

Every Night 56

Chapter 56: Olivia Jenkins in His Arms

That jerk is really disgusting!

Olivia Jenkins glared at Daniel Marshall with a cold gaze, "Alright, this is my responsibility, I'll take good care of you."

Marshall's deep, dark eyes flashed, and his thin lips were pursed.

Suddenly, he was abruptly helped up by Jenkins.

"Your left leg is in a cast, and your right leg isn't damaged. I'm holding you up now, so walk slowly."

Daniel, relying completely on Jenkins, standing on one foot, was so annoyed that it seemed like fire would burst out of his eyes.

"Tell me, how am I to walk with one leg? Do you think I can fly? Or maybe you want me to hop along?"

"Ah... so you can't fly! I thought you could do anything!"

Marshall's look carried an ominous air, his countenance darkening.

His stern voice seemed as though it wanted to penetrate Jenkins' eardrums, "Don't try to provoke me; you might not like the outcomes."

Jenkins curled her lip in disdain, "Don't you want to eat? Then you'd better listen to what the doctor says! Even if it means crawling, you need to get off the bed and move a little."

Daniel furrowed his brow as he circled Jenkins' neck and shoulders with his left hand.

In an instant, it was as if Jenkins was cradled in his arms.

Marshall dropped all his weight onto Jenkins, "Then, Mrs. Marshall, would you please assist me in walking? Even if it means crawling, you'll have to carry me." Jenkins glared at Marshall, annoyed.

His full weight was on her, it was a struggle for her to bear him, she was even at her limit.

To prevent being tipped over and tumbling to the floor by Daniel, Jenkins had to hold his waist and distribute some of the weight.

"Daniel Marshall, are you doing this on purpose?" Jenkins' rage, visible in her eyes, seemed capable of burning Marshall alive.

Daniel's face didn't change, but his thin lips opened slightly, "Mrs. Marshall's skin is so thick that even the earth is ashamed in comparison."

"People like you, even wasps would keep their distance, thinking you stink." "Mrs. Marshall, do you particularly enjoy holding me still like this? If you want, just say it plainly. Why do you insist on beating around the bush, you really like to make things hard for yourself."

Jenkins remained silent, squeezing Daniel's waist hard.

If it weren't for her own future, she would've loved to kick the one leg he stands on and send him tumbling to his doom.

Feeling the sting from the pinch on his waist, Daniel furrowed his brows, staring at Jenkins with complex eyes.

Suddenly, Jenkins slapped the one leg Daniel was standing on, "Take a step. This leg of yours isn't injured."

“I won’t be able to walk for sure, I can only shuffle slowly. You should let my right hand hold onto a crutch.”

“Wouldn’t it be better to just lie back on the bed?”

Daniel, lips pursed, a mysterious look in his eyes, placed both hands on

Jenkins, “It feels better with Mrs. Marshall holding onto me when we walk. Come on, Mrs. Marshall!”

Jenkins, infuriated, snapped, “Daniel Marshall, that’s enough!”

“No way, I can neither walk nor go back.” Daniel’s face was still close to Jenkins’, “Your scent smells good, like flower petals.” Angry and frustrated, Jenkins slapped Daniel hard.

“If you don’t let go of me, I’m going to kill you!”

“This is the outcome you wanted, it’s all your scheming, Mrs. Marshall. I’m just playing along. ”

“You’re really heavy, if you don’t let go, we’re both going to fall and you’ll be crushed to death. No blaming me then.”

Daniel raised an eyebrow, mockingly looking at Jenkins, “Even if we were to fall, you’d be my cushion, it’s not a loss for me.”

Jenkins stopped wasting her breath, grabbing Daniel’s waist tightly.

Suddenly, the door to the ward opened, and Adam Howard walked in carrying two bags.

Seeing Daniel and Jenkins in each other’s arms, he blinked in surprise.

“Sorry, I didn’t see anything.” Saying this, Adam was about to leave.

Jenkins looked pitifully at Howard, “Don’t go, come and help me..”