

Midnight 911

Chapter 911

"You know as well as I do how that lawsuit turned out. How could she possibly be in good spirits? Everett flew back just to handle it," Jeffrey sighed, wrapping an arm around Karen's shoulders. "Let me put it to you this way, anyone in the world could hurt Dorothy, but not Everett. He'd rather take a bullet than cause her the slightest harm. You can trust me on that."

Karen seemed to want to argue, but... Jeffrey's point was hard to dispute.

Karen was well aware of just how much Everett cared for Dorothy.

"Suddenly, I'm dying to know if we're having a boy or a girl! Why don't we head to the hospital right now and find out?" Feeling overwhelmed, he quickly changed the subject.

Karen nodded. "Sure!"

...

Even with Everett by her side, Dorothy's sleep was fitful - a cycle of waking and dozing.

Thankfully, Everett hadn't drawn the curtains, keeping the room shrouded in darkness, which helped Dorothy avoid waking up completely once daylight broke.

The last time Dorothy opened her eyes, it was the aroma of chicken soup that stirred her from sleep.

The soup Everett made had a unique flavor, distinctly different from anyone else's. She couldn't pinpoint what he added, but it was irresistibly fragrant.

"You're awake? Freshen up, and let's have something to eat."

Dorothy blinked a few times, fully awakening, and nodded slightly.

After freshening up, she approached the table, her gaze lingering on Everett's bandaged hand, faint traces of blood seeping through...

"Please, stop cooking. I don't enjoy it," she said, fearing he wouldn't listen otherwise.

"How about just a little bit for today?" Everett replied, unbothered, pushing the bowl and spoon a bit closer to her with his left hand. "From now on, we'll get room service."

"Okay."

Dorothy sat down, slowly spooning the soup into her mouth. She had virtually no appetite and even felt a wave of nausea she had to suppress.

Her aversion to food had grown so severe that she appeared visibly thinner and somewhat listless.

"After we eat, how about we take a little walk? Sound good?"

Instead of heading straight to the hospital, Everett had arranged to meet the doctor in a suburban park.

Having dealt with Amanda's depression and mental health issues for years, Everett had some insight into the matter. He knew that places like hospitals often made people feel more confined and struggled to emerge from their own emotions.

"I don't want to go out."

"Dorothy, don't you want to get better soon and see Abigail and Langston? They've been asking to see their mommy a lot."

Dorothy didn't reply.

Taking her silence as consent, Everett didn't want to always bring the kids into the conversation, but it seemed that Dorothy, aside from her attachment to Abigail and Langston, appeared indifferent to everything else, perhaps even including himself.

Watching her struggle to finish even half a bowl of soup, Everett couldn't help but intervene.

"If you really can't eat, don't force yourself. You probably haven't eaten much in days. Eating too much now might make you feel sick."

Dorothy showed little reaction, simply nodding and putting down her spoon.

"Let me clean up here, and you go wait on the bed. I'll apply some ointment for you."

"Ointment?"

Everett gestured towards her chest. "That wound, you definitely haven't treated it."

Though she was clothed and he couldn't see anything, Everett's observations didn't miss a beat. He noticed Dorothy flinch slightly when her spoon brushed against her skin under her clothes.

Chapter 912

Since Dorothy cut herself, several days had passed, yet the wound hadn't healed. The slightest brush of clothing against it caused her pain, suggesting it was probably inflamed, maybe even infected.

"No need, I can take care of it myself."

Dorothy immediately refused, even taking a step back, a hint of wariness in her movements.

Seeing her like this, Everett quickly spoke up to soothe her, "Alright, I won't touch your wound. How about I get you some medicine, and you can apply it yourself?"

"I don't need to put anything on it."

"Come on," he said, frowning slightly. "You need to work with me if you want to get better sooner."

Dorothy clearly didn't want to compromise or get too close, struggling to find a way to reject his offer without offending him.

Everett sighed deeply, then stepped forward to take her hand, patting her head as if she were a child. "Hey, relax. I'll lay everything you want at your feet. So, just take it easy, and trust me, okay?"

She tensed up, trying to pull her hand away.

But Dorothy pulled, and Everett pulled back harder.

"So, you don't trust me, is that it? Fine, you don't have to trust me. Keep seeing me as the enemy if you want!"

"Everett, your father said if I don't drop the lawsuit, he'd arrange for Dr. Quincy to marry you."

Everett was taken aback as he asked, "Is that what this is about?"

"Not entirely."

"They tried to get me to marry Heather, and I didn't, did I? Who I want to marry... don't you know that by now?"

Dorothy frowned. "But I don't want to drop the lawsuit."

"You don't have to listen to them. Just listen to me, okay?" Everett said, looking at her worn-out state, his mind clear of anything but concern for her well-being.

He just wanted her to be healthy.

He wanted her to be as vibrant and determined as she was when they first met at the Prosperity Consortium, fighting passionately for her projects, brainstorming tirelessly to seal a deal.

That's the Dorothy he knew.

Just as she was about to respond, her phone suddenly rang.

Both of them looked over—

It was Karen.

"Dorothy! Jeffrey and I just found out the baby's gender. Guess if it's a boy or a girl!"

Karen's voice was always so full of energy, effortlessly spreading happiness, as if she never had a bad day or a worry in the world.

Dorothy thought for a moment, then answered softly, "A boy?"

"Hehe!" Karen laughed mischievously, "Wrong, it's a girl! Haha, who knows, maybe we will end up being in-laws! I'd love to see my daughter marry Langston! Oh, but what if Langston thinks she's not

pretty enough? He's just too handsome. There will be so many girls after him."

"Nonsense, my daughter will be the most beautiful!" Jeffrey immediately protested over the phone.

"My girl's not marrying anyone! I'll take care of her for life!"

"That's going to make her an old maid!"

Listening to their playful banter, Dorothy suddenly felt the warmth of everyday life seeping in.

"Dorothy, let's meet up, okay? I miss you!"

Karen suddenly suggested.

"No..."

Before Dorothy could get another word out, Karen started to wheedle, "Come on, let's just have dinner together! Please, I'm begging you. I'm going stir-crazy at home, and you never text or miss me!"

Dorothy didn't know how to reply.

"Come out with us! Jeffrey and I will pick you up!"

Just as Dorothy was about to respond, Everett beat her to it.

"No need to pick her up. I'll drive her there."

Chapter 913

"Everett!" Karen's voice pitched up in surprise, "How come you're hanging out with Dorothy..."

Jeffrey quipped back without missing a beat, "You'd only be shocked if she was with another guy, right?"

"...Suppose you're right."

...

Since Karen was heavily pregnant and found it hard to move around, Everett had Kevin drive them to the restaurant.

Settled down, Karen began to frown at the sight of Dorothy.

"Are you punishing yourself? Dorothy, if you keep losing weight like this, I'll have Jeffrey tie you up and bring you to my place. I'll make sure you eat every day!"

Jeffrey, who was in the middle of a drink, coughed twice and smirked, "No need for tying up! Who dares to mess with that?"

Karen shot him a glare, leaving Jeffrey close his mouth.

Discuss tying Dorothy up in front of Everett? Was he looking for trouble?

"Are you hungry? How about something to drink? Milk?" Everett was unperturbed by their banter, his concern solely on Dorothy.

He knew she didn't feel like eating, but in front of Karen, she didn't want to show her discomfort.

Dorothy nodded slightly and said, "Okay."

Karen, ever straightforward, wanted to press on.

Everett timely intervened, "She's not feeling well. Let's change the subject."

With that, even the least observant could grasp the situation.

"Right! Let's talk about something else! Karen and I went for a prenatal checkup today. We're having a daughter! Everett, let me tell you, if your son ever thinks about whisking away my daughter, you better prepare a hefty dowry!"

Everett chuckled, readily agreeing, "Sure thing."

"I'm not joking! We might be buddies, but when it comes to my daughter's wedding, it has to be grand!"

"Jeffrey, the baby isn't even born yet, and you're thinking way ahead!" Karen could barely stop herself from rolling her eyes at him.

Jeffrey shrugged. "Of course, I have to think ahead! Ah, just the thought of marrying off my daughter one day... My heart feels so cold!"

"Just pray your daughter doesn't end up with a man like you."

Karen's casual remark made Jeffrey suddenly remember something Arthur had said.

"Jeffrey, oh Jeffrey, karma is a real thing! Aren't you getting engaged? I'll be here waiting for the day you have a daughter. I can't wait for her to be played by men, then abandoned, just like how you played with Paige!"

Just recalling these words gave Jeffrey goosebumps.

No way!

He had to find Arthur and make that jerk take back his curse!

Or else, he'd kill Arthur himself!

"Feeling really bad?" Everett didn't interrupt their conversation, instead, he turned to Dorothy and asked softly. He could tell she wasn't in a good state.

Dorothy shook her head. "Don't worry about me."

She was forcing herself to interact more with the outside world.

Trying to observe and learn from the way Jeffrey and Karen were with each other, to feel the good things in this world.

Maybe that could help her manage her emotions.

"Okay, I'm going to the restroom for a bit." Everett gently tapped her shoulder before standing up to leave.

He left his phone on the table.

Soon, the screen lit up a few times.

No details were visible, except that someone kept sending him messages, one after another.

Chapter 914

Dorothy barely noticed the flash of Everett's phone screen, giving it a subconscious glance but not really paying attention.

As a CEO, his days were typically swamped, and people constantly sought him out.

Lately, she couldn't help but think that Everett must have been putting off a lot of work because of her.

The thought made her heart heavy, as if something was squeezing her throat, making it hard to breathe.

If she were gone, then Everett wouldn't have to waste his time on her anymore...

Everything could just end.

"Dorothy? Dorothy!"

Karen's voice sharply pulled her back to reality.

Dorothy's body jerked, and she broke out in a cold sweat.

"What's up?" she tried to sound as normal as possible.

Karen pointed at Dorothy's purse. "Your phone's been ringing. Didn't you hear it?"

Indeed, she hadn't noticed at all.

Pulling out her phone, she saw it was a call from Dr. Quincy.

Why would she suddenly reach out to her?

Worried Karen might overhear something and get the wrong idea, Dorothy stood up to take the call a little away.

"Hello, Dr. Quincy."

"I've been trying to reach you! I've been calling Mr. Lopez, no answer, and you weren't picking up either," Quincy's voice, even in a rush, was still gentle and soothing, like clear, calming waters, "Did Mr. Lopez see the rehab instructions I sent him?"

Dorothy paused for a moment.

Thinking back to earlier, when Everett's phone screen lit up repeatedly, was it Quincy messaging him?

"I'm not sure, you should wait for his reply," Dorothy couldn't confirm whether Everett saw the messages or not.

Maybe she was overthinking it.

If it was...

She was quite surprised that Everett would actually use his personal account to add Quincy.

"Aren't you two together?" Quincy asked again.

"He's in the restroom."

"Oh! That explains it. I asked him this morning, and he said he was taking care of you."

Dorothy forced a smile. Catching a glimpse of Everett returning from the restroom, she spoke softly, "He should get back to you soon."

"Okay, sure!"

After hanging up, she returned to her seat.

Dorothy was about to remind Everett to check his phone when Karen's conversation sidetracked her!

By the time she remembered again, Everett was already typing on his phone.

It wasn't that she meant to snoop, maybe just out of curiosity, she wanted to confirm her earlier thoughts.

Pretending it was accidental, Dorothy glanced over.

It was indeed Quincy. She recognized the WhatsApp profile picture.

The next second, Everett suddenly looked up, their eyes meeting.

Dorothy blinked, feeling the embarrassment of being caught.

But Everett didn't seem upset; instead, he slid his phone across the table to her. "She sent me some post-surgery rehab tips and methods."

Everything on there was about his injury.

Not a single word gave away any other clues or hints. It was just a doctor's advice to her patient.

[Use warm compresses to improve blood circulation, start massaging gently with your other hand, increasing pressure gradually. It'll hurt, but you need to endure and overcome it.]

[During recovery, it's normal to occasionally feel numbness in the area where the tendon is healing due to nerve damage. It shouldn't last too long, but if it persists for more than two days, contact me.]

Everett's response was succinct.

Just one word.

[Okay.]

Chapter 915

"If you're not happy, I'll just delete her."

Saying that, Everett reached out his hand.

Dorothy quickly stopped him, "No, wait! What are you doing? I was just... looking, that's all. Don't read too much into it."

Not to mention that Everett's hand hadn't fully healed yet and that he would still need Quincy's help, but thinking about the future... who knows when they might need Quincy's help again?

If he deleted Quincy from his contacts, how awkward would it be if that got out? How would they face each other then?

"After she stitched me up, she's leaving the country. She said she's worried about whether I'm doing my exercises correctly for my tendon recovery, and also worried about the expertise of the doctors here. So, she added me on WhatsApp, telling me to send her a photo of the wound in a few days."

Everett rarely spoke in such a long, hurried explanation.

Dorothy nodded. "Dr. Quincy is very responsible. You should really listen to her."

He's the CEO of a corporation, after all. His hands are crucial to him!

"Dorothy, if you're not happy, don't keep it to yourself. Tell me."

"I'm really okay," Dorothy said, almost helplessly, "Everett, it's your choice! Just like I advocate for my own freedom, you know? Freedom means not being interfered with."

He didn't want that kind of freedom. Nor did he want to give Dorothy that freedom.

After dinner with Karen, Jeffrey took her back to continue with her pregnancy care.

Knowing they were having a daughter, Jeffrey acted like he wanted to vet every boy in the world suitable for his daughter. Hmph, any guy thinking of getting close to his daughter would have to get past him first.

Dorothy watched them get into the car and leave before turning back to Everett.

"I don't feel like seeing the doctor today. Can we reschedule?"

Although Everett hadn't explicitly mentioned taking her to see a doctor, Dorothy had a hunch.

"Of course," he replied without hesitation, completely accommodating her.

On the way back to the hotel, Dorothy started feeling dizzy.

Her face turned even paler.

He kept glancing at her, hesitating before finally saying, "Maybe we should have a doctor come check on you?"

"It's okay. I'm probably just carsick. I'll feel better after resting a bit."

Dorothy truly thought it was just a lack of food that caused her dizziness, but before they even arrived, she had lost consciousness and slipped into a coma.

...

Everett, worried about his hand and feeling helpless about not being able to do things himself, had called Jeffrey for help.

After dropping Karen off, Jeffrey rushed to the hospital upon receiving a call from Everett.

"Did you settle Karen okay?"

"I told her it was work-related, and since she saw it was your call, she didn't suspect anything," Jeffrey said, frowning and glancing at the emergency room's red light. "Dorothy's really putting you through the wringer! Wasn't she just fine? How did she suddenly faint?"

"The doctor checked her, said it might be due to not eating properly and lack of sleep, which could lead to low blood pressure and sugar levels, but I have a feeling it's not that simple with her."

A gut feeling.

With no solid evidence.

Jeffrey patted Everett's shoulder. "Buddy, don't pressure yourself too much! I know Dorothy means the world to you, but there's no need for wild guesses! Fainting from low blood sugar is normal, right? Look at how thin Dorothy has gotten!"

"She's not sleeping well."

"If you ask me, you should just enforce some love! Otherwise, you're wasting your god-given talents!"

Chapter 916

Everett, the CEO of Lopez Corporation, was not known for taking the humble road in love. Yet, here he was, head over heels for a woman for more than a decade, enough time for men like Jeffrey to father a soccer team's worth of children...

"I can't stand seeing fear in her eyes," Everett admitted.

Everett had tried to be more assertive. He had thought about keeping Dorothy close, disregarding her personality and her fears, making her his and his alone. But all it took was a glimpse of panic in her eyes, and he was defeated.

No strategy could work against that.

“Man, you are totally whipped,” Jeffrey couldn’t help but admire, “Remember how I had to pull some crazy stunts to make Karen my wife? I was pretty proud of myself until I saw you. Next to you, I look like a brute, as if I don’t love Karen.”

“Karen and Dorothy are entirely different,” Everett pointed out.

Just by comparing their upbringing, the difference was night and day.

Karen was the apple of her parents’ eye. While Dorothy had carried the weight of her family on her shoulders from a young age.

“Everett, whenever I see how far you’re willing to go for Dorothy, it’s like you’re radiating motherly love,” Jeffrey teased. “I never imagined that capturing your heart required a damsel in need of saving.”

Everett frowned at him. “I only want to save her. Everyone else is irrelevant to me.”

...

This time Dorothy’s unconsciousness was different from any before.

It was as if the TV suddenly lost power, Dorothy was completely devoid of consciousness. When she woke up, she even thought she was still in the car, heading back to the hotel with Everett.

“How did I end up here?”

Trying to sit up, Dorothy noticed the IV needles in each of her arms. Her movement caused a bit of blood to backflow...

“Don’t move,” Everett gently pushed her back onto the bed, waiting for the blood to disappear before relaxing. “You fainted. The doctor said you need to eat well and rest.”

“How long was I out? What time is it?”

“Not long. It’s seven in the evening now.”

Dorothy looked at him, feeling as if she was floating or walking on clouds. Everything seemed surreal.

“I’ve been asleep for so long.”

“Yeah, once you’ve had your IV, you can get out of bed, but rest a bit more first.”

Everett got up to fetch the warm milk he had prepared for her. “Have some. It’ll give you a bit of strength.”

Dorothy didn’t feel like eating anything, but seeing how he was going out of his way to take care of her, it was hard to say no.

Watching her slowly sip the milk, Everett felt a weight lift off his chest.

“Am I staying in the hospital tonight?” She noticed it was already dark outside.

“The doctor suggested it, in case you feel unwell again.”

“But I want to go back. I don’t like the smell here.”

She had smelled it too often throughout her life!

“Alright, then we’ll go back,” Everett checked her forehead for fever. “You’re not feverish, so it should be okay.”

“I meant back to the hotel,” Dorothy’s lips cracked as she spoke, “Not Bay Residence.”

He still smiled, gently running his fingers through her hair.

“I know.”

“I want... to be alone at the hotel.”

“That’s not an option,” Everett’s refusal was gentle. “You’re sick, so try to be good.”

Chapter 917

Everett had been the one looking after the kids lately, so he had become quite the pro at soothing little ones.

Seeing Dorothy's furrowed brow, he reached over and smoothed it out forcefully.

"I'm not Abigail and Langston."

"You're right; you're not." Everett chuckled. "Abigail and Langston are much more obedient than you are."

Dorothy said nothing.

He pulled out his phone, scrolled through his photo album, and handed it over to her. "I've documented every day. I told them Mommy's sick and needs some rest, so they won't be surprised if you come back to Bay Residence now."

Taking the phone, Dorothy browsed through a few videos and then it hit her.

"So, you never planned on giving up on me?"

"Of course I've thought about it! Every time you made me mad, I thought, 'I'm never going to fall for this heartless woman again.'"

There was a hint of playful resentment in Everett's tone, a stark contrast to his handsome face.

Dorothy couldn't help but laugh as her gaze returned to the videos.

Everett took great care of them. In the videos, he was always holding Abigail with Langston sitting beside him as he told them stories or read from a book.

It was so harmonious and adorable.

It was a family atmosphere Dorothy had never experienced before.

As a child, she often fantasized about having loving parents who would take her to and from school, where she could be daddy’s little girl and share her school stories with her mom.

But those were dreams of her early elementary school years.

After middle school, she stopped dreaming, even wishing at times for Maxton to just pass away earlier. Perhaps her mother could finally let go and heal if he did.

As Dorothy scrolled, a notification popped up at the top of the screen. It noted a message from Quincy.

She hadn't meant to snoop. But the message was right there on the unlocked screen.

[Did you call me, Mr. Lopez? Is everything okay?]

Everett had reached out to Quincy on his own? At least it seemed that way from the message.

Dorothy paused, then handed back the phone, "My IV's almost done. Can you ask the doctor to come and remove it?"

Everett pocketed his phone and stood up. "Sure."

...

Leaving the hospital, they stepped outside just as it began to rain.

Dorothy leaned against the car window, lost in thought as she watched the raindrops race each other down the glass.

Everett didn't disturb her. He was focusing on his phone, typing.

Arriving at the hotel, Kevin opened the door for Dorothy. She got out and turned to look at Everett, who was still busy swiping on his screen.

Since only his left hand could move and his right hand only served the purpose of holding the phone, he typed in a somewhat awkward manner and often pressed the wrong buttons.

"Mr. Lopez, we're here," Kevin reminded him.

"Right," Everett said, finally looking up and pocketing his phone before following Dorothy into the hotel.

"You... planning to stay here too?" Once in the room, Dorothy saw Everett making no move to leave and asked, albeit hesitantly.

"Yeah, I'll crash on the couch."

He couldn't bear the thought of letting Dorothy out of his sight, not even for a second.

Seeing the tiredness in Everett's eyes, Dorothy's heart finally softened, "Don't sleep on the couch, the bed's big enough. I won't take up much space."

"No, I shouldn't." Surprisingly, Everett declined.

Dorothy asked without thinking, "Why not?"

"...Because you're not well."

Chapter 918

"What does this have to do with my well-being?" Dorothy blurted out the question, her eyes clear and innocent.

Everett couldn't help himself; in a swift motion, he pulled her close, his head dipping down to capture her lips in a passionate kiss.

His hands firmly held her slender waist to pin her in place as Dorothy could do nothing but tilt her head back and surrender to his fervent exploration...

As the kiss broke, Everett deliberately pressed himself against her lower abdomen, his voice husky with unmasked desire.

"Get it now?"

"You...!" Dorothy's delicate face flushed a deep shade of red with a mix of anger and embarrassment painting her features.

How could he even think of that when she's like this? She could never figure it out.

She couldn't believe that even in her current state, Everett's mind was still wandering to such thoughts!

"What about it? You kept asking," he chuckled, releasing her and casually running a hand through her hair. "Dorothy, it's been months since we haven't slept together. This is just a natural response."

If he didn't feel anything, that would be the real issue.

Dorothy decided not to engage further to avoid another lesson in biology. She grabbed some clothes and retreated to the bathroom.

When she emerged, she found Everett standing by the French doors, deep in conversation on the phone.

His brows were furrowed, his tone cool and distant, a stark contrast to the warmth he'd shown her earlier. "Are you sure there's nothing wrong?" he asked the other side.

"From the medical results you've sent me, Mr. Lopez, I can't see anything alarming. No need to worry too much."

"Mmhmm." Everett hung up, turning to see Dorothy standing at the bathroom door.

"Was that Dr. Quincy?"

"Yeah." He nodded, stepping towards her. "Asked her to review your medical files."

"I'm fine, really. Just not feeling hungry, that's all. Don't make a fuss," Dorothy paused, then added, "And stop always bothering Dr. Quincy about it."

Everett raised an eyebrow, "Jealous?"

"Jealous? Of Dr. Quincy?" Dorothy met his gaze, unflinching. "You're imagining things. I just don't think she should be obligated to check for me."

"Well, you wouldn't be jealous, would you?" Everett's lips twitched into a smile. "The Lopez family pays her salary, after all."

"But I'm not one of the Lopez family."

Wanting to avoid further conflict, Everett didn't say anything. He simply led her back to bed and tucked her in. "Get some rest."

But Dorothy was far from sleepy.

Yet, she closed her eyes, knowing that claiming insomnia would only keep him up out of concern for her. After all the day's drama, he was the one who truly needed rest.

Without looking, she heard Everett moving about quietly.

He showered, changed into his robe, and, not wanting to disturb her further, merely patted his hair dry with a towel.

Laying on the couch, Everett finished returning Kevin's work that he had to give an answer to today before he put his phone down and closed his eyes.

Luckily, the couch in this room was large and long enough that he could at least stretch his legs out even though he was filling it up.

Dorothy waited a while before quietly getting out of bed, barefoot to avoid making any noise, and tiptoed over to him.

Everett, lying there, appeared a little childlike in his sleep. His large frame was neatly arranged, his hands were by his sides, and he was breathing evenly...

Dorothy reached out to touch his bandaged hand, hesitated, and then withdrew.

Suddenly—

Everett's deep voice broke the silence, "Dorothy, I think you do love me, right?"

Chapter 919

"Um, didn't you fall asleep?" Dorothy was startled by Everett's sudden movement.

Everett opened his eyes, and even in the dim moonlit room, he could precisely lock onto her gaze.

"Answer my question."

"I was heading to bed."

As Dorothy turned to leave, he caught her wrist as his tall figure rose abruptly from the couch, "Tell me, I want to hear it."

"Just because you want to hear it means I have to answer?"

"Yes." Everett's tone was unusually commanding when he forced a direct response from her.

Dorothy knew she couldn't dodge this, and after a moment, her demeanor softened slightly, "You want my trust, and I can't give it."

"What if you don't have to trust me? Can you be at peace by my side then?" he asked.

She frowned, "Everett, you have too much in your hand and that brings you to the height others wouldn't dare dream of in their lifetime! But being with me, you'd lose so much! You'd even... bear the stigma of being an unfilial son for life!"

"But..."

"Let me finish."

"Alright."

Dorothy took a deep breath, eyes downcast as she said, "I'm torn, too. I know if I give up clearing my mother's name, I could gain the approval of the Lopez family; I could be with you and also our kids. But... wouldn't that be like stepping over my mom's body to enter the Lopez family? I just can't do it!"

She even felt that any slight wavering in her resolve was a sin! Like she'd be damned to the deepest hell!

"You don't need their approval. If I acknowledge you as my wife, that's enough." He claimed.

"I want to end all this, and death seems the only way out," she replied.

After Dorothy's first failed attempt on Amanda, she hadn't thought about it again.

It wasn't for lack of opportunity but a complete loss of will. She just wanted to be free, to leave this world forever, where none of its turmoil could touch her. She'd be blind about others' life or death after she closed her eyes forever.

That attraction became increasingly overwhelming, and was beyond her control.

Eventually, her hallucinations began.

Standing on a high place, she could see her mother waving her over from below.

She saw daggers and sharp knives, and she could read the lines carved on them, "Pierce me into your body, and you'll be free."

Revenge, lawsuits, love—none would matter to her anymore.

As Dorothy calmly voiced these thoughts, a boundless fear spread through Everett.

His entire being was enveloped in dread as he said, "Dorothy, I can give up everything. Let's take Abigail and Langston and find somewhere secluded, okay?"

"How could we? You're the CEO of the Lopez Corporation—"

He frowned, his gaze intense and serious, "If I have you by my side every day, if I can make you the first person I see after opening my eyes and the last person I see before going to bed, what else matters?"

"But Everett, you're not like Jeffrey. You'd suffer without work." Dorothy knew Everett's dedication to his career and the effort he'd put into the Lopez Corporation.

Putting other things aside, his hard study for years was not something that could be exchanged by mere wealth. He must have reached the pinnacle through years of effort.

She wouldn't want him to give that up for her.

"But without you, I'd suffer more." Everett tightened his grip on her hand, his voice calm but each word heavy, "If you die, I will go with you."

Chapter 920

"Everett!" Dorothy felt a shiver run through her entire body.

"I'm here."

"You're just in your thirties! You can't throw away your future because of me! We're from different worlds. I'm just another face in the crowd, but you, you're like the shining star that's so unique and irreplaceable!"

She wasn't born into expectations. She was devoid of loving parents or a happy childhood, not even the average family life most kids take for granted.

Despite trying hard, she ended up attending just an average high school and university.

Dorothy always thought of herself as too ordinary.

Lost in the crowd and easily replaceable.

But Everett was different. He was the sole heir to the Lopez family, the CEO of Lopez Corporation, and the decision-maker for over a hundred subsidiaries.

How could she ever compare?

Without him, the future of Lopez Corporation could hardly be deemed bright.

"Forget about whether I'm the star or not, I'm giving you this conclusion."

Dorothy didn't say a word.

"I don't want to hear about the gaps between us. I can't deny the big differences in our social standings. But remember this, if you die, let your soul wait for me just a little bit, and I'll surely come find you."

Dorothy frowned, "Everett..."

"So, do you want us to die together?" he pressed.

"You've lost your mind."

Everett chuckled, "I lost it a long time ago, not just now."

Ever since he had eyes only for Dorothy, Jeffrey had called him crazy. And who in their right mind would take their own mother to court?

Everett didn't deny it. He was crazy to the bone.

Dorothy tried to persuade him to change his mind, but Everett's gaze already conveyed his answer.

It took her a moment to gather her thoughts, "Is this... some kind of threat?"

"If you think it is, then it is."

"Everett, I really think you're the one who needs to see a shrink."

Everett shrugged, "I don't need one. I've got the best medicine."

Dorothy was confused.

"As long as you're alive, I'm fine." He explained.

"I mean that YOU are too obsessive! Have you ever considered that you just have your eyes on me because you've never really been with other women? If you tried to be with someone else..."

Everett interrupted softly, "Dorothy, I've told you before that I'm a clean freak."

"You mean you have a thing for virgins?" Dorothy bluntly interpreted, "Then you could easily find someone untouched!"

With Everett's status, finding a woman who hadn't been with someone else wouldn't be hard at all.

"No." He sounded helpless, "Strictly speaking, I have a thing for being someone's first and only. The first time I'm with someone, I'm committed to them for life and unable to touch another."

Dorothy was speechless.

This was a first for her.

"What if I never let you touch me?" she asked.

Everett gave a wry smile, "I'll wait."

It's not like he hadn't waited before. Years had passed this way.

"And what if, hypothetically, I died? Wouldn't you be alone forever?" she pressed.

"I told you, if you die, I'd die too."

Dorothy opened her mouth but found herself at a loss for words.

Everett pondered and then said gravely, "I wonder this is all karma."