

Midnight 1021

Chapter 1021

"Impossible..." This was a scene Quincy had never even dreamed of! The poison she had slipped into Dorothy's drink was designed to be counteracted by an antidote, ensuring at least a month's safety if taken on schedule! She had given Everett two doses, which should have lasted well beyond two months! Frantically, Quincy rushed out of the emergency room and confronted Everett directly.

"What has Ms. Sanchez been up to? What has she eaten lately, what has she done? Tell everything! She shouldn't be coughing up blood! Don't tell you forgot to give her the second antidote?" "She took it, I saw her swallow it myself!" Was she here to interrogate him? He hadn't even begun to settle his score with her! "Quincy, you better pray Dorothy's okay. If not, I swear you'll learn the meaning of living hell." Quincy was taken aback by the ferocity in his eyes and hurried back to the emergency room. She didn't need Everett to repeat himself; she knew very well that if anything happened to Dorothy, she'd be in deep trouble. It was a gamble from the start: if Dorothy lived, she lived; if Dorothy died, she died.

Outside the emergency room, Jeffrey rushed over in a panic. Seeing Everett, he immediately approached, "How's it going? What's the situation?" "Why are you here?" Everett asked, surprised.

"The whole company's buzzing about Dorothy coughing up blood! How could I not know? But I haven't told Karen, just said there was an emergency at work and straight here." Jeffrey paused, then added, "Quincy's doing?" "It's probably because Dorothy's been working over these past few days. Her health's taken a hit." Everett had calmed down to consider that Quincy wouldn't wish harm on Dorothy intentionally, which meant the problem had to lie with Dorothy herself.

"...What do we do now?" Jeffrey clenched his fists, "Should we call the cops? This is practically attempted murder!" "And then what? Quincy gets the death penalty?" "That... Well, it might at least scare her into giving up the antidote!" If that were a viable solution, Everett would have acted already. Was he incapable of dealing with Quincy? If she wasn't afraid of Everett, why would the threat of arrest scare her? Quincy was confident, knowing even if she got arrested, Everett would be more desperate than anyone to bail her out. Because if Quincy was in trouble, Dorothy's chances of survival would plummet. "Everett! You can't let Quincy keep pulling your strings! Listen, why don't you try my idea? Make Quincy believe you've lost interest in Dorothy and are falling for her instead! Quincy might just buy it, and we could get Dorothy out of this mess!" Jeffrey was concerned not just for his brother but for Dorothy too. Beyond Everett, there was Karen to think about! If anything happened to Dorothy, Karen would be devastated.

Everett's expression was contemplative, weighing Jeffrey's suggestion.

"She's just started to trust me..." Despite Quincy's manipulations, Dorothy hadn't caused a scene but had chosen to trust him.

"What's more important, her life or her trust? You're doing this to save her life, aren't you? Once she's out of danger, you can tell her the truth, right? Jeffrey patted Everett on the shoulder, "I'll back you up when the comes." "Dorothy's not one to fall out of love easily. Once this blows over, Quincy will be at your mercy, and Dorothy will surely understand." It was surely better than bending over backwards for Quincy at every turn.

Chapter 1022

"Come on, say something!"

Jeffrey was pacing back and forth, clearly on edge. "We're in a bind here, you've got to break the silence!"

"I need a moment to think," Everett admitted, knowing Jeffrey was right.

Dorothy had always been fiercely loyal, her love unwavering. Pushing her away wouldn't drive her into someone else's arms.

But-

That didn't necessarily mean she would take him back.

That was the real issue.

Dorothy's memory halted at the moment she was in the boardroom, a sickly sweet taste rising in her throat until it burst forth uncontrollably.

And then, nothing.

It was as if she had slept for ages, yet she felt utterly drained, floating on water.

As her consciousness slowly stirred, the chill of the ER made her shiver involuntarily.

"You're awake!" Quincy's voice, brimming with excitement, cut through the haze.

Dorothy tried to frown but lacked the strength.

Her eyes barely cracked open, everything a blur.

"It's looking up! You're on the mend!" Quincy immediately halted the medication and started checking her vitals.

Dorothy could hear footsteps and a plethora of other sounds.

After what felt like an eternity, she felt a firm grasp on her hand.

"Dorothy... thank you for waking up, thank you..." It was Everett.

His voice, his warmth- even without opening her eyes, she knew it was him.

And then, she drifted back into sleep.

"What's going on?"

"Don't worry, she's just asleep! Overexertion Quincy found the reason. "Has she been pulling all-nighters? Lack of sleep can weaken her immune system! If this keeps up, she might need an antidote once a week!"

Everett frowned deeply, his grip on Dorothy's hand unyielding, "What will it take to completely rid her of this poison?"

"It's impossible," Quincy responded firmly.

In a sudden move, Everett's hand shot

out gripping Quincy's

against the wall with such veins bulged on his hand.

that

sweet

It looked as though Quincy's neck might snap any second!

"Give her the antidote!"

"I..." Quincy struggled, her face turning beet red.

Just when she seemed on the brink of passing out, Everett abruptly let go.

"Cough, cough, cough..."

She collapsed, coughing violently.

"Put the same poison in me that's in Dorothy. Confirm I'm poisoned, then cure her. That should put your mind at ease, right?"

Everett couldn't bear to see Dorothy suffer even the slightest.

Each time, he wished he could take her place.

Even death seemed preferable to Dorothy enduring this!

"Cough, cough... You'd risk your own life for her?"

"Get Dorothy out of this."

"But using her as a shield has worked out pretty well for me," Quincy looked up at the man before her, the red marks on her neck still visible. "Look, you were ready to kill just now, but you still let me go! What are you afraid of? You're afraid of Dorothy not having an antidote, aren't you?"

What else could possibly scare Everett?

go!

"Quincy, you see, Dorothy's already weak. Are you sure you want to tie your fate to hers?"

Chapter 1023

"You're a doctor, Quincy. You've seen all of Dorothy's health reports; you know the situation. I'll let you examine me, and then you decide if we need to switch roles," Everett spoke gravely, pausing for a moment. "Once I start depending on your antidote, I won't let you die either. We'll be in this together."

Quincy didn't reject the proposal outright this time but pursed her lips instead. "I'll think about it."

Her own life was on the line; she had to be extremely cautious! If Everett was playing some game, or... what if he decided to risk it all rather than be blackmailed by her? That would be playing with fire! Switching to Everett wasn't an ideal choice.

But...

Dorothy's health was deteriorating fast. It was hard to say how long she could hold on. While it's difficult to predict someone's lifespan, given her condition, it wouldn't be surprising if she fell seriously ill and passed away soon after. And if that happened, Everett would surely blame Quincy, regardless of whether it was her poison that caused it or not, and ensure she faced the consequences.

When Dorothy woke up, she found herself in a hospital room, her clothes replaced with a hospital gown, free of any bloodstains.

"Uh..."

Opening her eyes, she felt dizzy, perhaps from sleeping too long.

"You're awake."

Everett immediately put aside his work and came over to her bedside.

Dorothy nodded, "Yeah, you... why are you here...?"

"You were vomiting blood. Who else should be here if not me?"

She sighed, "Sorry, I didn't mean to worry you."

Everett was visibly upset. "I told you before, no staying up late, don't let work damage your health. And you promised me!"

Dorothy managed a weak smile. "Don't be mad. I just get carried away with work. You, of all people, should understand, being a workaholic yourself."

"... You're not to work on that project anymore. I'll assign someone else."

"No, don't!" Dorothy quickly

protested. "The project has already been handed off once. Handing it off again would make our partners question the capability of Lopez Corporation! And look, I'm fine now, aren't I?"

Won

She was speaking so lightly of herself, unaware of what had just transpired! But for Everett, it was like going through an apocalypse. He

couldn't describe the feeling of me

seeing Dorothy on the ground,

covered in blood. He felt numb, as if frozen in place.

"Dorothy, I was terrified."

Even now, recalling that moment sent shivers down his spine.

Seeing his serious gaze, Dorothy guessed what he might be feeling. She reached out to hold his hand, "It's me who should be terrified! How can I dare to die? I'm afraid of reaching the afterlife only to see you following me."

"I would definitely follow you."

"I know, which is why I can't dare." Dorothy smiled, "Everett, you're too good of a person. How could I let you join me?"

Everett gently stroked her hair. "Promise me one thing, and I'll let you continue with the project."

"Sure! I promise," she agreed without hesitation.

"Not even going to ask what it is?"

Dorothy shook her head, "You wouldn't harm me. So, why bother asking? Whatever you want me to promise, I will."

Chapter 1024

Everett had my life in his hands, and I wasn't scared of anything anymore.

But just when you'd expect a tender moment, I noticed a hint of hesitation on Everett's handsome face. It was like he had something on his mind but couldn't find the words.

I beat him to the punch, "What do you want me to promise? Out with it."

"...No more late nights, okay? Work just a few hours a day, and when I say rest, you rest."

I laughed, "I knew it was going to be that."

What else could Everett possibly want me to promise?

Two days later, I was discharged from the hospital.

Jeffrey waited until I was safe and sound before he dared to let Karen in on the news.

Boy, was she livid, "Jeffrey! If you keep secrets from me again, I swear I'm leaving!"

The thought alone terrified her.

What if...

What if it had been the last time, and she hadn't seen me?

She immediately dragged Jeffrey to Bay Residence, and the moment she saw me, she hugged me so hard I almost toppled over!

"Dorothy! Please, no more hospital trips, okay? Just... no more!"

Before I could even respond, there was Karen, all tears and sniffles.

"I'm fine, really. Just overworked myself, that's all," I reassured her, patting her back. "Everett's here, he won't let anything happen to me."

If she couldn't trust me, surely she could trust Everett?

Karen wiped her tears away, "You can't keep things like this from me! I'm your best friend. Keep me in the dark again, and I'll be really mad!" "Yeah, I'll tell you next time."

"No! There won't be a next time!"

Karen's dramatics made me laugh, and I pulled her down to sit on the couch.

Jeffrey finally breathed a sigh of

relief, "This time, I really can't keep

secrets anymore! Karen was actually talking divorce over this!"

Those words were like a death sentence for Jeffrey.

Back in the day, marriage was the last thing on his mind! And now, here he was, completely twisted around Karen's little finger.

Even Jeffrey had to admit, "Man, I used to laugh at you for this, and now, look at me. Go ahead, laugh, I deserve it."

Then he glanced at Everett, "What's on your mind?"

Seemed like Jeffrey's whole spiel went in one ear and out the other for Everett.

"Nothing."

"Come on! Did you even consider what I told you?"

Everett's gaze dropped, a shadow crossing his handsome face, "I'm thinking of taking Dorothy's place. Quincy said she'd think about it." "What?" Jeffrey's voice shot up.

His sudden outburst even made Karen and me look over from the couch!

"It's nothing, carry on!" Jeffrey waved us off before lowering his voice, "Are you out of your mind? What's the

Point

You're just going to end up under Quincy's thumb instead."

It was just swapping one person for another.

"I want Dorothy to be safe."

"Then you should use my plan! It's foolproof Look at Heather... she's head over heels for you, and you haven't given her the time of day. Just give Quincy a little attention, a bit of care, and she'll fall for you."

Once a woman's got love on the brain, everything else is easy! Jeffrey couldn't understand why Everett was hesitating.

It was a classic play, straight out of the oldest war strategies!

"Let's get Dorothy out of this mess first. We'll deal with the rest later."

Jeffrey waved it off, "Fine, I won't bother convincing you anymore! But I doubt Quincy will agree."

Chapter 1025

Jeff really hit the nail on the head with his prediction.

After mulling it over for a few days, Quincy decided against a change of heart.

She made the call to Everett herself.

"Mr. Lopez, it's clear as day you hold Ms. Sanchez dearer than life itself. If I'm looking to secure a leverage, naturally, I'd go for what matters most," her tone was even, no fluctuations, just stating a fact, "As for Ms. Sanchez's health, I can take my time to nurse her back."

"Quincy, please, let Dorothy go."

"I'm sorry, I can't do that. This whole charade was set up with her at the center! Plus, when she drank that water, I made sure thrice over. If she's having second thoughts now, that's on her, not me."

Deep down, Everett knew the probability of Quincy agreeing was slim.

Looking at it from another angle, changing sides now would be risky, and... there were just too many unknowns.

He didn't say anything more to Quincy; instead, he ended the call.

Looks like it's time to make some tough decisions.

With Everett's restrictions, Dorothy was confined to a strict work schedule.

Not a minute more, he'd have someone watch over her, almost wishing he could install cameras in her office.

But it hardly made a difference anymore. Most of the project work was dealt with, and whatever was left could be taken home.

As for Everett, he started to drown in work, staying late at the office, sometimes not returning until the dead of night.

After a shower, Everett would cautiously lie down beside Dorothy, who was supposed to be asleep, but instead, she turned around and hugged him! "Everett..."

Her voice was lazy, like a cat stretching after a nap.

"Did I wake you?"

"No, I was just waiting for you," she snuggled into his embrace, "Busy with a lot of new projects at the office?"

"Yeah." Everett casually stroked her hair, cherishing her affectionate moment.

"So, when will you be free? Can you make some time?"

He raised an eyebrow, "Something on your mind?"

"Yes." Dorothy smiled, eyes twinkling. "I want to marry you, let's go register our marriage!"

"Look, I get why Quincy is into you, and I don't mind it, won't even argue over it. But, I think having you on my marriage certificate makes things a bit more secure, don't you think?"

With those words, she was essentially proposing to Everett.

Even in the dimly lit room, Dorothy's eyes shone brightly.

She had imagined Everett's reaction to her proposal - happy, excited, maybe even lifting her in a joyful twirl. All seemed possible. Except...

Everett's silence at this moment was unexpected.

"Is something wrong?"

Dorothy reached out, touching Everett's arm gently.

"Just got distracted by some work stuff."

"Let's sleep. I've got a meeting early tomorrow."

Dorothy sensed he was dodging the topic.

"What about what I just proposed?"

"Let's talk about it after I wrap up at work." Everett pulled her closer, "I'll definitely marry you, but I want to be the one asking." Hearing this, Dorothy felt reassured.

"Since when did you become so traditional? It doesn't matter who proposes, does it?"

Why did it have to be the man to propose?

"You asking makes it seem like I'm not sincere."

"Fine, we'll wait for your proposal!" Dorothy had no objections, "As long as I get to marry you, that's all that matters."

Chapter 1026

Everett murmured, "You're the only one for me."

"No other woman could catch your eye?"

"Nope."

"Right, you've already shown me that."

Dorothy let out a sigh of relief, "Hurry up and propose, I can't wait any longer."

Everett stroked her hair, over and over, until she fell asleep, though his eyes remained open.

Dorothy's illness came on suddenly, and despite Dr. Quincy managing to stabilize her condition with medication, there was still some organ damage.

So, these days, Quincy had been practically living in the lab, trying to find a way to improve Dorothy's health.

When Ronin showed up, Quincy had been up for two days straight, just finishing up an experiment and getting ready to attempt a clinical trial.

"Quincy! Get this guy out of here, he's blocking my way!"

Outside, the bodyguard had stopped him, and Ronin could only stand at the door, shouting.

Quincy got so annoyed she even considered calling the cops!

Now, she didn't feel any connection to the Caldwell family, but if she called the police, who knows if Ronin might drag her down with him.

Or even turn the tables on her!

Without the Caldwell backing, she wouldn't stand a chance, not just in Eldorria City, but in all of wevia Country. Once respected as a member of the Caldwell family, if everyone knew she was at odds with them, it wouldn't bode well.

She couldn't just expect Everett to protect her.

"What do you want?" Quincy adjusted her hair and threw on a robe before going out.

Lack of sleep had left her eyes dull, making her look somewhat defeated.

Ronin, seeing her, felt not a shred of pity, only deeming his daughter useless!

"The Lopez family decided against the marriage, and you need to figure something out! I've already told my partners we were aligning with the Lopez family, that's the only reason they invested! Many shares we got weren't even supposed to be ours!"

What happens to those deals if the marriage falls through?

Even with contracts, his reputation in business would be ruined!

"What can I do? Stop bothering me." Quincy didn't want to reveal her full hand to her father, knowing all too well his greed.

"If you could make the Lopez family

change their mind, I wouldn't need to bother you Ronin's tone was no longer negotiable, much harsher,

"Thought you were capable, bet

getting dumped like this! Look at yourself, who are you trying to impress? Would Everett even care for you?"

Quincy, irritated, retorted, "What do

war with Everett! I've got levoet

you know? I'm just playing tug of

over him, I'm not worried about him calling off the marriage!"

"Leverage?"

Ronin always knew how to focus on the key points.

He stepped forward, only to be stopped by the bodyguard again, left standing at the door.

"You mean, Everett is under your control now? Then make him marry you, before the Lopez family announces another woman as their daughter-in-law, it'll be too late!" "Why should I rush?"

"Our Caldwell family business-"

"What's that got to do with me?" Quincy cut him off, "I told you, the last time I helped the Caldwell family was the last! Whatever happens, don't drag me into it."

Ronin was desperate, "But you promised you'd make Everett marry you!"

Chapter 1027

"json

"translate_text": ""You really don't trust me, huh? Well, why don't you go talk to the Lopez family then? Thought you said you were tight with Jonathan? Go ahead, have his son marry her."

"..."

Quincy snorted coldly. "Let me make this crystal clear one last time. Go back and tell Simeon to stop eyeing me. I've got Everett looking out for me now. You might think I'm easy to push around, but trust me, you don't want to mess with him!"

"Oh, please. Everett doesn't even want to marry you. How's he supposed to protect you?"

"Didn't Simeon tell you? The guys who rescued me from him last time were sent by Everett." Ronin had heard, but he didn't believe it.

No way Everett felt anything for his daughter! Why would he send people to rescue her?

The Caldwell family, father and son, figured Quincy was just putting on a show!

"You don't believe me?"

"It's hard to."

Quincy let out a chuckle and turned back to grab her phone.

"I'll call Everett right now, and you can hear it for yourself. That'll make you believe."

"You're in touch with him privately?" Ronin was still in the dark about how exactly his daughter planned to prove her point, but he was surprised that Quincy actually had Everett's personal number and seemed so confident.

"You'll recognize his voice, won't you?"

Ronin nodded. "I will."

"That's all we need."

The next second, Quincy pressed Everett's number.

The call went through.

After a few rings, nobody picked up.

Ronin raised an eyebrow, sensing a drama unfolding.

Quincy, however, remained calm, just staring at the screen, waiting for the other party to pick up.

"Everett's a busy man," Ronin said with a smirk, just as the call got connected!

A deep, cold voice came through.

"Speak."

It was indeed Everett!

Quincy smiled, then her expression changed as she began to speak in a whimpering voice, "Mr. Lopez, my dad's bothering me again, trying to take me away! I'm in the lab working on a project! Please come save me, or else I'll-mmph! Mmph mmph!"

She hadn't finished speaking when she covered her mouth, pretending to be abducted!

Then Quincy hung up the phone.

Throughout, Ronin listened, dumbfounded.

It took him a moment to snap back to reality.

"Quincy, are you trying to get me killed?!"

"You wanted proof, didn't you? Well, I'm giving it to you," Quincy shrugged. "Just wait till Everett's people show up, then you'll see where I stand."

It was a win-win for her.

Not only could she make the Caldwell family wary of underestimating her, but she also reinforced the idea to Everett that she was at odds with her own family. This way, even if the Caldwell family did something outrageous in the future, she could easily distance herself from them.

Having the Caldwell family as her family felt like a ticking time bomb to Quincy She needed to make her stance clear to avoid any unnecessary trouble because of them. ,

"You're insane! How does this benefit you? If Everett has me arrested, I swear I'll make you pay! I'll tell him you've been scheming against him all along!"

"You can tell him. It doesn't matter

to me." Quincy smiled. "A person who comes to harass me and speaks it of me, do you think he'll believe you? Besides... you didn't believe he'd come to save me, did you?"

"I believe it! I believe it, okay? Just make him stop!"

Ronin was more afraid of Everett than he was of Jonathan!"

Chapter 1028

The person who could elevate the Lopez Corporation to new heights was bound to have more than a few tricks up their sleeve. And if they were willing to take their own mother to court, could Ronin really be blameless?

"That won't do. I can't let Everett think I'm playing him! Dad will have to take the fall this time."

Ronin was out of options. Suddenly, he turned to face the bodyguard standing nearby.

"You, you can vouch for me! It was all her acting!"

The bodyguard, stone-faced, remained silent.

Quincy chuckled, walking over and patting the bodyguard on the shoulder. "You saw everything; you know how important I am to Mr. Lopez! Keep quiet, and this won't involve you, got it?"

Seeing this, Ronin didn't wait for Everett's people to arrive and immediately turned to run. "This is how you treat your father? You're going to get what's coming to you!"

Quincy lunged forward, grabbing his shirt.

"What's coming to me? Your Caldwell family favors sons over daughters, thinking you can step on me to elevate Simeon. You're the ones who'll face karma!"

"If you're going to discriminate based on gender, why didn't you just end me when you saw I was a girl at birth?"

It would have saved her from living in constant fear! Tying her fate to a frail being, always wary of Everett's words and actions, did he think she was willing? Everyone just wants to survive! Soon,

Everett's people arrived. Quincy even started to admire her own acting skills, able to switch roles so effortlessly.

She quickly wiped her face, kneeling

in front of Ronin. "Dad, please, stop using me! I don't want to be exploited by you and my brother anymore! Don't force me to ask Mr. Lopez for money; he won't give it to

me!"

Watching Ronin being taken away until he was out of sight, she stood up from her kneeling position. Then, she dusted off the knees of her pants.

Passing the bodyguard at the door, Quincy had already entered, then turned back, looking at the emotionless guard.

"I

I guess you must think I'm quite the actress?"

The bodyguard, "..."

"If I didn't do this, where else could I quickly find the armor to protect myself?" Quincy said, a bitter smile tugging at her lips. "Tell me, what in the world is more important than power and status? With these, I can live in peace, no longer used and trampled by others."

"Quincy, talking to me about this is pointless."

He could never be swayed to Quincy's side.

"It's meaningless, indeed, just talking. You've labeled me a villain, Mr. Lopez has, Ms. Sanchez has, but only I know what I truly want!"

Quincy spread her arms, spinning in a circle. "Look, I can almost touch what I want now! I can stay in my lab all day, and even if someone comes looking for trouble, I'm not scared."

This was her desire. In the past, she

was naive, simply believing her parents and her troublesome but

bearable brother cared for her. She

thought as long as she didn't covet Simeon's wealth, she could have a peaceful life.

But once her father decided to push her into the Lopez family, Quincy realized all talk of familial bonds and father-daughter love was false! They only wanted to secure a prosperous life for Simeon. She was just a pawn or a tool.

Chapter 1029

Ever since Everett told me he'd propose once he was ready, his nights had been swallowed up by work - or so I thought. He'd been coming home in the wee hours for several nights in a row.

But tonight, when he walked through the door reeking of something unfamiliar, I knew something was off.

"Everett, where have you been?" I didn't expect him to find me awake, considering it was past midnight.

Propping myself up on my elbows, I swung my legs off the bed and walked over to him, barefoot.
"You weren't working late at the office, were you?"

Everett pressed his lips together, not saying a word.

"Come on, tell me. Were you or weren't you?"

"I was at the office."

"Liar." I frowned, "You know where you've been has a smell to it, right?"

Silence.

"You went to the hospital."

It wasn't a question; it was a statement. Growing up, hospitals had been like a second home to me. The smell was unmistakable.

The past few days, Everett would head straight to the guest bathroom for a shower upon returning, then join me in our room. I hadn't noticed anything amiss until tonight when he entered our bedroom to grab something. The distinct smell of sanitizer mixed with various medications hit me all at once.

"Just leave it be," Everett said, turning to leave.

I grabbed his arm. "Who's in the hospital? Your mom again?"

"I told you to drop it!"

His voice suddenly rose, startling me. He... he had never spoken to me with such impatience before.

In the dimly lit room, I couldn't quite make out Everett's expression. After a brief pause, I reached out to touch his hand.

"Is it serious this time? Everett, don't panic. With all the advancements in medicine these days, surely they can..."

"Can what? Save her?" He pulled away from me. "Shouldn't you be hoping she dies? That way, you can have your revenge for your mom."

"That's not how I feel anymore! You know that! I told you—"

"Dorothy." Everett cut me off, his voice weary. "I'm exhausted. I don't want to fight."

I let out a sigh and nodded.

"No fighting, no fighting! I'm sorry, I
wasn't

Show Considering your feelings.

have asked at this

I'll grab your robe for you."

As I turned to leave, Everett grabbed my wrist.

"Don't bother, I won't be staying at Bay Residence tonight."

Go

Stunned and confused, my throat clogged with a thousand questions. But, putting myself in his shoes, if my mom was in the hospital hanging by a thread, I'd be beside myself too.

Considering he managed to keep his cool without lashing out at me was somewhat of a relief.

Watching Everett leave the bedroom, my concern for him made me follow.

"Will you be back tomorrow?"

"I don't know."

"Let me get you a jacket at least!

Hospital

are cold, and I don't

you catching a cold."

was

heading back to the

he

But by the time I grabbed a jacket and returned, Everett was gone.

I rushed out, only to see the taillights of his car fading into the distance.

I figured his mom must have been rushed to the emergency room again, and this time it seemed more serious than ever.

The turmoil left me wide awake.

I made my way back to the living room, curled up on the couch, hugging my knees to my chest.

Whenever it came to Amanda, Everett's mom, things always got complicated for me...

Chapter 1030

Indeed, Amanda was hospitalized.

The court had ordered the transfer of the suspect back to the detention center, and just one day after Amanda's return, her condition worsened.

Everett had been at the hospital for two days.

He hadn't told Dorothy because he was still undecided.

It was such a difficult decision to make...

The hospital felt especially cold in the dead of night.

Everett sat on a bench, his lips pressed tightly together, silent.

Suddenly, footsteps echoed from the other end of the hospital corridor.

He looked up to see Jonathan, who was supposed to have gone to rest, returning.

"Dad, I'll stay here tonight. You go get some sleep."

Jonathan's face was pale, as if he had been scared by something, and he shook his head, "No, I'll just sit here."

"What's wrong?" Everett offered his father a hand.

"I just closed my eyes and...I dreamed that your mother was gone! It scared me awake, and I dared not sleep again. I thought it best to come back." Jonathan glanced at the emergency room door, "Here, I can be closer to her."

Everett lowered his eyelashes, listening to his father sigh beside him.

"Back when I was younger, I always had to attend social gatherings with drinking, and your mom would do everything to stop me, worried it would harm my health, saying drinking was bad for me. And now...it's her lying in there."

"These days, I've been thinking a lot! All that fame and fortune I chased my whole life, playing games in the business world, the socializing and drinking, in the end, those things...they don't amount to anything! Like now, if I could spend a fortune to cure your mother, to have her healthy again, I'd give up all my savings!"

But it wasn't possible.

How many doctors had he consulted!

And yet, they kept ending up back in this godforsaken hospital.

"Everett, please forgive your mom! She certainly doesn't deserve Dorothy's forgiveness, but she hasn't wronged you!"

Jonathan's tone carried a rare weight.

Gone was the previous confrontation, replaced with a casual father-son chat.

Everett simply responded, his father's words echoing in his mind.

Indeed.

He too would give up all his savings for Dorothy.

So how could he not understand his father's feelings?

"But I won't force you. After all, you're grown up, with your own thoughts! As parents, you."

shouldn't impose our plans on

Jonathan raised his hand, patting his son's shoulder, "In a blink, you've grown up so much. Time flies."

His words barely finished, the emergency room door opened!

A doctor came out, "Family of the patient!"

"Here!"

Jonathan immediately stood up, walking forward with his son.

The doctor's expression was grave, then he lowered his head, "I'm sorry, we did everything we could."

"What do you mean?" Jonathan, still not giving up, grabbed the doctor's coat, "What do you mean?!"

"The patient has no heartbeat or breathing, resuscitation was ineffective, she has passed away."

Everett

limbs as if all the strength had
been drained from his body, his n
limbs stiffened, and his blood froze.

The next second, Jonathan had collapsed heavily to the ground! "Dad!"

"It's impossible, it can't be! You must have made a mistake! She always room,
comes out of the emergen
she always does!"

Everett held his father, his handsome face tightened, but his eyes couldn't help but redden.

"Everett...your mom, she can't...how could she die!"