

Midnight 1241

Chapter 1241

A Fake Pregnancy?

Quincy hesitated.

After all, a fake pregnancy is just that - fake.

Even if she could deceive Everett, fool the Lopez family, but... what about the baby in the end?

She couldn't possibly just adopt one, could she? This lie would then have to be maintained for a lifetime.

And if she were to claim a miscarriage later on, wouldn't she lose her trump card? Once the deception was unveiled, she'd be back to square one, or perhaps even in a worse position! She'd be at the mercy of others. "Is there another way?"

"If you're against a fake pregnancy, then..." her friend pondered for a moment, "how about this: the next time you and he are together, rush to the clinic the very next day! I can help you save... well, his contribution. That way, if you don't get pregnant naturally, you can consider IVF!"

Quincy's eyes widened in shock.

"Is that really possible?"

"Technically, it's not allowed, but..." her friend paused, giving her a knowing smile.

Quincy grabbed her friend's hand, lowering her voice, "Money's no object. As long as I can have his child, I'm willing to pay you five hundred thousand." "Five... five hundred thousand?"

"Yes."

Her friend had thought a few thousand would suffice; she hadn't expected Quincy to offer half a million right off the bat.

With that, she eagerly agreed.

"I'll definitely help you with this."

...

Leaving the clinic, Quincy's expression was visibly more relaxed.

She sent Everett a message, [Mr. Lopez, everyone loves my homemade soup. Maybe I could have a chance to show off my cooking skills sometime?] There was no reply, but Quincy didn't overthink it.

With such a large company to run, it was unlikely Everett was glued to his phone.

After standing at the clinic entrance for a while, she sent another message.

[Mr. Lopez, do I need to meet you at the hotel tonight?]

Worried that Everett might perceive her as frivolous, she quickly added, [I mean no disrespect by asking. If I'm not meeting you, I was thinking of catching up with some friends. But of course, your needs come first.]

Truth be told, there was no friends' gathering; it was merely an excuse Quincy had concocted. Everett's reply came swiftly this time, [Yes.]

Seeing those two letters, a smile couldn't help but spread across Quincy's lips!

Tonight... she would be with Everett again!

She genuinely enjoyed this feeling.

So, this was what being in love felt like - constantly looking forward to seeing the other person.

Perhaps Quincy's initial feelings for

him were more about utility than

affection, but now, she truly felt herself falling for Everett!

And for such a sought-after man, it seemed only natural to her.

Content

Quincy put away her phone, planning to head to the supermarket to pick up some ingredients for the soup

she intended to cook for to

bring with her to the hotel later.

Just as she took a step, a figure suddenly appeared in front of her, blocking her path! "Quincy."

She instinctively looked up-

The man was tall, forcing her to tilt her head back to see his face.

He was a stranger.

"Who are you?"

"I have feelings for Dorothy."

The man's statement was direct.

It took Quincy a moment to process his words, then she responded, "If you like Dorothy, you should tell her that! Why come to me?"

Chapter 1242

"What do you think?" The man raised an eyebrow, his gaze fixed on her. Although there was no anger in his eyes, Quincy felt an overwhelming pressure that made her feel somewhat guilty. "Who knows what you're talking about! Move aside! Or I'm calling the cops."

With that, Quincy tried to leave.

But the man simply stretched out his hand, barely exerting any effort, and easily blocked her way.

"Quincy, need I remind you of something?" He curved his lips into a slight smirk. "Poison."

"I... I don't know what you're talking about!"

"The poison you slipped to Dorothy. Hand over the antidote."

Seeing Quincy's refusal to confess, the man made his intention clear.

"What poison, what antidote, are you crazy?! What do I have to do with you? Keep this up, and I'll ___"

"I'll call the police," the man interjected calmly. "Go ahead, call them. Then when they ask why I'm stopping you, I'll tell them you poisoned Dorothy, intending to commit murder."

"Let's see who walks out of the police station then."

Quincy realized his intention was all about Dorothy.

He must have confirmed that she was the one who poisoned Dorothy. Denying it further would be futile! All she wanted was to get away from this man and go back to making soup for Everett.

"What do you want? Just spit it out."

"The antidote." The man extended his hand.

Quincy scoffed. "What's in it for me if I give you the antidote? Even if you take Dorothy to the hospital right now, the doctors won't detect the poison I used! You have no evidence to prove anything." The man raised an eyebrow, pondering for a moment before speaking, "What do you want in return?"

"I want Dorothy to disappear from Everett's life forever."

To Quincy, Dorothy was no longer a rival in love.

She hadn't readily provided the antidote not just because she wanted to marry Everett.

Once she became the recognized Mrs. Lopez of the Lopez family, Dorothy would pose no and she could easily kick!

out.

"You want me to take Dorothy away?"

"Yes!" Quincy didn't hesitate and nodded. "Didn't you say you liked Dorothy? Perfect, consider it a favor! I'll give you the antidote, and you can use it to keep Dorothy away from Everett!"

She had it all planned out.

Even if Everett found out later, she had an excuse.

She would claim she sold the

medicine to this man, and he was the one who poisoned Dorothy absolving herself of any responsibility!

The man seemed quite intrigued by her proposal.

His eyes narrowed slightly.

"This poison... has such uses?"

"Of course! With this in hand, unless Dorothy wishes to risk her life, she'll have to do as you say."

Though Quincy no longer saw Dorothy as a significant threat, she and Everett had a past.

There was a child between them, an unbreakable bond.

Managing Everett alone was already a handful for her; she had no time to worry about Dorothy. Now that someone willingly offered to help, why wouldn't she be pleased?

Chapter 1243

This was the kind of opportunity she could only dream of.

"Okay, I agree to your terms. Now, give me the antidote," she stated.

The man nodded.

But Quincy couldn't help but chuckle.

"Look here, buddy, you're not a kid anymore, right? I mean, even if I hand over the antidote, there's no way I'm doing it for free! After all, I spent ages working on this thing..." Right now, she was in dire need of cash.

Paying off her classmates required money, and if she wanted to get on the good side of Everett's friends and maintain those relationships, she'd need even more cash! Plus, she had already asked her dad for money so many times that he was barely willing to support her anymore. If she asked again, he might cut her off completely.

At this point, Quincy needed to secure herself a safety net.

The man snorted with laughter, not too surprised by her opening bid.

"Alright, spit it out. How much do you want?"

"Ten million."

"Why don't you just hold up a bank?"

Quincy patted his shoulder, "Come on, man, your words, not mine. You said you're into Dorothy, want to be with her. I'd say ten million for a shot at Dorothy is a steal, wouldn't you? Or is this all just an excuse, and you've got other plans?"

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"It's cool, no pressure. If you're not buying, we can forget this conversation ever happened. But if you want the antidote, that's the price. Ten million." Quincy recited her phone number, "Think it over and hit me up."

She knew ten million was no small figure, so she walked away after laying out her terms.

Quincy was surprised the man didn't take a few days to mull it over.

But he caught up to her in just a few steps.

"Deal! Ten million, I'll buy it."

Quincy blinked in surprise, thinking maybe she undersold it.

"Looks like you really do care about Dorothy."

The man frowned, "That's none of your business."

"Sure, it isn't. Just making an observation! Everett was head over heels for her before, and now here you are, ready to drop ten million for an antidote. Dorothy's one lucky girl."

"Her luck's got nothing to do with you! You'd better keep Everett away from her, that's all I care about!"

"Don't worry, on that front, we're on the same team! Even without your input, I'd make sure of it." Quincy gave the man another look, this time more evaluative.

She realized then that the man might be of mixed heritage?

He definitely didn't look like your typical local.

But... no matter who showed up, none could replace Everett.

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Karen had a nightmare.

She dreamt she had a massive argument with Paige, and then Paige went and brought Jeffrey into it! And Jeffrey actually took
s side,

excusing her actions!

It infuriated Karen to the point of waking up angry!

It took her a moment to come back to reality after opening her eyes.

And just then, Jeffrey walked in.

Seeing Karen awake, he hurried over, "Babe, how are you feeling?"

"Not good!"

"...What's wrong? I'll call the doctor right now!" Jeffrey reached for his phone to call the doctor.

Karen quickly stopped him.

"I'm just pissed off by a dream! I dreamt you were making up with Paige, abandoning our kids, and you even told me it wasn't her fault!"

Upon hearing this, Jeffrey quickly reassured, "That dream will never come true! I swear, even if I turned into a monk, there's no way e
ever

go back to Paige!"

"That sounds nice now, but didn't you sleep with her before?"

"..." Jeffrey's face was a mix of embarrassment and a wry smile, "Babe, didn't we agree to leave the past in the past?"

Chapter 1244

Karen blinked at him, tears welling up in her eyes before cascading down her cheeks like raindrops. Jeffrey reached out, torn between comforting her and catching her tears.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, please don't cry! Alright, alright, I'll listen to whatever you say, okay? My bad, I shouldn't have messed around with Paige, I was a fool, I deserve whatever this is " He grimaced, letting out a helpless sigh. "Honestly, before I met you, I scoffed at the idea of love, of marriage. I never thought I'd fall for someone, let alone consider spending my life with them."

So, he lived his life recklessly, doing whatever pleased him without considering the consequences.

His parents often tried to intervene, but Jeffrey never took their advice.

He figured he was just in it for a good time, not a long time, with his parents and his brother Everett to fall back on financially.

Jeffrey had the means to live this way for the rest of his life.

But then Karen happened, unexpectedly throwing his world into disarray.

Sometimes he even wondered if Karen was some sort of divine punishment!

"You don't need to say any of this. I'm just... I'm just feeling really down," Karen couldn't quite put her feelings into words-whether it was fear, worry, or something else entirely.

She just needed to vent.

Jeffrey pulled her into his arms, gently rubbing her back.

"Darling, please stop crying! Remember, no matter what happens, I'm here with you, always got your back. Even if... even if we couldn't keep the baby, it won't change a thing between us." Karen looked down, her eyes red and swollen from crying.

"Jeffrey, I know how much you were looking forward to their arrival."

"More than that, I just want you to always be the carefree, happy-go-lucky Karen."

"Stop crying, you've been upset about the pregnancy long enough. Let's go spend some time with our daughter, okay?"

Karen wiped her tears and nodded, "Okay."

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Quincy was unexpectedly taken by how readily the man had
aback b
the money.

She checked the balance on her card repeatedly, just to be sure.

Soon after, the man called her.

"You got the money, right?"

"I did," Quincy chuckled. "You really went all out for Dorothy."

The man had no interest in her sarcastic remarks.

He was only interested in the antidote.

"I've given you the money. When can I have the antidote?"

"What's the rush?"

"Quincy, I'm warning you. If you keep playing games, I'll report you for blackmail. Even if they can't make the charges stick, having the future Mrs. Lopez dragged into a police investigation over something like this will be quite the scandal."

He had hit a nerve with Quincy.

Being Mrs. Lopez meant avoiding any and all scandals.

"You've got some nerve!"

"The antidote, hand it over."

"Why the hurry? I didn't say I wouldn't give it to you! These things take time to prepare. Give me three days, then contact me. I'll have it ready for you."

Though displeased, the man didn't argue further.

He simply wanted to end the conversation with her as soon as possible.

Chapter 1245

"Fine, you've got three days. Don't play any tricks on me when the time comes!"

The man was about to hang up.

Quincy felt a sting of injustice. Why were so many guys willing to bend over backwards for Dorothy?

This was ten million dollars, not just a thousand! And to hand that over without any guarantee, he must really be smitten with Dorothy. "Wait a sec! Can you at least tell me your name?"

"Why do you wanna know?"

"No big reason, just curious. We've made a deal after all, knowing your name isn't too much to ask, right?"

The man was silent for a few seconds, and just when Quincy thought he wouldn't divulge his name, he suddenly spoke up.

"Lane."

"What?"

"I said, my name's Lane."

...

As night fell, Everett hadn't returned.

Usually, if he wasn't home by this hour and hadn't gotten in touch, it meant he was probably out playing some charade with Quincy. Dorothy wasn't upset, more contemplative than anything.

Another person, like Heather, had to get hurt before realizing they'd loved the wrong person, before understanding Everett was unattainable. He would always stay by her side.

Abigail and Langston had finished their homework and were now chattering about their day at school, their lively banter bringing the house to life.

Perhaps this was the reason people.

had kids. Not so much for the help they could provide later in life their duty of care, but for moments

like these, making life

Complete.

"Mommy, why isn't dad back yet?" Langston came over, clutching his laptop as if he couldn't bear to be apart from it for a moment.

Dorothy replied while taking his laptop from him, "He should be back soon! Langston, you can't be on the computer all the time, don't you care about your eyesight?"

"I was trying to fix a bug in the system, but every time the progress bar hits 50%, it freezes and then tells me there's a memory incompatibility!"

"Well, you'll have to wait for him then. No more screen time until he's back."

Langston pouted, "It's dad's fault! If

he hadn't made my mentor take a job, he could have helped me fix it! Now, he's busier than dad and doesn't even have time to talk to me"

"Your mentor?"

"Yeah! Byte 7! Dad got him a job, and now he's so busy all the time!"

Langston blurted out everything before realizing his mom might not know about dad meeting Byte. He tried to make a run for it but Dorothy pulled him back!

"Mommy... I really don't know anything!"

Dorothy smiled, "I'll give you a chance to come clean, don't waste it."

Langston's eyes darted around before he spilled the beans, promising solemnly afterward, "Mommy, I swear I was forced into this by dad! I had no choice!" Seeing her son's earnest expression, Dorothy couldn't help but smile.

"I didn't say I was mad, what are you afraid of?"

"You're really not mad?"

Dorothy nodded, "Not mad, don't worry."

She patted her son's head softly, saying gently, "I know your dad can get a little jealous sometimes, better than anyone."

Chapter 1246

As Everett's car rolled up to the front of Bay Residence, the atmosphere inside was buzzing with a blend of secrecy and anticipation.

Hearing the car, Langston swiftly grabbed his laptop, ready to bolt. As he dashed off, he couldn't resist throwing back a whispered warning, "Mom, don't tell Dad I spilled the beans, okay? Otherwise, I won't be able to sneak you his secrets anymore!" "Alright," she replied, though she knew if Everett guessed on his own, there wasn't much to be done.

The moment Everett stepped in, the scene unfolded before him.

Langston scampered off like a cat with its tail on fire.

Shedding his suit jacket and slipping into more comfortable slippers, Everett approached Dorothy, "What's got into Langston? He looks like he's up to no good."

"Just some computer trouble he wants your help with," she deflected smoothly.

"Alright, I'll change and look into it."

For Everett, shedding his work attire for something more relaxed was a ritual, marking the shift from his professional to personal life. Unless a late-night international call demanded his attention, disrupting the family's private time, he did his best to keep his evenings free. As he ventured into the bedroom to change into his casual wear, he felt arms wrap around him from behind it was Dorothy.

"What's up?" he inquired, noting her clinginess today.

"It's been tough on you, hasn't it?" Dorothy expressed her concern warmly.

"Is this about Quincy?" Everett surmised.

She hesitated, then nodded, "Partly, but it's not just that. You're juggling work, dealing with Quincy over my antidote, and fending off rivals for my affection."

Everett, piecing everything together especially from Langston's earlier behavior, quipped, "Did that little rascal tell you?"

"He let it slip," she admitted.

Buttoning up, Everett couldn't help but smile wryly, "Well, can't help it if I've got so many rivals. Kenneth's situation isn't even fully resolved, and now I can't have Byte 7 adding to the drama."

Dorothy frowned slightly, "I never intended to get involved with them in any way!"

"I know," Everett reassured her, pulling her close. "But I'm not about to let others set their sights on you without a fight. I've finally made you mine, e, and I'm not keen on sharing even a glance with anyone else, let alone those blatantly vying for your attention."

"Byte 7 seems like he's still a kid at heart."

Everett nodded, "Yeah, I've been keeping an eye on him since he joined the company. Guy's immature. I asked him once why he fancied you. Guess what he said?"

Dorothy raised an eyebrow, "He wanted to try dating someone older, just for the thrill of it?"

"How did you know?!" Everett was taken aback.

She sighed, "Byte 7 told me himself once."

Frowning, Everett pressed, "He confessed to you? What exactly did he say?"

"Relax, will you? It wasn't really a confession, more like him laying out his terms for me to agree to. I think Byte 7 doesn't even understand what love is yet." "And here he is, trying to steal my girl without a clue."

Chapter 1247

"Think of him as a kid, no need to waste your energy being on guard."

Everett snorted, "A kid? What if one day, he actually sweeps you off your feet? Would I still be naively treating him like a kid?"

If Byte 7 were, say, eight or nine, maybe that'd fly.

But he's got everything a man needs.

Treating him like a child just won't work.

"...How could he possibly sweep me off my feet? Everett, you're really overthinking this, you know?"

He smirked, pinning Dorothy against the wall for a deep kiss before speaking in a gravelly voice.

"It's not that I'm overthinking now. It's you just noticing! I've been worried since... middle school." Back then, nobody really cared about looks, so not many people noticed Dorothy.

She was quiet, not one to chat or make the first move.

But Everett knew! Once Dorothy grew up and stepped into society, she'd definitely catch eyes.

He could keep his distance from the opposite sex.

But he couldn't control Dorothy!

If she really fell for someone, really wanted to date them, was he supposed to intervene, play the role of the spoiler?

Everett figured that if Dorothy got a boyfriend before anything happened between them, he'd just be mad and wait. He probably wouldn't go breaking them up. "That's way too early! Back in middle school, I hadn't even thought about dating."

Thinking back, her desk mate had been harboring a crush on her for years, and she was totally oblivious!

Kind of funny, when you think about it.

"Good thing you didn't."

His teasing made Dorothy laugh.

Staying in that position was getting uncomfortable, and she tried to get up.

But in the next second, he picked her up and tossed her onto the bed!

His kisses rained down, not giving Dorothy a chance to speak.

"Mmm... Eve..."

Everett kissed her urgently, as if he needed to confirm that she belonged to him at this moment!

As the kissing intensified, the air seemed to heat up, and their bodies began to react...

Dorothy, panting, finally managed to say, "Everett, Langston is waiting for you!"

"That bug can wait a bit longer."

He had more pressing matters at hand.

"Langston's waiting for you-Mmm!"

Dorothy felt a chill as his hands started to wander.

Caught in the moment, Everett's self-control vanished the second he touched Dorothy!

Dorothy's body trembled, not from fear, but instinct.

She clung to Everett's arm, wanting to sink with him, to please him!

At the last moment, he gritted his teeth and propped himself up on his elbow.

"Wait a sec..."

Dorothy's gaze was hazy as she watched him get off the bed

hurriedly fetch a small squandet

package.

"Everett."

"Hmm?"

"I really hope I get cured soon, so we can have another child."

Paused in tearing open the

his brows knitting together,

"I want to cure you, not just for that."

Everett wanted Dorothy to live, to stay by his side forever, never to part.

She reached out, hugging him.

set

"I know, but having another child with you is my obsession! I want to see you take care of me during pregnancy, just like Jeffrey did with Karen."

Chapter 1248

Dorothy thought to herself, Everett needed to be even more cautious and careful than Jeffrey.

It wasn't that she doubted Jeffrey's love, but his nature just wasn't as meticulous as Everett's.

"Dorothy, I can't even dare to think about those things now," Everett whispered as they lay intertwined, his eyes, tinged with a faint blush, locked onto Dorothy's. "At first, I thought it would be enough if you just turned back to look at me."

"Then, I hoped you would fall in love with me."

"And later... I dreamed of spending every sunrise and sunset with you, day in and day out."

He smirked, "Am I being too greedy?"

Dorothy raised her hand to caress his cheek, "Greedy? If anything, I'm the greedy one here."

Just being with Everett was beyond her wildest dreams.

"Then stay greedy, and never let go."

"Deal."

...

The next day, Quincy woke up in the hotel room.

It was the same room, the same scene, but Everett was gone, though the remnants of last night's passion were evident all over the bed.

Struggling a bit, she propped herself up on her elbows, her cheeks flushing as she noticed the marks all over her body.

Truth be told, she always wished she could see Everett's expression as he kissed her; wondering if it would be even more passionate, even more beautiful...

But now was not the time for daydreaming. Quincy knew she had more pressing matters to attend to.

Without even taking a shower, she quickly got dressed and hurried to the hospital.

Her friend was already waiting for her, having coordinated on the way there.

"If we don't get much this time, next time just wait for me at the hotel, I'll bring everything there."

It was clear the fifty thousand dollars was a huge temptation for her.

Quincy nodded, "Okay!"

Half an hour later, after her friend had finished extracting the samples, she smiled at Quincy.

"How many times did you guys go at it last night? You've been through quite the ordeal and still have so much left."

"I... let's not talk about it. It's too embarrassing," Quincy's cheeks turned even redder.

She was shy.

She couldn't possibly tell her friend that they had been together all night until she fell asleep from exhaustion!

"Your fiance really is one in a million! Handsome, wealthy, capable, no wonder you've put in so to marry him." Content bion!

"He is the best," Quincy agreed.

Her friend sighed enviously, "Not like me, all the boyfriends I've had just irritate me, nothing's ever!.

enough, and yet they're so full of themselves!"

While complaining, she carefully stored the samples.

Once everything was finished, she finally relaxed, "So, if you don't get pregnant this month, come see me next month! Until then, you can go ahead and say you're pregnant, don't worry."

Quincy nodded, immediately transferring the money to her friend to keep everything confidential. "This is for your hard work! And when it's time for the actual implantation, I'll pay you as usual."

"Alright, alright!" her friend made an OK sign, "I'll be looking forward to your wedding."

Thinking about how she was one step closer to marrying Everett, Quincy couldn't hide her joy.

Stepping out of the hospital, she immediately took out her phone, sending Everett a message like a devoted wife would.

Chapter 1249

She couldn't help but worry about Everett's neglect of breakfast in the whirlwind of his busy work life. She found herself typing a message with a mix of concern and a hint of flirtation, "Mr. Lopez, I know you're swamped with work, but skipping breakfast isn't the way to go! You're always in such a rush, and I wonder if you'll ever have the chance to taste my cooking... or perhaps, I could start delivering breakfast to the Lopez Corporation."

In Quincy's mind, she believed that men coveted a partner who could play the role of a nurturing and virtuous woman.

Who wouldn't want to come home after a long day to a cooked meal, a massage, and some relaxation?

Once she became Mrs. Lopez, she wouldn't have to try so hard to please anyone else. Taking care of Everett would be her primary concern.

After sending the text, Quincy rubbed her belly, whispering a wish to herself, "I hope you make things easier and happen quickly! It would save me so much effort."

She hadn't always seen the appeal in marriage or even dating.

But now, Quincy realized the significance of who you love and marry. Just the thought of Everett's face filled her with contentment.

Plus, he was the CEO of the Lopez Corporation.

Powerful, influential, and wealthy.

What's not to like?

Glancing at her phone again, Quincy felt a tinge of disappointment at the lack of response.

"He's not perfect, too busy to spend time with me," she mused, acknowledging that her romantic fantasies differed from reality.

However, Quincy wasn't fond of men who revolved their lives around their girlfriends either. In her eyes, Everett's ambition and drive were admirable qualities that made her feel lucky to be with him.

...

Three days later, Quincy was jolted awake by a call from Lane.

Groggily sitting up, she glanced at the caller ID with a hint of irritation.

But since she had already spent the money Lane gave her, Quincy knew she couldn't procrastinate any longer.

"Hello?"

"Antidote," Lane practically grunted, wasting no words.

"I know it's due today, no need to rush me she replied, stretching

lazily Drive to the south entrance of

Eldonia City Highway in two hours and wait for me there."

"Why there?" Lane sounded puzzled.

"There's a police station nearby. If you try anything funny, I can call for help quickly. Mr. Lane, I have to ensure my safety, don't I? Who knows if you'll try to silence me after getting the antidote."

"As long as the antidote is real, you have nothing to worry about."

"Don't worry, Dorothy is of no consequence to me now. If you can ensure she never crosses Everett's path again, I'd be thankful!" Quincy chuckled. "Everett and I are practically married, and I might be carrying his child."

Lane's response was a few seconds of silence before his voice spiked in disbelief.

"You? You've been with Everett?"

"Of course! We're engaged, isn't that normal?"

"Mr. Lane, once you get the antidote, kindly refrain from contacting me again. Let's settle this transaction cleanly. I wouldn't want Mr. Lopez to get jealous." Lane snorted, "Even if you wanted me to, I wouldn't have the time."

As the call ended, Quincy quickly dressed in casual workout clothes, forgoing makeup for a hat and mask, ready to deliver the antidote to Lane.

Chapter 1250

Actually, she had initially planned to concoct Everett's antidote along with the rest, considering it would soon be needed anyway.

But after giving it some thought, Quincy decided to only produce one dose of the antidote.

Given the rapidly changing circumstances, and the Lopez family not yet having publicly claimed their identity, what if Everett managed to snatch the antidote once it was made? It's essential to be cautious; trusting others too readily could be a mistake. So, she hailed a cab to the agreed meeting spot, arriving an hour early.

Quincy was concerned Lane might have set a trap, lying in wait for her to fall right into it! By arriving early, she could ensure her safety.

Once there, she found a secluded corner to stand in.

Quietly observing the surroundings.

Quincy's wariness towards Lane was primarily because if he indeed loved Dorothy that much, he might seek vengeance on anyone who had poisoned and harmed her.

After all her scheming, now on the brink of marrying Everett, she couldn't afford to stumble at this hurdle!

Fortunately, there was no sign of Lane.

It wasn't until ten minutes before their scheduled time that Quincy saw a black Range Rover pull up. It didn't seem to be heading towards the toll booth but instead parked by the roadside.

Soon after, her phone rang.

"Where are you?"

"Get out of the car."

Quincy noticed a tall, slender figure stepping out of the vehicle.

After a brief wait, ensuring he was alone, she walked towards him.

Lane, spotting Quincy, lowered his head to light a cigarette, taking a drag before exhaling the smoke into the dispersing air.

"Where's the antidote?"

"You sure have a way with words."

As she spoke, Quincy retrieved a small bottle from her bag, "Here it is! Though, forgot to mention, if you intend to control Dorothy, apart from the final antidote, you could give her this temporary one. A single dose lasts about a month."

Lane, cigarette dangling from his lips, frowned, his deep-set features expressing impatience.

"Did you come up with this yourself?"

"Of course! No one else could possibly recreate this antidote."

Quincy couldn't hide her pride, her lips curling into a smirk.

Having been threatened by him previously, she hadn't taken a good look at Lane's face.

Now, observing him closely, she found him rather handsome. His sharp, well-defined features and lean physique gave him an edgy vibe, especially with his smirking, cigarette-clutching pose.

Thinking of him as one of Dorothy's admirers tipped Quincy's internal balance.

She couldn't fathom what she lacked compared to Dorothy!

"Tch." Lane reached for the antidote, raising an eyebrow, "Are you telling me all this just so I'd buy more of your temporary antidote?"

Quincy spread her hands, "I'm just

giving you a friendly heads-up! At this point, we're on the same side, both looking to use this antidote to win over our loves. I believe there's nothing wrong with pursuing love, so I support your chase for Dorothy."

"Ha." Lane scoffed, "Name your price."

Quincy threw out a figure, "This is your ticket to controlling Dorothy. I'd say it's worth it."

"Why don't you just rob me?"

After saying this, Lane had a sudden realization.

"You're saying... you too want to use this poison to win over someone?"