

## **Panicking 111**

Chapter 111: Following the Right Person Won't Leave Her Broken When She Reaches Shore  
In the courtyard.

Seeing Evan Grant come out, Quinn Shepherd opened the car door.

Elias Langley was still dressed in a well-fitted suit, exuding a calm authority.

His gaze fell on Juliana for two seconds before he looked distantly at Evan Grant.

"It's really hard to find President Grant, like a gopher with too many holes to locate."

Juliana pressed her lips, barely suppressing the curve at the corners.

Evan Grant flicked the barely-there dust on his shirt with his unbandaged hand.

"If Mr. Langley wants to see me, just give me a call. Why come all the way here yourself?"

Elias Langley gave a very faint smile, "I was entrusted by someone, so I had to come personally."

After speaking, he looked sharply at Juliana, "Will you come with me now? I don't believe in coercion."

The light in Juliana's eyes dimmed the moment Evan Grant placed his hand on her waist.

"Mr. Langley must have misunderstood," Evan Grant said, his fingers stroking her waist. "My wife is eager to stay by my side day and night to help me recover. Where's the force in that?"

Elias Langley sneered, "President Grant's new role as a spokesperson seems quite diligent."

Evan Grant looked at Juliana with a seemingly affectionate tone, "Juliana, tell him that our marital matters don't need outside concern. Hurry and speak up; once you're done, you can enjoy Mrs. Young's late-night snack."

Juliana's lowered hand, her nails dug a crescent into her palm.

"Mr. Langley," she struggled to make her voice sound normal, "I need to stay and finish some matters before I can leave."

Elias Langley studied her face, showing no emotion.

Juliana lacked the confidence to meet his gaze.

Evan Grant pulled her into his embrace and lifted his chin, "Did you hear that? Our relationship is strong. Tell your nephew not to think about my wife anymore. The waters of the Langley family are more difficult to navigate than the Grant family and are less suitable for her."

Elias Langley's smile didn't reach his eyes, yet he maintained his composure.

"Deep waters still have someone steering, and with the right person, she won't get hurt while finding her way ashore."

Hearing this, Juliana's eyelashes quivered.

Elias Langley got into the car and left. The smug curve at Evan Grant's lips slowly froze.

The villa's gate closed slowly.

Juliana forcefully shook off the hand on her waist and then turned to slap Evan Grant.

In an instant, everyone held their breath.

It wasn't the first time Juliana had struck him, but this time, fire flickered in Evan Grant's eyes.

"What? Are you upset because your beloved is disappointed?"

"Evan Grant!"

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

"If your beloved woman were pregnant with your child and used by Isaac Grant as leverage, how would you feel?"

"There's no possibility of that," Evan Grant replied with certainty.

Juliana stepped back a few steps, lifted her hem, and pulled down her waistband slightly.

She pointed to every scar on her waist and abdomen, "Here's from when you left me with that psychopath; here's from when I shielded your sister, leading to five days in ICU, and here, from when I fell into the sea..."

Evan Grant's pupils contracted sharply, his Adam's apple bobbed, yet no words came out.

"You choose not to see, so you treat it as if it never happened. In your self-deceiving fantasy, you're always my savior, but the reality is I must rely on myself to survive through life-threatening situations every time."

Juliana fought to control her nearly breaking emotions, pointed at him, and asked, "How many women do you intend to turn into your sacrifices?"

Evan Grant opened his mouth, his throat feeling as if a thousand-pound boulder crushed it, shattering any defense he had.

Juliana's lips formed a broken arc, hatred spilling through her teeth, "I'm glad you didn't keep our child back then because a father like you would only bring disaster."

Finished speaking, Juliana turned and went to her room.

Evan Grant staggered, almost unable to stand.

Ethan Carter quickly stepped forward to support him, "President Grant, you're still feverish..."

He hadn't realized the extent of his wife's injuries.

In that moment, he couldn't find words of comfort.

Evan Grant clutched his heart, staring red-eyed in the direction Juliana had left...

...

Simultaneously.

On the mountain road, the Hongqi L5 was steadily driving along the winding path.

Quinn Shepherd glanced in the rearview mirror several times, unable to help but wonder, "Is there really a breakdown in their relationship?"

Elias Langley massaged his temples, feeling a bit weary.

"Regardless of if there's a breakdown, there's one thing Evan said right; they are a couple."

Quinn Shepherd picked up on the meaning in his words, "Boss, with all due respect, even though we've found the wife's blood sample, there's been no substantial progress in the search. We should prepare for the worst. And you've only married the Sinclair family's eldest daughter's memorial tablet without a marriage certificate, legally you're still single. It's rare to meet someone like this that you fancy, why not employ some tactics..."

"Who said I fancy her?" Elias Langley interrupted him.

"Then you..." Quinn Shepherd began, but then understanding dawned on him and he smiled, "I get it."

Elias Langley opened the car window, letting the wind blow between his fingers, "Don't force anything... Maybe she despises me?"

...

Juliana sat forlornly in her room the entire night.

The next day, Ethan Carter knocked on her door, smiling.

"Madam, Mrs. Young has completed the abortion surgery and is currently stable."

Juliana thought she had misheard, "What did you say?"

Ethan Carter continued, "Once she recovers, President Grant will send her wherever she wants to go. Then you can see for yourself if he's deceiving you."

After a brief exhilaration, Juliana quickly calmed down.

"What's the trade-off?"

Ethan Carter smiled, "President Grant will discuss it with you personally."

Upon reaching the study door, Yvonne Quinn's voice could be heard.

"If you truly loved me, I wouldn't force you to divorce and marry me, but can't you see your current state and how she's been your doom?"

Juliana paused in her steps as Ethan Carter already opened the door.

"Madam, please go ahead."

Juliana knew they intended to embarrass her.

Inside, Stella Windsor was preparing to change Evan Grant's bandages.

And Yvonne Quinn, right next to Evan Grant.

Evan Grant was half-naked, revealing his muscular frame.

Seeing Juliana enter, he made a pause gesture.

"Come and learn; you'll be responsible for changing the bandages from now on."

Juliana stood motionless at the door, "If you die, I can be your widow and arrange your funeral, nothing more."

"Is that how you talk to your husband?" Yvonne Quinn stood up.

Juliana ignored her.

There was a chill in Evan Grant's eyes, "If you want to see Mrs. Young, come daily to change my bandages until I'm healed."

Juliana took a deep breath and walked in.

Stella Windsor, holding the gauze, chuckled, "Sister-in-law, stand beside me, the view is clearer here."

Juliana walked over, ready to bypass Yvonne Quinn.

Stella Windsor continued in a soft voice, "You have no idea, when I accompanied my brother to the hospital yesterday, I was terrified, luckily he's alright. I specially..."

Before she could finish, "Bang," at the sound.

A large bottle of iodine was knocked over onto Juliana's hand, and instinctively waving it off, even Evan Grant was affected.

Yvonne Quinn feigned surprise, "I didn't mean to knock over the iodine, but President Grant is too precious for his body to be tarnished by you, isn't he?"

Chapter 112: A Slap for You

Juliana's patience wasn't what it used to be; her lowered hand moved slightly.

"Is there anyone dirtier than the Eldest Miss Quinn in this world?"

"What are you saying!"

Yvonne stepped forward, intending to hit her.

Evan frowned and shouted, "Enough!"

Yvonne was taken aback, turned her gaze to him, and said aggrievedly, "She's insulting me."

Evan's tone was much calmer, "You both step out for a moment, I need to talk to her."

Yvonne was reluctant, but Stella softly said, "They're a couple, we're outsiders; let's let them talk."

She then looked at Evan, "Brother, should I help you with your shirt?"

Evan nodded.

Her fingers brushed over his shirt buttons, as if skimming the contour of his chest, but paused appropriately half an inch above the fabric, as if behaving properly.

Juliana felt nothing, averting her gaze.

Stella led Yvonne away, leaving only Evan and Juliana in the study.

"Is Mrs. Grant happy to see me like this?" Evan asked with a half-smile.

"What you look like has nothing to do with me. When do we handle the divorce formalities?"

Evan stood up, walking towards her with some difficulty.

Juliana intended to dodge, but he grabbed her by the waist, his other hand, bandaged, pinching her chin.

"You can flirt with Jared Langley, but I can't have someone take care of me?"

Her and Jared?

Such imagination.

But Juliana didn't plan to explain.

Suppressing the physical discomfort he caused her, she raised an eyebrow, "Since President Grant has found someone better, let's get divorced quickly."

Evan snorted, "That's not for you to decide."

Juliana's gaze sharpened, "You've found a new lover, why not divorce? Is it because Miss Quinn satisfies you so much that you can't bear to sacrifice her as a shield for your sister?"

Evan's grip tightened, his knuckles turning white.

Juliana gritted her teeth, refusing to utter a sound.

A moment later, Evan let go, smiling mockingly, "Don't provoke me. When I'm in a good mood, I'll naturally take you to the civil affairs office."

Juliana spat out three words through clenched teeth, "You're despicable!"

Afterwards, Juliana grabbed her car keys and left the disgusting place without delay.

As soon as she left, Yvonne rushed into the study.

"What does that woman have that makes you so reluctant to let go?"

Sitting in his chair, even though Evan was exhausted with a sore back, he looked at her calmly, "Make use of everything, understand?"

Yvonne smiled, turning to face him, kneeling.

"I can give you more than she ever could."

Evan also smiled, "But I haven't seen an ounce of sincerity from Miss Quinn."

Yvonne understood his implication, placing his hand on her chest, "You'll soon see my softness and honesty."

She then guided his hand further down.

Just then, the sound of medicine bottles clashing came from the doorway.

Stella stood there, looking somewhat flustered.

Evan swiftly withdrew his hand, acting as if nothing was amiss, "Come in and change the dressing."

Yvonne glared unhappily at Stella...

...

Juliana returned to work at Aetherflame Dynamics a day later.

Summer anxiously inquired about her well-being, "Your phone was unreachable yesterday, where did you go?"

Juliana replied, "Not in a good mood, turned off my phone and slept at home."

Summer sighed, "Human history has always been a survival of the fittest era, truly leaving no way out for ordinary people."

Juliana picked up on what she meant, "Is there trouble with the cash flow again?"

"Not exactly," Summer handed her a peeled apple, "With the confirmation of the partner for our new energy heavy truck battery business, keeping Aetherflame running normally isn't an issue. But for deeper research and development, we'll need more money. To grow Aetherflame bigger, we might need to seek financing."

Juliana considered this, nodding, "I trust your business acumen more than mine. Do what's best for the company."

"Then, about the heavy truck battery contract..." Summer leaned in closer, "Have you decided which company to sign with?"

Juliana hadn't expected her to entrust such an important decision to her.

"What's your suggestion..." she asked.

Summer pushed a document titled "Cryovault Titanium Group Company Profile" in front of her.

"Originally, the most suitable would be the heavy truck company under Cortexa Group, next to Titan Heavy Industries. But grudges die hard, so these two aren't considered. This company expanded overseas in recent years and only recently returned their business domestically."

Juliana nodded, "As long as you see potential, go ahead and talk to them."

Summer checked the time, "You should meet someone outside first."

"Who?" Juliana asked, puzzled.

Summer gestured toward the lobby, "Your Aidan, he came by yesterday afternoon but couldn't wait for you, so he's back today. You might want to give the Langley family a chance?"

Juliana quickly made her way to the reception.

Adrian Langley was seated in the reception area, flipping through a document.

The overhead light cast a glow over him: sharp features, neat short hair, and precise, focused eyes.

For a moment, Juliana was transported back in time—he was no longer Aidan Linton but a scion of the Langley family.

She regained her composure and sat on the single sofa opposite him.

Adrian stood up nervously upon seeing her, eyes scanning her intently, "I called you, only to find out you've blocked me. Are you hurt? Did he... force you?"

Juliana didn't give a direct answer; instead, she lowered her voice and questioned him back, "Aren't you afraid the Langleys will discover you never lost your memory?"

Adrian slumped back into the sofa, "If not to save my grandfather, you wouldn't have married Evan Grant. Your marriage makes me feel guilty."

"Aidan Linton is dead," Juliana said with emotionless calm as if discussing the weather, "Adrian Langley need not feel guilty."

Adrian leaned forward, agitated, "Evan Grant is stalling on the divorce on purpose, putting you in a tough spot. Juliana, don't waste your time with him, let me..."

He stopped mid-sentence, noticing Juliana's gaze harden as she focused on something.

Adrian followed her line of sight and his pupils constricted.

Stella stood there, smiling at Juliana, "Am I interrupting my sister-in-law's date?"

"I have my plans for the divorce, you should leave now."

Juliana left him behind and walked over.

Stella continued with a smile, "You've got skills, holding both Langley brothers in the palm of your hand."

The next second, slap!

A slap landed on Stella's face.

"Why did you hit me?" she asked in astonishment.

Juliana replied coldly, "Remember, this was a friendly slap. Come to Aetherflame again, and I'll have security feed you a mop from the bathroom."

Stella clutched her face, tugging at the corner of her lips, suppressing her anger, "The only reason I'm here is that my brother told me to teach you how to change the dressing, otherwise, I wouldn't bother."

Saying so, she tossed the medical kit at her.

"My brother hasn't changed his dressing yet, he's attending a private dinner hosted by Professor Quinn at the Rhine Garden Hotel tonight. He wants you to find him there."

A dinner party?

It sounds more like a trap.

A veil of inscrutable mist covered Juliana's eyes.

...

In the evening, Juliana donned something simple and carried the medical kit, arriving punctually at the hotel entrance.

Stella had been waiting for some time.

Seeing her approach, Stella lifted her chin and said, "Tonight's a special dinner for elites in the new energy R&D field. My brother said you wouldn't get in without an invitation, so he had me come to fetch you."

Juliana noticed the mockery in her words and responded with a faint smile, "Miss Windsor, are you trying to move up but ended up as a doorman instead?"

Stella's composed mask nearly cracked.

She gritted her teeth, "Don't be smug. Tonight's dinner, Yvonne Quinn invited your old classmates, remember those who always 'accidentally' knocked over your tray in the cafeteria?"

Pasts swept through her mind briefly.

Juliana's gaze instantly turned cold.

Seeing this, Stella smiled, "After you, sister-in-law."

On the third-floor glass corridor.

Quinn Shepherd was about to push open the private room door when out of the corner of his eye, he caught sight of a recognizable figure entering the lobby on the first floor.

He hesitated for a moment, then turned to look at the man beside him who was slowly adjusting his cufflinks, "Boss, you're really not going to intervene?"

Chapter 113: Placing the Quinn Family Father and Daughter on a Pedestal

"Who are you talking about?"

Elias Langley looked up at him, as if he really didn't know who he was asking about.

These two people probably aren't meant to be together.

Quinn Shepherd tugged at the corner of his mouth, smiling, "Sorry, I mistook you for someone else."

...

Quentin Quinn's private banquet was held at the hotel's glass dome hall.

Yvonne Quinn wore a white low-cut gown, holding Evan Grant's arm as they walked towards Quentin Quinn.

"The people here today, some are my dad's students, others are the top figures in the new energy research field. When they heard my dad was throwing this private banquet, everyone wracked their brains trying to get an invitation."

Yvonne said, proudly raising her head.

"After all, being noticed by my father means you're truly recognized as capable."

But Evan Grant just chuckled, not responding.

The smile on Yvonne's lips gradually faded.

The party was originally organized just for him, does he still think her sincerity is lacking?

"Dad, we're here."

Yvonne called towards her father's back.

Quentin Quinn was chatting with a few people and immediately turned to look at them, smiling, "Evan, come over here, let me introduce you."

He pointed at a young man standing at the front and said, "Ian Donovan is my most outstanding student, to him, the heavy truck battery released by Aetherflame is nothing at all."

Evan Grant focused his gaze on the other man, but Ian Donovan only gave a slight nod as a greeting.

Yvonne leaned close to Evan's ear and whispered, "He has a proud nature, only listens to my dad, no one else can poach him."

Her implication was clear to Evan.

He gave an inscrutable smile.

Just then, Stella Windsor walked over.

"Brother, she's here to change your bandage."

Saying so, she nodded towards the edge of the room.

Juliana Jacobs stood at the edge of the room, dressed plainly with a medical kit, standing out against the opulence around her.

Yvonne sneered and quickly said to her father and the others, "I have something to attend to with Evan, please excuse us."

In a nearby private room, she insisted on accompanying Evan for his bandage change.

Evan didn't refuse.

She became more daring, intentionally pulling her low-cut gown lower while helping him undress.

A toy often used by men almost entirely spilled out.

Evan didn't look at her chest but gave her cheek a squeeze with a smile, "Are you here to change my bandage, or do you have other intentions?"

"What do you think?"

Her face pressed against his arm, smiling with seductive eyes, while giving a sidelong glance at Juliana Jacobs who was packing the medical kit.

What does it matter if the legal wife is present? She intends to conquer ground inch by inch right in front of the original spouse, that's what makes it exciting.

However, Juliana didn't even raise her eyelids, "What time to change the bandage tomorrow?"

Evan turned his gaze to her, "Probably later than today."

Juliana snapped the kit shut, "Then let's talk about it another day."

Evan raised an eyebrow, "What's this attitude?"

Juliana responded emotionlessly, "I got disgusted, taking a few days off."

Yvonne exclaimed exaggeratedly, "Oh my, this is the most normal fun between a man and a woman, you find it repulsive, could you be frigid?"

Juliana raised an eyebrow, retorting, "Fun between a legitimate couple is one thing, what you're doing is degrading, or worse, just animal heat."

Yvonne fumed, "It's only because incompetent women can't become a mistress."

Juliana shrugged, "No one is vying for the 'halo' of being a mistress with you, enjoy wearing it."

With that, she turned and walked out.

Yvonne, unwilling to let it go, was about to chase her down but was pulled back by Evan.

"Why bother with someone like her?" he chuckled.

Yvonne's anger dissipated instantly, "You're so good, I'll bring Ryan Donovan to your company for a visit someday."

Evan gave an ambiguous smile.

The door opened, Yvonne leaned on Evan's arm, giving Stella Windsor outside the room a knowing glance, and Stella nodded slightly.

She led Juliana across the banquet venue, where several well-dressed men and women blocked Juliana's path.

"Oh, isn't this the genius girl from our class?" a woman in a red dress exaggeratedly covered her mouth, "The promising talent praised so highly by professors back then, how did she end up being a nurse?"

A man beside her sneered, "Didn't we hear that after graduation she climbed up the social ladder and ended up warming beds for rich people? No wonder she disappeared from our alumni records, seems she used her little talent in bed to please men."

They laughed uproariously.

These faces, Juliana remembered well.

Back in university, the Linton Family's finances were dire, so Juliana juggled work and study with great dedication, and with her talent, she quickly gained honors from several professors, participating in some project developments.

So these envious "red-eye disease" folks often "accidentally" overturned her meal when they encountered her in the cafeteria.

Because they knew Juliana was financially strapped and couldn't afford to buy another.

They loved watching her squatting to pick up the unstained food to eat.

Back then, Juliana was 1.67 meters tall but weighed less than 90 pounds, thanks to these people.

Juliana's eyes darkened slightly, but then quickly calmed down.

Finding these pieces of trash, Yvonne clearly put thought into today's drama.

At this moment, the woman in the red dress moved to Juliana, pinching her clothing with two fingers, exaggeratingly clicked her tongue, "Tsk tsk, you're wearing cheap clothes to a high-end place like this. Once so illustrious, yet now you're out of the wealthy family's favor and kicked out?"

Another burst of laughter, and someone suddenly raised their voice, "Look, the man beside Yvonne is so handsome."

The others immediately understood, pushing Juliana towards Yvonne and Evan.

"Yvonne, is this your boyfriend?" the woman in the red dress asked loudly.

Yvonne glanced at Evan, seeing he didn't deny it, she boldly neither nodded nor shook her head, taking it as consent.

The man next to her chimed in immediately, "What a perfect pair, a match made in heaven!"

The commotion attracted onlookers, even Quentin Quinn brought his old friends closer.

Juliana watched coldly, wondering who this humiliating show ultimately humiliated.

Before Yvonne's script could continue, the hotel manager, accompanied by two waiters, emerged from the crowd, walking straight to Evan Grant and bowing deeply to him.

"Upon learning of President Grant and Mrs. Grant's esteemed presence at our hotel, we have specially prepared two bottles of red wine to welcome you both."

Evan suddenly felt his brow twitch, a premonition of the situation getting out of control washed over him, just as he was about to speak to stop it...

"Oh my!" The woman in the red dress suddenly exclaimed, "Yvonne, you're married? To President Grant, of the Cortexa Group?"

Yvonne was momentarily stunned.

This unexpected turn, she hadn't thought of how to respond, but the manager was already offering a bottle of red wine.

Not to Evan, but to her.

"President Grant, this wine is robust, suitable for men to drink."

Even without explicit words, this action confirmed everyone's suspicions.

"So Yvonne is truly a prestigious lady of the upper class."

The woman in the red dress flattered Yvonne, then turned contemptuously to Juliana, "See? Only a well-bred and talented lady like Miss Quinn is fit to marry President Grant. You, at most, are just a rag tossed out by a wealthy family."

Amidst the laughter, Yvonne held the red wine, her face shy, her vanity reaching unprecedented satisfaction.

At this moment, Quentin Quinn's old friend loudly complimented, "Old Quinn taught his daughter well! When Yvonne was studying in Aldoria, she ignored countless suitors and focused on academics, publishing core papers, that's why she's worthy of President Grant. The Quinn Family's values are admirable."

Quentin Quinn smiled and nodded, he and his daughter basking in the most glorious moment of their lives under the admiration of others.

The manager felt the scene was ripe, and looked at Juliana.

Upon receiving confirmation, he smiled and picked up the other bottle of red wine...

#### Chapter 114: Make Your Brother a Widower in Three Days

"This bottle is fruit-flavored, perfect for ladies."

The manager said as he walked over to Juliana.

"Mrs. Grant, please accept it with a smile."

The manager's voice fell, causing an uproar among the crowd.

A woman in a dress couldn't believe it, "You must be mistaken, isn't Mrs. Grant right here?"

She pointed at Yvonne.

The manager handed the wine to Juliana, looking at her disdainfully, "Where did you crawl out from? I deal with dignitaries and nobility every day, how could I be mistaken?"

"Mrs. Grant is this lady, and as for little Yvonne..." Quentin Quinn's old friend suddenly felt he couldn't process it.

Juliana smiled faintly, "Mistress, understand? If not, how about 'the other woman'?"

All at once, except for the ruffraff Yvonne brought, everyone's gaze towards her shifted.

One guy still refused to give up, "What proof do you have that you're Mrs. Grant?"

Juliana sneered and looked at Evan, "Why don't you tell them who I am?"

Evan's face turned incredibly dark, "Enough, this farce ends now."

He was just about to walk away when Juliana slammed a medicine box at his feet with a "bang."

"You're waving flags everywhere, and you think you can just call it quits when you want to!"

Everyone present was taken aback.

No one needed more proof now.

Who else would dare throw things in Evan Grant's presence, if not Mrs. Grant?

Evan held back his anger, giving her a warning look.

But Juliana said, "Evan Grant, I don't want you or this filthy marriage anymore. Hurry to the civil affairs office for a divorce certificate, stop shamelessly delaying it!"

Then she turned to the riffraff Yvonne brought along.

"Back when you bullied poor students in the cafeteria, now you've put on tech company uniforms and dare to call yourselves elites? Upper class, did your boss let you drink foot champagne?"

Their mouths seemed sealed with cement; they couldn't open them.

Meanwhile, Quentin Quinn and his daughter fell from high heavens into the mud, quite dazed.

Juliana, after throwing her verbal punches, turned back, taking advantage of Yvonne's unguarded moment, and slapped her.

Unable to keep her balance, Yvonne staggered back into her father's arms.

"What gives you the right to hit people?" Quentin Quinn struggled to keep his composure.

"I'm still the legitimate wife, can't I hit her? Your daughter and Stella Windsor studied in Aldoria to become mistresses, didn't they? The Eldest Miss Quinn is infatuated with being a mistress; your Quinn family's fine traditions certainly run in the blood."

Quentin Quinn's lips trembled, speechless.

A naive bystander whispered, "That's enough talk, don't..."

Juliana turned her gaze to the person, "You're so kind-hearted, I wish every teacher you meet is named Quentin Quinn, every affair you encounter is named Yvonne, and every man you marry is named Evan, Grant!"

The person, "..."

The three people involved, "....."

Juliana's outburst left the Quinn father and daughter completely disgraced.

Back in the private room, Yvonne grabbed a wine glass and slammed it against the wall, wishing she could strangle that woman.

Stella wanted to use her anger to her advantage and quickly calmed her, "Don't fall for it, we..."

Slap!

Yvonne interrupted her words with a slap.

"You liar, didn't you say you knew your brother inside out, that I would surely win him over? I lost face because of you. If you don't do something to make me happy, I'll tell your brother what you did in Aldoria!"

Stella was startled, "Yvonne, I sincerely wish you to be my sister-in-law."

A flicker of cunning crossed Yvonne's eyes; she reached out to grab Stella by the throat.

"Stella, if you dared to find me, you'd better clear the way for me. Make sure your brother becomes a widower in three days, or face the consequences yourself!"

Stella stood frozen.

She never imagined she'd invite a wolf in, failing to bring down Juliana, only to be bitten first.

...

Juliana not only refused to change Evan's medicine today; she wouldn't go tomorrow or the day after.

She was incredibly busy.

Old Man Linton was going to pay respects at Aidan Linton's grave and wanted to stay in his hometown for a few days. But the old house had long been demolished, so she had no choice but to rent a farmhouse nearby, personally overseeing its cleaning inside and out.

She returned to Celestial Vista quite late.

Rosalind Linton was still awake. She had sprained her ankle and couldn't go, so she was folding clothes for the old man.

Seeing Juliana enter, she paused her actions.

"You'll spend the next few days in the countryside with the old man, pay close attention to his mental state."

Juliana sat across from her, "How's Grandpa?"

Rosalind said, "He has been preoccupied with something for many days now, but when I ask him, he won't say. Today, while sunning himself downstairs, a woman spoke with him briefly, and when he returned, he was even more downcast."

"Do you know who that person was?" Juliana asked.

Rosalind glanced at her own foot, "I tried to catch up but couldn't see clearly and ended up spraining my ankle."

Juliana furrowed her brows.

...

In the morning, Juliana returned carrying fruit, and the old man was already up, sipping his morning tea.

"Grandpa, which offerings and candles should I buy?"

The old man waved his hand, "No need, he might...not receive them."

Juliana hesitated, seeing the calm gaze in the old man's eyes, she swallowed her doubts.

Then they set off for the Linton Family cemetery.

The old man looked at Aidan Linton's tombstone, his withered hand repeatedly caressing Aidan's photo, occasionally telling Juliana that a cenotaph couldn't bring back Aidan's spirit and wanted to dismantle it. Then he'd remark that he was muddled and couldn't make sense of things, causing Juliana to worry about his mental state.

At noon, the old man personally made sweet potato rice and grilled a plate of peppers.

Juliana's thoughts instantly returned to when she first arrived at the Linton home.

During the time when the Linton Family had just adopted her, the conditions at home were so poor that even the daily rice consumption was rationed.

With another mouth to feed, her grandpa went to other people's harvested fields to collect unwanted sweet potatoes and potatoes, mixing them into the meals so that everyone could eat to their fill.

Juliana didn't know if she had a happy family before she was thirteen, but in the half-year she spent in memory-laden wanderings, she slept near garbage cans daily. During thunder and rain, she could only run to the streets for shelter.

But under the storefront awnings, there were always people who found her dirty and drove her away like a stray dog. When that happened, she'd just have to wrap her shivering body and keep walking in the rain until she reached shelter or it stopped raining.

There was no medicine for colds and fevers; she got through them on her own, time and again.

Later, Aidan Linton brought her home, and the Linton Family gave her the warmth she desperately longed for.

Even to this day, her ties to the Linton Family run deep, hard to sever.

"It still tastes the same. Grandpa's cooking is delicious," Juliana smiled, taking a bite of the pepper.

"If you like it, eat more. Grandpa's old now; I don't know how many more times I can cook for you all."

"Us?"

Seeing Juliana's surprise, Grandpa chuckled, "My mind is muddled; I always feel Aidan is still here."

A sense of sorrow welled up inside Juliana.

She dearly wanted to tell the old man that Aidan was alive, but doing so might bring danger to Adrian Langley, something the old man couldn't bear to see either.

She swallowed back her words.

"Girl, after lunch, head to Uncle Chang's fish pond to buy two fish. Aidan loved their fish without the muddy taste; I'll make it for him again."

Juliana choked up, and could only reply with a quiet "okay."

In the afternoon, after the old man instructed Juliana on the path to Uncle Chang's fish pond, he sat at the stone steps by the farmhouse, watching her leave.

Not long after, a few people arrived.

A man with three scars on the back of his hand placed it on the old man's shoulder, staring into his eyes, "Old man, where's Juliana?"

The old man met his gaze with cloudy eyes, took a few seconds to react, then pointed towards the village entrance, speaking feebly, "She just left, went home to get me medicine."

"Big brother," complained a tattooed man, "that woman didn't give us timely information. I said we shouldn't trust her, and you're still hiding it from Isaac..."

"Shut up, hurry and chase."

The man forcibly squeezed the old man's shoulder and left with his people.

After a few steps, he stopped again, slowly turning around, casting a sinister gaze on the hunched figure of the old man.

The next moment, he abruptly walked back, raised his foot, and kicked towards the old man...

Chapter 115: Elias Langley Pulls Her Back Again

Uncle Chang's fish pond was quite large, with several thatched pavilions around it.

The scorching sun blazed, and a few fishing guests sat sparsely in the pavilions.

Juliana Jacobs glanced around and headed straight for the small wooden hut where shadows flickered by the shore.

"Uncle Chang, I'd like to buy two silver carp."

A man in his fifties wearing a gray cotton shirt paused his work and asked with a smile, "How heavy do you want them?"

Juliana thought for a moment, "Seven or eight pounds each."

Uncle Chang was surprised, "How many people are eating?"

Juliana replied, "Two."

Uncle Chang said, "One fish is enough."

Juliana insisted, "Just sell them to me; I love fish, and one isn't enough."

"Girl, you've got a bigger appetite than a cat."

Uncle Chang chuckled as he fetched two silver carps weighing over seven pounds each from the net by the pond.

Just as Juliana was about to pay, a fish dart suddenly grazed her shoulder and plunged into the fish Uncle Chang was holding up.

Startled, Juliana turned back to see a man with a tiger tattoo on his forehead in a pavilion twenty meters away, abandoning his fish shooter and charging toward her.

Realizing the danger, Juliana took off running.

The sound of the man's urgent chase and calls followed behind her.

"Hurry, she's here!"

Just seconds after the shout, a cold breeze brushed the back of her neck.

Instinctively, Juliana ducked and rolled sideways as the knife sliced through the tips of her hair.

She tumbled into the reeds nearby.

"You've always gotten away from Brother Cut, but today you won't."

The tattoo-faced man jumped into the reeds after her, stabbing at her again with his knife before she could get up.

Unable to dodge in time, Juliana instinctively closed her eyes.

Just then, there was a dull "bang," and the tattoo-faced man crashed heavily onto the stone slab of the ridge.

She opened her eyes, not fully comprehending what had happened, as a large, well-defined hand quickly pulled her up.

Soon, a tall figure shielded her protectively.

Elias Langley looked icily at the man rising from his fall, and asked in a deep voice, "Who hired you?"

"Your mom!"

The tattoo-faced man lunged at Elias Langley again.

"Such foul language, let's wash it with blood."

Elias Langley swung a punch, dislocating his face.

The tattoo-faced man collapsed to the ground and couldn't get up.

Just as Elias Langley was about to tie him up, a black block, sparking with fire, suddenly fell in front of them.

Juliana smelled the acrid scent in the air and immediately realized what it was.

She shouted, "It's going to explode," just as Elias Langley grabbed her waist; the two tumbled deeper into the reeds.

A brilliant flash erupted with a "boom," dazzlingly bright.

Smoke billowed everywhere as several dark figures closed in.

Elias Langley pulled Juliana back, but a hand seized her shoulder.

Juliana turned her head to see three menacing scars on the attacker's back.

She gasped, while Elias Langley spun around, landing an elbow strike on the assailant's throat and pulled Juliana back again.

Just then, someone's phone began to ring.

Elias Langley ran with Juliana until there were no more footsteps behind them, then stopped.

Smoke slowly dissipated among the reeds, and those people had vanished, leaving only scorched patches of grass and chaotic traces, making the life-and-death struggle just a sunlit illusion.

Elias Langley cautiously surveyed the surroundings before saying, "They're gone."

Seeing Juliana frozen, he pinched her arm, "Are you stunned?"

"Those are the same batteries," Juliana said through gritted teeth, "I remember the scar on his hand. Even if he burns to ashes, I'd recognize him."

Elias Langley's eyebrows lifted slightly.

"Boss!"

Quinn Shepherd caught up, seeing Elias Langley's jacket covered in dirt and weeds, instantly understanding what had happened.

"Are you alright? We came here to fish, and we didn't even bring equipment, yet we encountered this..."

Before he finished the sentence, Elias Langley's gaze silenced him.

"There was a lot of commotion, and some villagers called the police," Quinn Shepherd said.

"They were after me...my grandfather..."

Juliana snapped back, racing towards the farmhouse she was renting.

"You handle it here," Elias Langley said, chasing after Juliana.

Just as he reached the slope, Juliana's legs suddenly became heavy, as if filled with lead.

The old man lay crosswise at the bottom step, his body awkwardly bent at a ninety-degree angle. His aged face was buried in the dust, with his twisted arm still in a grasping stance, and between his fingers were a few broken stalks of dry grass.

"Grandpa!"

Juliana's knees seemed to have lost their strength, and she sank down heavily.

Her chest felt pierced by a nail, making it hard to breathe, and every inhale tugged painfully at her heart.

Five or six meters away, she crawled to the old man on her knees.

She was about to touch him when Elias Langley caught her hand.

The man was very calm, "Wait for the doctor before moving him."

Juliana's eyes reddened as she clung to his arm, pleading, "Please, you must save him, I beg you."

Elias Langley crouched down, checking the old man's breath. He had a bad feeling but didn't show it. Instead, he supported Juliana, who was on the verge of collapse, "The ambulance will be here soon; you must hold on."

...

Soon, Old Man Linton was rushed to the hospital, where he underwent over 7 hours of resuscitation.

"The patient is elderly and seriously injured. We've done our best," the doctor said.

Rosalind Linton burst into tears.

"Doctor, no matter the cost, please try to save him."

The doctor glanced at Elias Langley, and reluctantly said, "All the best doctors in the hospital have done their best. The old man had a heart condition, and there's no medicine left to control his heart failure, plus his spine is already broken... He's conscious now; the family should say their goodbyes while there's time."

Without saying a word, Juliana Jacobs pushed past Rosalind Linton and rushed into the ward.

"Ms. Linton," Quinn Shepherd handed her a tissue, "If nothing else can be done, let him leave in peace."

Rosalind Linton paused for a moment, took the tissue, dried her tears, and nodded.

Calming down, she entered the ward.

Quinn Shepherd returned to Elias Langley's side, speaking quietly, "Those people are vicious; initial analysis shows the old man was kicked down the steps by them. The police arrived after they escaped, but a bloodied tooth was found in the reeds. We can only hope for DNA to identify them. I've handled everything else; you won't be implicated."

Elias Langley's face was grave as he silently stared at the closed door.

In the ward, Juliana slowly walked to the old man's side.

The old man opened his eyes upon hearing her footsteps.

With a thud, she knelt beside the bed.

"I'm sorry, Grandpa, for bringing this upon you."

Immobilized, the old man took a deep breath to speak, "Get up, girl, it's not your fault."

Rosalind Linton brought over two chairs, helping Juliana up.

"Dad, speak less. The family has me, you..." Her voice choked up, "Rest and heal."

The old man sighed, "Don't comfort me; I know my condition. Girl..."

His fingers moved slightly, and Juliana gently took his hand.

"When I'm below, will I be unable to see Aidan?"

## Chapter 116: Feed Her

Juliana suddenly became nervous and didn't know what to say for a moment.

"Dad, what are you talking about? You won't go down, you definitely won't see Aidan," Rosalind Linton said.

The old man ignored her and continued, "Do you think an old man like me doesn't keep up with the news? The recent hot search, I just saw the photo, and the next time I checked, it was gone."

Juliana was very surprised.

The old man said, "I can't understand why you were hiding it from me, until yesterday when a woman brought a photo and asked me if I recognized the person in it... I said I didn't know, but I could see clearly, that's my Aidan, isn't it?"

Tears fell from the old man's eyes.

Juliana quickly said, "Grandpa, he... I'll let him..."

Rosalind Linton widened her eyes, speechless.

But the old man closed his eyes, "No, don't disturb him. There must be a reason you didn't let me know..."

Rosalind Linton recovered from her surprise and pushed Juliana's shoulder, "When did you know? Why didn't you even tell me!"

"If I let you know, you'd only harm your son. Don't you know what kind of person you are?" the old man cursed.

Rosalind Linton stopped pushing Juliana and sat with her mouth pursed on the chair.

"Juliana," the old man used all his strength to hold her hand, "some people came to the village asking for your whereabouts. I didn't tell them. One of them said they came without Rocco knowing..."

"Rocco?" Juliana frowned.

The old man struggled to breathe and gasped a few times.

"Aidan is kind and filial but not as perceptive as you... I beg you to preserve the Linton Family's bloodline for me. I'm entrusting him to you..."

"Grandpa..."

Juliana wanted to give him oxygen, but he refused.

"Girl, I've always been a burden, if it weren't for you, I would have left long ago. Although you were adopted by the Linton Family, you've given enough back over the years. Now you still have to take care of them... My old face really..." the old man gasped heavily, "but aside from asking you, I have no other way."

Juliana's face was already covered in tears, "I promise you, Grandpa, please rest and take it easy."

The old man didn't listen, his eyes glaring at Rosalind Linton, "You're the most useless! After I'm gone... you must not make things difficult for Juliana... taking care of you is her kindness... you must listen to her... if you dare to plot against her..."

The rest of the words were left unsaid as the old man's murky pupils suddenly dilated, the last bit of light in his eyes extinguished like a blown-out candle.

"Dad..."

"Grandpa..."

Rosalind Linton and Juliana both kneeled down.

The doctor came in, checked him over, and then covered the old man with a white sheet.

Tears ran down Juliana's lifeless face.

She stood up and walked out of the ward, Adrian Langley came rushing over.

Regardless of how Elias Langley at the door of the ward might think, seeing the old man already covered with the white sheet, he "thump" kneeled down.

Juliana raised her hand and slapped him, "He's already gone, what's the point of pretending to be a filial grandson now? Go be the young master of the Langley Family!"

She seemed to have a big issue with the Langleys.

Quinn Shepherd looked at Elias Langley's expression, not daring to speak.

"Juliana," Adrian Langley's eyes were red, "I don't covet wealth and riches, it's just... we lived such a hard life, I want to establish myself in the Langley Family, then..."

Juliana interrupted him, "With the family together, can it really be called hardship no matter how tough life is? Look at the old man lying inside, can you live with yourself for a lifetime?"

Adrian Langley lowered his head in guilt.

Juliana ignored him and walked woodenly out of the building, even losing a shoe she didn't notice.

The sky was raining, but she couldn't feel it.

The wind lashed the rain against her, cold to the bone, and she didn't react.

Sharp stones cut her soles, but she found it comforting, like atonement.

Elias Langley watched her for a long time, until she stumbled, he finally rushed into the rain.

"Juliana!" He turned her around.

Gone was her usual sense of strength, at this moment she appeared so fragile as if she'd shatter at a touch.

"I have no family, what do I do? I don't have a home..."

Tears streamed down Juliana's face, causing a sudden tightness in Elias Langley's chest.

He was a little surprised.

Having witnessed life and death so often over the years, he thought himself as hard as iron.

And up till now, he couldn't say he had any feelings for her.

But at this moment, seeing her tear-streaked face, her bitten, bloodied lips, his heart inexplicably felt pity for her, even a desire to hold her close.

So the next second, he quickly followed his heart.

Elias Langley wrapped Juliana's soaking body in his arms, palmed her trembling head, pressing her face against his shoulder, gently patting her back like comforting a child, "Your grandpa wants you to live well, seeing you like this won't let him rest in peace, don't cry, hmm?"

"But I want to cry. Can't get a divorce and you're not allowing me to cry, why?"

Juliana clutched his collar, her hysterical cries suddenly turning to sobs of air from excitement.

Elias Langley's alarm bells rang just then, as Juliana suddenly went limp in his arms.

He picked her up, and Quinn Shepherd hurriedly rushed over with an umbrella.

"Should I prepare a VIP room in the hospital?" Quinn Shepherd asked.

Elias Langley glanced at the inpatient building, then carried her and walked away...

The Apex Hotel penthouse suite.

Elias Langley carried Juliana to the bathroom, just took off his own coat wrapped around her, and was stunned by the visual feast before him.

The water-soaked summer clothes clung tightly to her skin, the curves beneath the fabric faintly visible.

Elias Langley seemed to understand why Evan Grant wouldn't let go.

Juliana had a stunningly beautiful face without makeup and a naturally alluring body.

Even someone as indifferent as him found it hard to look away, let alone others.

The woman was unconscious, and here he was thinking?

Elias Langley shook his head, cleared his mind, and realized his ears were burning.

Her clothes couldn't be touched anymore.

Just at that moment, Quinn Shepherd came in with a doctor and nurse.

Elias Langley stepped out of the bathroom, let his gaze linger on the nurse for two seconds, and instructed, "You, help her change clothes."

The nurse nodded, took a few steps, then asked, "Should I give her a bath first?"

Elias Langley, "You may."

Nurse, "Are there clean clothes for after the bath?"

Elias Langley, "My shirt."

Nurse, "After changing her clothes, will you carry her out?"

Elias Langley cast a sidelong glance at her, "Are you the queen of questions?"

Nurse, "..."

Juliana's condition wasn't great; she was stimulated and caught a cold, quickly developing a high fever while unconscious.

Fortunately, the doctor left medicine to handle any situation before leaving.

Juliana curled up in the spacious bed, the man's large shirt on her, the skewed collar revealing a flushed collarbone. Her lips were very dry, but ironically added a fragile allure.

Elias Langley stood at the bedside, gazing at her intently, and in a daze, felt it was he who had the fever.

At this moment, Quinn Shepherd had prepared the antipyretic medicine and knocked on the bedroom door.

In accordance with the "Boss Nurturing Taboo Code," he dared not glance at the woman on the bed.

Elias Langley turned around, took the antipyretic medicine from his hand.

However, when he brought the medicine to Juliana's lips, the man paused.

She wouldn't wake up, how would she open her mouth to drink the medicine?

Just then, Quinn Shepherd made exaggerated gestures at the bedroom door, amusingly signaling, "Use your mouth, feed her with your mouth."

Chapter 117: Clinging to His Thigh

Elias thought for a moment and frowned at his suggestion.

"Her immune system is weak, what if she catches something else?"

Quinn, "..."

Then, Elias fetched a disposable syringe, removed the needle, and slowly fed her the fever medicine by drawing it into the syringe.

Not wanting to watch, Quinn went to wait in the living room for further instructions.

After administering the fever medicine, Elias was about to let her go when he found that at some point she had grabbed onto the pocket of his trousers.

Probably due to her rising body temperature, Juliana mumbled "cold" and reached out to hug his leg.

A slight shiver ran down Elias's spine.

The warmth of her arms penetrated through the thin fabric of his trousers, burning like a soft flame against his skin.

He instinctively tensed his legs as his throat bobbed slightly.

"Um..." He gently pushed her shoulder, his voice hoarse, "Could you let go of me?"

But the semi-conscious woman only clung tighter, burying her entire face against his leg.

Elias understood that people with rising fevers would feel cold and unconsciously seek warmth, yet the intensity with which she held his leg clearly indicated more than just needing warmth; it was like a drowning person clinging to driftwood.

He held his breath momentarily, eventually sighing, and softly placed his warm palm on her burning forehead.

"I'm here. As long as you want, you're never alone."

...

Elias leaned against the headboard for a while and suddenly opened his eyes, frowning deeply.

He lowered his gaze to the woman by his leg; her fever hadn't returned, yet her hand still held on tightly to his leg.

He tried to pry her fingers open, but as soon as he moved, Juliana clung even tighter.

With a trembling deep breath, Elias called, "Quinn."

Quinn hurriedly jogged in from the living room, standing respectfully at the bedroom door, "What is it, boss?"

"I need to use the bathroom, do you have any suggestions?" Elias's voice was low and hoarse.

Quinn peeked in and saw the woman's fair arms tightly wrapped around his boss's leg, clad in black trousers, a scene that stirred quite the imagination...

The next moment, he was met with a warning glare, causing him to quickly regain his composure, looking serious.

"There's no other way, you just have to use a bit of force."

Elias frowned, reluctantly accepting his suggestion.

Yet the moment he pried the woman's hand away, she, as if suddenly losing her support, wildly and tightly grabbed onto his waistband.

Elias's body stiffened as he looked towards Quinn, his gaze icy.

With no other option, Quinn closed his eyes briefly, biting the bullet as he suggested again, "Either I bring you a basin, or... you take off your pants."

Elias, "..."

He raised a hand to rub his temple, voice restrained and cold, "Get out."

"Alright!"

Not daring to linger another second, Quinn swiftly disappeared from the bedroom door.

...

In the early morning, Juliana's fever subsided, yet she was trapped in a nightmare, even crying.

Elias, wearing a pair of gray trousers, was drinking coffee in the living room. Upon hearing the sound, he hastily set down his cup and went to the bedroom.

"What's wrong?"

As soon as he spoke, he saw Juliana curled up in bed, tears streaming down her pale face, soaking a dark patch into the white pillow.

Elias felt a tug at his heart.

Without a moment's hesitation, he sat at the edge of the bed and drew her into his arms.

Juliana's tears seeped through the fabric of his shirt, scorching his heart.

"It's alright, it's alright."

With his gentle reassurance, Juliana calmed down but wrapped her arms around his waist.

Her nose pressed against his chest, inhaling his scent mixed with shower gel, she muttered words he couldn't hear clearly.

It's said that sleep talking can reveal secrets.

Elias chuckled softly, just about to tease her, when Juliana's fingers, without visible guidance, deftly found the second button of his shirt and lightly hooked it.

The words of mockery stuck in Elias's throat, shattered by a wave of emotion.

In his memory, the little girl who loved curling up in his arms to sleep would use her tiny fingers to hook onto his buttons as if seeking more security.

"Heng..."

Elias's fingers instinctively moved to caress her face, but stopped mid-air.

Years of experience had taught him to crush emotions deep within his heart.

He'd had moments when hope kindled only to be extinguished.

Some imitators even mimicked her childhood, but those deliberate small actions ultimately gave them away.

With Juliana... he didn't want to be impulsive.

Because the more hope you gather, the harder the fall when it shatters.

Thinking of this, Elias calmly tucked her in and whispered, "When you wake up tomorrow, don't be sad anymore, okay?"

The only reply he got was her soft breathing.

Meanwhile, at Abyssal Reach.

Isaac slapped Angus hard, sending him sprawling to the ground, while Stella, startled, retreated to the door.

Pointing at Angus, Isaac snarled, "Has your brain been eaten by a dog? We just finally managed to settle the commotion, and now you're trying to kill someone over a woman's words? Are you trying to get us all exposed?"

Angus got back up, wiping the blood from his mouth, "Isaac, I've always succeeded in everything while working for you these years, except for dealing with that woman... I'm unwilling!"

"Your unwillingness means nothing! Don't forget why we came back with fake identities this time. Screw up again, and I'll cripple you myself!"

Isaac's words made Angus hang his head.

At the door, Stella timidly added, "As long as Juliana is alive, she'll always be a thorn in your side... You'll never get what you want."

Her words sparked Isaac's fury, and he charged at her to hit her.

Terrified, Stella immediately cowered, holding her head.

However, Isaac suddenly seemed to realize something and lowered his hand.

With his arms crossed, he glared at Stella.

"The person Evan now likes is Yvonne. If anyone needs guarding, it's to make sure Yvonne doesn't bear his child! Juliana is just a plaything now; Evan finds her disgusting to even touch, she's worthless. What does it mean you're egging my people to keep targeting her?"

Stella shrank back, her mind racing on how to respond.

Isaac suddenly pieced things together, erupting in anger, "It turns out you joined me to use me as a weapon, to clear your obstacles! Claiming that once you got Evan, the Grant family assets would all be mine, only for you to turn his gun on me next, right? Stella, you're quite the schemer."

"No, it's not like that..."

Isaac looked at her with contempt and viciousness in his eyes, "I'm not afraid of people smarter than me because if I can't outsmart them, I'll kill them. Angus, send her to your crocodile farm!"

Chapter 118: Evan, You're Poisoned and Dying

Stella Windsor's face turned pale with fright, her whole body trembling, as she hurriedly explained, "I swear I didn't have that kind of thought, I just... just thought it's better to nip it in the bud and avoid future troubles. Isn't that for our purpose?"

Isaac Grant looked at her for a moment, the anger in his eyes subsiding a little, but his gaze remained grim.

"Aren't you the biggest threat to me?"

Stella Windsor was drenched in sweat. "If I could marry Evan Grant, I would definitely take him away far and wide, how could I be a threat to you?"

Isaac Grant sneered, "If you want to use me to get the man you desire, be honest. Whether it was last time or this time, you used my people to satisfy your private desires. I've kept an account of all of this, and if one day I really can't get what I want..."

Isaac Grant took a step closer to her.

"...I'll drag you down with me!"

Stella Windsor shuddered but secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

She had passed this hurdle, but what about Yvonne Quinn?

...

The dawn's first light appeared.

Juliana Jacobs slept very comfortably in the latter half of the night, although her biological clock kept urging her to wake up, she still didn't want to open her eyes.

Because sleeping with her head resting on something always gave her an inexplicable sense of security.

Unconsciously, she nuzzled against the "pillow," which was soft yet firm, and even reached out to grope around a bit.

The sensation in her palm startled her.

This... why does it feel like a hard bun?

Alarm bells went off in her head, and she abruptly opened her eyes. The sight in front of her brought her to full consciousness.

Heavens, she was lying in a man's arms!

Her eyes anxiously traveled upward, and when she saw the man's face, her breath hitched.

"Did I... did I cheat with you again?"

Elias Langley had not slept well, and as she woke him up, he opened his eyes with a frown, looking at her with indifference.

"You had a fever and fainted, troubling me the whole night."

Realizing that nothing had happened between them, Juliana Jacobs breathed a sigh of relief.

Evan Grant's infidelity was his disgrace, but she had her principles and would never become like him.

But before she could fully relax, Elias Langley's words plunged her back into the abyss.

"When I was giving you medicine, you clung to my thigh and wouldn't let go, and even tugged at my waistband."

Juliana Jacobs, "..."

Elias Langley's eyes flashed with clear mockery, smiling a humorless smile, "You were quite considerate, leaving me with a shirt, sparing me from being stark naked."

Juliana Jacobs immediately wanted to find a place to bury herself.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I was confused at that time, I surely wasn't aware of anything or saw anything. Please, be lenient and don't hold it against me."

"You're wrong," Elias Langley sat up and looked at the nearly torn-off buttons of his shirt, "I'm very petty, and this matter can't be settled just like that."

Juliana Jacobs's face filled with anxiety, "Then what do you want? For you to be my lover? No, you're already married, and I haven't divorced yet. I can never do something so unethical!"

Elias Langley's eyelid twitched, "Be unfaithful for you? Ha, your allure isn't strong enough to make me want to cheat."

Juliana Jacobs was at a loss for words from his remark.

Indeed, she had no charm. Otherwise, how could she have been a wife for four years and yet, in her husband's eyes, remained merely a tool to be used, rather than a beloved partner worth treasuring?

Elias Langley got up and went to the bathroom, missing the fleeting look of disappointment on her face.

"Answer three questions for me later, and we'll call it even."

At that moment, Quinn Shepherd knocked on the bedroom door.

Juliana Jacobs opened the door, and Quinn Shepherd paused for a moment upon seeing her, quickly averting his gaze.

Only then did Juliana Jacobs realize she was wearing a man's shirt, and below... bare-legged.

Embarrassed, she hid behind the door.

Quinn Shepherd didn't dare look either, turned his head, and handed her a paper bag.

"Mr. Langley provided the size, and a female colleague went to buy it. See if it fits."

Her clothes had been drenched in rain yesterday and were definitely unwearable today.

Juliana Jacobs took it and thanked him.

"Uh, if there's nothing else, I'll be going. Let the boss call me if there's anything."

Finished speaking, Quinn Shepherd left faster than a rabbit.

Juliana Jacobs went to another room to wash up and put on the clothes Quinn Shepherd brought, which fit her perfectly inside and out.

When she came out, Elias Langley was already sitting at the dining table, fiddling with the breakfast in front of him.

The freshly changed shirt was crisp and spotless, the cold light reflecting off his watch, with every detail exuding an air of unapproachable authority.

"Sit down."

Elias Langley gestured with his chin, and Juliana Jacobs sat across from him.

Though they both had porridge, the two bowls were different.

Elias Langley's didn't look like anything special, but there were goji berries floating in it.

Juliana Jacobs' had fish maw and bird's nest added.

The hotel wouldn't prepare such expensive free breakfasts for guests, he really was generous.

Juliana Jacobs set her thoughts aside and drank the porridge.

"I heard you're the Linton Family's adopted daughter. Where's your hometown?" Elias Langley asked.

Juliana Jacobs was silent for two seconds. "I don't know."

Elias Langley's gaze darkened slightly. "What about your biological parents, were you lost, or did they... give you up?"

Juliana Jacobs took a sip of porridge. Thinking of her years-long experience searching for her parents, she felt a surge of resentment.

"Are biological parents really that important?"

Elias Langley's gaze became deep and obscure. "Have you ever looked for them?"

Juliana Jacobs took a big gulp of porridge. "I have, but they don't want me."

If they were looking for her too, the DNA data wouldn't have gone so long without a response.

Elias Langley's eyebrows shifted slightly. "Have you ever been seriously hurt?"

Juliana Jacobs put down the spoon, wiped her mouth, and stood up.

"Sorry, you've asked your three questions."

Elias Langley sighed softly.

"Your grandfather's body is still in the hospital morgue, your adoptive mother is arranging the elder's memorial at the funeral home. I'll have Quinn Shepherd take you there later."

Upon hearing this, Juliana Jacobs' hand that had dropped clenched and then loosened.

"No need to trouble Secretary Shepherd, I can go myself. I'll remember what I owe you, and I'll pay it back no matter how long it takes."

With that, Juliana Jacobs left his room.

Elias Langley recollected her words, suddenly furrowing his brows.

...

Two hours later, Juliana Jacobs wore exquisite makeup to cover her slightly swollen eyes, carrying a medical kit as she arrived at Cortexa Group.

Mrs. Grant's identity was still intact, and the front desk dared not stop her.

As she stepped out of the elevator, Stella Windsor stood by to "greet" her.

"Sister-in-law, brother made me his personal secretary. You won't be angry, right?"

Normally, she would have slapped her.

But today, with a calm heart, she ignored Stella Windsor's provocation and walked straight to Evan Grant's office.

Once at Evan Grant's office.

Stella Windsor sashayed towards the man at the desk.

"Brother, I've brought sister-in-law over. Do you need me to help you undress?"

Evan Grant looked at Juliana Jacobs without emotion and then nodded gently at Stella Windsor.

Stella Windsor happily stepped forward and intimately unbuttoned his shirt.

Juliana Jacobs calmly opened the medical kit, preparing gauze and antiseptic.

Once Stella Windsor shyly took away Evan Grant's shirt, she stepped forward to remove the old gauze from his arm.

Evan Grant's arm injury was actually quite severe. Though days had passed, several spots were still vividly raw, and Juliana Jacobs' gaze lingered on them with an indescribable glint passing through her eyes.

She took out the antiseptic and meticulously disinfected his wounds.

Evan Grant's sense of smell was keen. With two deep breaths, he noticed her scent was different from usual.

"Where were you last night?" he asked.

Juliana Jacobs was applying the second round of treatment, responding in an even tone, "Hotel."

Indeed, she had the scent of hotel shower gel.

Evan Grant's expression turned dark, grabbing her, "Alone, or with someone else?"

Stella Windsor hurriedly reminded, "Brother, be careful of your injury."

"Get out!"

It had been a while since Evan Grant had spoken to her so harshly.

Stella Windsor was startled and left, turning back with each step.

Evan Grant coldly looked at Juliana Jacobs, repeating, "Alone, or with someone else."

Juliana Jacobs raised an indifferent eyebrow, "You can have three wives and four concubines, but I can't have a bit of fun?"

Evan Grant nearly lost his composure, "He... who is he?"

Juliana Jacobs pushed his hand off her shoulder, giving him a shove.

Evan Grant suddenly found himself powerless, taking a few steps back, actually falling to the ground.

Juliana Jacobs curled her lips, her smile cold and resolute.

"Did you think you could control me? Evan Grant, the medicine I gave you contains a potent poison. You're poisoned, and soon to die."

Chapter 119: Let's Go to the Civil Affairs Bureau to Get the Paperwork Done (Part 1)

Evan Grant's breath was rapid, staring at her in disbelief.

Meanwhile, Juliana's eyes were blazing with anger, filled with nothing but deep-seated hatred.

"Why?" His voice was tight.

"It was your brother who wanted my life, and you always knew, yet you pretended not to in front of me. To keep the Grant Family from disgrace, I was always your sacrificial lamb!"

Evan looked at her furious demeanor, his brows deeply furrowed.

"I climbed back from the jaws of death several times, only begging you to give me a chance to live, but what about you? You refused to divorce, choosing to control everything from above, using my life to sacrifice for the glory of the Grant Family!"

Juliana was emotional, her voice tearing.

"What's worse is that you haven't done enough harm to me. Now you even want to take my grandfather's life... Why? Just because your surname is Grant? Just because you have wealth and power, you can crush a life like this?"

"Your grandfather... is he gone?"

Evan was sweating on his forehead, the scene before him darkening, yet he managed not to collapse.

"You don't know what happened to him? Didn't your dear brother boast about it to you? They killed a defenseless old man yesterday and are still strutting around flaunting their innocence! Do the Grants think that only their own lives matter while others are just ants?"

"Evan Grant, go to hell, and once you're dead, I'll send your brother down to accompany you. Your brothers will kneel in front of my grandfather underground and beg for forgiveness!"

Evan felt a dull pain in his chest, trying to speak, but instead spat out a mouthful of blood.

At this moment, the office door opened.

Elias Langley and Ethan Carter walked in.

Stella Windsor, who had been standing at the door unwilling to leave, quietly followed them in.

Seeing the scene before her, she screamed in fright.

"Juliana, what did you do, you want to..."

Elias turned and gave her a sharp look, forcing her to swallow her unfinished words.

Evan leaned on Ethan's shoulder, weakly said, "Restrain her, don't let her go out and talk nonsense."

Ethan promptly agreed.

"Brother..." Stella covered her mouth, tears of grievance welling up.

Elias stood in front of Juliana, blocking Evan's view, calmly said, "The ambulance is in the underground parking lot, the detoxification expert is on board, and you can leave through the special passage without drawing attention."

Ethan nodded, helping Evan up.

Evan cooperatively moved with him, borrowing his strength to move outside.

Elias put his arm around Juliana's waist, also leading her out.

Juliana walked numbly, her eyes bloodshot but silent, lost in thought.

...

At Hospital 547.

Evan was sent into the emergency room.

The surroundings were cleared.

The doctor brought the critical condition notice, asking Juliana to sign.

Instead, Juliana wrote "Give up the rescue" and tossed the pen aside.

The doctor looked at Elias, Elias raised his chin, signaling the doctor to continue the rescue.

He pressed her into the chair, softly said, "Calm down."

The redness in Juliana's eyes hadn't faded, looking at him with hatred.

"How did you know he was poisoned? You were following me, none of you are good people."

Elias crouched before her, patiently said, "I forbid you to do something foolish."

Juliana emotionally laughed, "It's a lethal dose of cobra venom, you can't save him, he must die, he must die!"

Elias gripped her shoulders, his voice suddenly rising, sternly said, "Look at me!"

He rarely used this tone with people because his voice carried a seismic power not many could withstand.

Juliana was startled, her emotions somewhat settled.

"Letting him die comfortably, how will you combat the true murderer of your grandfather? Will you not avenge your own near-death encounters?"

Elias' words enlightened her, she looked at him, the redness in her eyes slowly faded, replaced by silent tears.

Elias continued, "Death is too easy for him. He should live in hell, that's true torment for him, hmm?"

Juliana's tears fell uncontrollably, Elias' heart tightened, he stood up and held her, letting her bury her head against his waist.

After two minutes of crying, he lowly asked, "Curiously, why do women have so many tears?"

She cried all night yesterday, sweated for half the night, and still shedding pearls now.

Juliana threw a punch at him, not knowing where it landed, he grunted and caught her hand as she aimed for a second punch.

At this time, Quinn Shepherd rushed over, seeing this scene and wanting to retreat, but was called back by Elias.

"What's the matter?"

Quinn turned around and said, "The Third Young Master is here."

The words fell, and they heard the elevator ding open.

Juliana pushed Elias away just as Adrian Langley hurriedly appeared in the corridor.

Elias slightly frowned.

"Juliana, I just came from the morgue, I heard... are you alright?"

Juliana looked at him, her eyes still moist, Adrian didn't notice, her tears had soaked Elias' waist.

"Grandfather is gone, shouldn't you stop avoiding?" Juliana said.

Adrian was choked by her words.

Elias raised his eyebrows, looking elsewhere.

At that moment, the emergency room doors opened.

Evan was wheeled out.

The doctor spoke to those waiting outside, "Fortunately, the anti-venom serum was injected in time, and the wound has been properly handled, now we'll transfer him to the ICU for further blood purification measures."

However, despite the doctor's lengthy explanation, no one responded.

An awkward atmosphere lingered at the emergency room door.

Seeing Evan would survive, Juliana turned to leave.

Old Mrs. Grant, supported by Ethan, approached, and several of the Grant Family's bodyguards blocked her way.

"Are you just going to leave?"

The old lady's gaze seemed to bore holes into her.

Juliana coldly replied, "Otherwise, should I inject more venom to ensure his passage?"

"Juliana!"

The old lady's angry voice rang out, prompting several bodyguards to step forward to restrain Juliana.

Just then, Elias slowly spoke, "Old Mrs. Grant, this is a hospital."

The old lady turned her eyes to him, her gaze narrowing, "Is the Langley Family going to intervene in the Grant Family's affairs?"

Elias curled his lips arrogantly, "The detox doctor was found by me, the Grant Family owes me a favor."

The old lady looked at him, then at Juliana, a hint of interest in her eyes.

Calming her heaving chest, she waved her hand, the bodyguards retreated.

"Juliana," the old lady's tone softened a bit, even carried a hint of persuasion, "I can tell, Evan truly loves you. Those matters... maybe he had his reasons, why can't you hear him out?"

Elias, due to the old lady's words, shifted his gaze to Juliana.

The old lady's tolerance indicated that the Grant Family still wanted to keep her. Whether the relationship would end or continue depended on Juliana's next words.

Juliana looked at the old lady, a cold smile appeared on her lips.

"Old Mrs. Grant, if you have the time, consider how to deal with what's coming because 20 minutes ago, I leaked the news of Evan Grant's critical condition to the media."

Old Mrs. Grant suddenly pursed her lips, unable to utter a single word.

Ignoring others' reactions, Juliana stepped forward, Adrian quickly following her.

Elias casually followed them.

Upon reaching the elevator bay, Juliana entered the car first.

As Adrian was about to follow, Quinn pulled him back.

Quinn grinned, "Third Young Master, I have something to ask."

Elias stepped gracefully into the elevator.

As the door closed, he suddenly reached out, pulling the woman who was a meter away from him into his arms.

Chapter 120: Let's Go to the Civil Affairs Bureau (Part 2)

Juliana lost her balance and fell onto his chest. Elias caught her by the waist.

Although she had "leaned" on him just last night, Juliana couldn't help but feel her emotions sway.

She steadied herself and then said, "Mr. Langley, what does this mean?"

Elias looked down at her, the corners of his lips curving into a faint smile, "Let's make a deal."

"A deal?" Juliana raised an eyebrow.

Elias said, "I'll help you get a divorce."

Juliana's eyelashes fluttered slightly, "And the price? What do you want from me?"

Elias looked at her face, his gaze calm as water, yet he said nothing.

Juliana remembered his mocking words, and a trace of sarcasm slowly surfaced in her eyes.

"Does your wife know about your 'kindness,' Mr. Langley? Although you all have tainted my reputation, it doesn't mean I'll stoop to touching someone else's husband to get a divorce."

Elias didn't get angry at her words; instead, he chuckled, "You've misunderstood. I only want your... honesty."

Juliana looked at him steadily for two seconds, then suddenly laughed.

"Honesty? Do you think pulling me into your arms will make us 'bare it all'?"

With that, the smile on her face disappeared, and her voice turned cold.

"Between you and me, there's no past to recount, no honesty to share, and there's no need for you to 'support' me like this!"

At that moment, the elevator door opened with a "ding."

Juliana forcefully pried his hand away and turned to leave.

Perhaps due to her unstable emotions or the insecurity of her heels, she staggered as soon as she stepped out of the elevator.

As she was about to fall, Elias swiftly moved forward and caught her by the waist again.

His eyes were filled with amusement, as if to say, "See, if I don't support you, you'd fall."

Juliana's composure wavered slightly at his gesture, and she bit her lip as she slapped his hand away, "I don't need your meddling!"

Though her tone was sharp, the tips of her ears blushed unknowingly.

She avoided looking at him and quickly walked away as if fleeing in defeat.

Elias watched her back, clearly embarrassed and angry yet stubbornly defiant, with a hint of interest passing through his eyes, even unbeknownst to himself.

Just as he was about to continue walking out, Adrian Langley emerged from another elevator in pursuit.

"Uncle."

Adrian hurried forward.

Elias halted, looking at him with a deep gaze, "What is it?"

"I... I didn't mean to forget the past, it's just that the Langley Family is so complicated, and I..."

"When did you adopt her?" he interrupted Adrian's words.

Adrian paused, realizing he was asking about Juliana.

"Thirteen years ago, I think. I saw her rummaging for food in a trash can, so I brought her home."

Off by another year again.

He remembered another girl named Summer Shaw, who was also off by a year, and the DNA test result wasn't a match.

Elias frowned imperceptibly.

"Uncle..." Adrian was still concerned about his own matters.

Elias spoke with unwavering calm, "Victor Langley's family affairs have nothing to do with me."

With that, he lifted his foot to leave.

Adrian breathed a sigh of relief. He needed to quickly take his grandfather's body from the mortuary to the funeral home.

In the parking lot, Elias was about to get into his car when he accidentally ran into Jared Langley.

"Uncle, are you feeling unwell?" Jared asked.

Elias maintained a mild expression, "Accompanying a friend."

"Oh, I'm here to pick up some blood pressure medication for Dad."

Jared nodded his head at him before continuing on toward the clinic building.

Elias hesitated for a moment, then called after him, "Is it true that you've been wanting to collaborate with Aetherflame?"

Jared was caught off guard for a second but nodded.

Elias said, "Juliana's family has been facing some issues recently."

"What issues?" Jared's eyes widened.

"I've also told Adrian Langley. Investigate it yourself."

With that, he got into the car and left, leaving Jared bewildered.

Since when has my uncle taken an interest in watching us brothers fight?

The Red Flag L5 drove away from the hospital.

Quinn Shepherd glanced several times through the rear-view mirror before he couldn't help but speak, "Boss, you're covering for the Third Young Master this time because of Miss Jacobs?"

Elias remained silent, creating a deathly quiet within the car.

Quinn pondered for a while, realizing his boss wasn't one to be led astray by emotions.

"Do you suspect that Miss Jacobs and the Third Young Master have conspired to make you question her identity? That once you believe she's who you're searching for, she could use her true identity to pave the way for the Third Young Master to gain an advantage in his power struggle? So now you're letting the First Young Master intervene to help you assess the situation from the sidelines?"

Quinn waited a long time but received no response, finally rolling up his sleeves, "Why make it so complicated? I'll just pull a few of her hairs for a DNA test."

"Sure, go ahead."

This time, Elias responded promptly, almost within a second.

Quinn, "..."

Messing with a woman capable of killing her husband—could he really dare cross that line?

He then sheepishly chuckled, "I was just talking nonsense, but you took it seriously."

...

Hospital, ward.

Evan Grant awoke to find the elderly lady watching over him.

Despite the soreness in his muscles, he struggled to sit up.

"Where's Juliana?" he asked.

The elderly lady's face was expressionless, "She wants to kill you, and yet you're still concerned about her?"

Evan looked distraught, "It's my fault for pushing her."

The elderly lady coldly snorted, tossing him a document.

"Take a look at what's happened at the company while you've been unconscious these past few days."

The board resolution read:

Due to significant uncertainties about Mr. Evan Grant's health, the board has resolved to temporarily delegate company operations to a professional management team. Mr. Grant will serve as Vice President from this point forward.

"Because of Juliana, you had Mrs. Young terminate the pregnancy. All this time, your father has been aiding Isaac Grant, rigorously lobbying the board, frequently rallying the company's seasoned veterans. These individuals accompanied your grandfather in building the company and hold significant sway. Though we still hold enough shares to influence company decisions, we cannot afford their collective defection."

The elderly lady's eyes, typically piercingly sharp, seemed drained of all dignity, leaving only a shadow of pain.

"You were just admitted to the hospital, yet Juliana spread news of your critical condition throughout the city. Now Isaac is being positioned as the Vice Chairman, and you've lost your authority over company decisions. If you continue to blindly cling to that woman, our family will be driven out of the Grant Family."

Yet Evan silently stared at the board resolution, his brows knitted tightly, remaining speechless.

"Evan," the elderly lady's voice trembled, "divorce Juliana. Only by saving the company can you have everything."

"But Grandma," Evan voiced his distress, "if I divorce her, she may never be mine again."

The elderly lady had never seen her grandson so utterly lost and muddled, a fire igniting within her heart. In the end, she couldn't hold back and slapped him across the face.

"Old Man Linton was killed by our family. This blood feud divides you—do you truly think she harbors any affection for you?"

The elderly lady pointed out the harsh truth Evan couldn't avoid.

His uninjured hand gripped the board resolution tightly, his knuckles turning white, veins bulging, as if combating some crushing internal agony.

Seeing this, the elderly lady breathed a slight sigh of relief, closing her eyes wearily, "If you could simply follow her wishes, perhaps there might be a sliver of chance between you."

"Is today Old Man Linton's funeral?" Evan asked, fighting through the pain.

...

At the cemetery.

Old Man Linton's funeral ceremony was kept simple.

Only Juliana and Rosalind Linton wore mourning attire, while the Langley brothers had black armbands.

Jared Langley was particularly attentive, gently helping Juliana up after she finished bowing.

Evan Grant watched from his car, finding Jared's behavior particularly annoying.

Ethan Carter pushed over a wheelchair, and Evan sat in it after getting out of the vehicle.

From the roadside to the cemetery was a distance of 100 meters, and he was so weak that he couldn't walk it.

However, upon seeing him, Juliana's eyes held not the slightest sympathy.

"We're in the middle of a funeral, President Grant. If you wish to 'torment' me over a divorce, perhaps another day would be more appropriate."

"Juliana," Evan's Adam's apple bobbed twice, his voice hoarse, "Let's go to the civil affairs bureau and sort out the paperwork."