

Midnight 1261

Chapter 1261

"..." Dorothy felt a chill run down her spine.

The fact that he knew all this meant that Lane had been watching her for a long time.

Just thinking about it gave Dorothy the creeps!

It was only because Everett had always kept the kids well-protected that Lane hadn't made his move. Otherwise... Dorothy didn't even want to think about what would happen if Abigail and Langston fell into Lane's hands.

"When I left the country, I said I'd come back someday! Everett was too arrogant, not taking my words seriously! He never thought I'd come back to challenge him again! Dorothy, you can't blame me for being ruthless. He didn't care about losing face just to take you away from me! The takeover of East Star Enterprises was the joke of the corporate world! It kept me living in humiliation every single day!"

Though not as privileged as Everett, Lane had been pampered since childhood, always receiving envious glances and advances from countless women!

But Everett made him lose everything overnight.

If he hadn't conceded and sold his shares in time, he wouldn't even have been able to pay off his business loans!

Who could understand his downfall?

"Lane, get a grip! Whether Everett took over East Star Enterprises or not, I would never be with you! I never even considered accepting your advances."

"What if... refusing me means you die?"

Dorothy paused, "What?"

The corners of Lane's mouth lifted as his gaze settled on Quincy, who had fainted, and the broken syringe in her hand, "Without Quincy, no one can make the antidote. She poisoned you, and Everett too."

"You're using this to threaten me?"

"It's too early to talk about this! Dorothy, this is the last time I'll call you before Everett dies. From the moment I hang up, the countdown to Everett's demise officially begins!" he laughed, "Let's see whether I kill Quincy first, or Everett finds her faster!" Without waiting for Dorothy to respond, Lane hung up.

He removed the SIM card from his

phone, snapped it in half, then picked up a small knife and

approached the unconscious el

Quincy.

"You're lucky to die in your sleep."

Without any hesitation, Lane slit Quincy's throat!

Watching the blood spurt out, engulfing the room with its scent, he laughed joyously.

It was as if the dying person before him was Everett!

"You liked Everett so much, wait
here for him to save you! Let's see
there's any saving you by the
time
he finds you."

After finishing, he stood up, changed his
ad-stained clothes, and dusted off the dilapidated

measured pace. Content belongs

Lane took a few steps, pulled out a lighter, and lit a cigarette.

Turning back one last time, he smirked and took a drag, letting the smoke mask the blood scent on him.

"I'm the real winner, Everett. You've definitely lost this time."

...

"We've got a location! It's here!"

From the moment Langston picked up that call, he had been tracking the caller's location.

But clearly, Lane had anticipated being tracked, so he had secured his phone with several protections.

Dorothy had hoped to buy some more time, but Lane didn't give her that chance.

Getting the location, Everett stood up to grab his car keys and head out.

Chapter 1262

"I'm with you!"

How could Dorothy just let him face danger alone?

"Listen to me, I've called Jeffrey. The two of us are enough. We don't know what's happening over there, and if you go, I'll have to worry about you too," Everett reassured her, gently patting the back of her hand. "Wait for me at home." Despite her concerns, Dorothy could only nod in agreement.

Given her current condition, she knew she might only add to Everett's troubles if she went along.

"Alright, Everett, just come back safe! It doesn't matter if you can't get the antidote, I just want you back here, safe and sound!"

Lane had become dangerously unpredictable.

Knowing how much Lane despised Everett, Dorothy couldn't help but worry.

Yet, Everett didn't respond to her plea and turned to leave.

Not retrieving the antidote wasn't an option for him. Originally, if Quincy had died, he was supposed to be the one to pay the price! It was Dorothy who had sacrificed her chance at the antidote for him, and now she was the one in danger. Everett needed that antidote, for Dorothy's sake.

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In a dilapidated house on the outskirts, Quincy could only watch as her blood, pulsing in time with her heartbeat, sprayed out.

As a doctor, she was painfully aware that a punctured carotid artery meant almost certain death outside of an operating room.

So, this was it - her final moments.

She never imagined she'd die like this, at the hands of a man as obscure to her as Lane...

Quincy was tied up, virtually unable to communicate with the outside world. In that moment, she desperately wished she could inform Everett of the antidote's formula, wished for a chance to start over. But there wasn't one.

For her, this was the end of the road.

By the time Everett and Jeffrey arrived, Quincy's blood had already seeped out to the doorstep.

The sight that greeted Everett as he opened the door made even

O wasn't usually squeak Jeffrey,

who

nearly vomit!

"Ugh! Ugh!"

The house reeked of blood.

Not just blood covered the floor, but Quincy's severed hand and various axes lay scattered el
t

"Everett, Lane has lost his mind!" Jeffrey had known him for years and never imagined Lane could go this far.

He tried speaking several times, covering his nose, but Everett remained unresponsive.

Finally, Jeffrey touched his shoulder, "Everett? You haven't gone into shock, have you?"

Everett suddenly looked up, his gaze locking with Jeffrey's.

"Quincy's dead."

"Well, of course, she is! Lane drained her blood Jeffrey gestured around the room, noting how the
yel

bloodstains had even reach Ound

ceiling!

"What about Dorothy's antidote?"

the

The moment Everett saw Quincy's body, he remembered her words.

She had said, "When I die, it'll be as if Dorothy dies too. Our fates are intertwined from this moment on!"

Back then, Quincy had been so confident, believing she held Everett's life in her hands.

She thought she could walk with her head held high, not caring about anyone else's words! "Should I, uh, call someone to come help?" Jeffrey was at a loss for words.

With Quincy gone, the situation seemed hopeless.

If there had been another way to get the antidote, Everett wouldn't have been so desperate.

Suddenly, Everett began frantically searching through Quincy's belongings, no longer caring about cleanliness.

Chapter 1263

Jeffrey was battling his own nausea, trying to keep it together as he moved closer to assist.

"Quincy was tied up, and her arm was broken. She couldn't have left anything behind! Everett, you need to calm down!"

But Everett wasn't listening. His bare hands sifted through the clotted blood, searching desperately.

"Everett!"

"Everett, there's nothing here!"

"Shut up!" Everett barked back, his voice fierce, "I have to find it. This is Dorothy's only hope. I must find it!"

Watching Everett's almost obsessive behavior, Jeffrey felt a deep sorrow but also understood.

This chance at life was Dorothy's gift to him.

Jeffrey knew the depth of Everett's love for Dorothy, having witnessed their journey together.

If Dorothy were to die because the antidote wasn't found, Everett wouldn't want to go on living.

"Everett, Quincy... she wouldn't have left anything! We can find another way to get the antidote," Jeffrey tried to reason.

"What other way?" Everett snapped, his gaze piercing. "Do you have another way?"

"..." Jeffrey was at a loss. Even when Quincy was alive, they couldn't think of a better solution.

And now, she was gone.

"Maybe the Caldwells know something. I'll get someone to bring them in for questioning, alright?" Before Jeffrey could finish, Everett froze.

Right next to Quincy's left hand, he'd found a series of numbers!

Although it was unclear what these numbers meant, especially since they seemed incomplete, any clue was better than none.

Everett quickly took photos with his phone, not minding the blood that smeared all over it.

To be safe, Jeffrey also took several pictures from different angles.

"Could this be a phone number?" It didn't seem right to him.

"Not a number, a sequence," Everett murmured, studying the digits closely.

The sequence for the antidote!

He had previously commissioned a lab analysis of the antidote's composition, but the wrong sequence led to failure. The ingredients weren't overly complex, yet each was lethal if misused. A wrong sequence could turn an antidote into a deadly poison instead.

"My God! Did Quincy have a change of heart in the end?"

Everett ignored Jeff's chatter, counting the numbers Quincy had scribbled.

There were seventeen ingredients identified in the antidote, but Quincy had only listed seven before her demise.

Everett immediately sent these numbers to the doctor who had analyzed the antidote, though uncertain if they would be of any help.

Thinking about Dorothy's life now ticking away with Quincy's death made his hands tremble uncontrollably.

Suddenly, Everett grabbed the knife Lane had used and stood up to leave.

Jeffrey hurried to intercept him, "Everett! Don't do anything rash! Stay calm!"

"I'm going to make Lane pay! I should have done it before!"

"Yes, yes, Lane deserves to die, and he won't get away with killing Quincy. But you can't be the one to kill him!" Everett didn't want to talk; he just kept moving forward.

Jeffrey tried to stop him several times, only to be shoved to the ground with a push!

He had no doubt Everett could end Lane right then and there, especially in his current state of rage... and if Jeffrey kept getting in the way, he feared he might be next.

Chapter 1264

"Everett! Do I need to call Dorothy to get you to cool your head?"

Jeffrey struggled to his feet, dusting himself off, "I get where you're coming from, man. With Quincy gone, it's like the antidote's recipe went with him. But, who knows? Maybe Lane pressured Quincy into spilling the beans on how to make it. Let's not jump the gun here. I've got a history with Lane. I'll do some digging." Everett's grip on the knife handle tightened, veins bulging on his back, as if he wanted to crush the blade with his bare hands.

Jeffrey tried to grab it from him, but Everett wouldn't let go.

"Everett?"

Worrying about a fallout was an understatement. Jeffrey had known him for years, but never had he seen Everett's murderous intent surge like it did at this moment!

Everett was usually the epitome of cool and collected. The only thing that ever really got to him was anything to do with Dorothy. Even when a foreign earthquake had caused him a fortune, his expression barely changed.

But now, Jeffrey knew if he didn't intervene, today would mark Lane's end.

Jeffrey was holding onto Everett's shirt with one hand, while his phone buzzed in the other.

"Look, Everett, taking out Lane would be easy for you, you wouldn't even have to get your hands dirty. I could handle it. But aren't we focused on getting that antidote to save Dorothy?"

"What's the point of keeping Lane around?"

"He was the last one to see Quincy alive! Whatever they talked about, whatever Quincy might have passed on, it's all up in the air!" The phone kept ringing, but Jeffrey dared not let go. "It's probably Karen calling. If I don't pick up, she'll worry sick. You know she's at risk of miscarriage! Everett, listen to me, give me the knife first!"

Without waiting for Everett's response, Jeffrey swiftly grabbed the knife and threw it far away.
and

"You're worried about Dorothy, and I'm worried about you! Neither of you can afford to get into trouble!" He patted Everett on the shoulder. "Let me call Karen back."

...

Hearing from Jeffrey that Quincy was dead, Karen felt just as disheartened as Everett, not a trace of happiness in her heart.

"What about the antidote? What are we going to do now?"

"There's got to be another way. We

need to stay calm. Contact Dorothy and tell her to get Everett back home. Who knows what he's capable of doing right now." Jeffrey spoke in a hushed tone, unable to say more.

"Alright, I got it."

Karen hurriedly relayed the message to Dorothy.

"Quincy's dead. Jeffrey and Everett saw it with their own eyes."

"..." Dorothy had guessed as much when she picked up the phone.

But hearing it confirmed sent a shiver down her spine.

"Jeffrey said Everett's gone mad, out to get Lane! You need to talk some sense into him. Jeffrey's worried he'll do something rash and end up facing charges." There are many ways to take a person's life.

But it couldn't be by Everett's hands!

"Okay, I'll call him right now!" Dorothy reassured, and then remembering Karen's condition, quickly added, "And don't you worry either. It's not like Quincy's death means I'm out of options for the antidote! When I spoke to Lane, I could tell he knew about my poisoning. Given he's still dreaming of us together, he must have gotten the antidote from Quincy. It's just... he won't hand it over that easily."

Chapter 1265

"Really?" Karen's eyes, which had dimmed with despair just moments ago, suddenly sparkled with hope again. "You're not just saying that to make me feel better, are you?" "Why would I? I'm not entirely sure, but Lane told me if I don't agree to be with him, I'd be in grave danger. From that, I guess if I agree to be with him, I'd be safe!" Karen's voice pitched up in excitement, "Yes, yes! That makes total sense! He actually said that?"

"Why would I lie to you?"

"Then you have to, you must get in touch with Everett right away and tell him about this! And then find Lane as soon as you can. Tell him you'll be with him, so he gives you the antidote!" Karen sounded almost as if she wished she could rush off to find Lane and secure the antidote herself!

Dorothy tried to calm her, "We can't just rush into this. We need to think this through carefully, especially you, you're pregnant. Just stay calm and wait for news, okay?" "Okay! I'll be waiting for your update!"

After hanging up, although Karen was still worried, she felt a glimmer of hope.

Otherwise, hearing about Quincy's demise felt almost like a death sentence for Dorothy!

Just as Karen attempted to rise from the couch, she felt an uncomfortable sensation in her abdomen...

A vague, indescribable feeling.

She frowned, clutching her stomach, instinctively reaching for her phone to call Jeffrey, but then remembered he was in the midst of a critical moment. She couldn't add to his worries. Fortunately, she had Kenneth.

"Bro, could you take me to the hospital?"

"What's wrong? Where's Jeffrey?"

"Let's not get into that right now. Can you come pick me up? We'll talk on the way."

Kenneth, of course, didn't hesitate. "Okay, wait for me."

Due to mobility issues, the Nelson family had assigned a driver for Kenneth, always ready at his beck and call.

Although his rehabilitation was going well, he still couldn't walk on his own, let alone drive.

Arriving outside Jeffrey's villa, Kenneth called Karen.

She hadn't even changed clothes, stepping out in her loungewear.

"Why are you by yourself? Did Jeffrey just leave you here alone?" Kenneth frowned upon seeing her emerge solo.

Karen waved it off, getting into the car before diving into the recent events.

21?

Now that Quincy was gone, there was no need to play games or hunt for antidotes, so there was no point in keeping Kenneth in the dark anymore.

Of course, she had another motive.

That was to make Kenneth give up hope.

Everett and Dorothy were still together, very much in love.

"So, you mean, what started with

Quincy blackmailing Dorothy for the antidote has now shifted to Lane

using the only antidote to blackmail

her?"

"Something like that," Karen sighed. "Whether Quincy left behind an antidote before his death is just Dorothy's speculation. But it seems like he wanted to use it as leverage to be with Dorothy."

Kenneth hadn't realized the situation was so dire, with Dorothy's life hanging in the balance.

Hearing this, his face turned pale.

If anything went wrong with the antidote, Dorothy could be in serious trouble...

After a few seconds of silence, Kenneth suddenly spoke up.

"Karen, I need you to do something for me, but don't tell anyone, not even Jeffrey."

Karen was taken aback. "What is it? Why all the secrecy?"

"Find Lane's location from Jeffrey's phone and tell me."

Chapter 1266

He knew that if anyone had a bead on Lane's whereabouts, it would be Jeffrey!

Karen furrowed her brows, confusion written all over her face. "What are you planning to do?"

If he were still able-bodied, perhaps he could lend a hand. But now, struggling even to walk, she couldn't fathom why Kenneth would need Lane's location. "Just do it, no questions asked," Kenneth pressed, his lips a thin line. "If you want Dorothy to have another shot at getting the antidote sooner, then help me." Hearing this, Karen immediately nodded in agreement.

"Alright! Maybe an extra pair of hands will indeed get us that antidote sooner."

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Dorothy tried calling Everett multiple times, but no one answered.

The more he didn't pick up, the more anxious she became.

Fortunately, Jeffrey soon got back to her. "Don't worry, I've got Everett under my watch. He won't do anything foolish!"

"Let me talk to him! I need to discuss something with him."

"Okay."

In the background, Dorothy could hear Jeffrey whispering to Everett, "It's Dorothy's call. She needs to speak with you, might be about Lane."

As time ticked by, and Dorothy was about to make her way to them herself, Everett's voice finally came through.

"Dorothy."

Hearing his voice, Dorothy's anxious heart settled a bit.

"Stay calm. Lane must have the antidote! He knows I've been poisoned."

"...Are you sure?" Everett, like Karen, worried this was just something Dorothy said to keep them calm.

"Of course I'm sure! Have Langston

clip our call and send it to you. Why would lie? If it's about my antidote, howdong could I possibly keep up a I

liep

Knowing he was still hesitant, Dorothy gently reassured, "You and Jeffrey come back. We'll plan our next move. Maybe with Quincy gone, getting the antidote from Lane will be easier!"

Jeffrey chimed in, "Yeah! Listen to Dorothy, Everett. She's just as desperate for the antidote. She wants to grow old with you."

Worried about Everett's stubbornness, Dorothy had to harden her tone, pretending to threaten, "If you don't come back, I'll come to you!" "...I'll return."

"That's more like it! I'll be waiting for you at Bay Residence."

"Okay."

After hanging up, Dorothy finally felt a bit of relief.

She could understand Everett's turmoil; anyone would be devastated by such a sudden turn when success seemed just within reach.

Putting down her phone, Dorothy quickly got up to draw a bath for Everett, then brewed a pot of soothing herbal tea. Life's not always smooth sailing, is it?

If the original plan was off the table,

they'd just have to come up with a new one. As long as there was hope, any difficulty could be overcome.

Soon, Jeffrey drove Everett back.

Upon entering, the acrid smell of blood assaulted them.

Everett's shoes, clothes, even his hands were caked with the dark red residue of dried blood. "Go wash up!" Dorothy merely paused before quickly stepping forward to help him off with his coat. "The recording?" But the first thing he asked was to confirm Dorothy's words weren't just to placate him.

Chapter 1267

"Go freshen up! Langston traced Lane's phone IP on his computer. If he's not back, how am I supposed to figure it out?" She wasn't exactly a tech wizard.

No sooner had Dorothy finished speaking than Everett, with his long strides, was heading towards Langston's room.

She quickly grabbed him, "You're going in there... into a kid's room like this?"

It was only when Dorothy pointed it out that Everett realized he was covered in blood...

"I'll clean up then."

"Great!"

After Everett headed into the bathroom, Dorothy finally breathed a sigh of relief.

She turned to check on Jeffrey, who was still visibly shaken from the day's events.

"You should head back to Karen! Don't worry, I've got Everett. I won't let him do anything rash."

"Alright! I've got to keep an eye on Karen, especially with the baby on the way... But make sure to keep Everett in check. We can't have him taking matters into his own hands. It could get messy, not to mention the hit to his reputation."

"I understand!" Dorothy glanced at Jeffrey, who, though not as disheveled and dirty as Everett, was also stained with blood. "Jeffrey, why don't you also freshen up in the guest room? Change into some of Everett's clothes before you head back?" Jeffrey paused, "Do I have to? I don't have OCD."

"But you're covered in blood. Karen might get scared if she sees you like that."

Realization dawned on Jeffrey.

"Right, right, a quick wash then!"

She turned to grab a set of Everett's unworn clothes and a fresh towel for Jeffrey.

Before Jeffrey could even step into the guest room, Dorothy's phone rang.

She looked down to see it was Kenneth calling!

It had been a while since he last reached out...

"Kenneth?"

"Yeah." After picking up, Kenneth responded, "Karen's at the hospital. Don't worry too much, nothing serious. She wanted me to let you know."

Dorothy's voice instinctively rose, "At the hospital? What happened?"

"Nothing major, the doctor checked her over. She's probably just stressed!"

"Oh, good to hear... There's been a bit of trouble on this end. Needed Jeffrey's help. Looks like we'll be leaning on you to look after Karen for a bit."

"I'm her brother. Isn't it my job to

take care of her?" Kenneth's voice hesitated as if he wanted to say more but ultimately held back, "Just make sure you take care of yourself too"

That sentence alone let Dorothy know Kenneth was aware of everything.

No need to guess, Karen must have told him.

"I will, don't worry about me."

"Alright, get back to it."

Hanging up, Dorothy couldn't help but feel a bit melancholy.

She wanted to remain friends, even family with Kenneth, but he couldn't go back to just being friends. And so, naturally, their relationship had grown distant.

It was a change neither could avoid.

Someone she used to talk to all the time, now hardly ever calling, was indeed a bit sad.

Soon enough, Everett had washed up and came back.

He was quicker than usual, clearly anxious to get to Langston's computer.

"Looks like Langston set a password!"

"No worries, I can crack it."

This was a minor hurdle for him.

Dorothy spoke softly, "Everett,

maybe you should ask Langston

first? It might be better to get his

permission before using his computer, don't you think?

Chapter 1268

"I'll talk to him."

He was pretty sure his son wouldn't hold a grudge over this.

"Alright."

Everett stepped into Langston's room, just as Jeffrey emerged from another.

Dorothy handed him a bag, suggesting he pack his dirty clothes in it.

"I'll just toss them out later, no biggie!"

"Better toss 'em. If Karen sees, she'll overthink things! Give her a ring. Kenneth just told me Karen's at the hospital for a check-up."

At the mention of the hospital, Jeffrey's face lost all color.

The lot of them had developed a phobia of hospitals; those words felt like a curse!

"What's wrong with her?!"

"Nothing serious. Kenneth said Karen felt a bit off, so he took her for a check-up. The doc said it's nothing major, probably just stress. You should go see her, ask her about it in person." "Alright, I'm off then!"

Jeffrey had meant to ask how Everett was holding up, but hearing about Karen in the hospital, he rushed off without even waiting for Everett to return from Langston's room.

That was his queen bee; if something happened to her, it would be a disaster!

After seeing Jeffrey off, Dorothy also went to check on the kids.

Watching Everett tinker with Langston's computer felt... oddly like seeing an older Langston in action!

"Did you find it?"

"Yeah." Langston's computer was a gift from him, cracking the passwords he'd set was a breeze.

"Do you think, like Lane hinted, that there's an antidote?"

Everett quickly replayed the footage, then slowed it down, indeed catching the phrase Dorothy mentioned. But... Lane hadn't explicitly mentioned having an antidote!

"He didn't say it outright." Everett looked up at her. "Has Lane contacted you again?"

"He did! But that call wasn't recorded."

Dorothy had been caught off guard by the call, not expecting it to be Lane, so she hadn't thought to prepare. "What did he say?"

"I can't quite remember, that was right when you said Quincy had disappeared..." Dorothy strained to recast. "He said he wanted me, that he hated you, and then..."

Everett immediately grasped her hand, "And then what?"

"He asked if only one of us could live, who would choose!" At the time, Dorothy found it bizarre, thinking he meant to target Everett, not realizing his plan was to get rid of Quincy!

"Still didn't specifically mention the antidote?" Everett was somewhat worried.

Though the pieces seemed to point to Lane having the antidote, having used it to dispose of Quincy. But...

As long as he didn't verbally confirm it, all these clues were just speculation!

"Everett, listen to me! For now, let's pretend we know nothing. We still have some of Quincy's antidote left, enough to keep me going for a while. If we could play a role for Quincy, we can do the same for Lane™ Dorothy placed her other hand over Everett's, gently stroking it. "Next time Lane contacts me, I'll ask him outright about the antidote."

"..." Everett remained silent, just looking at her.

Dorothy arched an eyebrow, "What's wrong?" "I feel so powerless."

Chapter 1269

From the moment Quincy concocted that poison, Everett found himself hemmed in on all sides.

Even the matter of breaking up had turned into a debacle, and ironically, the antidote ended up being ingested by himself, yet Dorothy remained poisoned!

Everett had always prided himself on his successes, believing that anything he set his mind to, he could achieve. Yet, when it came to Dorothy- He felt utterly powerless.

"Everett, I won't allow you to talk like that!" Dorothy furrowed her brows slightly, her face etched with seriousness, "The reason you feel trapped is because you care about me! Take Quincy, for example, you could easily make her suffer a fate worse than death if you wanted to! But you didn't, not because you're incapable, but because you're cautious."

Dorothy understood that unless she was completely certain the poison was neutralized, Everett wouldn't let Quincy meet her end immediately even if she handed over the antidote.

He had too much at stake, too many considerations to weigh, especially when it came to anything that might affect Dorothy. He couldn't afford to gamble with her life.

"I don't want to analyze the process; I just feel useless right now." Everett sighed deeply, covering his face with his hand.

"Who wants to feel like they're being led by the nose? Everett, how can you be useless? Without you, there wouldn't even be a 'me' to speak of!"

"I truly regret it," Everett clenched his fist, his eyes cast down, casting shadows across his face, "Why didn't I guard against you? Why did I drink the water you gave me!"

He had sensed something was off with Dorothy that day!

But...

But Dorothy's sudden gesture of goodwill had truly thrown him off.

She had never acted this way before.

The thing Dorothy was best at was rejecting him, driving him away, setting clear boundaries between them! It was the first time she had made such an effort to show kindness, even inviting him into her home.

Upon reflection, how could someone suddenly change their personality like that?

It was clearly a premeditated move!

"Everett, are you actually fretting over this?" Dorothy was momentarily stunned before she moved to embrace him, "Do you have any idea that I think the best thing I've ever done in my life was giving you that antidote!"

"But you could die!" The mere thought of Dorothy suddenly collapsing, devoid of all vitality, made him feel as if his heart was being squeezed, leaving him breathless.

"If you were the one poisoned, that would have been truly problematic! Lane would never have given you the antidote!"

Dorothy was genuinely grateful she had given Everett the antidote.

After all...

Lane had his own motives regarding her.

There was room to maneuver in that situation.

But Lane's feelings towards Everett were nothing but hatred! Seeing how resolutely he had killed Quincy, it was clear he left no room for Everett's survival.

The extent of his hatred for Everett was palpable.

"But now, whether Lane has the

antidote or not is uncertain, and è whether he'll give it to you, we'll need to strategize!" Everett admitted he was somewhat out of sorts today.

He rarely lost his composure.

Upon seeing Quincy's body, he nearly lost his mind.

It felt as if the tightrope in his heart had suddenly snapped, beyond any hope of repair.

Everett was devastated... because he wasn't a deity, devoid of the power to bring the dead back to life.

"Then we'll strategize! Don't you

think, as long as we're together, sharing a common goal, trusting each other, any difficulty is just that difficulty, and nothing we can't overcome!" Dorothy smiled, "I have faith in you."

Chapter 1270

"I'm worried about your health..."

"Me? I'm fit as a fiddle! Look at me, being all good and even put work on hold. I did it all to ease your mind, and if you're still stressed, then it seems I've wasted my efforts," Dorothy feigned annoyance. "If you keep piling this pressure on yourself, I'm going back to work tomorrow! No matter what I do, you seem determined to weigh yourself down."

Everett pulled her into a tight embrace, holding her close.

"I'm terrified of losing you."

"Don't be scared. We'll always be together."

Dorothy gently stroked his back, "Life's got its ups and downs, right? I believe the man upstairs saw I'd end up with you, such a huge blessing, and worried others might find it unfair. So, he threw these challenges my way! I take them in stride."

Truth be told, whether there was a cure or not, Dorothy didn't fret over it as much as Everett did.

He hadn't tasted much bitterness in life, so he couldn't empathize with Dorothy on the same level.

But she was different.

Just being by Everett's side, enjoying all the moments together, was beyond Dorothy's wildest dreams.

She really wasn't obsessed with clinging to life.

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Jeffrey immediately drove to the hospital, trying to call Karen on the way, but she didn't pick up. It was Kenneth's sister. "How's she doing, Kenneth?"

"All good, have you finished up with your things?" Now, speaking to Kenneth felt genuinely like talking to a relative.

It was simple, yet there was a sense of closeness.

"Yeah, guess I'm done for now. Karen's really okay?" Jeffrey was always worried about his wife's pregnancy.

The last one was nerve-wracking.

And this time, it hadn't been smooth sailing either.

"She's fine. Why would I lie to you? Perfect timing for you to pick her up from the hospital, I've got some things to handle." "Alright."

Hanging up, Jeffrey felt something was off but couldn't pin it down at the moment.

As he neared the hospital, it clicked.

Kenneth, something's not right here! Seriously not right!

Karen, with her big mouth, must have spilled the beans to Kenneth

about Everett and Dorothy. Whed

would he be there for a prenatal checkup?

else

But knowing all this, why hadn't he asked Jeffrey a single question over the phone?

That was out of character for Kenneth.

If Everett was the first person to love Dorothy, then Kenneth was undoubtedly the second.

If Everett wasn't his good buddy, he might have even tried to set Kenneth up with Dorothy through Karen.

That's true love! No joke.

Arriving at the hospital, Jeffrey headed straight for the maternity ward.

The checkup was all done. Kenneth was holding a hospital bag, casually chatting with Karen.

Seeing Jeffrey, Karen approached him and blurted out, "Quincy's really gone?"

"Yeah." Jeffrey nodded. "I told you."

be some hope..." After all, with today's medical technology, there might have been a chance him!

"You did, but I thought there et

"What hope could there be? Lane went straight for Quincy's throat Burned his face, chopped off his hands, nearly did everything but dismember him." The thought still made Jeffrey queasy!

He considered himself to have a strong stomach, but even he couldn't help feeling unsettled.