

The Reborn Daughter Was an Able Woman with Many Identities Chapter 54 - Chapter 54 The Man with Broken Legs

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Lynn Walker finally could walk freely after a whole morning rest.

"How did you solve the problem with Hamilton?" Lynn Walker asked.

Benson Brown wouldn't let Hamilton go so easily, but she didn't hear anything from the villagers this morning.

Benson Brown was watching iPad when hearing Lynn Walker's question. He clicked on the screen and said, "I taught him a lesson and put him back."

His tone was calm.

Lynn Walker was not stupid. She was afraid that the lesson would directly cause a disaster for Hamilton.

She shook her head. Anyway, it had nothing to do with her. No matter how sympathetic she was, she couldn't have mercy on a person who hurt her.

Before leaving, Lynn Walker and Mrs. Mateo closed the door to talk about the child.

She gave a piece of paper to Mrs. Mateo and said, "If others ask you about it, don't say that I cured the child. I'm just an ordinary person. I don't want to be a skilled doctor, and my medical skills are not that good."

"Don't worry, my benefactor. We won't tell anyone outside and won't let anyone disturb your peaceful life." Mrs. Mateo cried.

"I'll come back later. I've written down the way to take this medicine. You can stop it in three months."

Hearing her promise, Lynn Walker shrugged her shoulders with relief.

She had been worried since last night, fearing that Mateo and his wife would leak her medicine skills in front of Benson Brown. Fortunately, what she was worried about didn't happen.

On the way, Lynn Walker leaned against the chair and closed her eyes for rest.

She didn't sleep well and had nightmares last night because someone pressed her.

The car was wobbling, which was suitable for sleeping. Lynn Walker closed her eyes and fell asleep.

What happened in her previous life broke into her dream once again. The wound on her face was deeply engraved as if it had been engraved into her soul.

Jo Walker said with a ferocious face and cold eyes.

"No, no!" Lynn Walker shook her head painfully, trying to avoid this dream that was almost truly happening.

But the more she wanted to escape, the deeper she was involved in it!

"Lynn?" Benson Brown pulled over and patted her on the shoulder.

Lynn Walker suddenly opened her eyes. Her eyes were red with hatred, unwillingness, and coldness.

She was strange in front of him. Benson Brown felt sorry for her.

He pulled her into his arms and said, "It's fine. It's just a nightmare."

"It's just a nightmare..."

Lynn Walker repeated this word, and her eyes gradually returned to clear. The confusion in her eyes was replaced by determination. "Yes, it's just a nightmare!"

Her previous life had passed, and what she had experienced now was the real existence. No matter what, she would never let the nightmare of her previous life repeat again!

Jo Walker, Elma White, and even Bernie Walker. She must reclaim all they owe her!

Lynn Walker's emotional change didn't attract Benson Brown's attention. When he saw her helpless eyes, his heart ached as if someone was pulling it up.

"You must be scary in your dream, right?" Benson Brown started the car again. "By the way, what do you mean you're back?"

Lynn Walker was shocked. "Is that what I said?"

Benson Brown turned to look at her. Lynn Walker tried to hide her panic and said, "I don't remember. That dream is so strange that I can't remember many things."

Her heart beat fast.

As she was in deep sleep, she didn't know if there was anything more shocking than this sentence.

Rebirth was inconceivable. She didn't know whether Benson Brown and she were enemies or friends for the time being, so she didn't dare to take the risk.

Lynn Walker observed Benson Brown's every move and felt relieved when she found that there was nothing wrong with his expression.

It was just a dream. He wouldn't take it seriously.

Benson Brown looked calm, but her mind was full of doubts.

What kind of dream was it that made her call Jo Walker's name so sadly?

Maybe he should investigate her relationship with Jo Walker again. He should miss something important!

The two had their thoughts until the car stopped in the next village.

Different from Professor Clark's village, this village was connected to the road, and the houses were much better than there. There was a lot of deserted farmland on the road.

Lynn Walker followed the address and found a building in the middle of the village. The white tiles and red patterns were the same styles ten years ago.

Compared with other well-designed villas in the village, it was much simpler.

Outside the room sat a woman in a head towel, chopping pig grass.

"Who are you looking for?" The woman stopped the knife and looked up at the two people coming over.

"Do you know Gene?" Lynn Walker took out a photo.

The woman wiped her hands on the apron and said, "He's dead."

The words were like a bolt from the blue. Lynn Walker didn't react for a long time and asked uncertainly, "Is Gene dead?"

"Yes, he died two years ago." The woman's voice was emotionless.

After saying that, she was about to drive them away. "There is no such a person here. You can leave now!"

Lynn Walker's heart sank. She came to look for him expectantly, but he was dead.

She turned around dejectedly, and a round-ball-like child ran to the woman. "Mom, you said dad was dead. What is the meaning of 'dead'?"

"Don't ask, kid." The woman took out candy from her arms and said, "Go to play in the room. I have work to do."

"But the man inside said he was thirsty and asked you to get him a glass of water." The boy tore the candy paper and mumbled.

This sentence irritated the woman. She dropped the kitchen knife and walked into the room, cursing.

"You only know eating and drinking every day. If you can do something for me, I will feel better!"

"Let's go inside and have a look," said Benson Brown, holding Lynn Walker's hand

Lynn Walker hesitated, "This is other's home. Is it appropriate to break in without permission?"

This woman seemed to have a hard life, and she couldn't bear to let her feel humiliated again.

"Go in first."

Benson Brown didn't say anything more and led Lynn Walker into the house.

Different from the shabby appearance, the design inside was simple, bright, and a little special in the countryside.

Every room was well lit and ventilated. It should be warm living here in winter and cool in summer.

The woman's voice came from a room near the stairs on the first floor. Lynn Walker and Benson Brown followed her to the door.

In the bright room, she saw the man sitting on the bed. He was thin, with sunken cheeks. Leaning against the head of the bed, he was at his last gasp.

The woman picked up a bowl of water and poured it directly into the man's mouth. "Your leg is broken, not your hand. I take care of you every day, and you don't give me a penny."

The man opened his mouth automatically. Because of the woman's big movements, water all flowed along the corner of his mouth to his clothes, and his short sleeves were soon full of water stains.

The woman was furious.

"It's the same again. It's not you who wash the clothes. You are so depressed all day, but why don't you go to die? If I were you, I would prefer to strangle myself with a shoelace than to torture others!"