

Stop Panicking! Miss Jacobs will Not Look Back!

#Chapter 12: The Most Expensive Divorce Case - Read Stop Panicking! Miss Jacobs will Not Look Back!

Chapter 12: The Most Expensive Divorce Case

Chapter 12: Chapter 12: The Most Expensive Divorce Case

Evan Grant took a deep breath.

Stella Grant quickly apologized.

"It's my fault. The housekeeper is new and a bit careless. I didn't remind him to be more meticulous. It wasn't until I was clearing out historical documents tonight that I discovered the issue. He came to the hospital in the middle of the night and told me. I checked the courier situation and found that he had actually written Platinum Bay's address, and it had already been signed for. Brother, what should I do? Sister-in-law probably doesn't understand rare languages, does she?"

Juliana Jacobs, who understood multiple languages, had no trouble understanding those documents.

Evan Grant pinched the bridge of his nose, "I'll handle it. You just focus on your treatment and get well soon."

After saying this, he hung up the phone.

Platinum Bay.

Juliana Jacobs picked up her bag and walked out, not revealing anything unusual.

"Are you going out, ma'am?" Mrs. Young asked.

Juliana nodded, took a few steps, and then looked back at her.

"Mrs. Young, you've been working with the Grant Family for many years. You probably understand the family dynamics better than someone like me, who came in halfway, right?"

Mrs. Young caught the hint in her words and hurriedly responded, "Ma'am, I'm just an employee."

Juliana spoke gently, "Grandma is getting old. You've always been very measured in your work. As for what happens between Evan and me, it's ultimately our matter, so let's try to disturb her as little as possible."

Mrs. Young quickly nodded, "Since I started working here, the old madam hasn't given me any instructions."

Regardless of any instructions, Juliana had already given her a precautionary warning.

Evan Grant had his heart set on someone else; leaving this marriage shouldn't be difficult.

But the old lady was stubborn, so she had to act first and report later.

"I have to step out for a bit. I'll be back soon."

However, Evan Grant's call came to the living room phone less than ten minutes after she left.

"Where's Juliana?" he asked.

"Ma'am just left."

Mrs. Young was puzzled.

Evan Grant frowned deeper.

This woman had actually blocked him.

"Did she say where she was going?"

"No, ma'am said she'd be back soon."

Evan Grant hung up, his brows still furrowed.

An hour later, Ethan Carter, who had been sent to investigate her whereabouts, hurriedly entered.

"President Grant, ma'am asked the airline to send her your travel records for the past year."

"And..." he swallowed, "Ten minutes ago, she initiated a foreign asset investigation on you."

Evan Grant knocked over the coffee cup beside him.

"She's really grown a backbone!"

Ethan Carter hadn't seen President Grant this angry in a long time.

Back when he first took over the group, he'd get so frustrated by those veteran ministers that he'd throw tantrums in the office. But ever since he got married, his wife had tempered his nature, making him much more resilient.

Even when those same ministers provoked him, he'd only use more ruthless methods to deal with it later, without showing any emotion.

But this time...

Ethan Carter bowed his head slightly, "Madam always has her own mind. Should we do something?"

Juliana's intentions weren't hard to guess. If she believed the boss had cheated and sought a divorce, it would result in Harlan's most expensive divorce case.

Evan Grant calmed his anger and spoke ambiguously, "Here, what she can and cannot do, isn't it up to my decision?"

Ethan Carter immediately understood.

...

Juliana spent the better part of the day busy outside and returned to Platinum Bay to pack her luggage.

Mrs. Young tiptoed to the bedroom door, hesitant to speak.

"Mrs. Young," Juliana didn't look up, "I'm moving out. If there's anything important I forget, please mail it to me. If not, just throw it away for me."

"Ma'am, the bodyguards received a call. Everyone at Platinum Bay can only enter, not leave. You can't leave."

Juliana paused in her packing.

"Ma'am, it's been four years. Just talk things over with President Grant."

Could she really talk to Evan Grant?

Evan Grant's motives for marrying her weren't pure; if they could part amicably, she wouldn't have bothered with such actions to alarm him.

It was just that he received the news so quickly, which exceeded her expectations.

This thwarted her original plan to have a negotiation with him in a public setting after moving out.

"When is he coming back?"

"President Grant didn't say."

The room fell into a dense silence.

Evan Grant didn't rush back right away.

As time ticked by, Juliana felt her fiery resolve slowly cool in the monotonous wait.

He was indeed a master at the negotiation table, skilled at letting the opponent crumble in agony.

Juliana steadied her mind, mustering the spirit to continue waiting.

By evening, Evan Grant finally returned.

Mrs. Young reported Juliana's situation downstairs. His first words upon entering the bedroom were, "You just got out of the hospital, why haven't you eaten dinner?"

Juliana stood by the window, her expression calm.

"Four years pretending to care about me, aren't you tired?"

She was prepared to lay the cards on the table.

The man's brow was frosted, but when he approached her, he didn't snap.

"If you want to know how much assets I have, you can just ask me directly. No need to have someone investigate."

Juliana turned her face away, "I wasn't asking, I was commissioning. If it's not official, you'd think I'm just making a fuss."

Evan Grant snorted and sat on the windowsill, scrutinizing her teasingly.

"So how much are you planning to take from me?"

Juliana lowered her eyes, speaking seriously, "If you're willing to part amicably, my demands won't be excessive. But if you're not, I'll expose your scandals and take even more of your assets."

Evan Grant lifted his chin, "Do you think you have what it takes to threaten me?"

"Aren't you well-informed?"

As soon as Juliana finished her sentence, Evan Grant's phone rang.

The distinct ringtone played again.

The man's gaze darkened as he put it on speaker.

"Brother, the housekeeper just delivered a lawyer's letter to the hospital. Sister-in-law wants me to pay four years' villa rent."

Evan Grant looked at Juliana, his gaze cool, but his voice revealed no emotion.

"Your sister-in-law is upset I've neglected her recently, just having a tiff with me. Don't take it seriously."

"I mean it."

As Juliana finished speaking, the man hung up the phone.

"Don't provoke her." He said seriously.

Listen to that, "provoke."

Juliana chuckled softly, "Are you warning me on behalf of your lover?"

Evan Grant's expression turned cold and severe.

Juliana remained unfazed.

"I'm not only going to collect rent, but I'll also have her evicted and make her end up on the streets. Because I'm your legal wife, half of the money you support her with belongs to me. The villa you let her live in is half mine too. I have that right."

She fervently hoped that after hearing these words, Evan Grant would get angry and agree to the divorce.

Because everything she was doing was to provoke him.

But surprisingly, after taking a deep breath, the man actually laughed.

"So you believe the child she lost was mine?"

"Dare to do it but not admit it?"

Evan Grant reached out and pulled her onto his lap.

The man was strong, giving her no chance to break free.

Chapter 13: Chapter 13: I Can't Be the Wife You Want

"The child isn't mine."

Juliana paused for a moment, then quickly regained her composure.

"Then swear it. Swear that the child Stella miscarried has nothing to do with you. If it does, may your whole family be struck by lightning."

"Juliana!"

This time, Evan was genuinely upset.

"I'll say it one last time. I didn't betray our marriage."

Juliana's lips curled into a mocking smile.

"So you want me to believe that in the days to come, you'll continue to pamper her and protect her under the guise of responsibility? Even if she needs the warmth of a husband, you'll offer it without complaint, and yet all this has nothing to do with romance?"

"Evan Grant, are you treating me like a fool?"

Evan's fingertips suddenly turned cold, "What happened that there's no trust left between us?"

Juliana tilted her head, earnestly pondering the question.

When did she start distrusting him?

"The cake shop explosion, do you accept the police's findings?" she asked.

"If you have doubts, we can file for an administrative review."

His expression was calm, not even his breathing frequency changed.

Evan was so deeply hidden, Juliana felt that it started from this moment.

She lowered her voice, "I can't be your ideal wife. We're not suited for each other."

Yet Evan laughed softly, grabbing her left hand, holding her ring finger with two fingers.

"The decision to divorce isn't yours to make. Juliana, from the day you married me, you and I have been bound together. It's been four years, I thought by now you'd understand the weight of 'Mrs. Grant'."

Feeling a coldness on her finger, Juliana realized the lost wedding ring had returned.

No, the one that sank to the ocean floor, even if he found where the car sank, retrieving it wouldn't be certain.

Plus, if he knew what happened when he flew to Stella's side that day and still reacted this way, she could only trust one bloody fact:

Her marriage was a sham, she was just a cover-up and shield for Evan Grant.

Thinking of this, Juliana held back her bitterness, pulled off the ring, and slammed it onto the floor.

"Don't use responsibility as a pretense. If it's gone, it's gone. What does this fake thing represent?"

"Juliana!"

Evan stood up in anger.

The ring she lost, he had specially sought out the artisan who made their wedding bands, found the original design, and had it re-crafted at great expense; yet she didn't cherish it.

Juliana, unprepared, fell from his lap.

It hurt, but she laughed.

"If I don't play along with your passionate performance, your true colors show?"

...

Evan went to the study.

Juliana was equally upset.

Mrs. Young heated up dinner for her, but she sat at the dining table with no appetite.

"Mrs., what is a normal married life like?" Juliana asked despondently.

Mrs. Young, awkwardly opened her mouth, and after awhile, replied, "I don't know. My husband passed away the day after our wedding."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to ask about that."

Juliana quickly apologized.

Mrs. Young remained in good spirits.

"It's okay, ma'am. Though I can't let him go, I've moved on. While I haven't experienced a normal married life, I grew up with my husband, so I know what a pair of people in love look like."

"What do they look like?" Juliana was curious.

Mrs. Young smiled, "Like you and President Grant, often bickering, but he always lets me win, and I also give him a way out."

Juliana recognized she was trying to console her, and lowered her eyes, not speaking.

Mrs. Young added, "Mrs., if you feel too disturbed, why not travel with President Grant? Go somewhere your relationship won't be disturbed to strengthen it."

She thought for a moment.

"By the way, the snow scenery in the Southern Hemisphere is beautiful this time of year. How about you and President Grant..."

"I don't like snow. There's no chance of us reaching that point."

Juliana didn't touch the dinner on the table and went back to the bedroom.

At that moment, her phone received a text message.

It was the lawyer she had hired to investigate Evan's overseas assets.

The person said they were unwell and needed time off, unable to take on her case, and would compensate her per the agreement, followed by a string of apologies.

Juliana knew this was Evan's doing.

As long as he spoke, no one in Kenton would dare take her case.

Juliana slumped into a chair, feeling as if the air turned into heavy lead pressing on her shoulders, even breathing became difficult.

After sitting alone by the window for a while, she picked up her pajamas to take a shower.

But just as she reached the bathroom door, her lower abdomen suddenly ached.

Juliana, someone who never had cramps during her cycle, had inexplicably felt this pain a few times since being discharged.

She frowned, about to crouch down when Evan supported her from behind.

"What's wrong?"

His voice was gentle, like in the past.

"Stomach cramps."

Juliana withdrew her hand and stood up by herself.

Evan noticed that since returning from Aldoria, she was remarkably averse to his touch.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"You can't shower in the study..." Evan paused, "Do you want to go first, or should we shower together?"

Did he think her initiating a divorce asset investigation was a joke?

"You go first, my stomach hurts, I need a moment."

Evan didn't insist, his gaze lingered on her abdomen for two seconds, then without questioning, closed the bathroom door.

In less than two minutes, the phone he left outside rang.

It was a distinct ringtone.

Juliana didn't want to get involved in the illicit relationship between him and Stella, so she ignored it.

But the phone rang twice, as if it were urgent.

She hesitated for a moment, then answered it on the third ring.

"Brother, some people came into the hospital room, they..."

"I'm not your brother."

Juliana interrupted her.

The other end was stunned.

Juliana continued, "He's in the shower; I'll have him call you when he's out."

"Oh... okay, thank you."

The caller awkwardly hung up.

Juliana checked the time; it was already past midnight. She must have calculated the time to purposely irritate her.

A while later, Evan came out from the shower.

Though he had taken a bathrobe in, he came out wearing only a towel.

Juliana didn't dare look at him, "Your sister wants you to call her back."

Evan paused in his steps, put on the bathrobe, picked up his phone, and left the room.

Juliana's face bore a light mocking expression.

After ten minutes, Evan returned from the phone call, his whole demeanor exuding a cold aura.

"Her presence won't affect you, why did you drive her out of the hospital?"

"What?" Juliana was baffled.

"She attempted suicide several times, recovered after numerous rescues, her body hasn't healed, yet you took back the villa's living rights and drove her out of the hospital. Do you want her dead?"

Chapter 14: Chapter 14: Breaking Point

Evan Grant's handsome face was clouded with gloom.

Juliana Jacobs wanted to recount the phone call she had just received, but seeing that he was already convinced she'd done something to Stella Grant, she knew any more explanations would be futile.

So instead of speaking, she let out a mocking laugh.

"So what? She almost died, and you were so worried it seemed like the sky was falling. But my life-threatening notice meant nothing to you, because I was supposed to sacrifice myself for her?"

"You're fine now, don't twist the truth! She has depression, and after being kicked out of the hospital, she went missing. If something really happens, could you live with yourself?"

Juliana's tone was icy, "Your sister's life or death has nothing to do with me, of course I could live with it."

Evan's face was as dark as it could get.

"No matter what you do, I won't divorce you. You better remember, your grandfather's imported medicine cannot stop even for a day."

Her grandfather was her bottom line.

Juliana raised her hand and shoved the items off the dressing table.

"If you can be ruthless, I can be even more so. Tomorrow's headline will be the scandal of the Grant Group CEO's stepsister having an abortion abroad. As for the child's father..."

She sneered coldly.

"...Let's see whether my grandfather's medicine runs out first, or your and your sister's reputations are ruined first!"

It had been a long time since Evan Grant had been threatened.

After a few seconds of dead silence, the anger in his eyes strangely extinguished.

"I've spoiled you too much, that's why you've forgotten your limits."

He calmly tightened his robe again, walked to the bedroom door, and gestured outside with his chin.

Two bodyguards stepped forward.

"Madam needs to reflect behind closed doors, take her to the basement for contemplation until they find someone over there."

Juliana's pupils suddenly contracted, and her fingertips pressed hard against the edge of the table.

She had seen Evan's ruthlessness towards others—today, he finally used those means on her for that woman.

The gentleness that had once entrapped her for four years now turned into blades that cut into her heart, causing her to laugh in pain.

After giving his order, Evan turned away from her.

...

Juliana had lived in Platinum Bay for four years without knowing there was a basement here.

After entering, she discovered a small dark room inside.

The walls were made of steel plates, the ventilation was minimal, and one had to endure the stale air, the mental oppression of the environment, and the cold.

It didn't take long before Juliana shivered from the cold.

Ever since being discharged from the hospital, the same temperature of wind others found refreshing, she found cold.

She had meant to find time to consult a Chinese medicine doctor, but before she had the chance, she was locked up here.

As the chills invaded her body, her lower abdomen began to ache faintly.

Not knowing how long she would be confined, she hugged herself, not daring to lean against the wall and could only curl up in the center of the small dark room, counting her heartbeats, urging herself to hold on.

No one slept that night.

Just as dawn broke, Evan stood by the study window, his fingers unconsciously rubbing the handle of a coffee cup.

Ethan Carter pushed the door open and entered.

"There is still no news of Miss Grant from Aldoria. Although she was kicked out of the hospital within minutes of calling you, there are few surveillance cameras near the hospital and none have captured her whereabouts. There's also no record of her exiting the country from customs."

As he spoke, a trace of worry appeared on Ethan's face.

"Could it be that the people Madam sent harmed Miss Grant?"

Evan put down the coffee cup.

"She wouldn't do such a thing."

Ethan quickly amended his words, "Right, after all, those people haven't been caught yet."

Evan glanced at him and reminded, "Your task is to urge them to find the missing person over there."

"Yes, yes."

In truth, finding out those people's identities was easy, just interrogate Madam.

But President Grant hadn't considered doing that at all.

Ethan could see that even if Madam had caused a big mess, at most she'd be locked in a small dark room. President Grant was unwilling to use harsher methods to deal with her.

As Evan went downstairs for breakfast, Mrs. Young carefully glanced at him several times, gathered her courage, and asked, "Should I bring some food to Madam?"

"Madam didn't have dinner last night," she added.

Evan hesitated for a moment but then thought of how overboard she had been these past few days.

So he steeled his heart, "There's drinking water in the basement, skipping two meals won't make her starve."

Mrs. Young's face was full of worry, "Maybe Madam realized her mistake."

Evan chuckled, "No need to wait for her to admit fault. If you go find my grandmother at the old house, someone will release her."

Mrs. Young was warned and her breath paused.

But if Madam was released through someone else, then their relationship would never be mended.

"I won't tell the old lady."

Evan could see that she was truly worried about Juliana.

"Being reckless in the Grant Family is a very dangerous thing. If she doesn't learn a lesson this time, next time she falls into someone else's hands, she might lose her life. It doesn't matter if she hates me. Every lesson I teach her is so she can live longer."

"But Madam has only been discharged for a few days, and the basement is cold and damp..."

Evan's eyes flickered with a hint of compassion.

At this moment, Ethan received a call and rushed to the dining room.

"President Grant, a female corpse was fished out of the river near the Aldoria hospital. Her face is disfigured, but her figure resembles Miss Grant. They are currently doing a DNA comparison."

Mrs. Young's hand clenched the edge of her apron tightly.

Evan's thin lips pressed into a sharp line, but within seconds, relaxed again.

"Until it's confirmed, continue searching."

Ethan paused, then nodded.

Mrs. Young breathed a sigh of relief, "What about Madam..."

"Mrs. Young, the Nine Boiling Soup in Willowspring Town is quite famous, I'll give you the address, go buy some."

"Nine... Nine Boiling Soup?"

Mrs. Young was baffled. Madam was still locked up, why buy soup?

Unable to fathom Evan's intentions, she gave up.

"Alright, I'll take a ride there."

"Didn't I give you a car? Why take a ride?" Evan asked.

Mrs. Young was stunned, "When did you give it?"

Evan distinctly remembered handing Juliana the keys to the GL8 when leaving the hospital room, telling her to give them to Mrs. Young to buy whatever she wanted to eat.

After returning from Aldoria, he hadn't inquired about it.

He rushed to the garage, only to discover the GL8 wasn't there.

Remembering Juliana's strong resistance to his touch these past few days...

Evan stood under the shade, the drooping hair concealing his obscure gaze, his lips pressed with a trace of somberness.

"The day I went to Aldoria, did Madam act unusually?"

Mrs. Young recalled carefully.

"Not long after you left the hospital room, Madam went out once."

Ethan's eyes widened, "That day she hung up on me before I could finish speaking. I came to see her, wasn't she asleep?"

"Madam returned before you came to see her; she was soaked when she came back. When I asked her, she didn't say anything. In the evening, Ms. Windsor used the wedding photo of you and Miss Grant as a provocation to her..."

At this point, Mrs. Young glanced at Evan discreetly.

Evan's jawline was taut, forming a sharp arc.

"...Madam vomited blood, but didn't let us call a doctor. She said she accidentally drank some seawater."

Chapter 15: Chapter 15: He Deleted Her Child

Ethan realized there was a major mistake in his work.

"Why didn't you report something this important?"

Mrs. Young was frightened into hesitation by his sternness.

"The madam wouldn't allow it."

Ethan stomped his foot in anger.

"President Grant, every car in Platinum Bay is equipped with a tracker. I'll check right away where the car is."

Evan's face showed no expression as he glanced indifferently at Mrs. Young, "You're quite loyal to her."

After speaking, he turned and headed towards the basement.

...

Juliana felt completely dazed.

She went from feeling cold at first to becoming numb to the surrounding temperature.

She thought she might have adapted to this place.

However, she was very thirsty now, her throat hurting, but there was no water, no food here.

Gradually, the darkness slowly faded, and she suddenly found herself standing in a small alley.

She hadn't been to this alley for over a decade.

At thirteen, when she escaped from hell, not knowing where to go, the dumpster in this alley became her lifeline until...

"What are you doing here? Come with me."

Juliana turned towards the voice, only to find no one there.

This voice hadn't been heard for years.

Wasn't he already dead?

She called out his name while chasing towards the misty alley entrance.

However, as she ran, a white light flashed before her eyes, and she suddenly felt her whole body become incredibly heavy, even breathing became an effort.

Opening her eyes, she found herself in a hospital room.

She was wearing an oxygen mask, still felt feverish, and there was no one beside her.

Outside the window, the night was ink-dark, but the horizon had split open into a pale streak.

Juliana wanted to drink some water, so she slowly raised her hand, just about to press the call button by the bed when she suddenly heard a noise from outside the door...

In the corridor, Caleb punched Evan in the face.

"I barely dragged her back from the brink of death, and to have me go to Aldoria to care for your stepsister you promised me she'd be well taken care of, yet just a few days later she's back in the hospital. If you wanted her dead, why did you make me save her with all my strength?"

With Juliana's latest hospital admission, Evan had rented out the entire floor, leaving no onlookers.

Evan wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, maintaining a detached tone.

"Who is she to you that you're so agitated?"

Juliana also wished she understood the situation.

After all, she barely knew Caleb, only aware that he was Evan's childhood friend and an excellent doctor.

It was quite unexpected for him to stand up for her like this.

"I erased her miscarriage record during her emergency, compromising my professional ethics. And yet you? You imprisoned her in the basement, nearly costing her life! Had I known, I might as well have let her know the truth... at least she would have learned to cherish herself."

Juliana removed the oxygen mask, sitting up in shock.

So the occasional stomach cramps weren't muscle spasms but rather the unborn child leaving without a word, trying to inform her through any means in a blackout of news that a small presence once dwelled within her.

The heart that once beat fervently for Evan was being torn into shreds, each reflecting his cold, ruthless face.

Juliana covered her mouth, holding back the sobs threatening to escape her throat.

Caleb was very agitated, but Evan remained composed in his reaction.

"Letting her know about the baby would only make her more sorrowful. I'll help her recover, and we can have more children in the future."

Caleb laughed derisively, "You let her burn with fever and suffer from hypoglycemia in the basement, almost killing her. What makes you think she'd still want to have a child with you?"

Evan recalled how, when he held her, she mumbled "yan" indistinctly.

If she didn't love him, she wouldn't murmur his name even in her delirium.

Thinking of this gave him confidence.

"Because she has me in her heart."

Caleb was struck by his words, grinding his teeth.

"Find someone else to take care of that woman; I'm not going to Aldoria anymore. If you have any conscience left, you'd be concerned about your wife. Her body is severely chilled, and it'll be difficult for you to have children again."

He left without looking back after saying this.

Evan's brows knitted deeply.

"President Grant..."

Ethan rushed over after a busy night.

"Miss Grant... she's back, right now at the hospital entrance."

Evan's eyes filled with a chill, he remained silent.

Ethan wiped his sweat.

"The body fished out of the river didn't match her blood type, so it wasn't her. We were mainly checking the outbound information from Aldoria, but Miss Grant hitched a ride to another city before returning home. We found out when the plane was about to land and brought her directly from the airport."

"If this kind of oversight happens again, you might as well change careers and make bricks," Evan retorted, heading towards the main entrance.

At this moment, the dawn had already painted the sky red.

Stella stood on the hospital steps.

Her cherry-blossom pink linen shirt was casually tucked into her creamy white wide-legged trousers, accentuating a delicate fragility.

The Tiffany enamel camellia earrings on her earlobes swayed gently as she looked around, making her resemble a cherry blossom in early bloom, fresh and utterly unthreatening.

Seeing Evan, she happily ran over.

"Brother..."

Noticing his displeased expression, she stepped back a few paces, biting her lip.

"Who told you to come back?"

Evan was not as joyful, his voice even cold.

"I always wanted to tell you, tomorrow is my father's 15th death anniversary, I wanted to come back and pay respects, but you always hung up my calls in a hurry."

"Bodyguards in Aldoria have been looking everywhere for you, why couldn't we get through on the phone?"

"A few fierce people came into the ward demanding I be discharged immediately. I called you, your wife said you'd get back to me, but they smashed my phone. I escaped from the hospital and decided to return to tell you face to face. I didn't know you were looking for me all along, I'm sorry."

Evan's grip on his tie visibly tightened.

"Miss Grant, President Grant was extremely concerned about your safety. Please, don't do this again," Ethan chimed in.

Stella nodded, apologizing repeatedly.

"Did those who drove you away mention who sent them?" Ethan asked.

Stella shook her head, "They didn't seem like local Chinese."

Ethan looked at Evan, "They entered with fake passports; to find out their identities, we might still have to ask the madam."

Stella was puzzled, "What do they have to do with my sister-in-law?"

Evan cast a piercing look at Ethan, "After seven years with me, you still can't discern priorities. Go count the copier paper in the logistics department."

Ethan understood that President Grant meant now that Stella was back, there was no need to probe into whether the madam was involved.

Before he could respond, Evan instructed, "Escort her back to the old house."

"Brother, now that I'm here, is it appropriate to leave without seeing my sister-in-law?" Stella asked cautiously.