

Chapter 9: Messing with Me

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The next day, Juliana was woken up by the sound of talking outside.

"It's already ten o'clock and Miss Lewis hasn't come out yet. Did she get killed by the young master?"

"I don't know. There was so much noise and then no sound in the room last night. It was frighteningly quiet. It's never happened before."

"The young master used to beat others badly when he was mad. Miss Lewis probably couldn't escape and died."

Philip heard the noise, came over, and scolded them, "What are you talking about here? Don't you want to work here anymore?"

The maids scattered.

Philip looked at the closed door of the room, full of anxiety, but did not dare to knock on the door.

He went downstairs to old Mr. Leach and asked, "Master, should I knock on the door?"

Old Mr. Leach looked solemn: "No, I trust Juliana."

Of course, he had heard the clanging noise in the room last night and wanted to go over and stop it before Juliana got hurt.

But in the end, he gave up.

It was Benson's last hope.

Juliana woke up in the room, still confined in Benson's arms and not moving a bit in her position.

But he didn't hold her as tightly as he did last night.

Juliana moved and felt her limbs tingling as if countless ants were gnawing at them. It was so uncomfortable that she gasped.

Staying in one position without moving all night, her limbs went numb.

Juliana jabbed Benson in the ribs with her finger: "Benson, let go of me. I feel numb."

Benson, who hadn't slept for three days, hadn't yet got enough sleep, but was woken up by her. He suddenly opened his eyes with redness in them, like a beast that had been woken up, looking at Juliana like prey.

Juliana, held in his arms, could not see his face, but sensed the danger.

Benson was a dangerous man.

He did not let go of Juliana but held her a little tighter, smelling the fresh medicinal scent of her body, and said in a husky voice: "Sleep."

He had no intention of letting her go at all. He had a rare night of good sleep without dreams.

After a short silence, Juliana said, "I... have to go to the bathroom."

She couldn't wait any longer.

If Benson had seen her face, he would have noticed that she was flushed.

Their position was awkward and she could clearly feel his erection in the morning as their bodies were pressed together.

Benson frowned but let go of her.

As soon as Juliana was free, she got out of bed and went to the bathroom, regardless of the paralysis of her limbs.

Benson looked at the closed door with a stern look that then relaxed.

When Juliana finished washing up and came out, Benson was already up and dressed.

Compared to the cold and bloodthirsty him last night, the one wearing a suit today looked aloof and noble.

Juliana had also organized her thoughts and asked him, "Mr. Leach, did you sleep well last night?"

Benson walked up to Juliana, looked down at her, and called out in a low and cold voice: "Juliana."

Juliana raised her eyes to meet his.

Benson lowered his head with his eyes that were filled with aggression and dominance: "Juliana, you can't fall back after messing with me."

Juliana was a bit confused. What did she do to mess with him?

"Mr. Leach, I just asked you if you slept well. How did I mess with..."

Before Juliana could finish her words, Benson leaned down, put his lips close to hers, and said softly, "My detoxification will be in your hands from now on, Mrs. Leach."

Juliana was surprised!

She looked up at him: "Do you believe in my medical skills now?"

Benson smiled slightly: "No, I don't."

Juliana was speechless.

Benson took a half step back, straightened up, and looked at her, "You're my antidote."

He liked her scent.

She was his.