

Every Night 169

Chapter 169: Wife, Are You Still Angry?

Olivia Jenkins was asleep, the kind of sleep that only made her feel more tired, as if she was drifting between consciousness and dreams.

Groggy and confused, her heavy eyelids fluttered open and she woke up in a dazed state.

She lazily moved her body, trying to turn over while battling the drowsy remnants in her eyes.

Instantly, a pang of discomfort shot through her, jolting her into full alertness.

Her body felt disjointed and put back together, aching and hurting all over. It was unbearable!

She initially wanted to get up, but now, she just lay motionlessly on the bed, not daring to move any further.

A resentful look in her eyes, eyebrows creased... all demonstrated Olivia's disgruntled state.

"Ahhh... Daniel Marshall, I want to kill you!"

"Daniel Marshall, you're a bastard! A rogue! You're shameless! I curse your ancestors for eighteen generations!"

Frenzied knocking erupted from outside the door, and Auntie Jane anxiously asked, "Madam, are you awake? Shall I come in? Are you okay?" Olivia Jenkins wasn't okay, all she wanted was to kill Daniel.

Fury surged within her, consuming all rational thought.

Every curse word she knew, she had silently flung at him a hundred times over.

“No, Auntie Jane, don’t come in.”

“Madam, should I call a doctor to examine you? Or, would you like to go to a hospital?”

“I’m fine, I need to sleep a bit more.”

“Alright then, I won’t disturb you. Call me if you need anything. The master has gone out, you can call him as well.”

“Hmm!”

A bit unsure, Auntie Jane lingered at the master bedroom’s door, only descending the stairs when she was certain that the madam’s emotional state had calmed down.

Upon giving it some thought, Auntie Jane decided to call the master.

Not too long after, Olivia’s phone rang. It was a video call from Daniel.

Without picking up, Olivia ended the call.

Fuming and annoyed, she glared angrily at the world.

She returned with Daniel the previous night, not even given a chance to escape.

She didn’t know where this bastard derived his energy from. She was nearly dead from his antics.

She couldn’t even remember how many times it had happened.

He wanted to drain her of all her energy, he wasn't merely scaring her – he was serious!

Either way, Olivia Jenkins couldn't wait to get rid of Daniel.

Moments later, her phone buzzed again.

It was a message from Daniel.

Without looking, she considered deleting it.

As Olivia looked at the screen, the pain across her body vanished, and she rolled over to open the video.

The woman in the video was the daughter of the chief financial officer.

There were a few more videos sent by Daniel, all featuring the CFO's daughter. These videos were potentially useful to her.

[Angry, honey?]

The last message was a voice note from Daniel, which made Olivia grind her teeth in anger.

She roared –

[Daniel Marshall, to hell with your big mouth!]

[Honey, you seem energetic, I was thinking... well, you know what!]

Olivia saved all the videos promptly, and blocked Daniel on WeChat.

Despite grappling with immense discomfort, Olivia struggled to get out of bed, slowly easing herself off it.

The moment her feet touched the floor, she involuntarily let out a faint sound,

“Hiss... Ah...”

“Daniel Marshall is absolutely the worst!”

“Once the Jenkins Group gets back on track, I’ll kick you to death first. We must get a divorce.”

There was a fierce, cold look in Olivia’s eyes, her hands clenched tightly into fists, her knuckles turning white from the pressure. She wished she could strangle Daniel to death.

The WeChat message wouldn’t go through, and Daniel frowned slightly, pursing his lips.

He attempted to call Olivia, only for her to hang up as soon as it started ringing.

Olivia also sent him a threatening text.

“Bother me again, and your number’s getting blocked too.” The temper of his little lady was quite something!

And she even dared to threaten him.

However, Daniel was surprisingly in high spirits today, feeling invigorated and refreshing, with an unconsciously raised corner of his mouth.

Therefore, he didn’t mind his little lady venting her anger at him.

At Benjamin Davis's villa, a servant reported that Daniel Marshall had arrived..