

## **The Reborn Daughter Was an Able Woman with Many Identities Chapter 53 - Chapter 53 Twisted Waist**

Lying on the bed, Lynn Walker pricked up her ears to listen.

There were more and more people in the room. Her throat was dry and she couldn't hold it.

"Enough!" When Lynn Walker was about to open her eyes, Benson Brown said, "Take him out first."

"Okay." The bodyguards answered and dragged the dying man to leave.

Mateo and his wife stood at the door, in a dilemma.

Mateo coughed and said, "Well, we... We're going out too."

Without getting an answer, Mateo and his wife looked at each other and left quietly.

There were only Lynn Walker and Benson Brown left in the room. Compared with the noise just now, the silence was more torturing.

"Why don't you open your eyes?"

Lynn Walker trembled. "So you know I'm pretending to be asleep."

"Water?" Benson Brown handed her a glass of water.

Lynn Walker felt warm. It turned out that he had noticed her throat.

"Go to bed early if you are fine. I'll ask someone to guard outside." When Benson Brown's fingers touched Lynn Walker, he felt a surge of warmth all over his body.

Lynn Walker noticed his difference and asked, "What's wrong with you?"

He looked like

Was he drugged?

Benson Brown's face was flushed and his black eyes were misty. He was drugged.

"Nothing." Benson Brown tried his best to hold back the drug. Half an hour had passed, but he didn't expect that the more he tried, the more uncomfortable he felt. He became more passionate when seeing Lynn Walker.

Lynn Walker stopped him in a hurry. "You can't do this. Lie down and have a rest first."

She gave her bed to Benson Brown and put her finger on his forehead. The touch made Benson Brown tremble and hold her hand.

"Don't move. You need to lower your temperature."

Lynn Walker struggled to take her hand back, but her strength was not on the same level as his.

Benson Brown pulled Lynn Walker closer to him.

Her face hit his hard chest as if she had been slapped. She couldn't help but wince in pain.

At this moment, she was not in the mood to care about the pain on her face, because Benson Brown's hand was on her waist, and his rough fingers were on her skin. Lynn Walker trembled.

"Brother Benson, wake up. I'm Lynn Walker."

When Benson Brown heard this, his eyesight focused. But the next second, a surge of energy came from his body, drowning his only reason.

When he was sober, he could restrain himself. Now countless voices in his heart were shouting to possess her!

Lynn Walker also realized how strong the drug was. She wanted to control it, but she couldn't take out the silver needle.

After a while, she felt dizzy under Benson Brown's body. His hot breath hit the tip of Lynn Walker's nose, and she began to feel hot.

"Brother Benson, you are hurting me."

Lynn Walker tried her best to squeeze out her watery eyes and looked at Benson Brown pitifully.

Her pitiful look hit Benson Brown's heart. He loosened his hand unconsciously.

Now!

With her hands getting free, Lynn Walker quickly took out the silver needle on her waist and inserted it into Benson Brown's acupoint.

"Uh..."

Benson Brown snorted and frowned, trying to touch the painful part. But as soon as he raised his hand, he slowly lowered it.

Lynn Walker patted him on the back and asked, "Brother Benson?"

He didn't respond. Benson Brown buried his head in Lynn Walker's neck, and his deep breath stirred up Lynn Walker's nerves.

She tried her best to get rid of Benson Brown, but she failed. Benson Brown pressed her like a mountain, making her immovable.

At last, Lynn Walker had to give up struggling.

After a night of torment, she was exhausted. She closed her eyes and fell asleep. She maintained this ambiguous posture until dawn.

The next day, Lynn Walker woke up because she was out of breath. She felt sore and wanted to sit up and find a person lying on her body.

"Brother Benson?" Lynn Walker called.

He should have woken up now!

Benson Brown changed his posture. Lynn Walker, who was difficult to breathe, took a deep breath.

A chuckle was above her head, happy and somewhat mischievous.

Lynn Walker raised her head and looked into his dark eyes, at a loss for a moment.

There seemed to be a deep pool in it, sucking her in and then wrapping around her.

"Why didn't you wake me up when you felt uncomfortable?"

Benson Brown stood up. Lynn Walker felt like a fish in water and came to life in an instant.

"Did we sleep like this last night?"

Lynn Walker couldn't catch her breath and cough violently. After a long while, she waved her hand and said, "It's just sleep. Brother Benson, you may be too tired..."

"I didn't say it wasn't simple." Benson Brown joked as he saw her face turn red.

She seemed to be eager to distance herself from him. Was he that bad?

Benson Brown's face darkened. The bright sunshine also dyed cold.

The sudden change confused Lynn Walker. He had been fine just now. It was difficult to guess what men were thinking, especially the rich and handsome Mr. Brown!

Lynn Walker gritted her teeth and tried to straighten up, but the pain on her waist made her sweat.

"What's wrong?" Noticing that she didn't look well, Benson Brown held her up.

"Waist, my waist is twisted."

Tears welled up in Lynn Walker's eyes. She felt a sharp pain as soon as she moved her body.

"Don't move. I'll take you out."

Crack.

Lynn Walker, "..."

She fell into Benson Brown's arms and couldn't move anymore.

When she went out, she met Mateo and his wife. The two of them looked strangely at Lynn Walker in Benson Brown's arms.

"My benefactor, how was your sleep last night?" Mrs. Mateo was straightforward and said whatever she thought.

Mateo poked her with his elbow and hinted to her not to ask randomly.

Realizing that she had said something wrong, Mrs. Mateo quickly changed, "My benefactor, what's wrong with your waist? I have safflower oil here, which is very effective on the sprain."

The smile on Lynn Walker's face froze!

Lying in Benson Brown's arms, she didn't look at Mateo and his wife but braced herself to go to the yard with Benson Brown.

"Put me down first. I want to sit here." Lynn Walker whispered in Benson Brown's ear.

She was afraid that Mrs. Mateo would say something astonishing after hearing what she said.

There were three stone chairs in the yard. Lynn Walker endured the sharp pain and sat down with sweat on her forehead

Benson Brown saw her was in pain. "If you don't feel well, shall I take you to the hospital?"

"No, no. I just need some time." Lynn Walker put her hands on her waist and forced a smile.

She was a doctor herself. If Benson Brown hadn't been with her, she would have taken Mrs. Mateo's safflower oil to massage her waist.

But in order not to arouse Benson Brown's suspicion, she had to endure it!