

Stop Panicking! Miss Jacobs will Not Look Back!

Chapter 11: Chapter 11: That Person Couldn't Hold Back Anymore

"Juliana, you understand what your grandmother means, don't you?"

Evan Grant was reminding her not to anger Old Mrs. Grant.

"I don't want to get involved in the Grant Family's matters."

Not being allowed to mention divorce, Juliana was furious and turned to leave.

Evan Grant caught up with her, but Juliana pushed him away.

He simply hoisted her onto his shoulder.

"This..." George Grant, holding Lily Windsor, couldn't bear to watch, "Mom, Juliana is getting more and more unreasonable."

Old Mrs. Grant retorted, "Think about yourself first. The face of the Grant Family has been completely thrown away by you."

George: "..."

Juliana was brought back to Platinum Bay.

The moment the car stopped, Evan Grant's phone rang.

It wasn't the special ringtone, but it was still a call from Aldoria.

Juliana ignored him and got out of the car.

Mrs. Young saw her come in and quickly approached.

"Madam, there were too many of them at the time. I couldn't stop them, so I had to call President Grant. Are you okay?"

As a fellow woman, thinking about being dragged out of bed by strangers brought tears to her eyes.

"I'm fine."

Dark circles shadowed Juliana's eyes, but her back remained straight.

"Mrs. Young, could you please move all my things to my study?"

At that moment, Evan Grant finished his call and walked in.

"Mrs. Young, you can go now."

Mrs. Young hesitated for a moment, then lowered her head and went to the kitchen.

Juliana closed her eyes, preparing to pack her things herself.

Evan Grant trapped her in his arms.

Juliana disliked his touch, pushing him several times but unable to break free.

His warm breath brushed her earlobe, and his voice was mellifluous.

"It's already been settled; Mrs. Grant's face is restored, still angry?"

His tone made it seem like he merely resolved a child's quarrel.

Juliana gritted her teeth and said, "I'd like to castrate you, so you'd better watch out."

Evan Grant laughed while holding her, "Grandma gave you a knife back then, but you couldn't do it."

Recalling this, Juliana was filled with regret.

If she'd known things would be like this, she should have "snipped" him that day.

Seeing her silent, Evan Grant held her hand from her arm and seriously said, "Let's not quarrel anymore. I promise nothing like this will happen again."

As long as he still cared for Stella Grant, Lily Windsor would always have a sharp edge against her; his words seemed like he was coaxing a child.

Juliana felt powerless, "President Grant, I can't play your games. Please let me go."

Evan Grant's eyes turned icy.

Juliana tried several times but still couldn't break free from him.

The coldness in Evan Grant's eyes slowly faded, replaced by a faint smile.

"Sweetheart, the best-hearted surgeon in Harlan is coming to Kenton for a forum these days. Do you want to ask him to take a look at your grandfather?"

Juliana was startled.

Her grandfather was a relative without blood relation but had been kind to her; Evan Grant was using an old man's life to threaten her.

Seeing her reaction, Evan Grant's smile deepened.

"Any thoughts of separation are unwise. Juliana, after the fourth-anniversary celebration, let's go on a trip and make up for the honeymoon we owe. By the way..."

He whispered in her ear.

"...Let's try for a child."

With a child, he had an additional leverage to control her.

A cold gleam flashed in Juliana's eyes.

"Evan Grant, I've never harmed anyone around you, and my tolerance isn't out of cowardice. If anyone dares to harm my benefactor, I'll retaliate tit-for-tat."

Evan Grant's lips curled into a thin smile, thoughtfully commenting, "Tit-for-tat? Hmm, my wife has grown a backbone."

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She was furious, so Evan Grant decided to let things cool down, planning to coax her slowly once her anger subsided.

So, that night, they slept in separate rooms.

Only it was Evan Grant who moved to the study.

The next morning, Evan Grant descended the stairs in an elegant suit.

A born model, exuding grace effortlessly.

Mrs. Young brought breakfast.

"Is madam up?" he asked.

"Not yet. Shall I call her?"

"No need, let her sleep."

President Grant at least showed some conscience.

"Madam hasn't been looking well. Should President Grant find an old Chinese doctor to check on her?"

Evan Grant paused, "I understand."

Mrs. Young served him porridge, and Evan Grant frowned at its dark appearance, even smelling something fishy.

"What is this?"

"Donkey whip, sea dog, and black rice porridge. Madam specifically instructed me to prepare it for you before she went to bed last night. She said... her exact words were..."

Mrs. Young hesitated.

"...You're working so hard, you need to nourish well."

Evan Grant was both amused and exasperated.

"Then prepare her a breakfast too."

After instructing Mrs. Young, Evan Grant didn't eat Juliana's "thoughtful" preparation. Instead, he took his car keys and left.

When Juliana woke up, it was already late morning.

Seeing her come down, Mrs. Young approached and said, "Madam, President Grant has already gone to the company. He didn't eat the breakfast you prepared for him."

Juliana showed no hint of regret, "It's fine. Missing one meal won't kill him."

Mrs. Young took out an envelope.

"Just as President Grant left, a courier arrived with this. It wasn't addressed to anyone but was sent to our address, so I signed for it."

Juliana glanced at the sender's address; it was from Aldoria.

Another trending topic, another mail—couldn't that person hold back?

Expressionless, she said, "Alright, I'll handle it."

"I'll go bring your breakfast. President Grant instructed that you shouldn't miss your Ejiao jujube these days."

When Evan treated her well, she felt warm; now, Juliana felt nothing inside.

"I'm not in confinement. His performance is over the top. Bring it to my study; I'll eat there."

"President Grant is concerned for you."

Mrs. Young assumed she was still angry with Evan, cheerfully heading to the kitchen.

Juliana turned and almost stumbled.

A slight pain in her abdomen, she pressed her hand on it.

It wasn't at the site of her injury; it was lower.

A thought flashed through her mind but was quickly dismissed.

She couldn't be miscarrying.

Last month, her cycle was delayed, and she had gone to the hospital for a check—she wasn't pregnant.

This month, having suffered such injuries and been in the sea, pregnancy was out of the question. It was likely just blood deficiency.

Abandoning that thought, she went to her study.

Opening the courier, she found a property ownership certificate.

Juliana quickly skimmed through it and found it was for a villa Evan Grant bought in Aldoria four years ago.

Anyone could guess who was living there now.

Just as she was about to put the infuriating document back, some receipts fell out.

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Cortexa Group meeting room.

Evan Grant was listening to a report on the power bottleneck of new energy helicopters.

His phone rang.

It was the special ringtone.

Evan Grant handed the meeting over to the vice president and went outside to answer.

Despite some urgency, Stella Grant's voice remained soft and sweet.

"The villa's butler just told me he accidentally included some receipts when he sent you the property certificate."

Evan Grant frowned, "Are they important?"

Stella paused for a few seconds, "They're my prenatal check-up records and miscarriage expense receipts from four years ago."