

## Midnight 1121

Chapter 1121

Karen caught Kenneth's gaze from across the room.

"Let me have a word with my brother."

"Alright."

After hanging up the call, before Karen could even speak, Kenneth beat her to it.

"Is Dorothy not up for hanging out?"

"She does, but it's a bit complicated right now! Everett's at her place."

Kenneth furrowed his brows instantly.

"Why is he bothering Dorothy again? Didn't they already break up?"

"According to Dorothy, the kids asked him to come over! And then Everett got sick, and just when Kevin was tied up and couldn't pick him up, so Dorothy couldn't make it."

"...Everett is sick?"

"Yeah! And it doesn't seem like he's faking it; he ended up in the hospital." Karen paused, then suddenly added, "Do you think... maybe Everett broke up out of the blue because he's got some terminal illness? And he wanted to spare Dorothy the trouble, so he just asked for a breakup all of a sudden?"

It's just like a plot from a TV series!

After all, Everett had shown such deep love before, how could he just decide to leave Dorothy because of his mother's death?

If it was about some legal trouble that just came up, that would be understandable. But that had been dragging on for years, Everett should have been prepared for that!

Even when Dorothy asked to drop the charges, it was Everett who refused.

"No way, Dorothy went to the hospital, right? What did the doctor say?"

"Dorothy didn't tell me that part."

Kenneth smirked, "Then it's not what you're thinking. If Everett really had some serious illness, Dorothy would have known, especially after visiting the hospital." "You're right."

"Let's not push her then. If she's not free today, I won't make it hard for her."

Kenneth didn't want Dorothy to have any bad impressions of him.

Her life was complicated enough. If he could help, great; if not, he didn't want to add to her troubles.

After ending the call, Dorothy sighed in relief.

Aside from Everett's situation, she genuinely didn't want to meet Kenneth.

It wasn't out of dislike or fear, but

rather sooner and longer distanced herself, the faster

I move on with his life

WY

Kenneth had already wasted too much time on her; it couldn't go on like this.

Abigail and Langston's laughter occasionally echoed from their room, creating a harmonious atmosphere.

Dorothy glanced in that direction, feeling torn.

She wanted Kevin to free up and take Everett away, not wanting him at her place!

Yet, she also wished Kevin would

delay, just a bit longer, so the kids could spend more time with their

dad, allowing this household to feel complete for a while longer...

Dorothy found herself unable to focus on anything else, just sitting on the living room couch, seemingly watching TV.

After a while, Everett walked out of the room with long strides.

"It's getting dark; I should head out."

Dorothy glanced at him, standing up, "Did Kevin come?"

Everett shook his head, "No, he's still tied up. I'll just hail a cab."

"At this hour? What if you pass out in the cab?"

Despite herself, Dorothy's concern for him was evident.

Everett gave a half-smile, "I should be fine, unlikely to happen."

"And you say unlikely, were you not the one who ended up in the hospital today?" She crossed her arms, eyeing the man before her, "Just

wait here for Kevin. I'm not kicking you out anymore."

Chapter 1122

"Oh, right." Dorothy suddenly remembered something and asked, "After I left the hospital, didn't Quincy check on you? Did she figure out what's wrong with you?"

Previously, the doctor had run a battery of tests, but they couldn't pinpoint the cause of Everett's fainting spells or come up with a diagnosis.

"No."

"So what's this medical mystery you've got? Maybe you should see a specialist, don't put it off."

Ignoring a health issue won't make it go away! Whether it's Quincy or someone else, you need to get better.

"Yeah, I will."

Everett didn't want to worry Dorothy, so he nodded in agreement.

Since Kevin wasn't there to pick him up, and Dorothy wouldn't let him leave on his own, Everett ended up texting Kevin.

Only when she saw his car pull up did Dorothy open the door.

"Drive safe," she paused, "both you and Kevin."

"Will do."

Everett gave her a deep look, then slowly turned to leave.

He wished he could stay longer, but that wasn't possible.

Staying over at Dorothy's, if Quincy found out, he'd have even more to explain.

And that would only delay things further.

But the end of all this wasn't far off!

Once he gets the final cure, that day will come.

Dorothy watched as Everett got into the car and drove off. She didn't immediately go back inside but stood there watching.

Until the car was out of sight, she finally turned away.

Somehow, ever since she saw Everett today, she felt something off about him!

Different from the Everett who insisted on breaking up.

But if asked what exactly was different, she couldn't pinpoint it.

It was as though...

He had some unspeakable secret.

In the car, Everett leaned against the window, resting.

Kevin didn't dare to speak, driving in silence.

Suddenly, Everett broke the silence.

"From now on, if I get sick, don't tell Dorothy."

"...Mr. Lopez, given today's situation, I thought Ms. Sanchez needed to know!"

"I don't need it." He frowned, "It'll scare her."

By doing this, Everett intended to

keep Dorothy safely out of the whole affair.

she stumbled upon

something fishy, wouldn't all his efforts be in vain?

"Mr. Lopez, is this illness part of your plan?"

Kevin hesitated but eventually asked.

After a few seconds, Everett replied, "Yes."

"You've factored in your own health?!" Kevin was astonished.

He hadn't expected this.

"I can't let anyone harm Dorothy."

"But you can't joke around with your health! relies

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you." Kevin

ett's behavior sinc

from

Everett's behavior since waking up.

Because he seemed indifferent to his illness, almost as if... he had anticipated it.

"I'll be fine."

"What exactly is this illness? Even the hospital doctors can't figure it out! Could it be life-threatening?"

Everett chuckled, "No, and you don't have to worry about me. Dorothy is still here, and I want to be alive for her."

"Fair enough." Upon hearing this,

Kevin finally relaxed his worried Ms.

expression, "Then I won't

Sanchez next time. I'll follow your instructions!"

"Yeah, Dorothy gets scared easily. Let's not frighten her."

Chapter 1123

Kevin let out a sigh that seemed to carry the weight of the world.

"Mr. Lopez, always thinking about Ms. Sanchez first," he mumbled under his breath.

Sometimes, witnessing the love between Mr. Lopez and Ms. Sanchez made Kevin swear off love for good. Falling hard for someone meant your heart was no longer yours to command, and the endless sacrifices that followed seemed like a steep price to pay.

Kevin had convinced himself that staying clear of love was his ticket to survival.

"By the way, is Dorothy wrapping up her project soon?"

"Yeah." Kevin nodded, "Everything is pretty much done. If all goes well, Ms. Sanchez won't even need to come to the office anymore. Mr. Lopez, do you need her to..."

Everett waved him off, "No, let's not have her come in for now. Best to minimize our encounters for the time being."

"Got it." Kevin couldn't help but probe a bit further, "And... what if Quincy wants to see you? Should I bring her up?"

"No, not her either," Everett replied, knowing all too well how suspicious Quincy could be.

If she sensed anything out of the ordinary, she'd be on high alert in no time.

So, Everett decided it was best to keep things as they were, not getting too close, yet making sure she could reach him if needed.

After Everett left, Dorothy didn't reach out to Karen. Her head was pounding, and all she wanted was to rest early and forget about the kiss she shared with Everett today.

But as she lay in bed, tossing and turning, his presence seemed to linger all around her, making it impossible to forget.

It was only after what felt like an eternity that Dorothy finally drifted off to sleep.

The next day, she was woken not by the chirping of birds or the morning sun but by her ringing phone.

It was Karen.

Half expecting it to be another request from Kenneth to meet, Dorothy hesitated before answering.

"Karen."

"Dorothy, open up! I'm right outside your door."

Without a second thought, Dorothy sprang out of bed, threw on a robe over her pajamas, and there she was, Karen standing at her doorstep. Thankfully, it was just her, no sign of Jeffrey.

"You're here this early, what's up?" Dorothy asked, genuinely surprised. Karen was not the morning type.

"Of course, there's something! I've been up all night just to come here and talk to you."

Karen stepped in, looking all worked up as she swapped her shoes.

Dorothy closed the door and followed her, "You stayed up all night over something? What's going on?"

"I wanted to talk to you about my suspicions," Karen began, her thoughts having kept her tossing and turning all night.

The more she thought about it, the more convinced she became that something was off.

"Go on," Dorothy said, taking a seat.

"I think Everett breaking up with you wasn't just about his mom passing away. There's something deeper."

Mention of Everett tightened Dorothy's chest.

"Why do you think that?"

"Maybe it's intuition? I just can't see Everett calling it quits so easily."

"He's got Quincy now."

Karen latched onto that point immediately, "Exactly! This Quincy, there's something off about her!"

Dorothy suspected Karen might

have picked up some intel from

Jeffrey, so she waited quietly to lay out her theory

friend to lay out her theory

"Think about it... what if Everett has some kind of incurable disease? And that's the real reason he broke up with you."

"The doctors couldn't pinpoint the cause of his condition."

"That's

this condition is something only can cure? Maybe

Quincy

Everett had to break up with

you."

Chapter 1124

Karen's words hit Dorothy like a ton of bricks. It was such a cliché.

The only reason she hadn't thought of it herself was because Everett's mother had indeed passed away during that time, and his mom had some deep-seated issues with Dorothy, which overshadowed everything else.

Seeing Dorothy silent, Karen pressed on, "Think about it, is there anything off about Everett? Are he and Quincy really an item?"

"All I know is that Everett kept meeting up with her. I've caught the scent of Quincy's perfume on him, and then... Quincy was called into his office alone."

"You're just too emotionally involved to see it clearly. Don't you think all this is a bit suspicious?"

"Hmm..."

Dorothy was feeling a whirlwind of emotions.

But!

She was certain she didn't want Karen's words to be true.

Because if Karen's suspicions were correct, it meant Everett was suffering from a serious illness, the kind that couldn't be cured!

Dorothy didn't want Everett to die.

Even if it meant breaking up, even if he had fallen out of love with her, even if he had left her for someone else, she could accept that. Just not him being sick.

"I'll go and try to get more out of Jeffrey. That guy never spills anything, but the more tight-lipped he is, the more it proves he knows something!"

"Okay." Dorothy nodded, "Could you... could you look into it for me?"

Karen instinctively reached out to hold her hand, only to realize Dorothy's hand was ice-cold.

And trembling.

It was at this moment Karen truly regretted her actions.

She shouldn't have told Dorothy anything before confirming it! If Everett was indeed terminally ill, how could Dorothy handle it?

"Dorothy, don't be scared! There's no conclusion yet, maybe... maybe my suspicions are completely off!"

But Dorothy was already stiffening up, feeling as though her blood was turning to ice.

"Everett collapsed at the office, I saw it with my own eyes! Karen... I saw it! If it's true, I can't even bear to think..."

Karen quickly rubbed Dorothy's hands to warm them.

"Calm down! These are all just guesses, Dorothy, you're scaring me!"

Her face was deathly pale, her spirit seemed shattered.

Karen couldn't believe how she had failed to keep her suspicions to herself, rushing over to share them without thinking it through.

If Everett was keeping it from Dorothy, it must be because he knew she couldn't handle it.

"I'm... I'm scared..."

Dorothy looked up at Karen, "I'm really scared! Everett can't be, hez won't have some terminal illness! He's just tired of me, he's just fallen for Quincy! Karen, tell me it's just him falling out of love, nothing else!"

Karen hurried to comfort her, patting her back and getting increasingly anxious.

"Right! It's just a guess, I thought about it again and it seems unlikely! How could it be so coincidental? His mom just passed away and then

he's diagnosed with a terminal net

illness, impossible! Didn't you go to the hospital with him? What did the doctor say about Everett's condition?"

"The doctor said they couldn't find anything, it might just be psychological."

"See! Even the doctor said so! It's all my big mouth making guesses!" Karen quickly grabbed some tissues for Dorothy, "Don't cry, Dorothy! I think it's not true, you know m always wrong about these things!"

Chapter 1125

When the possibility was laid bare, with even the slightest shred of evidence to bolster it, Dorothy knew she couldn't just pretend everything was peachy keen. Wiping the tears from her eyes with her fingertips, she tried to steady her breathing, to calm the storm within.

Right or wrong, the truth had to be faced head-on.

"Karen, you mentioned... maybe Everett's sickness, it's something only Quincy can fix. That's why he's been so close to Quincy?" Dorothy's voice quivered as she spoke. Karen paused, sighing in resignation.

She knew Dorothy wouldn't let this go easily.

"That's what I'm thinking. Otherwise, what's Quincy got to do with any of this? What role does she play in all this?"

Hearing this, Dorothy was ready to bolt.

Karen quickly grabbed her arm, "Hey, where do you think you're going?"

"I'm going to confront Quincy about it! I need to know the truth!"

"... Hold your horses! Rushing over now won't get you anywhere! If Everett wanted you to know, he would've told you straight away, instead of leaving us to speculate here."

"So, what do we do? Karen, I can't control this shaking. How can I be at peace without any answers?"

The thought of Everett grappling with some terminal illness plagued her mind, sowing seeds of fear and unrest that even her rational thoughts couldn't weed out.

Karen could somewhat understand.

It also shed light on why Jeffrey and Everett had been so secretive, unwilling to share anything.

It was all her fault....

If Dorothy ended up getting hurt over this, Karen would never forgive herself.

"Dorothy, all we have right now are guesses. And a lot of it doesn't even add up. Like, if Everett was really sick, he shouldn't be working himself to the bone! He should be spending more time with you, with the kids!"

"And then there's Kevin, always by Everett's side. If Everett was ill, Kevin would definitely know. But didn't you

say Kevin called you, asking you to take care of Everett? That suggests everything's fine!" Karen tried to piece it all together, "If something was wrong, Jeffrey would be at home crying his eyes out!"

And that part was undeniably true.

Karen knew her place in Jeffrey's heart couldn't compare to Everett's.

Dorothy bit her lip, standing still as if she had just snapped out of a trance.

"You're right, Everett... he can't be sick."

"Exactly! Don't worry, I'll dig around some more, poke Jeffrey about it."

Suddenly, Dorothy gripped Karen's hand tightly, her eyes glistening with tears she hadn't yet wiped away, a serious look on her face. "If you find out anything, don't keep it from me, please."

"You have my word." Karen patted her hand, letting out a sigh, "At this point, I almost hope Everett just wants to break up."



Despite never being close to Everett due to past tensions, and even as Dorothy's best friend, Karen hardly interacted with never him.

But...

But if he really was facing some life-threatening illness... That was a scenario too painful to consider. After all, Everett was Abigail and Langston's biological father. His presence meant the world to those kids. After spending a good while calming Dorothy down and seeing her somewhat stabilized, Karen finally left. No sooner had Karen left than Dorothy, still conflicted, ended up dialing Quincy's number.

The moment Quincy answered, the first thing she said was, "Ms. Sanchez, I was just about to reach out to you."

Chapter 1126

As soon as Karen got back to the mansion, she caught sight of Jeffrey twirling their daughter in the living room, a scene that could melt any heart.

Spotting her, Jeffrey arched an eyebrow. "Where've you been all morning? Tried calling you, but no luck."

"Ah, it was nothing. Just swung by the hospital to check on my brother," Karen replied, swapping her shoes and setting down her bag before moving closer to Jeffrey. The sudden closeness caught Jeffrey off guard. "What's up?"

"Just... thinking," Karen murmured, her gaze flitting over Jeffrey, pondering how to broach the subject she had in mind. "I've noticed you've been hanging around the house more lately. Doesn't The Lopez Corporation need you?"

Jeffrey, gently rocking their daughter, responded casually, "Ever since Everett and Dorothy broke up, he's thrown himself into work. They don't really need me there. Everett's got it covered."

"And how's he holding up? All those late nights can't be good for him," Karen prodded, her concern genuine.

"He's always been a workhorse; I'm sure he's fine," Jeffrey replied nonchalantly, easing Karen's worry somewhat.

His answer, so effortlessly delivered, suggested either Everett was indeed okay, or Jeffrey was in the dark about any issues-though the latter seemed unlikely given how close the two men were. "Why the sudden interest in Everett's health?" Jeffrey asked with a hint of curiosity.

"Just making conversation," Karen said, taking their daughter into her arms. "Dorothy mentioned Everett was sick, ended up in the hospital yesterday. Kevin called her, and she went with him." Jeffrey's expression darkened instantly. "He was in the hospital?"

"Yeah. He didn't tell you?"

"No... I'll give Everett a call. See what's going on," Jeffrey said, hurrying off.

Karen quickly texted Dorothy the entire encounter, hoping to provide some reassurance.

As the nanny appeared, Karen handed over her daughter, "Can you watch her for a bit?" "Of course, Mrs. Turner."

With her daughter in safe hands,

Karen

stealthily positioned herself

near the bedroom door to eaver of

on the conversation within

Inside the bedroom, Jeffrey had to call Everett twice before getting through.

"I'm in a meeting, what's up?"

"You were in the hospital? Why didn't you tell me?"

After a pause, Everett's voice, deeper than usual, came through, "It's nothing. Was out in a few hours."

"Did... everything go according to plan?"

Jeffrey had lowered his voice when asking this.

"Yeah." Everett didn't hide anything from Jeffrey; he was privy to it all.

"How's Dorothy? Did you get the antidote? After being poisoned, are you experiencing any symptoms? Like Dorothy, constantly needing the hospital?"

"I've been having hallucinations, nothing else so far."

"You're playing with your life, Everett! I'm really worried about you.

time you're in the hospital,

Kevin call me. I'll be there a exter

you."

"There's no need. Quincy won't let anything happen to me."

At the mention of that name, Jeffrey felt a surge of disgust.

"That person deserves the worst. Once you and Dorothy are safe, I'll make sure she gets what's coming to her!"

"I won't let her off easy."

With a heavy sigh and a few more words of concern, Jeffrey finally ended the call.

Stepping out the door, he found Karen right there, waiting.

Chapter 1127

Following her agreement with Quincy, Dorothy arrived at a restaurant nestled in the suburbs of Eldorria City.

The area, although suburban, wasn't exactly deserted. A few neighborhoods were scattered around, giving it a somewhat lively feel.

Stepping out of the taxi, Dorothy glanced at the restaurant's sign, puzzled as to why Quincy would choose such a location. However, determined to uncover the truth, especially regarding rumors of Everett's terminal illness, she proceeded inside.

She found a seat and waited nearly ten minutes before Quincy finally appeared. Unlike their tense encounter at the hospital, Quincy approached with a smile, exuding the same gentle and seemingly naive charm as before.

"Ms. Sanchez," she greeted.

"Mhm," Dorothy responded, not in the mood for confrontation but keen to get to the point. "What did you want to talk about?"

Quincy pulled out a chair and sat down. "You called me first, so why don't you start? What's this about?"

Dorothy frowned slightly but decided to be cautious, not diving straight into her concerns. "What else could it be about? Everett."

"I knew it was about Mr. Lopez!"

Dorothy nodded. "So, you two are getting married?"

Quincy's smile widened. "Yeah, Jonathan has been pushing for it, eager to see us tie the knot!"

"That's wonderful. Congratulations."

"Save it, Ms. Sanchez. I highly doubt that's sincere! Otherwise, why would you call me if not to congratulate me?" Quincy eyed her skeptically, then continued, "I assume you're here to ask about Mr. Lopez's condition?"

Dorothy nodded again, dropping the pretense.

"What's wrong with Everett? Even the doctors seem baffled."

"And why are you so concerned? As an ex-girlfriend, or—"

"The mother of his children," Dorothy stated firmly. "We may have parted ways, but Everett is still the father of Abigail and Langston. You can't change that. They adore their dad, and I'm here on their behalf"

"Then rest easy. With me by his side, nothing will happen to Mr. Lopez. I'm about to marry him; I hardly plan on becoming a widow so young!" Quincy then ordered a coffee for herself.

Dorothy observed Quincy's demeanor, which seemed genuinely unconcerned.

"Everett's not in life-threatening danger, then? But what about other concerns?"

"Those aren't for you to worry about! And just so you know, even after marrying Mr. Lopez, I won't try to take your children or meddle in their affairs without Mr. Lopez's consent. You needn't worry about me harming them."

"That's reassuring."

Quincy chuckled and shrugged. "Why would I bother with your children? Mr. Lopez and I will have our own, and they'll be the rightful heirs of the Lopez family."

belongs to

Her insinuation about Abigail and Langston being less legitimate was clear.

Dorothy's expression darkened, tempted to throw her coffee at Quincy!

"Anything else? If not, I've got something to discuss with you."

"Go ahead."

"Mr. Lopez asked me to help find a cure for your condition, so I've been researching a medication that could potentially treat your illness."

Chapter 1128

Dorothy suddenly felt her right eye twitch uncontrollably.

Her expression even began to quiver slightly.

"Medicine?"

"Yes."

Quincy pulled out a small bottle from her purse.

The bottle was tiny, and it was only half full of pills.

"Do you really expect me to believe this?"

"If you don't believe me, you can ask Mr. Lopez if it's the real deal."

Dorothy didn't take it, leaning back and giving Quincy a cold stare, "He and I are over, I can't exactly take his word for it anymore."

"Don't worry, Ms. Sanchez! I chose this café because it's under constant surveillance! If you take this medicine and something happens to you, wouldn't that make me a murderer? I'm not foolish enough to make such a blatant move against you." She chuckled, continuing, "Besides, you're not worth the risk of throwing my life away! I'm not Heather Garcia, foolish and brainless."

"Even after Everett broke up with me, you're still willing to concoct medicine to cure my illness. I can hardly believe you're doing this out of the goodness of your heart."

Once, Dorothy might have believed Quincy without a second thought, but not anymore.

"There's no special reason. If I had to give one, maybe it's because I hope you'll stop being sick all the time. It's a hassle if you keep getting sick and Mr. Lopez's attention is partially still on you."

"Regardless of everything, you're still

Abigail and Langston's mother. Mr.

Lopez will always care about you to some extent! Imagine, if you're constantly in the hospital, what's Mr. Lopez supposed to do?" Quincy spread her hands, "If he visits, his fiancée, would be

upset! Who wants that kind of drama? But if he doesn't visit, people will criticize him for being heartless, and I definitely don't want that."

Her logic was sound.

Dorothy took the bottle, examining it closely, "If I take this, I'll get completely better?"

"It won't cure everything, but at least you won't have any more sudden dizzy spells or hallucinations."

Dorothy's fingers trembled before

she looked down and forced a smile,

"Oh, well, that's great then! Dr. Quincy, your medical expertise is truly impressive. If you used it for the right reasons, I believe you could be a great doctor."

Quincy scoffed, "You don't need to worry about that! And don't expect an invite to Mr. Lopez's and my wedding hope you'll also stop

clinging to him. Just like when net

asked you to drop the lawsuit before. I will defend my marriage and not let anyone ruin it. You've made your choice, so no turning back."

"Yeah, your wedding is definitely not my place to be, and I don't want to be there."

After saying that, Dorothy stood up, tucking the bottle of medicine into her purse, "Thank you, for the medicine."

"No need to thank me." Quincy didn't make any move to see her out, not even standing up, "Remember, if you start feeling unwell, take the medicine right away! Don't delay, it'll only make things worse for you.

"I know."

Dorothy nodded indifferently, then turned to leave.

Just as she was about to reach the door, Quincy suddenly called out to her-

"Ms. Sanchez!"

"What now?"

"I used to be so envious of you, which is why I tried so hard to persuade you and Mr. Lopez to work things out. But since you chose a path that inevitably sacrificed Mr. Lopez, you no longer have any right to blame me for anything."

Chapter 1129

Dorothy didn't even glance back as she spoke, her posture rigid with resolve. "You keep saying you're nothing like Heather, calling her dumb, saying she's brainless. Sure, you're different, but not in the ways you think."

Quincy wanted to probe further, but Dorothy had already left the diner, leaving the words hanging in the air.

In the corner of the suburban house's living room, Jeffrey was backed into a corner, literally and figuratively. Karen was interrogating him with a ferocity that left no room for warmth or humor in her eyes, her demeanor chilling. "Spill the beans about you and Everett! I'm giving you one shot to come clean. If you lie to me, it's over between us!"

Jeffrey bit his lip, his handsome face twisted in discomfort. "Karen, this is Everett's mess! He confided in me because he trusts me! I can't just betray that trust. How am I supposed to face him after that?"

He knew all too well the effort Everett had put into this whole ordeal. If it all came crashing down because of him, Jeffrey couldn't bear the thought of facing Everett again.

"Fine, keep your secrets. I'll just take our daughter and leave."

As Karen turned to walk away, Jeffrey quickly grabbed her arm. "Come on! Why do you have to force my hand? You're my wife, Everett's like a brother to me. I haven't helped him with anything, just kept his secret. It'd be wrong to spill it now."

"This involves Dorothy! I have to know! If it weren't about her, I wouldn't even care to listen!"

"Listen to me, I swear, there's nothing in this situation that harms Dorothy!"

Karen saw the earnestness in Jeffrey's raised hand and decided to dig a little deeper. "So, Everett breaking up with Dorothy wasn't because he fell out of love, right?"

""

"Out with it!"

Jeffrey, frustrated, ran a hand

through his hair. "Okay, but you have to promise not to tell Dorothy. This really isn't something she should know; it'd hurt her more than help."

It seemed Karen had anticipated this. She sighed deeply.

"My guess was right, wasn't it? Everett didn't fall for Quincy or anyone else. He's still in love with Dorothy but got diagnosed with a severe illness, one that only Quincy can treat."

"Pretty much."

"And what was that you mentioned about poison and an antidote?"

Jeffrey felt like he was about to lose his mind.

If they kept this up, everything would be laid bare.

Karen, determined to get to the bottom of things, pressed on. "It's Dorothy who's been poisoned, isn't it? By some concoction of Quincy's that no one else can cure. She's using this to blackmail Everett into obeying her."

The revelation hit Karen like a physical blow, causing her to stagger and lean against the wall for support.

"Is it lethal?"

"Yes. Without the antidote Quincy made, it's fatal."

Karen clenched her fists, suddenly shouting, "I'm calling the police! Quincy is committing murder! How can you guys just stand by and let this happen?"

As she moved to leave, Jeffrey quickly stopped her. "It's no use! If calling the police would've solved it, Everett wouldn't have offered himself up to save Dorothy!"

"What?"

Chapter 1130

Everett did everything in his power to ensure Dorothy was safe from harm! Didn't she tell you? Everett started seeing things that weren't there, passed out, and ended up in the hospital. That's because he tricked Quincy into believing he fell out of love with Dorothy. Only then did Quincy agree to give Dorothy the antidote, but instead, she poisoned Everett himself.

Before anyone kicks the bucket, the cops can't really sniff out anything fishy.

The thing is, once the poison's in your system, it only shows its ugly head when it strikes. Otherwise, it's like trying to find a ghost - absolutely undetectable.

But Quincy, she wouldn't let Dorothy die. No way.

However, Dorothy's gonna be put through the wringer with this poison - hallucinations, dizziness, you name it. It's all up in the air.

Even Quincy can't guarantee if this poison will leave any lasting damage on the body.

Seeing Karen's face turn ghostly pale.

Jeffrey rushed over to hold her, "Babe, Everett's close to pulling this off. Let's not mess up his plan, alright? If it's for Dorothy's sake, step back and pretend you're none the wiser!" "But...but doesn't this mean it's a life for a life? Dorothy might be saved, but what about Everett?"

"It was his choice, and all we can do is stand by him."

Jeffrey was a million times reluctant to let Everett sacrifice himself for Dorothy.

But what could he do?

He couldn't persuade him otherwise and there really was no other way out.

Karen felt like she was in a bad place, her mind a complete blank.

She had imagined a lot, even after overhearing Jeffrey and Everett's conversation, she never imagined the truth would be this twisted! This...

This was utterly nonsensical!

"So, you're saying Everett's gonna end up as Quincy's puppet, doing whatever she says? If she demands a wedding, he's supposed to just go along with it?"

Jeffrey frowned, taking a while before he finally sighed.

"I swear, I have no clue what Everett's planning for the aftermath."

"Quincy's pulling this stunt, and just gets to walk free?! This is she it's

outright illegal, a crime! Who ne

Dorothy or Everett, that poison is lethal. This is murder!"

"Calm down! Everett mentioned Quincy's planning to give Dorothy the antidote. At least at this crucial moment don't throw a wrench in the works! If Everett gets poisoned and Dorothy hasn't received the antidote yet, wouldn't that be a loss all around?"

Jeffrey didn't dare tell her, mainly because Karen couldn't keep secrets.

She always shared everything with Dorothy.

"I...I can't accept Everett marrying Quincy for this reason. It's absurd!"

He could have genuinely fallen for someone else, because marriage is a choice.

But to sacrifice so much just to save Dorothy, who could accept that?

"Do you really think Everett would

willingly do this? We're out of options! Quincy's been giving Dorothy the antidote monthly, and Everett and I have already had tested. Figuring out the ingredients isn't the hard part, it's the sequence they're mixed in! One misstep and it's no longer an antidote."

"...What about taking matters into our own hands against Quincy?"

Jeffrey should be good at this, right?

"How? We can't mess with her brain or her hands. If she ends up with amnesia, becomes brain-dead, or her hands are ruined, what happens to the antidote?"

"Babe, rest easy. We've thought of everything."

If there was another way, Everett would never have broken up with Dorothy.