

## Midnight 1101

### Chapter 1101

"Once everything settles down, I'll think about it."

Right now, Dorothy felt like her mind and heart were in a total whirlwind - not the best state to figure things out.

It was like the decision to move abroad; she hadn't fully considered how the kids would feel about it. If it hadn't been for Everett's reminder, she might have stubbornly gone through with it without a second thought.

After giving it some reflection, she realized Everett was right. She needed to respect the wishes of her two children, Abigail and Langston, instead of just bulldozing ahead with what she wanted.

But still...

His level-headedness kind of irked her.

In such a tumultuous time, Everett's ability to stay calm and think things through clearly was a bitter reminder to Dorothy that maybe his feelings had changed.

The Sanchez family didn't have much stuff at Bay Residence, but Abigail and Langston had quite a bit.

So, when she was house-hunting, a place with ample storage was a must.

Luckily, with Karen's help, Dorothy found just the perfect spot quickly enough.

Everything was going smoothly, so much so that Dorothy wondered if someone was secretly lending her a hand from behind the scenes.

Watching her belongings being moved out of Bay Residence, she couldn't help but smirk.

Who would be there for her now?

In the past, she might have thought Everett, considering he had helped before. But now, it was clear his heart wasn't in it anymore.

"Dorothy, I'm really not comfortable with you living alone. There's an extra room here, why don't I stay with you for a while?" Karen broached, her mind racing with concern. This wasn't the time to let her best friend be all by herself, especially knowing Dorothy's tendency to keep her sorrows to herself. She might just break down the moment Karen left.

Dorothy knew Karen too well, just like she knew herself.

So, after the moving company left, she reassured her friend with a pat on the shoulder, "Don't worry about me! Look, I'm doing alright, aren't I?" "But that smile doesn't reach your eyes," Karen pointed out.

Dorothy paused, then her gaze dropped.

"It's hard to genuinely smile at a time like this. But I've come to terms with it. We've reached this point, and not amount of my crying or fussing will change the outcome. Better to accept it sooner rather than later."

Karen hesitated before asking the inevitable question.

"Do you still love Everett?"

Dorothy gave a wry smile, "Of course."

How could she just stop loving him that easily?

"Sigh, I was hoping if you'd moved on from Everett, maybe you and Kenneth—"

"It will never happen." It wasn't the first time Dorothy had to make this clear, "Karen, please don't keep your brother hanging on my account. I'm avoiding him precisely because I want him to move on with his life. As for Everett..."

She furrowed her brows, struggling to find the right words to describe her current state of mind.

"I love him, that's for sure. But I've also given up on him, that's certain too."

At this point, whether she held on or let go wasn't really up to her anymore.

"Do you hate Everett then?"

Dorothy shook her head, then

nodded, "A little, maybe. If he fell out

of love, I could somewhat accept that. But I never anticipated that a guy like Quincy could come between

us

That was the source of her resentment.

She resented the fact that if Everett couldn't resist temptation, why didn't he show his true colors from the start?

Chapter 1102

To ensure she wouldn't get her hopes up or even fall for him, she kept her distance.

But the irony of life played its cruel trick; the moment she genuinely opened her heart and fell in love, that's when he decided it was time to break up, to chase after his so-called true love.

"But Karen, don't fret over me losing my mind over this! My hatred, it's just a sprinkle, nowhere near as intense as you might think. After all, I know better than to force feelings. I can't exactly chain Everett down, make him pretend he's still in love when his heart's elsewhere," she explained with a sigh, a hint of resignation in her voice.

The very thought was more than she could bear.

Now that Everett had come clean and gracefully brought their relationship to a dignified end, it was the best closure she could have asked for.

"Sometimes, I just can't figure you out. You see through things so clearly that... I don't even know where to start if I wanted to give you advice," Karen admitted, genuinely puzzled.

Dorothy chuckled, "Don't bother. I've got it all figured out."

She was introspective, not anti-social. Her silence wasn't a sign of emptiness.

Her sensitivity from a young age had taught Dorothy much about the world.

"Alright, I won't push you. Just take care of the kids and have a good life here! Call me if you need anything. I'll come to visit now and then," Karen offered, a smile warming her face. Dorothy nodded, "Will do."

Sticking to the plan, Everett made his way to a diner on a sunny Saturday afternoon.

Opting for a window seat rather than a secluded booth, his presence was immediately noticeable. His striking looks and height drew glances from female patrons, though his attention was scattered, lost in thought.

Soon, a petite and graceful figure entered.

Spotting Everett, Quincy approached, her heels clicking against the floor.

"Mr. Lopez," she greeted him.

Everett looked up, a frown forming. "Why are you here?"

"It's me, the one you're supposed to meet today, not Jonathan. It always supposed to be me," Quincy said taking the seat across from him.

Everett's impatience was palpable, almost ready to leave.

But Quincy quickly dove into her spiel before he could stand, "Mr. Lopez, about this marriage idea Jonathan's been pushing..."

His expression chilled, "All this, just to talk about that?"

"Not exactly! See, from the get-go, we never considered each other in a romantic way. You were with Ms. Sanchez, and I, well, I wasn't in the headspace for dating. But seeing how much you cared for Ms. Sanchez, how deeply you loved her, that's when I started entertaining the thought of having a boyfriend. And now, with you and Ms. Sanchez apart, I thought, maybe, I could be that person for you."

Quincy was straightforward, no beating around the bush.

Her main aim wasn't to declare her feelings but to buy time.

"I'm not in the mood for romance," he stated flatly.

"I know! The fallout with Ms.

Sanchez hit you hard, and it's natural you're not ready. But I'm willing to wait, just hoping you won't keep pushing everyone away. Consider it.. giving me a chance."

Today, while Everett remained distant, he wasn't completely cold, which gave Quincy the courage to speak her mind.

Chapter 1103

She felt that Everett was finally showing signs of moving on from his past relationship with Dorothy. It wasn't an overnight change, but a gradual shift where thoughts of her didn't consume him as much, making him less resistant to the idea of other women in his life.

"Are you done?" he asked.

"Not quite."

Everett wasn't interested in her ramblings. Seeing an opportunity, he stood up. "I'm going to head to the restroom. Think about what you want to say, and let's try to wrap this up in one go. And don't trick me into another dinner; I won't be falling for that again."

Quincy nodded in agreement, "Sure."

As Everett walked away, Quincy's gaze lingered on the coffee he had ordered upon arriving.

Today was her only shot.

Chances were, if Everett didn't end up poisoned, he would never agree to meet her alone again.

Thank goodness for Jonathan Lopez playing matchmaker!

Quincy clenched her fist, then slowly pulled a small vial of liquid from her purse.

True to his word, Everett did head to the restroom, taking his time to wash his hands thoroughly before returning.

Seeing Quincy seated elegantly at the table, he knew the deed was probably done.

"Mr. Lopez, you're back."

"Yeah."

He rejoined her at the table, casually picking up his coffee and taking a sip without any hesitation.

Quincy's eyes followed his every move, a smile playing on her lips. "You really like their coffee here, Mr. Lopez?"

"I'm not here for small talk. If you've figured out what you want to say, then out with it."

He wasn't one to mince words.

Quincy had never faced such blunt rejection from Everett before; it was a new experience for her.

"Okay, I'll get straight to the point. I think we could give it a shot, getting to know each other. I'm not asking for you to accept me right away, but... why not try?" she proposed.

Everett paused, coffee cup in hand.

"Not interested."

"But aren't you over Dorothy now?"

"Don't presume to know what I'm thinking." Everett frowned but continued to drink his coffee without setting it down.

Quincy watched him finish the coffee, silently relieved that he had truly consumed it.

"I didn't mean to guess blindly. It's just that there hasn't been any news about you and Ms. Sanchez lately, and... theard she moved out of the place you two shared. So, I took a wild guess."

Everett's gaze dropped. The sunlight from outside the restaurant bathed his face, highlighting his striking features.

Even in a simple, reclined posture, he exuded an air of noble elegance.

"Quincy, are you so eager to marry me?"

"I suppose! My father would be pleased, and Jonathan has always been kind to me. Marrying you would seem like a good match."

"I remember you weren't so keen before."

"True, I wasn't, because I knew your

heart belonged to someone else. Quincy looked at Everett, her voice softening. "But now, Mr. Lopez... your heart is free, isn't it?"

Quincy had been observing for a long time before confirming her suspicions.

In matters of life and love, she treaded carefully with each step.

"Whether my heart is occupied is none of your concern."

"If Dorothy still had a place in your heart, why can't you just tell me?" Quincy stopped using formal titles for Dorothy, calling her by her first name instead.

She believed that Dorothy's role in Everett's life had concluded, leaving no room for her return.

Chapter 1104

"It's my business."

"But the Lopez family has been knocking on our door, wanting to tie the knot with me three times over. So, whether you've got someone in your heart or not, it's kinda my business too, don't you think?" Everett set down his coffee mug, making it clear to Quincy that it was indeed empty.

With a feigned ignorance, he tugged at his lip and looked up, "I never admitted to anything."

"Just because you didn't admit it, doesn't mean it doesn't affect me! Now that the Lopez family wants to marry me off, to forge an alliance with the Caldwells, it's the talk of the town! If you now say you don't want me, have you thought about what that does to my reputation?"

Everett chuckled, "What reputation? The one where you're known for being a poisoner?"

Quincy's face turned pale.

She hadn't expected Everett to bring that up.

But it was normal for him to mention it. After all, even though he was over Dorothy now, the fact remained that he knew about the poisoning! It's just that he didn't care about the victim anymore.

"What if I marry you and then one day you decide to poison me?"

"I'm not as bad as you think!" Quincy furrowed her brows, trying to explain, "I was desperate! In that situation, if I couldn't take control of my own destiny, I would've been used as a pawn by the Caldwells!" Quincy tried her best to clarify her intentions.

But she forgot that she wasn't this defensive when she had made those harsh statements before.

"Is that all you wanted to say?"

Everett didn't wait for her to continue. He stood up, "I've heard enough."

He was ready to leave, and Quincy chased after him.

"Mr. Lopez! If you really don't have someone else in your heart, could you please consider me? I don't care if you have children, and I don't care about your past entanglements with Dorothy!" But Everett didn't respond to her plea, not even pausing for a moment.

Quincy clenched her fists, the anger in her eyes becoming more apparent.

"You and Dorothy are cut from the same cloth! You've driven me to this!"

She had hoped not to cause Everett any trouble, if he genuinely wanted to accept her, but...

He had truly disappointed her.

In that case, there was nothing more to say.

The poison started to take effect after Everett returned to the office.

During a meeting, he clenched his fist tightly, enduring the dizziness.

Kevin noticed Mr. Lopez wasn't well, and hurried over, "Mr. Lopez, you..."

"I'm fine."

He glanced at the contract in his hand and waved, "Carry on with the meeting."

Since Everett insisted, Kevin had no choice but to continue taking notes on the meeting's agenda.

But when he looked up again, Everett's forehead was covered in sweat, clearly struggling.

"Mr. Lopez!"

"Continue."

Everett didn't want the news of his poisoning to leak out, especially not to Jonathan. The poison had just been ingested, and given Quincy's temperament, she would wait until the poison had fully taken effect, ensuring she had him under her control, before she'd feel secure enough to give Dorothy the antidote.

Before then, he couldn't afford any slip-ups.

Finally, after several hours, the meeting ended.

Everett gritted his teeth and forced himself to walk back to his office.

Kevin followed closely, somewhat helplessly,

"Mr. Lopez, you should really see a doctor. You look terrible."

He just waved his hand, his voice hoarse in a bit, go out and lock office door. No one is allowed in."

Chapter 1105

"Why are you doing this to yourself, locking up in the office?"

"Just do as I say."

Everett knew the poison he'd ingested would cause hallucinations for a while.

Dorothy had been through the same ordeal.

Her depression, which had been mild, spiraled into severe suicidal thoughts because of the toxin-induced hallucinations. They made her insomniac, anxious, and restless.

Everett feared the hallucinations too.

He had no idea what he might do under their influence!

So he instructed Kevin to lock the office door, barring anyone from entering or seeing him, hoping to weather the initial storm. He wanted to gauge the drug's effects and regain control.

Kevin couldn't refuse Mr. Lopez, but...

He was seriously worried about him.

After leaving the office, Kevin did lock it as Mr. Lopez had asked, but his concern led him to seek help from one person-

Dorothy.

Receiving Kevin's call surprised Dorothy.

After her breakup with Everett, she had almost lost contact with Kevin, barely running into him at work.

"Ms. Sanchez, are you still at the office?"

"... Yeah." Dorothy was there for a project wrap-up, probably her last time.

"Great! Please come to the executive floor, I'll wait for you."

Dorothy paused.

She frowned slightly, "I'd rather not."

She didn't want to see Everett or have anything to say to him.

"Ms. Sanchez, Mr. Lopez is really sick! He almost passed out when I saw him, and he refuses to go to the hospital!"

Hearing about Everett's illness made Dorothy's heart skip a beat.

She even started walking towards the elevator!

But after a few steps, she stopped.

"Everett won't want to see me now. Let Quincy take care of him."

"Quincy isn't here! And you're the only one who can persuade Mr. Lopez!"

"I won't go. Everett and I are over there's nothing else, I'm hanging up."

"Wait, Ms. Sanchez-

Just as Dorothy was about to speak, she heard a loud crash through the phone!

It sounded like something had shattered.

"Mr. Lopez!"

Kevin's

of the

ice followed by the s hitting the floor

indicated Kevin had likely

it.

Dorothy, almost instinctively, sprinted towards the elevator!

Arriving at the executive floor, she was shocked.

Glass littered the floor, seemingly from a shattered window!

"Mr. Lopez, Mr. Lopez, wake up!"

Inside, Kevin's voice repeatedly tried to rouse Everett.

Ignoring the glass, Dorothy rushed over, "Quick, call an ambulance!" "Okay."

Seeing Dorothy seemed to relieve Kevin.

Her presence felt like it could make Mr. Lopez listen.

Handing Everett over to Dorothy, Kevin went to call for an ambulance. Holding him again, Dorothy felt more panicked than the day they broke up!

They had parted ways hoping to find happiness separately, not to

Sweene

Everett like this...

Chapter 1106

"Everett?"

"Everett, don't scare me, wake up, can you hear me talking..."

It was hard to tell if her calling out had an effect, but Everett, his forehead dotted with beads of sweat, actually managed to slightly open his eyes, just a sliver.

His lips had turned completely colorless.

"Don't be afraid..."

Everett managed to say.

"How can I not be afraid! You need to be okay, Everett, I need you to be okay!"

But Everett couldn't hear her words, he even thought that Dorothy was nothing but a mirage.



All he could do was try his best, repeating over and over.

"Don't be afraid... don't be afraid... I'll save you..."

Even if it meant giving up his own life, he would save her.

...

The hospital still had that same smell.

Really, it was enough to make one feel nauseous and restless.

Dorothy never imagined her next visit here would be because of Everett!

Beside her, Kevin was pacing back and forth anxiously, but he dared not notify anyone else. After all, Mr. Lopez had warned them time and again not to inform Jonathan about any company affairs! Right now, it was just him and Dorothy. If something happened, who would take responsibility?

"Kevin, stop pacing, you're making me dizzy."

Dorothy was already uneasy, and his pacing only made it harder for her to calm down.

She didn't even know what they were facing next, and she didn't want to collapse just yet.

"Did Mr. Lopez say anything to you after I left?" Kevin was also worried about Mr. Lopez's plan being exposed too soon!

He was really stressed out.

"He didn't say much." Dorothy thought for a moment, then added, "But he said he would save me, told me not to be afraid, and kept repeating it."

Dorothy looked up at Kevin.

"Did he... mistake me for someone else?"

Had he mistaken her for Quincy?

Otherwise, why would she need Everett to save her?

The one who needed saving was Quincy. She was being coerced by the Caldwell family, forced to marry Everett.

"Ah, I don't know either." Seeing Dorothy had found a reasonable explanation, Kevin just went along with it, "Maybe." "Does he always feel this bad?"

As far as she knew, Everett was fairly healthy, though he did have minor issues. But which normal person who works late and pulls all-nighters nine out of ten days doesn't get sick?

He was considered to have a strong constitution.

"No, this has never happened before. This is the first time."

Otherwise, Kevin wouldn't be so scared!

"Should we contact Quincy?"

"Ms. Sanchez, this is not the time to be jealous! What good would it do for her to come?"

Dorothy forced a smile, "You're overthinking it. I'm not jealous. It's just that Quincy is a doctor, right? She knows Everett's medical history better than anyone. If she comes, she might be able to get him back on his feet faster."

Jealousy was an emotion Dorothy had long since cast aside.

If Everett still loved her, there was no opportunity for jealousy! Hadn't he always been like this over the years?

If Everett didn't love her, then there was even less point in being jealous.

Now, she didn't even have the status to be jealous, so why bother?

"Should I... really get in touch with Quincy?"

"Yes, go ahead! Let her take care of Everett, I should be getting back too, still home without anyone to look after them."

Kevin looked at Dorothy, bit his lip, and finally made up his mind.

Chapter 1107

"Let's just drop it, okay? You take care of Mr. Lopez. I'll have someone pick up the kids. Don't worry about it."

"... Taking care of him, that's not right, is it?"

"Come on, Mr. Lopez is out cold right now. What's there to be right or wrong about? Ms. Sanchez, no matter what's going on between you two, you're still the parents of those kids!" Dorothy had to admit, Kevin had a way with words.

Indeed.

If something happened to Everett, Abigail and Langston would be devastated.

"Alright, I'll stay."

Just as Dorothy finished speaking, a doctor emerged from the emergency room.

Kevin and Dorothy approached him together, "Doctor, how's Everett doing?"

"Well, we're not quite sure what's causing his condition. We've run numerous tests and haven't pinpointed the problem," the doctor appeared just as puzzled, "We're guessing it might be... some sort of psychological issue, causing him to have hallucinations."

Psychological?

Dorothy looked at Kevin.

He shook his head, "I haven't noticed anything! Mr. Lopez seemed... pretty normal to me."

"You better go find Quincy."

Dorothy was serious.

After all, from what the doctor said, they couldn't figure out what was wrong with Everett.

Kevin paused for a moment, then sighed.

"Alright, I'll get in touch."

Since they couldn't diagnose the issue, Everett was moved from the emergency room to a ward. Kevin said he'd call Quincy and then went to pick up Abigail and Langston, so he didn't come back. Thus, in the ward, it was just Dorothy and Everett.

He lay there with his eyes tightly shut, as if asleep, but his complexion looked terrible.

Multiple times, Dorothy reached out, wanting to touch his face, but ultimately withdrew her hand...

What difference would one touch make.

He wasn't hers anymore.

"Don't be afraid..."

Everett suddenly spoke, uttering just that phrase. Dorothy frowned, "Afraid of what?"

"I won't let you die..."

"Who's

his forehead suddenly creased tightly, as if he was

in "Dorothy watched a

as if he was experiencing immense pain. Content pain.

Instinctively, her hand resting by the bed quickly grasped Everett's.

"Wake up! You're dreaming, it's not real!"

But

his expression becoming

infused to open his eyes,

increasingly pained, and he even started to curl up.

"No... can't die..."

"You're having a nightmare! Everett, no one's dying, you're just dreaming."

Dorothy had no choice but to shake him gently.

Finally, Everett slowly opened his eyes, looking towards Dorothy.

"You..."

His voice was so hoarse it was almost breaking.

"It's me, you were dreaming, it's not real."

"Don't die..."

Dorothy sighed, feeling he hadn't fully awakened yet.

"I'm not dead, Everett. Those were all nightmares! I'm very much alive."

Before she could finish, she was suddenly pulled into a tight embrace by Everett.

So tight, she could barely breathe!

"Everett? Ease up a bit..."

"Don't be afraid, I'll save you."

"Okay, okay, I get it, but you need to let me go first." Dorothy felt he might still be caught in his dream, perhaps not even speaking to her directly.

But the next second, when she looked at Everett, she saw his eyes were teary.

He was crying.

That tear just barely hanging at the edge of his eyes.

Chapter 1108

Tears welled up in Dorothy's eyes until they could no longer be contained, tracing a path down her cheeks.

Instinctively, Dorothy reached out to wipe them away...

The heat from his skin made her fingertips quiver.

"Are these tears for her, or for me?"

She had no clue who Everett was desperately trying to save in his dreams.

Suddenly, Everett's strong hands pulled Dorothy towards him!

He sat up straight, as if searching for something.

At last, he found what he was looking for.

Dorothy felt the moisture on her lips...

"Umm!"

It had been so long since she felt Everett's breath that she forgot to push him away, and just stood there, foolishly being kissed by him.

He was eager, trying to pry her lips apart, wanting more and more...

It didn't take long for Dorothy to snap back to reality.

They had broken up! What did this kiss even mean?

"Let... let go!"

Dorothy struggled, but it was futile. In desperation, she bit down on his tongue!

Pain made Everett stop, his dark eyes looking lost.

"Does it hurt?"

"Of course, it hurts!" Dorothy wiped her swollen lips, at a loss for words about how she felt, "We're not dreaming!" Everett seemed dazed.

He had thought it was all a hallucination...

A hallucination induced by the medication he took.

"I'm sorry."

Everett quickly regained his composure, his handsome face turning cold.

Dorothy felt as if her heart was being sliced by countless knives.

He had mistaken her for someone else.

"Who did you think I was?"

Dorothy knew she shouldn't ask, that the answer would only bring more pain, but she couldn't help herself.

"Tell me, who did you think I was just now?"

Everett's lips were dry, "You should leave."

"Kevin called me to take care of you! It wasn't my choice to come here! But you kissed me, we've broken up, that's crossing a line! Now, I just want to know, who did you think I was when you kissed me? Tell me, and I'll leave."

Dorothy looked at him in disbelief, feeling a cold emptiness where her heart should be.

"It wasn't anyone."

"That's impossible! You kept saying you needed to save her, and then suddenly you're kissing me —"

"Was it Quincy?" Dorothy asked, fixated on his gaze.

Everett was still weak, his hands bandaged from breaking glass, but the doctor had taken care of it.

"I don't feel well, you should leave, I need to rest."

Seeing his evasion, Dorothy stepped

forward, trapping his face in her

like he used to do to her

him to meet her gaze.

"Tell me, is it Quincy? How far have you two gone?"

This was undoubtedly a form of self-torture.

Dorothy knew.

She wasn't naive or inexperienced; she understood what could happen between a man and a woman.

Considering her own pace with

Everett, by this time, they should et

have already slept together, but... but she always secretly believed Everett wouldn't so quickly

She thought Everett had standards, that he wouldn't accept someone new so soon.

But today.

His kiss was clearly practiced.

If Everett thought she was Quincy, that meant they had kissed like this countless times before! And maybe even more.

Chapter 1109

"Why do you have to ask?"

Right now, Everett was in a bind. He couldn't admit the truth, but denying it felt just as impossible. So, he tried to dodge the question.

But didn't his very avoidance seem like an admission of guilt?

"You...you really make me sick."

Dorothy yanked her hand away, ready to storm off.

Almost reflexively, Everett reached out and grabbed her wrist, holding on tightly.

Despite the bandages around his hand quickly staining with blood from his grip, he refused to let go.

"What are you doing now?"

Dorothy's voice turned icy.

She felt genuinely nauseated, repulsed.

"There was nothing between her and me."

Everett's explanation was dry and blunt.

But he had to say it.

He was genuinely afraid that Dorothy, in a moment of impulsion, would leave the hospital and go straight to Kenneth Nelson, or some other man. Or perhaps she'd end up in a bar, drowning herself in liquor, and then leaving with some random guy.

That thought was enough to drive him mad.

Mad beyond anything Dorothy's current state could provoke.

"...Nothing as in what? No kissing? No sleeping together?"

"None of it."

Dorothy scoffed, "Am I supposed to believe that? The last time the two of you were in the office, were you just discussing work?"

She wasn't born yesterday. Everett had brought her into his office before. She knew exactly what could happen behind those closed doors.

"I told you the truth, but you don't believe me."

"And that hallucination earlier, who was it about?" Dorothy bit back, turning to face him, "In your dream, you said you had to save her, that you wouldn't let her die. Who was it?"

That question was even harder to answer than the previous ones.

"Who did you think it was? Me? Or Quincy?"

"Neither."

Everett wasn't even sure what he had been rambling about during his episode, what had been said, or what he could possibly make up on the spot.

"Then who?"

"My mom."

Dorothy frowned, "Really?"

"Really." Everett nodded.

Seeing her demeanor soften, he silently breathed a sigh of relief.

However, the atmosphere suddenly became awkward, an indescribable tension hanging between them.

Everett could only cough lightly, his voice hoarse as he spoke, "I could use a drink."

"I'll get you some water."

Dorothy got up to pour him a glass.

Then she helped Everett sit up.

"Did the doctors say what's wrong with me?"

Dorothy shook her head, "They couldn't find anything specific, just mentioned it might be psychological."

She hadn't realized Amanda's death had

no

4 deep scar on Everett,

t the breakup.

he was struggling to

"It figures they couldn't find anything."

belongs

Everett muttered, inadvertently catching Dorothy's gaze.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing, just talking to myself. I guess I'm just not impressed with Eldorria City's healthcare."

Everett was starting to amaze himself with his own ability to lie so effortlessly.

After drinking the water, Dorothy's

tone softened a bit, "You need 1

rest, stop overworking

overworking yourself.

and Langston miss you a lot."

Everett looked at her, "You moved out of Bay Residence."

"Yeah."

"So, can I...come over to see the kids?"

Dorothy hesitated before refusing.

"You can take them to your place, just let me know."

She didn't want Everett coming over to her place again!

Because then, her home would be

filled with

memories of Everett

and she couldn't bear the

constant reminders.

Too torturous.

"Oh, alright."

Everett's eyes fell, a shadow of disappointment clouding over him.

Chapter 1110

"I think now that we're broken up, there should be some boundaries."

Dorothy exhaled slowly, her voice soft, "Everett, next time you get sick, tell Kevin not to call me, okay?"

"...I didn't know he contacted you. Sorry about that."

"It's okay, just give him the message."

She glanced at her phone for the time.

Kevin hadn't returned yet, probably taking longer than expected with picking up Abigail and Langston.

And with Quincy possibly showing up soon, Dorothy decided it was time to leave.

"You're leaving?"

Everett picked up on her cue instantly.

"Yeah." Dorothy stood up, "Take care of yourself. The doctor said it wasn't serious, so it's probably just exhaustion. Try to get some rest."

She never imagined that one day she'd be having such an indifferent conversation with Everett.

Just... like any other acquaintance.

"Alright."

Everett didn't try to keep her there.



The longer she stayed, the harder it was for him to keep up the facade. He needed to exercise some restraint.

Dorothy took a few steps back, then opened the hospital room door.

Behind her, Everett suddenly spoke up.

"Today... I'm sorry."

"You mean about kissing me?"

"Yeah."

"It's fine. I don't have a boyfriend now, but if I did, it wouldn't be okay."

Everett's face tightened as he watched her leave the room, then clenched his fists.

He wasn't sure if Dorothy was saying this for his benefit or if she really was considering dating someone else! Either way, it truly hurt him.

Dorothy had hoped to leave without running into Quincy.

But it seemed fate had a sense of humor.

Just a few steps out of the room, she saw her approaching.

Kevin wasn't with her, probably had gone to pick up the kids first. "Ms. Sanchez?"

Seeing Dorothy, Quincy was surprised, but it quickly faded.

After all, they worked at the same company, and it was normal for Dorothy to visit the hospital knowing Everett was admitted.

Dorothy tried to walk past her, but Quincy blocked her path.

"Leaving already?"

"Is that any of your business?" Dorothy didn't want to exchange another word with her.

"Of course it is! You're here to see

my fiance, aren't you? Ms. Sanchez, I

think as an ex, you should be aware of certain boundaries! Distance is important."

"I don't need you to tell me that."

Dorothy's face was cold.

If it weren't for being stopped, she wouldn't want to spend another moment talking to Quincy.

What a waste of breath.

"Ha, Ms. Sanchez, sometimes I really admire

on the surface,

apartu! Inside you're falling belongs to en.swnovet

up the act. Is it fun for you?"

Quincy's dislike for Dorothy and her apparent aloofness grew.

As if she didn't care about anything!

Clearly, she was jealous, clearly upset about being dumped by Everett.

"Funny

You ould say that." Dorothy

until Everett dumps

you'll get to experience it

yourself."

"That's impossible! He'll never break up with me. Everett can't live without me."

Quincy's confidence was unshakable, without a hint of hesitation or insecurity.

That look in her eyes was exactly like how Dorothy felt before, convinced Everett would never leave her.