

The Reborn Daughter Was an Able Woman with Many Identities Chapter 10 - Chapter 10 Lynn, Don't Go

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"Mom, I'm going crazy. As long as I think of that bitch being with Brown, I'm jealous to death!"

Jo Walker picked up the vase in the room and threw it into the mirror. Ignoring the glass pieces on the ground, she stepped on the ground barefoot.

Being afraid that Jo might get hurt, Elma White pulled her to the bed and said, "Jo, calm down. Don't hurt yourself!"

"Your face is so beautiful. What if it gets scratched? Isn't it making Lynn Walker more proud?"

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"We still have a chance. Benson Brown doesn't know about it. No one will know. Jo, you are complete! Do you know that?"

Jo Walker was suddenly enlightened. "Am I complete?"

Jo Walker was still unsatisfied with her answer. "That bitch saw me walk out of John Longman's room. She will destroy me!"

"No, mom won't let her have the chance to do so!"

The two of them whispered to each other and discussed what to do next. At the back of the screen, Lynn Walker's eyes became colder and colder.

Fortunately, the quality of the camera she installed was good. Although their voices were low, she could still hear every word.

It had to be said that in terms of viciousness, Elma White was still stronger. Unfortunately, she was no longer the same person in her past life!

As soon as she put on the headphones, there was a knock on the door.

Lynn Walker opened the door and saw Benson Brown standing in front of her with a tray in his hand, "You don't like the dinner?"

Hearing his question, Lynn Walker suddenly remembered that she was in a hurry to go back to her room just now and didn't even have a look at the dinner. She felt a little guilty to Benson Brown.

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There were exquisite desserts and a piece of steak on the tray. Judging from the color, she knew that the cooking skills were superb.

Lynn Walker smiled and took the tray. "Thank you, Brother Brown."

She wanted to turn around and enter the room, but Benson Brown had no intention of leaving, so she had to invite him in.

It was the first time that Lynn Walker had been stared eating. She was so nervous that she reversed the knife and fork.

Not knowing when Benson Brown sat behind her and bent down to change the knife and fork in her hands, "Put the fork here and slowly cut it into small pieces."

His nose was hovering strong hormones, and the unique fragrance of his body was constantly invading. Lynn Walker only felt that the place held by him was hot.

The beef in her mouth became tasteless, leaving only her instinctive chewing.

"Thank you, Brother Brown." It was not easy to cut the beef. Lynn Walker breathed a sigh of relief. This was the most suffering meal she had ever had. She had thought that living with Benson Brown could avoid the trouble of Jo Walker and the others. Now it seemed that there was another bigger trouble.

She came back for revenge. The man would only affect her speed of drawing the knife!

"Brother Brown, I'm full. I want to sleep alone."

The implication was to drive him away.

Noticing Lynn Walker's embarrassment, Benson Brown didn't force her.

He couldn't help but treat her well, but only between brother and sister!

The room was quiet. Lynn Walker leaned against the headboard of the bed. The night gradually shrouded her. Her eyes were as sharp as torches, waiting for the opportunity quietly.

"Bang!"

A crisp sound of glass breaking pulled her back from her thoughts.

Lynn Walker sat up abruptly and found the place where the voice came from. It was in the study.

"Brother Brown!" She called.

Brown fell on the ground unconsciously. His eyes were closed, and his pale face was bloodless. There was still a medicine bottle on the desk that hadn't been opened yet.

Lynn Walker rubbed her forehead. It was so serious. Why didn't he take medicine on time!

She exerted all her strength to carry Benson Brown on her shoulder and walked towards the bedroom step by step.

Of course, he couldn't take those pills when he was in a coma. Fortunately, she had a pair of needles with her, or even a god couldn't save him!

The moonlight sprinkled into the bedroom, adding a mystery to the originally cold room.

Lynn Walker ripped off Benson Brown's clothes, and a black blood vessel was faintly visible on his chest.

The situation was worse than she had expected. It seemed that the poison had been transferred to the heart. The poison was only at the surface during the day, and it was out of control in just a few hours.

Fortunately, she found it early today and took this opportunity to seal the poison in his blood vessel.

Lynn Walker put a cloth around her face. After thinking for a while, she decided not to turn on the light.

If he woke up halfway and found himself naked, she wouldn't even have a chance to run away.

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The needle's cold light pierced into Benson Brown's flesh. Benson Brown groaned in pain, and his eyelids moved as if he was about to open his eyes.

Lynn Walker was so frightened that sweat trickled down her forehead. Fortunately, he just waved his hand and didn't make any movement except frowning.

When Benson Brown was half asleep and awake, he felt that there were thousands of ants on his body. They were all-pervasive, and he was feeling not painful, but itchy.

Did the poison get worse?

He forced himself to open his eyes, but his eyelids were like hanging a thousand pounds of stone. In the darkness, he seemed to see a gentle outline.

As time went by, Lynn Walker took back the silver needle. An hour later, she wiped the sweat from her forehead and tucked Benson Brown in.

When she turned around, her wrist was held by someone. Lynn Walker's alarm rang and she got goosebumps.

"Don't go."

The three weak words were gone with a gust of wind.

But in Lynn Walker's ears, they were like death warrants. Was she about to be discovered?

Benson Brown's weak voice came again. "Don't leave, Lynn..."

Lynn Walker just wanted to run away without a stop. She struggled for a while but failed.

Two minutes later, there was a dead silence behind her. Lynn Walker looked back cautiously and then was relaxed.

He had never opened his eyes. It was she who scared herself!

No one knew what Benson Brown had done. He held her hand stubbornly, but Lynn Walker tried every means to escape.

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Finally, she was exhausted and sleepy, leaning against the bedside.

She had packed up all the things. The silver needle was very small, and there was almost no difference on the second day. She should be able to have a good sleep.

When the first beam of light in the morning came in, Lynn Walker couldn't help yawning. When she opened her eyes, a pair of deep pupils came in.

Her heart missed a beat. "Brother Brown!"

Benson Brown looked away and asked, "Why are you sleeping here?"

Lynn Walker sat up from the bedside as if her whole body was in a mess. She rubbed her shoulders, but her heart was unusually flustered.

Benson Brown woke up earlier than her. He wouldn't have found out that she had used needles on him last night?

"Brother Brown fainted in the study last night. I helped you into the room and fell asleep without noticing." The more Lynn Walker said, the guiltier she became. She didn't believe what she had said.

But she had to pretend to be innocent, blinking her sincere eyes at Benson Brown.

Benson Brown didn't believe it, but he couldn't doubt Lynn Walker.

Seeing the tissue on the floor, he frowned and asked, "What's this?"