

Midnight 1011

Chapter 1011

"Let's not dwell on the past anymore. I won't mention it again," Dorothy said, sensing the regret that lingered in Everett's heart. Even if she could bear another child for him, allowing Everett to be there at the moment of birth, waiting anxiously outside the delivery room, some things just couldn't be mended. Some opportunities, once missed, were gone forever.

After dinner, knowing that Karen was overwhelmed by the stress of parenting, Jeffrey suggested they take a walk to clear her head. Dorothy, caught up with work matters, decided not to join them. Instead, she and Everett returned to their Bay Residence home.

As they entered, Dorothy took Everett's coat and put it away. "Everett, I feel so blessed right now."

"Is it because of meeting Heather?" Everett wrapped his arms around her from behind, gently caressing her cheek with his.

"No, I've felt it since this morning, but now it's just clearer to me."

"Then stay by my side, forever and never leave."

Dorothy nodded, her cheeks flushing with a sudden burst of red.

"Everett... don't you think life is about seizing the moment, enjoying what you want to enjoy, doing what you want to do, and fixing the regrets in your heart as soon as possible?"

Her words were heavy with unspoken meaning.

Everett, ever so perceptive, caught on immediately. He raised an eyebrow. "Just say it."

"I... I think we should... maybe start trying for a baby sooner rather than later?"

This was the second time she had brought it up. The last time, Everett had cautioned her to take care of her health first, especially since she had just been getting over a bout of depression.

But now, some time had passed, her mood had stabilized, and she hadn't had any episodes or fainting spells. It seemed like the right time to consider starting a family.

Still, for a woman to bring this up, it felt somewhat like an invitation to intimacy, and Dorothy spoke with a hint of shyness.

She hoped for a tender moment, for Everett to agree joyfully, and then for everything to naturally fall into place.

But it didn't.

Everett's handsome face stiffened, and his voice turned colder. "Let's focus on getting you healthier first. There's no rush for a baby."

"... You don't want one anymore?"

"Not right now."

Dorothy turned, desperate to lock eyes with him. But Everett avoided her gaze.

"I'm going to take a shower."

He walked away, leaving Dorothy alone, stunned and confused. It was he who spoke of regrets, he who expressed the desire for a child, and now, he was the one avoiding the topic.

In the bathroom, Everett let the cold water run over him, trying to calm his nerves so Dorothy wouldn't notice his turmoil. He had never lied to Dorothy, which made it all the more difficult to keep a composed facade around her.

After his shower, Everett found Dorothy working on her laptop in the living room. She wasn't visibly upset or angry, but he knew she was disappointed, and he had no idea how to console her.

His phone beeped with a message. It was from Quincy.

"I found a flaw in the antidote during my experiment. It can't completely neutralize the poison in Ms. Sanchez's system. It's not critical, but it'd be best if she came in for a check-up and a new prescription," the message read.

Everett's grip on his phone tightened.

"Stay out of trouble," he texted back.

"I'm telling you the truth. If you don't believe me, fine, but don't say I didn't warn you if something goes wrong," Quincy replied.

Chapter 1012

Now, Quincy had Everett tightly controlled with that antidote. As long as Everett cared about Dorothy's well-being, he was at Quincy's mercy. If anything happened to Quincy, Dorothy would be doomed as well.

Everett walked into the living room, breaking the silence as Dorothy's fingers paused over her keyboard. She turned to look at him, "What's up?" "Got any big plans for your project tomorrow?" "Just need to double-check the order quantities, nothing much." "I was thinking of taking you for a health check-up." Dorothy frowned slightly, "I'm fine, really. No need for that." She wasn't a fan of hospitals.

"Con, it's for your own good." "Who's the doctor? Dr. Quincy?" Everett hesitated for a split second before nodding, "Yeah." "That settles it, then. I'm not going. Everett, even though I don't know the full story between you and Dr. Quincy, I can guess she's using this as leverage over you, right?" It was clear to Dorothy that Everett's interactions with Quincy were different from his dealings with other women. If back in Swevia Country, Quincy had just cured Everett and they had kept in touch out of gratitude, Dorothy wouldn't have found it strange. After all, a life saved is a life indebted.

But back then, Everett barely gave Quincy the time of day, let alone allowed her any close contact! And now, their private communications had intensified upon returning home.

The only explanation Dorothy could think of was herself.

"It's nothing," Everett said, though his answer might as well have been an admission.

"Really?" Dorothy raised an eyebrow, "Then tell the truth. Why are you in touch with Quincy?" "Work-related stuff." "You mean her father's company investment, right?" Dorothy's lips twisted sarcastically as she pulled up a document on her computer and clicked it open, "If it was just about that, then you've already given her family the money, without expecting any return on investment. It's practically charity! Fine, let's say the Lopez family and hers are close, and you wanted to

help, but now that the money has gone through, you should be settling accounts with them." Why, then, was Everett still in touch with Quincy? "Your illness. Quincy can treat it." "So it is about after all? The money you gave her family was to get her to treat me, wasn't it?" Dorothy's gaze sharpened, not letting him dodge the question.

Everett's expression darkened, "Not entirely." "That's exactly it!" Without knowing the full story, Dorothy could only guess in that direction, "You made a deal with Dr. Quincy. She treats me, and you bail out her family! "Everett, how much did you give her family? Billions? Have you lost your mind?" Dorothy had suspected as much, but having it confirmed was another level of shock, "That money could have paid for any other doctor to treat hundreds, thousands of times over! Quincy's taking advantage of the situation!" If Quincy had demanded such a price to save Everett back then, it might have seemed fair.

But Dorothy couldn't accept this when it was about her treatment.

It felt like she hadn't been able to give anything back to Everett, and now, because of her depression, he was throwing billions into the fire.

She owed Everett too much.

"I'm going to talk to Quincy, get that money back. I don't need her treatment; I can manage on my own!"

Chapter 1013

As she made a move to stand, Everett quickly grabbed her arm. "Dorothy! The money's already with the Caldwell family; there's no taking it back. And it's an investment, not just throwing money their way." "You're lying! Did you even calculate the return on investment? Do you have any idea how risky this project is? What's the profit-sharing ratio?" "I did the math." "No, you didn't! Because this money didn't count of the company's accounts." Dorothy had done her homework, pretending to track the cash flow for her project while sneakily checking the date of the transfer to the Caldwell family.

Turns out, it was from Everett's personal account! "I told you, I've calculated it." Everett didn't want her to get too worked up; it could trigger her depression. So, he wrapped his arms around her, gently trying to calm her down, "This is the best investment I've ever made because Quincy promised it could cure your condition." What's a little money in the grand scheme of things? "Everett... please, can we not do this? It's my fault. I shouldn't have been so paranoid, trapping myself in this vicious circle and refusing to step out! But I don't feel that way anymore, really! Look, I'm not obsessing over the lawsuit anymore! We don't need Quincy to cure me; I can get better on my own!" "Yeah, I believe you're getting better. Tomorrow's just a check-up, no prescription or anything." "But the money-" "Dorothy, you know Quincy saved my life twice. When she asked to help the Caldwell family, I couldn't say no," Everett said, towering over her so she couldn't catch his gaze, "Yes, I made a deal with Quincy. She cures you, I help the Caldwell family, but that's just part of it! Even without this, I wouldn't have stood by idly." She couldn't fully trust him, but her mood had somewhat stabilized.

"Is there anything else you're not telling me? Any other deals?" "...No." "Are you sure?" Everett nodded, staying silent.

"I'm just so scared of being a burden to you, even though I know I can never really help you much." That vast chasm between them, it seemed insurmountable.

This was reality, not a TV ! A regular person rising to stand shoulder to shoulder with Everett was next to impossible.

"Having you by my side is the best help I could ever ask for." Everett's voice was deep, serious, and sincere, "I might as well tell you, during those four years without you, I even thought about ending it all." Dorothy was startled, immediately looking up at him, "You can't have those thoughts! Not ever!" "Don't worry, it was just a thought. I never acted on it." He stroked Dorothy's back, his voice soft, "Because knew you needed someone to protect you. Even if not now you would in the future. No one else can understand you like I do. I can't trust anyone else with you." Tears welled up in Dorothy's eyes, beyond her control. "What's so good about me..." "Everything's good. Being by my side is the best." Everett wiped away the tears at the corner of her eyes, "Don't cry, weren't we happy just now? Just trust Quincy with your treatment. We've got decades ahead of us. If we have to measure who no contributes more, then tell me, how much are Abigail and Langston worth?" "Bringing two such lovely children, how could I ever repay you?"

Chapter 1015

"Mom and Dad only setup with this one." Quincy didn't beat around the bush, giving Dorothy a straightforward answer.

"He won't ever marry you." That was Dorothy's confidence speaking! "Mr. Lopez said the sthing. He toldthat before," Quincy inserted the needle into her vein, watching the blood flow out with an indifferent gaze. "Mr. Lopez has always been consistent." Dorothy raised an eyebrow, sensing there was more to Quincy's story.

"The only one who hasn't been consistent is me," Quincy finally continued after a pause.

"You... fell for Everett?!" It wasn't surprising, really. Everett was such a catch that anyone who spent twith him would be drawn in, but.....

Quincy had never shown the slightest interest in him before.

"I don't know," she said, tugging at her lip, mostly focused on drawing the blood. "Honestly, I'm not lying to you, and there's no reason for." "You've seen with your own eyes how much Everett loves me. Falling for him is a dead-end," Dorothy said, not backing down. "Do I need to tell you about Heather's story?" Quincy shook her head, "No need. I've heard bits and pieces from my father, and Jonathan mentioned something when he cto see me. That girl, Heather, she truly loved Mr. Lopez." "And you want to be the next her?" "Of course not." Quincy calmly removed the needle, chuckling, "But I won't make the foolish mistakes as Miss Heather!" Dorothy felt a sense of danger.

Even though Heather was ruthless and did numerous evil deeds, her actions were superficial and easily exposed.

Quincy, however, seemed different, more calculating.

You said before that you didn't wan o be involved, that you vehemently efused to enter into an arranged narriage with Everett!" "That was then," Quincy replied, locking eyes with Dorothy. "You also said you'd never give up the lawsuit, that you'd fight against the Lopez family to the end. Didn't I ask you? I hoped you could make it work with Mr Lopez, stop fighting with the Lopez family." But what did Dorothy say? She flatly refused.

"This is between and the Lopez family. What does it have to do with Dr. Quincy?" "It had nothing to do with me, but as et long as you keep up the lawsuit, refusing to make peace with Mr. Lopez, I'm dragged into this, made the scapegoat! I'm losing my freedom, becoming a pawn in business." Was Quincy not allowed to be resentful? vel She felt innocent in this, dragged into a situation she had no part in creating.

"I'm agreeing to drop the lawsuit now. It's Everett who doesn't want to." "It's too late." Quincy packed up the blood sample. "I asked you before, gave you a choice. Remember? In the hospital." That second visit to Dorothy, Quincy had already made her calculations.

She had given Dorothy a chance, which was refused.

Now, giving her a second chance, if Dorothy still refused, Quincy wouldn't offer any more chances.

She had to look out for herself.

"You even asked if I'd marry Everett." Quincy had given her an answer.

Yes.

Chapter 1016

Dorothy's face turned ashen. She was being stubborn, insistent on seeing things in black and white, utterly unwilling to listen to anyone else. It didn't matter if it was Quincy, an outsider trying to talk ssense into her, or even if it was Everett or Karen. No one's words could penetrate her resolve.

"Dr. Quincy, you mentioned wanting a 'til death do us part' kind of love, something Everett can't give you!" Quincy just shrugged, "So when you askif I like Everett, I say I don't know. I'm not lying." Because her mind had always been on medicine-performing surgeries, saving patients tand again! Quincy hadn't really thought about what she wanted in a future partner, the expectations she had for a companion.

In her mind, men were all about loving every new face they saw. Her own father was like that, and Simeon was even worse, always chasing after women! But then she saw Everett, saw how purely he loved Dorothy! Quincy would never forget that moment in the emergency room, the situation so dire she was almost ready to give up on a patient, but merely repeating Dorothy's nby his bedside miraculously turned everything around. The situation began to improve.

It was truly a miracle. Even with years of medical experience, Quincy had seldom witnessed such a case.

"You don't like Everett, you just like the way he is with me! But he will never be that way with you." Dorothy's words were firm. But to Quincy, they sounded more like mockery.

"How would we know if we don't try? You and the Lopez family have too much baggage, it's all so messy, but I'm different, I don't have any of that." That was her advantage.

"You won't get the chance." "Oh, is that so?" Quincy stood up, still with that serene and gentle smile, "The blood work is done, you can leave now." "Ms. Sanchez, you may have forgotten what you said in the past, but I haven't. It counts for something here! You were the one who gave up on Mr. Lopez first; now you want to go back on that decision. We're adults here, we need to be responsible for what we say." Dorothy clenched her fists, "So, you want to compete with for Everett." "Maybe, I wouldn't have deleted that tweet otherwise." Quincy shrugged, "I'll decide when

I've thought it through! I'm not like you, unsure of what you truly want." S She needed clarity, to understand which path to take. The Caldwell family was a den of wolves she couldn't return to, and her only option seemed to be clinging to Everett as a lifeline. What other choice did she have? As Dorothy emerged from Quincy's place, Everett immediately went over to hold her hand.

"What's wrong? Did the blood draw hurt?" She looked pale.

Dorothy shook her head, "No, it's just... I had a few words with Dr. Quincy." Everett frowned, glancing at the now closed door, "What did she say to you?" "...Let's get in the car first." Dorothy wanted to think things through before deciding whether to share with Everett. But clearly, he was anxious. It was rare to see such emotion on Everett's face. S As soon as Dorothy got into the passenger seat, he couldn't wait to ask, "What did Quincy say to you?" "It's nothing much." She cleared her throat, eyes downcast, "Dr. Quincy said she might be falling for you." "But it's just a possibility, she's not sure herself."

Chapter 1017

Everett clenched his fists, ready to storm out of the car.

Dorothy quickly grabbed his arm, "Where do you think you're going?" "To find her." "Don't!" Dorothy pleaded, her voice tinged with frustration. "Just let it go. There are plenty of fish in the sea, and as long as you don't bite, what does it matter how many fall for your charm?" Ever since she had a change of heart, she found it easier to let things slide.

Today it's Heather, tomorrow it could be Quincy, and who knows how many more will fall head over heels for Everett in the days to come.

Was she really going to pick a fight over this every single and sulk about it? Dorothy didn't think so.

As long as Everett was hers, what else mattered? "I'm going to make sure you never have to deal with Quincy again, to keep her from riling you up." "It doesn't bother me!" Dorothy even managed a smile at him. "Everett, you've always asked for my trust, and here I am, trusting you. It's only natural for someone to fall for you." After the whole ordeal with Heather, who went to crazy lengths for her affection, it wasn't surprising that Quincy could be interested in Everett too.

"If anything, you can only your own irresistible charm! Despite never leading them on, you still end up capturing their hearts." Everett searched Dorothy's face, trying to decipher her true feelings.

Either she was hiding her feelings well, or... Dorothy genuinely wasn't bothered.

Her smile was genuine, not forced.

"I'm hungry. Let's grab something to eat? I've been craving classic Haven brook City cuisine." "Sure." Everett finally let out a sigh of relief.

At the restaurant, Everett ordered all of Dorothy's favorites.

He knew her tastes inside and out.

"Abigail and Langston mentioned wanting to hit the amusement park. How about we clear our schedule this weekend and take them?" Everett suggested while serving Dorothy food. She pondered for a moment, "I'll check my schedule. But... this has Abigail written all over it. Langston probably got dragged into it." "He loves spoiling his sister. Let's not meddle too much." "Fair point Dorothy chuckled. "But you La Should really ease up on giving Langston the latest gadgets! He's

still young, and I worry that he might be too introverted." Dorothy had heard stories about kids on the brink of autism becoming obsessed with certain topics or objects and losing themselves in it. She didn't want that for Langston.

"He won't. I talk to Langston all the time." "Good, then I don't have to worry." Being with Everett meant not having to fret over the little things. He had been solving problems before she even realized they existed. Content always seemed one step ahead. It was an incredibly comforting feeling, unmatched by any other.

"I'm full." Dorothy had indulged more than usual today.

Truth be told, she felt relieved, almost as if meeting Quincy had allowed her to let go of so many uncertainties.

No more guessing games.

"Alright." Everett didn't press her to eat more.

"I'll be right back. Just going to the restroom." As Dorothy got up and headed toward the restroom, her clothes brushed against her nose.

It was then she noticed a faint scent that hadn't caught her attention before—a familiar perfume. A scent she was sure she had encountered somewhere else.

Chapter 1018

It was only Quincy I had seen earlier.

So, this scent must be hers.

Which means...

Earlier, when Everett left, I thought he went to the hospital, not wanting to tell he was actually meeting Quincy.

Dorothy tugged at her own shirt, sniffing it carefully again.

Sure enough, the fragrance was the same I had detected on Everett.

Sighing, she stood up to wash her hands before returning to her seat.

Everett, with his blazer draped over one arm, was waiting for her.

Dorothy approached him, offering a smile, "Could you drive back to the office? There's a bit of a situation with the project team I need to handle." "Sure." Back in the car, Dorothy rested her head against the window, silent.

After several glances, Everett couldn't hold back any longer and asked, "What's wrong?" "Nothing," Dorothy replied, sitting up straight before eventually changing her statement, "Everett, I understand you meeting Quincy was for my sake." "So you really don't have to hide it from me." Even the perfume scent, she understood, was linked to Everett's intentions to conceal the truth.

Perhaps my previous emotional breakdown frightened him; now, he's always so cautious, careful not to do anything that might upset me.

But, it's okay.

Once I start to truly accept someone, I don't want to be suspicious of them, whether they're a friend or a partner. "Yeah, next time I need to see her, I'll tell you." "Everett, you've been walking on eggshells around me, and it's been hard watching you struggle! No more of that, okay? Just be open with me, and I promise I won't jump to conclusions anymore. If something's on my mind, I'll be straight with you." Everett nodded.

Dorothy reached out, taking his hand resting on the center console.

"I want to be with you, for a lifetime." With so many uncertainties ahead, she didn't want their relationship eroded by mistrust.

"Okay." After they left, Quincy began to analyze Dorothy's blood sample.

The medication mishap was real, but she was also keen on understanding Dorothy's current health status! If Dorothy's condition worsened, it meant Quincy's own fate was sealed.

So, checking on her was like checking on herself.

Quincy's brows furrowed the more she found.

Dorothy's health was chaotic, not just because of the medication, but other underlying issues were less than ideal. Amidst her frustration, Ronin had to call.

"Quincy! I just found out what your brother did, and it's unacceptable. I apologize on his behalf!"

"No need." Quincy was about to hang up when Ronin quickly added something else.

"Wait! Quincy, what's really going on between you and Everett? The Lopez family... they're saying they don't want to marry you now?" Quincy's pupils dilated.

"Jonathan Lopez said that?" trying to bond with my future "It was Jonathan! I called a lawyer, but he said his son's marriage is his own decision. The engagement we agreed upon is off!" This caught Quincy off-guard.

Everett managed to convince his father even before the lawsuit was dropped! Jonathan Lopez's statement was indirect acknowledgment that Dorothy was soon to be part of the Lopez family, becoming Everett's wife. "If I want it, he has to marry me."

Chapter 1019

Originally, Quincy wanted to sort out his thoughts before making a decision.

But it was clear that Everett had no intention of compromising.

Why should all the hardship fall on him, while Everett and Dorothy could enjoy their perfect harmony? Didn't Dorothy always preach about fairness? Then, all Quincy wanted was a bit of that fairness.

He had deliberately mentioned his relationship with Everett in front of Dorothy, hoping it would spark a dispute between them, so he wouldn't have to exert himself further.

Though Dorothy's competence at work was undeniable, pushing the project forward always seemed to bring unforeseen troubles. For two consecutive days, she had to work over until nightfall before she could return to Bay Residence.

"I can't keep doing this so late." Had it not been for Abigail's slip of the tongue, Everett wouldn't have known she was coming just slightly earlier than him! "It's fine! Look at me, I'm as fit as a

fiddle, full of energy every day at work." Dorothy saw his expression darken and quickly went over to hold his hand and soothe, "Just a couple more days and it will all be sorted, I promise!" "I can't believe you'd disregard your health for work and not tell me. How can I take your word for it now?" Dorothy raised her hand, as if swearing an oath, "Really, really! You can check the project's progress yourself. Right now, it's because the supplier has run into issues, so we need to prepare a plan B urgently! If we can't recover in the short term, we need to quickly find a new supplier to fill in." Otherwise, not only would the project be delayed, but it would also consume a significant amount of funding! She felt it was a critical moment, with everyone in the project team working overtime to calculate costs and find suitable suppliers. Austin hadn't been for several nights in a row either; she couldn't be the one to bail.

"I'll assign you an assistant." Everett frowned slightly, then said, "I'll have Kevin help you out." "No!" Dorothy immediately refused, "He's your guy, everyone in the company knows it! If he comes to help me, it will make everyone think I'm just a useless waste, depending on you for everything." That one sentence cut off any possibility of Everett persuading her further.

If he insisted on sending Kevin, it would negate all of Dorothy's previous efforts.

"I just don't want you to overwork yourself." "Everett, I'm a grown woman! Don't you think I'd know if I was tired?" Dorothy squinted and smiled, "I feel a sense of achievement, just let me do this." With that, Everett was left without a chance to voice his concerns.

"Take care of yourself, that's all I ask." "Don't worry! I'm perfectly fine!" However, Everett's worries were not unfounded.

After four days of continuous overtime, right as Everett was in a meeting about to speak, an urgent knock on the door interrupted him.

It was Austin, panting heavily, his voice stuttering.

In a second, Everett stood up from his chair.

"Mr. Lopez, it's Ms. Sanchez..." "What about her?!" "She passed out!" Austin was clearly terrified, "We were just summarizing the team meeting, and Ms. Sanchez was fine one moment, then suddenly she vomited blood onto the table and fainted!" Everett strode rapidly towards the project team.

Kevin instinctively followed, but then paused, turning back to the people in the meeting room who were looking at each other in confusion, "The meeting is paused for now, until Mr. Lopez returns."

Chapter 1020

Everett and the paramedics arrived at the project team's meeting room simultaneously.

Upon seeing Dorothy lying on the floor, covered in blood with dried blood all over the desk, Everett felt a wave of fear spreading inside him, engulfing his entire being.

The paramedics had already brought the stretcher over, but Everett didn't wait. He scooped Dorothy up in his arms and yelled back at the others, "Hurry up, follow me!" Dorothy's blood had stained Everett's white shirt a deep red.

But his only concern was her. He held her hand tightly all the way to the hospital, right up to the doors of the emergency room. "Dorothy, you hear me?! If you die, I swear I won't live a day without you!" He wasn't sure if Dorothy could hear him, but he needed to say it.

Watching the doctors wheel her into the emergency room, Everett's gaze was fierce. His knuckles turned white as he clenched his fists.

"Bring Quincy." Kevin nodded immediately, "Yes, Mr. Lopez." Quincy was unaware of Dorothy's predicament, busy in the lab formulating medicines, when suddenly, a group of people in black burst in, tying her hands and feet without a word! "Who are you, and what is this all about?" As she finished her question, she saw Kevin standing behind them.

"Take her." Kevin dropped the command and turned to leave.

Quincy immediately shouted, "What's happened? Is it something with Dorothy? If it's about her, I need to bring my medicines! If you take without them, I can't help her!" Kevin paused, "...Take all that with you." "What's her condition? Is she in shock, unconscious?" "Yeah, she's in the ER now." Quincy's face showed genuine shock.

"This isn't like her..." Her heart sank, and she urgently yelled, "Untie now! We don't have to waste!" If Dorothy really died, Quincy knew she wouldn't live through the day, let alone think about marrying Everett! The more Quincy thought, the more frightened she became. She gathered all the medicines she could to alleviate symptoms, not needing Kevin to force her; she willingly got into the vehicle, urging him to hurry to the hospital. "Her condition is unique; she was already weak, it might be complications acting up, faster, go faster!" Kevin glanced at her, pushing the car to its limits.

Upon reaching the hospital, Quincy burst into the ER.

"Hey, who are you? Miss, you can't go in there!" The doctors were startled by her sudden entrance.

Everett immediately said, "Let her in." They had to trust her to save Dorothy now.

Quincy didn't have to exchange words with him; she quickly had someone lead her to Dorothy.

"Give all her test reports you've got so far!" The doctors looked at each other, unsure who she was.

Frantic, Quincy couldn't maintain her composed demeanor, "Hurry up! she dies, it'll be too late for everything!" "Okay, okay..." to While the doctors went to fetch the reports, Quincy quickly et a dose of her own conged medicine into Dorothy. S But Dorothy's blood oxygen was still too low, and her heart showed signs of arrhythmia.