

## Every Night 211

### Chapter 211: Hiding in Daniel Marshall's Arms

"Jordan, my wife and I will be taking off. Take your time with the coffee." Daniel Marshall's voice was low and resonant, like the charming sounds of a cello that tugged at heartstrings. It gave one the urge to continue listening, yet it was also laced with a bone-chilling cold that could deter anyone.

A minute fluctuation flashed through Jordan's unplumbable dark eyes. He waved his hand, "Go ahead. I'll admire this beautiful scene a little longer."

Daniel's gaze was piercing, as if it could see through everything. He tightened his hold around Olivia Jenkins, not looking back as he left.

After they were out of Jordan's sight, Olivia pushed Daniel, her voice stern, "Put me down."

Daniel obeyed and let go of Olivia.

However, before Olivia could react, Daniel pushed her against a wall. Olivia gritted her teeth, glaring furiously at Daniel, "Get lost!"

She tried to push him away again, but to no avail.

Trapped between Daniel and the wall, the intimate proximity between them unsettled Olivia. Daniel's tall and upright figure overwhelmed her.

In a fit of embarrassed rage, Olivia exploded, "Daniel Marshall, you bastard!"

Immersed in a gloomy aura, Daniel seemed to be on the verge of an eruption of rage. His voice spewed forth from between his gritted teeth, "Mrs. Marshall, have you forgotten who you are? Luring men everywhere, do you think I'm dead? I want to fucking strangle you!"

What a skewed line of thinking.

All she had done was have coffee with Jordan, discussing their cooperation on the side. How did that turn into luring men everywhere?

Daniel's flirtations with other women never seemed to affect him. Why didn't he ever question his own actions?

Wasn't he the one who conveniently forgot he had a wife and should maintain a certain level of distance?

Double standards. Daniel was a scumbag!

Olivia was seething with furious exasperation. Words of indignation tumbled out, "Daniel Marshall, your brain must have been squeezed in a door! You're despicable!"

"You despise me this much, yet you still think you're faultless?" Daniel's dark and impassive eyes resembled a black hole, seemingly ready to swallow Olivia whole.

Olivia should have backed down by this point.

Determined to make her point and pushing against Daniel, her furious agitation was written all over her face, "I'm not wrong. It's clearly you who's the bastard! You're so full of yourself!"

In the fleeting moment, Daniel leaned down, forcefully and wickedly drowning out Olivia's protests.

Amid Olivia's struggles and resistances, Daniel's slightly squinted eyes were terrifying, filled with a savage, rough streak that was reflected in his actions.

Feeling Olivia's pained grip on his suit, Daniel reined in his fervor, his touch becoming gentle.

Only when Olivia was nearly struggling for breath did Daniel pull away and pause, huffing as he watched Olivia that was gasping for air.

“I’m telling you, if you forget that you’re Mrs. Marshall again, I’ll make sure that you’ll never forget me.”

Olivia was gasping for breath.

She also wanted to fucking throttle Daniel.

Did this bastard forget that she had sharp teeth? He’d bitten her again.

Her lips stung a little.

She glared at Daniel resentfully.

Gazing at Olivia’s blushing lips, a hint of warm tenderness shone in Daniel’s ink-black eyes, “Are you going to keep arguing with me, Mrs. Marshall?”

The blaze of fury in Olivia’s almond-shaped eyes seemed to want to incinerate Daniel.

When Olivia was just about to unleash her fury at Daniel, she heard Winona Thornton’s voice outside.

Furious as she was, Olivia was gripped by an idea. She didn’t want Winona to know about her relationship with Daniel. Since she was planning to divorce him anyway, the fewer people who knew the better.

In an instant, Olivia ducked into Daniel’s embrace, her arms concealed within his suit coat..