

Every Night 75

Chapter 75: Remember to Wipe Your Tears

“The door’s not locked!” Olivia Jenkins pulled out a tissue, wiping away her tears.

Her eyes were still red and somewhat swollen.

Opening the door, Daniel Marshall wheeled himself in.

His icy gaze fiercely fixed on Olivia, “Explain.”

Resentment filled Olivia’s eyes as she stared at Daniel, “You have an issue with me, don’t you? You’re searching for a problem just because. Can’t you give me a bit of peace?”

“How dare you sound so righteous. You think you’ve done nothing wrong? Playing the victim?”

Daniel’s brows furrowed tightly, his twisted handsome face indicating an incoming storm. If Olivia was smart, she would know when to stop. Ignoring the fire in Daniel’s eyes, Olivia pointed to him and yelled, “Get out!”

It’s been a long time since anyone had so greatly irritated him. The woman before him continually challenged his limits; He couldn’t forgive her this time.

The veins on Daniel’s temples throbbed subtly, his voice was chillingly cold as he said, “As long as you’re Mrs. Olivia Marshall, even things you don’t enjoy, you must do. Even if it is death, you can only die in the Marshall Family.” Olivia gritted her teeth, sinisterly glaring at Daniel.

Her hands balled into fists, her knuckles white from the pressure.

“You clearly wouldn’t allow me to set foot in Beverly Hills, but you’re acting like the victim. Your Marshall Family is absolutely disgusting!” she spat.

Daniel squinted, "Explain."

"Your Marshall family, from top to bottom, all rotten to the core. I feel suffocated just seeing you all. Your family reeks of filth!"

"Even so, you can only rot alongside," Daniel's voice was low but carried a bone-chilling coldness.

As Olivia tried to leave, Daniel grabbed her hand, "I'm giving you ten minutes to adjust your emotions, then accompany me in paying respects to grandmother. Even if you feel aggrieved, you have to play the part, it's the duty of Mrs. Olivia Marshall."

Suddenly, Olivia flung off Daniel's hand.

She glared at him, full of anger.

Daniel's dark gaze seemed as if it would pierce through Olivia, "I'll be waiting for you downstairs, remember to dry your tears."

Olivia remained silent as a murderous intent flashed within her eyes.

As Daniel wheeled himself out of the guest room, he caught sight of the broken mobile phone out of the corner of his eye.

With a taut set of his lips, a barely noticeable ripple of emotion crossed Daniel's eyes.

The Marshall Family cemetery.

Seeing Olivia, Alexander Marshall's face darkened.

With no trace of fear, Olivia pushed Daniel's wheelchair till they were in front of Alexander.

Even though he was in a wheelchair, a commanding aura still perfectly radiated off Daniel.

Pointing with a slightly curled lip, Daniel sternly spoke up, ensuring his words would be heard by everyone present.

"My wife returned to the Pearl Lake villa to get medicine for me. Coincidentally, her phone broke and even as the wife of a wealthy young master, she was unable to enter her own home. Grandfather, if you have an issue with me, address it with me directly. It doesn't look good on you to trouble a woman and it leaves room for gossip."

Alexander's voice was as cold as ice, "What did you say?"

As grandfather and grandson locked eyes, Daniel showed no signs of backing down.

"Grandfather, I've made myself very clear. Moreover, has the housekeeper at Beverly Hills forgotten the rules? Have they lost all manners? Don't they know that not just anyone can enter Joyful Hall? Why was there someone who's not of the Marshall Family present? Or did they have special permission from you, grandfather?"

Fu lowly dropped her gaze, not daring to look at Daniel or Alexander.

Being humiliated in front of many people, Daniel still defended that cheap woman Olivia. Fu felt aggrieved, angry, and disappointed!

Something like this actually happened under his watch, Alexander yelled out with anger, "Conduct a thorough investigation of Beverly Hills.. Whoever doesn't know the rules, get out!"