

## **Stop Panicking! Miss Jacobs will Not Look Back!**

### **#Chapter 1: The Real One Is Coming Back Soon - Read**

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Juliana had just been transferred from the ICU to a regular ward when she received a text message.

"Look, who was your husband holding last night?"

Immediately, there was a photo of Evan Grant arm in arm with a woman at a party.

The woman was gazing at her husband with affection, and her husband...

That burning gaze that could only hold one person, she once thought it was exclusively hers.

Juliana closed her eyes, her mind in turmoil.

After four years of marriage, Evan Grant always held her in the palm of his hand.

Even if she sneezed, he would halt his meeting and rush home, only being at ease after personally watching her take her cold medicine.

But this time, he went to Aldoria for five whole days with no news, even the two critical illness notices were signed by his assistant.

She thought he was busy with something important, choosing to endure the pain herself rather than disturb him, little did she know he was busy accompanying another woman.

And this woman was his so-called sister!

The other party estimated she finished looking and sent another message:

"This woman is protected by your husband like an endangered species, I'm really curious, once she returns to the country, where will you rank in your husband's heart?"

Ignoring her former best friend's ridicule, Juliana endured the discomfort from the wound and enlarged the photo for a closer look.

Stella Grant, the "little sister-in-law" who was sent abroad on the third day after her marriage, barely having met a few times.

Juliana was more familiar with the necklace around her neck.

It looked exactly like the one Evan Grant bought at a sky-high price three weeks ago, personally saying it was meant to be their fourth wedding anniversary gift.

Could it be that for these four years, he had been deceiving her?

"Madam, President Grant's work is almost finished over there, he should be back soon."

Ethan Carter's voice pulled her back from her thoughts.

Juliana's fingertips hovered over Evan Grant's number for a long time but eventually couldn't move away.

When she looked at Ethan Carter, her expression was already placid.

"I remember his stepsister is also over there, after business is done, won't he go see her?"

Ethan's eyes flashed, "President Grant went to handle urgent business this time, he shouldn't have any personal itinerary."

He was Evan Grant's confidant, naturally, his words were flawless.

Juliana gave up the idea of prying the truth from him.

"I understand, you can leave now."

Ethan was momentarily stunned.

Usually, when the madam heard about President Grant's imminent return from a business trip, she'd be very happy, but her attitude was different this time.

"Uh... there's one more thing..."

Ethan was hesitating over how to say it when the housekeeper came in prattling, interrupting him.

"Dr. Shaw is a friend of President Grant and such a good doctor, how can he be transferred just like that? Aren't patients in the general ward also patients?"

Ethan quickly laughed, "Dr. Shaw takes care of severe patients. Changing doctors means the madam's injuries aren't serious anymore. Besides, Dr. Lewis is also good, the hospital wouldn't be negligent."

Seeing his reaction, Juliana suddenly understood.

"Was this Evan Grant's idea?"

A slight crack appeared in Ethan's composure, but he quickly steadied himself.

"Of course not, don't overthink it."

Then that must be it.

Juliana smiled faintly, "Mrs. Lu, call the health department to file a complaint against Mercy Hospital for unauthorized changes of attending physician without the patient's consent; report Dr. Caleb Shaw for abandoning critical patients during treatment."

Ethan's mouth twitched, "Madam, there's no need for this."

Juliana said icily, "It's none of your business anymore. From now on, there's no need to update me on his whereabouts, and you don't need to come here again."

Ethan: "..."

Juliana knew Ethan would relay her words.

As long as Evan Grant hurried back, she was willing to give him a chance to explain.

But the next day, it wasn't Evan Grant who kicked open the door, but his meticulously made-up stepmother.

Lily Windsor barged into the ward with a group of people, ignoring the fact that Juliana was undergoing therapy with her clothes open.

Juliana quickly buttoned up her shirt, feeling a surge of humiliation and anger.

Almost simultaneously, the housekeeper stepped forward in front of the bed, blocking the intruder's view.

"Madam, didn't you see the 'Do Not Disturb' sign at the door?"

Lily sneered arrogantly, "There's no private ward in this hospital anymore, discharge her immediately and give this ward to my friend."

Juliana maintained a calm face, not responding immediately.

She wasn't scared by Lily's display, but was pondering:

Normally, Lily also didn't get along with her, but it was just verbal posturing. As a stepmother, she had no standing in the Grant Family, not daring to cross boundaries in behavior. But this sudden confrontation...

What on earth made her brave enough to challenge her?

The female companion who came with Lily tugged at her sleeve.

"Mrs. Grant, it's alright if there's no ward, another hospital will do, my father's illness isn't urgent, let Mrs. Grant recuperate nicely."

In high society, everyone knew Evan Grant loved his wife fervently, but Lily dragged her along, and she couldn't refuse.

However, Lily was full of disdain, "Mrs. Miller, don't be afraid, once Evan divorces her in a few days, she will be nothing. To take a ward from her is nothing, even her life will be at my disposal."

Then she turned to Juliana, her tone becoming increasingly arrogant, "Without Evan here, who are you pretending to be on the verge of death for? Hurry up and get out."

Juliana, neither angry nor scared, buttoned up her shirt one by one before speaking, "There are plenty of private rooms in the morgue, take your friend there to choose."

Lily was choked by her words, her face turning livid.

But immediately, a twisted pleasure crept onto her mouth.

"Don't think just because Evan spoils you, he likes you! Think about why you got hurt this time! You are just his scapegoat, the real one is coming back, and you'll soon lose favor as the sacrificial lamb."

Scapegoat? Sacrificial lamb?

Juliana's eyes were deeply focused, a faint smile appearing on her face, "Then who is the real one?"

Lily snorted, "That's not something you should be asking, be wise and vacate the ward, otherwise..."

Juliana slowly interrupted her, "You also said this is a hospital ward, not a massage parlor's suite, it can't be changed at will."

Lily was previously a masseuse, later remarried, with George Grant marrying her against opposition. The old lady of the Grant Family was very unwelcoming towards her, so her past profession became the most embarrassing stain she wished to erase after marrying into the Grant Family.

She immediately flew into a rage, rushing forward to attack, but the housekeeper firmly blocked her way.

"Madam, you can't touch the madam!"

"You old hag, you're ungrateful! Someone, get her out of here!"

Two burly men immediately stepped up, easily carrying the housekeeper who was over fifty to the side.

No one else to stop her, Lily sneered viciously, lunging forward to grab Juliana's collar, her crimson nails dug into Juliana's skin.

"You think you're more dignified than me?" I'll rip your clothes right now and toss you into the crowd like a plucked stray dog, we'll see how dignified you are then!"

## **Chapter 2: Chapter 2: Even Sleeping and Having Children Are Left to Others**

Lily Windsor grabbed her clothes with the other hand.

A glint of coldness flashed in Juliana's eyes as she picked up a glass of water from the bedside table and smashed it against her head.

With a "bang," the glass shattered at the corner of Lily Windsor's forehead...

Lily staggered two steps back, trembling fingers reaching for the wound, her eyes widening in disbelief.

"You dare hit me... I'll fight you to the end!"

Lily charged at Juliana like a mad dog, fighting with her life.

Juliana, still not fully recovered from her injuries, was no match for her at all.

Lily grabbed her clothes and threw her to the ground.

At the exact moment Juliana was flung to the floor, a dark figure flew in from the doorway and caught her steadily.

Evan Grant knelt on one knee, the well-tailored suit highlighting the clean, crisp lines of his shoulders and back. Though travel-worn, he still exuded an intimidating nobility.

"Juliana..."

Seeing the person in his arms gradually losing consciousness, he lifted his gaze toward the instigator.

The atmosphere in the ward suddenly turned oppressive, and even the sunlight streaming in lost its warmth.

Mrs. Miller, frightened, clutched Lily's hand and whispered, "Didn't you say she had fallen out of favor? Is this what 'out of favor' looks like?"

Lily was dumbfounded as well.

Evan should be watching over his daughter without leaving her side at this moment, so why did he suddenly come back?

Unable to bear the consequences, she sharply shook off Mrs. Miller's hand, rolled her eyes, and "fainted" to the ground.

...

Juliana regained consciousness in the evening.

There was someone wiping her face.

Ethan Carter's voice reached her ears.

"The two bodyguards were temporarily hired by the lady; they've been sent to the police station. They won't be out for at least twenty years. Also, there will be someone auditing Mr. Miller's company for tax issues tomorrow..."

Evan Grant tossed the towel back into the basin, evidently dissatisfied with the handling of the situation.

"You're getting more and more competent. I've employed so many bodyguards, and you couldn't even place two at the door to keep unrelated people out? Is that so hard?"

Ethan quickly apologized, "Yes, it was my oversight."

Juliana opened her eyes, and the man's straight back came into view.

She took a deep breath and spoke, "The one causing trouble is Lily Windsor, and since you can't do anything to her, you take it out on your assistant instead?"

Seeing she was awake, Evan turned and helped her sit up.

The man's hair was meticulously groomed, and the scent of his cologne was still his usual choice.

If no one had taken photos of him, he would still be the Evan Grant—reserved and untarnished by any stigma.

"So because she blamed me, she filed complaints against the hospital and Caleb Shaw?" he teased.

Juliana knew he was trying to downplay the issue, but marital problems shouldn't be glossed over.

"If it weren't for you showing her, through your actions, that your heart is with someone else, would she dare to barge into my hospital room with people?"

Evan wasn't at all surprised that she knew some things. He sat by the bed, the playful smile on his lips gradually fading.

"The business was urgent, I couldn't change the schedule, but I didn't ignore you. I personally confirmed your treatment team and emergency plans. You couldn't use a phone in the ICU, but Caleb updated me on your condition every day. Outsiders might not know these things, but they are baseless rumors."

Such a perfectly insincere explanation could only come from Evan Grant's mouth.

An indescribable bitterness gripped Juliana's heart.

"I have doctors for treatment, Ethan to sign critical condition notices. Since everything has someone to handle, maybe sleeping and having children can also be done by others—wouldn't that save you trouble, President Grant?"

"Juliana!"

Juliana, usually gentle and never before with words that felt like needles, made Evan uncomfortable, his expression becoming slightly stern.

Ethan, sweating profusely: "Why did she have to mention me out of nowhere?"

"Ethan, go out," Evan commanded.

"Yes."

The assistant slipped away.

Juliana couldn't bring herself to directly mention "Stella Grant" to question Evan.

When facing a man like him, missing any of the balance, rhythm, or strategy in gauging him would only drive him further into hiding, leaving herself more passive.

She watched his sharp profile, him silent, and she said nothing.

After a moment, Evan's tone softened, "I don't want us to quarrel. If something is troubling you, feel free to say it, but I hope your expression is rational and clear, not impulsive with childish tantrums."

Juliana sneered.

When "childish" became her judgment, him using the authority of a superior to handle her seemed entirely justified.

"I checked your spending records; you spent quite a bit in Aldoria over the past four years."

The warmth in the man's brow instantly vanished, "Who allowed you to investigate me?"

Juliana gathered her courage, "If I didn't check, how would I know every time President Grant travels, whether to Eurydor or Noveria, it always ends with a detour to Aldoria?"

With the issue facing him, if he did nothing wrong to her and was only maintaining a normal relationship with Stella as step-siblings, what harm was there in explaining?

However, Evan reached out and pinched her chin instead.

Juliana's heart skipped a beat: was he going to get rough with her?

A thin layer of frost formed on Evan's brow, but after brushing his fingers over her pale, bloodless lips, he chuckled softly.

"Honey, who's been sowing discord?"

Juliana's eyelashes fluttered, not mentioning the photos at all, thus protecting the person who sent them to her.

"You sneaked around, and you don't even have the courage to admit it?"

The curve of Evan's lips flattened, and he let go of her chin.

He wasn't a man of good temper, but he never showed his sharp edges in front of Juliana.

"Before you believe those rumors, think about your identity first. If you were like everyone else, would I have gone through the trouble to ensure the hospital saved your life?"

So he saved her just to prove the value of being Evan Grant's wife.

A chilling emptiness surged to Juliana's core.

So what Lily said about being a shield and scapegoat was true.

The thousand past affections, once torn apart, only left bone-chilling indifference.



She unconsciously clenched her fingers.

Just then, there was a knock on the hospital room door, and George Grant walked in.

"Evan, the police are here. Your assistant is negotiating with them. I overheard them saying Juliana's injury this time was an accident, not a deliberate act of revenge."

Juliana looked at Evan, trying to find any clue of error in the police investigation on his face.

However, the man seemed completely unconcerned about the outcome.

"Dad, what brings you here?"

George's eyes wandered, avoiding the piercing gaze of his son, and turned to Juliana instead.

"Are you feeling any better?"

Evan didn't give him time to roundabout and get to the point, taking over the conversation.

"Dad always praises Auntie for her gentle nature, but today she's quite fierce. Was it your indulgence that nurtured this 'virtuous' side, using my wife as practice?"

Juliana was a bit surprised.

Despite their earlier squabbling, him still holding a grudge, he was now sticking up for her against his father.

George's face turned pale.

"You know, she's not well-educated, simple-minded, acts impulsively, but her heart is good, she meant no harm to Juliana. I've already sternly criticized her."

Evan's eyes shifted slightly, "So what you're saying, Father, is..."

George stepped forward, "Although Lily was at fault, Juliana shouldn't have laid hands on an elder, and I hope she can apologize to her mother-in-law and admit her mistake."

### **Chapter 3: Chapter 3: Neither of Them Are Any Good**

Evan Grant laughed.

"All these years, not only did Father fail to teach her how to be a proper lady, he let her lead him by the nose. Marry the wise, but you married the wrong person after all."

George Grant replied displeased, "Who I marry is my own choice. Back when Old Mrs. Grant wanted you to marry Juliana, you were willing, and I said nothing. Lily Windsor is my legitimately wedded wife, and I hope you respect her."

Evan raised an eyebrow, "Did she respect my wife?"

George was at a loss for words, his eyes darkening.

"Evan, although you're the heir of the Grant Family, I am still your father. Without me, there is no you."

Evan's gaze slightly softened.

Juliana sensed his hesitation.

It was impossible for Evan to sacrifice his father-son relationship for her, after all, they were the real family.

She sneered and was about to get out of bed, but the man pinned her down.

"Did the doctor say you can move?"

Juliana: "?"

George frowned.

Evan said calmly, "Dad, my wife is not at fault."

Juliana felt a slight stir in her heart, but on second thought:

Lily painstakingly married into the Grant Family, hoping to rise up as the tycoon's wife through her husband, only for Old Mrs. Grant to directly pass the inheritance to her grandson. Her status within the Grant Family was awkward, so she could only establish her position by oppressing her.

But if she submitted to Lily, it would be equivalent to the future head of the Grant Family bowing to Lily.

So Evan didn't let her apologize, which was actually to maintain his own dignity.

In the past, her love for him had a filter; now that the foolishness faded away, everything appeared starkly real.

"Evan, this is just a small issue that can be resolved with an apology, why let it disturb the peace of the family?"

"If Father manages his own wife well, the household will naturally be peaceful."

The father and son, both hot-tempered, were in a standoff when the housekeeper from the old mansion suddenly arrived.

"Master George, President Grant, Old Mrs. Grant wants both of you to return to the old mansion."

When things reach Old Mrs. Grant, they become uncontrollable.

George was about to speak, but the housekeeper lowered his head to him.

"Master George, Madam has already been sent back to the old mansion."

"What? She's still under observation, with a possible concussion. How could you discharge her!"

George hurried off.

"If the young mistress can bear it, she can go to the old mansion too," the housekeeper said.

Juliana had plans regarding this marriage and just wanted to gauge Old Mrs. Grant's stance.

"Alright, I'll go."

She turned over to get up, but Evan pulled her into his arms.

"Not enough trouble already, do you want to return to ICU?"

Juliana couldn't let him know her intentions now.

"I can't let Grandma hear only Lily's side of the story."

Evan said, "With me here, you won't suffer any losses."

Juliana coldly laughed, "I'm lucky to have waited for President Grant to come to my rescue."

The thorn in her heart was still there, deeply embedded, impossible to pull out or dissolve.

Evan sighed; although he did not respond, his act of draping a coat over her shoulders was his silent agreement.

Juliana's eyes felt sore.

If he merely saw her as an object, then why be good to her?

Such emotions were indeed hurtful.

Throughout the journey, neither of them spoke.

They arrived at the old mansion.

George and his wife were nowhere to be seen, Old Mrs. Grant was alone in the living room.

Seeing the coat on Juliana's shoulders, the sharpness in Old Mrs. Grant's eyes softened instantly.

"Juliana, let's go to the study."

Evan didn't speak but followed them in.

Old Mrs. Grant paused, "I didn't call you in. Wait outside."

Evan smiled, "If I don't go in, she'll complain about me."

Old Mrs. Grant knew he was protecting his wife and chuckled.

"Rest assured, no one here, except you, can bully your wife."

In the end, he was shut outside.

Old Mrs. Grant, who used to be a strong woman, was now 72, clear-headed, and quick in speech.

As soon as Juliana sat down, she pushed a prepared mugwort and donkey-hide gelatin tea towards her.

"You were severely injured and hospitalized, it's wrong of Evan not to be by your side. But man is like jade; the craftsmanship of the wife determines its quality."

Knowing that their argument in the hospital ward reached Old Mrs. Grant's ears, Juliana was not surprised at all.

When dealing with someone like Old Mrs. Grant, there's no need to beat around the bush.

"Grandma, four years ago, was it because he fell in love with someone he shouldn't have, and you wanted to break them apart, that you found me?"

Old Mrs. Grant's eyes were gleaming, her expression unfathomable.

"Who's been spreading nonsense to you?"

Four years ago, to prevent Lily Windsor from marrying Evan, she "coincidentally" met Juliana, who was worrying about medical expenses in the hospital, and facilitated this marriage with a substantial reward.

But no one expected that Evan, always above others, would fall in love with Juliana at first sight.

Especially after marriage, his favoritism towards Juliana was well-known, even Old Mrs. Grant thought she had made a good match.

Who would have thought that in just four short years, things would go awry.

"Evan didn't have a girlfriend or fiancée before marrying you, and his kindness to you over the years, I've witnessed it all. Trust is key between husband and wife."

Juliana detected her evasion, "But what if... he was just putting on a show for you?"

Old Mrs. Grant's face suddenly turned grim, "Impossible! As long as I'm here, I won't allow any scandalous behavior in the Grant Family!"

But this was Evan, a man whose emotions were invisible, with deep scheming.

If he intended to do something, who could stop him?

Juliana lowered her eyes and remained silent.

Old Mrs. Grant understood her disposition.

This child seemed gentle, but a stubborn streak lay within her.

If her doubts weren't dispelled, she feared Juliana wouldn't stay peacefully by her grandson's side.

Then, Old Mrs. Grant stood up and made a call to the housekeeper.

"Let them all in."

The study door opened, and George, his wife, and Evan were already standing at the entrance.

As George walked in, he said, "Mom, how could such a small matter trouble you in the middle of the night..."

"Tell your wife to kneel!"

Old Mrs. Grant sternly interrupted him.

Lily immediately clung to George's arm, begging for his protection.

"Mom, the kids are here, please spare us some dignity," George said.

Old Mrs. Grant gave him a sidelong glance, "Juliana was undergoing therapy in the ward, your wife barged in with a man; did you save face for your son?"

George, realizing Old Mrs. Grant intended to stand up for Juliana, quickly changed tactics and criticized his wife.

"Darling, kneel. Look at you, acting without thinking! Clearly knowing Juliana is important to Evan, yet you listened to outsiders. Today you don't kneel until Mom is appeased, don't expect to close this Chapter!"

However, Lily didn't realize her husband's strategic retreat.

She cried and knelt, reluctantly saying, "Evan doesn't like this shrew Juliana; he likes our gentle and lovely Stella instead."

George was taken aback by her words.

"Stella and Evan may not be blood-related, but step-siblings are still siblings. How dare you utter such nonsense?"

Lily seemed unaware of the bombshell she had dropped and continued, "I'm not lying; Stella was so depressed she attempted suicide, Evan rushed to Aldoria to care for her day and night to no avail. He is determined to bring Stella back. Didn't he marry Juliana back then for our Stella's sake? They..."

"Were you drugged? Enough already!"

George covered her mouth immediately.

But by then, both the pertinent and impertinent things had been mostly said.

Evan was always dominant and originally didn't intend to explain, but Lily's words dug too big a hole for him.

He glanced at Juliana, ready to explain, but Juliana didn't even cast a glance his way. Instead, she bowed her head to Old Mrs. Grant and said, "Grandma, if you can't stop anything, could you..."

The words asking for her freedom were left unspoken, as Old Mrs. Grant, her face stern, suddenly threw a dagger before her with a "clang."

"Both of them are no good; pick it up and cut out her tongue, then castrate your husband!"

#### **Chapter 4: Chapter 4: The Grant Family Line Will Continue, Just Go Ahead and Cut**

The sorrow that welled up in Juliana's chest was instantly frightened back by Old Mrs. Grant's words.

She had never even killed a fish, yet they were asking her to do this.

George Grant was anxious, "Mom, this is just a little misunderstanding, it's not necessary to bring out the knife."

Old Mrs. Grant snorted coldly, "The Grant family mansion under my watch has become a place of disgrace. A brother sleeping with his sister... If such a scandal spreads, where will the century-old reputation of the Grant family be?"

"Grandmother, Aunt is having delusions, that's not the truth."

Evan Grant spoke up, and Old Mrs. Grant's anger flared further.

"Then what is the truth? Are you planning to bring her back and force me to accept reality?"

"I never intended to bring her back."

Evan Grant paused, then added, "Besides, she's never said she wanted to come back."

"Impossible!" Lily Windsor interjected, "Stella in a foreign country, depressed and suicidal, just wants to come home. Evan, don't be fooled by them into not bringing Stella back, Juliana won't dare to do anything!"

"If you really care about Stella, you'd say less," Evan Grant said with a gloomy face.

Seeing him try so hard to defend that woman, Juliana's surging emotions froze inch by inch.

She picked up the knife from the ground.

"Grandma, if I go through with one stab, the Grant family won't blame me for cutting off the bloodline?"

Old Mrs. Grant gave her grandson a look, "The Grant family lineage won't be severed; you just go ahead and cut!"

Juliana looked at Evan Grant; for the first time, exposing her frustrations with a knife, her hand trembled.

Evan Grant stared at her for two seconds, then suddenly unbuttoned his shirt, revealing his sturdy chest.

"Come here, dig out my heart, and see if I'm telling the truth."

He was very brave, and Juliana did press the knife against his chest in earnest.

Lily Windsor stood up angrily and scolded, "Juliana, you're a curse bearer, your parents were right not to want you, you're a disaster wherever you go. Evan's wise to divorce you, you're not even a fraction of my Stella... cough, cough..."

Old Mrs. Grant interrupted her rant with a strike of her cane.

"Shrew, if Evan divorces Juliana, you'll be the sinner of the Grant family!"

Juliana looked at the knife in her hand and calmed down.

Nonsense won't solve their problems.

Juliana pushed Evan Grant's hand away and turned to place the knife on the table.

"To become a murderer for you, it's not worth it. What I want is..."

The word "divorce" had barely left her lips when Old Mrs. Grant's words interrupted her.

"If you don't take action, I'll take it as you forgave him this time."

Juliana: "..."

Old Mrs. Grant didn't wait for her to speak and turned to reprimand her grandson.

"Protecting your wife is a man's responsibility. Don't let some unworthy people chill the heart of the person beside you."

Evan Grant understood Old Mrs. Grant's meaning, "I won't divorce."

Old Mrs. Grant nodded with satisfaction, but Juliana couldn't hold back anymore.



"You act like the perfect brother and the devoted husband; aren't you exhausted?"

Evan Grant had been suppressing his temper all night, but looking at her now, the remaining tenderness in his eyes nearly vanished.

"Mrs. Grant, know when to stop."

Stop?

Did he think he was playing hard to get?

Juliana was infuriated.

Just about to speak, Lily Windsor sneered, "You got your way again, putting on a show with the knife, just waiting for a man to console you. It's a good thing your parents aren't here, or realizing they gave birth to such a cheap thing would have pissed them off to death."

Cold light flashed in Juliana's eyes, she picked up the knife she had set down and swung it at Lily Windsor.

The blade grazed past Lily Windsor's ear until a bunch of hair fell to the floor, and only then did Lily Windsor belatedly reach for the back of her head.

Juliana put down the knife, "You really thought I wouldn't dare to cut off your tongue?"

Lily Windsor broke down instantly.

"My hair! I just spent over ten thousand on it... husband..."

George Grant was furious too, "Juliana, how could you cut your mother-in-law's hair, get down and kneel!"

"Kneel for what?" Old Mrs. Grant stepped in front of Juliana, "You knew Juliana was most upset about not being able to find her parents, yet your wife kept poking at her sore spot. She's been polite not to use the knife on her mouth."

"Mom, you can't be so biased."

Old Mrs. Grant pointed at his nose and said:

"The things your wife said just now I couldn't bear to hear; are you deaf?"

"Don't think that just because I gave your stepdaughter the Grant surname, she can be compared to Juliana. I won't allow her back; if she must die, it will be outside."

"Remember, anyone who tarnishes the Grant family's name will be sent to meet the Grant family's ancestors!"

Hearing this, George Grant felt a chill down his spine.

"Both of you, get to the ancestral hall!"

Old Mrs. Grant was furious, and George Grant dared not defy her, dragging the unwilling Lily Windsor away.

"Grandma, be careful with your blood pressure," Evan Grant said.

Old Mrs. Grant took a few deep breaths.

"If you two kids are really filial, then hurry up and give me a great-grandchild. With a child, your hearts will be bound together."

Perhaps it was a psychological suggestion, but at the mention of children, Juliana felt a cramp in her lower abdomen.

She and Evan Grant had been trying to conceive for a year without success, which should have been upsetting.

But if this marriage was truly a sham, if she were just a shield for Stella, then not having a child was a blessing.

She instinctively covered her lower abdomen, and Evan Grant, thinking her wound hurt again, hurried to support her.

Juliana shrugged off his hand, saluted Old Mrs. Grant, and walked out alone.

Old Mrs. Grant shook her head.

Once a woman turns from doubt to disbelief, it's hard to coax her back with just a few words.

"Peter Dawson, go and handle something for me."

...

Every time the topic of divorce came up, Old Mrs. Grant never let her finish the sentence.

Juliana almost reached the garage but suddenly felt uncomfortable sharing a ride with him, so she turned around and nearly collided with Evan Grant.

"Are you going back for something?"

Evan Grant casually embraced her waist.

Juliana pushed him away.

"I'll call for a car myself."

Evan Grant's tone lost its warmth, "Still being stubborn with me?"

Juliana was speechless.

"Because I can't generously support you in protecting your sister, I'm being stubborn?"

Evan's eyes were like thick ink, "Listen, my caring for Stella is purely out of responsibility, nothing else."

Juliana laughed, "I'd love to hear what kind of responsibility makes you abandon a wife who nearly died in surgery to rush to her side without hesitation?"

A shadow passed in Evan Grant's eyes, "I'll tell you what you need to know."

Juliana laughed at his words, a laugh filled with disappointment and melancholy.

"Four years of marriage, and I'm not even worthy of a single truth, is this our marriage. Evan Grant, I'm no saint, I can't just stand by and watch as you care for another woman without being moved. We..."

The intention to divorce was again interrupted by the butler chasing after them.

"Ma'am, these are some pieces the Old Lady recently purchased from The Jadeite Gallery, but she realized they didn't suit her, so she wants you to have them."

The butler handed her a Black Sandalwood box.

Juliana took it and opened it.

A jade bracelet with excellent translucency, its design ancient, fitting for the Old Lady but not for her.

Evan Grant saw through the Old Lady's intention and sighed.

"Grandma is trying to cheer you up in her way, don't let her efforts go to waste."

Efforts?

Wasn't the Old Lady reminding her that she needed the Grant family's monthly check of a million to support her own "maiden family"?

Sure enough, the next second, Peter Dawson said, "Young Mistress, the Old Lady said if you truly dislike this bracelet, feel free to smash it. If it breaks, it breaks, that's fate, can't be forced."

## **Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Should I Make Room for Your Sister?**

Juliana felt the bracelet in her hand was scalding hot.

After a moment, she lowered her eyes, suppressing her repressed emotions, and said, "Please tell Grandma Dawson that I... thank her."

Peter Dawson smiled and bowed his head slightly.

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Evan Grant had some work piled up. After bringing Juliana to the hospital room and making arrangements for her, he was about to go back to the company to work overtime.

"I've asked the doctor, and in four or five days, your wound will be fine. Be good, and I'll come to keep you company after work tomorrow."

Just as he finished speaking, his phone rang with a different ringtone than usual.

Juliana, sharp-eyed, saw Stella's name flash on the screen just before it went dark.

In the four years she'd been Mrs. Grant, she never had her own ringtone on his phone, but Stella did.

She found it ironic.

"So your ringtones have different levels of importance too."

Evan put his phone down, "It's just a note, don't overthink it."

Juliana curled her lips, "Don't overthink? Should I wait until your sister waves a pregnancy test in my face to show her smugness?"

Evan restrained his emotions, "You're talking nonsense again. I don't have any business trips planned; I'll spend some time with you."

Juliana sneered, "She's the legitimate wife, and I'm the mistress. You spending time with me is just her charity?"

"Juliana! Mrs. Grant is not a madwoman. I don't want to argue with you. Think clearly about where you're wrong when your head is clear!"

Evan left with a cold expression.

Juliana's nose tingled; she wanted to cry.

Does not wanting to share your husband with someone else make you crazy?

She had loved him wholeheartedly for four years, yet he trampled on her sincerity.

Juliana remembered there was an agreement between them before they got married.

The agreement clearly detailed the treatment she would receive from the Grant Family but didn't mention a single word about pre-marital assets.

It seemed this marriage was destined from the beginning never to reach the stage of dividing assets.

Juliana once asked Evan why he agreed to marry her.

Back then, they had just finished their wedding ceremony and hadn't shared a room yet; they got along like friends who had good conversations.

When Evan heard her question, a rare look of satisfaction appeared in his eyes.

"Carrying the burden of the Grant Family, I thought an arranged marriage was an inescapable fate. I didn't expect Grandma to find you. It's exhausting enough to deal with various pressures outside. If my marriage were also a battlefield, I would truly have no place to breathe."

Juliana understood.

She had no parents and no complicated family ties—she was the least worrisome marriage prospect.

"Grandma said I should support you. If there's anything I'm not doing well, please guide me."

Back then, Evan had laughed and pinched her cheek.

"You're doing great; I'm very satisfied with you."

Others said Evan was like a block of ice that couldn't be warmed.

But in four years of marriage, he provided her with a stable home. He would rush back to watch her take cold medicine when she had a cold and bring back peach crisps, she liked after social events.

She thought this block of ice had finally melted.

It wasn't until she heard Stella's exclusive ringtone that she realized she had been warming not a block of ice for four years, but a lock for which she never had the key.

"Ma'am, Mr. Grant has already left. You have an infusion in the morning tomorrow, so get some rest early."

Juliana snapped back to reality, "And you are...?"

The new housekeeper was a bit shy, "Aunt Lu hurt her back, so the elderly lady sent me to replace her. You can call me Mrs. Young."

Turns out she was someone from the old residence.

Surely an eyeline of the old lady, Juliana nodded and asked nothing more.

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Evan Grant got into the car with a blank expression, and Ethan Carter quickly reported.

"Mr. Grant, Miss Grant has woken up. The first thing she wanted to do was speak with you, but when she couldn't reach you, she called me instead..."

He paused, considering his boss's face in the rearview mirror.

"Do you want to call her back? She might feel at ease and focus better on her recovery."

Evan massaged his temples, remained silent for a few seconds, then suddenly said, "Go to the old street in Solara tomorrow and buy some peach crisps. Mrs. Grant is picky; she only likes them freshly baked."

Ethan was taken aback. Did the boss not hear what he just said?

"Yes, sir."

...

However, the next day, Juliana waited until twilight, but Evan Grant, who promised to come and keep her company, never showed.

Instead, Lily Windsor arrived. Even with her new short haircut, she couldn't shed her shrewish demeanor, cursing and swearing to cause trouble for Juliana.

Mrs. Young happened to be away, leaving Juliana to deal with her alone in the hospital room.

"You bitch, who do you think you are to cut off Stella's monthly fifty thousand US dollars living expenses? Her villa, luxury cars, and housekeepers in Aldoria, everything costs money. Now that you've stopped her allowance, how is she supposed to live?"

This was the first time Juliana learned that the Grant Family gave Stella such good care and so much money.

The absurd part was that the Grant Family gave her a million dollars a month, expecting her to perform like a well-kept pet as Evan's perfect wife and to be grateful for it.

Juliana slowly sat up from the hospital bed, her voice icy, "She's not begging on the streets, is she?"

"You..."

Lily thought of something, and her tone suddenly changed.

"You're just jealous, aren't you? Don't think just because the old lady speaks for you, she actually likes you. She's merely using you as a tool for childbirth. If she truly wanted great-grandchildren, Stella could have them too."

Juliana couldn't help but laugh, "How could the Grant Family raise pigs as if they were people?"

Lily was angered again, "Last night, you chopped off my hair, and I haven't settled that score with you. Today, you'll pay!"

With that, she was about to hit Juliana.

At this moment, Mrs. Young returned.

She hurried over and placed herself between the two women.

"Ma'am, kneeling in the ancestral hall for a night wasn't enough for you, and now you come to stir trouble? Aren't you afraid the old lady will make you kneel until your knees break?"

Lily looked Mrs. Young up and down and sneered, "Oh, it's you, the seductress. I wondered why this hospital room smelled so bad; turns out it's because of two fox spirits..."

"Mrs. Young, step aside!"

At Juliana's command, Mrs. Young moved aside.

The next moment, a steaming pot of water splashed towards Lily's face.

Lily screamed from the hot water.

"What's going on?"

Evan Grant appeared at the door with Ethan Carter.

Lily ran over to him as if she saw her savior.

"Evan, Juliana stopped Stella's allowance. I came to reason with her, and she and this wicked servant poured hot water on me!"

Upon hearing this, Evan quickly rushed to the bedside and grabbed Juliana's hand.

Lily smiled; she knew the things Evan said last night were just to appease the old lady.

Evan still loved her daughter.