

Midnight 941

Chapter 941

The moment Kenneth caught sight of Dorothy walking in, it was as though a spark had ignited within his eyes.

But before he could even muster a greeting, his gaze fell upon Everett, who trailed closely behind her.

So, they've reconciled, he thought.

She was, after all, meant to be with that man.

"Hey everyone." Dorothy greeted everyone present with a smile, then made her way back to stand beside Everett.

Ever so obediently.

Everett casually draped his arm over her shoulder, a silent declaration of his claim on her.

This halted Kenneth in his tracks. He retracted the step he had begun towards Dorothy, and he resigned himself to stand still.

Jeffrey, noticing Everett, excused himself from his in-laws and approached.

"Dorothy, Everett and I need to have a word." He said.

"Go ahead! I'll just be here," Dorothy responded with a smile, thinking they were about to discuss some work-related matters and not dare to intrude.

Everett pursed his lips and whispered to her, "Stay right here and don't go anywhere. I'll be right back."

"Okay."

Once Jeffrey had led Everett to a secluded stairwell in the hospital corridor, he inquired, "What's going on with Dorothy?"

"It's Quincy," Everett revealed, seeing no need to hide the truth from Jeffrey.

Jeffrey froze, a look of disbelief spreading across his face as he asked, "Are you sure it's her?"

"She confessed," Everett replied. There was no one else but Quincy who could target Dorothy, and also target her with such capability.

"Damn! That wench! So, what's your plan? If it's tricky for you to make a move, I can step in for you," Jeffrey disdained the backstabbers evidently.

That woman knew targeting Everett directly was futile, so she went after Dorothy instead.

Such cowardice!

"The antidote is with her, so we can't act rashly," Everett stated. If not for the need for the antidote, he wouldn't have considered involving Jeffrey. He intended to make Quincy and her family pay dearly!

But now was not the time.

While Everett remained composed, Jeffrey couldn't hide his frustration, "Everett, sometimes I really feel for you! You, with all your power and freedom, yet so constrained by all these troubles! Your parents are one thing, and now there's Dorothy! And why couldn't she be more cautious and more vigilant? Where's that aloofness when she needed it?"

How could she let her guard down so easily? And now that posed another threat to Everett!

Hearing Jeffrey's dissatisfaction with Dorothy, Everett's brows furrowed, his voice carrying a warning, "Don't talk about her like that."

"I'm just pissed! These people always target Dorothy because they know she's your weakness! As your buddy, it infuriates me!"

"If someone targeted Karen, you'd do the same."

Jeffrey paused. He was at a loss for words. He understood, but it didn't ease his concern.

He just felt Everett was cornered!

He had spent his best years chasing Dorothy, and now that they were finally together, his parents were causing chaos. And with the lawsuit involving his parents not yet resolved, Quincy pops up.

Without Dorothy, Everett wouldn't be in this situation. Without Dorothy, no one could stand against him.

"If Quincy can concoct an antidote, I'll have someone work on finding a solution too. There's always a way out." Everett said.

"But you're at Quincy's mercy until then, right?"

Everett's response was firm, "I can't let anything happen to Dorothy."

Chapter 942

Jeffrey was on the verge of saying something more, but the words seemed inappropriate before they could even leave his lips. The fact that Dorothy had been poisoned was undeniable, and pointing fingers wouldn't change that.

"Here. Let me handle Quincy," Jeffrey finally said, "I have my ways of making people talk. She'll give us the antidote finally."

Everett gave him a look, his gaze darkening in silent agreement.

"Just don't kill her before we get that antidote." He said.

"Don't worry. She won't die. I know when to stop."

...

Despite the doctors' best efforts, Karen ended up having to deliver prematurely.

The medical team had done everything they could to keep the baby inside for as long as possible, but with the fetal heart rate showing signs of distress, they couldn't wait any longer.

Outside the maternity ward, Jeffrey looked nothing like a soon-to-be father. His legs were so weak he had to lean against the wall to stay upright.

Serena, finally unable to contain her worry, had cried her eyes out and taken solace in Derek's comforting embrace.

"If anything happens to my daughter... I don't know what I'll do..." she choked.

"Stop talking nonsense. She'll be fine," Derek tried to reassure her, though the tension was always evident on his face.

Kenneth, standing a bit apart, couldn't bring himself to scold Jeffrey seeing him in such a state. But ever since his cousin got involved with Jeffrey, it had been one problem after another. He was starting to question whether supporting their relationship had been the right decision at all.

He sighed heavily as his phone buzzed.

Glancing down, he saw it was his girlfriend calling.

With a frown, he silenced the phone without answering.

When he looked up again, he locked eyes with Everett. The moment they locked eyes, they could feel the rivalry from the other side.

But was Kenneth himself considered as Everett's rival? He didn't even seem to qualify.

Dorothy stood quietly by Everett's side, her hand in his, leaning against him in a way Kenneth had never experienced.

"It's a girl! A beautiful baby girl!" The news came bursting out of the operating room, sending a ripple of relief through everyone.

Jeffrey practically lunged forward and grabbed the doctor's wrist, "And my wife? How is she?"

The doctor, taken aback by his intensity, paused before responding, "She's had a significant hemorrhage, but we've stabilized her. She needs observation."

"You're sure she's out of danger?"

"Yes, she's out of danger now. You can relax."

Hearing this, Jeffrey, a man over six feet tall, collapsed to the floor in relief.

Everett moved to help him up, but Jeffrey gestured for a moment to collect himself. "Just give me a second. I'll be okay." He said.

He could finally breathe again...

When the doctor returned inside, it wasn't long before the baby was brought out.

The sound of her cries instantly brought tears to Jeffrey's eyes, "My daughter! Everett, did you hear? My daughter is here! Karen gave me a daughter!"

Everett clapped him on the shoulder, turning to see Dorothy crying even harder.

"She's finally here..." she murmured.

He wrapped Dorothy in his arms, "The doctor said she's okay. No more tears."

"I, I just can't help it. I'm just so happy," Dorothy managed between sobs as Everett gently wiped her tears away and said, "I'm happy for them too."

Chapter 943

Everett and Dorothy were acutely aware of how hard it was for them to make it this far, to reach a place where their relationship could finally bloom and bear fruit.

But, after all the hardships, it seemed they were finally at the point where they could say the worst was behind them.

Better days were ahead!

Looking at Everett, Dorothy felt the urge to drop the lawsuit peaking.

What if... just what if letting go could mean they could be together? They'd be like Jeffrey and Karen, a happy family filled with joy and laughter.

"Everett..." She started softly.

"Hmm?" Everett looked down at her with concern in his eyes. "Something wrong?"

Dorothy shook her head, "I—"

Before she could finish, Jeffrey came over. He was holding his daughter and beaming with pride, "Everett! Look at my girl, doesn't she look just like me? She does, right?"

Everett, understanding his joy of the moment, couldn't help but smile resignedly, "Yeah, she does look like you."

"I knew it! How could my daughter not resemble me!?" Jeffrey exclaimed.

Derek and Serena also managed to smile, their cheeks still glistening with tears not yet dried.

It was a scene that felt like a narrow escape from disaster, moving anyone who witnessed it.

"Dorothy, what were you about to say?" Everett hadn't forgotten her interrupted words.

Dorothy smiled slightly, "I'll tell you later. Karen's about to come out."

It was Karen and her daughter's moment to shine, not the time for their discussion.

"Alright."

...

Karen felt as if she had just walked through death's door. In her delirious state, all she could hear were the doctor's footsteps and someone exclaiming, "The patient is hemorrhaging!"

Initially, the pain was unbearable, but eventually, she felt nothing until her daughter's cry pierced through the silence.

Her pale, lifeless face broke into a smile as tears uncontrollably streamed down.

"She's born, and she's so fair! She looks just like her mom!" The doctor was the first to show Karen her daughter.

She tried to open her eyes, but she couldn't consciously focus her gaze.

"Show... show her to her dad..." She could just imagine Jeffrey's joy upon seeing their daughter.

"Of course! I'll take her to him right away."

After the doctor left, Karen finally allowed herself to sleep.

When she woke up again, she was in her hospital room.

"She's awake!" Her mother's voice filled her ears.

Unable to use a pillow, Karen's first sight was the hospital's ceiling. She felt someone holding her hand tightly to provide immense warmth.

"Karen... thank you, thank you for giving me our daughter!"

She could tell Jeffrey's voice, which was choked with tears.

Karen frowned slightly, and she felt her throat dry. Despite her discomfort, she couldn't resist teasing Jeffrey, "You... a grown man, so stop crying. You look like a pussy."

"I'll cry if I want to!" At that moment, Jeffrey couldn't care less about appearances. The heavy weight in his heart had finally lifted.

"Did you see our daughter? Does she look like me?" Karen knew Jeffrey too well; his emotions were always an open book.

"Not like you, like me! She's my daughter, so of course she looks like me!" Jeffrey protested.

At that, Karen frowned.

So Jeffrey quickly backtracked, "She looks like you! Don't be mad, she looks like you!"

Everyone around them laughed at Jeffrey's low family status, but no one dared to interrupt this tender moment between husband and wife.

Chapter 944

From the moment the doctor announced the baby's arrival, Dorothy's eyes were brimming with tears. Everett gently wiped them away several times before finally warning her that if she didn't stop crying, he'd take her home. That seemed to do the trick, at least for the moment.

Jeffrey and Karen exchanged a flurry of words until the doctor came to check on her. Only then did Jeffrey step away from the bedside, allowing Dorothy to lean in.

"Karen, you're such a trooper! Congratulations, you're officially a trio now." she said.

"Yeah... childbirth is brutal, Dorothy... I don't think I can go through this again..."

Dorothy offered a wry smile, "Jeffrey just said the same thing."

"That's right! Once all this is over, I'm getting a vasectomy!" Jeffrey chimed in, only to receive a sharp look from Karen.

There he goes again, speaking his mind with elders around.

Their conversation continued, with Kenneth standing quietly in a corner of the room and watching the family's joyful reunion.

Suddenly, he felt someone approaching him.

Looking up, he saw Everett.

“Were you the one with Dorothy when she went into the delivery room?” he asked.

“Yes,” Kenneth nodded, his response void of any boastfulness, simply answering Everett’s direct question.

“It was quite critical then, wasn’t it?”

“Dorothy’s situation was far more dire.” Kenneth’s eyes narrowed slightly as he recalled the tense moments, “The doctor had to come out to call the family several times, issuing multiple critical condition notices. I could see the blood on the doctor’s clothes. That was Dorothy’s blood.”

The fear he experienced then was indescribable. He wanted to collapse just like Jeffrey did moments ago. But he couldn’t afford to.

Outside the delivery room, it was just him and Karen. If he faltered, Karen would be utterly helpless.

Just hearing Kenneth’s account was enough for Everett to picture those harrowing moments.

What was he doing at that time?

After a long silence, Everett asked softly, “Got a cigarette?”

“You want to smoke?” Kenneth asked instinctively before immediately realizing the redundancy of his question. He patted his pocket and handed one over.

Everett took it, then stepped out of the room with Kenneth following.

“They’ll be talking for a while longer. I’d just be in the way there.” Kenneth explained, uncertain if Everett was listening.

The two of them, one after the other, made their way to the hospital’s outdoor corridor. Everett lit the cigarette and then passed it back to Kenneth.

Hesitantly, Kenneth accepted it, “Is... Dorothy facing some trouble again?”

Kenneth noticed something was off with Everett.

Without a response, Kenneth felt more certain of his suspicion.

“What’s wrong? Tell me!” he exclaimed.

“Do you think things would be different now if I had never agreed to the divorce years ago?” Everett took a drag, his eyes downcast, and his voice was slightly hoarse.

In a moment of impulsiveness, he had agreed to the divorce and let Dorothy go. That decision made him miss the births of his children and left Dorothy to endure hardships alone.

Now, by holding onto his pride, he wasn’t there to protect her, allowing Quincy to scheme against her. Though it was due to her momentary lapse in judgment, ultimately, if he had been there, Quincy

wouldn't have targeted her. He knew that Dorothy's trust in Quincy and her guard down enough to drink what was offered were all because Quincy had once saved him.

Chapter 945

All these things, they were all wounds he had inflicted on her himself. He was the last person who had any right to say he could protect her.

Kenneth furrowed his brow. Frustration drove him to snatch the cigarette right out of Everett's hand. "Tell me! What the hell happened to Dorothy? I saw her today, looking all skin and bones, and knew something was off!"

"You knowing won't change a thing." Everett wasn't mad about losing the cigarette; it was probably for the best anyway, since Dorothy hated the smell of smoke.

He turned to leave, but Kenneth quickly stepped in front of him and blocked his way.

"Everett!"

Everett didn't even look at him but simply said coldly, "She's fine. I won't let anything happen to her."

...

Huxley and Paloma Turner rushed back to Eldorria City non-stop. The moment they landed, they headed straight to the hospital.

"Karen, you've been through a lot!" Paloma said, holding Karen's hand. Her concern was genuinely heartfelt, not just some superficial show of sympathy.

"Mom, I'm okay! You and Dad are rushing back like this, you must be exhausted. Jeffrey, could you please take them home later? Please take a good rest and then come visit me, okay?"

In that moment, Karen seemed to have suddenly grown up. The carefree little girl she used to be seemed like a thing of the past.

"I'm not going home today; I'll stay here overnight! I'm worried the night nurse won't take good care of my granddaughter. I want to be here myself!" Despite the jet lag keeping Paloma awake for over twenty hours, she was too excited to feel tired.

"You should go home and sleep. Please let Jeffrey stay tonight." Huxley finally spoke.

It wasn't that he was worried about his wife; he just felt that with a newborn, there were surely a lot of things they needed to discuss privately between the couple! With his wife around, those conversations would be difficult to have.

Paloma caught on to her husband's hint and reluctantly nodded, "Right, right! I'll come back early tomorrow!"

"Okay." Karen smiled, then looked up at Dorothy, "Dorothy, you and Everett should probably head back too. The hospital has a night nurse and doctors; I'll be fine. Plus, you have Abigail and Langston waiting at home."

She was too exhausted today to inquire why Dorothy had lost so much weight.

"Alright, just call me if you need anything. Don't keep it from me." Dorothy said, finishing her sentence just as Everett and Kenneth returned to the room.

She moved closer to Everett, her voice soft, "Shall we go back? Let's give Karen some rest."

"Okay."

After Jeffrey saw everyone out, he returned to the room and lifted his daughter from her crib to Karen's side, whispering, "Karen... I'm already worried about some punk swooping in and stealing my girl. What do we do?"

I'm thinking of sending her to an all-girls' school! No way am I letting anyone become my son-in-law!"

Karen had predicted he would react this way upon meeting his daughter.

"Do you want her to end up alone?"

"I'll spoil her! She can have all my money. I'll make her so spoiled she won't look twice at any guy." After saying this, Jeffrey sighed, "Do you think... all the bad karma I've racked up could end up affecting my daughter?"

Ever since he knew Karen was expecting a girl, this had been his biggest worry. Anxiety gnawed at him at the mere thought of it.

Chapter 946

"You're worried now?" Karen shot him a glare, "Back when you were playing the field, did you ever think about the future?"

Jeffrey scratched his head, embarrassment written all over his face, "Not lying, but I never thought about getting married before, let alone having kids. I was a true bachelor."

For some reason, he couldn't quite figure out why, but seeing Karen made him think maybe marriage wasn't such a bad idea after all. As long as it was with her, everything was up for discussion.

"And why did you have to break that vow? It nearly tore me to death!" Karen pouted, recalling the excruciating pain before being admitted to the hospital that still haunted her.

"Let's not have any more kids, Karen. I was scared out of my wits! Waiting outside the OR was the most terrifying moment of my life!"

Jeffrey swore he couldn't go through that experience ever again.

"Look at you!" Karen said, her words laced with mock disdain but her heart filled with warmth, "Where's that suave Mr. Turner now, huh?"

"I don't need to be suave. I just need you by my side." Jeffrey finally understood what it meant to be worried sick. He also got why Everett couldn't let go of Dorothy no matter what. He couldn't imagine letting Karen go either.

...

When Everett and Dorothy returned to their Bay Residence, the kids were already asleep.

The first thing Everett did was change his clothes; he had been at the hospital for too long and didn't want Dorothy to dislike the smell of antiseptic on him.

Coming out of the changing room, Dorothy had just checked on the kids.

"Want something to eat?" Everett walked over, affectionately stroking her hair in a gentle, natural gesture.

"I'm not hungry."

"You need to eat something; remember your stomach issues?"

Dorothy pouted, but Everett simply scooped her up and settled her on the couch.

"Should I call Kevin to bring something, or shall I whip up something myself?"

"Anything's fine." Dorothy felt surprisingly spirited, not dizzy at all even after such a long time. She reached out to stop Everett from getting up.

"Hmm?"

"Did you notice? I haven't felt faint for hours now!"

Everett paused, then smiled, "Yeah, seems like you're really better now."

Dorothy pursed her lips and took a deep breath before saying, "Everett, there's something I want to talk to you about."

"Go ahead." He listened intently, seeing her serious expression.

"After seeing Jeffrey and Karen at the hospital, I've been thinking a lot. You were right, I've been too selfish and only considering my feelings. I always unconsciously thought that as long as I kept my

distance from you, I could retreat to my safe zone, never considering how hard it must have been for you."

A flicker passed through Everett's eyes, "Why bring this up all of a sudden?"

She smiled, "One has to acknowledge their mistakes to know how to correct them."

"Dorothy, as long as you're mine, I'm never troubled. No matter the process, I can handle it."

His only fear was losing Dorothy. As long as the ending was good, he could wait decades more.

Seeing the depth in his eyes, Dorothy's smile deepened, "Everett, I'm done causing trouble."

"Oh?"

"I've decided—"

Just as Dorothy was about to continue, Everett's phone suddenly rang.

Both glanced over. It was Kevin calling.

"Mr. Lopez, Quincy wants to see you! She says... if you don't agree, you'll regret it..."

Chapter 947

Everett didn't utter a word before abruptly ending the call.

He glanced at Dorothy, who quickly chimed in, "Was that Dr. Quincy? Something must have happened. Go check on her, will you? She's pretty much a stranger in Eldorria City, and... she did save your life, after all."

"Right." Everett nodded and slipped back into his suit jacket. As he reached the foyer of Bay Residence, he murmured, "Dorothy, we'll talk when I get back."

"Of course!" Dorothy escorted Everett to the door and watched his car disappear from view, her spirits dimming.

Honestly, she hadn't expected Everett to agree so readily...

From what she knew of him, he normally wouldn't have bothered especially when it involved other women.

Dorothy had prepared herself to persuade him further, yet it took only one mention for him to consent.

Considering Kevin's hesitant tone and Quincy's message — "if you don't agree, you'll regret it" - though unsure of the exact tone Quincy had used, it almost sounded like she was petulantly baiting Everett.

"How can I doubt Everett? What am I even thinking!" Dorothy slapped her forehead, eager to banish these thoughts from her mind.

If Everett truly harbored feelings for Quincy, he wouldn't have taken the call in front of her and let her hear everything! He was being transparent, without a hint of guilt, precisely because there was nothing to hide.

Doubting Everett would only hurt him.

...

Upon Everett's arrival, Quincy was already waiting at the door, certain he would come.

See, she was right.

"Did Ms. Sanchez take the antidote?"

"Let's cut to the chase. What will it take for you to give it to me once and for all?" Everett wanted to avoid unnecessary chatter and get straight to the point.

Quincy smiled, "I said, I want you to marry me."

"That's not happening."

"I'm only asking for marriage, not for you to like me! I don't even like you!" She believed Everett could see the sense in her proposal, "After we're married, I won't interfere with your relationship or contact with Ms. Sanchez. I'll provide the antidote every month, ensuring her safety."

Everett's expression darkened, "The only people forcing you to marry into the Lopez family are our fathers, not Dorothy! If you need a bargaining chip to feel secure, then cure Dorothy and let me take her place. Isn't that more straightforward?"

"Mr. Lopez, I know Ms. Sanchez's life means more to you than your own."

Everett was speechless.

"Why would I switch targets and increase my risk after successfully deceiving everyone and poisoning Ms. Sanchez?" She had always preferred to stay out of the fray, but that didn't mean she lacked cunning.

"Quincy!"

"Also, I brought you here to warn you, Mr. Lopez! Don't even think about analyzing the antidote to recreate it. The key lies in the order the ingredients are mixed! A single mistake could turn the antidote into a more potent poison, which would exacerbate her condition. By then, even I couldn't save her."

In other words, no one but she could neutralize the poison she meticulously crafted, a poison born from realizing her parents' indifference, perfected after countless failures.

Chapter 948

After saying all that, Quincy finally looked up at him.

"Mr. Lopez, you're out of options."

She had a grip on Dorothy, like she had found Everett's Achilles' heel!

"If you want a patron, I can find one for you. Just let Dorothy go."

"Don't you get it? I won't let her go. This is my only chance to turn the tables and be my own boss!" For the first time, Quincy's face showed something other than gentle grace. She smirked, her emotions teetering on the edge of hysteria, "Mr. Lopez, when it comes down to it, you all forced my hand! Haven't I begged you? Haven't I pleaded with Ms. Sanchez? I've worked tirelessly to treat your condition, to operate on you, all in the hopes that you could help me out of this arranged marriage! And you? Oh, right, you said you were a germophobe!"

She still remembered Everett's expression, as if she was some sort of contaminant that couldn't touch him!

"I've tried reasoning with you, then went and earnestly persuaded Ms. Sanchez! But it's the same with all of you! Nobody cares about my situation! I once thought that, as a fellow woman, she could at least understand my feelings a bit. I just don't want to be used as a tool, married off to a man I feel nothing for! What's wrong with that?"

The moment she realized her parents preferred sons over daughters, she had made efforts to distance herself from her family. She had immersed herself in her work for years, spending all her time in the lab, avoiding going home even during holidays, all to escape an arranged marriage.

And yet—

And yet, because she operated on Everett, she found herself targeted by Jonathan Lopez, forced into marrying Everett!

The most wronged person here should be her, right? In the end, she was still to be sacrificed by her family.

"Cure Dorothy, and I'll take care of everything you've asked for, no hard feelings." Everett said, facing her accusations with a cold, emotionless face.

Or rather, aside from Dorothy, he didn't care about anyone else's grievances. All he wanted now was the antidote, to see Dorothy well again.

"It's too late! Do you think I'd believe you now? Once the poison is neutralized, how will you retaliate against me?" Quincy shook her head, "I won't put myself in disadvantage anymore."

"But all this, wasn't it to avoid marrying me? And now you want me to marry you?"

"Yes! I do want you to marry me, Mr. Lopez. When I gave Ms. Sanchez that bottle of water, I has given her the chance! If she had been willing to drop the lawsuit then, I would've immediately given her the antidote, and none of this would've happened! But she refused. She said it herself that she didn't want you, and that she wanted to fight the lawsuit to the end!"

Quincy had warned her. She told Dorothy that they would be on opposite sides! It was too late for Dorothy to regret, and she would use every means to defend her marriage!

Everett didn't want to hear the details of her poisoning, nor did he care about the conversation between the two women.

"I'll say it again, give me the antidote."

"And I'll say it again, if you want the antidote, you'll have to do as I say! Just as the Lopez family has pressured and manipulated me, now it's my turn to do the same to you!" She stepped closer to Everett, looking him in the eyes, "Don't push me to make even more outrageous demands. Right now, all I want is for you to marry me. I won't interfere with whatever you have with Ms. Sanchez."

Chapter 949

Quincy's words were measured. Her confidence was rooted in knowing just how indispensable Dorothy was to Everett.

One always had to hit the most crucial part of their enemy.

Even with Everett's status, he had to bend this time.

The realization that she held the upper hand was exhilarating. No wonder men were always chasing after power and status...

"You might want to think it over! This antidote for Ms. Sanchez will keep her symptom-free for a month. I'm giving you a month to decide. Of course, that's assuming your father doesn't press me about it. If he does, I'll have no choice but to press you."

She added one more thing before wrapping up.

"By the way, you should probably hurry. Each time Ms. Sanchez falls ill, it would be worse than the last."

...

When Everett returned to the Bay Residence, it was already deep into the night. He thought Dorothy would have been fast asleep after everything happened in the hospital. Yet, the moment he opened the door, he found her curled up on the living room couch, lost in thought.

"You're back!"

Hearing his voice, Dorothy sprang up from the couch and ran toward him with bare feet.

Everett quickly closed the distance and scooped her into his arms.

"Put on some shoes!"

"It's fine, just a few steps," Dorothy pouted, "You're acting like a butler lately, always fussing over me."

Everett, resigned, shifted her into a bridal carry. "You know you're not well, right?"

"Don't you like me waiting up for you?" she asked, wrapping her arms around his neck, urging him to look into her eyes.

"I'd prefer you to rest well."

Dorothy didn't respond. Everett carried her into the bedroom and laid her on the bed.

"I'm going to take a shower." he said.

As he made to leave for the bathroom, Dorothy suddenly grabbed his arm, her cheeks flushing. "I... I could join you..."

Everett froze. His pulse raced, then gradually calmed.

"You take your shower first, or I'll go after you."

"Everett! You know what I mean!"

She had made the first move! It wasn't like she could outright say she wanted... more.

"I know, but you're not well enough."

The memory of her fainting was too fresh in his mind. Everett feared that giving in to his desires, even slightly, would make it hard to hold back. He was afraid Dorothy couldn't handle it.

"I can do this!" In the darkness of the bedroom, Dorothy felt braver. She leaned in for a tender kiss. "Everett, I can!"

She could feel Everett's body tense up in response.

Then came his strained voice, "One time won't be enough for me. Are you sure?"

She hesitated. "Then... two times. Is that okay?"

"I want the whole night."

Dorothy was silent, pondering. After a moment, she decisively pulled him down. "Okay, Everett, I can..."

Everett's restraint crumbled. Passion surged through him, painfully intense!

Both shivered as they came together.

It had been so long. She winced in pain, and he was hardly in a better state.

The bed rocked under them, their breaths mingling in the charged air, culminating in soft gasps.

Eventually, she conceded, tears mingling with her pleas.

"Everett... That's enough... I can't take anymore..."

Chapter 950

"Everett..."

"Everett... Everett..."

The man's muscles tensed over her, but he couldn't hold back any longer, bending down to capture her lips, silencing any plea for mercy.

"You asked for this. You've got to endure it."

"Mmm..."

Dorothy felt his lips burning against hers, sealing her off completely.

By the time it was over, all she could vaguely remember was Everett carrying her into the bathroom to clean up, and then... everything went black.

What she didn't know was that, after taking care of her, Everett had to take two cold showers just to calm himself down.

...

The next morning, as soon as Dorothy opened her eyes, she felt every bone in her body screaming in soreness. She tried to sit up, supported by her arms, and was greeted by the smell of freshly brewed coffee and pancakes.

It had been so long since she felt this cozy, family atmosphere.

Pushing the bedroom door open, she saw Everett lifting their daughter into a high chair at the dining table, whispering, "Mommy's still sleeping, let's keep it down, okay?"

"Okay!" Abigail nodded vigorously, her finger pressed to her lips in a hushing gesture.

Everett stroked her hair, then looked up to see Dorothy.

"Awake, huh? Perfect timing. Come have breakfast."

"Mommy!" Abigail shouted upon seeing her, immediately wanting to get down from her chair.

Everett, resigned, lifted her back down.

Hearing his mother's voice, Langston peeked his head from behind the couch where he was playing with his iPad, "Mommy, are you feeling better?"

Dorothy picked up her daughter running towards her and smiled at Langston, "Yes, thanks to Daddy's careful nursing, Mommy's all better now."

"Yay! Mommy, I love you!" Abigail planted a kiss on her cheek, wrapping her tiny arms around her neck.

Everett came over and took the daughter from her arms, "Daddy's got you, Abigail. Mommy's legs are a bit weak right now."

"Why? Isn't Mommy better?" Abigail blinked her big eyes in confusion.

This made Dorothy blush. She quickly nudged Everett, "Don't talk nonsense in front of the kids!"

After months, the family was finally sitting together at the breakfast table, and Dorothy nearly burst into tears.

Everett, as if he had a bug planted in her heart, sensed her emotions and gently patted her back.

She looked up to meet his gaze.

"Let's eat." Everett said with a smile.

"Yeah." Dorothy nodded, then suddenly remembered something, "Oh, did Dr. Quincy have something for you? You came back so late last night, I didn't ask. I didn't want to seem distrustful."

"It's nothing major, just something about your treatment." Everett gave a vague answer, not exactly lying.

"Dr. Quincy must be busy, and you went out of your way to call her back for my treatment?" Dorothy's voice fell, "Everett, I don't want to be a burden to anyone. Look at me, I'm much better now. Let's not bother Dr. Quincy with my treatment anymore."

For some reason, she now felt... uncomfortable with the idea of Quincy and Everett in contact.

Even though she knew very well that Everett had no other intentions with Quincy besides her treatment, she still felt somehow uneasy.

She couldn't control her jealousy.