Mr. Damien, Your Wife is Toxic

Chapter 5: 005 May I bless and protect you_1

Christopher Robinson didn't know much about Amelia Cobb; he only knew what people whispered about her in private.

Quiet and withdrawn, she never competed with others.

In short, she was dull and uncompetitive, unable to win against others.

But today seemed to contradict those rumors.

Christopher glanced down at his fingertips and asked, "What's the matter of justice?" "Was Sophia Cobb at the nightclub last night as well?" Amelia's tone was calm, but the calmness carried an aggressiveness that didn't belong to her age.

Her concise tone left no room for extra emotion.

Sophia's anxiety flashed when she saw Christopher, but she stepped forward: "Sister, Grandfather said we will discuss this matter later." Amelia's eyes were cold: "Later?

Which later?" She looked back at Old Mr.

Cobb: "If Grandfather trusts me, we don't need to wait until later.

If Grandfather doesn't trust me, then 'later' is just an excuse for me to kneel in the ancestral hall." Old Mr.

Cobb was pressured by Amelia's aggression, and his deep gaze filled with a bit of exploration: "Amelia ..." As an onlooker, Christopher Robinson watched the scene for a few minutes, his eyes examining Amelia.

"Old Mr.

Cobb, I came here today to clear up this matter." Sophia shivered at these words.

The schadenfreude that had just surged disappeared, replaced by fear.

"Since Amelia and I are engaged, we are one.

People knowingly targeted Amelia as the Robinson family's fiancée, trying to forcibly rape her.

This is not only a slap in the face for the Cobb family but also for the Robinson family." Christopher was steady, and his years of experience in business had given him a royal demeanor.

He didn't need to be angry to be the master of a room.

At this time, even though Old Mr.

Cobb's education and experience were above Christopher's, he couldn't help but be intimidated by the younger man.

What was supposed to be a nice dinner had turned into a quest for justice.

Old Mr.

Cobb suddenly understood why Christopher insisted on bringing Amelia here.

The ulterior motive was here.

"Christopher is right." "Sophia, you tell us what happened." Sophia suddenly found herself under the spotlight, panicked a little.

She looked at Christopher with eyes full of expectation, as if he could save her.

At his prime age, Christopher had experiences that ranked among the top in the upper circles of the capital.

In his early years, the Robinson family had been devastated by internal strife.

Christopher was one of the few survivors, and he entered the business world in his early twenties.

Over the years, he had either generously expanded the business or brought down anyone who had stepped on his family, forcing them to pay a heavy price.

He never let anyone off the hook.

Some said that the blood on his hands was comparable to the water others drank in their lifetime.

Some admired him.

Others feared him.

“Last night, I was called out by my classmates to play; I’m not entirely sure about anything else.” Sophia’s words were vague.

It was unclear whether she was watched by Christopher or Amelia.

“Is it really unclear, or do you not want to say?” Amelia pursued relentlessly.

“Amelia, what do you mean?

Do you insist that I colluded with them and left you to be bullied?” “Yes!” Amelia replied concisely with a single word, looking at Sophia’s chasing appearance, which was something she could never have done before.

Kallie Rayno had long been shocked, her astonishment indescribable.

The person in front of her was her daughter, yet not her daughter.

For twenty-two years, she had never seen her daughter so unyielding.

Sophia felt the same.

Amelia’s constant pressure left her no chance to breathe.

“Amelia, you claim that Sophia colluded with others and ignored your life and death, but aren’t you also aggressively accusing her of wrongdoing right now?” Daisy Kent noticed that Sophia was being suppressed.

Although she feared Christopher, she realized she had to speak up, or Sophia would be blamed.

Amelia rolled her eyes: “Second Aunt, according to you, if someone bullies me and tarnishes the Cobb family’s reputation, I should just swallow my anger?

If they want to rape me, should I let them?

If they want to kill me, should I let them kill me?

If they want to force me to kneel without reason, should I just kneel?

In your eyes, am I so compassionate and selfless?

If so, should Grandfather throw away all the tablets in the ancestral hall, knock a few heads, and light some incense for me to bless and protect everyone?” When Amelia’s rebellious words came out, the living room fell silent.

Christopher’s gaze on Amelia was no longer an examination; it was beyond description.

Meanwhile, Juliet Walker was terrified.

These people in the wealthy families were most taboo about this.

It is said that the poor diviner and the rich burn incense; this group was best at devoutly kneeling before their ancestors and asking for blessings.

Amelia, on the other hand, was entirely against them.

In a wealthy family, it was difficult for an outcast to survive, and he had seen too many instances.

Old Mr.

Cobb was trembling with anger.

If it weren't for Christopher's presence, the cane in his hand might not be able to hold still.

And Amelia?

Fearless.

Her gaze remained on the cool air, "If it can't be resolved, call the police!

The drugs will remain in the bloodstream for 24 hours.

With so many people last night, at least one or two of them should dare to speak up." "Amelia...", Old Mr.

Cobb spoke through gritted teeth, "Family issues should not be publicized." "What family issues?

Seems like they're quite proud to harbor criminal accomplices," Amelia retorted.

She was determined to see it through, and everyone at the scene knew it.

And Amelia would stand firm as long as Christopher was around.

If today's matter wasn't settled, Old Mr.

Cobb would continue to trouble her in the future.

As long as Christopher was still here today, even if he didn't speak up, she was confident that she could win.

For a moment, the living room was quiet.

As Christopher looked down, he saw the dried bloodstain on Amelia's ankle.

The marks left by the shattered glass, the blood had already dried.

Christopher's gaze slowly moved away and fell on Juliet Walker, who coughed and said, "Old Mr.

Cobb, why don't we have Second Miss Cobb apologize for this matter?

We are all family, and I believe the young lady would let this go, considering your face." Juliet's mediation helped to keep the peace, and even though Old Mr.

Cobb was furious, he managed to restrain himself for the time being.

Was Sophia willing?

No.

However, trapped in this situation with everyone's eyes on her, even Old Mr.

Cobb's gaze bore a warning.

She had no choice but to speak.

Sophia tried her best to hold back the tears in her eyes, but they couldn't be stopped.

With a quivering voice, she said, "Sister, I'm sorry." "What are you sorry for?

I don't accept a vague apology."