

The Reborn Daughter Was an Able Woman with Many Identities Chapter 52 - Chapter 52 The Plague on the Chair

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Mrs. Mateo couldn't help muttering, "Who wants to give him syrup? Why doesn't he look at himself in the mirror?"

She picked up two bowls of syrup and walked to the next door. "Miss Walker, may I come in?"

"Come in." Lynn Walker was sorting out the information. She heard the noise and saw Mrs. Mateo bringing a bowl of syrup.

"You must be tired after a busy day. Have some syrup." Mrs. Mateo grinned innocently.

As an honest woman, she didn't know how to express her gratitude.

Noticing her nervousness, Lynn Walker took a sip of the syrup and said, "Well, it tastes good. Thank you."

Her response made Mrs. Mateo happy.

"It's good that you like it. I'll send it to the guest next door."

She walked briskly as if she had been greatly encouraged.

Lynn Walker shook her head and continued to check the position of the note with her mobile phone.

The syrup was placed on the table, and the surface was surrounded by smoke, sweet spreading in the air.

It was already eleven o'clock at night when Lynn Walker put down her phone. She yawned and was about to go to bed.

But as soon as she stood up, she felt something wrong. Her steps were heavy, and her strength seemed to have been taken away.

There was something wrong with the syrup! As soon as she thought of this, she sat straight on the bed. There was also a sound in the quiet yard.

Lynn Walker stared at the door vigilantly. She couldn't figure out why Mateo's wife had drugged in the syrup.

She focused all her attention on Professor Clark's apprentice, and the syrup itself covered the smell of the medicine. She was so careless that she relaxed her vigilance in a stranger's home.

Someone tentatively pushed the door open. Lynn Walker took out a silver needle and pricked it into the back of her hand. The pain sobered her up a lot.

She turned over and lay on the bed. Dryness in her throat made her swallow.

About ten minutes later, someone pushed the door open.

Lynn Walker narrowed her eyes and unconsciously clenched her hands under the quilt.

It was Hamilton!

He was waiting for her to take revenge at this place!

Hamilton lightly closed the door. When he locked the door, he was more cautious and did not completely close it.

In case of an accident, he could escape from here.

Looking at Lynn Walker was sleeping soundly on the bed, Hamilton rubbed his hands and licked his lips obscenely.

"You are good-looking, but you like to meddle in other people's business. You started it first. Don't blame me for being rude!"

Hamilton unbuttoned his button on the neck in a hurry but didn't notice that Lynn Walker had slowly opened her eyes. The cold light reflected in her eyes was frightening in the night.

She changed the direction of the silver needle on her finger and tightened her fingers as Hamilton approached, waiting for the best time.

Hamilton couldn't wait to pull back the quilt. Before he could touch Lynn Walker, someone pushed the door open.

Before Hamilton could react, his hand had already made a crisp sound.

The late pain nerve awakened, Hamilton couldn't help screaming.

"Who are you?" He turned his head and saw Benson Brown's gloomy face.

His cold eyes narrowed slightly, and his tightly closed thin lips were like a sharp knife, stabbing straight into the heart of Hamilton, making him difficult to breathe.

Hamilton felt that he offended somebody, so he slowed down his tone.

"Brother, I'm just passing by. How about you come first?"

He grinned obsequiously. The next second, his face was punched. The smell of blood in his mouth flew, and he could not say a complete word.

Benson Brown let go of his hand in disgust and kicked Hamilton in the stomach.

"Ouch, it hurts..."

"No, no, stop!" Seeing that Benson Brown still didn't want to stop, the man immediately raised his hands above his head and knelt to beg for mercy.

As he spoke, the blood in his mouth flowed down. His clothes were all stained by blood, making him look miserable.

"What did you do to her?" Benson Brown asked coldly.

"I... I..."

Hamilton was afraid that telling the truth would piss Benson Brown off.

In the end, it took him a long time to complete the word, "I did nothing. Please let me go."

"Let you go?" Benson Brown seemed to hear a joke.

He said to the outside and two bodyguards came in. Hamilton wanted to escape, but it was too late. His head was pressed on the ground.

"Oh, brother, please let me go. I didn't touch her at all!"

"Ah!"

As soon as he finished, he felt a sharp pain in his back.

The scream of Hamilton was particularly terrifying in this late night.

In the next room, Mateo's wife patted Mateo on the shoulder and said, "Why do I hear someone screaming?"

"You must be dreaming. Who can run into our house at night..."

"Ah!" A sharp scream interrupted Mateo.

Mateo turned on the light and sat up. "Someone is yelling!"

"What are you going to do?" Mrs. Mateo grabbed his arm and said timidly, "you can't leave me and our son. What if something happens to us?"

"It sounds like the benefactor's room. She lives in our house. We have to ensure her safety!" Mateo lifted the quilt, put on his clothes, and was about to leave.

Mrs. Mateo was still stubborn and unwilling to let go.

"A man is living over there. She should be fine!"

"Nonsense! We are the masters. We must ensure their safety!"

Mateo glanced at his flustered wife and said, "If you are afraid, come with me."

"Okay, okay."

Mrs. Mateo took a hoe and walked behind him.

When she approached Lynn Walker's room, she heard the calling of Hamilton again.

Mrs. Mateo almost couldn't hold the hoe in her hand. "Mateo, I heard a man's voice!"

Then she frowned and said, "I heard it. It seems to be Hamilton."

"Hamilton? How could he come to our yard?"

"I don't know. Let's go inside and have a look." Mateo plucked up the courage and pushed the door open.

What came into view was that the man was lying on the ground, and two bodyguards were beating him with sticks. The man was unconscious, and even his cry was weak.

"Sir, what's going on?"

The Mateo didn't understand when Hamilton offended Benson Brown.

Benson Brown sat on the chair with coldness in his eyes. He didn't say anything, but Mateo came back to his senses.

Hamilton had quarreled with him and said something harsh to Lynn Walker during the day. It seemed that he couldn't swallow his anger and came to make trouble for Lynn Walker secretly, but he was caught by Benson Brown.

Lynn Walker was sleeping soundly on the bed. Her face was unusually red. Her eyelids were twitching and her heart was beating faster. He might have done!

Only Mrs. Mateo didn't know what was going on in the room. Seeing that Hamilton was badly beaten, she didn't dare to breathe. She couldn't help but feel afraid of the plague sitting on the chair.