Every Night 166

Chapter 166: Daniel Marshall's Evil

Not wanting to alarm Jay Bennett, Benjamin Johnson shot a fierce glare at Simon Howard and Colin Davis, then turned and left.

Moreover, this was not his territory; if things got out of hand, it would be difficult to clean up the mess.

He had already helped this far, but if she still couldn't beat Olivia Jenkins and even dragged him into the mess, this woman was utterly stupid. He had no hope for her anymore.

If she expected him to rescue her, she was dreaming!

In the soundproof room, the woman had already been beaten to a pulp. She screamed and wailed, but no one came to her aid.

In her despair, she knelt down and begged the two women to spare her, but they didn't let her off the hook.

One of the female bodyguards brandished a sharp knife back and forth in the woman's face.

The woman was so frightened that her eyeballs seemed to pop out. She shook her head in terror.

"Please...please...no more...l won't dare to do it again. Please spare me, sisters," she pled.

The bodyguard paid no heed and raised the sharp blade to the woman's face, even pressing it against her cheek.

In a split second, the woman dared not move her head, but she was trembling uncontrollably.

Her eyes widened as she cautiously watched the sharp blade; she was so scared she couldn't even cry.

Barely opening her lips, they were faltering unconsciously. Her throat seemed choked up, making no sounds.

"Our boss says if you act up again, if you have vicious intentions, this heartless blade will carve on your face. The depth of the cut, deep or shallow, will depend on how wicked you are. This karma blade will display all your retribution on your face."

"The manager at the Modelling Center, Manager Wu, has confessed. She took your money and under your orders, she brought the black feathered wedding dress for Miss Olivia Jenkins to wear. You also tampered with the dancing outfit Miss Jenkins wore, didn't you?"

"Your cell phone records confirm that you sent messages and pictures to Miss Bennet. You wanted Miss Bennet to know that Miss Jenkins was wearing the black feathered dress, hoping to instigate conflict between them and cause strife, right?"

The woman, still trembling all over, acknowledged, "Yes, I did all that. I loathe that bitch."

As she spoke, the woman's face grazed the sharp blade, causing a thin streak of blood.

She felt the sting on her face.

The female bodyguard put the knife away, warning harshly, "You had better watch out for vourself!"

As the female bodyguard was about to leave, Oliver Johnson barged in, hastily embracing the woman.

The bodyguard fixed her gaze on Oliver Johnson, "The boss has a message for Director Johnson; he will not allow such an incident to happen a second time. If you can't keep your people in check, he will take matters into his own hands and you will bear the consequences."

Oliver Johnson just held the woman tighter, sympathising her while also criticising her obstinance.

The woman's dress was damp with a foul smell spreading. She felt utterly humiliated and hated her dishevelled state. Succumbing to hatred, she buried her head in Oliver Johnson's chest, sobbing uncontrollably. Without uttering a word, Oliver Johnson cradled the woman out of the soundproof room. After an unknown amount of time, Olivia Jenkins slumped, panting for breath and depended on Daniel Marshall. As the recent scenes replayed in her head, she blushed, her heart racing rapidly. She couldn't control her physical reaction, but she was resolved to kill Daniel Marshall. The despicable jerk, looking so audaciously wicked, like a devil in the night! Olivia Jenkins, panting for breath, didn't forget to glare at Daniel Marshall fiercely. Daniel Marshall, looking like a satanic figure brimming with energy, held Olivia Jenkins, planting a kiss on

The hot breath of Daniel Marshall whispering into Olivia Jenkins's ears, "I can't watch you all the time, so I have to sap all your energy.. That way, you won't have the capacity to cuckold me, wife!"

her lips.