

## Chapter 14: Trust

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Benson stood up, walked behind Juliana, leaned down slightly, propped his hands on the armrests, and lowered his head to her ear to smell the refreshing medicinal scent of her body.

The frenzy in his heart was instantly soothed and he smiled with satisfaction, "I believe Mrs. Leach would not hurt her own husband."

He leaned in so close that when he spoke, his warm breath swept over Juliana's ear.

It was a sensitive spot for her.

Juliana turned her head sideways blushing and raised her hand to tug at her burning ears, "I won't let you down."

Benson only found it cute when he watched her doing that.

This woman had been wild and crazy last night and looked cute and soft today.

Everything about her won his favor.

At night, Juliana once again acted as a pillow and was held in Benson's arms as he slept.

She felt like a cat, allowing Benson to pet her and smell her.

...

Early the next morning, Juliana broke away from Benson's embrace and went out to exercise on her own.

The ancient medical school not only set up medical courses but also potions classes, as well as ancient martial arts.

If she had not trusted Stewart and Wendy too much, they would not have been able to kill Miranda.

Now, she had to enhance her body to reach the strength of Miranda's ancient martial arts, so that she could return to take revenge!

Without the pillow with the medicinal scent, Benson was unable to sleep either.

He got up and changed, then stood in front of the window, looking down at Juliana practicing expertly with a murderous look in the courtyard.

Was this Miss good for nothing in F City?

Philip stood by Benson and asked, "Young master, do you want me to investigate the young lady?"

Benson glanced at him coolly: "No need. I trust her."

He was a dying man and there was no need for her to go to such lengths.

Even if she did have ulterior motives, it didn't matter.

He was happy to pamper his woman.

Philip only felt a chill on his back. He hurriedly bowed his head: "Aye."

He went downstairs to old Mr. Leach, who was also sitting in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, looking out at Juliana who leaped, kicked back, and then landed steadily.

How valiant and beautiful!

Philip bowed and said, "Young Master won't let the young lady be investigated."

Old Mr. Leach watched with great interest and didn't even turn around: "It's good that Benson trusts

Juliana had just finished practicing when her cell phone rang on the side.

It was Jermaine calling.

Juliana didn't hurry to answer it but took a towel to wipe the sweat off her face and took a small sip of water.

It took three rings before Juliana picked up the phone. her. There is no need to hide things from her in the future."

As soon as she answered the phone, Jermaine's growl came to her ears, "What were you doing that took you so long to answer the phone? I called you last night and you didn't answer."

"Do you think I'm not your father anymore because you're married?"

Juliana walked toward the house, "What's the matter?"

Her calm voice gave Jermaine a sense of powerlessness as if he had punched the cotton.

Jermaine said in a deep voice: "You didn't call back to tell us that you were safe and we were worried. Your mother has cried. Come back and visit us today..."

Juliana did not want to listen to those hypocritical words. She answered faintly and then hang up the phone.

She looked up and saw Benson standing in the doorway, his eyes staring at her deeply: "Good morning, Mrs. Leach."

Juliana subconsciously explained, "It was Jermaine. He told me to go home."