

Chapter 8: Holding her in his arms

author: NewEraCulture update time: 2022-12-08 13:48:47 words: 3073

Benson lay on the pillow with a faint scent of medicine on it. He lay on his side and could not see Juliana's face.

He could only see her in her nightgown as well as her snow-white thighs and wrists.

When her hands reached his shoulders, he could also smell the faint fragrance from her hands.

That fragrance smelled similar to herbs, but it was more refreshing than the pillow, which instantly soothed his anxiety.

It was a calmness that he had never known before.

By the time Juliana finished the acupuncture, Benson's agitation was calmed and sleepiness overcame him after three days of no sleep.

Benson still struggled to look at Juliana.

Juliana pulled the needles from his body and said in a soft voice: "Sleep now. I'll stay here."

The gentle words made Benson unburdened. He could no longer resist the sleepiness and fell asleep.

Juliana looked at Benson sleeping. His face was still cold but much softer and he looked much better without the ruthlessness and coldness.

Looking at Benson's long, black, and thick eyelashes, Juliana reached out and touched them, "I can't believe he has such beautiful eyelashes."

Juliana didn't know Benson's body very well yet, so she stayed by the bedside.

Later, she could not stay awake any longer and fell asleep by the bed.

Sleeping, Juliana suddenly sensed danger and her eyes snapped open to meet a pair of scarlet and homicidal eyes.

"Mr... um."

Juliana had only raised her head before Benson grabbed her by her neck. He was so fast that she had no time to make a move.

This time, Benson grabbed her by the neck and lifted her up.

Juliana was about to suffocate when she grabbed Benson's arm and bent it hard.

Benson let go in pain but came up with his fists again.

Once again, the two fought fiercely in the room, breaking the room's furnishings.

Juliana had failed to win the fight when Benson was sober; now that Benson was out of his mind, Juliana was even less able to win.

Within minutes, Benson once again took Juliana by the throat and pressed her to the bed.

With his eyes red, Benson choked Juliana hard and pressed his body against hers, their body temperatures rising rapidly through their thin pajamas.

Benson smelled the faint refreshing medicinal scent from her body.

This medicinal fragrance gradually soothed his mania.

Just as Juliana thought she was going to be strangled, Benson suddenly let go, took her into his arms, rolled over, and laid down on the bed.

Soon, Benson's steady breathing was heard.

He fell asleep.

Juliana was stunned.

"Mr. Leach?"

Juliana called out tentatively a few times, but there was no response from Benson. He was indeed asleep.

Juliana was confined in his arms in a position that was not very comfortable and she tried to break out of his arms.

But as soon as she moved, Benson held her tighter with his arms around her neck.

Benson held her even tighter: "Don't move."

Juliana reckoned that he would probably just strangle her with his arms if she moved again.

But this position was making her uncomfortable: "I feel uncomfortable like this."

She had difficulty in breathing.

Benson's arms across her neck loosened slightly and he adjusted his position.

Juliana kept trying a few more times, but as long as she moved, Benson held her tight as if she was a pillow.

Later, Juliana gave up. Luckily, she no longer suffered from breathing difficulties.

Benson wrapped his arms and legs around her.

At her back was his strong and wide chest as his strong arms held her tightly. She could hear his strong heartbeat as her side face was pressed against his chest.

It was the first time Juliana had been this close to a man, with his scent around her nose. She thought she would be embarrassed, yet it made her feel relieved in a rare way.