

Chapter 13: Premarital Checkups

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Jayden hadn't finished speaking when he heard the sound of a dog barking. He looked up and saw the security guard with a fierce dog on a leash.

The dog showed its sharp teeth and stared at him ferociously as if looking at its prey.

Jayden panicked at the sight of it.

The security guard untied the dog leash.

"Woof! Woof!"

The dog jumped up and pounced towards Jayden.

Jayden's face turned pale with fear while he instinctively turned around and ran: "Juliana, I don't care about you anymore!"

Juliana and Benson stood in the doorway, watching Jayden being chased by the dog, whose instinct for survival inspired his potential to run fast.

It looked like Jayden would be bitten by the dog soon.

Benson slightly raised an eyebrow in a good mood, "Mrs. Leach, you're so ruthless to set a dog on the man you loved before."

Juliana looked up at him, "So, don't mess with me or I'll murder my own husband."

Benson bent down, leaned close to her, and came face to face with her: "Mrs. Leach, are you that good at flirting?"

Juliana didn't dodge, but stared straight at him: "Mr. Leach, do I need to flirt with you?"

The two of them stopped talking and didn't look away.

They stood face to face and their breaths intertwined as the sunlight fell on them.

The atmosphere between the two was inexplicably harmonious.

Old Mr. Leach saw the scene and hurriedly took a picture of it with his cell phone.

The granddaughter-in-law was good enough to handle his grandson.

In the end, it was Benson who got defeated. Her eyes were beautiful, especially when they reflected his face.

And the fresh medicinal scent on her attracted him and soothed his mania in particular.

Benson stood with his hands in his pockets and asked her, "Mrs. Leach, what's next?"

Juliana looked away as well, "I will accompany you for a general checkup."

She didn't know much about Benson's condition yet. She didn't apply medicine according to indications last night but merely used acupuncture to put him to sleep.

However, it seemed that it didn't work.

Benson's mania was not a disease, but a poison.

Someone had poisoned him. If that person knew she could cure him, she would have to die first.

Benson: "Premarital checkups or pre-pregnancy examination?"

"Andrology, premature ejaculation." Juliana said and went upstairs.

Benson: ...

Seeing his own grandson defeated, old Mr. Leach laughed heartily.

...

During the day, Juliana accompanied Benson to have a physical examination.

The results of the examination came out in the evening.

Benson watched as Juliana sat on the sofa, looking down at all the examination reports, frowning at times and compressing her lips at others.

The soft light fell on her body, which seemed to be gilded with a layer of gold and hazy light, extremely appealing.

Benson felt a little tickled looking at her and missed the smell of her body.

"How's it?"

Juliana had read not only today's examination reports but also the previous reports.

She looked up at him, "The examination results do not match your physical condition. On the report, there is nothing wrong with your body except for your mental state."

But when she took his pulse, she noticed that he was poisoned with a special kind of neurotoxin.

Benson narrowed his eyes slightly, penetrating a sense of danger: "The results are false?"

His grandfather had arranged a medical team specifically for him because of his illness.

If his illness was not controlled or treated any longer, he would die!

Juliana didn't bother to read the rest of the checklist: "Not necessarily. I need to check further."

She had to find out what kind of neurotoxin it was so she could work on an antidote.

Benson nodded: "Okay."

Juliana was surprised to see his quick agreement: "Don't you suspect me?"