

Every Night 200

Chapter 200: Annoying Yet Acting Innocently

The servant came and announced that the young mistress had returned. Alexander Marshall's face was stern, his lips curled in cold disdain, "Let her in."

Olivia Jenkins stepped into the opulent main building of Beverly Hills, saw two rows of neatly dressed bodyguards in black suits, and a mocking smile appeared on her face.

Olivia Jenkins looked up at the second floor, raising her voice to shout,

"Grandpa, are you so afraid of me? Or, are you excited to welcome me home?"

Alexander Marshall had never seen such a daring woman shouting at him like this, so he frowned and took the elevator down.

Seeing so many bodyguards in such a stately procession, a fierce flare flickered in Alexander Marshall's eyes, and he exclaimed harshly, "Are you all just lazing around?"

The old master was angry, and the butler motioned for the guards to disperse immediately.

They were simply concerned about the old master's safety, cautiously guarding against the young mistress, lest she become completely lawless.

Olivia Jenkins, ever the stickler, continued to taunt: "Grandpa, are you afraid that I'll tear this family apart? I'm not a mischievous puppy, you don't need to protect against me like this!"

Annoyed, Alexander Marshall frowned, "Then what did you come here for?"

"Grandpa, am I not allowed to visit Beverly Hills unless I have a reason? Besides, shouldn't I be here? You threw me such a big surprise, I have no reason not to come see you, right? You must be so lonely that you always want to attract people's attention. I'm here to take special care of you!"

This damn girl really has a way with words, she even plays innocent while being infuriating!

Alexander Marshall frowned at Olivia Jenkins.

Suddenly, Daniel Marshall rushed in.

Alexander Marshall glared sharply at his grandson, "Did the two of you plan to return together?"

Olivia Jenkins rolled her eyes disdainfully, "I came back to pay my respects!"

"When are you two divorcing?"

Alexander Marshall's icy gaze swept over Daniel Marshall and Olivia Jenkins.

Olivia Jenkins approached Daniel Marshall, unabashedly embracing him,

"Grandpa, I never thought I'd see the day! "

This vile woman was really good at riling him up! Alexander Marshall's gaze grew even colder, like a knife's edge flashing with cold light. He wished he could stab Olivia Jenkins dead on the spot.

Daniel Marshall's eyes, dark and unfathomable like a deep pool, seemed to be filled with drifting smoke, making him look hazy and unclear.

He embraced Olivia Jenkins and approached his grandfather, "We came to join you for lunch, fearing you might be lonely."

Alexander Marshall sneered sarcastically, "Lucky me, if you don't annoy me to death. "

“Grandpa, you’re overreacting, may you have good fortune as vast as the sea and longevity as enduring as the mountains!”

If his eldest grandson hadn’t arrived, Alexander Marshall really would have thrown the insolent girl in front of him out.

Seeing her just irrationally irritates him.

Olivia Jenkins looked defiantly at the old man, but turned to Daniel Marshall and cooed, “Honey, I’m thirsty, I want watermelon juice.”

Daniel Marshall spoke softly, “Okay, take a seat for now.”

Watching his eldest grandson squeeze watermelon juice for this hateful woman, Alexander Marshall’s face turned fearsomely dark.

A sense of revenge flitted through Olivia Jenkins’ mind, “Grandpa, do you want some? I’ll have Daniel make you a glass of watermelon juice too.”

Should I be grateful to you for letting me taste the juice my own grandson freshly squeezed? Alexander Marshall glared at Olivia Jenkins, “I’m afraid I might get diabetes, I’m not drinking!”

Olivia Jenkins chuckled, “Maybe it’s because I’m so happy, even drinking water feels sweet to me. Possibly, grandpa is unable to relate to these feelings of mine, perhaps you’d prefer sour things, like lemon juice.”

This young mistress’s mouth is even more aggressive than a machine gun, a few words enough to infuriate the old master.

The butler wanted to laugh but didn’t dare, so he held it in.

“You deliberately came to stir up trouble, didn’t you?” Alexander Marshall’s face was longer than a tennis racket.

Olivia Jenkins innocently replied, “Grandpa, I didn’t hit or curse you.. How did I ‘stir up trouble?’”