

Every Night 93

Chapter 93: Victory Gesture

Daniel Marshall didn't expect Olivia Jenkins to kiss him on her own initiative, and he was stunned for a few seconds.

She was just putting on a show, as long as it could infuriate these self-proclaimed nobles. Olivia didn't really want to kiss Daniel, she was planning on ending the kiss soon.

Suddenly, Daniel deepened the kiss.

Because Daniel was holding Olivia by the waist, she couldn't break away.

Watching this scene, Matthew Marshall was dumbfounded, his eyes widened in shock.

Michael Marshall and Bella Thompson were also unbelievably shocked, their faces mirroring each others' dismay, a clear look of displeasure etched on their faces.

These two were too reckless, ignoring everyone else, so passionate and unrestrained, disregarding the dignity of the elders... Alexander Marshall was clenching his brows tightly, ready to burst out in fury.

"Matthew, go back to your room."

Respecting his grandfather's words, Matthew went upstairs.

This was the first time he saw a woman who dared to disregard both his grandfather and father.

What exactly was it about this woman that made his older brother hold onto her so tightly?

Unknowingly, he also started to become interested in his sister-in-law.

Out of nowhere, Alexander Marshall furiously smashed his teacup.

Hearing the sound of the cup shattering, Daniel reluctantly ended the kiss.

Regaining her freedom, Olivia Jenkins coldly glared at the Marshall family elders, her expression still holding a hint of mockery, "You've all seen it, we're perfectly fine. We're not getting a divorce."

"Whether or not you divorce isn't your decision, leave the Marshall residence. Tomorrow morning, the divorce papers will be delivered into your hands." Alexander's distorted face reflected the raging storm within him, his voice as cold as an ice cavern.

Olivia rose from her seat, laughing coldly, "Grandfather, you're old now, get some rest early, take care of yourself. You might live a long life. You all needn't worry about Daniel and me, we won't divorce, not even in death, only in widowhood! And moreover, I'm very busy, don't make me respond to every ludicrous thing, I don't have the time, and I disdain giving them a response!"

"As long as I remain Mrs. Marshall, don't expect the Marshall Family to have any grandchildren. What's more, I'll keep Daniel wrapped around my finger all his life, ensuring there's no place for other women. I'll lure him every day, making sure I am the only one in his heart. He won't be able to forget me, as I continue to hold my position as Mrs. Marshall." As her words fell, Olivia gave a provocative snort.

Her smile had turned gloomy as well.

It's just right to be angry, fanning the flames, hoping to infuriate this bunch of people who think they're superior.

Compared to the Marshalls, she felt that what she did wasn't too excessive. She was merely giving them a taste of their own medicine.

Ignoring the black faces and fury of the Marshalls, Olivia cradled Daniel's face, planted another kiss, and then, stomping away flamboyantly, she even waved a victorious gesture.

She didn't care much about coming here.

Seeing these self-proclaimed nobles from the Marshall family disgusted her and ruined her mood.

Alexander's face was extremely livid. It had been a long time since he was this infuriated. This brat had managed to do it, his anger clearly visible on his face.

After smashing another teacup, Alexander bellowed, "Don't let this brat set a foot in Beverly Hills again, make her disappear completely."

Under their grandfather's ire, Michael and Bella didn't dare to say a word properly.

Daniel's hawkish eyes met his grandfather's gaze. His lips moving faintly, his voice sparse and indifferent, "So any woman grandfather dislikes must be driven out of the Marshall family by any means necessary?"

"What did you say?" Alexander was shocked, staring at his eldest grandson. Michael shouted hurriedly, "Daniel, get out!"

Unafraid of his father and grandfather, Daniel's hard side profile seemed sharp as a knife, "Did Olivia and I hit a nerve? Did we prick your self-pride?"