

## Midnight 1251

Chapter 1251

"So, you poisoned Everett Lopez too."

That statement wasn't a question. It was a conclusion.

Quincy's eyes flickered with a hint of guilt, "That's none of your business. You don't need to know!"

Lane shrugged, "True, I'm not exactly dying of curiosity about Everett's ordeal. But... this poison of yours, if the antidote isn't taken regularly, it really results in death? Guaranteed?" She nodded with certainty.

"Yes, it leads to the failure of all vital organs, culminating in death."

"Wow..." Lane smacked his lips, "You're pretty ruthless, giving Everett that kind of poison. You're not afraid he'll actually die on you?"

"As long as I'm by his side, he won't die!"

Lane nodded, "Fair enough! How about this, I want that temporary antidote of yours, but I can only offer you half the price, that's ten million." "You're haggling over something like this?"

"Ten million isn't chump change." Lane finished his cigarette, stomped it out on the ground, "Take it or leave it. I have the permanent cure anyway." He turned to leave.

Quincy only took three seconds before calling out to stop him.

"Fine, I'll sell it to you! I'm doing this because I understand your desire, just like my obsession with Everett! In a way, I'm helping you and Dorothy Sanchez."

Lane raised an eyebrow, looking at her, "Quincy, always the smooth talker! Here you are, squeezing me dry, and I'm supposed to thank you for it."

Quincy smiled, "Dorothy is worth twenty million! With all her suitors, selling it to someone else would fetch the same price."

Lane chuckled, "Well, I'm not complaining, am I?"

"Then pay up."

He nodded, pulling out his phone to transfer the money.

Quincy received it promptly.

She handed over the remaining doses of the temporary antidote to Lane and started to walk away.

Behind her, Lane suddenly called out.

"Quincy! I skipped breakfast today, any chance I could persuade you to join me? My treat." Quincy was about to refuse, but Lane cut in first.

"I always thought Dorothy was stunning, but ever since I met you think you're even more beautiful. There's something about your aura that's just different."

"Well, of course! Dorothy's family background dictates her demeanor."

Lane nodded in agreement, "Exactly! So, how about that breakfast? Consider it a gesture between friends. Who knows, there might come a time when you'll need my help."

Quincy stood there, pondering for a while before reluctantly nodding.

"Just so we're clear, I'm not interested in you, and don't you start there could be anything thinking

between us! I just haven't had breakfast either."

Lane immediately stepped forward, opening the car door for Quincy, "After you, Quincy."

...

Everett, upon seeing Quincy's messages, instantly deleted them.

If it weren't for the fear of missing out on details about the antidote, he would've blocked Quincy's number straight away.

Exiting the conference room, he immediately called Dorothy.

She had been resting at home lately, a bit bored, which Everett was aware of.

"What are you up to?"

"I'm just... lying down, uh, watching TV."

Everett chuckled, "Let me guess, you've been in touch with Kevin, asking him for live updates, haven't you?"

Dorothy was taken aback, "How did you know?! Did Kevin tell you?"

"Do I need him to tell me?"

Chapter 1252

Knowing Dorothy as well as he did, Everett knew she couldn't sit still at home!

When Dorothy caught on, she chuckled, "Hey, I'm just twiddling my thumbs during the day, just checking out what's happening over there. I'm not at the scene, so I'm still being good, right?"

Everett sighed, "You don't have to lie to me. Do you think I don't know what's going on in your head? But with your current health-"

"Ah, come on! I know I'm not in the best shape and I shouldn't overdo it. I get it! Mr. Lopez, you go on with your work. I truly know my limits." She knew exactly how to get to Everett, resorting to a bit of coquetry when all else failed.

"I might have to come home a bit late after work today, so if you need anything, just give me a call. I'll try my best to make it back before the kids' bedtime to tuck them in."

"Alright."

Dorothy didn't press Everett on what he was going to do.

As long as he didn't bring it up, Dorothy wouldn't ask! It seemed like an unspoken understanding between them.

She knew all too well that if it was possible to avoid meeting Quincy, Everett would not even spare her a glance! So, why bother showing her displeasure and making things even harder for him?

After hanging up, Everett returned to his office.

He had to take care of some tasks at hand, especially now that Kevin was out, leaving him to pick up the slack. After reviewing a few project documents, Everett finally took out his phone to call Quincy.

But... no answer?

He tried again, still no response.

Usually, Quincy would pick up instantly whenever Everett called. It seemed she must be really tied up with something.

He didn't have time for a third try, so he just waited for Quincy to see the missed calls and get back to him.

...

Quincy, in fact, couldn't answer the phone because she was tied up to a chair, securely bound and unable to break free! "Mmm! Mmmmm!"

Her mouth was gagged, and layers of duct tape wrapped around, leaving her only able to make muffled noises.

In a dilapidated house in the

suburbs, even if she could scream, what good would it do? Tied up and immobile, she was like a lamb to the slaughter.

In front of Quincy, Lane was lounging in a chair, legs crossed, leisurely lighting a cigarette.

"Tsck, tsck, tsck, your man's calling you! You think he'll try a third time?"

"...Mmmmm!"

Lane took a drag, blowing smoke deliberately in her face, causing Quincy to cough violently!

"You said you were gonna marry Everett, even got intimate with him. Seems like he's not as into you as he was into Dorothy!"

Quincy glared at him, more frightened than anything.

Who was this man, really? She had no clue.

All she thought during their deal was

that he was into Dorothy and had money which could solve her immediate problems, so she let her guard down. And now, here she was!

"In my life, I've always hated people glaring at me the most! Maybe I should gouge out those eyes."

Lane squinted, actually picking up a knife and moving closer to Quincy

Terrified, she immediately shut her eyes, desperately trying to scoot back.

The knife did slice through something, but not her eyeballs. Instead, it cut through the duct tape on her mouth.

"Spit it out!" Instantly, Quincy spat out the gag, "Lane, I've done nothing to you, why are you doing this?!"

Chapter 1253

She still didn't get it. What on earth did Lane want with her? Was he really after that \$20 million ransom?

"Why? I have my reasons!" He took another drag from his cigarette, then without another word, pressed the burning end against the back of Quincy's tied hands! "Ah!"

A scream tore through the silence, pain searing through her skin as the color drained from Quincy's face.

"Will you shut up? You're hurting my ears," Lane's eyes darkened, his grip tightening on Quincy's jaw, delivering a slap that left her dazed. "Keep your mouth shut!" Quincy was in shock.

Never in her wildest dreams did she imagine falling into the clutches of someone like him.

"Please, let me go... I'll give you the money, okay?"

Lane laughed.

"You think I'm doing this for \$20 million?"

"Then why?" Quincy was at a loss. She couldn't fathom any grudge between them.

"The amount Everett made me lose is way beyond a mere \$20 million!" Lane still remembered how he was forced out of Eldorria City.

It was more than just a setback.

And now, it was his turn to strike back. Fate seemed to have opened a door for him.

"You have beef with Mr. Lopez?" Quincy suddenly realized, "But, kidnapping me won't make him bow to you! I'm about to marry him, but it's just an arranged marriage by our families. He doesn't care about me the way he cares about Dorothy!" "What does that matter?" Lane shrugged, "Quincy, have you forgotten? You have another use."

He raised an eyebrow, "You said it yourself, without your antidote, Everett is as good as dead." Quincy's heart sank.

So, he was really after Everett!

"As long as you're dead, where will Everett find the antidote? This only antidote, now in my hands." Lane smirked, proud of his plan. "He'd never guess who'd be the death of him."

"You, you'll be a criminal if you kill me! You'll be sentenced!" Quincy's voice trembled with fear. Thoughts of love and the future were far from her mind. Her very life was at stake!

But to Lane, she posed no threat.

"You dared to poison Everett, I thought you weren't afraid of death."

"But now that you're in my hands, your fate is sealed! Stop dreaming, accept your fate." Lane lit another cigarette.

Quincy wanted to stay calm, but her mind was racing.

If she died here, all her plans would be in vain!

"Lane, Mr. Lane... I know how much you love Dorothy. Can't we work together? Why must I die? If you hate Mr. Lopez, just kill him, and won't say a word! I can even lure him here for you! Really! He has to listen to me now."

Hearing this, Lane let out a cold laugh.

Narrowing his eyes, he thought of someone.

Someone, who also spoke of partnership!

"I don't trust a word from you women! Heather Garcia also promised to work with me, and look how that turned out?"

He learned from his past mistakes; there was no way he'd fall for that again!

"I'm not like Heather! She was foolish enough to get herself on death row!"

Chapter 1254

Listening to Quincy calling Heather stupid was the best joke Lane had heard in a long while.

"She's dumb, but what makes you any better? If it wasn't for your need to show off, to outdo Dorothy, how would I have known you also poisoned Everett?"

"Don't try to deny it. I've been with enough women to know what's going on in your heads! It's all about jealousy towards Dorothy. You only tried to impress me because I said you were prettier than Dorothy. Would you have agreed to have dinner with me otherwise? No, you wouldn't!"

Lane might not have been clear about everything, but he knew the way women thought.

The only person he could never figure out was Dorothy.

But that didn't matter now! With Quincy's unwitting help, Heather was as good as his!

"Mr. Lane, please... let me go. I really don't want to die! I could be your dog, do anything you ask! I'm not only good at creating that drug, I can create others! You hate Mr. Lopez, don't you? I'm just an innocent bystander; I never got involved in your battles!" "Innocent? You weren't so innocent when you were asking for money, all high and mighty." Lane lightly tapped her cheek before continuing to gesture with his cigarette.

Quincy tried to dodge, but there was nowhere to hide!

Soon, she felt the burning pain on her cheek!

"Ah! Mr. Lane, please! My face!"

Lane seemed unmoved, even as the cigarette was snuffed out on her skin. He simply lit another and continued to burn other parts of her body.

It was as if the woman in front of him was Heather...

"Your hatred should be directed at Everett! He's the one who made you like this."

Lane didn't stop until Quincy's right cheek was unrecognizable.

But her left cheek was still intact.

How interesting!

Quincy cried out in pain, the tears making her wounds sting even more. "Please, no more! I beg you, let me go!"

"Just letting you go would be too boring! Honestly, I thought aboutz killing you on the way here, but my hatred is too deep, I need to let it out Lane looked at his handiwork, very pleased with himself.

He never intended to let Quincy leave alive.

So, he could do whatever he wanted!

"I can be your woman, your dog, anything please, just give me chance to live!" Beyond the p  
her face, she was moreel  
dying.

Lane spat directly on Quincy's face.

"You want to be my woman? Dream on! Do you think I want just any woman?"

of

"To leave alive? Forget it. But I might keep you around for a few days." After all, Lane needed to see if e Everett had indeed been poisoned.

Meanwhile, he could revisit old acquaintances.

Lane gagged Quincy again and wrapped her mouth with tape.

Her cheeks, already burned by the cigarette, throbbed with excruciating pain.

But her moans were nothing to Lane, who was filled with hatred.

This time, he was back to take Dorothy away.

He had thought he'd never get a chance to beat Everett, who was too powerful. But who knew?

Fate had delivered Quincy right to him!

Chapter 1255

Quincy had gone off the grid.

When Everett tried calling her again, he was met with the immediate response of her phone being switched off.

Without wasting a moment, he drove straight to Quincy's lab, only to find it deserted. Her apartment showed no signs of her either.

Under normal circumstances, Everett wouldn't care less about Quincy's whereabouts once he got his hands on the antidote. But now, he couldn't afford to lose her.

He dialed Jeffrey Turner's number.

Jeffrey, upon hearing Everett's concern, didn't grasp the severity of the situation at first, scoffing, "Better off dead! Who cares if she's missing? Relax, man, she's tough as nails. She's done enough dirt to survive!"

It took a moment for the gravity of the situation to hit Jeffrey.

"Holy crap! No, this won't do! What about Dorothy if something happens to her?"

Everett couldn't help but be exasperated with his friend, always a beat behind.

"Get your contacts to look for her, we need to find her no matter what."

"Alright, alright, I'm on it!"

After hanging up, Everett took a moment to calm his nerves in the car before heading back to the Bay Residence.

Without any leads on Quincy, his home was his first stop.

As he walked in, he found Dorothy narrating a story to Abigail and Langston.

Abigail was all ears, hanging on every word, while Langston seemed barely interested.

Seeing their dad return, they both rushed over.

"Daddy!"

"Daddy!"

Everett bent down, always lifting his daughter up first.

Abigail, holding his face, showered him with kisses.

Langston, free of jealousy, was more preoccupied with his computer, "Dad, about that bug you fixed last time—" ""It's not fixed?"

"It is! But can you teach me? I want to handle it myself if it happens again!"

Everett tapped his son on the forehead, "Cheeky monkey, already trying to learn the trade?"

"Well, you're gonna leave it all to me someday anyway!"

"Already eyeing my inheritance, huh?"

Dorothy approached, smiling, "Didn't you say you'd be late today?"

"Plans changed, so I came back," Everett kept Quincy's disappearance from Dorothy.

No particular reason.

Just didn't want to worry her unnecessarily.

"Oh." Dorothy wanted to press further, but seeing Everett's reluctance, she let it go.

Jeffrey's call came through shortly after.

Everett glanced at Dorothy before stepping into the master bedroom to take the call.

"I tracked her down to a highway exit earlier today, then nothing. She hasn't returned since! Oh, and her bank account's suddenly richer by twenty million." "...the Caldwell family's doing?"

"Doesn't seem like it! The depositor's name is Cathy, likely a woman,"

Jeffrey Speculated, "I'm thinking. there's someone else wanting to buy her poison, paying her off, trying to control others too."

Everett frowned, a gut feeling telling him it wasn't that simple.

"Quincy's been laying low, hardly meeting anyone new. Just hospital visits and her female classmate's place! She even preserved... that sample." Jeffrey had dug up everything accessible.

"That's all?"

"Yep! Quincy might just show up tomorrow, Everett, don't sweat it A person can't just vanish into thin air,

right? Quincy's the type to cling to life; she won't give up easily.

Everett sighed deeply.

Now, all he could do was hope Jeffrey was right.

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"Also, Karen mentioned today that

Kenneth Nelson's been asking about

Dorothy again! Guy's not giving up," Jeffrey snickered, "You've got a persistent rival there."

Chapter 1256

"Kenneth has been hung up on her for years. There's no way he'd just let go that easily."

Byte 7 was an easy catch because he was more enamored with Dorothy's looks than anything else, plus he fancied the idea of dating someone who could be like a sister to him. It wasn't about Dorothy herself. But Kenneth, he's a different story. He's been waiting for Dorothy for years.

Let's put it this way...

If I hadn't made my move early, who knows? If Kenneth had made the first move, he might have been the one by Dorothy's side right now.

"But man, I'm in a tough spot here, I can't just tell Karen to stop seeing Kenneth!" Jeffrey really wanted to help his buddy out.

But with the way things were, it was hard for him to intervene.

He was afraid he might end up making things worse and get an earful from Karen Miller.

"It's okay, I get it." How could Everett not understand the difficult position Jeffrey was in?

Besides, strictly speaking.

Everett didn't really need to worry about any so-called rival, because Dorothy was never going to fall for anyone else. She was his and his alone. But still...

Jealousy is a tricky thing to control.

"I'll keep an eye on Quincy for you, let you know if there's any progress. And if she reaches out to you, give me a heads up so I can stop worrying." "Sure thing."

After hanging up, Everett took a deep breath and stepped out of the bedroom.

In the kitchen, Dorothy was brewing some coffee.

Abigail and Langston were already lost in their own world of play.

"Done with your call?"

"Yeah."

"Want to talk about it?" Dorothy approached with two mugs of coffee, her voice soft and caring.

Everett pursed his lips, "It's not good news."

"Then I won't pry." Dorothy smiled, "I'm all ears for the good news only."

"Right."

Seeing him look so agitated, a rare sight on Everett's face, Dorothy couldn't help but go over and give

his shoulders a gentle rub, hoping to ease his tension.

But before she could continue, Everett grabbed her hand and pulled her into a hug.

"You don't have to do this."

"I'm just trying to be a good wife and mother here!"

"It'll make your hands sore." Everett was more concerned about her well-being than anything else.

Dorothy looked up and laughed, then raised her hand to smooth out the crease between his brows.

"You're not getting any younger, you know? Stop frowning so much, you'll get wrinkles. And that's not a good look."

"You'd mind?"

"Absolutely!" Dorothy burst into laughter, "After all, part of the reason I'm with you is for your good looks."

Everett raised an eyebrow, "That's news to me."

"Well, now you know. So, no more frowning." She stroked Everett's hand, "We need to take things one step at a time, deal with problems as they come. Fretting about it now won't make any difference. Better to keep a calm mind."

"I find it hard to be calm right now." This situation was affecting Dorothy's well-being.

"...Is it Quincy? She's not cooperating anymore?"

Everett pressed his lips together, his expression darkening, "She's gone off the radar, can't get in touch." Hearing this, Dorothy didn't mirror his serious and worried look. Instead, she smiled.

"Don't worry, maybe she's just caught up with something and can't answer her phone! It's obvious how much Quincy cares about you. She wouldn't ignore you without a good reason. Maybe she's just busy."

Chapter 1257

Seeing Everett's mood hadn't improved, she tried to reassure him again, "Quincy has been living abroad for so long, hardly ever comes home. At most, she's only in touch with the Caldwells here. Who could she possibly have upset enough to wish her harm? The person who dislikes her the most is you, and even you haven't done anything to her. So, she must be safe."

That was the crux of why Dorothy wasn't worried.

The thought of Quincy being in any danger never crossed her mind.

"But still, I can't shake this uneasy feeling."

"Everett, if you keep worrying about Quincy, I might start getting jealous!" Dorothy teased, pouting. "We're back at Bay Residence, and you're still hung up on another woman. Don't you think that's a bit much?" "...Alright, I'll stop thinking about it."

With that, Everett scooped Dorothy up in his arms and carried her back to their bedroom.

Then, bending down, he kissed her forehead, "I'll put the kids to bed, then I'll come back and keep you company."

"Okay!"

Watching Everett walk away, Dorothy's smile never faded.

She was truly content and satisfied with their life right now. If it could always be like this, she thought, it would indeed be the perfect life!

While waiting for Everett, Dorothy took a shower and then got back into bed, thinking of checking if Kevin had texted her.

But there was no message from Kevin. Instead, there was a missed call from an unknown number!

Dorothy was momentarily stunned, hesitating before calling the number back.

After a few rings, someone picked up.

"Hello? Hi, this is Dorothy. May I ask who's calling?"

The caller was a woman, her voice suggesting she was somewhat older.

"Dorothy? Oh, it's not me who's looking for you. Someone else is trying to reach you; they'll call you back later."

The woman hung up before Dorothy could respond, leaving her somewhat baffled.

Why the secrecy? Why not just say who she was and what she wanted?

Dorothy assumed the caller was a supplier or something of the sort.

So, she messaged Kevin, "Seems like a supplier called me, not sure what about. Have they contacted you?"

"Nope! Did Ms. Sanchez leave your number with them?"

Dorothy thought for a moment; her memory was a bit hazy.

"I guess so." Otherwise, why would they call her?

"Next time they call, just direct them to me! M Lopez has ordered that you shouldn't have to deal with.

company matters anymore thaten

Dorothy pouted, unsure whether to feel relieved or slighted. "It's my company; I wanted to be hands-on."

"With your current status, do you really need to be hands-on? What are we the secretaries, supposed to do then? If you take over all the work, won't we be out of jobs?"

Kevin always knew what to say, and his words quickly brought a smile to Dorothy's face.

Just then, the unknown number

"I've

called again, and she quickly said et Ogot another call, I'll catch this one."

"Alright!"

Hanging up, Dorothy hurriedly answered the incoming call.

This time, it wasn't a woman's voice on the line but a man's. And...

Just hearing a few words from the man, Dorothy felt a wave of familiarity. "Dorothy."

"...Who is this?" She had a hunch, but hesitated to jump to conclusions.

"Really can't recognize my voice? Now, that truly breaks my heart!"

A chill ran through Dorothy, "Lane?"

Chapter 1258

She still didn't get it. What on earth did Lane want with her? Was he really after that \$20 million ransom? "Why? I have my reasons!" He took another drag from his cigarette, then without another word, pressed the burning end against the back of Quincy's tied hands!

"Ah!"

A scream tore through the silence, pain searing through her skin as the color drained from Quincy's face.

"Will you shut up? You're hurting my ears," Lane's eyes darkened, his grip tightening on Quincy's jaw, delivering a slap that left her dazed. "Keep your mouth shut!"

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Lage...

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"Lane, Mr. you love Dorothy. Can't we work together? Why must I die? If you hate Mr Lopez, just kill him, and won't say a word! I can even lure him here for you! Really! He has to listen to me now."

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Someone, who also spoke of partnership!

"I don't trust a word from you women! Heather Garcia also promised to work with me, and look how that turned out?"

He learned from his past mistakes; there was no way he'd fall for that again!

"I'm not like Heather! She was foolish enough to get herself on death row!"

Chapter 1259

"You can dream on! Even in death, I wouldn't be caught dead with you!"

"Oh? Now that's something I'd love to see. Would you really gamble with your life for Everett? Or let me put it this way... if it was between you and him, who gets to live?" Lane hung up abruptly.

Dorothy stared at the now dark phone screen for a few seconds, sensing that things were far from simple. She immediately got up to find Everett.

This was bigger than she thought, and despite Lane denying it, his words clearly hinted at something to do with Quincy's disappearance!

...

When Lane returned to the rundown cottage on the outskirts, the chair Quincy was tied to had toppled over.

She was struggling to escape!

Hearing Lane's footsteps, Quincy truly felt like she was facing the devil himself.

"Tsk, tsk, couldn't make a run for it, huh?"

"Please, let me go... I don't want to die..."

Quincy's face was swollen beyond recognition.

Scars and sores adorned her face, making her look like a ghost.

But right now, her looks were the least of her concerns. She wasn't even sure if she could save her own life!

"Let you go? Impossible." Lane walked over, this time not with a knife, but a rusty axe, and squatted beside her. "Tell me, which hand did you use to poison Dorothy?"

"...I was wrong, I truly was! I'll never harm Dorothy again!" Quincy's heart sank.

Lane was annoyed by her whimpering, his eyebrows knitting together. "I asked you a question, answer it! Or else, I'll cut off your tongue first!"

"Dorothy may not be perfect, but she's my woman, the one I chose! You harm her, I seek revenge." Lane forcefully grabbed her right hand, sized it up, and raised the axe- edit

Quincy screamed in terror!

"I was wrong, I was truly wrong! Ah! Ah!"

After a dreadful scream, Quincy had lost her right hand.

Lane wasn't quite satisfied, smacking his lips, "That was a bit messy, sorry, I'll be gentler with the left!"

"No, please, no!" Quincy had never felt so desperate.

The man before her was a monster!

A complete psychopath!

"Why do you refuse everything?" Lane frowned, but perhaps due to fatigue, he didn't continue to chop at her left hand. Instead, he stood up, throwing the axe aside, "Come on, tell me, what do you like about Everett?"

Quincy, pale from pain and her teeth chattering, could hardly think of anything.

But with her life in his hands, she had no choice but to try and cooperate.

"I... I just thought he could save my life, keep me from being manipulated..."

"That's it?" Lane raised an eyebrow, "In the end, you're just infatuated with his power!"

"..." Quincy didn't dare to guess whether he was angry or not, only lowering her head to look at her severed hand, her eyes red with pain.

"Everett is despicable! When he can't

compete with a woman, he targete

my business! You actually felt something for such a man, doesn't that make you despicable?!

"Yes, yes! I'm despicable, I was wrong... I'll never like him again..."

Lane shrugged with a smile, "Too late! You've no chance to correct your mistake!"

Chapter 1260

Quincy's demise meant Everett was as good as dead!

How could Lane possibly pass up such an opportunity?

Nobody knew the hell Lane had been through after being booted out of the country. Every day, his so-called friends mocked him for his audacity in competing with Everett for a woman's affection.

But he did it anyway.

So what now?

"All you want is for Mr. Lopez to kick the bucket, right? Spare me, and I swear, I won't concoct an antidote for him!" Quincy never imagined that his attempt to poison Everett would end up being exploited by Lane! He had nothing to lose...

Unlike Everett back then, who at least cared about Dorothy. He was afraid that without him, no one would be able to develop an antidote!

But Lane was different. He wanted the antidote, and without anyone else able to make it, he was in the clear.

"Quincy, why should I believe a word from the living? If you were dead, it'd save me a whole lot of trouble! Out here, in the middle of nowhere, I could just bury you-" Lane couldn't suppress his smirk, "Then all I'd have to do is find a good hiding spot and quietly wait for the news of Everett's untimely demise!"

"Come to think of it, you've done me a huge favor! They say heaven helps those who help themselves, and with Everett dying by my hands, wouldn't you say I've won?" Quincy could see that Lane had lost his mind.

And judging by his demeanor, this madness wasn't a recent development, it was just triggered by the poison incident!

"You win! You're better than Mr. Lopez in every way! If I were Dorothy, I'd choose you!" Quincy could only agree, trying to buy time, hoping for a sliver of a chance to survive.

If only she knew this poison would backfire, she'd have been better off following her parents' wishes, marrying anyone they chose rather than facing death!

"Women are all liars! You, Heather,

all the

again! Think I'd fall for t Lane squinted, his s

by his ringing

He straightened up to check the caller ID.

Dorothy.

Even seeing her name, Lane wasn't worried.

He leaned back, casually answering the call.

"Lane! Let Quincy go, now!"

Quincy could hear Dorothy's voice and immediately screamed, "Ms. Sanchez, save me! Please!"

This might be her only chance, and now Quincy couldn't care less if she angered Lane.

"Shut the hell up!" Lane lashed out with a brutal kick!

Quincy was hit hard, her head smacking against the ground, her eyes rolling back as she passed out.

"Lane! Don't do this to her! If you're angry, take it out on me!"

"Why would I do that? I'm all for you, Dorothy! Just you wait a little longer...we'll be together soon enough!"

"Have you lost your mind?" Dorothy realized something was terribly off with Lane, "If you kill Quincy, you're going down too!"

Lane chuckled, "Sounds like you care

about me! I'd love to believe that But I'm not stupid. I know you're more worried about Everett!

Afraid that if Quincy dies, no one will be there to save him, right?"

It was then Dorothy understood why Lane was holding Quincy captive.

"How did you know about the poison?"

"There's a lot I know! Like...you and Everett, you're still playing Quincy for a fool, pretending to be broken up when you're actually together!"