Mr. Damien, Your Wife is Toxic

Chapter 6: 006 Miss Cobb succeeded

Call it a day?

That's not an option for Amelia Cobb.

What she wants is a sincere apology from Sophia Cobb.

Not a forced, reluctant one.

Sophia is in shock; Amelia has pushed her into a corner!

"Amelia...," she hesitates to speak.

The words she wants to say keep circling her lips.

Amelia's lips curl up slightly: "Sophia, you can plot to take someone's life, but can't apologize?" Sophia looks at Old Mr.

Cobb, hoping he would help her, but instead, his face becomes uglier by the second.

With no choice, she shakily speaks, "I was wrong not to help you when you were bullied.

I apologize." The living room goes silent.

Only then does Amelia's strong and intimidating aura recede.

Seeing this, Kallie Rayno quickly speaks up, "Since the matter has been settled, let's not stand around.

Mr.

Cao, please serve tea for Mr.

Robinson." The tense atmosphere is broken.

Christopher Robinson has just watched a great show.

But Juliet Walker doesn't snap out of Amelia's aura until they leave.

Wasn't she said to be timid and not favored in the Cobb family?

From what he’s seen, this girl seems quite capable of stirring up trouble!

In the bathroom, Amelia washes her hands in front of the mirror.

She still can’t adapt to this girl’s unfamiliar face, much less this calculating family.

At this point, she feels like a drowning person at sea.

While various predators lurk beneath the surface, she can’t tell if the creatures above are dangerous sharks or friendly dolphins.

As Amelia exits the bathroom, she happens to see Christopher coming around the corner.

The two nearly collide.

Both take a step back.

They look into each other’s eyes.

Amelia sees curiosity and scrutiny in Christopher’s gaze.

And Christopher sees wariness in Amelia’s.

“Miss Cobb seems to have a strong prejudice against me,” the man speaks softly.

Amelia smirks slightly, “Does Mr.

Robinson think I shouldn’t?” “It’s a bit late for you to struggle now.” If she had fought back before the engagement, he might have thought she had guts and let her go.

But now!

Impossible!

“I’m not afraid of struggling late, but I’m afraid of pretending to be asleep when awake,” he chooses to remain silent instead of speaking up, which is bound to raise suspicions.

Christopher’s chest tightens.

Not too long ago, a dignified, ruthless negotiator said the same thing to him, just a few days before... Now, he hears the same words from Amelia, in the same disdainful tone.

“Miss Cobb’s insight doesn’t sound like something a college student would say.” Amelia smirks deeper, “Funny, I also think Mr.

Robinson does things that no human could do.” After saying this, Amelia leaves for the living room.

Inside, with Christopher gone, Old Mr.

Cobb gives her a freezing look.

“Are you still blaming me?” Amelia’s fingertips tremble.

The worst thing in life is not knowing what others are talking about, having to figure it out on your own, while the person opposite is waiting for you to blunder so they can devour you.

At this point, Amelia chooses to remain silent.

Old Mr.

Cobb stares at her like a wolf, and Amelia waits for Christopher to come out of the bathroom.

Kallie, seeing the deadlock, naturally doesn’t want her daughter to be oppressed.

At the bathroom door, Christopher opens the window to the backyard and leans against it, smoking a cigarette.

Juliet watches him with furrowed brows and cautiously speaks, “Mr...” “Did you get any news from Emarica?” “Yes, it’s confirmed,” Juliet sighs with a hint of helplessness as he speaks and hesitates.

Amelia happens to overhear this while walking past.

She stops in her tracks.

Her alarm bells go off.

Only one thing has happened in Emarica recently: the negotiator’s plane crash.

Why would Christopher ask about that?

Why does Juliet sound helpless?

Why the hesitation?

...

“Miss Cobb,” Juliet turns around while Amelia is still lost in thought.

She doesn’t notice him coming.

Juliet calls out to her, bringing her back to reality.

“What are you doing here?” “My grandfather asked me to tell Mr.

Robinson it’s time for dinner.” “Why didn’t you say anything?” Juliet presses.

“It looked like you were discussing something,” Amelia answers straightforwardly.

Juliet thinks how lucky they didn’t say anything more, or else... Everyone goes into the dining room, and Amelia is seated next to Christopher.

The butler specifically places a pair of serving chopsticks next to Amelia.

In her previous life mingling in international circles, Amelia understands that this means she’s expected to serve food to Christopher.

As the chopsticks are put down, Amelia says indifferently, “I don’t know what Mr.

Robinson likes to eat or what he avoids.

It’s not appropriate for you to put these chopsticks here.” Everyone agrees with Amelia’s words, after all, in the capital, Christopher is indeed an enigmatic figure – seemingly invincible and surrounded by steel walls, which in reality, he is.

“I’m not picky.

Miss Cobb, you can serve as you please.” Amelia: “... Oh!

Then I’ll do it as I please.” Old Mr.

Cobb and Christopher discuss recent trends in the business world and international affairs while eating.

Amelia picks up a piece of fish with some mustard, mixes it with cold noodles, and puts it in Christopher’s bowl.

Christopher doesn’t notice and takes a bite of the fish, the mustard hitting his throat and affecting his senses.

Christopher frowns and glares at Amelia.

His usually composed face shows cracks.

“What’s the matter?” Old Mr.

Cobb sees Christopher’s unusual expression and asks.

“Does Mr.

Robinson prefer fish or mustard?” Christopher lifts his glass and drinks some water, “What does Miss Cobb think I like?” Amelia shakes her head, “I dare not guess.” It seems Christopher is annoyed.

His gaze on Amelia deepens.

After dinner, Christopher leaves.

Amelia escorts him to the courtyard, walking in front with him behind, their distance neither close nor far.

Bathed in moonlight, they look like a successful businessman paired with an intern.

“Miss Cobb, just two days ago, you were crying at the Chaplin Group’s doorstep, begging me to break our engagement.

Now, you’ve changed so much that I hardly recognize you.” Amelia’s heart trembles with an inner struggle, “Isn’t it my ability to change that makes Mr.

Robinson feel amazed?” “If Miss Cobb wanted me to notice her through this method, then you’ve succeeded.”