

Midnight 991

Chapter 991

Dorothy eyed her, "Does your comment carry deeper meaning?" "Just talking off the cuff," Quincy waved dismissively. "Since I've explained myself, I won't keep you from your tasks." This Dorothy didn't stop her, but as she watched Quincy walk away, she couldn't help but feel that the Quincy standing before her now was different from the one back in Swevia Country, who was solely devoted to medicine and her patients.

The hospital showed no signs of progress. The doctors had come several times, but all Jonathan could get out of them was that the situation was still critical, and the outlook wasn't good.

"You should go hand rest. I'll stay here," Everett told his father, who looked completely drained, nearly falling asleep against the wall.

"No, I'll stay. Your mother might call for if she wakes up." In his own way, Jonathan had always been caring towards his wife, and Everett had inherited that single-minded devotion when it came to relationships.

"I can stay just as well." Looking up at his son, Jonathan was struck by how much he had grown. He was far from the infant he once held in his arms, and no longer the quiet, reserved boy from his school days.

"The rift between you and your mom is deep. Seeing you might upset her, especially in her condition..." He worried that another argument between mother and son could be disastrous.

"As long as she doesn't bring up Dorothy, I won't mention her." "Who can control your mom?" Jonathan sighed. "She's been pampered all her life, first by her family and then by me. You know what happened next... I let things slide too far, trying to keep her spirits up and not worsen her depression." It had led to a huge mess. If not for Everett's intervention, it would have been easy to silence Dorothy and keep Bella's truth hidden, protecting his wife as if nothing had happened.

But...

The unexpected part was Everett's feelings for Dorothy, which seemed to surpass even the bond between mother and son. Jonathan had been skeptical at first, but now he had no choice but to believe it.

"You're protecting your wife, which is understandable. I'm protecting my loved ones, and you should understand that too," Everett maintained his stance.

No one could speak ill of Dorothy in his presence.

"What choice do I have now?" Jonathan had already stepped back in the company, leaving the Lopez Corporation in his son's hands. He had no say anymore.

And even if he hadn't stepped back, it's not like the CEO position at the Lopez Corporation would have given him leverage over his son. He feared that if the standoff continued, his son might walk away, leaving the future of the Lopez Corporation uncertain. "Don't interfere with Quincy's family anymore," Everett suddenly remembered to mention.

Jonathan frowned, "Are you aware of what Ronin is like? He might seem cheerful, but he's insatiably greedy and unprincipled. He'd sacrifice anyone to get what he wants. That's why their

family is in their current state. Be careful." "How's his relationship with his daughter?" Caught off guard by the question, Jonathan paused, "I don't know for sure, but I can't imagine it's good."

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From the moment he suggested that Quincy marry into the Lopez family, her father agreed instantly, almost too eagerly willing to send his daughter away. That... was not something a loving father would do.

"What about his son, though?" Jonathan waved dismissively, "Just the one precious son, he's set to inherit everything, for sure! But the kid's no good, mark my words, their family fortune will crumble in his hands." Jonathan had met Simeon a few times before, the very picture of a spoiled rich kid, all about partying and pleasure, with none of the substance. Compared to his own son, Simeon was leagues behind.

"Why bring this up all of a sudden? Did something happen with Quincy's family again?" Everett didn't respond, just took a deep breath. It seemed the reports from those sent to rescue Quincy weren't exaggerating- Simeon truly intended harm towards his sister and showed no concern for her welfare.

At the time, it even crossed Everett's mind that Quincy might be putting on an act.

Back at the office, Dorothy forwarded the due diligence results to Austin.

Just then, a field supervisor returned, and Dorothy took the opportunity to probe into the project's past issues. From minor slip-ups to procurement discrepancies, she needed to understand what problems had surfaced during her absence to avoid future pitfalls. "Ms. Sanchez, you really throw yourself into your work!" Austin emerged from his office to find Dorothy grilling the employee, unable to hide his admiration.

In his experience, women with her background, shielded by men of influence, often carried themselves with an air of arrogance. Yet Dorothy, who had every reason to rest on her laurels, chose to work tirelessly instead.

"The project's back under my wing; I can't let your previous efforts go to waste," Dorothy smiled. "Everyone's worked hard, and the fourth project team is counting on this project's completion for their year-end bonuses." Austin raised an eyebrow, "Isn't the bonus thing just a word away from Mr. Lopez?" Dorothy looked up from her stack of papers, "Austin, you're not suggesting I should give the fourth BUMS project team a backdoor deal are you?" With the issue brought into the open, Austin quickly backed down. "Of course not just a joke! Our team's performance has been solid this year; we deserve the bonus. If we nail this project, maybe even more so. That's all I meant!" "As long as everyone works hard and focuses on the project, the bonus will come." "Right," Austin nodded eagerly.

Watching Dorothy leave, he sighed Having the boss's wife on the team was a tricky situation- couldn't offend her, had to be careful with every word. Dorothy wasn't trying to be difficult; she just disliked anyone showing a hint of taking shortcuts in front of her.

Austin's probing hadn't gone unnoticed, hence her firm stance today-to prevent any scheming.

Returning to her desk, Dorothy's phone rang. Seeing it was Everett, her previously expressionless face brightened with a smile. "Hello?" "Have you had breakfast?" She'd forgotten.

"...Was just about to grab something!" "Dorothy," Everett's voice deepened.

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Knowing she was about to get a lecture, Dorothy quickly pleaded for mercy. "I just forgot, it wasn't on purpose! And look, it's almost noon. I'll just make it a big brunch, eat a little more." "What do you feel like having?" "Um... I haven't decided." If it weren't for Everett's call, Dorothy wouldn't have even remembered to eat.

"Let's have classic food of Havenbrook City. Been a while since you had that, right?" Everett's voice was gentle.

Dorothy eagerly agreed, "Sure! I'll do that. You go on with your work. Don't worry about me." "And then you hang up, get back to work, and later tell you're having three meals at once?" "...Absolutely not." Everett laughed, "Cdown to my parking spot." Dorothy paused, "You're back at the office?" "Yeah, to make sure you eat." Everett's tone was light, but Dorothy could hear a hint of fatigue hidden in his voice. Working in a hospital was indeed draining. He probably hadn't slept all night.

Dorothy quickly tidied up her desk, grabbed her purse, and dashed for the elevator.

Sure enough, Everett's car was there in the parking garage. He was leaning against it, head down, smoking a cigarette. Dorothy realized Everett must have gone back to his place at Bay Residence to change his clothes before coming here. His cleanliness was something else.

"You should be resting at home, not out here making sure I eat." "I'm supervising, not accompanying." Everett saw her, extinguished his cigarette, "The moment you're out of my sight, you don't follow the rules." Dorothy squinted her eyes and smiled, "So, I'm the rebel away from camp, not following orders." "Which is why I have to bring the orders to you." Everett shrugged and opened the passenger door for her.

Dorothy got in, about to tell him about her encounter with Quincy, but then she held back. She didn't want this happy moment spoiled by someone else. Dorothy was amazed Everett, despite his busy schedule, had found such a great diner.

It just goes to show, no matter how busy, someone can always make for surprises.

"Is it good?" Dorothy nodded, "It's delicious." Everett served her smore, "Eat up, then. You're too thin." "Eating too much now will just make uncomfortable sitting back at the office." Dorothy loved the food, but she naturally didn't have a big appetite. For her, this meal was already a lot. "Got anything at the project team this afternoon?" "Not really but I don't want the others to feel like I'm getting special treatment. If they're working, I'd be there too." Content belongs to English S W Ver
Everett looked at her, then softly said, "Work with them tomorrow. Today, cback with me." Dorothy raised an eyebrow, "You're not going back to the hospital?" "Yeah, my mom... she's stable now." "Oh." Dorothy wasn't sure how to feel, so she just nodded.

"I can't sleep alone in Bay Residence, stay with me." Everett was straightforward. It made Dorothy's cheeks flush.

"I... I..." Even after spending so many nights together, she still felt embarrassingly shy when the topic cup.

Everett, resigned, smiled wryly, "What are you thinking? Just to rest, nothing more." Anything else... could wait until after a good rest.

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As Everett mentioned it, Dorothy found herself blushing even more fiercely. It was as if she had been expecting something to happen.

Head bowed, she barely spoke throughout the meal, leaving the diner with her cheeks still flushed with embarrassment. Back at Bay Residence, they found themselves in a rare moment of solitude.

Usually, Abigail and Langston would be playing in their room, not exactly intruding but still, it wasn't the sas being alone together.

Upon returning, Dorothy immediately turned on her laptop, concerned about work possibly needing her attention. Once she got to work, it took precedence over everything else. That was just how Dorothy was wired.

"How's the project going?" Everett asked, glancing over her shoulder as he passed by.

Dorothy nodded, "Yeah, no major issues! Luckily, I had covered most of the essentials before I handed it off." She had been involved in the project from the very beginning, putting her heart and soul into every detail, making it unforgettable. "Don't overdo it," Everett said, patting her shoulder. "I wanted you to cback here to take your mind off things, not to sacrifice your health for work." "I want to do it right," Dorothy replied earnestly, looking straight at Everett. "Handing over this project madefeel guilty. It was the first tI asked to change directors, and it felt like I was abandoning my responsibilities." Dorothy was stubborn, that much was true. But more than that, she was at odds with herself.

On one hand, feeling she had been irresponsible, and on the other, unable to stomach the idea of continuing to work at the Lopez Corporation.

"You've always been responsible when it comes to work," Everett mused, then added, "Just not so much with me. That night you sentthe wrong text, would you have pretended it never happened if I hadn't suggested we get married?" Dorothy blinked, her smile awkward. "What else could I have done?" He was the CEO of the Lopez Corporation! Was she supposed to cling to him like other women, hoping for ssort of commitment? That was something Dorothy could never do. S "You could've approached me, taken responsibility, and discussed a solution." His tone was all business.

Dorothy sighed, "Getting a chance to see you is hard enough, let alone discuss anything with you." Looking back, it seemed almost unbelievable. She was just an assistant, and Everett's position in the company was worlds apart from hers.

"If you wanted to find me, you could have," he said firmly.

Then, Everett wrapped his arms around her from behind. "I figured your Whatwas sent to the wrong person." He was smart enough to guess that much. How could Dorothy have possibly used such a familiar and relaxed tone with him? Especially since they hadn't contacted each other on Whatsince graduation. O et Dorothy's eyes widened, "And you still showed up?" "I wanted to see who you were trying to text." "So you came... to catchout?" Everett didn't deny it, just raised an eyebrow, "To see who was trying to steal you away." Dorothy coughed lightly, hesitating for a moment before also letting out a soft laugh, "Then lettell you something! Actually, that night when you were... on top of me, I was awake." She had had the chance to push Everett away.

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In the heat of the moment, fueled by the encouragement of Karen's wild tales and the liberating effects of alcohol, she wanted to sample that forbidden fruit. She hadn't planned for any repercussions.

Her idea was to hit it and quit it. But, oh, Everett had no intention of letting her off that easily.

Dorothy thought he'd be surprised, at the very least show a hint of being caught off-guard! But no.

Everett simply nodded, "I had my suspicions. I hoped, though, that you were open to us." It wasn't just a one-night stand for him. He thought Dorothy's silence was consent to a relationship, to being boyfriend and girlfriend, or maybe even more. To his surprise, she took off the next morning! "Who in their right mind would think that?" Dorothy scoffed. "I was scared you'd fire over this, and you think I was hoping for more?" After they changed hotel rooms, Dorothy was paralyzed with regret and fear. She couldn't bear the thought of losing her job, not with her mom's medical bills piling up, not to mention her own survival.

"Con, we go way back, to middle school even. Why would I fire you?" "Middle school! I thought you'd forgotten about me." High school memories, maybe, but middle school felt like a lifetime ago.

If Everett hadn't been so outstanding, Dorothy doubted she'd remember any of her middle school classmates. Back then, she was too busy cramming for tests to think about anything else.

In Everett's world, Dorothy figured she was just another face in the crowd, hardly memorable.

"I could forget anyone but you." As she turned around, she found herself caught in Everett's gaze.

Dorothy's cheeks flamed, and she quickly changed the subject, "Aren't you tired? You should rest. I'll finish up here and then head to bed." "Is there a problem with the project?" "No." "Then cto bed with me." Everett caught her wrist, pulling her back toward the bedroom.

The curtains drawn, the lights off, all that remained was the sensation of Everett's hands exploring her waist.

"Everett, I thought we were just going to rest." His hands grew bolder by the second! "That was the plan." "You've been up all night at the hospital; you must be exhausted. Let's just sleep, okay?" Dorothy tried to contain his wandering hands, but to no avail. In the next moment she found herself lifted and tossed onto the bed. English "Are you questioning my stamina?" Won SW Dorothy's head shook vehemently, "No! I'm worried about you!" "Afterward, I'll sleep even better." Before she could protest further, her words were sealed by his kiss.

Despite their numerous encounters, Dorothy still struggled to adjust to his intensity and size, each requiring a bit of effort before they could truly begin. Caught in the throes of passion, felt like a small boat at clinging only to his arms for stability. SW "Dorothy, say my name." His voice was a deep, husky whisper.

She shook her head, unable to speak.

"Say it! Or do you want this to never end?" Startled, Dorothy finally murmured softly, "Everett..."

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"Sweetheart." Everett gently stroked her hair, and then suddenly accelerated, both their hearts seeming to clench at once.

Dorothy clung to his arm for dear life, unable to tell if the pain or something else was more intense, with only his echoing in her mind.

"Everett, Everett!" "I'm here, I'm right here." Quincy woke up from a nightmare once again.

In her dream, the men sent by Simeon laughed wildly and menacingly, each reaching out for her...

She abruptly opened her eyes to find it was still daytime.

Quincy got up from the hotel bed, rushed to draw all the curtains wide open and turned on every light, then stood in the middle of the empty room, finally catching her breath.

It took her a while to pull herself out of the nightmare, and it dawned on her that the freedom she yearned for wasn't so easily attained.

Without a powerful backer, without someone strong to protect her, there was no real freedom to speak of.

Quincy's gaze settled on her cellphone, then she slipped on her shoes and walked out of the hotel room with her phone in hand. Outside, a well-trained bodyguard stood expressionless.

He seemed less there to protect Quincy and more to keep an eye on her, reporting every move back to his superiors.

Quincy was well aware of his true purpose.

"I want to see Everett." She cut and made her request directly.

There was no point in beating around the bush with this stoic guard; she hadn't seen him crack a smile once in all the time'd been assigned to her. "Did you hear me? I want to see Everett." Seeing him remain silent, Quincy repeated herself.

The bodyguard remained unmoved, his expression as frosty as ever.

Quincy frowned, "Do I always have to threaten to get my way? Tell your boss I want to see Everett, I have things to discuss with him." "Mr. Lopez will contact you if he wishes to see you," the bodyguard finally spoke.

"So I can't ask to see him on my own?" Quincy bit her lip, pacing back and forth a few times before returning. Fine, if I can't see Everett, then I can go find Dorothy! You saw it, I ran into Dorothy just this morning, you must have reported that to your boss, right? Next time I see her, I'll just spill the beans about Everett planning to marry me!" A flicker of emotion crossed the bodyguard's face.

Quincy scoffed, "Anyway, by the time Everett gets mad, he won't dare to do anything to me! If I die, Dorothy will have to go down with me!" So, if she's willing to comply now, Everett should meet her other demands, not just send a bodyguard.

She was afraid...

What if there was a lapse, and she ended up in Simeon's clutches again? Quincy said her piece and went back into her room.

She knew the bodyguard would relay the message to his superiors, and eventually, it would reach Everett's ears.

True enough, as soon as Quincy left, the bodyguard hurriedly sent a message to Kevin.

Quincy wants to see Mr. Lopez.[] He relayed Quincy's words verbatim.

Kevin responded quickly, "Keep an eye on her, don't let her leave hotel. Mr. Lopez might be rest. Pnow and hasn't seen my message. We'll decide once he's awake."

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Everett was so exhausted that he slept straight through to nightfall.

Worried about disturbing him, Dorothy carefully climbed out of his embrace when she woke up and tiptoed to the kitchen to whip up something for him to eat. She thought it would be nice for him to have warm porridge to soothe his stomach when he woke up.

When Everett finally emerged from the bedroom, he was greeted by the sight of Dorothy bustling around the kitchen, a serene smile on her face despite being busy. He was so mesmerized by the scene that he remained silent, just watching her from a distance.

After Dorothy finished preparing everything, she looked up to find his towering figure looming in the doorway, giving her quite the startle! "When did you wake up? Did I wake you?" she asked.

"No," Everett chuckled, walking over to wrap her in his arms.

Dorothy sighed, "Mr. Lopez, you've been extra clingy lately." She remembered how Karen used to say Jeffrey was clingy and thought Everett would never be like that. Yet, here she was, experiencing it firsthand.

"Is being clingy a bad thing?" Everett countered, catching her off guard.

"Let's eat," he said, laughing at her bewildered expression. He let her go and moved to bring the porridge and dishes to the table.

Dorothy pulled out a chair, looking hopeful. "Try it, see if it tastes good." Just as Everett was about to reach for his spoon, his phone chose that moment to ring.

"You better take that. It might be the hospital," Dorothy said, understanding the urgency, though she really wanted him to taste her cooking.

"Right." Everett stood up to take the call, stepping into the bedroom for privacy.

Dorothy glanced towards him, not sensing anything amiss, assuming Everett was just being considerate, not wanting to burden her with mother's issues. In her mind, believe Amanda was Amanda, and Everett was Everett. Accepting Everett meant accepting his need to stay connected with his parents. The call didn't last long before Everett cback out.

"I need to step out for a bit." Dorothy stood up, "Won't you have something to eat before you go? It's dark outside, and you might end up pulling an all-nighter again." "It won't take long. I'll be back soon." Everett patted her shoulder reassuringly before heading to the foyer to put on his shoes.

Dorothy followed, "Is it something urgent with your mother? It's okay, you can tell me. I won't mind, nor will I be upset about you going to the hospital!" Everett paused, his expression faltering briefly before he looked away. "It's not that." "You're not going to the hospital?" Everett didn't answer, as if he couldn't bring himself to say more.

Dorothy, thinking he was just being overly cautious, didn't pry further "Just go, you don't have to hide anything from me! Until the court makes a decision, I hope she's alive.

She needs to realize her mistakes." If Amanda were gone now, Dorothy would feel like all her efforts and patience had been in vain, without a conclusive end.

"I'll be back soon," was all Everett said before leaving, not revealing his actual destination, merely offering a vague reassurance before taking his keys and heading out. Dorothy sighed at the door, feeling a warmth in her heart despite everything. Having someone so considerate of her feelings, she thought, was truly something special.

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In the hotel, Quincy's heart raced as the ominous sound of footsteps approached from outside.

Using Dorothy's life as leverage over Everett was like dancing on the edge of a cliff. To say she wasn't scared would be a lie. But it was her only shot at gaining control over her life. She had no other choice.

The door burst open with a loud bang, hitting the wall before bouncing back slightly. Quincy looked up, meeting Everett's chilling gaze.

"Pushing your luck?" The moment he entered, the room seemed to suffocate with tension. Despite Everett just staring at her, Quincy felt as though she was being choked, struggling for air.

"Isn't it just a simple question? How are you feeling about marrying me, Mr. Lopez?" she asked, trying to sound calm, though her body instinctively moved back, trying to put distance between them. He only showed his soft and warm side to Dorothy. To Quincy, he was always cold, or looked like he wanted to crush her.

"Not happening." "So, Mr. Lopez doesn't want the antidote either?" Everett clenched his jaw, clearly struggling to contain his anger. If he wasn't holding himself back, Quincy would already be on her way to the morgue.

"Quincy, I've met your demands. Don't cross the line," he warned, his tone heavy with threat. Quincy knew this was Everett's way of giving her a moment to rethink, but her mind was made up. The moment Dorothy decided to drink that poison, there was no turning back.

"Mr. Lopez, I'm only asking for your hand in marriage. I promise, whatever happens between you and Ms. Sanchez, I won't interfere or play the wife card. If you agree, I can ensure you get the antidote monthly. Should anything go wrong, you can take my life at any moment." Everett dismissed her words as nonsense and turned to leave. Quincy caught up in a few strides.

"You're running out of the antidote stops, Ms. Sanchez's condition will worsen immediately. The damage will be irreversible! And if she keeps missing doses, it could even reduce her organs' lifespan!" Everett froze. Thinking she had swayed him, Quincy opened her mouth to continue. The next second, Everett's hand was tightly around her neck, pushing her against the wall. Quincy felt her feet lift off the ground as the air thinned around her.

"Mr... Mr. Lopez..." "I'm not touching you because I don't want to dirty my hands, not because you're formidable," Everett's eyes narrowed, his gaze darkening with intent to kill, "Dorothy is my red line. The only reason you're not meeting your maker is because I'm tolerating you. Understand?" Quincy had made minor requests, and he had indulged her thus far. With the antidote still in development, he had no choice but to bide his time. But he knew Quincy wouldn't dare let anything happen to Dorothy. Their lives were intertwined, but if Dorothy were to die, Quincy wouldn't

survive either. She knew that. After Everett's warning, he turned and left with long strides. Quincy coughed violently before shouting his retreating figure, "Mr. Lopez! Don't kid yourself about developing an antidote! I've been working on this poison since my college days. Cracking it is impossible! at

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This was her lifesaver, a concoction she had crafted from scratch. If it was so easily replicated or cracked, what kind of a safeguard would it be? She knew what Everett was thinking. He figured since Dorothy was currently safe and he had an extra antidote in hand, he might as well buy stto try and decode it himself. But that was a pipe dream.

Everett exited the hotel, making his way back to the car. Kevin, sitting in the driver's seat, cast a cautious glance at Mr. Lopez. Although he hadn't erupted in a fit of rage, Kevin could tell he was seething. The darker his expression and the tighter his lips pursed, the angrier he was.

"Any word from those working on the antidote?" Upon hearing this, Kevin hurriedly responded, "Mr. Lopez, just like Quincy mentioned, the ingredients of the antidote are easy enough to identify, but... with several highly toxic substances involved, it's not something the human body can normally tolerate, let alone safely formulate into an antidote!" It was probably the intricate balance of ingredients that neutralized the poison. However, to successfully create the antidote meant repeated trials and errors, with no telling how many attempts it would take to succeed. And the cost of each mistake was far too high. Every failure meant a life lost.

"Unless we can get the exact formula from Quincy," Kevin paused, his voice filled with reluctance, "but the team that's been watching her hasn't seen her make any more antidote! If she hasn't recorded it anywhere and keeps it all in her head, then... we're really out of options." Although Kevin wished for a different outcome, the reality was stark.

"Dig up everything you can on her medical background, including her mentors!" "Right away, Mr. Lopez." Dorothy thought Everett had gone to the hospital, so she didn't wait up this time. After helping Abigail and Langston finish their homework and playing around for a bit, she returned to the living room to start working on her computer.

Dorothy wasn't fond of working in the bedroom, preferring the living room of Bay Residence with its large floor-to-ceiling windows. Working there felt liberating, and she could easily lift her gaze to the world outside whenever she needed a break. Logging into the Lopez et Corporation's system, she noticed Everett's offline status, further solidifying her belief that he was at the hospital. After all, the workaholic utv that he was, if he wasn't okaholic clinching deals, he was tied up with unavoidable personal matter. As she was deeply engrossed in poring over the dense project documents, the sudden unlocking sound at the door of Bay Residence startled her. She immediately stood up, calling out warily, "Who's there?" "It's me." Everett unlocked the door, his eyes meeting Dorothy's utterly astonished face.

"You're back already?" "I did say I'd be back soon." Realizing he might have startled her, Everett's voice softened, "Next time, I'll text you before I cback." Dorothy walked over to take his suit jacket from his arm.

"I just didn't expect you back so early! Everything okay at the hospital?" Everett paused, not responding immediately.

Dorothy turned to look at him, raising an eyebrow, "What's up? You seem... troubled." "It's nothing, just a bit tired," Everett stepped in, his gaze briefly sweeping over her computer, "You're working again, even after hours." "Just going through sdocuments. They need to be reviewed sooner or later." Dorothy chuckled, wrapping her arms around him from behind. Then, in a split second, she caught a whiff of something... a woman's perfume!

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It was so subtle, so faint that Dorothy hadn't noticed it when Everett walked in earlier. Right now, her mind was blank. Honestly, she had never even considered such a scenabefore. It was something she'd only encountered in or on TV shows...

Dorothy took a moment to steady her nerves, then leaned in again to take a closer sniff. Yes, there was definitely a hint of perfume. But then she reconsidered. She shouldn't doubt Everett! As a CEO, mingling in meetings and partnerships, it was inevitable he'd pick up sfaint scent of perfume. And since it was so light, it surely meant he hadn't been around someone for long! Even in a hospital, sitting next to a woman could leave a trace, right? Though Dorothy knew Everett wasn't one to get cozy with women, she also knew that under certain circumstances, he might not be as cautious. Trust. She needed to trust him.

"What's up?" Everett sensed her stiffness.

Turning around, Dorothy squinted with a smile, "Nothing much. Just wondering if there's anything I can do to help you unwind after such a tiring day." "Having you by my side is enough." Everett didn't want to overburden her, so he hadn't insisted on her coming back to work at the company, just involved her in this one project, "I'm going to take a shower." "Okay!" As Everett headed into the bathroom and closed the door behind him, the smile on Dorothy's face vanished, her gaze landing on his phone left by the table. She really was insecure, wasn't she? It was a deep-seated kind of unease. But this time, Dorothy just stared at the phone, not moving an inch forward.

"I need to trust Everett, believe that he'll never leave me..." Perfscent, what was that in the grand schof things? Right, Everett wouldn't leave her.

The next morning, Everett personally dropped Abigail and Langston off at school before taking Dorothy to the office. Stepping out of the underground parking lot elevator, they bumped into a familiar face.

"Everett!" Jeffrey, as always, looked carefree with his suit worn loosely and the top two buttons of his shirt undone.

"Got a meeting today?" Everett was surprised to see him. Jeffrey seldom visited the office without a reason.

"No meeting, just sissues with the project documents. Cto check with my assistant," Jeffrey, et despite his laid-back appearancene was known for delivering элe outstanding results on his projects without causing Everett any worries. "How's Karen doing?" Dorothy suddenly remembered she hadn't seen her in a while.

"Oh, her? She's obsessed with losing weight at home, got no idea what got into her, insisting she needs to get under 140 pounds!" Jeffrey. rolled his eyes, "Before having the baby she was over that, and now she's on this weight loss craze!" It made him feel like his wife wasn't as cuddly at night anymore! She used to be all soft and squishy... Dorothy couldn't help but smile, "Just indulge her.

Karen always talks about losing weight but gives up after a while." "I hope she gives up soon! My meals at hhave turned so bland, I might start sneaking out for a burger soon!" Karen hadn't lost much weight, but Jeffrey looked like he'd dropped a size! After a brief chat, Jeffrey left for the cozy domestic life waiting for him at home, Exiting the elevator, Everett suddenly said, "You, don't go on a diet like Karen."