Every Night 212

Chapter 212 Olivia Jenkins is My Wife

Olivia Jenkins threw herself at Daniel Marshall. His eyes, deep as ink, flickered with a touch of softness.

Instinctively, he held Olivia Jenkins tightly in his arms.

The corners of Daniel's sensual lips curved slightly upward, transforming his usually cold facial features in an instant, making his handsome face even more charming.

The voice of Winona Thornton was gradually fading. Suddenly, Olivia Jenkins pushed Daniel Marshall away.

Suddenly, Daniel held onto Olivia's hand tightly, refusing to let go.

Daniel's voice was low, his words were slow but full of deterrence, "Wife, are

you joining me for dinner, or am I joining you?"

Either way, she would still end up watching him eat!

Olivia rolled her eyes at Daniel irritably.

"Daniel, you're truly annoying!"

"A husband having dinner with his wife is only natural!"

It seemed like there was no getting rid of Daniel. Olivia had been defeated by his shamelessness. "Fine, let's eat. But please, let go of my hand."

A crafty look flashed in Daniel's eyes. Suddenly, he shouted loudly, "Olivia

Jenkins is my…"

Before he could say the word "wife," Olivia quickly covered Daniel's mouth, glaring at him threateningly, and finally conceded.

"Alright, I'm scared of you."

Daniel let go of Olivia's hand. He seemed to be behaving now. Olivia even let Daniel hold her hand.

A devilishly handsome smile drifted across Daniel's face as he looked at Olivia. "As long as you get used to me, my dear, after all, we've been intimate more than once."

Olivia gave Daniel an annoyed glance and complained, "Let's go already, you talk too much."

Daniel raised an eyebrow and directly embraced Olivia in his arms.

More than hand-holding, hugging his wife is much more comforting.

Daniel really booked the entire revolving restaurant on the top floor of the

Century Center, just to have an undisturbed, quiet meal with Olivia Jenkins.

Whether it was the appetizer, main course, or even the post-meal dessert, Olivia could tell that everything was carefully prepared.

Strangely, there was a mixture of indescribable feelings stirring up within Olivia.

Even though she found this romantic gesture somewhat surprising, she maintained her alertness, refusing to lose herself.

The red wine in the revolving restaurant tasted amazing. Unknowingly, Olivia drank a few too many glasses.

Perhaps it was the flavor of the wine, or maybe the effect of the candlelight setting, but Olivia found Daniel, who sat opposite her, somewhat attractive.

He didn't look so bad when he wasn't angry or aggressive.

Becoming aware of her thoughts, Olivia shook her head vigorously, trying to dismiss her inappropriate opinions.

She warned herself not to get too involved with Daniel, reminding herself that they were going to separate eventually.

Daniel was an asshole, and everything she saw now was just an illusion, perhaps distorted by the wine. She couldn't take it as the truth.

As the waiter came over to top up Olivia's glass, she held her hand over it and said, "Thank you, but I won't be having anymore."

Daniel squinted his deep-set eyes, softly asking, "Are you drunk? Your face is flushed."

Olivia shook her head and replied irritably, "No, you're talking nonsense."

Daniel's gaze fluctuated as he calmly observed Olivia, "Looks like your tolerance is low! Honey, this bottle of wine isn't finished yet. It's no fun drinking alone!"

Olivia shook her head, let out a breath, then rested her chin on her hand at the dining table, looking at Daniel. "I'm sure of one thing, your character is terrible."

Daniel lifted his wine glass, took a sip, and moved with an elegance displaying a sense of prestige.

He squinted his eyes, his deep and magnetic voice lightly saying, "Honey, you are really drunk!"