

The Reborn Daughter Was an Able Woman with Many Identities Chapter 41 - Chapter 41 Don't Trust Her Anymore

Chapter 41: Chapter 41 Don't Trust Her Anymore

In the VIP waiting room, the doctor asked about Bernie Walker's condition. Lynn Walker leaned against the chair and yawned. She raised her hand and glanced at the time.

Almost done!

She put down her long legs and stood up.

"Sister, have you been impatient with waiting for such a short period?" Jo Walker's sweet and greasy voice was penetrating. She deliberately said to Bernie Walker.

Bernie Walker's attention was attracted by her. Lynn Walker didn't say anything. When she passed by Jo Walker, she curled her lips meaningfully.

Her contempt annoyed Jo Walker. When she was about to say something, she saw Lynn Walker open the door.

"Dad, Mr. Lyndon is coming." Lynn Walker took half a step back and saw Duke Lyndon coming in.

His hair was half gray, but he was in high spirits.

"You..." Jo Walker was stunned.

Elma White quickly came to her senses and asked, "Are you sure this is Mr. Lyndon?"

She still had a glimmer of hope and didn't believe that Lynn Walker was so powerful.

But the doctor behind her gave her the answer, "Mr. Lyndon, why are you here? Just inform me if there is anything. You don't need to come in person."

The flattering attitude showed everything. Elma White had to believe that the man in front of her was Duke Lyndon.

After being confused and shocked, Elma White walked to Duke Lyndon first. "Oh, it's Mr. Lyndon. You..."

Duke Lyndon interrupted her and turned to Lynn Walker. "I heard that your father is not feeling well?"

"Mr. Lydon, my father suddenly feels weak and dizzy. Can you help me check him?"

Bernie Walker became the focus of his attention and was immediately flattered.

"Can you move to my office, Mr. Walker?"

Bernie Walker immediately agreed, "Of course, thank you, Mr. Lyndon."

Jo Walker pulled Elma White's sleeve and whispered anxiously, "Mom, what should I do? I don't want to be kicked out of the Walker group. Please help me."

"Don't be panic. The examination hasn't started yet. Even if the result comes out, how can they prove that it is you who did it?"

"Yes, I've thrown away the soup!" The melancholy on Jo Walker's face disappeared. She raised her chin again.

If so, she, Lynn Walker, would be in vain!

On the other side, Lynn Walker yawned. When she caught a glimpse of Jo Walker's unfriendly eyes, she strode forward.

Today, she didn't have to expose Jo Walker and Elma White. But once the seeds of suspicion were planted, they would take root and sprout. Bernie Walker had a suspicious nature and he would think more.

She had a lot of time to waste with them. It was too boring to end the game at the beginning. She wanted to enjoy the fun of the game slowly!

Bernie Walker wanted to cotton up to him. "It's Lynn's honor that Mr. Lydon can come. You are a hero with superb medical skills. I have always wanted to make friends with you. I don't know..."

He didn't go on, but everything was clear.

Duke Lyndon knew his meaning. "You are also conscientious, who donated money to the disaster area some time ago. I admire you very much."

He paused for a moment and continued, "Lynn is a good boy. I am old. The world belongs to young people in the future. But no one could inherit my medical skills. If she is willing to learn medicine from me, it could be better."

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His words made everyone's mind wander.

Elma White and Jo Walker looked at each other and smiled. They didn't expect that Duke Lyndon would speak so highly of Lynn Walker!

Bernie Walker was embarrassed and surprised.

He tried to show his affection. But Duke Lyndon thought highly of his daughter!

He forced a smile and said, "Mr. Lydon, you're flattering me. My daughter doesn't master in medicine, so I'm afraid she can't inherit your skills."

"Not a medical major?" Duke Lyndon was surprised.

Lynn Walker's traditional Chinese medicine skill was better than his, but she was not a professional doctor. That was too terrible!

Lynn Walker was afraid that he might reveal her past and stopped him in a hurry. "Mr. Lydon, is my father all right?"

Duke Lyndon put down the instrument and asked, "What has Mr. Walker eaten recently?"

"I drank some ginger soup this morning, but I didn't eat anything today. As for last night... I drank a bowl of chicken soup."

Bernie Walker frowned and recalled, "Can't I eat these?"

"But not really." Mr. Lydon said while writing a prescription. "You have symptoms of poisoning. If it's ordinary soup, of course, it's okay."

"Poisoning?"

Bernie Walker turned around and looked sharply at the people in the room.

Elma White was a sophisticated woman, but Jo Walker was a little inferior to her. When she looked at Bernie Walker, she couldn't help but lower her head.

"Mr. Lydon, is the poison serious?"

"It's not serious. It's a chronic poison, but the dose should be heavy. You'll be fine after taking this prescription for a week."

"Thank you, Mr. Lydon."

Bernie Walker said in a low voice, and no emotion could be seen in his obscure eyes.

Knowing that he was poisoning, he was not in the mood to make friends with Duke Lyndon again and left in a hurry.

"Who poisoned me?" Bernie Walker sat in the middle of the sofa and asked.

Jo Walker shivered with fear and hid behind Elma White.

"Bernie, do you suspect that we have poisoned you?" Tears welled up in Elma White's eyes as she was brewing her emotions. "I have been with you for so many years. Don't you know what kind of person I am? I have a lot of chances to hurt you. Why do I wait until today?"

The more she said, the more excited she became. Tears ran down her cheeks, and her well-maintained face looked pitiful.

Bernie Walker's heart softened. He held her in his arms and said, "I have never doubted you. I will find out the truth and prove your innocence."

Lynn Walker ignored the unpleasant scene and went to her room in silence.

It used to be her mother's home, but now another woman came into it and enjoyed everything in front of her.

Don't worry. She would take it back soon!

Jo Walker followed her. "Sister's plan failed. You seem to be in a bad mood."

Lynn Walker ignored her and opened the bedroom door.

When she thought that it was her who robbed her bedroom, Jo Walker clenched her fists and gritted her teeth. "Let's wait and see. We have ample time."

"I'll wait." Lynn Walker slammed the door with three words.

Lying in Bernie Walker's arms, Elma White rolled her eyes and said, "Bernie, have you ever thought that we haven't had any accident for so many years? How could you be poisoned after Lynn comes back?"

"What do you mean?" Bernie Walker frowned.

"You know how much Jo and I love you, but Lynn has lived in the countryside for so many years, it's hard to guarantee that she isn't wild. As soon as she came back, she went against Jo. We tolerated her again and again, but in return, she got even worse."

With every word she said, Bernie Walker's eyes darkened and no one could tell what he was thinking.

Finally, Bernie Walker interrupted her, "I'll ask someone to investigate. Don't mention else before the truth comes out."

A cold light flashed in his eyes, but he calmed down in an instant. Elma White felt a little frustrated. It seemed that he no longer believed her!

The Reborn Daughter Was an Able Woman with Many Identities Chapter 42 - Chapter 42 The Future Star

Chapter 42: Chapter 42 The Future Star

The next day, when Lynn Walker received Benson Brown's notice, she was discussing the fabric with the factory director.

"How is Professor Clark?" Sitting in Benson Brown's car, Lynn Walker looked serious.

All the procedures were going on after the selection meeting. If something went wrong with Professor Clark, all her previous efforts would be wasted. Where could she find another person to replace him?

Benson Brown handed her a cup of coffee. "His hand was hurt when he went out in the typhoon. We don't know the specific situation until we meet him."

The more ambiguous Benson Brown's words were, the more restless Lynn Walker became. She held the bottom of the coffee cup flustered.

The road to the hospital was not long, but she felt as if a century had passed.

Professor Clark sat on the bed with his arms hanging on the edge of the bed, looking lifeless. When he saw Lynn Walker come in, his eyelids moved.

"Professor Clark, are you all right?" Lynn Walker asked.

Professor Clark's eyes widened, "I want to leave the hospital. Let me out!"

He struggled to get up from the bed, but the bodyguard beside him had already accustomed to this and quickly pressed his shoulders.

After a long time, Professor Clark leaned against the bedside wearily. "Why are you stopping me? Let me go. I want to call the police. No one can restrict my freedom!"

He struggled with too much strength and spoke in a weak voice, staring at Lynn Walker.

The sudden change confused Lynn Walker. They had a good talk before, but now he regarded her as an enemy because of an accident.

"Professor Clark, your hand is injured. You need to stay in the hospital for observation." Lynn Walker tried her best to persuade him.

Professor Clark was still stubborn, "I know my own body clearly, and my hands are also very good. I don't need to be observed. Let me leave the hospital, and I will do what I promised you on time."

Benson Brown reminded him coldly, "Your arm is broken. It won't take you one or two days to recover."

"Even if I don't want this hand, I'll kick it out for you!" Professor Clark raised his neck.

No matter what they said, Professor Clark insisted on leaving the hospital and repeated the words.

Lynn Walker pulled up a chair and sat down. "Professor Clark, can you tell me why you have to leave the hospital?"

She looked at Professor Clark sincerely and wanted to know the reason why he had to go home even if he was seriously injured.

Professor Clark blinked his eyes and turned his head to the window. "I like to live in my own house. I can't sleep here."

His voice was very light as if he was saying to himself that the wind would blow away.

Outside the window, the sun was shining brightly. The long-lost sunny day dispelled the previous gloom, and occasionally a gust of wind was blowing with warmth.

"I can promise you, but I have to go back with you to take care of you."

Lynn Walker felt that someone was staring at her. She raised her head and looked at Benson Brown. All of a sudden, her heart beat faster and faster.

She lowered her head in a hurry, implying in her heart that she was just attracted by Benson Brown's handsome face. It was human nature!

Hearing that Lynn Walker wanted to go back with him, Professor Clark refused without hesitation, "It's not convenient for you to live in my house, and my old man's house is not a good place. I won't make you feel wronged."

Although it was a refusal, it was much more polite.

As long as he could go back, he would not mind the dispute with the bodyguards just now.

"I'm worried about your safety. If you don't agree, you can only stay in the hospital until you recover."

Lynn Walker guessed that he must have some unspeakable reasons, but how could she forgive him if he refused to tell her.

"You..." Professor Clark raised his voice, "You are kidding me!"

When the bodyguards didn't notice, he suddenly jumped up and kicked Lynn Walker. She lost her balance and fell straight.

Benson Brown came to his senses and ran to hold Lynn Walker's wrist. Her head hit the wall, and the dull sound reverberated throughout the room.

Lynn Walker hummed and her brain was buzzing.

"Lynn, Lynn..."

Seeing Benson Brown's mouth open and close, Lynn Walker could only tell her name by his mouth shape.

She couldn't hear her voice, either. She said, "I'm fine."

There was thick blood behind her hair. Enduring the sharp pain, Lynn Walker finally closed her eyes wearily.

When she woke up again, the smell of disinfectant pervaded her nose.

"You are awake." Benson Brown said in a hoarse voice.

Lynn Walker tried to sit up and lay back on the bed. "How long have I slept?"

"I have asked someone to look after Professor Clark. Have a good rest."

If Professor Clark hadn't been useful to her, Benson Brown wouldn't have let him go so easily!

There was an only orange glow in the sky. Even if he stood up immediately, it would be midnight to go back. There must be a hidden reason why Professor Clark refused to stay in the hospital.

An hour later, the bodyguard came to report to Benson Brown.

"Professor Clark is missing. We have searched everywhere in the hospital. Maybe he took a taxi and left."

Benson Brown questioned coldly, "What do you think of people?"

The bodyguard looked at him with fear.

He plucked up his courage and explained, "A doctor said he wanted to have a check-up, so we didn't dare to neglect him. We waited outside for an hour, but he still didn't come out. When we opened the door, there was no one inside."

"Ask someone to drive to his house right now." Benson Brown glanced at Lynn Walker who was sleeping soundly and said, "Be quiet."

It was not easy to get her to sleep, so he couldn't wake her up because of such a trifle.

But what he didn't know was that Lynn Walker was pretending to be asleep and she could hear their talk.

As expected, Professor Clark escaped with the help of the doctor in the hospital. It seemed that he had a deep relationship with the doctor here.

She made up her mind that she would go to see Professor Clark tomorrow morning and ask him the reason. As for the embroidery

She had to wait and see.

But this morning, she met Mr. Lydon before she set out.

When Benson Brown was dealing with business in the next ward, Duke Lyndon found Lynn Walker.

"Are you going to look for Professor Clark?" Mr. Lyndon looked her up and down and guessed something.

Lynn Walker didn't deny, "Mr. Lydon also knows Professor Clark? It seems that you have met him often."

If the person was Mr. Lydon, then it would make sense. Even if Benson Brown laid a snare, under Mr. Lydon's control, he could only be replaced secretly.

"We have met several times. Professor Clark is a stubborn man. He is polite to you. He should appreciate you very much!"

The last round was an affirmative answer. Lynn Walker raised her eyebrows and asked, "Mr. Lydon, you seem to know Professor Clark very well?"

Reminded by her, he came to his senses and touched his nose unconsciously. "I'm just guessing. Don't take it seriously."

"There is nothing serious with your head injury. I came here today to ask if you want to learn medical skills from me. If you agree, I will introduce you to my friends in the circle, so that you can have a better future."

He changed the topic and stared at Lynn Walker eagerly as if looking at a rising star in the future.

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Chapter 43: Chapter 43 Break into Professor Clark's Residence

"Thank you for your appreciation, Director. But I have something more important to do now." Lynn Walker lifted the quilt and left.

Professor Clark was in danger. She couldn't rest assured without news.

Duke Lyndon sighed, "I'm old and thirsty for talents. But my medical skills can't be inherited. I'm afraid it's regret for my whole life."

Lynn Walker stopped and turned around. Seeing that he was depressed, she could not bear to say, "I'm just a dabber. If you don't mind, I'm willing to be your apprentice."

"Really?" Duke Lyndon's hope lit again.

After getting Lynn Walker's approval, he looked much more relaxed.

"I'm happy to receive you as my apprentice!"

"What apprentice?"

Benson Brown pushed the door open and asked.

Duke Lyndon took a look at Lynn Walker. A few days ago, when he met with Bernie Walker, Lynn Walker had told him that almost no one knew about her medical skills and that she didn't want to reveal it to others.

Lynn Walker explained with a smile, "Mr. Lyndon thinks that I'm a good student and wants to take me as his apprentice. What do you think?"

Benson Brown frowned, "Apprentice?"

Duke Lyndon was one of the best doctors in the world. She couldn't be treated differently because of her strong learning ability.

He sized up the two with his sharp eyes. Lynn Walker was so calm that he couldn't suspect.

"Of course you can." Benson Brown replied.

Lynn Walker replied in a sweet voice, "That's great. I will have a master from now on!"

If Benson Brown had something urgent, she would have an excuse to take treatment.

Duke Lyndon was immersed in the joy of taking an apprentice.

"I don't have anything for you. This is for your self-defense." Mr. Lyndon took out a small cloth bag from his wallet and said, "There are precious herbs in it. Most of the poisons can be found antidotes."

The cloth bag was the size of a palm. When Lynn Walker opened it, she was startled.

This was a detoxifying treasure house. No wonder Duke Lyndon was so generous.

After giving instructions, he found an excuse to leave.

"Professor Clark has returned to his residence. Shall we set off now?" Benson Brown asked.

"Thank you, Brother Benson."

Although her tone was polite, it was aloof.

Benson Brown's eyes darkened. "You don't have to be so polite to me."

Somehow, he could feel the deliberate indifference and alienation from Lynn Walker. Was he so frightening that she didn't dare to come into contact with him?

Lynn Walker touched her nose sulkily.

She was somewhat embarrassed because he saw through her mind.

The car stopped at the entrance of the village again. Several farmworkers who were resting pointed at the people who got off the car.

"They seem to come here for Professor Clark. He has been busy these days."

"I heard that Professor Clark's arm was injured. These people have no sympathy and want him to help make money."

"Yes, we can follow them. If Professor Clark conflicts with them, we can help him."

"Right, Professor Clark is very kind to us. He always spends money buying cotton that we can't sell. We can't be ungrateful!"

Then they picked up their hoes and walked towards Professor Clark's house.

The door of Professor Clark's house was closed. The bodyguards at the door made way for Lynn Walker and Benson Brown at the sight of them.

Benson Brown asked the bodyguard, "Is he inside?"

One of the bodyguards replied, "He hasn't come out since he comes back."

They tried every means but failed to open the door. They could only wait for him at the main door.

Lynn Walker walked up the steps and put her fingers on the wooden door. "Professor Clark, it's me. We are all worried about you. Can you open the door first? I want to talk with you."

It was quiet inside. Lynn Walker repeated, but there was still no sound.

It was so quiet as if there was no one living inside.

Lynn Walker had an intuition that something was wrong. Professor Clark's arm was injured. He came back from the hospital in the middle of the night. Would he have an accident on the way?

"Professor Clark, can you answer me?" Lynn Walker raised her voice, "Are we coming in?"

There was silence in the room for five seconds. Professor Clark's weak voice came out.

"Can't you go back? I don't want to see you."

Lynn Walker frowned. The change of his attitude caught her off guard. She had thought that she could get the embroidery of Professor Clark smoothly but didn't expect that something would go wrong halfway!

"Mr. President, do you want to open the door by force?" The bodyguard asked with a flattering expression.

A wooden door was nothing to them. It would take them some time to guard against the door.

Lynn Walker stopped him, "No."

Forcibly opening the door would only cause Professor Clark's antipathy. Then she wouldn't have any chance to compromise with him.

However, as soon as she finished, a scream came from the room.

Lynn Walker looked at Benson Brown seriously.

Benson Brown said decisively, "Break the door!"

After receiving the order, the bodyguard took two steps back at the same time and kicked the wooden door with all his strength.

"Bang!"

The deafening explosion made the villagers speed up.

"It's Professor Clark's home. They break into his house by force!"

The scene inside was clear and almost the same as last time. Even the plants in the yard were neat and unaffected by the typhoon.

"Professor Clark?" Lynn Walker called.

"Who allowed you to come in? Get out! Get out!"

Professor Clark in the inner room was so anxious that he gritted his teeth.

"We are here to help you," said Lynn Walker.

"I don't need any help. Get out!"

His words stopped Lynn Walker in front of the inner door. "Are you hurt? Is it serious?"

Professor Clark didn't answer her. There was a rustling sound in the room, not loud, but very obvious.

Lynn Walker raised her hand to knock at the door, but the door was opened from inside.

The room was dark. Even if there was a ray of light outside, she could only see the door.

Professor Clark dragged his legs out and closed the door again.

"I've told you to go out. This is my home!" Professor Clark's yellow eyes were bloodshot. No one knew if it was because of anger or tiredness.

He was still wearing the hospital uniform. He had no time to change. The white stripes were stained with mud, and his legs fell to the ground at an unnatural angle.

Lynn Walker saw the problem at a glance. "Your leg..."

She hadn't seen him for only one night. His leg was injured. It seemed that he was seriously injured!

Professor Clark found a chair panting heavily and sat in the living room, wiping the sweat on his forehead.

It was autumn now, but he was sweating all over, and the clothes on his back were all wet!

"Professor Clark, are you right? We are all here to help you!"

Outside the door, there were many villagers, with sticks and sickles in their hands, stepping into the door aggressively.

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Chapter 44: Chapter 44 Snake Poison Spread

Soon the yard was full of people. Seeing this, the two bodyguards stood in front of Lynn Walker and Benson Brown vigilantly.

There were only four people. Facing a dozen villagers, they had the upper hand.

The leader at middle age saw that Professor Clark was wearing hospital clothes. He was angry, "Who are you? How dare you break into the residence?"

"We are here to visit Professor Clark. We had no choice but to come in when we heard his scream just now." Lynn Walker explained.

"Are you kidding me? Why did we hear Professor Clark scream when we saw you break in?"

"Yes, Professor Clark is an old artist in our village. As long as we are here, we won't let him suffer!"

The villagers spoke one after another, holding their weapons in the air.

They rushed up the steps and surrounded them.

Seeing this, Benson Brown pulled out his phone with a long face.

"What are you going to do? Ask for help?" The leader reached out his hand to grab Benson Brown's phone.

But before his hand could touch him, his wrist was caught by the bodyguard and pressed against the wall.

"Ouch!" The man pressed his face against the wall and could only scream.

The villager reacted and wanted to help, but they felt a little guilty when seeing the fierce bodyguards.

A few minutes later, another five or six bodyguards appeared in the yard. Each of them wore the same clothes and was large. They were in stark contrast to the villagers who were in a mess.

Several middle-aged men's eyes were red. When seeing the leading man subdued by the bodyguards, they were furious.

"Go to hell with them!"

"Yes, let's fight them to the death!"

They responded one after another. They rushed to the bodyguards with sticks and sickles.

But after all, they were not trained. The bodyguards quickly took away their weapons. Everyone's face was covered with wounds, but they were unwilling to stop because they were excited.

For a moment, the scene was restless. There was a faint smell of blood.

Professor Clark gritted his teeth and stood up, "Calm down, everyone!"

The villagers stopped and looked at Professor Clark. But they had no time to hide their hatred and wanted to start.

Professor Clark looked at the chaos and sighed, "I'm sorry to bring you trouble. You can go back now. I'll solve my problem."

"Thanks for your consideration. I don't want you to get hurt because of me."

The villager was not convinced and shouted, "Professor Clark, what are you talking about? You are our benefactor. We will sacrifice our lives to protect you!"

Professor Clark looked at Lynn Walker and said weakly, "Let them stop. I beg you!"

Lynn Walker's lips moved. Her throat was a little thirst.

Benson Brown asked people to come here to protect them. If the villagers were not too impulsive, the chaos wouldn't have happened.

"As long as they don't fight, we will never beat them."

Professor Clark finally persuaded the villagers to leave.

But when the bodyguard was about to let go of the leading man, he jumped up, took out the sickle, and slashed at him.

The bodyguard dodged the sickle quickly but cut the man's chest at the moment of taking it away.

"Someone was killed! Someone was killed!"

When the villagers turned around and saw this scene, they all screamed in horror.

Benson Brown stood in front of Lynn Walker with a livid face. "Stay here. I'll send him to the hospital."

He made a prompt decision. He took the bodyguards to stop the villagers at the gate, and the others drove the man to the hospital.

The man's family sat on the ground and cried.

"Is there any law? Why don't you let us have a look? What evil did I do?"

"My son, you are the only kid in our family. If you depart, how can we live?"

"..."

She cried pathetically. The hearer was sad, and the hearer was crying.

Lynn Walker just felt annoyed. She had a look at the man just now and found that he only suffered skin trauma. The bleeding looked terrible, but it wouldn't endanger his life.

She had worshiped Mr. Lyndon as her master, so she couldn't show her medical skills to arouse Benson Brown's suspicion. Looking at several people surrounding Benson Brown, Lynn Walker was restless.

"He will be fine. It's just a simple bruise!"

Lynn Walker kept comforting herself. She lowered her head and found that her palms were sweaty.

She felt like sitting on pins and needles. Finally, she couldn't help walking out.

"Where are you going?" Professor Clark leaned against the chair, looking dispirited. He noticed what Lynn Walker was doing.

"It's very dangerous outside. They are so excited that it's hard to guarantee that they won't do anything excessive!"

Without looking back, Lynn Walker replied, "I know."

But she couldn't wait here. She wanted to know the situation of that person. If something went wrong with him, Benson Brown and the Walker group would fall into negative news.

"Can you arrange a car now?" Lynn Walker asked the bodyguard beside her.

It was still a long way from the village to drive. The villagers were guarding outside, so she had to leave from the back door.

The bodyguard found that he could not stop Lynn Walker, so they had to call someone to wait outside the village.

After two steps, the bodyguard received a call from his companion. "These villagers are crazy again. Where are you? The weapons are in the backyard. You ask someone to bring some here."

The bodyguard was a little embarrassed. "Well..."

He looked at Lynn Walker. Although Benson Brown told him to protect Lynn Walker, they were his brothers on the other end of the phone.

"Go and help them. I know the way." Lynn Walker thought for a while and reminded, "Someone has been injured. Be careful and try not to let them get hurt."

The bodyguard nodded and repeated the route. Then he trotted away.

With the help of her memory and the path pointed by the bodyguard, Lynn Walker kept moving forward. The path was two or three kilometers. It was surrounded by mountains and some grass on both sides, which was dangerous. Lynn Walker walked carefully and did not leave the path within half an hour.

She looked back. The direction she came was submerged in the grass.

The sun was setting, so Lynn Walker didn't dare to delay. It was dangerous to stay in the mountain at night.

Hiss! Hiss!

A strange voice came from the grass. Lynn Walker's face turned cold. Was she so unlucky!

As soon as she finished thinking, a sharp pain came from her ankle.

Lynn Walker took a deep breath and saw a red snake swimming slowly through the grass.

She quickly took out a silver needle and stabbed it into the snake's body. The flexible snake lay stiff on the ground.

The sharp pain made her forehead sweat. With years of experience in the countryside, Lynn Walker recognized that it was a poisonous snake. There was blood serum on its teeth. If it ran away, she might die here today.

Lynn Walker dragged her injured legs and felt dizzy. She took out her phone and saw her lips turning purple.

This was the sign of the snake poison spreading!

The Reborn Daughter Was an Able Woman with Many Identities Chapter 45 - Chapter 45 Taking Advantage of the Situation

Chapter 45: Chapter 45 Taking Advantage of the Situation

Lynn Walker grabbed her hand to wake herself up, but her consciousness was gradually losing.

Her body seemed to have been drained of strength. She fell to the ground, with her eyelids getting heavier and heavier

She couldn't sleep!

She suddenly opened her eyes and bit her lips with her teeth. The rust smell made her barely sober up.

She was only one step away from the snake, but she had no strength to move over.

Lynn Walker took out the silver needle and sealed the area of the poison first.

There were only two needles, but she was so tired that she collapsed to the ground.

The sky was shrouded in darkness. Lynn Walker slowly closed her eyes.

She firmly believed that she would live. She hadn't taken revenge and must live!

Knowing that Lynn Walker was missing, Benson Brown went back to the village by car.

He walked down the path. The bodyguard reported to him, "Miss Walker got out of the village after you. I showed her the way, but it has been two hours, and the car at the entrance of the village still did not pick her up."

Lynn Walker shouldn't have gotten out of the village. According to the villagers' situation at that time, if they saw Lynn Walker, the consequences would be unimaginable!

Benson Brown's eyes were full of murderous will. "Go back and get your punishment yourself."

He especially asked him to take good care of Lynn Walker before leaving, but she was missing. If he was not in a hurry to find her, he would have punished him in person!

The bodyguard was shocked. He had expected the result before telling Benson Brown!

When they walked into the village, the bodyguards held flashlights, like a row of well-trained soldiers. Benson Brown walked through the middle of two rows.

"Check, house to house!"

As soon as he gave the order, the bodyguards scattered and knocked at the villagers' doors from the head of the village.

Seeing this, the villagers all woke up. "What are you doing again?"

Without saying a word, the bodyguards rushed into the room and even didn't let go of the pigsty.

"What the hell are you doing? My house has turned upside down. I want to call the police!"

"That's my house to feed chickens. Please leave my house!"

"The robbers have entered the village!"

The continuous screams awakened Professor Clark. He dragged his injured leg to the door, only to see that the village was brightly lit. Countless people came in and out, and Benson Brown was standing in the dam in the village.

"What happened?" Professor Clark held his crutch and limped to Benson Brown.

Benson Brown looked at him coldly and said, "Lynn was missing."

"What?" Professor Clark was shocked, "Didn't she go out to look for you? Why did you look for her in the village?"

"She didn't leave the village."

"So you suspect that the villagers kidnapped her?"

Professor Clark stamped his crutch and said, "It's ridiculous. These villagers are simple. No matter how much they dislike you, they won't secretly attack you. She's missing, but why don't you go into the mountain to find her? Beasts appear at night, which is the real danger!"

Benson Brown raised his head and asked, "In the mountain?"

He was shocked. He gathered the bodyguards who were still searching the villagers and strode into the mountain.

He was the one who cared about her too much and took nonsense!

Although he had looked for Lynn Walker carefully on the way in, he couldn't exclude that she had taken the wrong way!

The wind at night was so cold that Lynn Walker woke up from the cold.

She sat up with her hands propped up and leaned against the soil slope to breathe. Waking up meant that she could live.

As soon as she looked at the snake that had been poisoned to death by her, she saw that her ankle had swollen to the size of a fist. After a while, Lynn Walker took out the blood serum skillfully.

When the blood serum dripped into the wound on her ankle, Lynn Walker felt so painful that she breathed shallowly.

The antidote took effect fast, but you had to suffer.

Her phone was also powered off. She didn't know the time, so she could only speculate by the moon that it was about midnight.

The wind blew into her clothes, making Lynn Walker shiver.

If she stayed here for one night, she would probably be even more unconscious tomorrow than now because of the cold.

All of a sudden, a beam of light came into Lynn Walker's sight in the distance. She narrowed her eyes and couldn't help getting excited.

Was there anyone else!

If someone could help her, she wouldn't have to suffer this!

But the light was too far. She called out three times, but no one responded.

Lynn Walker sighed in frustration. What made her most desperate was to give her hope, but at the same time, to be disappointed!

"Lynn?"

A familiar voice rang in her ears.

Lynn Walker gave a wry smile. "It seems that I'm frozen to death and have an illusion."

As soon as she finished, Benson Brown stood in front of her in the bright light.

"You are stupid!" When Benson Brown saw her, he was angry and happy, mixed with five flavors, showing the insipidity after suppressing his emotions.

Lynn Walker looked up in surprise. "It's you, Brother Benson!"

At this moment, Benson Brown was tall and strong in front of her. There was a touch of admiration in her eyes.

She didn't expect to see Benson Brown. She was moved and warm.

Benson Brown wanted to blame her, but when he saw her gaunt and red face, he didn't have the heart to say anything more.

Under the watchful eyes of the public, he bent down to pick up Lynn Walker and strode away.

Nestling in Benson Brown's arms, Lynn Walker felt a little lost. His chest was warm and his heart was hot. Even though he was pretending to be indifferent, she couldn't help feeling her heart racing.

In any era, a hero saving a beauty was an eye-catching story.

For a moment, Lynn Walker wondered if the two of them could get along like ordinary couples.

But this idea only lasted for ten seconds, and Lynn Walker quickly denied it.

The reason why they could balance was that they were mutually beneficial. With other meanings, it was no longer simple!

On the second day, the news reported such a commotion in the village.

When Jo Walker saw the news, she said excitedly, "Mom, we don't need to do anything. Lynn Walker did it herself and hurt people!"

Elma White, who was drinking morning tea, took the phone from her.

"It seems that God is helping us." Jo Walker circled her excitedly. "Professor Clark can't embroider now. Lynn Walker has made people angry. Dad will return the project to me!"

"It's not that simple." Elma White frowned.

She was gloomier than Jo Walker.

"The company publicity is Professor Clark's technique. Even if you take it over temporarily, you can't find a better one. If you don't do it well, your father will question your ability."

"Then what should I do? This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!"

"It's indeed a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. We need to do something about the injury of villagers. Lynn Walker will follow up the project." Elma White narrowed her eyes and sneered, "If she can't do it, your father will never give her a project. She will have no chance to turn over. Although she can get it luckily, because of the villagers' event, she still won't get the honor she deserves. We just need to drink tea and can reap the benefits."

The tea smoke was curling up. Elma White's expression could not be seen clearly.

Jo Walker clapped her hands and said, "Yes. Why didn't I think of it? Mom is the best. I'm going to find the Internet army to publicize this event!"