

Midnight 1171

Chapter 1171

Dorothy was flabbergasted, "You bought the entire Valleyton Plaza?"

"I sent you the property list. Didn't you check?"

"..." She had never thought about claiming any of his assets, so she hadn't bothered to look.

Everett pondered for a moment before speaking in a deep tone, "There was a partnership deal here before. Ran into some issues with the settlement, so they ended up transferring the entire eighth floor to me. The space is just right, not too big. Perfect for your new startup."

If anyone other than Everett had said that, it would have sounded like they were showing off.

Valleyton Plaza, of all places!

Who starts a finance firm and immediately takes over an entire floor of Valleyton Plaza?

Most would struggle just to cover the rent for a year.

"I don't want it! It's too expensive, I'll look elsewhere."

"Dorothy, my place is sitting empty, and you won't use it? Who else's are you planning to use?"
Everett immediately frowned in displeasure.

He found this tactic quite effective.

"...your comment makes it sound like I'm planning to cheat," Dorothy couldn't help but laugh, "Of course, I'd choose a place that suits me. Who else could I possibly use?" "Mine."

"No, it's too expensive."

"I won't charge you."

Dorothy pouted, "I knew you'd say that, which is exactly why I won't use it."

She had talked about breaking away and starting her own thing. But launching her business in Everett's building? That didn't seem like starting on her own at all.

"Let's do this; it won't be free. I want 20% of your company's annual revenue as rent. How about that?"

Everett had anticipated her refusal, so he had his argument ready.

He truly understood Dorothy through and through.

Yet, even so, Dorothy didn't immediately agree.

"My company's just starting. 20% of the revenue probably wouldn't even cover a fifth of the rent for the eighth floor! Everett, stop joking."

"I'm not joking! Do you even know how much 20% of your first year's revenue will be?"

Dorothy blinked and then shook her head, "No clue."

But she knew it wouldn't be much!

"If you don't know, why not think positively? Maybe your firm will take off, everyone will want to partner with you, and you might even surpass the Lopez Corporation."

"...Now that's a stretch." Dorothy's laugh was dry.

Everett, however, seemed confident, "See, you decide to start a business but then doubt yourself. Are you starting a company just to lose money?"

"

"You have to believe in yourself." He gently stroked her hair, his voice soft, "And you've got me backing you up. Don't hesitate, don't be afraid!"

"But you're also a businessman! You

could easily lease out the entire Valleyton Plaza and make a steady

income. Why go out of your way to lease it to me in this manner if not to give me an advantage?"

Dorothy felt this arrangement, if known, might raise eyebrows-

"I'm your man, what's wrong with me giving you an advantage? Who can say anything about it?"

"

"Don't just talk about leasing. Even if

I transferred to your name, who could object?" Everett's face was a picture of sincerity and seriousness, "Dorothy, please, don't separate yourself from me too much. It makes me feel like I've never truly had you."

Looking into his deep, earnest eyes, Dorothy almost felt herself getting lost in them.

Everett always did this, speaking as if he was the one feeling insecure...

"I am yours."

He smiled, "Everything I own is yours, as long as you are mine."

Chapter 1172

Dorothy was on the verge of saying something more when she noticed Everett raising an eyebrow, a clear sign that he was not going to let her off the hook today unless she agreed to use the Valleyton Plaza for their company.

"I'll use your commercial building, but have you thought about how you're going to explain this to Quincy?" she asked.

After all, in the eyes of the world-and Quincy-they were still in the breakup phase. There was no reconciliation in sight, and they had to keep up the act for a while longer.

"I've thought it through. Just say you were adamant about getting a share of my assets."

"Quincy would believe that?"

"That depends on your acting skills," Everett said with a smirk. "You did a great job pretending not to love me before, didn't you?"

She had even managed to fool him!

Dorothy couldn't help but roll her eyes.

How did he still enjoy bringing up the past? Those days were long gone.

"I just don't want to cause you any trouble."

"Then cause me trouble. Preferably, keep me busy solving them forever."

Dorothy couldn't help but smile. "Everett, you're quite the charmer."

She didn't even know how to respond to his sweetness anymore.

"You need some sugar in your life, or someone sweeter might sweep you off your feet," he shrugged. "Like that guy who always claims to be your future son-in-law, wasn't he the one who won over Kenneth with his sweet talk?"

It took Dorothy a moment to catch on.

She had a feeling this was something he would never let go of.

"Let's not dwell on that anymore. I promise, whenever you want, I'll take you to meet my mom, okay?"

"That's more like it."

Karen woke up to darkness, her arms and legs aching.

She groaned and turned over, sitting up in bed-

"Ah! Jeffrey, you scared the life out of me!"

His sudden appearance startled Karen.

He squinted his eyes and smiled, trying to win her over. "Honey, did you sleep well? Are you hungry?"

"I'm not hungry. And stop looking at me like that, Jeffrey-"

"You said it, no divorce," Jeffrey cut her off.

"You think I'd cave to such low tactics?" Karen said, attempting to get out of bed.

But her legs gave way, and she fell back onto the bed!

Jeffrey hurried over to help her up,

looking pitiful. "My parents are outside, wanting to scold me and make me apologize to you. Want to get ready and go see them?"

Karen's eyes widened in shock.

"My parents or yours?"

"Mine, of course!" Jeffrey chuckled. "Your parents... I didn't dare tell them..."

He was

Wig afraid they'd just take their t a chance to apologizmet
daughter back home, leaving him

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explain.

or

"You know you shouldn't dare! And yet you still went behind my back to the bar."

"I'll never go again, I swear!"

"Yeah, right, like I haven't heard your promises before," she said, not believing his vows.

Fed up with Jeffrey's ramblings, Karen washed her face and left the bedroom.

In the cramped living room of their apartment, Jeffrey's parents, Huxley and Paloma, were waiting.

As soon as they saw Karen, Paloma

immediately approached her with a

warm smile. "Karen! My dear

daughter-in-law, you've been wronged. Mom's here to set things right!"

With Paloma being so kind, Karen couldn't keep up her cold demeanor and walked over, saying, "Mom."

"Don't worry! Your dad and I came here specifically to teach Jeffrey a lesson!"

Chapter 1173

Paloma clapped her hands together and then shot her son a meaningful look.

Before Jeffrey could launch into his grand apology, Huxley cut in first.

"Jeffrey! Get over here."

"Dad..."

Seeing the stern look on his father's face, Jeffrey was a bit scared.

"Come here! Kneel down!"

At this statement, not only Jeffrey, but even Karen was a bit startled, "C'mon, dad... isn't this a bit much?"

She was angry, sure, but she hadn't intended for Jeffrey to perform such a "grand gesture."

"Kneel!" Huxley glared at his son.

Even Paloma didn't dare say anything at this point, simply pulling her daughter-in-law aside as if to ignore the scene.

Jeffrey pouted, dragging his feet over and knelt before his father, "Dad."

"That incident with Paige, what did I tell you? What was your reply?"

He had the audacity to go to those places, to mingle with such a bad crowd!

"I'm sorry, I was really wrong. I just wanted to grab a few drinks and head home."

"Wanting a drink, there are plenty of places, why insist on going to a bar?" Huxley's eyes bore into him, a look of disappointment on his face, "Today, there wasn't any major issue, so you still have a chance to apologize. But what if things weren't as simple as you thought? What if they got you drunk again, and you ended up fathering another child?!"

Then, he would have no face to go to the Lopez family to plead on his son's behalf!

Hearing this, Jeffrey bowed his head even lower, "Dad, I truly realize my mistake, I'll never go again."

"Saying this to me and your mom, to your wife, it's useless! You need to say it to yourself! Who's going to keep an eye on you all the time? If you don't remember this, then all promises are in vain!"
Huxley

his face away, intent on making

him

never longer to learn his lesson, "But let me make this clear, this is the

last time your mom and will come here to plead for you! From now on, if you ever upset Karen again, I'll support Karen if she decides to divorce you!"

"Ah? Don't say that, dad!" Jeffrey tried to rush forward and hug his father's legs, only to be dodged.

Karen, who had been quite serious until now, struggled to suppress a smile at this scene.

"Jeffrey, you're grown, with a wife and daughter. You can't keep acting like you used to!" Paloma too was shaken up by this ordeal.

That incident with Paige had cast a long shadow over them.

It was a close call. Had the child been Jeffrey's, Karen surely wouldn't have agreed to marry into the Turner family.

"Yes, mom and dad, you're right. I

deeply acknowledge my mistake and

Jeffrey said, looking up at Karen with a plea in his eyes, "Honey... please forgive me."

Karen raised an eyebrow, then turned her face away, pretending not to see.

This was not the time to side with Jeffrey!

Otherwise, he might think that making mistakes carried no consequences, that the cost was low.

If it hadn't been for Huxley and

Paloma showing up today, Karen was seriously considering divorcing Jeffrey! She wasn't joking, nor was bluffing.

Other men might go to the bar once or twice, no big deal, but Jeffrey was different!

He had many friends there, each one aware of Jeffrey's status. If someone truly intended to trap him, who would bear the consequences?

"Honey, if it means you won't divorce me, I'm willing to kneel here all day!"

Chapter 1174

Jeffrey wasn't clueless about his mistake; he just couldn't grasp why Karen always brought up divorce like it was her go-to solution. It made him feel like he didn't have a place in her heart.

How could two people, who had built a life together and even had kids, resort to talking about splitting up at every disagreement? And Karen wasn't just talking-the seriousness in her tone, her unwavering resolve, it all signaled she meant business.

"Jeffrey, with your parents here today, I'm going to cut straight to the chase," Karen said, her voice laced with a resolve that didn't bode well for Jeffrey. "You know as well as I do that I had reservations about marrying you from the get-go. Your playboy lifestyle and a parade of exes were just too much for any woman to put up with. But then, your sincerity won me over. You promised a change, swore off bars and ex- girlfriends, and I chose to believe you. I gave us a chance. But you let me down."

Before this confrontation, their fights seemed trivial, like venting to a best friend over a cup of coffee, expecting things to blow over naturally. But finding out Jeffrey had been to a bar was the last straw for Karen.

"I'm sorry..." was all Jeffrey could muster, knowing well it wasn't enough to prove his commitment.

"Karen, I get you," said Paloma, Jeffrey's mom, trying to mediate. "We'll keep an eye on him, send him reminders now and then to keep him in line."

Paloma was proud of Karen; she and Huxley had never been keen on their son marrying into a specific social class-just someone who could keep him grounded. Seeing their wayward son reined in by Karen was a relief.

"Mom, you don't need to. I'll remember," Jeffrey interjected. "From now on, I'll speed past any bar, not even giving it a second glance."

Karen, seeing Jeffrey's earnest plea, extended her hand, helping him up. "So, we're not talking divorce anymore?"

"What, you want one?" Jeffrey's response was rapid, his head shaking vigorously.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, leveraging Karen's assistance to stand and pulling her into a tight embrace before planting a kiss on her cheek, much to his parents' chagrin.

"Jeffrey, this isn't all on you. I've been snappy lately, especially with everything going on with Dorothy. My filter just disappeared," Karen sighed, hinting at her own faults in their marital strife.

Jeffrey held her close, finding her apology harder to accept than her anger. "You're not to blame. If you can forgive me, then it's all my fault."

Behind them, Huxley and Paloma exchanged looks before suggesting, "How about the little one stays with us tonight? We've been missing her, and you two could use the time to talk things through."

"Sounds good," Karen agreed, watching her in-laws leave with their child.

"Jeffrey, it's not like I wanted the marriage to end."

"Did you really think you could get rid of me that easily?" he teased, pulling her closer. "Karen, forget about me signing any divorce papers. If you push for legal action, I'll hire a hundred lawyers to make sure we stay married!"

Chapter 1175

Quincy had been on pins and needles, waiting for Everett's reply.

But as days turned into nights with no call or message, her anxiety began to wane. Realizing that according to her calculated timeline, Everett was due for another episode soon.

And sure enough, the very next day, Quincy's phone rang with Kevin on the other end, his voice laced with urgency.

"Dr. Quincy, you've got to come to the hospital! Mr. Lopez has passed out again. We ran all sorts of tests, but nothing's showing up. You're our only hope."

She almost smirked at that, but managed to keep her voice filled with feigned concern.

"Right now? But... I'm worried Mr. Lopez doesn't want to see me. He made it clear he didn't want me around unless he reached out first."

"With the state he's in, you're the only one who can help Mr. Lopez now! Dr. Quincy, where are you? I'll come pick you up."

"Is that really okay?"

"I'm begging you on behalf of Mr. Lopez!"

With a sigh, Quincy relayed her location to him.

After hanging up, she turned to her wardrobe, selecting a dress that was the epitome of grace and beauty, and applied a light touch of makeup.

With Dorothy out of the picture, it was her time to shine.

Kevin's car arrived shortly after, his greeting warm and grateful.

"Dr. Quincy, we'd be lost without you. What's causing Mr. Lopez to faint like this? The doctors are stumped."

"I think Mr. Lopez might be overworking himself, neglecting meals and rest."

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Kevin clapped his hands together, "Exactly! Mr. Lopez is all about his work, hardly sparing a moment for a meab I've tried talking to him to no avail. Maybe he'll listen to you."

"Me?" Quincy raised an eyebrow, "And why would he listen to me?"

"If he won't listen to you, then no one can get through to him!" Kevin glanced at Quincy through the

rearview mirror, chuckling, "Especially now that you're Mr. Lopez's fiancée."

The word 'fiancée' almost made Quincy lose her composed facade.

She clenched her fingers, striving to maintain her dignity.

"This fiancée status is only valid if Jonathan acknowledges it. Mr. Lopez... he hasn't personally accepted me yet."

"Mr. Lopez isn't much of a talker. He

hasn't confirmed it, but he hasn't denied it either, right?" Kevin sighed theatrically, "Ever since Ms. Sanchez and Mr. Lopez split, there hasn't been another woman in his life. He hoped for an amicable separation, but now! Ms. Sanchez is demanding houses, cars, even a slice of the Lopez Corporation, driving Mr. Lopez up the wall. No wonder he passed out."

"Dorothy... she's still demanding more?"

Kevin nodded, "Yep! Now she wants the Valleyton Plaza commercial building, planning to start her own business, dreaming of one day taking over the Lopez Corporation."

At that, Quincy couldn't help but laugh.

"Ms. Sanchez sure has a sense of humor."

"It's not humor, it's delusion! But it's good Mr. Lopez finally sees her true colors, don't you think, Dr. Quincy?"

Chapter 1176

Kevin emphasized the word "dreaming" with such gravity, as if he wished he could say it twice more, just for Quincy to hear.

"Yeah, it feels a bit off," she mused, sensing an unusual vibe in the car, a certain eeriness in Kevin's tone.

Yet, Quincy didn't dwell on it much, figuring that perhaps Kevin, who usually appeared so stern and serious, could just be a chatterbox in private. After all, Dorothy had caused Everett a fair share of trouble with their lawsuit, and Kevin's admiration for Mr. Lopez was no secret. His dislike for Dorothy seemed only natural under the circumstances.

But Dorothy's recent demands had caught her off guard. Previously, Dorothy had always seemed to want nothing, carrying herself with an air of detachment.

Arriving at the hospital, Quincy followed Kevin quickly to Everett's room.

The moment the door swung open, the familiar scent of disinfectant rushed into their nostrils.

Seeing Everett lying on the bed, Quincy felt a twinge of sadness. She had no emotional ties to Dorothy, so whatever turmoil Dorothy faced left Quincy indifferent.

But Everett was different.

Quincy had envisioned a future with him, seeing him as a partner for life!

Seeing him now, perspiring slightly and displaying a look of discomfort, she couldn't help but feel compassion.

"Mr. Lopez, just hang in there. The medicine I've prepared will have you feeling better in no time!" she said, producing a small bottle.

Everett glanced at the item in Quincy's hand, then feigned discomfort, shooting Kevin a glance.

"Dr. Quincy, let me take that. I'll have a doctor outside check it over. If it's all good, we'll administer it to Mr. Lopez."

Quincy hesitated, then handed the medicine to Kevin, who promptly left the room.

"You still don't trust me," she noted, Kevin's actions clearly indicating his wariness.

Everett wiped his forehead with a towel, sitting up. "You've poisoned Dorothy before; I have to be cautious."

"It's okay," Quincy smiled. "Once

we're married and some time has passed, you'll understand

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feelings for you." Content my to

Everett didn't respond, appearing listless, a stark contrast to his usual vibrant self.

This demeanor...

It was hard to fake.

Thus, Quincy didn't suspect anything amiss.

"Just rest

take

per after taking the

With me by your side

of you, your health will

surely improve."

Everett, listening to her prattle on, furrowed his brows in irritation.

He endured for the sake of the antidote.

"By the way, I heard from Kevin earlier... Ms. Sanchez is after your assets?"

Quincy intentionally brought up Dorothy in front of Everett, aiming to deepen his disdain for her.

"Why is he spilling everything?" Everett frowned, seemingly unhappy that this matter was being discussed.

This gave Quincy the false impression that Kevin was very open with her, unwittingly sharing too much.

"It's okay to tell me! After all, Ms.

Sanchez is the mother of your children. That bond can't be easily severed. Even if not for your reputation, we should consider the kids' future."

Chapter 1177

There she stood, her tone and demeanor screaming the wicked stepmother of Abigail and Langston.

Everett didn't argue, just listened quietly.

"I was thinking, actually, it's not totally unreasonable for Ms. Sanchez to want some financial security. Life's tough, and we all need money for the basics. The lawsuit must've drained her savings, and now with you two breaking up... You should really try to see it from her perspective."

"I'm willing to give her something, but she's asking for too much."

"What exactly does Ms. Sanchez want?" Quincy paused, probing gently, "If... if she's willing to take something and leave Eldorria City, I could chip in too, as a sort of compensation for Ms. Sanchez."

"You'd do that?"

Quincy nodded, her expression one of understanding and kindness.

"Without me in the picture, the Lopez family might have accepted her. She probably hates me, doesn't she? I figured it's better to clear the air, offer her some financial peace, and then we can all move on."

Her real aim was to get Dorothy to leave Eldorria City for good, to avoid any further complications.

What if...

Everett and Dorothy rekindled their old flame?

"Then you talk to Dorothy yourself, see if she's willing."

"You're okay with that?" Quincy was surprised.

"She's been interfering with my work. If you can sort this out, it'd be a big help."

Quincy immediately agreed, "Don't worry, I'll handle it! I'll make sure Ms. Sanchez is satisfied."

Everett's reaction to her enthusiasm remained lukewarm.

But for Quincy, this was progress! At least he wasn't giving her the cold shoulder anymore.

"Anything else?"

Everett's way of showing her out hadn't changed.

Quincy knew his temperament well; insisting on staying would only irritate him.

"No, that's it! just wanted to check on you. Kevin said you were really sick, so I thought I'd bring over this new medicine I've been working on." After saying this, she stood up. If there's nothing else, you should rest. I head out."

"Alright."

Quincy smiled, reaching for the door-

Only to be blocked by Dorothy.

"What are you doing here?!"

"

Quincy was stunned to find her here, speechless.

Dorothy beat her to speaking.

"Quincy, did you convince Everett to cut me off financially? Wow, you two really are a piece of work. hi

man and now you're manipulating to leave me high and dry!"

"I, I didn't." Quincy was taken aback by her outburst.

This side of Dorothy was completely foreign to her.

Even beyond her wildest imaginations.

Dorothy, hands on her hips, had Karen's confrontational stance on her mind.

Turns out, having Karen as a role model came in handy at a time like this. Otherwise, Dorothy wouldn't even know how to start a fight.

"Cut the act. I want the commercial

building and the money, and not a penny less! I did give Everett a child, after all. I deserve to be considered part of the Lopez family! Everett, I want a share of your company!"

Everett remained silent, but Quincy was frantic.

"Mr. Lopez is sick, can't you show some compassion? Let's talk about this after he's recovered!"

"Sick? Looks more like he's faking it to me. Just doesn't want to part with his money!"

Chapter 1178

As Dorothy made a beeline for the hospital room, Quincy, with the quick reflexes of someone who's grown up playing lacrosse at prep schools, intercepted her. "Unbelievable, you! Mr. Lopez is ill, for heaven's sake!"

"I couldn't care less if he's sick or not. If he pays up, I'm out of here. No money, no peace."

Quincy, coming from an affluent background, wasn't accustomed to such confrontations. A verbal spar with a rampaging Dorothy, channeling her inner Karen, was not something he was prepared for. Dorothy was clearly well-prepared, having been coached by Karen in a crash course of assertiveness.

"If it's the money you're after, fine! But let's talk this through like adults. Mr. Lopez didn't say he wouldn't pay you."

Quincy had to exert some force to pull her away from the door before he could shut it.

Dorothy had intended to showcase her acting skills to Everett, but the remnants of her illness and resulting weakness meant she couldn't match Quincy's strength and was dragged away... "So now you're the one calling the shots for Everett?"

Resigned to her fate, Dorothy decided to perform her drama right there at the doorway.

Quincy glanced at the closed door, relieved, then regained some composure. "Yes, Mr. Lopez and I are about to get married. His concerns are mine now."

"Ha! About to get married doesn't mean you're married yet. You think you have a say in the Lopez family matters?"

"Ms. Sanchez, let's not get into that. Just tell me what you want, how much, make a list, and we can discuss it."

Dorothy rolled her eyes, leaning against the wall to conserve her energy for the performance yet to come.

"Discuss it? So after I make a list, you'll still want to negotiate? I thought you had the authority to agree on his behalf. Quincy, it seems even with your marriage to Everett, your standing in the Lopez family isn't all that significant. Even

Everett's dad hasn't give much

you

leeway."

Quincy, irritated by her ranting, subconsciously massaged her temples.

"First off, I didn't push you out! It was after you and Mr. Lopez broke up that our families agreed to the marriage And you two were never officially together' after the so stop throwing around

ovorce,

accusations. If you want the money, show some respect."

"Calling me a homewrecker, are you?"

Quincy frowned. "I am not a homewrecker!"

"That's what they all say! Ever seen anyone admit to it? They all claim, 'I'm not a homewrecker; it's all for love!' Yet, when it comes to taking someone's partner, decency goes out the window."

Dorothy locked eyes with Quincy as she spoke.

The sharpness of Dorothy's words left Quincy struggling to respond.

"I...I didn't!"

"My point exactly! You lack decency."

Dorothy, having spoken too fast, felt a bit lightheaded.

She grabbed a nearby handle, gasping for breath.

Quincy, observing Dorothy's condition, asked in confusion, "You...I gave you the medication, didn't I? Why are you still so weak?" Dorothy's heart sank.

But she was quick to retort with a scoff, "The medicine you gave? As if I'd risk poisoning myself with that!"

Chapter 1179

"Haven't eaten?!"

"Nope!" Dorothy replied with a crisp tone, her mind suddenly ticking over.

What if Quincy was willing to offer her another one!

Wouldn't that solve everything?

Then Everett wouldn't need any plan at all and could directly kick Quincy to the curb.

But things weren't as easy as she thought...

Quincy squinted his eyes, staring at Dorothy for nearly a minute before probing, "What about the medicine I gave you?"

"Tossed it! I was afraid that your stuff could spread and silently kill me! You're a doctor, specializing in these things, how could I compete with you."

"Tossed it?"

Quincy's brow furrowed slightly.

Kevin, who had just returned, sensed something was off and quickly intervened, "Quincy, Ms. Sanchez! Let's not fight now, Mr. Lopez is still resting inside. Can we talk about this downstairs?"

"I have nothing to discuss! It's about the money! I'm giving you three more days to hand over the assets I asked for!"

Dorothy, fearing she might mess up Everett's plan, quickly seized the opportunity to slip away.

Behind her, Quincy watched Dorothy's retreating figure with a hint of confusion in his eyes.

But as she glanced back at Everett's room, the confusion faded a bit.

After all, the slight sweat on Everett's forehead and his weak appearance didn't seem faked... His voice was even a bit hoarse, impossible to fake.

...

Everett lay in the hospital room for a while longer, waiting for the noise outside to cease before standing up. Kevin entered first, holding the antidote and sighed, "This is only a part of the antidote, for temporary relief." "Give it to Dorothy."

"Got it."

Kevin nodded, carefully pocketing the medicine.

Soon after, a knock sounded at the door!

Everett quickly darted back to his bed.

Luckily, it was Dorothy.

After leaving earlier, she had roamed around the hospital, saw Quincy get into his car, and then came back.

Seeing her, Everett's face lit up with a smile.

"I heard you making a scene outside just now."

"Hmm, how did it go?" Dorothy raised an eyebrow, diving straight into Everett's arms.

Kevin, realizing he was the third wheel, quickly excused himself, "Uh... I've got work, I'll head out!"

He always knew when to make a quick exit.

Once the door closed, Everett firmly wrapped his arms around her, lifting a thumb to her forehead, pretending to be angry, "What did you call me earlier, a cheating scumbag? Huh?" en.swhovels.net

Dorothy squinted her eyes smiling, "I was acting! Those were my lines!"

"Tsk, but you shouldn't insult yourself too."

"What did I say about myself?"

"If I'm the cheating scumbag, what does that make you?"

Dorothy pouted, rolling her eyes at him, "I was talking about you and Quincy! I'm not involved."

"Ah, to think you're quite the drama queen when you lose your temper."

"Yeah!" Dorothy actually felt quite satisfied, "Now I get why Karen is so and outgoing! Letting it all

bubbly

out

makes one feel so muet

better."

"Yeah, you could learn a thing or two."

"But You ??

Dorothy nodded, her gaze falling on his forehead, raising an eyebrow still outdid yourself, how did you manage to get sweat on your forehead?"

It's not like he used a spray bottle, right?

At that, an odd blush crept over Everett's handsome face.

Chapter 1180

"Why are you blushing?"

His comment caught Dorothy off guard!

"It's a secret."

Everett cleared his throat, obviously not keen on continuing that line of conversation.

But Dorothy had asked, and she was determined to get an answer! Especially with Everett looking like that, her curiosity was through the roof.

"What secret can't you share with me?"

"...It's hot, so I sweated."

That explanation wouldn't convince Dorothy, let alone anyone else!

"Just spill it, I want to know." Dorothy tugged at his shirt sleeve gently.

She was pulling out all the stops with her charm. Everett couldn't possibly hold back now!

"Really want to know?"

He raised an eyebrow, leaning in closer.

Dorothy nodded, "Yes! Teach me, maybe I can use it someday."

The sweat on Everett's forehead was real enough to fool Quincy, who was a doctor.

This was surely a skill!

"I could tell you, but you wouldn't be able to learn it."

Everett said, barely able to keep a straight face.

That smile...

Suddenly, Dorothy had a bad feeling.

"Stop! I don't want to know anymore!"

This didn't sound like any proper lesson.

"No way, you asked, now I must answer." Everett easily overpowered her, pinning her down, "What do you think makes a person sweat?"

Dorothy blinked, already feeling the change in his body.

But she figured, they were in a hospital, Everett wouldn't really do anything...

"Sweat? Like, sauna? Or, working out?"

"Right, working out."

"

Everett's kisses came fast and left her head spinning before he finally pulled back.

He whispered in her ear, "I had to pretend to be sick, weak in the hospital room... took care of it myself."

"Took care of it yourself?"

Dorothy swore she just repeated that without thinking!

By the time she realized what she'd said, it was too late to take it back!x

"I was just talking! I know now! No need to explain further!"

"That won't do, I need to elaborate, walk you through the process."

"Me, uh!"

Dorothy was on the verge of tears.

This wasn't explaining, it was a trap! Curiosity killed the cat indeed!

Seeing Everett's hand wander, Dorothy quickly grabbed his wrist, "We're in a hospital! What are you doing?" "So? What about it?"

""

"Haven't we done it in a hospital

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Back in Swevia Countrynet

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hospitals?

Dorothy tried to protest further, but.

sking sth her hands w

soon pinned above her

head,

held in place. Content beet

In that position, she was like meat on a chopping board, completely at his mercy!

"Just go with it, once we're done, we'll go home."

Dorothy, feeling pressured, was nearly in tears.

"Everett, stop... we can't go home... not again..."

"No! I think it's good here."

Always at Bay Residence was so boring!

Dorothy wanted to argue more, but he was already moving forward!

The rest of her words stayed unsaid, reserved for after they were finished.

Maybe it was because they were in a hospital, possibly with Kevin waiting outside for them, but Dorothy felt

were exting

her sharp!

Every sense was heightened.