

## Midnight 971

### Chapter 971

Hanging up the phone, Dorothy jogged to her bedroom to grab her laptop.

Once she logged into the Lopez Corporation's system, just as she expected—Her account wasn't deactivated, and all her chat histories were intact.

Seeing her account still labeled as "Dorothy, Project Director" on the screen made her nose tingle, emotions nearly spilling over.

It wasn't just the account that moved her. She wondered, how many things like this had Everett done behind the scenes? If she hadn't returned to the project team, she'd never have known about this. He did these things without seeking any acknowledgment.

That was just his way. From the beginning, up to now, he always managed to touch her heart in the most unexpected ways.

Kevin, noticing her account online, sent over the documents.

[Mr. Lopez made it clear just now, you're not well, so we can't overload you with tasks.]

Dorothy cracked a smile, imagining Everett instructing Kevin with his usual serious, furrowed brow. Despite his hectic schedule, always buried in work, he still found the time to remind Kevin.

[I'm fine, really! He's just being overprotective! Cooped up at home, I have too much time to overthink everything, might as well dive into work.]

[It's because you snagged a great husband! Man, if I were a woman, I'd totally go after Mr. Lopez!]

Dorothy chuckled at Kevin's comment. But the line of women eyeing Everett was long, and even if Kevin were a woman, chances were slim he'd even keep his job as a secretary.

Opening the project files, Dorothy compared them to the data before her departure.

The interim project director had actually done a commendable job. Not at all like what Everett had implied.

Dorothy suspected he might have reclaimed the project for her to handle, somewhat forcefully.

She sighed, deciding not to confront Everett about it.

Since he had already done it, questioning him now seemed pointless.

Just as Dorothy was about to exit to the main page, she noticed that the CEO's private conference channel was in use.

Her finger paused on the mouse, then she smiled and typed in the password, curious to sneak a peek at what meeting he was in.

To her surprise, it was just Everett and a guest account in the room.

In the Lopez Corporation's system, only Everett's account had the authority to grant non-employees guest access.

Dorothy froze, then heard Everett's deep voice through her computer speakers.

"The bodyguard has been dispatched as you requested. What about the thing you promised me?"

It was clear he wasn't looking at his screen, unaware of her presence. Otherwise, Everett would have definitely started the conversation with her.

As Dorothy hesitated whether to send a message to alert him, the next moment, the guest turned on their mic, speaking in a calm tone.

"Don't worry, Mr. Lopez! I always keep my word. I can repeat all the conditions we discussed that night you came to see me, for the record."

That voice...

It was unmistakably Quincy's.

Everett had actually allowed Quincy access to the Lopez Corporation's system for a private chat?

And from Everett's words, it seemed he had even arranged a bodyguard for Quincy.

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Between them, there was some sort of hush-hush deal going on.

Dorothy really didn't mean to eavesdrop, but she couldn't help her curiosity about what was happening between Everett and Quincy.

It didn't seem as simple as just asking Quincy to look after her health.

From what Quincy said, it was clear that Everett had visited her one night, they had talked terms, and reached some kind of agreement.

"Dorothy?"

Suddenly, Everett's voice cut through the silence! He had finally noticed an extra participant in the online meeting room.

In the next second, Quincy's guest account was kicked out, and the meeting room was disbanded.

Then, Dorothy's phone started ringing.

"When did you join?"

"That's not important. I think you should explain what's going on between you and Dr. Quincy first," Dorothy said, deliberately keeping her tone cold. She was trying to coax some information out of Everett. But she had forgotten that joining the online meeting room left a timestamp.

He figured he hadn't discussed anything crucial with Quincy at that time.

"Us? It's nothing, she just wanted me to invest in her father's business." Everett quickly regained his composure as if he wasn't the one who had just disbanded the meeting room.

"Just that?"

"Yeah."

"Then why did you disband the meeting as soon as I joined? If it was just a business talk, I don't see why I couldn't listen in."

It turns out, a woman's intuition is terrifyingly accurate. Even if she didn't suspect Everett of being unfaithful, she felt there was something between them, something that had to be hidden from her.

"...It involves some business confidentiality." Caught off guard, Everett couldn't think of a better excuse in the moment.

"Business confidentiality that I can't know about? Everett, you once said there would be no secrets of business between us."

By this point, Dorothy didn't want to know anymore.

Whatever they were dealing with, she lost her curiosity.

"Never mind, you're busy! Kevin already sent me the project details, I've got my own work to do."

With that, she didn't wait for Everett to respond before hanging up.

He called back, but Dorothy didn't want to answer.

Deep down, she trusted Everett, trusted that there was nothing serious between him and Quincy.

But...

But Quincy was still someone Jonathan had approved of, someone who almost married Everett. How could Dorothy not feel a bit uneasy? She didn't want Quincy treating her, didn't want Everett to have any more contact with her.

If it were someone else, Everett would have agreed immediately and followed through, but not this time with Quincy. He didn't agree. He even asked her not to inquire further.

Dorothy really didn't want to speculate or ponder, but she couldn't help herself. She switched her phone to silent mode, trying to focus her attention on her computer, on her projects, anything but Quincy.

After some time, she suddenly heard the front door open. Looking up, she saw Everett, dressed in a dark suit, frowning as he entered.

"Dorothy, I've been calling you. Why didn't you answer? I thought you—"

"I put it on silent." She showed him her phone, displaying twenty missed calls from Everett.

"You... came back just because of this?"

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Everett exhaled deeply, striding forward to envelop her in a firm embrace.

The force caught Dorothy off guard, her nose crashing against his chest, flooding her with a sharp pang of pain.

"Everett..."

"Don't ever make me unable to reach you, Dorothy. Even if you're mad, you can't just ignore my calls!"

Dorothy opened her mouth to respond, but before words could form, she felt a cool, damp sensation along her neck, sending her into a momentary panic, her arms instinctively wrapping around Everett's waist.

He held her tightly, as if wishing to meld her into his very being, to become one.

"I'm sorry... I won't do it again." Dorothy found herself tangled in her emotions, instinctively choosing to evade further confrontation.

It wasn't that she truly wanted to be angry with Everett; jealousy was a new emotion for her, unfamiliar and unmanageable, leaving her sulking in silence.

"Dorothy, about what's going on with Quincy, I can't explain now, just this one thing, can you trust me on that?"

Dorothy sighed softly, "It's not that I don't trust you."

"Just trusting me is enough."

"Everett! I..." she hesitated, then deflated, conceding, "It's not that I distrust Dr. Quincy. I'm just afraid she'll end up hopelessly in love with you like Heather did. I... I'm afraid I won't stand a chance against Dr. Quincy!"

The brighter Everett shone, the more inadequate Dorothy felt.

Always prepared to walk away, Dorothy believed Everett was beyond her exclusive claim, her own merits and assets insufficient to fully embrace him.

But Quincy was a different story. Her father and Jonathan were old friends, Jonathan even openly expressed his wish for her to marry into the Lopez family. As a potential daughter-in-law, she was already approved by the entire Lopez family!

While Dorothy had nothing but Everett's steadfastness, no ace up her sleeve to best Quincy.

"She doesn't like me."

"Not now, but what about later?" Dorothy looked up at him, "The more you two interact, the more likely her feelings will change."

Back in Swevia Country, Quincy had often expressed envy of Dorothy's pure love for Everett, wishing for similar affection, stirring unease in Dorothy upon reflection.

"Don't you get it? You're all I've ever wanted."

"I know, I understand, but..."

"Trust me."

Those were the only words Everett could offer now.

Gradually, Dorothy lowered her gaze, and after a moment, nodded, "I trust you."

...

Quincy knew her father wouldn't let her off easily, but she hadn't expected him to act so quickly.

After ignoring several of his calls, Ronin tracked her down to her hotel.

"How did you get Everett to willingly part with that money?" Upon opening the door, Ronin couldn't wait to ask.

"What's it to you?" Quincy's voice was cold, treating the man before her as a stranger.

"Sweetie." Ronin realized his eagerness had betrayed him, softening his approach, "You have to believe me, I had no choice! We couldn't just watch our family's legacy crumble overnight. With Everett's timely financial aid, it seems... you still hold a place in his heart!"

Chapter 974

"Spit it out, will you? I'm swamped here."

Quincy didn't even bother to turn around, let alone invite him inside for a chat.

She just blocked Ronin at the doorstep. The aloofness on her face was unmistakable, not a hint of wanting to engage in further conversation.

"Quincy! Still holding a grudge, huh?" Ronin was somewhat aware of his daughter's temperament, especially after he had unilaterally decided to marry her off to the Lopezes, he knew he was in the wrong. So now, Ronin was swallowing his pride, trying to wear a smile, "Come on, you're not seriously thinking about cutting ties? Disowning your mom and dad?"

"Didn't we settle this already?"

"That was said in the heat of the moment! Blood ties can't just be cut off."

Quincy almost laughed out of frustration.

So, he was coming around now that Everett was willing to back her, thinking she still had some utility left, huh?

"Let me make it clear today, you'd better agree to cut ties and stop bothering me! Otherwise... if something happens to me one day, the Lopezes won't spare you either."

Quincy hadn't told her father about poisoning Dorothy, mainly because she knew just how greedy he could be! If he found out he could use the antidote to control Everett, who knows how much money he would demand from the Lopezes.

Though her actions were underhanded, she wasn't driven by greed. She just wanted her freedom.

"We're family! We share the good and the bad!" Ronin didn't catch the warning in Quincy's words, just assuming she was trying to ditch her old life now that she had climbed the social ladder.

"Fine, just don't come back with complaints later." Quincy paused, then spoke coldly, "And I won't be asking Everett for money on your behalf anymore, not a penny! You'd best drop that idea."

Ronin waved his hand dismissively, "Don't worry! I understand your situation! Just got acquainted with Everett and already asked for a hefty sum, can't keep asking for more!"

Truly, the very picture of a businessman. Everything had to be maximized for profit, even the value of his own daughter had to be clearly assessed.

"Quincy, you living in a hotel makes it seem like our family don't care for you! It'll make it hard for you to hold your head up in front of Everett! Look, I have a villa in Eldorria City, move in there, consider it a wedding gift from your dad."

He then pulled out a set of keys and offered them.

Quincy didn't accept them. She just smiled, "Aren't you saving that villa for your precious son?"

"...If you want the villa, I can transfer it to your name right away!"

In other words, he hadn't thought of doing so until Quincy called him out, leaving him a bit embarrassed.

"I don't want it, and I'm not keen on your villa! Keep the family's wealth for your son, so you don't end up complaining about how much raising a daughter cost you! I'm fine in the hotel, don't trouble yourself! Anything else?"

If not, she was going to close the door.

Ronin frowned. He wasn't known for his patience, and being repeatedly mocked by his own daughter was testing him. But for the sake of using her as a bridge to the Lopezes, he had to bear it!

"Quincy! Dad just thought, marrying into the Lopezes, you'd have everything and wouldn't care about a villa. If you like it, I can transfer it to you right away! I just didn't think it through earlier."

Chapter 975

"Ugh, just go, I've got things to do."

Quincy's patience was worn thin, her usual gentle demeanor replaced by visible irritation.

When Ronin looked like he wanted to add something, Quincy stepped back and shut the door in his face. She didn't have the time for this.

Though she currently held the upper hand over Everett, rendering him powerless, it felt like she was holding a tiger by the tail! Who knew when he might turn around and bite her, sealing her fate? She had to stay alert and carefully plan her next moves to avoid falling into the abyss.

And by "abyss," she wasn't exaggerating. She dared not even think about the ways Everett could make her suffer.

...

Due to a project, Dorothy found herself back at Lopez Corporation to attend some meetings, essentially resuming her work there.

Since she was back, her position needed to be officially reinstated, not just in name alone.

Upon arriving at Lopez Corporation, Kevin led her to the CEO's office.

After opening the door, Kevin quickly made himself scarce.

Dorothy entered and found Everett busy on a call. She didn't make a sound, simply taking a seat on the nearby sofa to wait.

Once the call ended, Everett stood and walked over to Dorothy, instinctively ruffling her hair.

"Here for the meeting?"

"Yeah! There's a project meeting soon." Dorothy looked up at him with a smile, "I'm actually a bit nervous."

It had been a while since she'd been in the workforce, and suddenly diving back into it made her feel apprehensive, which was understandable.

"Nervous? The whole Lopez Corporation is yours; you're the boss's lady."

His sudden sweet talk caught Dorothy off guard, leaving her stunned. Her cheeks quickly flushed with color.

"You're back at Lopez Corporation, we should go through the official hiring process, sign some paperwork. Do you want to review the contract again?" Everett turned, handing her a printed document from his desk.

Dorothy took it, glancing over. "The employment period is only for a year?"

The contract stated a one-year term, after which she would no longer be part of Lopez Corporation.

Everett raised an eyebrow, "Keep reading."

Dorothy's eyes moved down to a line in smaller print.

[Should the party of the first part wish to renew, they may do so indefinitely and without restrictions.]

This clause essentially gave her full control over the contract!

"Aren't you afraid I'll just leave after a year?"

"Afraid."

What Everett feared most was Dorothy leaving. He'd always been afraid.

"Then why..."

"I want you to stay by my side willingly, not because a contract obliges you to." Everett's voice deepened as he sat beside her, "Initially, I naively thought that this would keep you with me for a year or so. It didn't matter if you didn't love me; my love was enough. But then, I realized... I'm greedy."

A year or so was definitely not enough. If she didn't love him, he would be heartbroken, not indifferent.

"Dorothy, I've realized that when it comes to love, I can't be nonchalant."

He always thought he could easily let go. But with Dorothy, he absolutely couldn't.

"Then I'm glad you're not nonchalant." Dorothy reached out, caressing his cheek gently, "Sticking with someone like me who's prone to backing away, for over a decade, you've really put in the effort. It's tough."

Chapter 976

She said "It's tough" without a hitch in her voice.

But that didn't begin to cover the endless days and nights.

Dorothy was well aware of her own flaws, especially her penchant for harsh words.

What would he feel after hearing them? Surely, it would be unbearable.

"If you think I've had it tough, just make it up to me."

Dorothy nodded obediently, "Don't worry! Anything I can do to help you at work, I'll definitely give it my all. As for making it up to you in other ways... well, it's tough since you really aren't wanting for anything."

"Who says?"

"So, what are you wanting?"

Everett's gaze fixed on her face, the answer nearly escaping his lips, "You. I'm missing you."

Dorothy didn't avoid his gaze; she met it squarely and then took Everett's hand, "I'm yours, you're not missing anything, you're not wanting for anything."

"Is that a promise?"

"Unless you don't want me anymore."

Everett's body stiffened, pulling her into his embrace, "How could there ever come a day like that?"

Dorothy chuckled a few times, stood up from his embrace, walked over to the executive desk, picked up a pen, and crossed out the one-year mark, writing 'forever' next to it.

"No turning back now?" Everett smiled at her.

After all, Dorothy was always one to have a backup plan.

"I still have one," Dorothy smiled back, "You are my forever backup plan."

Everett raised an eyebrow, "You're quite the sweet talker today."

He was still getting used to it.

"It's because I've seen how Jeffrey and Karen get along; I think there's something to be learned! Jeffrey often does things that upset Karen, but luckily, his sweet talk always gets him through. I thought I'd give it a try."

"Good, I love hearing it, keep it coming."

Everett's worries eased after hearing her explanation.

Because every time whenever Dorothy softened towards him, speaking tenderly, it meant she was about to leave, just sweetening the pot before her departure. Like that time in Swevia Country, and at the Everglow City resort.

He was genuinely scared.

After spending a moment together in the office, it was time for Dorothy to head to a project meeting. She took the elevator to the meeting room, where Austin had just arrived.

Seeing Dorothy, he paused for a few seconds before smiling and walking over.

"I saw the director's name changed to Dorothy and thought it was a backend mistake! But here you are, back for real!"

"Yeah, just took over again. I'll need your help with anything I'm not clear on."



"I can't handle that responsibility!" Austin waved his hand, lowering his voice, "Others might not know who you are, but how could I not? Coming back to the Lopez Corporation, does that mean you and Mr. Lopez... made up?"

Dorothy gave a smile that served as confirmation.

"Don't tell anyone else, I don't want any special treatment."

"Don't worry, my lips are sealed!"

Austin was a sharp one!

With Dorothy on the fourth project team, the company's resources were bound to lean a bit towards the fourth project team. After all, the CEO's spouse was here, especially since he had witnessed firsthand how much Mr. Lopez adored her!

Thinking back, if he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he would never have believed Mr. Lopez could look at anyone with such fondness! After all, Mr. Lopez was known for being aloof and reserved.

In the business world, wasn't he described as decisive and as cold as ice, hardly wasting words?

Chapter 977

He had a way with her, a gentleness that was almost tender, the kind that spoke volumes. To him, Dorothy was his heart's delight.

"I don't want special treatment, not from you, Austin, not from anyone. It wouldn't sit right with the others," Dorothy insisted, her thoughts drifting to Ophelia and their past confrontations.

Returning to the fourth project team, Dorothy noticed Ophelia's absence, likely fallout from that botched pricing issue. The Lopez Corporation, with its sprawling empire, wouldn't let such missteps slide unnoticed.

"Alright, my lips are sealed," he promised, though Dorothy doubted the sincerity in his assurance.

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After Dorothy entered the conference room, Everett finally left the office. Before driving off, he instructed Kevin to keep an eye on Dorothy during the meeting and to report back the moment it ended.

Everett arrived at the secluded diner he and Quincy had agreed on. It was off the beaten path, attracting few visitors.

Stepping out of his car, Everett saw Quincy approaching. His stride was purposeful, his expression stern.

"I need the antidote."

"You'll have it," Quincy assured with a gentle smile, gesturing towards the diner.

"I've reserved us a table. Shall we?"

Everett glanced at her. "I'm in a hurry."

"Not even to discuss Ms. Sanchez?"

"Spit it out." Restraining himself from lashing out at Quincy was proving difficult.

Quincy sighed, then pulled out a small vial from her bag and handed it over. "This will keep Ms. Sanchez safe for another month."

Grabbing the vial, Everett turned to leave.

Quincy hesitated, then followed him. "Mr. Lopez! A moment, please."

But Everett didn't stop, heading straight for his car.

Ignoring him like this was a blow to Quincy's pride.

"Aren't you worried I might not give you the antidote next time?"

Her words finally made him pause and give her a look. "Out with it."

Quincy bit her lip, searching his face. "If I keep using this antidote to control you, would you really spend your life doing my bidding for Ms. Sanchez's sake?"

Everett's gaze darkened. "Get to the point."

"I've never seen such genuine love, not among our circles. It's always about convenience, never about commitment."

"All you need to know is if anything happens to Dorothy, you'll regret it," Everett stated flatly, rolling up his window and speeding off, leaving Quincy alone with her thoughts.

Curiosity piqued, Quincy wondered just how far Everett would go for Dorothy. As she turned to leave, Quincy noticed two familiar men with menacing stares. She recognized them as acquaintances of her brother.

Panicked and alone, she quickly dialed the last number she'd called. "Everett... can you come back?"

Chapter 978

Everett could hear the quiver in her voice, but he dismissed it as an act.

"I've already assigned you a bodyguard."

"Yes, but today I thought I'd come to see you, and I didn't let them follow!" Quincy tried to back away, but she quickly realized she had no escape route.

One of the men stepped forward, a sneer playing on his lips, as he grabbed Quincy's wrist, "Who are you trying to call for help, huh? Your brother sent us to pick you up. Come with us."

"Let go of me! Let me go!"

Out of the corner of her eye, Quincy saw her phone was still on the call. Everett hadn't hung up. She immediately shouted into the phone, "Everett! If something happens to me, Dorothy won't last more than two months!"

In the next moment, her phone was snatched away and violently smashed to the ground.

Instantly, the phone was reduced to scattered pieces.

"What are you afraid of? Didn't I tell you it was your own brother who sent us?"

...

Quincy was forcibly dragged into a van, gagged, and had a black bag thrown over her head.

"Mmm! Mmm!"

No matter how much she struggled, she was no match for the two burly men.

Quincy felt herself being transported a great distance, over bumpy roads, until they finally stopped in front of a dilapidated house in the suburbs.

This area wasn't even considered part of Eldorria City until a few years ago when it was included in the city's expansion plans, yet to be developed.

She was rudely dragged into the house, the men's rough handling causing her to wince in pain.

"Let me go!" The moment the gag was removed, she began to shout, "If you know my brother, then you should know I'm the fiancée of Everett Lopez, the CEO of the Lopez Corporation! Mess with me, and you'll be in deep trouble! My... my fiancé won't let you off the hook!"

"Sweetheart, do you think your fiancé can come save you?"

Suddenly, Quincy felt the black cloth pulled from her head, and there stood her own brother, Simeon, in front of her, smirking with a hint of sarcasm.

"What are you doing?! Simeon, don't forget, I just helped our family out of a tight spot!"

Simeon waved his hand dismissively, "Of course I haven't forgotten! If it wasn't for that, I wouldn't have 'invited' you here today."

Quincy didn't know what her brother was up to, but she knew it wasn't good.

Her brother, though they shared the same parents, wasn't someone she was close to. His lazy and gluttonous ways repelled her. Being the only male heir to their family, Simeon was spoiled rotten by their mother. He followed in the footsteps of other spoiled rich kids, hanging out with the wrong crowd, chasing women, street racing, smoking, drinking, and gambling, never doing anything worthwhile.

"I heard from dad that you want to cut ties with us?" Simeon raised an eyebrow, scoffing, "Do you really think marrying into the Lopez family will turn you into a phoenix rising from the ashes? Without us, would Everett marry you? Sister, don't you know how to be grateful?"

"Grateful? You use me as a tool, and I should thank you?"

"Shouldn't you?" Simeon looked genuinely incredulous, "Quincy, Dad is willing to extend an olive branch, to seek reconciliation is to give you face, considering the father-daughter relationship! I suggested to him long ago, just get some leverage on you, and there's no need to negotiate!"

## Chapter 979

The phrase "leverage" sent chills down Quincy's spine.

What could possibly be her leverage? "What do you want?!" she demanded.

"Oh, nothing much," replied Simeon with a sneer. "Just want my buddies here to snap a few pictures with you, sis. As long as you play nice and follow Dad's and my orders, these photos will never see the light of day. Otherwise... well, I can't promise anything." Patience was not a virtue Simeon possessed, especially not when dealing with his sister. But he needed her connection to the Lopez family—a connection that was as good as striking gold. To think many in the business world would kill for an introduction to Everett, and his sister had gone and married the man! Left with no other choice, Simeon resorted to this distasteful plan.

"Are you out of your mind?! Simeon, I'm your sister!" Quincy knew her brother had no good intentions by dragging her here, but she never imagined he would stoop so low.

"Oh, now you remember you're my sister? Weren't you the one screaming about cutting ties with us?" Simeon rolled his eyes, pulling out a pack of cigarettes and lighting one up. "Relax, my friends here are tight-lipped. Just enjoy the attention, sis." At Simeon's words, the two men beside him burst into laughter.

"Your sister's quite the looker, I must say!" "To think I'd get to bed Everett's woman. What an honor!" Quincy was genuinely frightened. She could tell her brother wasn't joking.

"Stay back! Simeon, blackmail won't work on me! I'll call the cops, I swear I will!" Quincy had no love left for the fami If they dared touch her, she wouldn't let them off the hook! "Don't scarewith that," Simeon said, clearly having thought everything through. He stood, arms crossed, cigarette dangling from his lips, "Go ahead, call the cops. But do you think the Lopez Corporation would stand for that? They'll just send someone to negotiate and buy off the photos." Simeon was almost giddy with the power he held over the Lopez Corporation—a feat few could boast of.

"Why wouldn't they? If Everett divorcesit won't affect the Lopez Corporation!" Quincy was desperately trying to buy time, looking for any chance to escape, though she knew her chances were slim. QUMS "A scandal of this magnitude? The Lopez Corporation would never allow it." "Our marriage was a business arrangement. You don't think he actually loves me, do you?" Simeon shrugged indifferently. "Doesn't matter if he loves you. You're his wife, and that's enough!" "But I'm not married to him yet!" "Don't worry, I'm not going to show these photos to Everett right now." He smirked coldly. "Sis, don't bother trying to stall for time. What's the use? Who's going to save you?" With a nod from Simeon, the two men started approaching with mocking laughter, "Playing hard to get now? You'll see how much fun we're going to have!" "Hey, boss, is your sister still a virgin? Hahaha-" Quincy trembled with every demeaning word they uttered. But her hands were tied, and the place was deserted. Who could possibly cto her rescue? As the men drew closer, Quincy saw no way out.

Suddenly the dilapidated door was violently kicked open from the outside!

## Chapter 980

Simeon stumbled backward in shock, the color draining from his face! Before he knew it, several men had burst in, all dressed in sleek black suits, their expressions cold as ice.

"Who the heck are you guys?" Quincy was the first to shake off the shock, a glimmer of hope flashing through her eyes.

"Did Mr. Lopez send you?" The leader of the men in black suits scanned the room, his gaze finally resting on Quincy, tied up and helpless. He murmured a low command to his followers, "That's her, take her." Simeon, realizing their plan was about to be thwarted, immediately stepped forward to intervene.

"She's my sister, where are you taking her?!" "Move aside." The man didn't bother answering him, his menacing aura enough to intimidate Simeon, who was nothing more than a spoiled rich kid. Even his usually loud-mouthed buddies were rendered mute.

All this time, Quincy hadn't dared to breathe a sigh of relief, not until she was safely inside the car, speeding away from that dilapidated house. Only then did she allow herself to relax.

"You're here on Mr. Lopez's orders, right?" No one in the car responded, staring straight ahead like statues.

But Quincy didn't need their confirmation. In Eldorria City, only Everett could have pinpointed her location so swiftly.

Leaning against the car window, watching the trees flash by, she felt an unprecedented sense of safety envelop her.

And then, an indescribable feeling surged through her, spreading to every inch of her body! Quincy pondered. If Dorothy had been the one taken today, would Everett have chimself instead of sending others? For a moment, when she heard the door being kicked down, she had hoped, even if just for a second, that Everett was on the other side.

She couldn't understand why she felt this way. But one thing was clear to Quincy: she was jealous of Pof Dorothy. To be loved by a mano Everett's stature, who would go to any lengths for her. Throughout the meeting, Dorothy's pen never stopped moving.

Returning to the workforce had been a challenge, and her perfectionism demanded excellence in everything she did. At last, the meeting ended, and Dorothy's notebook was filled with dense notes.

As the room cleared, she checked her phone, half-expecting a message frett. Finding none, s e of disappointment belongs to englishS felt a Preparing to leave, Dorothy was planning her evening's work on the project when she bumped into someone! "Oh, I'm so sorry!" she exclaimed, clutching her forehead, then looked up. "Everett?" "Everyone else leaves the meeting right away. What were you dawdling for?" Dorothy grimaced, embarrassed to admit she'd been checking her phone. She feared Everett would tease her.

"Just sorting sdocuments." "If there's anything you don't understand, just ask me." Everett reached for her hand.

But Dorothy dodged, "We're at the office!" "So?" "So?" she frowned, "People will see us holding hands!" No sooner had Dorothy spoken than Everett firmly clasped her hand in his.

"Dorothy, stop trying to hideaway."