

## **The CEO's Hidden Love Midnight Temptations and Deep Desires #Chapter 553 - Read The CEO's Hidden Love Midnight Temptations and Deep Desires Chapter 553**

"Tell me the truth. You've been hounding me for ages just for this, haven't you?"

Karen wore a look that saw right through him; her scoff was dripping with contempt.

Jeffery was at a loss for words, but frustration bottled up inside as he held back.

"Karen, you sure have a way with summaries!" He gave her a thumbs-up as a sarcastic gesture, "Was it not who asked you first to be my girlfriend? And you said no! I never wanted such... such improper affair to maintain between us."

"You even know the word 'improper,' huh?" Karen shot him a piercing glance, checked the time on her phone, and nodded towards the market by the entrance of the community, "You better go shop."

Jeffery's mind could never keep pace with Karen's whims.

"Shop for what?"

"Condoms! Or are you planning on making babies?"

In silence, Jeffery's lips twisted uncomfortably. He disliked the way she treated their situation as if it was nothing more than a transaction.

Karen just wanted to shake him off and get away from his grasp.

"Still standing there?"

Jeffery's lips quivered slightly, his voice involuntarily lowering, "No need to buy. I've got some in the car."

"Hmph," Karen snorted, pushing him back a step, "Let's go then. Where to?"

"Now? Right now?"

"Mr. Turner, I'd appreciate it if you could make it quick. My folks are waiting for me at home."

With those words, she strode off ahead, her casual indifference casting Jeffery in the light of a lover seeking validation.

...

Dorothy Sanchez took a stroll around the hospital, appreciating the remarkably fresh air there.

The hospital's location was ideal. It was situated just before a forest, where one could breathe deeply and even catch the scent of fresh foliage.

She found a bench and sat down, in no rush to return to the ward. She wanted to give Everett some space, to avoid a barrage of questions upon her return.

She had agreed to a one-month arrangement with Jonathan Lopez, and only a few days had passed. She wanted to spend these last moments with Everett, not dwelling on the future or the nature of their relationship to come.

"Ms. Sanchez?"

Quincy, returning from the storeroom with medication, could vaguely see her silhouette from afar. But she only dared to greet her when she came closer.

Dorothy glanced her way and smiled, "Dr. Quincy."

"What are you doing out here? Don't you need to be with Mr. Lopez?"

Quincy, holding the medication, offered a gentle smile. Her lab coat was as immaculate as ever.

"Just needed some air." Dorothy answered.

"Oh." Quincy set the medication on the bench and crouched in front of Dorothy, carefully rolling up her pant leg, "Good timing, I can take a look at your leg!"

She displayed none of the airs typical of a wealthy heiress. Her gaze was filled with concern for her patient's ailment, devoid of any hesitation or distaste.

Some renowned doctors would carry an air of superiority even if they were in her home country, expecting patients to conform to their examination process. But Quincy was never like that.

"Does it hurt much? The bruising hasn't faded, but it's healing."

"It's not too painful anymore, just have to take it slow when walking." Dorothy had nearly tripped while rushing out earlier.

Quincy nodded and gave her a solemn piece of advice, "You need to be careful. It's your leg we're talking about! If it doesn't heal right, you could be limping for life!"

Dorothy laughed at her remarks, "Okay, I get it."

She watched Quincy, always so serene and gentle. So she thought Quincy would make a patient, caring mother someday...

"Dr. Quincy, do you like kids?"

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"Hmm?" Quincy blinked while a hint of confusion crossed his face, "I'm not a pediatrician, so I don't have much to do with kids. And with my busy schedule, there's hardly any time for parties or social events. But you know, I do have a soft spot for well-behaved kids."

She flopped down on the other end of the park bench, eyeing Dorothy curiously, "So why the sudden interest in my thoughts on children?"

"Oh, it's nothing. I just think someone with your patience would be great with the little ones."

"As a doctor, you've gotta have patience, right? If a patient is feeling ill or hurt, they're naturally in a bad mood. If I were to add to that by being grumpy or short-tempered, it could mess with their healing vibes!"

It was clear to Dorothy that Quincy truly loved her job as a doctor.

She wasn't just going through the motions for a paycheck.

Thinking it over, with her social standing and family background, if she didn't have a genuine

passion for medicine, she could have picked a much easier path. Choosing the grueling life of a

doctor must be out of love for the profession.

Quincy's life was surely different from her own. She had to deal with life's compromises, unable to follow her heart's desires.

"So, Dr. Quincy, have you never fallen for someone? I mean, romantically?"

Dorothy felt a bit presumptuous asking such a personal question, given they weren't exactly close. She hesitated before speaking, but her curiosity won out in the end.

Quincy pondered for a moment before replying, "I guess there's been one or two, but it never went anywhere. Plus, I wasn't much of a believer in love before."

"And what's your type?" prodded Dorothy.

Quincy's face twisted with complexity, and then she turned to Dorothy, saying, "Someone like Mr. Lopez, I suppose."

The moment the words left Quincy's mouth, Dorothy's hand clenched involuntarily.

Quincy had feelings for Everett?

Lost in thought, Quincy didn't notice Dorothy's reaction. She continued, "I like someone who's faithful, respects women, and has a strong sense of responsibility. Watching you and Mr. Lopez together these past few days actually sparked the idea of getting a boyfriend in my mind!"

"Everett... he certainly ticks all those boxes," Dorothy acknowledged.

"Mr. Lopez is more than just that. He's handsome, comes from a good family, and he treats you so well!" Quincy patted her shoulder. "Ms. Sanchez, you're a lucky lady!"

Dorothy remained silent.

"You've got a real catch in Mr. Lopez, someone willing to go the distance. That's rare. I hope you two can make it last, no fighting, no splitting up. Don't shatter the romantic ideals I've just started to form!" Quincy said that with candor, devoid of any hint of flirtation or pretense.

Dorothy knew she was overthinking it.

Quincy had no romantic interest in Everett. He was merely a standard of the ideal man for her.

If she hadn't overheard the conversation between Jonathan and Quincy that day, she wouldn't have asked these questions. But now that she had, she couldn't help but wonder...

What if, after she left, the Lopez family tried to set Quincy up with Everett?

Jonathan already seemed keen on the idea, and Quincy met all of Amanda's criteria. When it came to social standing and family connections, everything was a perfect fit.

"Ah! You didn't have a spat with Mr. Lopez and come here to cool off, did you?" Quincy finally caught on.

Dorothy shook her head, "No, we're not fighting."

There were so few days left; how could she bear to spend any of them in conflict?

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Jeffery brought Karen back to his place instead of hitting up a hotel. He always thought hotels were more like hookup joints, and that just wasn't the vibe he was aiming for with Karen.

Standing at the front door of his townhouse, Karen peered inside, then spun around to fix Jeffery with a questioning stare.

"Why'd you bring me here?"

She half-expected them to make a beeline for a hotel or something.

But here they were, smack in the middle of Eldorria City's swanky suburbia. If she wasn't mistaken, this chic townhouse was Jeffery's own pad.

"You're not expecting... you know?" she quizzed him, leaving Jeffery momentarily at a loss for words.

With a press of his fingerprint, the door unlocked and he gestured inside, "Come on in."

Hesitant, Karen finally stepped through the door into a dwelling that oozed luxury and was strikingly similar to a fancy hotel lobby. Polished marble sculpted into high-end decor, furniture that screamed 'I cost a fortune,' and a chandelier so massive that its crystals dazzled the eyes.

The place was every bit the peacock nest that fit a man like Jeffery.

Karen deduced in a matter of seconds that the guy must've brought home his fair share of company. It was a perfect way to flaunt wealth and make any woman think that if she played her cards right, she could snag a permanent spot in this haven, without the need for impersonal hotel rooms. After all, a home came with all the bells and whistles and the comfort of familiarity.

"Come in," Jeffery urged, noticing she was still hovering near the entrance. He approached and presented her with a pair of fresh Chanel slippers.

Even if Karen wasn't rolling in dough, she knew the brand.

"No thanks, I'll go barefoot," she declined, feeling unworthy of the extravagantly priced footwear.

"They're brand new. My mom bought them but never wore them," Jeffery explained as he sensed her hesitation. His narrow eyes crinkled with a smile, "Relax, you're the first girl I've ever brought here."

Karen rolled her eyes without thinking twice.

"How many times have you said that line?"

"What line?"

"You're the first girl I've brought here," she mimicked, shrugging. "Bet you've told every girl that, haven't you?"

Jeffery's face knotted up in frustration, "This is my home! Why would I just bring any girl here? My folks swing by from time to time!"

His rendezvous with women were always elsewhere, definitely confined to the anonymity of hotel rooms.

"Ha, and yet here I am," she retorted.

"I—"

"Whatever, it's none of my business," Karen waved her hand dismissively. She had been tired of his excuses. "Which room?" she asked directly.

Karen looked at him with increasing impatience, "Say it, Mr. Turner, I'm really in a hurry! My parents are supposed to call me later!"

"Straight ahead to my bedroom."

Jeffery was worn out by her. As she walked towards the bedroom barefoot, Jeffery sighed and picked up the Chanel slippers, trailing behind her.

After a night cooped up in the car, and the long haul from Swevia Country without a wink of rest, he was genuinely exhausted.

As Karen swung open the door, to her surprise, Jeffery's bedroom lacked the opulence of the rest of the house. It was definitely a guy's room, with a simple palette of blacks, whites, and grays.

She glanced at the bathroom sink and noticed just one toothbrush. Just one. And one set of towels. It seemed to confirm that, at least for now, he didn't have a long-term bedfellow.

Without another word, Karen started to undress. She was eager to get this over with.

But as she slipped off her jacket and reached for her blouse, Jeffery stood up and reached out to stop her.

"You're in that much of a hurry to leave?" he asked.

"Of course! What, am I supposed to settle in and start a romantic life with you?" she fired back with a hint of sarcasm.

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Karen struggled to free herself, but he wouldn't let go.

"I'm just not up for it today. I'm beat," Jeffrey complained. He felt like his eyes must be ringed with dark circles.

Come on, he was practically an invalid!

"What was the point of bringing me here, then?"

"To get to know the place."

"You said we'd do it three times, and after that, we'd be strangers. What's there to get to know?" Karen snatched her jacket back and slid into it, "If you're not in the mood, I'm outta here."

She stormed out like a gust of wind, not even pretending to leave room for argument.

Jeffrey exhaled sharply and quickly caught up to her with his long strides, "Fine, we'll do it, okay?"

Karen was loss for words. She found what he said awkward.

"It's not like I'm forcing you. You make it sound like I'm the one who's being pushy!"

"No, that's not what I meant." Jeffrey pulled her back into the bedroom, then crossed his arms and started to peel off his shirt.

Karen wasn't quite used to the sight of his bare chest. She quickly looked away, but she wondered if she should sneak another peek after she got a feeling that he was kinda hot.

Despite Jeffrey's frequent bar-hopping, he didn't have a beer belly. Instead, he sported a set of nicely chiseled abs, and when he lifted his arms, you could even catch a glimpse of the defined oblique muscles, also known as "adonis belt."

"If you want to look, just look. You can even touch," Jeffrey moved forward intentionally. He had caught her wandering gaze a long while ago. "Why don't you try?" he teased.

"I don't want to!" Karen turned her back on him and covered her eyes. "Turn off the lights and draw the curtains!"

"Hold on, I need a shower first." Jeffrey was feeling grimy after sleeping in his car the previous night. Even his stubble started to show.

"Whatever!"

Karen listened to him slip into a robe and then head into the bathroom, where the sound of running water soon filled the room.

She thought she could finally relax, but when she turned around—

She discovered that the glass of Jeffrey's master bathroom was see-through!

He was in there showering, and everything was visible from the outside.

"That pervert!" Karen's face suddenly flushed with indignation. Though she cursed under her breath, her eyes obediently followed the contours of his figure all along.

It made perfect sense that women were tripping over themselves to get to Jeffrey. He was handsome, charming, from a wealthy family, and a major stakeholder at the Lopez Corporation. And his social generosity was legendary. Plus, living alone in such a sprawling villa, with who knows how many properties to his name, it was no wonder women were drawn to him.

It just seemed unfair that some guys got all the luck!

Karen quickly looked away when she saw Jeffrey reaching for a towel, pretending she hadn't been watching.

"Need a shower?" Jeffrey asked, raising an eyebrow as he was toweling off his hair.

"Nope! Thinking I wouldn't notice the peepshow glass? I know your tricks!"



Jeffrey paused and glanced at the glass following her accusation, then realized, "Oh, that glass is remote-controlled. Just forgot to switch it, that's all."

He grabbed a remote from the table and pressed a button. The glass promptly turned opaque. "See, fixed!"

Karen bit her lips.

"Wait a second, how did you know my glass was transparent? You were watching?" Jeffrey squinted at her teasingly.

Karen could feel her cheeks burning hot.

But she'd never admit to her voyeurism, "Please, as if I'd want to watch your trashy body!"

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"Seriously, how can you say it's trash if you haven't even given it a chance?"

After a refreshing shower, Jeffrey felt a little revitalized. Shuffling in his slippers to the stereo, he decided to play a classic rock ballad to set the mood to dry his hair.

Karen stood there and watched his every move, feeling they were less like a one-night stand and more like an old married couple.

"What's with the dallying?" She thought, amused by his need to primp.

"Are you in a rush?" Jeffrey caught her gaze in the mirror with a teasing smile on his face.

Karen pursed her lips, choosing silence over a witty retort.

Just then, her phone started buzzing inside her purse.

She glanced at the caller ID: Kenneth.

Slipping out of the bedroom and into the living room for privacy, she answered, "Hey!"

"Your mom and dad called me, worried 'cause you haven't shown up at home. Didn't I drop you at your doorstep? Didn't you go inside?"

"Um, well, I ran into a former classmate and we got to talking. I've decided to grab dinner with the classmate. I'm staying with Dad and Mom for a few days anyway, so there's no need to rush. I'll head back later."

"Alright, just give your mom a ring, so she won't be worried."

"Will do!"

After hanging up, Karen was about to call her mother. But she hesitated, worried that Jeffrey might make a noise and give her away. Opting for a text message seemed safer.

Her message sent, and she made her way back to Jeffrey's bedroom.

Suddenly, the sound of the front door unlocking echoed through the house.

In the next instant, Jeffrey's parents appeared in the foyer, locking eyes with Karen.

Silence.

Jeffrey, hearing the commotion, emerged from his room with a towel casually wrapped around his body, and froze.

"Mom, Dad, you could've at least given me a heads-up before dropping by."

Huxley Turner, recovering first from the surprise, coughed sternly to signal his displeasure before marching off. That left Paloma still processing the scene.

"You went to Swevia Country, and we came over to tidy up a bit. Why didn't you tell us you were back?"

"Spur of the moment decision."

Paloma, her mind elsewhere, subtly signaled her son, "Honey, who is this...?"

Jeffrey knew he couldn't dodge the question.

Stepping beside Karen, he casually draped his arm over her shoulder and flashed a charming smile at his mother, "Oh, I forgot to introduce you. This is my girlfriend, Karen!"

"Who's your—" Karen started to object but caught herself as she met Paloma's gaze, "Yes! Hi, I'm Jeffrey's girlfriend."

"You've got a girlfriend and you didn't tell us?!" Paloma seemed taken with Karen. Her initial confusion was replaced by an ever-lasting smile, "Karen, is it? Such a pretty

name, and you've got a cute look about you! It looks like I've finally found someone who can keep Jeffrey in line!"

Paloma, with her life experience, had already guessed what the young couple was up to when she saw her son step out fresh from a shower.

She just needed her son to confirm this girl's identity.

For the time being, girlfriend it was.

Karen found herself overwhelmed by Paloma's enthusiastic grip.

This turn of events was certainly not what she had anticipated!

Worried about scaring Karen off, Jeffrey pulled his mother aside, "Mom, I'll explain everything later. Could you maybe..."

"I get it, I get it! I'll leave you two lovebirds alone. Have a good night!" Paloma winked and discretely exited, leaving the couple to their unexpected evening.

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"Bang!"

The front door slammed shut as Paloma scurried after her husband, leaving Karen and Jeffrey alone.

It wasn't until Paloma and Huxley were safely in their car and out of sight that Karen allowed herself to breathe a sigh of relief. Without a second thought, she yanked her hand away from Jeffrey and made a beeline for the exit.

"Hey! Where the heck do you think you're going?" Jeffrey called after her, bewildered.

"Home!" She shot back without looking.

Jeffrey was confused. Their parents had left; why was she still so eager to leave?

Seeing that he couldn't stop her, and realizing he was still naked, Jeffrey could only stand in the doorway and block her path, "My mom and dad aren't coming back."

"I've changed my mind. Forget all that 'three times' nonsense; I'm leaving now!"

Karen had a sudden premonition that her entanglement with Jeffrey was getting too deep. She had to get out now without any hesitation.

"What's gotten into you? At least wait until I throw on some clothes. I'll drive you home, okay?"

"No need, I can hail a cab myself." Karen didn't even want to spare Jeffrey another glance.

"Then you can't leave!"

Silence fell between them.

In a fit of desperation, Karen stomped hard on his foot!

Jeffrey, caught off guard, sucked in a breath of pain, "Have you lost your mind?"

Taking advantage of his momentary distraction, Karen shoved him aside and sprinted out the door.

Jeffrey's instinct was to chase after her, but as he took a step forward, he remembered he was only wrapped in a towel; he hastily drew back, cursing under his breath.

"Damn, this is ridiculous!"

He knew he'd have to wait for Karen at her parents' place now.

...

When Dorothy returned to the hospital room, night had already fallen.

But Everett hadn't turned on the lights.

As she opened the door, before she could utter a word, she felt herself being pulled into a warm embrace.

"Mmph..."

Before Dorothy could speak, Everett's kisses rained down on her in a relentless manner.

For every minute she'd been gone, he intended to make her pay.

His kisses were forceful, his hands firmly pinning her head from side to side, making her tilt back to accept his demanding lips with no chance of escape.

"Mmm..."

When Dorothy was just about to suffocate, Everett finally let up. He was breathing heavily as he released her lips.

But just because he let go of her lips didn't mean he was done with her in bed.

"Everett, your wound! Ugh!"

He surged forward, went on a rampage and entered her body, nearly making Dorothy bite her tongue.

"Why are you avoiding me?"

Everett's voice was hoarse and gravelly. She could also tell that he was struggling to contain his displeasure.

"I'm not... Ow, stop, don't go any further..."

Every word Dorothy spoke that wasn't to Everett's liking, he would deliberately move in a way that made her uncomfortable.

She wanted to struggle, but she was already caught in his whirlpool. How could she possibly escape?

Especially that she couldn't even resist too forcefully since he was injured, just for fear of hurting him.

"Why are you avoiding me?" he asked the same question again.

"I'm not! I just had to step out for a bit!"

"Fine, then promise me you'll register our marriage with me once we're back in the country." Even in the darkness, Everett's eyes seemed to catch her evasive glance with precision.

"I told you that we'll talk about that once we're back home! Ah—" Dorothy's grip tightened on Everett's solid arms, her nails digging in deep.

He was far from gentle now; he was showing no mercy. It was as if he was deliberately tormenting her.

"I want you to promise me now."

Everett seemed to be persisted, forcing her to confront the issue head-on.

Sweat began to bead on Dorothy's brow, mainly from the discomfort of the pain.

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"Please, can you just give me a break?" she pleaded.

She had never witnessed Everett in such an assertive and unyielding demeanor. That scared Dorothy a bit.

Finally, sensing the tremor in her voice, Everett's resolve softened. Clenching his jaw, he pulled her into his arms after a moment of hesitation.

Both drenched in sweat, they lay in the darkness of the unlit night. They panted heavily as their heartbeats were syncing up in an unspoken understanding.

Neither Dorothy nor Everett spoke again. But the answer they were both seeking had already silently revealed itself.

After holding her for a while, Dorothy ventured softly, "Do you... want me to draw you a bath?"

"What's really got you trapped, Dorothy?"

He couldn't fathom it, nor could he imagine what his parents could possibly hold over her head.

But she remained silent.

"I promise I'll keep Abigail and Langston safe. There won't be any slip-ups. And from now on, my folks won't get a chance to corner you alone again. Okay?"

Dorothy steadied herself and mustered a smile, "It's not about any of that! I trust you to protect our children, and as for your parents... I hardly ever see them."

"Are they using Kenneth's safety to threaten you? Or is it Karen?"

Everett was stubborn. He was determined to guess the reason.

He had spent the day alone in the hospital room, turning over every possibility in his mind. He concluded that, if Dorothy would just let him, he could take care of all her troubles and concerns. He'd even go as far as hiring protection for Kenneth, his rival, if that's what it took!

"No, your parents didn't threaten me."

"And sending the kids to the Lopez family was your own choice?"

Dorothy pursed her lips, then gave a small nod, "Yes. Though it was your father's suggestion, the decision was mine after careful consideration. They truly have a better life with the Lopezes."

"And what about me?"

Dorothy was muted on hearing that.

"Dorothy, did you ever think about me?"

She had been dodging and avoiding any talk of the future, in which case she was clearly looking for an out!

Everett wasn't a fool; he could see right through it.

But he could also see that Dorothy was genuinely happy with him, that she didn't resent their time together. So why... why couldn't she agree to remarry him?

"Of course I've thought about you!" Dorothy tried to keep her tone light, not wanting to get stuck on the topic, "Like right now, I think you really should take a shower, or your need for cleanliness is going to kick in."

"Dorothy!"

"Alright." Dorothy reached out to take his hand, her voice soothing, "Give me some time, okay? One month, I'll give you an answer in one month. You've got to stay here to recuperate for at least that long anyway. I promise you'll have your answer before you're discharged."

Everett frowned.

"You need to let me think it through, right? We've been apart for so many years. You haven't changed, but I have. I've been through a lot, and I don't think I should rush into marriage again." Dorothy smiled, "Plus, you'll have some time to slow down and really consider whether you're just obsessing over me or if it's genuine love."

Everett suddenly let out a laugh. She could detect a hint of disappointment in it.

"You think this is just an obsession?"

"Well, it's possible, right? Maybe you just feel like you missed out on your youthful crush on me, and now that you're all grown up, you're fixated on getting what you never had."

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"Ha."

Everett released her, propping himself up with his arms.

Dorothy sighed and wrapped her arms around his waist, "I didn't say no, did I? Can't I just think about it? Since when did you become so domineering?"

"You should be asking, 'Who else have I ever consulted apart from you?'"

In business, he was the decisive tycoon who called the shots, and in private, he was the aloof and proud scion of the Lopez clan. When did he ever need to bend his ear to someone else's opinion?

Except for Dorothy.

She smiled, resting her cheek against his back, "I know you're good to me."

"You're just taking advantage of my indulgence."

"Yes, I am exactly doing that!"

Everett sighed deeply, his large hand gripping hers, "One month. I expect your answer won't disappoint me."

"Okay."

He got up to switch on the light, which instantly brightened the hospital room.

Dorothy went to run a bath for him, but as soon as her feet touched the floor, she felt a twinge of pain in her lower abdomen.

Everett noticed her frown, "What's the matter?"

"...It hurts a bit."

"I'll get the doctor."

Dorothy quickly grabbed him, giving him an annoyed glare, "You know exactly why, don't you?"

And you're talking about getting a doctor? What would we even tell them?"



That he went a bit too deep just now?

Everett's handsome face froze, his ears turning a shade of red, "I won't let it happen again."

He had been so consumed with confusion that he became irritable and lost his usual sense of judgment.

Although he was usually quite demanding of her, he never let her feel pain, always considering her comfort even if it meant restraining himself.

If Everett had truly let himself go wild, Dorothy might not have been able to bear it...

...

In the steamy bathroom, Dorothy was carefully washing Everett's back bit by bit for she was scared to touch his wounds.

"I had Kevin buy a villa in Snowfall City."

She was about to rinse the washcloth when she heard Everett behind her.

"Hmm? Why..."

"Didn't you say you wanted to see the snow in Snowfall City? We can stay there during the winter."

Dorothy paused, feeling a prickling pain in her heart.

Everett really took every word she said to heart. Even if she was giving offhand remarks and fleeting wishes, he still remembered them all and planned to make them real.

"Buying a house there is a bit much, don't you think? Are we planning to settle up north?"

"I wasn't sure when you'd want to see the snow. Having a place ready means we can go whenever we like." Everett had a thing about cleanliness; he didn't like staying in hotels. Business trips were unavoidable, but for a city they would visit frequently, he preferred to have a house.

"Okay," Dorothy nodded. "Is it already bought?"

Everett turned to look at her, "Yeah, you know Kevin gets things done."

"Then I'd like to see it before when you're a little better." She was afraid she wouldn't make it to winter, to the snow of Snowfall City, but she could still see the house.

After all, it was a gesture from Everett's heart, so she wanted to leave no regrets.

"Alright, I'll go with you."

"No need! You wait for me in Swevia Country. I'll just take a quick trip back to see it! You're not well, you shouldn't be traveling."

"You sure I'm not well?"

Everett raised an eyebrow at her.

Dorothy's face turned crimson, "I... I didn't mean it like that!"

"We'll go back together." Everett's voice was soft as he looked into her eyes, "And then we'll bring Abigail and Langston over."

He would personally go to Kenneth's to fetch his kids.