anyone said that you've changed?

_1 Amelia Cobb did not expect that in her previous life, she had been a strategist on the international stage, while in this life, she had become a pawn in the hands of others.

Life had played a huge joke on her.

She felt powerless in this strange situation, and yet there was nothing she could do to change it.

If she went out now and told people that her soul had transmigrated, she would probably be taken to a special organization for research within seconds and become a sacrificial subject for scientific experiments.

Or she might be killed once more by those who wanted her dead.

Amelia listened to Sophia Cobb's words, slowly turned around, and stared at her expressionlessly: "So what if I become a pawn?

Becoming a pawn proves that I have the value of being a pawn.

What about you?

What's your value?

I think you are just jealous of me." "What the hell are you talking about?" Sophia retorted.

Amelia sneered: "If you weren't jealous of me, why would you have those people do your bidding?" "If I weren't important to you, you wouldn't care about whom I get engaged to or marry.

Only after knowing that I'm engaged to someone, you begrudgingly had someone scheme against me, trying to ruin the marriage.

The only possibility is that you are jealous of me." Amelia circled around Sophia: "Let me guess, you are probably happy that I became a pawn for the family, but what you are unhappy about is that I became Christopher Robinson's woman." "What?

Are you interested in your brother-in-law?

Have you watched too many soap operas or ethical dramas?" "Shut your dog mouth," Sophia pushed Amelia away fiercely.

She glared at her: "Your whole family is like this.

Your father clearly separated from the Cobb family, but he still benefits from everything that comes with it.

All these years, we've been the ones suffering and taking care of others.

What about you?" "Amelia, don't get too cocky too soon.

What awaits you is just around the corner." After saying that, Sophia forcibly pushed Amelia aside and turned to leave.

Amelia wanted to get more information out of her, but thought that there would be ample time for that.

So she didn't follow her.

On Monday morning, nobody was absent for Jason Wood's international relations class.

When Amelia arrived at the classroom, the only available seat was in the last row in the corner.

As she watched Jason Wood walk in, Amelia's eyes became slightly red as she looked at the white-haired man on the stage.

What she saw wasn't just her former mentor.

She saw her youth and her past life.

Not this one.

She was clueless, like a fly stuck on a window, surrounded by ways out yet no way out.

"Are you okay?" "Huh?" Amelia's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by someone nearby.

She looked at him with confusion.

The boy beside her pointed at her face.

When she touched her face, she realized she was covered in tear streaks.

"Tissue!" "Thank you." "Sometimes, people treat you badly not because you're not good, but because they're not good." Amelia looked at the boy beside her in surprise.

Did she know him?

Or did they have a relationship?

“The teacher’s here, let’s start the class!” The lecture was very quiet, and everyone was listening attentively to the professor.

During the most exciting part of the lecture, the professor suddenly stopped and looked at the students in the classroom: “What do you think the relationship is between humans and countries?” Whispers filled the classroom, and people raised their hands to answer one after another.

But their answers seemed superficial.

Amelia was all too familiar with this scene.

Once upon a time, she had become his student because of this question.

Amelia’s thoughts drifted away, and from the last row she silently raised her hand.

“The student in the last row, what do you think?” “Humans can only achieve their moral mission through the state, and only within the state.

Conversely, a state can only realize its essence through mutual struggle.” Even standing at the back, Amelia could see the surprise in Jason’s eyes.

As their eyes met, Amelia was the first to admit defeat.

She lowered her gaze, not daring to look into Jason Wood’s eyes.

She was afraid that her emotions would betray her.

“What’s your name, student?” “Amelia Cobb, the ‘Amelia’ of meaning.” When everyone heard her name, there was a huge uproar.

Probably because Amelia had recently become very famous, and she had been all over the Capital University forum.

Her sentence “Those who don’t know would think I slept with your father” had already become a well-known saying among people.

In the past, people had only heard her name but had never seen her in person.

Now, seeing the girl in a white T-shirt with a high ponytail, they were stupefied.

Silence spread around the room.

The professor nodded at her: “I’ve been hearing your name a lot lately.” “Is it because of who I supposedly slept with?” Amelia mocked herself.

The once-silent classroom erupted in commotion, and even Jason Wood looked at her more closely.

No one had expected that a female college student could be so indifferent, casually exposing her own pain to the sun.

“You seem to not care about these rumors.” Amelia shrugged: “Just now, a fellow student told me that sometimes people treat me badly not because I’m not good, but because they’re not good.

Why should I punish myself for other people’s ignorance?

Besides, they’re just rumors.

Except for matters of life and death, everything else is trivial.” She had already experienced death once.

So what was the use of caring about these things?

Jason Wood was silent for a moment, then nodded: “Your thinking is right.” By the end of the class, Amelia had become famous once again.

As soon as she walked onto the sports field, someone called out to her.

It was the boy sitting next to her.

“Wanna have lunch together?” Amelia frowned slightly: “No need.” The boy was taken aback, seemingly not expecting to be rejected.

“You’ve been looking for an opportunity to have lunch with me for the past few days.

Why...” The boy hesitated.

Amelia suddenly realized that this boy might be the person the original Amelia liked.

For a moment, she was torn.

Torn because she didn’t know what to do.

Refuse?

That seemed unfair to the original Amelia.

Agree?

But at this point, she didn’t remember anything, so how could she agree?

“Abner Rodriguez!

What’s the matter?” As Amelia pondered, someone called out to the boy.

Only then did Amelia learn that his name was Abner Rodriguez.

“Yo, aren’t you the one who doesn’t want to harm the junior girls?

What’s going on here?” someone teased with a laugh.

Abner laughed and waved his hand at the people.

When he turned back, he saw Amelia eyeing him.

“Why?” “Never mind, since I said I would invite you, let’s go!” Outside Capital University, there were many high-end restaurants, probably catering to the numerous wealthy students at the school.

In the restaurant, Amelia sat across from Abner.

“I heard someone say you’re engaged?” Amelia raised the corner of her lips: “Who did you hear it from?

Sophia?” “You know?” “It’s not surprising that I know,” she said with a light smile.

“Has anyone told you that you’ve changed?” The old Amelia would never have smiled like this.

Amelia was shocked, and a cold sweat formed on her back.

Chapter 10: 010 Why don't you say I'm possessed_1

“She forgot that everybody here was intimately familiar with Amelia Cobb, while she was just an outsider occupying Amelia’s body.

Even her smiles and frowns might arouse suspicions.

Amelia's palm started sweating lightly: "I understand now." Abner Rodriguez looked at Amelia for a moment, smiled and nodded: "It's good that you understand." She looked at Abner in surprise.

"What's wrong?" "I thought you would ask me something." "I've always treated you as a friend.

If a friend understands something, it is undoubtedly a good thing, and if it is a good thing, I won't ask about it." Abner poured a cup of water for her from the kettle.

"But, honestly, I prefer the way you are now." Abner thought about the old Amelia.

The difference was so significant that it was hard to imagine her as the same person.

"Do you know Professor Wood?" Amelia collected her thoughts: "I used to admire him tremendously.

I never had the courage to choose what I liked.

But now...

" Amelia's words were half true, half false, deceiving the boy in front of her.

Not everything she said was necessarily true.

Because at this moment, she couldn't tell whether this person was a friend or foe.

"Uncle Cobb indeed doesn't like you joining this profession, but if you really like it, you could fight for it." Amelia was confused by Abner's reference to Uncle Cobb, looking at him with some surprise, apparently not expecting Abner to be acquainted with the Cobb family members.

"Uh..., "Amelia nodded lightly.

She couldn't say anything more for fear of giving herself away.

"Abner Rodriguez?" A surprised voice came from not far away.

Abner turned his gaze and saw Sophia Cobb and a few friends also came to dine here.

"You two are...," Everyone seemed to understand the deep meaning behind this.

They looked at each other, unable to adapt to the situation in front of them.

Everyone knew, Abner used to avoid Amelia.

The Cobb and Rodriguez families knew each other, and it was common knowledge that Amelia had feelings for Abner.

Because Abner couldn't reciprocate and didn't want to cause a scene between the two families, he always avoided Amelia whenever he saw her.

But today...

the two of them were sitting together having a meal.

It really was...

hard to adjust to.

"Just having a meal together, what's the big deal?" Abner sat looking at the girls in front of him.

His manner was relaxed, giving off an air of aloofness.

"Abner, really!

Before Amelia got engaged, you avoided her, but now that she's engaged, how can you be so eager?

Don't you need to avoid arousing suspicion anymore?" Someone in the crowd said mockingly.

Amelia sat in her chair watching everyone, her gaze resting on Sophia and then moving away.

"Just eating a meal together means I'm insinuating myself?

If you have a meal with Sophia, can I assume you're a bootlicker trying to please her?" The gentlemanly persona Abner usually projected was instantly discarded.

He looked at the people who were disturbing the scene, his manner no longer polite.

Amelia had a strange feeling.

Generally, a man would not stand up for a woman and engage in a verbal battle with a group of women in front of strangers.

Of course, it would be different if that woman was the one he loved.

But as far as Amelia understood, her relationship with Abner did not involve such emotions.

“What do you mean, Abner?

You are protecting her, why?” “Anyway, it’s not because I want to be your stepfather, “Amelia coldly interjected.

Her intimidating gaze made it hard for others to speak.

Everyone looked at the current Amelia in disbelief: “Amelia, are you possessed?” Ha ...

Amelia sneered: “Why don’t you say a ghost possessed me?” “You...,” Sophia stepped forward to stop someone ready to argue with Amelia: “Forget it, we have class this afternoon.

Let’s go as soon as we finish eating!” As Sophia was leaving, she cast a calculating look at Amelia.

“Are you okay?” Abner looked at Amelia with some concern.

Amelia nodded: “Let’s go!” When they returned to school, from a distance, Amelia saw a black vehicle parked by the roadside.

The plate number was very conspicuous.

A special pass for the negotiation department was placed on the driver’s console.

For a moment Amelia thought she saw her old self.

“What’s wrong?” Seeing Amelia’s footsteps halt, Abner was somewhat puzzled.

He was just about to say something.

From the building entrance, Jason and a young man in a black suit walked out supporting each other.

Both of their eyes were red, they kept silent while the wife of Professor Wood followed, wiping away her tears with a tissue.

The man had a tall and slender figure, and was wearing a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

He had a gentle and polite demeanor, not like an ordinary person.

They said their goodbyes, while Amelia stood under a tree, watching the scene in silence.

She watched the man drive away.

She moved her toes slightly, but as the car drove past, she quickly followed it.

She ran several meters before abruptly stopping.

Follow him?

Tell him, and then what?

Tell him that she has a transplanted soul?

Then what?

And then how?

Hide this fact?

Let everything in the dark stay in darkness?

Amelia stood in the middle of Tree-lined Avenue watching the departing vehicle, silent for a long time.

She watched as the people around her grieved for her death, helpless, unable to do anything about it.

She could only watch it unfold from the sideline.

“Amelia, what’s wrong?” “Nothing, I’ll leave first,” Amelia removed Abner’s hand and walked in the other direction with her backpack.

Her aggression suppressed, she seemed low-spirited.

In the afternoon, Amelia left school and went to the south of the city, to her parent’s place.

She sat in a coffee shop near the hospital’s employee residence and listened to the nearby neighbors discussing her death.

The sighs and helplessness in people’s words hurt her, but she could do nothing to change it.

That night, the lights at Holy Garden, the Cobb’s residence were blazing.

Amelia hadn’t returned home when it was dark, and no one answered the phone.

Kallie was worried sick.

Both William and Jaso came back from their office.

As restless as an ant on a hot pan, Kallie kept moving around the living room, “What now?

Should we call the police?” “I’m afraid that’s not appropriate.” “What’s so inappropriate?

How is it inappropriate?

Haven’t you seen the antidepressants in Amelia’s room?

What if something happened?

How would we cope?” William’s attitude infuriated Kallie.

In the more than twenty years of their marriage, they had rarely argued.

William pursed his lips, pondered for a moment, before nodding his head.

William’s decision to call the police alerted Old Mr.

Cobb.

At this moment, Christopher Robinson just came out of a social scene.

Juliet Walker was driving him home.

As soon as the car started, Christopher loosened his tie and rolled down the window.

He glanced sideways and saw a figure curled up on a bus stop nearby.

A high ponytail loosely hanging, on a sultry night, rain seemed imminent but never came.

It seemed no matter how he looked at her, she was like a dog that had lost its home.

“Stop the car.” The man’s deep voice sounded.

Although Juliet was doubtful, she still stopped the car.

Christopher opened the car door and walked towards the bus stop.