

## **Every Night 243**

### Chapter 243 The Wife Returns Home

Olivia Jenkins looked slightly pale.

She stared blankly at the photo of her father on the gravestone.

After some thought, her emotions remained complex, but she appeared to be much calmer now.

“Dad, you probably didn’t know what the future would be like either, did you?”

You had no certainty, yet, you gambled on it.”

“You were betting on a future you hoped to see, or rather, you were betting on your wishes, weren’t you?”

“Despite knowing the aggressive manner of the Marshall Family, looking down upon the Jenkins Family, and potentially overpowering us, you still firmly entrusted me to Daniel Marshall. Did you really trust him, or did you regard his capabilities and power higher?”

“Or was it that you overestimated Daniel Marshall’s character?”

“If you knew about Daniel’s unforgettable past, would you still insist on me marrying him?”

After a moment of silence, Olivia murmured to herself, “Dad, you wanted to tell me that individuals can shape their own destinies, right?”

Her nose tingled again, and tears welled up more and more in her eyes.

The complexity of her feelings upset her so much that it made her chest ache.

After some internal struggle, Olivia could not hold back her tears anymore. The glistening teardrops quietly overflowed her eyes, slowly coursing down her cheeks, wetting the dry streaks on her face again.

An opportunist wins, she understood that, but she also had to let go of all her pride and arrogance, live as others expected her to, to be someone who is sensible and understanding in the eyes of others.

These tears, shall serve as her final farewell, she could only follow the path she chose.

A path of which she also didn't know what lay in the future.

She was not defeated by naivety, but succumbed to the harsh realities.

In the evening, Daniel Marshall woke up.

His expression was dull, his normally apathetic face- now colder than ever.

After some hesitation, Simon Howard broke the silence. "Boss, you must be hungry, would you like some porridge?"

Daniel, whose mind seemed far away, didn't even blink and replied, "I'm not hungry, you can leave it there."

"The doctor said your fever has gone down. He's scheduled a detailed examination for you tomorrow. If the results are good, you can be discharged and go home to rest."

Daniel remained unmoved, silent and expressionless.

After pursing his lips briefly, Simon Howard casually said: "Auntie Jane called to say that Mrs. Marshall already went back to Pearl Lake. She didn't have dinner and didn't want Auntie Jane to disturb her, so she should be asleep by now."

Finally, Daniel parted his lips slightly and whispered: "Let her be."

Simon Howard continued: "According to you, Leaf Fiona didn't go with her and we don't know where she went."

"Simon Howard, you can leave, I want some peace," Daniel stated.

"Okay!"

Matthew Marshall tried to call Olivia Jenkins a few times, but she did not pick up nor call back.

He also texted her on WeChat but got no reply.

His father was staying in a hotel and didn't return home.

At this point, Beverly Hills was in a state of speechlessness. It didn't feel like home anymore. It felt more like a place filled with fear, not only making one feel suffocating but completely breathless, giving one the instinct to escape.

His mother looked quite pitiable. She waited faithfully for his father to return, waiting for his calls every moment, not daring to say much, afraid of making mistakes.

In front of his grandfather, Matthew could see his mother's carefulness and fear.

Even though his mother was the hostess of Beverly Hills, it seemed like she was more like a dog kept by the Marshall Family, making one feel indignant. It was clear she was suffering and couldn't say anything, forcing herself to swallow it all.

Ignoring him, and unwilling to return home, Matthew went to the bar.

Suddenly, someone tapped his shoulder.

Matthew looked up and saw it was Benjamin Johnson!