

Every Night 219

Chapter 219: Contest

With Mr. Alexander Marshall having left, only Bella Thompson and the housemaid were left in the living room.

A flash of resentment flared in Bella's eyes.

She rose up, oblivious to the blood on her hands, and angrily hurled the fruit bowl off the coffee table.

In an instant, fruit was strewn all over the floor.

Bella's countenance grew thunderous, and she roared angrily, "All of you, get the hell out!"

Even though Bella had just been reprimanded and beaten by the old man, she was still the straw boss; therefore, the housemaids had to heed her mood and dared not speak out. They quickly fled the room.

Now alone in the vast living room, Bella sat on the floor and cried out in pain.

Her cries were desolate, filled with uncontrollable resentment.

It would have been fine if he had just cursed and scolded her, but how could the old man hit and kick her in front of the housemaids? As the lady of the Marshall Family, even the slimmest veneer of face, even the slightest self-esteem must follow her around.

She had become the laughingstock of Beverly Hills. How could she maintain her authority in the Marshall Family hereafter?

Bella really hated the old man for humiliating her publicly in Beverly Hills and for attracting gawkers.

She hated how Mr. Alexander Marshall had caused Matthew Marshall to lose face along with her, leaving him without even the slightest bit of status.

Bella cried uncontrollably, her emotions running high.

Her hands clenched tightly, the knuckles whitening, shaking uncontrollably as if in suppressed rage.

Everyone thought she was ruthless, but they were equally cruel to her.

When she married into the Marshall Family, she seemed glorious, but in reality, other than the admired status and title, she had nothing. She couldn't even protect her own family business, and she always had to attend to Mr.

Alexander Marshall's mood. Her life had never been easy, had it?

She worked like a slave for the Marshall Family, and yet Mr. Alexander Marshall was still prejudiced against her. In his eyes, only the bastard born of that missing bitch mattered. She and her son were always excluded. Why couldn't she plan for her own son?

Her Matthew was also a descendant of the Marshall Family. How could they ignore him?

She married into the Marshall Family, signing the same marriage agreement as Olivia Jenkins. Why wasn't she allowed to complain?

Recalling all this, Bella cried even harder.

She just wanted to get rid of Daniel.

As long as Daniel existed, he was a thorn in the side of her Matthew.

With the old man treating her and her son this way, how could she feel at ease? How could she not be anxious?

Being penniless was one thing, but not allowing Matthew to be as penniless as she was—was that wrong?

It was clearly the Marshall Family that was unfair, devouring others. This place was a devil's nest!

Out of anger and resentment, Bella smashed everything she could get her hands on in the living room to vent her hatred.

As long as she lived, she would never stop cursing Daniel and wishing him the worst fate.

She wanted Daniel to have no descendants!

Treating her and her son like this, she was ready to commit the most ruthless acts.

Alexander Marshall arrived, glaring fiercely at Olivia Jenkins.

The gloom in his eyes, especially intimidating, gave off a terrifying, ruthless aura.

Daniel held onto Olivia's hand, as if protecting her by his side. His deep eyes met his grandfather's, locked in a stare-down.

There seemed to be a thick scent of gunpowder in the air. However, silence prevailed.

After a while, Alexander was the first to break the silence, easing the tense atmosphere.

"What did the doctor say? Where was he hurt? Is it serious?"

Alexander's frosty gaze shifted to Olivia. Olivia relayed truthfully, "He suffered a soft tissue contusion. Fortunately, his spine and thoracic vertebrae weren't injured. However, due to the attack on his back, which reverberated to his chest, his previous injury has been affected. The doctor said he needs to rest in bed for a while.."