

Panicking 101

Chapter 101: Even Evan Is Driven into Dire Straits

"Do I need you to tell me all this, you bitch?"

Lily Windsor looked at the appraisal report, her adrenaline surging. She jumped up from the bed and lunged at Juliana Jacobs.

Adrian Langley grabbed her wrist and threw her back.

Lily Windsor's head hit the bed's edge, and she couldn't get up, gasping for breath, with cold sweat pouring from her forehead.

Juliana Jacobs looked down at her from above, without a trace of pity in her eyes.

"Do you think that by taking on everything your daughter did, she sees you as a good mother? No, you're just a scapegoat."

"Shut up!"

Lily Windsor's eyes were bloodshot, and she grabbed her shoulders with a pale face.

Juliana continued, "Do you think George Grant spoiling you means he loves you? No, you're just the cover for his so-called loyalty. Now there's another woman pregnant with his child, and he's eager for you to be gone, especially with your terminal illness being beyond help."

"Which woman? Tell me which woman?"

Lily Windsor was furious, on the verge of madness.

Adrian Langley whispered, "Let's go, don't make things more complicated now."

Juliana Jacobs looked at Lily Windsor, with a cold, unyielding smile on her lips.

"Ms. Windsor, your daughter abandons you, your husband exiles you, and in the end, you don't even deserve to die outside of prison!"

At 1 a.m., the two left the North Precinct.

Juliana had been clenching her hands, her knuckles white.

Adrian Langley was worried about her driving, so he drove her home himself.

Juliana remained silent throughout the journey.

When they reached the apartment building, Adrian Langley spoke softly, "Go back and get some sleep, don't think about anything."

Juliana's throat was dry, and she asked hoarsely, "After doing all this, have I become a monster like them?"

She once couldn't even bear to kill a fish.

Now, to survive, she had broken April Preston's leg and personally pushed Lily Windsor into the abyss.

Her hands were stained with blood, and it couldn't be washed away.

Adrian Langley placed his hand over her tense knuckles, full of compassion.

"No, you're not like them. They don't feel pain for dirtying their hands, but you do because you're human."

Adrian Langley's thumb brushed against her cheek.

"Juliana, you did nothing wrong to survive. I'm glad that in difficult times, you thought of me. No matter what the future holds, I'll be behind you, I... won't leave again."

Juliana's eyes were red, but no tears fell.

She withdrew her hand from Adrian Langley's grip, her tone suddenly becoming more indifferent.

"It's not good to be seen by others, you should go."

Having said that, she got out of the car with her car keys.

...

At six in the morning, George Grant was awakened by the shrill ringing of the phone.

He hastily dressed and rushed to the hospital.

At the door of the emergency room set up for Lily Windsor, stood two policemen.

"She was fine when she went in, and now this happened, I'll sue you, wait for the hefty compensation."

The policemen were not fazed at all.

"Ms. Windsor suddenly suffered a pulmonary artery rupture an hour ago. We sent her to the hospital promptly, but due to pre-existing conditions, the doctors could only do their best."

George Grant trembled all over, "What do you mean by 'do their best'? Let me tell you, if anything happens to her, even selling your precinct wouldn't be enough for compensation."

The doctor came out of the emergency room and saw his agitation, assuming he was a family member of the patient.

So he approached and said, "What's wrong with you, as a family member? You come but don't see the patient, talking about compensation here — is money more important than people?"

The doctor's words went straight into Lily Windsor's ears.

But she was already at her last moments, wearing an oxygen mask; no matter how sad she was, she couldn't do anything.

George Grant stumbled to her bedside, holding her hand with the needle inserted, his face full of deep sorrow.

"Lily, I'll find the best doctors to cure you."

Lily Windsor struggled to lift her eyelids and said something inaudible.

"What are you trying to say?"

George Grant removed her oxygen mask.

"Where's Stella?"

Her voice was faint as a whisper.

In fact, the first family member the police notified was Stella Windsor.

But she didn't answer the phone.

"I'll call her right now."

George Grant took out his phone.

But Lily Windsor said, "Tell me, what have you been doing behind my back?"

"What?" George Grant looked at her, puzzled.

Lily Windsor's hand with the IV drip clenched into a fist, her face devoid of energy, her eyes bulging out.

Truly, like a zombie lying on the bed.

"You've even had a child with her, and you still won't confess to me?"

In his agitation, George Grant blurted out, "I've always taken precautions, how could there be a child?"

Lily Windsor smiled as tears flowed down her face.

"My ex-husband owed a debt to loan sharks. If I didn't work as a massage girl, my daughter would have been sold. In the end, she despised me like this."

"Meeting you, I thought Heaven was moved by my dedication, but you're not just a waste controlled by your son, you even use Juliana to pressure me."

"George Grant..."

The heart monitor emitted an alarm.

Yet Lily Windsor held onto his hand, her eyes fixed unwaveringly on his face.

"It's you who wronged me, you are the one who killed me! Stella is my only daughter, your son must marry her, or I'll turn into a vengeful ghost, come every night and..."

Before she could finish, Lily Windsor breathed her last.

She maintained an arched posture for a full half minute before collapsing.

George Grant was so terrified that he sat down on the floor.

Stella Windsor "rushed" to the hospital.

Seeing Lily Windsor's body already covered by a white cloth, tears streamed down her face.

"Mom, why didn't you wait for me?"

"Why didn't you answer the phone?" George Grant asked.

Stella Windsor wiped her tears, "I'm being treated for depression. The doctor told me to sleep with my phone on silent."

George Grant sat limply in the chair, saying nothing more.

"Did my mom have any last words?" Stella Windsor asked.

George Grant's expression was grave, as his mind kept racing about which woman he had a child with.

"I barely exchanged a few words with her. She told me to take good care of you."

Stella Windsor covered her face with a handkerchief, masking her irrepressible hatred.

...

Platinum Bay.

Evan Grant had just finished breakfast when Ethan Carter rushed in.

"Lily Windsor died suddenly from an illness," he said.

Evan Grant furrowed his brows.

Originally, he planned to use Lily Windsor to stall George Grant, first securing the trust vote, and then giving an explanation to Juliana.

Now the bargaining chip was gone.

Ethan Carter said gravely, "The plan is disrupted, the board might target you, what do we do?"

Evan Grant threw down his napkin, "How could Lily Windsor die so suddenly?"

Ethan Carter whispered, "A friend secretly told me that the madam was seen at the precinct last night."

Evan Grant's face instantly turned somber...

By evening, Juliana had just finished working in the lab.

Summer Shaw anxiously handed her a suitcase.

"I'll take you to the airport now. You should go abroad and hide until things calm down."

Juliana looked puzzled, "What happened?"

Summer Shaw, "You played a double-edged sword, even Evan Grant is in hot water now."

"Ah?" Juliana was somewhat surprised.

Summer Shaw said, "Evan Grant and his father have fallen out. George Grant sent his rebellious second son into the board as a shareholder. Due to severe losses in the new energy heavy-truck business because of strategic misjudgments, the board decided to freeze part of Evan Grant's decision-making power, and gave him a 60-day 'performance wagering period'. If he can't turn the tide within the deadline, he'll be forcibly dismissed."

Juliana never expected that dealing with Lily Windsor would impact Evan Grant so heavily.

"He's so capable; 60 days is more than enough to reverse the situation. The longstanding liabilities of the Grant Family, Lily Windsor's death was merely a trigger, Evan Grant's poor planning is none of my business. I won't hide."

Summer Shaw was anxious, "Evan Grant's 60-day respite was exchanged by Old Mrs. Grant resigning from the position of chairman of the board. Last time, you embarrassed him at the wedding anniversary dinner, and after that, he dealt with you so harshly. This time... do you really think you can survive?"

That would certainly not be possible.

Juliana actively dragged her luggage towards the exit.

"Is your flight departing in an hour? I want one that's taking off immediately!"

At the company entrance.

Summer Shaw didn't catch up, but a custom-made Maybach was already parked there.

The pure black lacquered body exuded a cold metallic luster, like a beast ready to pounce on her at any moment.

Chapter 102: Evan Agrees to Let Go

Juliana was about to step back when two bodyguards stood behind her.

She could only muster the courage to walk to the side of the Maybach.

The car door opened.

Evan Grant reclined elegantly in the back seat, his long legs gracefully crossed, and his finely tailored suit accentuated his dignified outline. Only an unresolved dark circle under his eyes faintly revealed his disheveled state from the fierce board meeting battle.

"Get in the car," he said.

"Say what you have here."

"Juliana," Evan Grant turned to her, "do you think I don't have the strength now to act against Aetherflame and your grandfather?"

Juliana got in from the other side.

Neither spoke, creating a momentary awkward atmosphere.

"Did you have dinner?" Evan Grant asked.

"Yes, a working dinner," Juliana replied.

"I haven't eaten," Evan Grant said.

Even if he starved, she wouldn't feel any pity.

"I've said it, my grandfather is my bottom line, you must..."

Before Juliana finished her sentence, Evan Grant suddenly grabbed her face, his long fingers sinking into her soft skin, as if applying a bit more pressure would break it.

"Couldn't you wait until I finish dealing with Lily's issue before taking action?"

She felt his anger teetering on the brink of losing control.

But she didn't want to back down, confronting his temper head-on.

"No!"

A dense array of pain surged in Evan Grant's heart.

"Do you hate me so much, hoping I'd lose everything?"

Juliana said coldly, "Don't forget your vow. If you can't save Cortexa, you'd voluntarily sign the divorce agreement. I'm eager for you to be kicked out of the board today; it would be quicker than waiting for the court hearing."

Evan Grant chuckled, his eyes filled with bitterness.

He released her.

The next second, a folder landed on Juliana's lap.

Juliana took out the documents inside and froze.

One was a "Divorce Agreement," the other a "Declarant Confirmation."

Had he agreed to let go?

Juliana's hands trembled slightly.

Evan Grant spoke with a reserved, calm tone, as if the person close to losing control just now wasn't him.

"The Evercore Trust set up in Caelus has assets worth 2 billion US Dollars, isolating all my debt risks. As long as you're alive, 5% of the annual income will be transferred to your account on time."

Juliana suppressed the excitement in her heart, "I don't want your money; I can support myself."

Evan Grant couldn't be bothered with her arguments, "Then don't sign the divorce agreement either."

Juliana quickly signed her name on both agreements.

Evan Grant put the documents back in the bag, showing no change in expression.

"I'll be very busy recently, so let's apply for divorce at the civil affairs bureau some other day, okay?"

Okay?

He wasn't using a tone of notification.

Juliana masked her joy and nodded, "As soon as possible."

"Let's withdraw the lawsuit from the court," Evan Grant said.

After a month, the conversation between them became harmonious again.

"Can I get out of the car now?" Juliana asked.

Evan Grant raised his chin slightly, "We haven't divorced yet; we need to visit your mother-in-law's and light incense."

Juliana was silent for two seconds, "Aren't you afraid I might make you get beaten by taking me to light incense?"

...

Lily Windsor's death wasn't mourned under the Grant Family name, because the old lady would not permit it.

George Grant rented a memorial hall at the funeral home, accepting condolences from a few friends, but few came.

Seeing Evan Grant leading Juliana could enrage George Grant.

"Why are you bringing the murderer here?"

Evan Grant reached out and pulled her into his arms, "Father, the police concluded it was an unexpected illness that caused Aunt's death, unrelated to Juliana. Grandma asked us to come and pay our respects."

"If she hadn't sent Lily into the police station, would Lily have died so soon?"

As George Grant was about to expel them, Stella Windsor, with reddened eyes and dressed in mourning clothes, stepped forward.

"Uncle, anyone who comes is a guest, let Mom leave peacefully."

George Grant withdrew his eruptive temper.

Evan Grant, a born actor, despite his dislike for Lily, bent with perfect posture.

Juliana stood aside, her gaze elsewhere.

George Grant, "You angered the person to death, not even willing to kneel once?"

"Does she deserve it?" Juliana retorted.

This time, George Grant's fury was beyond containment.

He called to the bodyguards outside the memorial hall, "Whoever breaks her leg, I'll reward with ten thousand."

Evan Grant frowned.

He hadn't come unprepared today, and if Juliana was hurt under his watch, he'd fail as a man.

George Grant saw the two opposing groups of bodyguards and said to Evan Grant, "As long as you protect this woman, I'll fully support your brother taking your position and ensure you have nothing."

However, Evan Grant's response was to keep Juliana protected in his embrace.

The memorial hall was small, and the bodyguards on both sides began pushing each other.

Evan Grant protected Juliana as they moved towards the exit.

In the chaos, a knife aimed at Juliana's waist and abdomen.

Before Juliana could react, Evan Grant had already grabbed the blade barehanded and swung a fierce punch with his other hand.

As the opponent was pushed back, Juliana seemed to catch a glimpse of the scars on his hand.

Three fierce scab marks; she had left them once.

She wanted to see the person's face clearly, but he turned and quickly disappeared into the crowd.

So the person who wants her dead is inside the Grant Family?

The Maybach drove away from the funeral home, and only then did Juliana notice Evan Grant's injury.

The wound would need stitches.

Yet, Evan Grant only gave it simple treatment, asking where she lived and offering to take her back.

Juliana didn't want to give him any false impressions, so she didn't mention accompanying him to the hospital.

At the apartment complex.

Juliana opened the car door and, after some thought, said, "Aetherflame has declared never to cooperate with Cortexa. For the company's reputation, this stance will not change."

Evan Grant smiled and waved at her, "Just an instinctive reaction earlier, don't overthink it."

"That's good."

Then, Juliana got out and left.

Just arrived home, Summer Shaw called.

"Are you okay?"

Juliana changed her shoes, not mentioning the divorce agreement.

"I'm fine, just went to Lily Windsor's memorial hall earlier, almost caused a fight, he got a little injured for me."

Summer Shaw immediately reminded her, "Don't be moved! My brother said George Grant teamed up with the family's second son to corner Evan Grant. Evan Grant plans to throw his entire property into rescuing the new energy heavy truck project, but ninety percent will be lost. Cooperating with us is the quickest way to turn the tables. This move is obviously directed at you!"

Juliana paused in silence, "I understand what you mean, I won't be tempted by him."

Ending the call, she looked out the window.

So, agreeing to the divorce suddenly, arranging her future life suddenly, what's he planning?

...

The next day, Juliana went to Celestial Vista to visit her grandfather.

The old man's spirits were high, "Aidan Linton's birthday is coming soon; this year I intend to visit the cemetery too."

Juliana nearly forgot about it, "Must you go?"

Her grandfather looked at her, smiling deeply, "Does he not need me to go?"

Juliana's heart skipped a beat, almost believing her grandfather knew something.

"Alright, I'll come to pick you up when the time comes."

Her grandfather nodded and seemed to have something on his mind while gazing outside.

Just then, Rosalind Linton returned from outside, beaming.

Seeing Juliana, she smiled, "Your husband has seen the light, suddenly transferred a sum of money to me, saying it's to compensate for lacking filial piety these years."

Juliana furrowed her brow, "How much did he give?"

"Fifteen million, enough for your grandfather's medicine for a full year."

Recalling Summer Shaw's words, Juliana felt an indistinct unease over Evan Grant's unusual actions.

She remained silent, but her grandfather was very agitated, "Give it back to him; we don't want his money! Let them get a divorce with Juliana immediately."

Rosalind Linton hurriedly calmed him down, "Father, if Evan Grant hadn't held George Grant back, your medicine would have been cut off long ago. Now that he's offering money, even if we don't appreciate it, let's not sour the relationship..."

The old man glared, "Just ruin it, tear it apart until it's gone!"

Rosalind Linton: "..."

In fact, Evan Grant had another card, the child in Mrs. Young's belly could be the leverage against George Grant.

But this secret was only mentioned without names at Lily Windsor's; Juliana hadn't told anyone else.

At this moment, her phone rang.

A panicked voice came from inside.

"Ma'am, someone just came to check the prenatal records. Even this hospital isn't safe; I want to leave, can you help me?"

Chapter 103: Must Never Become Anyone's Bargaining Chip

Juliana Jacobs drove to Hospital 547.

Halfway there, she received a call from Ethan Carter.

"Madam, you missed a signature on yesterday's agreement."

"I'll contact you when I'm done," Juliana replied.

Ethan Carter said, "You don't need to make a trip; just give me an address and I'll come to you to complete it."

To avoid complications, Juliana searched for a commercial plaza in the navigation system and gave him the address.

Twenty minutes later, Ethan Carter arrived punctually.

Juliana quickly added her signature.

Ethan checked the documents carefully before saying, "President Grant is concerned if something happens to him, he won't be able to protect you well. These documents need to be sent to Caelus immediately to take effect; sorry for the inconvenience, Madam."

"What happened to the Grant Family?" Juliana asked.

Ethan hesitated for a moment between saying and not saying, and then sighed.

"Lily Windsor's death has stirred Master George deeply. He has assisted Young Master Isaac in acquiring 8% of the group's shares and entering the board. He's now lobbying the board to continue pressuring President Grant, even wanting to imprison him. The old lady has fallen ill because of this; the current situation is dangerous, with President Grant facing threats from all sides."

Juliana lowered her gaze, "He's Evan Grant; he can manage it."

Ethan lowered his voice, "You may not know, Young Master Isaac is ruthless. He didn't hesitate to shoot at the old man back then. Now, he's working in tandem with Master George, both openly and secretly, cornering President Grant. President Grant fears that if he slips up, he won't be able to protect you. That's why he painfully agreed to the divorce. After you signed the divorce papers yesterday, President Grant sat alone in the study all night."

Juliana couldn't help but picture him sitting alone under the lamp.

After all, he does have bargaining chips.

The next moment, she firmly shattered any wavering thoughts.

"Then I wish him a speedy passage through this ordeal."

Before the words were finished, she had turned swiftly, and the car door slammed shut.

...

When Juliana arrived at Hospital 547, Mrs. Young was no longer in the ward.

She was hiding in a shaded spot on the lawn, looking as if she was afraid of being tracked down.

Upon seeing Juliana, she looked like she had seen a lifeline.

"Madam, please take me away; I dare not stay in the hospital any longer."

"Are you sure they're checking on you?" Juliana asked.

Mrs. Young nodded, "They forced the doctor to retrieve pregnant women's records from the past six months and threatened the doctor when refused. Although security drove them away, with their methods, getting the list is only a matter of time."

"If George Grant finds out you're pregnant..."

Juliana's voice trailed off as Mrs. Young suddenly knelt down.

"Madam!" She trembled all over, "I absolutely won't keep this child. If my body met the surgery criteria, I would have..."

She clutched Juliana's clothes tightly, hating the child she carried belonging to George Grant.

"If you don't help me, I'd rather die with the child!"

Juliana quickly helped her up.

"You've helped me before, I won't turn my back on you. If you trust me, listen to me and don't do anything foolish."

Mrs. Young needed to be in a stable condition to undergo surgery due to her long-term anemia.

Considering her inability to withstand a long journey, Juliana temporarily settled her at The Ambrosia Hotel.

Though noisy, this place was discreet, and with a room booked using Summer Shaw's ID, even if someone tracked her, they wouldn't find anything.

Once Mrs. Young's health improved, she would be taken to Arlan City for surgery.

Juliana replaced all the hotel's furniture with new ones and bought kitchenware, so Mrs. Young could cook for herself when alone.

"In three days at most, George will start searching for you. Luckily, you'll need bed rest and won't have to move around," Juliana said, handing over a new phone to Mrs. Young.

"Don't contact friends or family for now; I'll bring you medicine and other items, contact me anytime for any matter."

Mrs. Young was too moved to speak, simply expressing her thanks repeatedly.

Juliana felt indebted to Mrs. Young.

If it weren't for provoking Lily Windsor, she wouldn't have used Mrs. Young's pregnancy to provoke her, letting George Grant catch wind of it.

Now, doing all this is somewhat a way to make amends.

After settling her in, Juliana returned to the hospital to collect Mrs. Young's clothes and daily medications.

Just as she stuffed the things into the backseat, Ethan Carter's voice suddenly came from behind, "Madam, not feeling well?"

Today, she really was "fated" with Ethan Carter, meeting him twice in a day.

"No, just looking into some things."

She slammed the car door shut, uncertain if he caught sight of the travel bag in the back seat.

"Assistant Carter here for treatment?" she retorted, her tone casual.

Ethan Carter chuckled, "Just picking up medication. President Grant's headache has flared up again, and the special medicine can only be found at this hospital."

Juliana suddenly remembered that Evan Grant suffers from neural headaches.

But in the past four years, through her diligent care, his headache had rarely reemerged.

It seems he's going through a really tough time lately.

"Alright then, carry on." Juliana turned to go to the driver's seat.

"Madam," Ethan Carter called out to her, "Did you know Mrs. Young took a long leave?"

Juliana's steps slightly halted, her lips curling into a faint smile, "I didn't know. I'm about to get divorced; things concerning Platinum Bay need not be conveyed to me anymore."

After speaking, she got into the car and lightly pressed the accelerator, driving away.

In the rearview mirror, Ethan Carter stood in place, seemingly deep in thought.

Juliana tightened her grip on the steering wheel, then slowly loosened it.

Almost got moved by Ethan Carter's words.

Mrs. Young must not become anyone's bargaining chip!

...

Just a day later, in the antique shop.

George Grant looked coldly at the assistant who returned to report: "What do you mean, just as you found her, she disappeared?"

The assistant lowered his head in explanation, "Ms. Young secretly left the hospital. The doctor said she has a risk of miscarriage and must remain in bed for rest. She might have heard something and went into hiding. We confirmed she hasn't returned to Platinum Bay, and Evan Grant should still be unaware."

"Unaware?" George Grant suddenly smashed the teapot by his hand, "With your efficiency, are you waiting for them to hold Willow Young and her child against me?"

"Rest assured, Master George, we'll immediately expand the search scope."

"What's the use of searching? Focus on monitoring hospitals and clinics. As long as she seeks medical help or buys medicine, we'll know right away."

"Yes, Master George."

"This matter, not even Isaac is allowed..."

Before he finished speaking, Stella Windsor pushed the door open and George Grant immediately fell silent.

"Uncle, am I interrupting?" Stella Windsor asked.

George Grant looked at the assistant, "Go take care of it."

The assistant nodded and exited.

"I'll be by your mother's memorial hall shortly," George Grant switched to a gentle tone.

Stella Windsor, dressed in white, her voice cold, "You needn't go if you don't have the time. She's gone; the living must look after themselves. Uncle Grant, when do you plan to marry again?"

George Grant hurriedly replied, "No such thing. Stella, I promised your mother I'd take care of you, I..."

"The funeral is at six tomorrow," Stella interrupted him, her gaze sweeping over his chaotic desk, "After mother is laid to rest, my brother will send me abroad."

George suddenly raised his voice, "Your mother entrusted her last wishes to me; I will never let Evan Grant send you away."

Stella Windsor didn't reply, turning around to leave.

Saying another word to him, she would feel an urge to vomit.

...

Juliana initially thought Mrs. Young's bed rest would cause no issues.

But she unexpectedly received a call from Mrs. Young at night.

She had a bleed.

Although it was just a drop or two, it's extremely dangerous for someone with low platelets.

Juliana considered her options and called Adrian Langley.

Upon hearing the situation, Adrian got out of bed and dressed, ready to head out.

As he reached the yard, a Red Flag L5 slowly drove in through the gate.

The car stopped right in front of him.

The back window rolled down, revealing the composed, spirited face of a man.

"Where are you rushing off to?" Elias Langley asked.

Chapter 104: Pregnant?

"Second... second uncle, a friend has something urgent, I'm going out for a bit."

Elias Langley's gaze fell on him. It was just a casual glance, yet it instantly made Adrian Langley's spine tense up.

Time seemed to freeze for a few moments.

Elias Langley spoke unhurriedly, "This time, don't you need to ask for anything?"

"Huh?" Adrian Langley suddenly understood and shook his head, "No need for your help."

The car window slowly closed, and just as the bulletproof glass sealed shut, Adrian Langley thought he saw his uncle's lips pressed into a cold, hard line.

...

Adrian Langley sent Mrs. Young to a private clinic.

After reviewing Mrs. Young's medical history, the doctor quickly administered treatment.

"Simply taking medication is not effective enough, it needs to be combined with intravenous infusion," the doctor said.

Mrs. Young looked troubled, "But it's inconvenient for me to go out."

The doctor smiled knowingly, "Don't worry, the third young master has already spoken to me, I'll arrange for a trusted nurse to give you the IV at home every day, without any information leaking out."

Hearing this, Mrs. Young breathed a sigh of relief.

Outside the infusion room, Juliana Jacobs withdrew her gaze.

Adrian Langley was smoking at the back door.

She walked over, "You didn't use to smoke."

Adrian Langley immediately extinguished the cigarette with his foot.

"Dr. Hughes issued a memory loss certificate for me, even Victor Langley was fooled, you can completely trust him."

"Do you plan to keep hiding your identity just to protect Auntie Linton and your grandpa?" Juliana Jacobs asked.

Adrian Langley was silent for a few seconds, "The Langley Family is very complicated, and my mom has an impetuous nature. At least for now, I can't reveal myself to them."

"Your grandpa developed severe heart disease because you faked your death. How many four-year stretches does he have left in his twilight years? I hope you'll never regret all this,"

Juliana Jacobs turned her face away after speaking, her gaze resting in the distance.

Two hours later, Mrs. Young had finished her IV and there was no more bleeding.

Adrian Langley took her back to the hotel.

"These days, I might be watched, Mrs. Young's situation..."

Before Juliana Jacobs could finish her sentence, Adrian Langley nodded and said, "Leave it to me."

The next day, Juliana Jacobs made a special trip to a traditional Chinese medicine shop and had the attending old doctor prepare several herbal meals suitable for a three-month pregnant woman.

Just as she stepped out of the Chinese medicine shop, her phone rang in her bag, and she hurriedly bowed her head to search for it.

At this moment, a Hongqi L8 stopped by the roadside.

Inside the car, Quinn Shepherd turned to Evan Grant, who was reviewing documents in the back seat, and said, "Boss, we've arrived at Concordia Hall."

Evan Grant didn't lift his head, "If you're sick, go get treated."

"President Langley!" Quinn Shepherd urgently stammered, "The doctor said if you keep abstaining like this, hormonal disorders will lead to dysfunction. On the day you find your wife, you won't even be able to stand, how will you make her happy then?"

Evan Grant slowly lifted his eyelids, "Do I need you to observe and score how I make her happy?"

Quinn Shepherd: ...

He glanced out the window and spotted a familiar figure, quickly shifting his gaze.

"That's Miss..."

Before he could finish, he saw Juliana Jacobs suddenly surrounded by several dark figures.

She tried to resist but was pushed and dragged into a nearby alley.

Juliana Jacobs held the medicine bag from the Chinese medicine shop, standing against the wall, watching cautiously at these strangers with ill intentions.

"Juliana!" George Grant walked in front of her from behind the group, "Where is Willow Young?"

"Who is Willow Young?"

As soon as the words fell, George Grant reached out and grabbed her neck, roughly pinning her against the wall.

"Stop pretending. Willow has been widowed for many years, not even in touch with her family back home. You're the only one she's close to. Tell me, where are you hiding her?"

Juliana Jacobs' head hit the cement wall, and she blacked out for a moment.

"Oh, you're talking about Mrs. Young," she said with a cold smile, "She got close to me after just a few days at Platinum Bay? I've already moved out, now it's just her and Evan Grant there, aren't they closer?"

George Grant had long held a grudge against Juliana Jacobs, and at this moment, his patience was wearing thin.

"If you don't bring her out, then I'll take you to a place that will make you speak the truth."

He said, gripping her neck, ready to throw her to his subordinates.

Juliana Jacobs felt a sudden chill in her heart.

Even without experiencing George Grant's methods firsthand, falling into his hands was definitely no good fate.

She absolutely couldn't let him take her!

In the moment of being thrown away, Juliana Jacobs suddenly reached out, her fingers digging fiercely into George Grant's hair, gripping the roots tightly and giving it a violent yank!

"Ah—"

George Grant, caught off guard, hunched over in pain.

Juliana Jacobs gritted her teeth, refusing to let go as if she wanted to rip his scalp off.

The few subordinates around immediately descended into chaos, trying desperately to free him, but Juliana Jacobs wouldn't loosen her grip.

At this moment, Quinn Shepherd stood at the mouth of the alley, deliberately clearing his throat loudly, but everyone was busy trying to save George Grant's hair and ignored him.

Quinn Shepherd stomped his foot, took off his crisp new suit jacket, and charged forward.

Grabbing two of the henchmen like they were ragdolls and tossing them aside, the scene was finally brought under control.

"Miss Jacobs," Quinn Shepherd stood straight, gesturing toward the mouth of the alley with a nod of his head, "My boss has been waiting for you a long time, why aren't you getting in the car?"

Understanding, Juliana Jacobs tossed aside the handful of hair with follicles, walking directly toward the Hongqi L5 parked outside the alley.

"Stop her!" yelled George Grant, clutching his bleeding scalp in rage, "If you let her go today, you're all fired!"

However, Quinn Shepherd stood between them and Juliana Jacobs, and none of the henchmen dared to move past him.

Juliana Jacobs took a few steps, then turned back to George Grant, saying, "You should know, anyone with a brain knows that Mrs. Young is close to me. But if she came to me holding big secrets, wouldn't that be like jumping into a trap? Instead of wasting time with me, why don't you eat two more pounds of walnuts to boost your intelligence, maybe you'll find her before anyone else."

After speaking, she ignored George Grant's bulging veins and continued to leave.

George Grant watched helplessly as Juliana Jacobs got into the back seat, unwillingly turning to Quinn Shepherd, "Do you know who I am? Have you thought about the consequences of being my enemy?"

Quinn Shepherd chuckled, "Here's a piece of advice, the person sitting in the car at the alley's mouth is not someone you can afford to provoke."

George Grant's eyes were wide as grapes, but he could only glare.

Juliana Jacobs slipped into the car, a robust sandalwood scent mixed with a fresh pine needle aroma swept over her, making her fingertips unconsciously clutch onto the leather seat.

Realizing Evan Grant was also in the back seat, she blurted out, "Why are you sitting here?"

The two previous times he saved her, he had graciously offered her the back seat while taking the front passenger seat himself; this time was an exception.

Evan Grant slowly lifted his gaze, his indifferent eyes calmly gliding over her face.

"What, should I sit under the car?"

Juliana Jacobs was momentarily taken aback.

Recalling how he had alienated her with the rest of the group that day, her heart filled with annoyance.

"That's not impossible."

Evan Grant's eyebrow twitched slightly, this woman had quite the issue with him.

At this moment, Quinn Shepherd rejoined them in the car, completely unaware of the tense atmosphere inside, even jokingly commented, "Miss Jacobs, is your hair-pulling skill something you learned from a master?"

Juliana Jacobs clutched the bag of herbal medicine, sarcastically replied, "Not at all, it's all improvised, unlike some people whose skill in kicking others when they're down is honed through practice."

Quinn Shepherd finally noticed the tense air in the car, touched his nose, fastened his seatbelt, and fell silent.

Evan Grant's gaze briefly swept over the bag of herbal medicine in her arms, his calm disrupted for a moment by the word "Pregnancy: 10 weeks".

He calmly spoke, "You're pregnant?"

Chapter 105: It's Yours, Will You Take Responsibility?

"Is it Evan's, or Adrian Langley's?"

He paused, then added meaningfully, "Or is it Jared Langley's?"

Juliana Jacobs gazed at his face, which feigned calm but was full of gossip. Her turbulent emotions settled down.

She slowly raised her eyebrows: "It's yours, are you responsible?"

Inside the car, it suddenly became quiet as if it were a paradise.

Elias Langley was silent for two seconds and replied, "If I did it, I won't escape the responsibility."

He looked out the window with an indifferent expression, only his eyelashes trembled slightly, almost imperceptibly.

At this moment, Juliana's phone rang.

It was Ethan Carter calling.

She realized she had been in touch with Ethan quite a lot recently.

"Assistant Carter, what's up?"

Ethan's voice on the other end was urgent, "Ma'am, President Grant was in a car accident, his entire right arm is mangled, and they need you to sign the critical condition notice."

Juliana's fingers tightened involuntarily, "How could this happen?"

"Master George stirred up the old members who worked under Old Mr. Grant in the company, forcing President Grant into a corner. He's been searching for products similar to your heavy-duty electric vehicle batteries for days. He was supposed to head to the airport today, but then..."

Ethan sighed.

Juliana asked, "Was it intentional, or an accident?"

Ethan said, "It's hard to say, but since I wasn't hurt in the driver's seat, the investigation might lean toward the former. I wanted to call you on the way to the hospital, but President Grant said not to let you know; he was even glad you were no longer their target."

Juliana choked up, "Which hospital?"

Ethan, "Mercy."

Juliana hung up the phone, her eyes a little red.

"Can you take me to Mercy Hospital?"

She asked Quinn Shepherd.

Quinn glanced at the boss's face in the rearview mirror and instructed the driver to change direction.

Juliana fell silent, her mood visibly sinking.

Elias Langley spoke indifferently, "Given the circumstances, shouldn't you be happy to be widowed?"

Juliana rubbed her nose and glared at him, "What are you talking about so bluntly?"

Elias Langley looked elsewhere.

The car stopped at the entrance of Mercy Hospital.

Juliana got out of the car and hurriedly ran into the hospital.

Quinn frequently glanced at the rearview mirror and cautiously spoke, "If you're so worried, the relationship might not be broken."

Elias Langley kept his head down handling documents, ignoring his words.

Quinn got excited, turned to grab the back of the passenger seat, and lowered his voice, "Boss, did you really sleep together that night?"

Seeing no reaction from Elias, Quinn continued his own analysis, "I went chasing someone then, was gone for just twenty minutes. When I got back, your clothes were soaked..."

He suddenly opened his eyes wide, "Boss, could it be you only last twenty minutes?"

Elias Langley slowly lifted his eyes, their gaze ordinary but icy within.

"You wanna die?"

Quinn turned back and chuckled, "No way, I'm planning on celebrating my 80th birthday."

...

Juliana rushed to the surgical building and suddenly stopped.

Why was she worried about him?

Why go sign his critical condition notice?

Had he ever turned back for her?

Almost got PUA'd by Ethan!

She sarcastically tugged at the corners of her mouth, spun around, and left with the bag of Chinese medicine.

Just reaching the main entrance, she bumped into Stella Windsor, who was hastily getting out of a car.

Stella was still in white, her red eyes from crying at the cemetery making her as fragile as thin porcelain.

Seeing Juliana walking out, she instinctively looked inside the hospital, her face full of undisguised hostility.

"Weren't you going to divorce and let me have him? Why come to see him now? Don't think I don't know you're a master of artifice?"

Juliana raised an eyebrow, "I indeed can't compare to your consistency, your knack for talking B.S. and doing scummy things is unmatched."

"Juliana, don't think I don't know you visited my mom the night before she died, your hands are stained with blood, you're as much a devil, I won't let you get away with it."

Juliana's lips twisted into a cold smile, "Wasn't I, this devil, forced out by you all? Now your mom's a lost pawn, and George might not fully listen to you. Miss Windsor, where will you find another scapegoat to hide your delicate facade in public and fierce nature in private?"

"You..."

Stella's eyes deepened, painted nails on the Hermès bag strap making crescent marks.

As Juliana passed her, she chuckled, "Feel free to mess with me if you want to die. But if you can't even handle the man I tossed aside, you don't deserve the 'fierce woman' compliment."

Juliana left smiling, Stella's face darkened as if she were a ghost.

In the ICU, Evan sat on the bed, staring blankly at the time on his phone.

Ethan asked, "Should I call and check again?"

Seeing no response from the boss, he took the initiative, opened the speakerphone, and dialed Juliana's number again.

"Ma'am, where are you, the critical notice is still waiting for your signature?"

"Assistant Carter," Juliana was in a taxi, "You sign it for him."

Ethan quickly said, "How could I, I'm just an assistant..."

Juliana interrupted him, "Wasn't my critical condition notice signed by you?"

Ethan was suddenly at a loss for words.

Evan smiled silently, the pain in his chest intense.

Ethan waited for his direction.

Evan lifted his chin.

Ethan understood and said over the phone, "Ma'am, President Grant is being driven to the brink by Master George, in the past, you were by his side, but now even Mrs. Young's whereabouts are unknown... Master George even dares to confront the old madam, I fear there's no one left to keep him in check."

Juliana immediately grasped the underlying meaning of Ethan's words.

Calling her here was likely just an excuse, Evan probably already knew Mrs. Young was pregnant.

"Assistant Carter," Juliana's voice was calm, "I'm almost divorced, the Grant Family matters have nothing to do with me."

Ethan was unsure how to respond, Evan took the phone.

"What if I personally tell you, if I can't get through this, I'll lose everything?"

Juliana gritted her back teeth, "When are we going to the civil affairs bureau to finalize the paperwork?"

"Juliana!" Evan flared up, then suppressed it, "You can't protect Mrs. Young. George will eventually find her, will you hand the leverage to him personally?"

Juliana was silent on the other end.

After a while, she softly said, "Sorry, I don't know where Mrs. Young is."

The busy tone came from the phone, and a metallic taste rose in Evan's throat, a burning pain in his chest.

She didn't care about him anymore.

Nor did she care about his life or death.

How laughable, he was trying to make amends while she had already uprooted him from her heart.

Ethan noticed his boss's pale face and quickly said, "President Grant, please calm down. Miss Windsor is here, she's been waiting outside."

Evan's clenched fist gradually relaxed, "How did she know I'm in the hospital?"

"Well..." Ethan lowered his head, "I didn't mention it."

"Let her in." Evan said.

Stella entered the ward as Evan was receiving the medicine Ethan handed over; she quickly went to pour water.

Indeed, he had an accident, his arm was hurt, but not as mangled as described.

Ethan was still reporting the work.

"Professor Quentin Quinn is a leading figure in domestic new energy battery research, has published several groundbreaking papers, and his research on heavy truck batteries is similar to Aetherflame's product concept. But he has been focusing on teaching in recent years and rarely appears publicly; it's not easy to meet him now."

Evan stared at the pills in his palm, bitterness spreading in his throat before he even swallowed them.

"Is a similar approach useful?"

Ethan whispered, "He was once the ma'am's mentor."

"Is it Professor Quentin Quinn from Veridian University?"

Stella handed over the glass of water.

Evan didn't take it, Ethan did instead.

"Miss Windsor, have you heard his name before?"

Ethan thought she was just casually asking.

Unexpectedly, upon hearing this, Stella suddenly half-kneeled by Evan's bedside, clutching his hand.

"Brother, I said I would become your support, please don't reject me anymore."

Chapter 106: Elias Langley Takes Charge

"Let go."

Evan Grant didn't bother to hide his disgust towards her.

But Stella's grip was tight.

"I don't know Professor Quentin Quinn, but I know his daughter Yvonne Quinn. She studied in Aldoria for four years and often attended local elite parties. We are friends. Recently, she's been accompanying her father at Linwood Springs Resort for recovery."

Evan Grant looked at her, "What do you want?"

Stella's eyes were bright, "Please brother, don't drive me away for anyone's sake; let me stay by your side."

But Evan Grant pressed his lips together and said nothing.

Stella added, "I swear I have no inappropriate intentions towards you, brother."

Evan Grant snorted coldly, "The most untrustworthy thing is a vow."

Stella stood up and tucked him in, "I will prove it with my actions."

...

Juliana Jacobs prepared a herbal soup and asked Summer Shaw to bring it to Adrian Langley, who would then pass it to Mrs. Young.

George Grant's men had followed her for three days, gaining nothing.

Adrian Langley sent a message to Juliana Jacobs, saying Mrs. Young's condition had improved and she could have surgery in a week.

Juliana Jacobs sighed with relief.

A week later, when Mrs. Young terminates the pregnancy, she'd no longer be a pawn in the Grant Family's internal strife. After that, she'd be free to go wherever she wanted.

Juliana Jacobs continued to leave her in Adrian Langley's care.

Aetherflame finally received the approval for the long-awaited membership to the New Energy Industry Association.

With this certification, Aetherflame could receive tens of millions in subsidies annually, gain priority access to high-level technology patents, and obtain more resources.

The procedures to be retrieved today were crucial, but Mrs. Shaw fell ill, so Summer Shaw had to entrust the task to Juliana Jacobs.

"The transition of presidents delayed the approval process, so our certification was held up until now. The new president is at Linwood Springs Resort. If you have the chance, be sure to invite him to a meal."

"What's the new president's name?" Juliana Jacobs asked.

Summer Shaw handed her a bottle of homemade dried tangerine peel and hawthorn water.

"His surname is Quinn. I haven't had the chance to find out more. But he controls the permissions for the multi-physics coupling test platform, which our supercapacitor hybrid energy storage system urgently needs. From President Langley's attitude the other day, the Helios Association's connections aren't an option; this Professor Quinn is our second choice."

Juliana Jacobs understood the importance of this certification for Aetherflame and drove there herself.

However, upon arriving at the conference hall entrance of Linwood Springs Resort, she was stopped by the association's accompanying secretary.

"Weren't you told to come at two-thirty?"

Juliana Jacobs was taken aback; Summer Shaw had said three o'clock.

"There was a traffic jam and it delayed me a bit," she replied.

The assistant shook his head, "The professor hates people who are not punctual. We'll discuss the approval procedure next time."

The other party turned to leave, not leaving any room for negotiation.

Realizing the seriousness of the situation, Juliana Jacobs was contemplating how to meet this key figure, but when she turned, she almost stumbled into a straight figure.

Jared Langley smiled as he steadied her shoulder, "Director Jacobs, after not seeing you for a few days, you're this enthusiastic, seems like you're not angry anymore."

"If President Langley thinks ruining someone's reputation is just brushing dust off a sleeve and doesn't take it to heart, then we have nothing to say to each other."

Juliana Jacobs sidestepped to avoid his touch and was about to leave.

Jared Langley dropped his smile and called to her, "I know where the Quinn guy is."

Juliana Jacobs paused, "What's the condition?"

Jared Langley, "Be friends."

Juliana Jacobs sized him up, "No deal."

Jared Langley's brow furrowed, "Why not?"

Juliana Jacobs, "Your motives aren't pure."

Jared Langley couldn't hold back and laughed.

At the resort, horseback riding area.

When Jared Langley and Juliana Jacobs arrived, Quentin Quinn was having a lively conversation with Evan Grant.

The one sitting next to Evan Grant was a woman about twenty-four or twenty-five, wearing a riding outfit, looking very spirited.

Their seats were very close, and the woman, while sitting upright, unconsciously leaned towards Evan Grant.

This was the most straightforward posture of admiration.

Yet Stella could only stand behind Evan Grant, watching once more as another woman was by her beloved's side.

Juliana Jacobs narrowed her eyes, meeting Evan Grant's gaze.

Cold, sharp, as if ready to settle a score with her.

She averted her eyes.

Jared Langley, familiar with Quentin Quinn, ignored the rising tension.

Upon nearing, he smiled, "Professor, the representative from Aetherflame Dynamics has been eager to meet you."

Quentin Quinn turned his head, and upon catching Juliana Jacobs' gaze, his smile abruptly froze.

And Juliana Jacobs' expression... was even more severe.

Jared Langley raised an eyebrow, observing how the two looked at each other as if they were enemies.

Quentin Quinn shifted his gaze to the woods not far from the riding field.

"Let's not talk business today, shall we?"

Juliana Jacobs understood that the approval paperwork was out of reach, so she turned to leave.

"Sis-in-law, won't you stay a while longer before leaving?"

Stella suddenly raised her voice, causing the air to freeze.

The woman next to Evan Grant immediately straightened her back, her scrutinizing gaze cutting through Juliana like a knife.

Juliana understood that Stella was up to her usual trick of using others to do her dirty work.

Quentin Quinn looked at Evan Grant and smiled faintly, "Since Mrs. Grant is here, why don't we sit down and reminisce?"

Before Evan Grant could respond, Yvonne Quinn suddenly stood up, "Dad, your men's topics are quite dull. How about I and Mrs. Grant have a competition? Give us women something fun to do."

A knowing look flashed in Quentin Quinn's eyes.

He understood his daughter's little schemes all too well.

"What kind of competition?" he asked with interest.

Yvonne Quinn raised her chin, "A three-thousand-meter horse riding race, the one who takes less time wins."

She then provocatively looked at Juliana, "Does Mrs. Grant dare to compete?"

Evan Grant lowered his eyes to drink tea, remaining silent.

Juliana initially wanted to say she wasn't interested, but Quentin Quinn interjected, "Aetherflame's approval documents are with me, missing just the final signature."

She understood his implication.

"Can you ride?" Jared whispered.

Juliana nodded.

Whether she knew or not, she had to, otherwise, the approval paperwork would be a lost cause.

Jared had a gentle horse brought for her.

"Winning or losing doesn't matter, safety first."

Juliana pressed her lips together and mounted the horse.

But Yvonne Quinn had no intentions to race.

Her whip was embedded with hidden spikes; she just wanted to see Juliana fall off the horse and get seriously injured.

Stella twisted her fingers, her eyes filled with anticipation.

Just as Yvonne stepped forward and raised the whip towards the horse's hoof, a calm male voice called out from the side, "The sun's almost setting and you're still riding, Miss Quinn, are you heading to The Netherworld for a horse race?"

Yvonne's raised hand paused.

Seeing it was Elias Langley, Quentin Quinn quickly stood up, "Mr. Langley, are you here to ride too?"

Though he was the president of the industry association, his background was far lesser than Elias Langley's.

"Why, can't I visit without riding?"

Elias Langley's gaze swept over Juliana's abdomen, then turned to Jared with a sidelong glance, "You let her ride; what if she falls and gets injured? Will the Langley Family take care of President Grant's wife?"

Juliana silently cursed: You're the injured one, your whole family is injured.

Jared, like he was suddenly enlightened, said, "Uncle, I was wrong."

Elias Langley, "Go help her down."

Jared thought he misheard, "Me?"

Elias Langley's expression was cool, "Or should I?"

Jared went off to play stable boy.

Evan Grant's gaze towards Elias Langley turned scrutinizing.

Quentin Quinn detected a hint of something and hastily smiled, "Mr. Langley, your thoughtfulness is unmatched, since it's almost dinner time, how about we all have a meal together?"

Of course, this "we all" included Juliana.

Elias Langley smiled ever so faintly, "Alright."

Without Juliana breaking her leg, Yvonne Quinn was furious.

At the banquet, Elias Langley naturally sat at the head, with Quentin Quinn seated beside him.

Yvonne, however, played a trick, taking the opportunity to squeeze in next to Evan Grant.

Juliana, not one to wrong herself, simply sat beside Jared across from them.

Afterward, Yvonne frequently toasted and exchanged drinks with Evan Grant.

Having seen Stella's shamelessness to the extreme, Yvonne's antics didn't even rank to Juliana. She remained composed, focusing solely on her meal.

After a few rounds of drinks, Quentin Quinn, looking radiant, said, "Mr. Langley, regarding the project I mentioned before, have you given it any thought? It's very profitable."

Elias Langley was about to respond when Juliana suddenly stood up, "Excuse me, I need to go to the restroom."

Her mind was solely on the approval papers; she had no interest in their topics, so she'd rather step out for some fresh air after eating.

A few minutes later, after splashing some water on her face in the restroom, she looked up only to meet eyes with Elias Langley in the mirror.

Neither had the chance to speak when outside they suddenly heard Yvonne, drunken and sultry, say:

"President Grant, how is your wife better than me?"

Chapter 107: Catching an Affair

Juliana clung to the sink.

Evan's deep voice came through.

"Let go."

Yvonne seemed to be pushed away, but then clung on again.

"Your stepsister said you're about to divorce. That dull and boring woman should have been replaced long ago. You should try me."

Their voices grew nearer.

Juliana inexplicably panicked, gripping the edge of the sink, unsure where to hide.

Elias stepped forward swiftly, pulling her over.

The sink area and the outside were separated by a screen.

Amid the interplay of light and shadow, Evan walked in from one end of the screen, while Elias, holding Juliana by the waist, walked out from the other end.

Yvonne skillfully diverted Evan's gaze, and with Elias's tall figure serving as a shield, this near miss was flawless.

However, Elias did not take her far. Just after leaving the restroom, he pinned Juliana against the corridor wall.

Afraid she'd get hurt, he protected the back of her head with his hand.

The cold scent of cedar drifted from his cuffs, entwining her breath inch by inch.

Juliana's mind was in chaos for a moment, and she instinctively pushed him away, whispering, "Let me go..."

Elias chuckled softly by her ear, his fingertips brushing her wrist's pulsing vein, grasping it.

"Aren't you curious about what happens next?"

Juliana glared up at him. Over thirty, and still like a nosy gossip-seeker, lighting up at the slightest excitement—what kind of behavior was this!

In the restroom, Yvonne hadn't given up yet.

As Evan was about to enter the men's room, Yvonne suddenly grabbed his tie.

"President Grant, I know exactly why you're seeking out my father. About the innovation in new energy heavy-duty truck batteries, I'll tell you a secret..."

She leaned in with his tie, her red lips nearing.

Evan did not push her away.

"... Your soon-to-be ex-wife's company isn't the only one with the latest technology."

Evan squinted, tilting his head, saying, "Let's hear it."

Yvonne smiled, leaning into him.

"My father's favored student has already developed a product comparable to Aetherflame Dynamics' heavy-duty truck batteries. As long as you divorce and marry me, my father will surely have his student support you fully."

However, Evan smiled, pulling out his tie and pushing her away.

"Miss Quinn sees relationships too materially."

Yvonne laughed, "If President Grant engages in 'deep' exchanges with me, you'll find I'm much more interesting than her."

Evan brushed off the spot she touched, his smile deepening, "Miss Quinn must have fully embraced the 'passionate' aspect of foreign life."

Yvonne heard the disdain in his words, her red lips pouting, "We're all adults; if you like someone, go for it. No need for childish timidity or wasting time. You need new energy battery tech, and my father, as a director at Veridian University, has plenty of geniuses to deploy."

As she spoke, Yvonne hooked his belt buckle.

"If we combine, from the lab to the bedroom... you'll be insatiable."

Hearing this, Juliana nearly considered the "deal" on Evan's behalf.

After all, her marital life with Evan was not only sparse but also textbook-like.

A woman like Yvonne could offer him cutting-edge technology and ignite his primal desires, making it a win-win deal.

If he didn't rush to register their divorce now, what was he waiting for?

Thinking this, Juliana unknowingly pursed her lips into a straight line, not realizing this change in expression caught Elias's attention.

At that moment, the room at the end of the corridor opened, and Quentin's voice came first, "Where did Mr. Langley go? Why hasn't he returned?"

Juliana's heart panicked; before she could react, Elias already wrapped his arm around her waist, lifting her swiftly and darting into the nearby stairwell.

This time, Juliana was closely pressed against him, without a hair's breadth between them.

Though he had embraced her several times, her "married woman" status always stood between them, so as soon as her feet touched the ground, she pushed away from him as if shocked.

Elias stepped back a few paces like a gentleman, but his expression was taunting, "Too scared to barge in and catch them in the act, but acting guilty as a thief? That's some guts you've got there."

Juliana's face flushed with nervousness, and she retorted irritably, "Has Mr. Langley had enough laughs yet?"

Elias raised his handsome eyebrows slightly, "You're not quite a joke, more like a turtle hiding in its shell."

Having been verbally jabbed by him before, Juliana's tolerance was somewhat built up.

"Men who gossip like this may have adrenal issues. I suggest scheduling an endocrine checkup before your kidneys develop problems."

Finishing, she intended to head down the stairs and leave, only to be blocked by Elias's outstretched arm.

"The lights here are out; one wrong step, and you won't want the child anymore?"

Child?

Juliana was momentarily stunned before recalling he had misunderstood her pregnancy the other day.

She laughed suddenly.

"Mr. Langley, are you so concerned about my belly because you can't have one yourself and are looking to adopt?"

Elias's eyes darkened for a moment but soon returned to a lazy demeanor.

"Miss Jacobs, it's a waste that you're not writing scripts with that imagination."

He calmly withdrew his arm, turning to take out his phone, switching on the flashlight, illuminating the dim stairwell a bit more.

Then, Elias stepped aside briefly, the light steady three inches from Juliana's feet.

"If you want to leave, follow me."

...

In the restaurant corridor, Jared followed out of the room, speaking to the lookout Quentin, "Since everyone has things to do, why don't we call it a day? I'll thank Professor Quinn on behalf of my uncle for the hospitality."

Quentin was actually eager to hear this, quickly responding with a smile, "Good, good. Today was lacking, let's chat more next time, Mr. Langley."

Right as Jared left, Evan came out of the restroom, Yvonne stumbling behind him.

Quentin was momentarily stunned, then approached with a smile, "President Grant, Mr. Langley and his nephew have already left."

"Where's my wife?" Evan inquired.

Quentin hesitated, "Uh... I haven't seen her."

Evan's expression darkened slightly, "In that case, let's conclude for today. I'll reach out to Professor Quinn another time."

Stella saw Evan return from the restroom in just over ten minutes; she felt both relieved and anxious.

Relieved that, with a woman's jealous intuition, Yvonne hadn't succeeded.

But this man could still only accommodate Juliana, making Yvonne seemingly an ineffective pawn.

Seeing Evan leave, she promptly followed.

Once the guests were gone, Quentin's smile disappeared.

"What's going on? At the ranch, you were getting along well; you didn't win him over?"

Yvonne leaned against the railing, lighting a cigarette.

"Dad, you're too impatient. Evan is a restrained man; winning him requires enough patience. Once I successfully bind him, even Cortexa Group could change its family name to Quinn."

Quentin stated, "This time he needed something from me, which gave us a chance to connect with him. You must seize this opportunity to make him divorce his wife."

Yvonne was tired of the argument and turned to leave.

Quentin displeased, asked, "Going somewhere again?"

Yvonne, "Bar, friends are waiting."

Quentin, "If you want to marry him, you'd better behave. Men like Evan won't want their women frequenting such places."

Walking out, Yvonne retorted, "Once we're married, I'll be chaste for him."

The manor parking lot.

A Hongqi L5 was slowly driving out, only to be stopped at the gate.

Evan approached, lightly knocking on the rear window.

The window rolled down slowly, revealing Elias's face.

Jared was driving, with Juliana in the passenger seat.

"Mr. Langley seems in good spirits today, personally escorting my wife home, but since I'm here, there's no need to trouble you and your nephew any longer."

Elias offered a faint smile, "I'm not escorting your wife; there's no need for such courtesy."

Evan's smile vanished, "Shall we step aside for a word?"

Chapter 108: The Consequences of Seducing a Langley Man

Under the trees by the roadside.

Evan Grant stood at the edge of the streetlight and tree shadows, the lapel of his linen gun suit lifted by the night wind, and his platinum cufflinks flashed coldly in the dark. Even the lines of his neck exuded a chill.

On the other hand, Elias Langley stood two steps away, his Italian tailored suit showcasing a perfect nine-head body ratio in the moonlight. Even his casual action of loosening his silk tie exuded an air of nonchalant nobility.

"President Langley," Evan Grant's lips curved slightly, his voice cool, "The Langley Family has always valued rules. Surely, you wouldn't do something like taking another man's wife."

Elias looked at him calmly, with thick arrogance in his eyes, "Is it your place to comment on the traditions of the Langley Family?"

Evan Grant looked elsewhere, "Juliana is my wife. Even if we haven't divorced yet, and even if we did, she can't marry another man."

Elias scoffed even more disdainfully, "The feudal society ended over a hundred years ago. Are you freshly dug up from the earth?"

With that, he raised his eyebrows lightly, "A stepsister at the side, a new love in your arms. All the while, you mistreat your wife and then say 'I really love you.' Such a man is utterly trash."

Evan Grant's eyes turned cold, his chest clogged with emotion.

Elias looked into the distance, a faint smile at his lips.

Evan Grant's lowered hand formed a fist as he spoke coldly, "No matter what, I am the only man in Juliana's life. You should give up the idea of making her your nephew's wife!"

Elias suddenly had a shallow furrow at his brow, "What did you say?"

Evan Grant's voice was low and icy, each word burning, "As long as my marriage certificate with her exists, your nephew is the third party!"

Elias stared at him for a full thirty seconds before leisurely saying, "He's happy, none of your business."

After speaking, he returned to the car, his face devoid of emotion.

Jared Langley locked the car door, "Second Uncle, did Evan Grant threaten you?"

Elias gazed at him, his eyes piercing but silent.

Jared felt a bit nervous under his gaze, slowly stepped on the gas, and looked forward, "Let's take Miss Jacobs back first."

Only then did Elias shift his gaze to Juliana, speaking unhurriedly, "I helped you verify; Evan Grant isn't a bad person... just an utter scumbag. Do you still want to be with him?"

Juliana did not respond.

She couldn't shake the feeling that Elias seemed heartbroken by something.

...

After returning to Aetherflame Dynamics, Juliana informed Summer Shaw of the name of the new president.

Summer Shaw slammed the table with a fist, "How could it be him?"

Juliana apologized, "I'm sorry, I didn't retrieve the approval procedure, and our second choice might be spoiled too."

"It's not your fault." Summer Shaw gritted his teeth in anger, "An academic fraud who plagiarizes your thesis and steals your research achievements is now getting promoted. It's unbelievable!"

"Focus on your work. I'll find a way with the funding. The realistic choices have always been more than just A and B..."

Summer didn't finish speaking, and the receptionist gently knocked on the door, "Mr. Shaw, Mrs. Langley from Blackstar Group wants to see Director Jacobs."

"Mrs. Langley? Jared's mother?" Summer Shaw looked at Juliana, "What does she want from you?"

...

Not wanting to discuss personal matters at work, Juliana agreed to meet Mrs. Langley at a downtown café.

Arriving in two cars, one following the other, Mrs. Langley gave Juliana a bit of a scare.

She booked the entire café, and as soon as Juliana arrived, she splashed a cup of black coffee over her.

"Mrs. Langley..." Juliana looked at her in surprise.

Mrs. Langley sat leisurely in a chair, took out a check from an LV limited-edition handbag, pushed it across, and said, "Miss Jacobs, how much is the dress you're wearing worth? I'll buy it; take it off now."

Juliana shook the coffee stains off her clothes, her eyes cold, "Excuse me, how have I offended Mrs. Langley?"

Mrs. Langley snorted coldly, "Dare to crawl into my son's bed behind my back, but don't dare to admit it?"

Juliana immediately understood her purpose in coming.

Just as she was about to speak, Mrs. Langley pressed on aggressively, "I've already investigated you. Your grandfather's surname is Linton, an illegitimate child with an unknown father, a piece worn out by the Grant Family, yet you have the gall to dream of climbing up to my son? Do you think the Langley Family is a dump?"

Back then, to avoid that madman, the Linton Family publicly claimed Juliana as Rosalind Linton's child. Except for the Grant Family, everyone believed so.

Juliana did not explain but clenched her fingers slightly, staring directly at her, with a chill at the corner of her eyes.

"Mrs. Langley, please mind your words."

Mrs. Langley slightly raised her chin, "Evan soon might ditch you, and you want my son as a fallback? Such a second-hand good like you won't hear any pleasant words from me."

Juliana suppressed her anger, saying, "Listen clearly: I have nothing to do with your son."

Mrs. Langley laughed, looking disbelieving, and pushed the check forward again.

"Take it. People like you who climb from the bottom are always trampled. Stop dreaming about my son. Get lost and stop making me annoyed when I see you."

Juliana took the check, glanced at the amount, suddenly let out a light laugh, and slowly, elegantly tore the check into pieces, showering it over Mrs. Langley's head.

Mrs. Langley flew into a rage, slammed the table, and called for the entourage outside.

"Come, drag this shrew outside and beat her, let everyone see the result of humiliating the Langley Family!"

However, after her words fell, the one who came in was Jared Langley.

"Miss Jacobs, what's going on?"

Jared had come immediately after receiving her call.

Juliana gave a cold smile, "Your mother thinks her son is worth ten million."

Jared immediately understood, saw the coffee stains on her clothes, and was full of apology, "Sorry, please leave; I'll formally apologize to you another day."

"No need for apologies. Please, President Langley, keep your distance from me in the future. This time, because she is your mother, I'll let it go."

Having said that, Juliana walked away.

"What a big mouth..."

Mrs. Langley wanted to grab her back but was stopped by her son.

"Mom, you don't understand her value. Juliana's new energy patent can help me gain a foothold in the board. Who instigated you to do this?" Jared asked.

Mrs. Langley, accustomed to respect, was so angry her chest heaved, unable to calm her emotions.

"I don't care; as long as that bitch dares step into the Langley Family, I'll chop her limbs and turn her into a human swine at the door of the Langley Family, letting everyone see the result of seducing Langley men!"

...

Juliana never expected to get entangled with Mrs. Langley.

In fact, with the experience of the Grant Family, she wished to avoid involvement with either Mrs. Langley or Adrian Langley and keep her distance from the entire Langley Family.

However, Mrs. Young still needed Adrian Langley's help for care.

Just as she was about to call and ask Mrs. Young about her situation, Adrian Langley's call came first.

"Juliana, I might be followed. We need to relocate Mrs. Young immediately."

Juliana tightened her fingers, "Who's following?"

"I'm not sure of the other's identity."

"Can we relocate now? George Grant is looking for her, Evan Grant is also looking for her. Where can we hide her?"

The other end of the call was silent.

"How is Mrs. Young's health?" she asked.

"Old Hughes said it's not the optimal state, but barely reaching the surgery standard."

Juliana pondered for two seconds, "Take her to the north gate of Zornfall Amusement Park, then leave immediately."

Adrian Langley knew she intended to take Mrs. Young to Arlan City immediately.

But he hesitated over the phone.

"Juliana, think it through. You and Evan Grant are not divorced yet. Handing Mrs. Young to him might leave room for negotiation between you. But if you insist on taking her for an abortion, Evan Grant will lose leverage against George Grant. Without this bloodline, how many lives do you have to endure the wrath of these two wolves?"

Chapter 109: Juliana Jacobs Is in Danger

"It was I who exposed Mrs. Young to danger, I cannot ignore her."

Juliana was about to hang up the phone after speaking.

Adrian Langley immediately said, "Let me accompany you to send her to Arlan City, just in case there's anything, I can lend a hand."

"Adrian Langley," Juliana's voice was cold and solemn, "Four years ago you faked your death without a word, leaving Grandpa and Auntie Linton with me. Grandpa was hanging by a thread, and Auntie nearly resorted to something even more desperate..."

Her voice choked for a moment.

"It was so hard, but I helped them through it. If your presence only causes more trouble for them, then we might as well cut off all contact."

The receiver was left in silence.

...

Half an hour later, at the north gate of Zornfall Amusement Park.

Mrs. Young got out of Adrian Langley's car, and within two minutes, she had boarded Juliana's car.

The quickest way out of town was to get on the overpass.

Just as Juliana was about to steer the car onto the ramp, two cars suddenly appeared on either side, pinning her in.

The rear window of the car on the left rolled down, revealing George Grant's face.

He shouted at them, "Willow, I want this child! Juliana, you put her down for me!"

Mrs. Young instantly tensed up, her fingers clenching the seatbelt tightly.

"Madam... I don't want to go with him... I don't want this child..."

Juliana ignored George Grant who was shouting at the top of his lungs, calmly said, "Take care of your body, make sure you can maintain the indicators necessary for surgery, leave shaking him off to me."

Mrs. Young took several deep breaths to calm herself.

Missing the first opportunity to get onto the overpass, Juliana hit the gas pedal, breaking away from the vehicles on either side, heading towards the nearest commercial plaza.

At the parking lot of the mall, Juliana slowly drove into the multi-story parking garage.

This parking lot was built according to the terrain, with a little-known emergency exit hidden on the third floor...

Minutes later, George Grant's car screeched to a halt near the parking lot entrance, a few subordinates searched in vain and returned, looking dejected.

One anxiously reported, "Master George, it turns out there's a hidden exit on the third floor of the parking lot, the tracker was placed on Third Young Master Langley's car, now we can't track their whereabouts at all, what should we do?"

George Grant cursed under his breath, picked up his phone, and dialed a number.

"We lost them, no tracker on the car, find a way to locate them immediately, hurry!"

On the other end of the phone came a sneering laugh, "No wonder Grandma didn't give the heir position of the Grant Family to you but to Evan Grant, can't even catch two women, what else can you do?"

...

Juliana's car smoothly entered the overpass, as the distance to the city exit toll booth got closer, the surrounding traffic became sparser.

Mrs. Young finally breathed a sigh of relief, but Juliana was still gripping the steering wheel tightly.

"We should be able to leave the city smoothly, right?" Mrs. Young said.

Just as Juliana was about to answer, three modified off-road vehicles suddenly appeared in the rear-view mirror.

They swerved through the traffic like sharks smelling blood, heading straight for her car.

"Hold on tight!"

Juliana pressed the gas pedal hard, the car shot forward like an arrow off the string.

However, in just a few minutes, the three off-road vehicles formed a pincer formation and surrounded them.

Especially the one on the left, the round hole on the car window slowly opened, and a dark firing nozzle emerged!

Juliana's pupils constricted, she stepped harder on the gas pedal.

"Are they... planning to silence us?" Mrs. Young asked shakily.

Juliana's heart was racing, but she became even more composed.

"Yes, they want to silence us, but the ones chasing us now might not necessarily be George Grant's men."

Just as she finished speaking, there was a "bang."

A steel ball hit the windshield and was bounced away.

When Juliana bought this car, she upgraded it with top-level bulletproofing, costing three times the car's price.

"Just sit tight, keep your mood steady, don't let anything go wrong with your body."

The opponent fired two more shots in disbelief, confirmed it had no effect, so they angled to use the car's front to ram them.

Juliana sharply turned the steering wheel, the opponent's car front scraped against their car rear, sparking a trail.

Mrs. Young had never seen such a scene, more frightened than ever, urgently asked, "Is there anything I can do?"

Juliana kept her eyes ahead, gritting her teeth, "Pray for us."

At this time, several Range Rovers rushed in from another ramp entrance.

One of them directly rammed the off-road vehicle that was about to bump into their car's rear, sending it flying.

The off-road vehicles on both sides sensed danger and immediately slowed down to engage with the new threat.

Thus, Juliana's car successfully escaped the danger.

However, just as their car was about to enter the ETC lane, a staff member with an armband signaled her to pull over.

At the empty lot next to the toll station, the car had just come to a stop when several bodyguards surrounded the front.

In the reflection of the car window, Evan Grant's tall figure moved closer.

"Madam, President Grant... he..."

Mrs. Young wasn't naïve, knowing that if Evan Grant took them away, there was an 80% chance this child would have to stay.

She frantically grabbed Juliana's arm.

Juliana's summer dress was already soaked with sweat, she patted Mrs. Young's hand, signaling her not to panic, then lowered the car window.

Evan Grant propped himself on the window ledge with one hand, his gaze sweeping past the passenger seat, finally landing on Juliana's face.

"Honey, such nice weather today, where are you planning to take Mrs. Young for a ride?"

Juliana turned her head to meet his eyes, frost in her eyes, "You can marry Yvonne Quinn, why must you use Mrs. Young as a bargaining chip?"

Evan Grant pressed his lips, pulling the door handle, "Get out, let's talk."

But Juliana sat steadily in the car, showing no intention of unlocking and getting out.

Just then, several off-road vehicles sped towards them from behind, forming a fan-shaped formation surrounding them, unmistakably the same models that had been chasing them earlier.

One of the car doors opened, and Isaac Grant stepped out.

This was the first time Juliana had seen this brother-in-law.

Completely opposite from the tall and handsome Evan Grant.

Evan Grant was blessed by heaven, inheriting the best genes of the Grant Family in both looks and physique.

Whereas Isaac Grant seemed like a defective product abandoned by fate.

With sickly pale skin wrapped around a small, thin frame, he looked like a skeleton covered in a human skin. Most unsettling were the web-like network of dark purple veins protruding at his neck and those abnormal eyes sunk deep in their sockets.

"Yo, brother, free today?"

Isaac's smile appeared particularly sinister under the sunlight.

Evan Grant looked at him, his expression unreadable, "Why..."

...

...

> It's not present in the current text, so you need to add it yourself.

`p> are you putting them to death?"

Isaac raised his lips, "After all these years, I still don't like listening to you."

Evan Grant no longer wanted Juliana to get out of the car, instead, he leaned against her door, watching Isaac.

"Smuggling back, causing such a commotion, these years have really taught you something."

Isaac, upon hearing this, suddenly flew into a rage, "We can settle the accounts from that year, all together today."

Evan Grant had brought bodyguards, but not many, and the main force that intercepted the three cars hadn't returned yet.

Just as Isaac was about to give an order, George Grant's car arrived.

Seeing the brothers at loggerheads, he hurriedly got out of the car.

"Isaac," his voice trembled slightly, "I asked you to help find her, not to kill her, Willow's child is your sibling."

Isaac said nonchalantly, "I think it's enough for father to leave me as his bloodline, too many offspring will turn into a curse, just like now."

George Grant was furious, "I gave up your brother, fully supported you, why can't you let Willow's child stay? With my teaching, he will never threaten you."

"Absolutely not?" Isaac laughed, "Are you fit to be a father? How I survived seems unrelated to you!"

George Grant staggered back a few steps, speechless.

Isaac's eyes flashed with cold light, "Since you're here, let's settle this once and for all. What good are wills when I'm the sole bloodline of the Grant Family, everything can only be mine."

Just as he finished speaking, there was a "bang."

A steel ball came hurtling through the air, heading straight for Juliana in the driver's seat.

Chapter 110: Elias Langley Arrives

Evan was right by the door, and the moment the gunshot rang out, he instinctively stepped towards the window.

From Juliana's angle, she could only see his body jolt.

The scene instantly descended into chaos.

Evan turned his head and shouted, "Ethan!"

From a distance, Ethan understood and dove into the nearest car.

Evan supported himself against Juliana's car door, steadied himself, and took a deep breath.

"Go with Ethan; he'll take you to a safe place. Roll up the window."

He finished speaking, not giving Juliana a chance to ask anything. He turned his back on her, revealing a fierce smile to Isaac.

Mrs. Young was already panicking, "Madam, it looks like President Grant is hurt. What should we do?"

Juliana didn't respond, her eyes red as she gripped the steering wheel and slammed on the accelerator.

The car roared as it sped out of the toll station.

In the rearview mirror, Evan's figure grew smaller, yet he stood tall, covering their retreat.

...

The car drove onto the mountain road.

Finally, it pulled into a secluded mansion and stopped.

Ethan stood by the car, respectfully saying, "Madam, Mrs. Young, you can rest here first."

Juliana got out of the car but said, "But we have to go to Arlan City. Mrs. Young already has a surgery appointment."

Ethan was surprised, "Madam, at this time, are you still insisting on that?"

Juliana didn't want to argue philosophy with an assistant; she looked elsewhere, "What's the situation over there?"

"I still haven't gotten in touch with President Grant, but Madam... if you had handed over Mrs. Young to President Grant earlier, this pursuit wouldn't have happened."

Mrs. Young came around from the front of the car, still in shock, her face yet to regain color.

"Madam, I'm sorry for bringing trouble to you."

Juliana squeezed her arm in consolation, "It's not your fault. It's the Grants who are abnormal."

Hearing this, Ethan twitched his lips.

Juliana then looked at Ethan and coldly asked, "When can we leave here?"

Ethan lowered his head, "The rooms are already prepared for you here. We'll have to wait until President Grant returns to discuss anything else."

Juliana understood that they were being held captive.

Ethan added meaningfully, "Actually, even if you didn't come with me, you couldn't have entered Arlan City. You would still be forcibly brought here. President Grant's actions always leave no room for error."

In such urgent circumstances earlier, Juliana decisively chose Evan.

Because at least falling into his hands, her life wasn't in danger, and she could still negotiate with him.

Thinking of this, Juliana suddenly laughed softly, "Mrs. Young isn't well. Take good care of her."

...

There were guards in the mansion, but they stayed out of sight.

Juliana glanced around, noticing that the main gate was the only exit.

This time, Evan wasn't at all afraid of her escaping; he didn't even confiscate her phone, because he knew that with Mrs. Young's health condition, she wouldn't dare act recklessly.

Just as Juliana settled into the room, her phone rang with a call from Adrian Langley.

"I heard about the incident near the northern outskirts toll station, but the news was quickly suppressed. Was it you..."

"Your car is being watched," Juliana interrupted him.

There was a moment of silence on the other end, "Sorry, I messed up again."

Juliana didn't blame him at all, because he had always been like this.

Aidan Linton was actually mediocre, but he yearned for an extraordinary life.

"Your birthday is in a few days; Grandpa will go to your grave," he said.

"Juliana, I..."

Juliana interrupted him again, "If you can't come back, just live well. It's also a way to explain to Grandpa."

With that, Juliana hung up and blocked his number.

Adrian's throat felt weighted with lead, making even breathing difficult.

As night began to fall, the intricate wrought iron gates of the Langley Family slowly opened.

A Hongqi L5 smoothly drove towards the parking lot.

It passed by Adrian without stopping.

Adrian hurriedly rushed to block the car.

The driver made an emergency stop, startled.

Quinn Shepherd lowered the front passenger window and stuck his head out, "Young Master, this is very dangerous."

Adrian walked to the window and looked at the silent man in the back seat.

"At the toll station shootout this afternoon, my friend... she seemed to be involved. Can you ask Uncle to help find out where she is?"

Quinn raised an eyebrow and turned to the back seat...

Juliana waited until late at night when the mansion finally became noisy.

She guessed it must be Evan returning.

Sure enough, not long after, Ethan came to call her.

In the study, Evan had his arm bandaged and was taking medicine.

Juliana approached, her eyes lingering on his arm for two seconds before asking, "When can I take Mrs. Young and leave?"

Evan paused his action of drinking water, then slowly set down the cup.

"You're not even gonna ask how I am?"

Juliana averted her gaze, "You're not dead anyway."

Evan laughed in exasperation at her words.

Ethan stepped forward and said, "President Grant just returned from the hospital. The bullet hit the spot injured during the last car accident. It's quite serious. If not carefully treated, it might affect future mobility. But thinking that you're here, President Grant refused the doctor's recommendation to be hospitalized and rushed back."

Juliana looked at Ethan, a smile not reaching her eyes, "Assistant Carter has a great way with words, but it can't influence someone who's been hurt repeatedly."

Ethan's eyelid twitched as he looked at Evan.

Evan signaled him to leave, then got up and walked towards Juliana.

Juliana resisted his approach, stepping back a couple of steps. Evan paused.

"Juliana," there was an undercurrent of pain in his eyes, "am I worth less to you than Mrs. Young?"

Juliana's gaze sharpened, "So, making me sign the divorce agreement, withdrawing the lawsuit, it was all a delaying tactic? You lied to me?"

Evan, uncharacteristically, lost his confidence for half a second, then smiled and said, "The trust I set up for you is real. I'm not lying. I just wanted to see if there's still room for us to maneuver."

Juliana gave a chilly laugh, "Then why not ask me directly? I would have told you without reservation: no, love is no longer there. Put away your deep emotions, save it for your sister's next shield."

"Juliana," Evan looked down at the blood seeping through the bandage, "if it weren't for the feelings I have for you, do you think you could repeatedly test my limits? Today at the toll station, I could have taken Mrs. Young and left you to your fate..."

Juliana replied mockingly, "So, do you want me to kneel and thank President Grant for his mercy?"

The suffocating silence spread in the gunpowder-filled air.

At this point, Ethan knocked urgently on the door.

"President Grant, someone from the Langley Family is here."

Evan and Juliana both frowned.

Ethan said quietly, "It's the one who's been in Kingsford long-term. We didn't dare stop him at the gate, so we brought him into the courtyard."

Juliana's pupils constricted: Elias Langley was here too!

"Mrs. Young is no longer here."

Evan saw through her thoughts, leaving these words as he left, his stride bringing a gust of wind.