

## **Panicking 131**

Chapter 131: Secretary Shepherd, I Need You

Immediately, he put on a mentor's smile and said, "Juliana, Summer, you both are here."

Juliana smiled and approached with Summer.

Yvonne asked with concern, "What happened to your foot?"

"I twisted it," Juliana replied.

Yvonne said, "It looks serious. You must take care of it."

Juliana nodded without speaking.

At this moment, a waiter stationed outside shouted, "Vice President Grant has arrived."

Hearing this, Yvonne quickly ran out, not even caring about her father.

Quentin, ignoring Juliana's presence, shook his head with a smile and said to a few friends, "Did you see that? You can't keep a grown daughter at home."

With that, he too quickly walked outside.

Seeing the father and daughter act like this, Summer was amazed, "Finally, a prime example of a crooked elder leading to a crooked younger one."

Juliana laughed lightly, "This is just the beginning."

As the two were about to proceed further inside, they encountered Mrs. Quinn heading out eagerly to greet someone.

Seeing Juliana, Mrs. Quinn's expression darkened for a moment but then she lifted her chin and said with pride to a female companion, "If it wasn't for the fact that our Yvonne is so excellent and self-respecting, how would President Grant care about her so much? Once she gives birth to the family's eldest grandson, the entire Grant Family will belong to Yvonne!"

The woman next to her, who seemed about her age, laughed repeatedly, "Yes, yes, much better than those who take a spot but do nothing, wasting people's time!"

Mrs. Quinn felt even more smug, "Lucia, our families are old friends. Once we have money, we won't forget about you."

Just as Summer was about to speak, Mrs. Quinn rudely squeezed past them, even deliberately elbowing Juliana hard.

Fortunately, Juliana had a cane, so she didn't fall.

Summer hurriedly stepped forward to support her, angrily saying, "What is wrong with that person..."

Juliana gently pressed her hand, calmly watching Mrs. Quinn's departing figure, "Give some tolerance to the blind."

Summer was taken aback but then burst into laughter, "I suspect we have masochistic tendencies."

Juliana, "?"

Summer, "Coming to this wretched place willingly, only to disgust ourselves."

Juliana also started laughing.

Evan was ushered through the doors by the Quinn family members.

Because he was not yet divorced, Yvonne was more reserved, just standing close to him without acting as intimately as usual.

Juliana picked up a glass of champagne but Summer quickly swapped it for a juice.

"You're a lightweight, why are you even thinking of drinking?"

Juliana's lips formed a slight smile, but just as she looked up, she collided with an intense gaze.

Ryan Warner, dressed in a coffee-colored suit, stood not far away, gazing at her intently.

As if he wanted to approach her, Juliana coldly turned away and walked off in another direction.

Summer didn't notice this moment. She caught up with Juliana, whispering, "On such an important day, don't you feel like someone is missing?"

Juliana nodded, "Stella Windsor didn't come. Yvonne is her pawn. To avoid suspicion, she definitely won't show up."

As the two were about to sit on the terrace chairs, they unexpectedly ran straight into Evan.

Seeing Yvonne next to him, Summer immediately laughed, "Oh, the Quinn family's prized son-in-law, hello."

"Does your brother know you act like this, so disrespectful?" Evan said coldly.

Juliana redirected her gaze elsewhere, avoiding looking at them.

Yvonne quickly added, "Evan, why don't you go over to my dad? He'll introduce you to his proud students. I'll chat with Miss Jacobs for a bit and then join you."

Evan glanced at Juliana, his gaze naturally falling on her foot.

Caleb Shaw said it wasn't serious, so why was she using a cane?

"Evan?" Yvonne tugged at his sleeve when she noticed him zoning out.

Evan collected his thoughts and responded kindly to Yvonne, "Alright."

Once he left, Yvonne warmly stepped forward and took Juliana's arm.

"You're trying to match us up, so you won't blame Evan for taking care of me, right?"

Before Juliana could respond, Summer interjected with a cold laugh, "Even if there's a rift in their marriage, I've never seen someone so brazenly show off in front of the wife. There's no more shameless mistress than Miss Quinn here."

After saying that, she quickly corrected herself, intensifying her tone, "No, you're not a mistress, you're a second mistress."

Yvonne's face immediately turned ashen. Juliana stepped between her and Summer, her voice calm, "Today is your father's birthday banquet. We only came here to say congratulations and won't disturb you further."

Yvonne swiftly masked her anger with joy and her gaze fell on Juliana's glass.

"Why are you drinking juice? This champagne was specially ordered by Evan's assistant. Here, I haven't touched this glass yet, let's switch."

Saying so, without waiting for Juliana's agreement, Yvonne forcibly swapped Juliana's juice with her own champagne.

Juliana held the champagne, her expression unchanged, "Miss Quinn, I'm on antibiotics, so I can't drink alcohol."

Yvonne suddenly realized and expressed concern, "Oh, is that so? This juice has been out for a while and isn't fresh. I'll have the kitchen make a fresh one for you right away."

With that, she took the juice and hurried towards the kitchen.

"That person sure knows how to play dirty," Summer remarked.

Juliana sniffed the champagne in her hand; her expression turned slightly grim, "Go check the kitchen."

Summer raised an eyebrow, immediately grasping the situation, and hurried to the kitchen.

Passing through the hall, she saw Elias being ushered in by Quentin and others.

Summer paused in her steps, changed direction, and approached Quinn Shepherd, who had been squeezed out of the crowd, her lips curling into a smile, "Secretary Shepherd, I need your help."

Quinn Shepherd's eyelids flickered slightly...

Ten minutes later, Summer returned from the kitchen.

Juliana was still sitting by the terrace in a chair, and her drink had switched back to juice.

Summer whispered, "Yvonne spiked the juice she was preparing for you. Once you drank it, she'd have a waiter take you to an upstairs guest room. When the 'action' started, she'd burst in with all the guests

to catch you in the act. Not only would Evan be utterly disappointed in you, but you'd also be publicly humiliated, unable to show your face in the social circle again."

Juliana's eyes fell on the woman in the hall who had earlier mocked her alongside Mrs. Quinn.

This woman, Lucia, was now trying to persuade her husband to drink less.

Juliana withdrew her gaze and asked, "How did you find out all this in such detail?"

Summer coughed lightly, "I happened to see Secretary Shepherd free, so I asked him for a favor."

Juliana said calmly, "Elias and we aren't from the same world, so if we can draw boundaries, it's best not to trouble him."

Summer understood her meaning.

Someone who had already experienced setbacks in marriage couldn't bear any new wounds.

"Don't worry, it has nothing to do with Elias. It's a personal connection between Secretary Shepherd and me. I'll treat him to a drink another day."

Hearing this, Juliana said nothing more.

At this moment, Yvonne came over with a glass of freshly squeezed juice.

"Miss Jacobs, this is freshly squeezed and very fresh."

Chapter 132: Elias Langley's Hand Didn't Catch

"Miss Quinn, thank you for your thoughtfulness,"

Juliana took it, paused deliberately, and added, "If you are planning for a baby, it's best to stop drinking from now on."

Yvonne was taken aback and hurriedly nodded as she came to her senses.

During the conversation, the two glasses of juice had been quietly swapped.

"I haven't touched this glass of juice, if you don't mind..."

Juliana pushed another glass of juice toward her and raised her own.

"...here's to you and Vice President Grant having a child soon."

Yvonne was so happy that she forgot that what she had given to Juliana was champagne. She was eager for Juliana to take the bait, so she quickly picked up the "safe" juice and clinked glasses with Juliana.

The two of them drank it all down, and just at the right time, Summer poured the champagne in her hand onto Yvonne's dress.

"What are you doing?" Yvonne immediately flew into a rage.

Juliana quickly said, "She didn't do it on purpose. I'll go up with Miss Quinn to change clothes."

Yvonne, who was focused on setting a trap, saw Juliana walk into the trap herself and was not about to refuse.

But after they entered the guest room, Yvonne felt hot all over. Juliana suggested she take a bath, and, feeling dizzy, she agreed.

Juliana opened the door, and Summer was already waiting at the entrance.

She tilted her head slightly.

The waiter beside her was helping an old man into the room.

This old man was the husband of that woman named Lucia.

The waiter, feeling guilty, said to Summer after delivering the person, "Miss, is it enough? I'll go confess now; everything was done on Miss Quinn's orders, but the result backfired on her. I have an elderly parent and a child depending on me; please keep your promise."

Summer waved her hand, and the waiter quickly disappeared into the stairwell.

"Don't feel sorry for him. He was the one who drugged your juice just now."

With that, Summer laughed.

"Secretary Shepherd really knows how to scare people."

A faint smile crossed Juliana's face, "Let's go; it's not over yet."

Yvonne had just taken off her clothes when she heard noises outside and came out.

What she bought was good stuff; the old man was already stripped down to just shorts.

Seeing her, he instantly felt like he was eighteen again...

Downstairs, the birthday banquet that had been going smoothly was abruptly interrupted due to Yvonne's disappearance.

The Quinn couple immediately suspected Juliana.

"You must have been jealous of my daughter and harmed her!"

Mrs. Quinn said as she was about to grab Juliana by the neck. Evan spoke coldly, "If you can't find her, call the police; there's no need to get physical."

Mrs. Quinn stopped dead in her tracks upon hearing this.

Quentin Quinn, concerned about his reputation, quickly said, "Yes, call the police, let them arrest this venomous woman."

At this point, someone in the crowd shouted, "Upstairs, everyone, head upstairs..."

The Quinn couple thought Yvonne had appeared at a crime scene and ran ahead upstairs.

The room from which the sound of cooking was coming was not only open, but wide open.

Yvonne's graceful demeanor was fully exposed to everyone.

"Old Wang, you bastard, messing around with your friend's daughter..."

The woman named Lucia squeezed through the crowd, went berserk upon seeing this scene, and rushed in to beat up the two entangled in their cooking.

At this time, two policemen came up following the voices, "Who is Yvonne?"

A helpful citizen pointed inside.

The policemen frowned and walked into the room with big steps, "Yvonne, you are suspected of purchasing illegal drugs, attempting to harm others, and participating in indecent gatherings. Please come with us for investigation."

"It's over, the Quinn family is finished."

Mrs. Quinn let out a scream and fainted on the spot.

Quentin Quinn's facade of a "highly educated family" being completely torn apart, leaving him unable to repair it, made it difficult for him to maintain his standing in both his social circle and society as a whole.

He looked pleadingly at Evan Grant.

But the man's face stayed cold; not only did he not want to go and rescue Yvonne, he turned and left.

Juliana did not join the commotion but left with Summer.

Summer went to get the car, and she walked to the door with a limp.

Just as she was about to descend the steps, her supporting cane suddenly slipped.

A hand from behind immediately reached for her waist.

But Juliana steadied herself in time, and that hand did not help her at all.

Elias retracted his hand, watching her leave expressionlessly.

Quinn Shepherd wanted to speak, but Elias made a gesture to stop him.

At this moment, Summer drove the car over.

As Juliana was about to get in, someone suddenly called out from behind, "Juliana."

She turned around, and Ryan had already jogged up to her.

"Last time we met was too rushed; I didn't have a good chat with you. Can I treat you to a meal this time?"

"Is there anything left to discuss between us?" Juliana asked calmly.

Ryan looked ashamed, "I've been working hard these years to become someone you appreciate."

Juliana chuckled lightly, "As long as you follow Quentin Quinn, I will never look up to you."

She turned to leave, but was stopped.

"Don't you want evidence of Quentin Quinn plagiarizing your academic work?" Ryan said.

Juliana paused slightly.

Suddenly, rain began to pour from the sky.

Ryan quickly used his hand to shield her.

"Tomorrow night at 7 PM, at The Azure Breeze, I'll give you the evidence. Quickly get in the car; don't catch a cold in the rain."

After speaking, he not only caringly helped her into the car but also watched her leave.

Quinn Shepherd, watching from afar, suddenly raised an eyebrow, "Oh, what a coincidence, you have a social engagement at The Azure Breeze tomorrow night."

Elias looked at the increasingly dense raindrops, his voice calm, "Are you very idle recently?"

Quinn Shepherd, taken aback, blurted out, "Don't you like Miss Jacobs anymore?"

Elias did not respond, leaving in another direction.

The next day, after finishing work at Aetherflame, Juliana headed straight to The Azure Breeze.

Due to her leg, she took a taxi there.

The Azure Breeze was a Japanese restaurant.

But because of Juliana's leg, the restaurant substituted a chair for her.

"Is your injury serious?" Ryan asked with concern.

Juliana responded indifferently, "Let's talk business."

Ryan smiled, "You're still as vigilant as ever."

He said as he sat beside her.

"Juliana, if Aidan hadn't been there back then, would I have had a chance?"

"It doesn't seem like you're serious about business."

Juliana picked up her cane and headed for the exit.

"Juliana, if you step out of this room, I'll destroy the evidence."

Juliana stopped and turned to look at him.

Ryan immediately played a recording, Quentin Quinn's voice came through clearly.

"...This research will be under your name; let's split the profits fifty-fifty. If you don't agree, don't think about getting your degree."

The recording ended there abruptly.

Ryan said, "Every word Quentin Quinn said to me, I recorded. Back then, I was forced to accept his terms, but I have been living in torment all these years. He gained fame and fortune from your work, but are you really willing to let that go?"

Juliana coldly smiled, "Don't try to sound so righteous; what do you want from me?"

Ryan was momentarily stunned and dropped his indignant act.

"Fine, I'll be direct. We succeeded in replicating a battery similar to Aetherflame from the data you left behind in the lab. Quentin plans to keep packaging me and use me as a bargaining chip to sell to Evan Grant, securing benefits for the Quinn family. But this time I want to cooperate with you; I'll join Evan Grant's team to get core benefits for you, and we'll split evenly. What do you say?"

Juliana laughed at his words, "If I wanted Evan Grant's money, I wouldn't need such a hassle. You're just worried that once the data I left behind runs out, you won't have technical support anymore, and if found out, you'll be the first Evan deals with."

Juliana stopped smiling.

"You and Quentin are the same kind; I wish you two would get your comeuppance now."

She turned to leave again.

"No, don't leave!"

Ryan's suppressed emotions overflowed, and he lunged to grab her wrist.

Juliana swiftly turned aside, hitting him across the face with her cane.

Ryan clutched his face, the last shred of his reason vanished completely.

"If you don't agree today, don't think of leaving this room!"

In the opposite private room.

Quinn Shepherd opened the door slightly and quietly asked Elias, "There was a loud noise from inside just now; should we check it out?"

Elias, who was in the midst of entertaining guests, paused for a moment.

Just as he was about to speak, the sliding door opposite them fell over with a "boom."

Chapter 133: I Hope You Won't Regret It When Someone Pursues Miss Jacobs in the Future

Elias Langley and the person sitting opposite him were both silent.

Juliana Jacobs limped over to the man who had rolled on the ground and pressed his neck with her cane.

"Did you think my foot mobility would make me easy prey today?"

"Ryan Warner, let me tell you, back when you and Quentin Quinn academically kidnapped me from both sides, I didn't kill you because I didn't have the capability."

"Now, I've set this trap with the new energy heavy-duty truck battery just to lure you in. With that scrap of your battery, passing the inspection line is mere luck. Only an idiot would treat it as treasure."

"If you're content to be a pawn of Quentin Quinn, then be a good one. I'll just wait and watch you be ruined in his hands."

Ryan Warner lay on the ground, afraid to get up, fearing she might actually pierce his throat with her cane.

"No wonder Evan Grant doesn't want you, you're just a..."

He couldn't finish his sentence before Juliana's cane pressed against his mouth.

"What I am is none of your business. Let me tell you, the data you forced me to leave in the lab when I graduated was wrong. Obey your teacher well and serve Evan Grant. I'm waiting to see the great achievements of your mentorship duo."

After Juliana finished speaking, she noticed Quinn Shepherd standing nearby.

Looking into the opposite private room, she saw the composed Elias Langley and...

Juliana quickly averted her gaze, as if startled by them, gently patting her chest.

At this moment, the owner rushed over.

Seeing Juliana's impaired leg and then looking at the man lying on the ground dressed like a wolf in sheep's clothing, the owner was momentarily at a loss about whom to ask if the police were needed.

"This... these damages, do you think..."

Ryan Warner waved his hand at the boss from the ground, "No need to call the police, help me up, I'll cover the losses."

Juliana did not accept his gesture and just gave him a cold glance before turning to leave.

Ryan Warner called out unwillingly, "Juliana, you ruined his daughter; Quentin Quinn won't let this slide. Without partnering with me, you're on a dead-end path."

But Juliana ignored him.

Quinn Shepherd closed the door to the private room.

"If that girl's leg was a bit better, she might have fought her way into The Emyrean Palace," Miles Monroe chuckled, sitting across from Elias Langley.

Elias Langley partially lifted his eyelids, "Do you know her?"

Being a psychologist that values professional ethics, Miles Monroe would not reveal patient's privacy.

"She's pretty impressive, with cunning, skills, and looks. Haven't you always been looking for this kind of research talent? Why not pursue her?"

Elias Langley wiped his mouth, stood up, "Thanks for the treat, Mr. Monroe, but the taste here isn't all that great."

Miles Monroe stood up after him, "Did I say I'd treat you? Wasn't it you who invited me?"

Elias Langley seemed not to hear him and walked out. As he passed the hallway, he intentionally glanced at the man getting up from the ground.

Ultimately, Miles Monroe paid the bill for the meal.

At the entrance, Quinn Shepherd had already driven the car over.

When he noticed Elias smiling subtly in a certain direction by the door, he saw Juliana standing there after stepping out.

It started raining again.

Quinn Shepherd offered, "Miss Jacobs, how about we give you a ride?"

Juliana smiled and shook the phone in her hand, "Thanks, I've already called for a ride."

As she declined, her eyes naturally turned to Elias Langley.

There was no deliberate avoidance, but within her polite smile was an endless sense of alienation and the distance of strangers.

Elias Langley said nothing and got into the back seat.

Quinn Shepherd closed the car door, greeted Juliana, and went to the driver's seat.

The car started slowly, and Juliana's gaze turned to the distant street corner.

Quinn Shepherd looked at the rearview mirror and couldn't help asking, "Haven't you always had a special interest in Miss Jacobs? Is it because of her married status? But she's about to divorce."

Elias Langley stared at the rain outside, responding calmly, "Can you be sure of Dorian Lowell's identity?"

"Uh..."

Isn't it still under investigation?

Quinn Shepherd was momentarily speechless.

"If the deceased Dorian Lowell isn't the one I'm looking for, do you think she would accept being a mistress?" Elias Langley said.

Quinn Shepherd suddenly understood and sighed.

"It's indeed a pity. After all these years, apart from searching for Madam, it's the first time I've seen you show such interest in a woman. Hopefully, you won't regret it when you see someone pursuing Miss Jacobs in the future."

Elias Langley pursed his lips, staying silent.

In truth, when he received the call that day, his initial reaction to finding a DNA tester wasn't joy.

Instead, he suddenly realized a problem.

If he allowed himself to move towards Juliana now and Miss Sinclair truly returned in the future, how should he position himself?

An engagement is a responsibility, while an attraction is an accident.

Without timely restraint, does he wait until she is deeply involved, then force her to humble herself?

Juliana, already scarred from a marriage, how could he bear to pull her into another undesirable emotional entanglement.

Meanwhile, Miles Monroe drove the car up in front of Juliana Jacobs.

"Miss Jacobs, the car you called can't get in here. The rain is so heavy; let me give you a ride."

Juliana hesitated briefly but eventually nodded and got into his car.

In the Hongqi L5, Quinn Shepherd glanced at the rearview mirror by the driver's seat and exclaimed, "Hey... Young Master Miles is stealing her away, can't trust this guy anymore."

Elias Langley's gaze shifted to the rear-view mirror, the emotion in his eyes deep and enigmatic.

Though she didn't get rained on this time, Juliana fell ill after getting home.

The events of the past few days had exhausted her, inevitably affecting her immunity.

Just then, Rosalind Linton called, saying she'd make ginger duck for her tomorrow. She asked if it should be delivered to her company or residence.

With a sore throat, Juliana said she couldn't eat in the next couple of days and hung up.

Before long, her phone rang again.

The caller ID showed Adrian Langley.

Juliana took a sip of water and answered the call.

"Got a cold?" he asked.

Clearly informed by Rosalind Linton.

"Yeah, what's up?"

"Can't I call you without a reason?"

Juliana, with her throat feeling like it had swallowed razor blades, had no energy to bicker and was about to hang up when Adrian Langley said, "I'm at the entrance to your complex. Send me the apartment number, and tell security. I'll come in to deliver some medication."

Juliana not only gave him the apartment number but also the entry code.

Because she felt terrible, unable to get out of bed.

Adrian Langley fed her the medicine and stayed the night.

Just like when she was sick before, he lay on the sofa without changing, watching over her all night.

By around nine the next morning, Juliana woke up, her fever gone, her throat much improved.

Walking into the living room, she found Adrian Langley busy in the kitchen.

Natural light from outside outlined his broad shoulders, the sleeves of his pink shirt rolled to the elbows, apron strings tightened at the back, accentuating sharp lines.

With the motion of him cooking noodles, he embodied a sense of focused yet gentle strength.

Juliana clearly felt that he was much more robust than when they parted four years ago.

Having not yet freshened up, she leaned against the door and casually ruffled her tangled hair, asking, "Don't you have to work?"

Adrian Langley, cooking noodles with his head turned away, "I talked to Summer Shaw, said I'd go to the office once you're completely better."

Juliana folded her arms across her chest, "I'm asking why you're not going to the office?"

With the fierce competition between him and Jared Langley, it's impossible for him to ignore work matters. If caught in a loophole, Jared would surely make a fuss.

Adrian Langley paused, turned to look at her, a lazy yet clear smile lurking between his brows.

Chapter 134: We've Been in a Secret Relationship for a Long Time

He turned off the stove and walked up to her.

"Wash your eyes clean first, then come out to eat the noodles."

Saying that, he spun her around and pushed her towards the bathroom.

When Juliana Jacobs came out after washing up, the egg noodles were ready.

The tea-colored noodle soup still had bits of chopped scallions floating on top.

This was Adrian Langley's signature "home-cooked dish" that Juliana had tried to imitate many times, but she could never capture the same flavor.

She buried her head and ate quickly, finishing more than half of the bowl in no time.

Adrian Langley laughed as he watched her eat.

"I really can't finish it," she pushed the remaining small half-bowl away, "I'll put it in the fridge and heat it up again for dinner."

The smile on Adrian Langley's face faded, "If you like it, I'll make it for you again tonight."

Juliana Jacobs looked at him, her eyes especially serious this time, "So, you're not planning to fight Jared Langley anymore?"

Adrian Langley wiped his mouth and after a moment of silence said, "I went to the Langley Family originally to make some money so you all could live better. But now that Grandpa is gone, you don't need me anymore, so I'm planning to leave the Langley Family and take my mom abroad."

"Barring any surprises, we'll leave in a few days," he added.

It seemed he didn't plan to let the Langleys know and just leave quietly.

Juliana Jacobs was a bit surprised, but she also felt that perhaps this was a good choice.

However, while they were talking, Adrian Langley's phone rang, but he glanced at the name and ignored it.

Adrian Langley handed her the medicine, "The fever is down, but you still need to keep taking the medicine. No cold or raw food for the next few days, remember?"

After taking the medicine, Juliana Jacobs remembered something, put down the water cup, and picked up her bag.

"I still have to go to the company. Recently, Summer Shaw has been busy with business expansion, and I can't just laze around here."

Adrian Langley didn't try to stop her. Instead, he packed up the medicine she needed for lunch, put it in her bag, and drove her there.

Along the way, several calls came in, all of which he ignored.

Juliana Jacobs sensed something, "Are you sure you can just leave like that?"

Adrian Langley smiled nonchalantly, "The situation is special these days. Jared's mom insisted on pairing him with a suitable girl, but he refused. The two are at odds, with his mom threatening suicide, and he's responding with passive resistance, leaving a lot of work to fall on me."

But as he said this, he laughed.

"It's been lively at the Langley Family these days, with all the commotion making Victor Langley sleep in the study."

Juliana Jacobs didn't respond to this, instead saying, "Before you leave, let's all have one more meal together."

Adrian Langley nodded, "We'll eat at Celestial Vista's place, and I'll cook."

"Okay."

Rosalind Linton and her son leaving was a good thing, but Juliana Jacobs couldn't help but feel a little sad.

Upon reaching Aetherflame, she buried herself into the lab.

It wasn't until the afternoon, when she had to go to the hospital to change her dressing, that she emerged from the lab.

Originally, Summer Shaw was supposed to take time to send her there, but a client changed the appointment last minute.

Juliana Jacobs said she wasn't that delicate and went there by taxi alone.

With Caleb Shaw's connection, she was able to change the dressing quickly.

Just as she was about to leave, she suddenly bumped into the discharged Mrs. Quinn in the outpatient hall.

Yvonne Quinn was still detained at the police station, and seeing Juliana Jacobs made Mrs. Quinn burn with anger.

But instead of rushing up to argue, she approached and suddenly grabbed Juliana Jacobs' hand.

Then she cried pitifully, "Miss Jacobs, please, let my daughter go! She's still young, she doesn't know better, if she goes to jail she'll be ruined for life!"

Juliana Jacobs tried to pull her hand back, but Mrs. Quinn held on tightly, refusing to let go.

She frowned, "Your daughter is 28, not 82 and suffering dementia. She committed a crime by buying illegal drugs. You should find a lawyer, not me."

Mrs. Quinn, tears streaming down her face, looked at her, "As long as you forgive her, we'll figure out the rest."

Juliana Jacobs gritted her teeth, finally freeing her hand, and replied with five words, "Not a chance in hell."

Seeing that pleading was useless, Mrs. Quinn's expression suddenly changed, dropping to her knees with a "thud" in front of Juliana Jacobs.

The usually bustling outpatient hall didn't pay attention to their disagreement, but Mrs. Quinn's sudden kneeling immediately drew everyone's attention.

Mrs. Quinn clung to Juliana Jacobs' lame leg, wailing.

"Miss Jacobs, you can't do this! My daughter and her boyfriend truly love each other. You can't out of jealousy and wanting her boyfriend, push her to the brink and even report her to the police. They're truly in love, please let my daughter go."

Mrs. Quinn perfectly flipped the situation, and the onlookers immediately started pointing fingers at Juliana Jacobs.

Yet Juliana Jacobs showed no sign of embarrassment.

She's been slandered countless times before, and even if everything was torn apart, she didn't feel a bit of it.

She calmly waited for Mrs. Quinn to finish her act, then coldly smiled, with composure, "You're Professor Quentin Quinn's wife, you should know the law. If you firmly believe Yvonne's drugging is unfounded and the police have made a mistake, you should appeal through legal channels, not come begging to me."

With her words, Mrs. Quinn's sobbing stopped instantly, and her face turned pale.

The surrounding chatter also gradually quieted down.

At this moment, a male voice came from the crowd, "Mrs. Quinn, you must have some nerve."

Nobody knew how long Jared Langley had been watching the scene; this time he walked out of the crowd, stood next to Juliana Jacobs, and wrapped an arm around her shoulder.

"My relationship with my girlfriend is stable, it's your daughter who's persistently pestering me, even drugging me. How did she end up as the innocent doomed victim in your story?"

As Jared Langley finished, the crowd gasped in surprise.

Mrs. Quinn never expected Jared Langley to transform into the 'boyfriend' in her story, siding with Juliana Jacobs.

A flicker of unhidden panic flashed in her eyes.

When everyone understood, they began to criticize her instead.

Juliana Jacobs, although unsure why Jared Langley helped her, seized the opportunity to escape Mrs. Quinn's grip.

Eventually, the hospital security escorted a sheepish Mrs. Quinn out, bringing the disturbance to an end.

As everyone dispersed, Juliana Jacobs retreated from Jared Langley's embrace without delay.

Just about to question him on the reason for his assistance, a woman's angry voice sounded from behind, "Jared Langley! What do you mean by this?"

Both turned back simultaneously.

Juliana Jacobs was momentarily stunned, as Jared Langley once more draped his arm around her shoulder.

"Miss Caldwell, do you see this? This is why I've turned you down."

The woman found herself speechless.

Jared Langley continued with a faint smile, "We've been secretly together for a long time, just waiting for the right time to go public, so don't waste your efforts on me, go tell my mom."

The woman, filled with rage, pointed at him, "You'll regret this!"

With that, she spun around and left, heels adorned with diamonds clicking away.

Juliana Jacobs frowned, once again disdainfully brushing off his hand.

"Well played, President Langley, always handy with a human shield."

Jared Langley laughed, "Honey, you sowed this seed last time; shouldn't you help reap the results without getting mad?"

Juliana Jacobs really wanted to slap him but restrained herself.

Jared Langley noticed her concern and said dismissively, "Don't worry, my mom won't trouble you."

Juliana Jacobs bit her lip, "Quite the pastime, President Langley, coming to the hospital for a matchmaking session. It's a stroke of bad luck running into you here."

She finished her words and walked away without looking back.

Jared Langley watched her limping departure, squeezing the sleeping pills in his hand, thinking that perhaps tonight he wouldn't need them. He felt strangely uplifted.

But once he returned to the Langley Family, a storm was brewing...

Late at night, Elias Langley came back from outside, seeing the Langley Residence's living room brightly lit.

Victor Langley and his wife were sternly reprimanding their son.

Elias Langley originally didn't want to involve himself in his big brother's family affairs and was about to go upstairs via the other staircase.

However, he heard Victor Langley angrily scolding, "Of all the women, why do you have to mess with a married one? Don't you know who Evan Grant is? Tell me, how far have you two gone?"

Elias Langley paused and immediately turned back.

Looking at Jared Langley, his gaze held a slight chill.

"Big brother, who did you say Jared was with?"

Chapter 135: Make Everyone Know Juliana Jacobs Is a Disgraced Socialite

Victor Langley sighed, "Unfortunate family affairs."

Mrs. Langley wiped her tears, "Unfortunate? It's clearly that shameless woman seducing our Jared!"

Adrian Langley sat in the corner peeling an apple, seemingly uninvolved, yet quietly aware of everything.

Elias Langley said calmly, "Jared has always been measured in his actions. For the company, he's done his utmost. The Langleys shouldn't believe every rumor."

Kneeling on the ground, Jared Langley gratefully glanced at this uncle who rarely concerned himself with the Langley family's internal matters.

"Elias, you don't even understand what we're talking about." Mrs. Langley said.

Elias Langley raised an eyebrow, "Isn't it about Jared using himself to attract clients for the company's business? I heard Mrs. Wyatt from Daccar Group is particularly fond of discussing business with him at hotels."

The long apple peel that Adrian Langley had painstakingly cut finally broke at this moment.

Jared Langley felt a fire ignite above his head.

Victor Langley furrowed his brow and asked, "And who's this Mrs. Wyatt?"

Elias Langley replied, "If my brother wants results from him, he can't restrain him."

The living room fell into a dead silence.

Victor Langley's face turned from blue to purple, and he roared, "Bring the family rules!"

"Dad, it's not like that..."

Kneeling, Jared Langley shuffled forward two steps, desperate to explain, but Victor Langley gave him no chance.

Elias Langley withdrew upstairs, a barely noticeable smile on the corner of his lips.

A session with the family rules ended with Jared receiving two lashes under Mrs. Langley's fervent protection.

Victor Langley was still dissatisfied, "From today on, the 'Project Helios' intelligent energy storage project will be handed over to Adrian."

Jared and his mother were shocked.

Everyone knew that "Project Helios" was Blackstar Dynamics' largest strategic investment. Whoever could lead this project was essentially the heir to the chairman.

"Victor, Jared has invested so much effort in this project, he's more professional, and the third brother has just joined the company..."

Victor Langley interrupted her, "So what? I, Victor Langley, don't need a son who sells himself for glory."

"Dad," Adrian Langley offered the peeled apple, "I'm not as capable as my brother, I'm afraid I can't do it well."

"Are you implying my company has no one competent?"

Adrian Langley quickly lowered his head, "No."

Victor Langley took the apple from him, "Come to my study."

Mrs. Langley supported her son, grinding her teeth in hatred where her husband couldn't see.

More than half an hour later, Adrian Langley exited the study.

He had no interest in the grand visions Victor Langley painted; all he wanted now was to take his mother far away.

Passing by the main bedroom door, it wasn't properly closed.

Mrs. Langley's voice could be heard from inside.

"I won't let that bitch Juliana get away with it!"

The maid beside her said, "Madam, you have your ways. You've dealt with many women for Chairman Langley over the years, adding one more won't matter."

Mrs. Langley, with hatred in her heart, said, "But this woman holds a special status. This time, I have to stay calm. Once she's no longer the eldest grandson's wife of the Grant Family, then I'll act."

Adrian Langley quietly backed away two steps and took another route back to his room.

He couldn't risk seeing Juliana fall into danger without doing anything.

After a moment's thought, Adrian Langley picked up his phone and canceled his flight scheduled for two days later...

Juliana Jacobs was unaware of the events unfolding within the Langley family.

The new product was about to be tested, and she was very busy.

Ethan Carter went to Aetherflame to provide her with the finalized trust contracts.

Juliana read through them twice before asking, "Where's the notarized divorce agreement?"

Ethan Carter hesitated, then smiled apologetically, "President Grant said that agreement will be used when they receive the certificate, so he kept it."

Juliana's eyes darkened slightly, "Then tell him not to play games."

Ethan Carter gave a wry smile, "Ma'am, you might not know, but at the board meeting a few days ago, Young Master Isaac shortened the deadline again, giving President Grant only half a month to resolve the heavy truck battery issue. If not, he'll not only be kicked out of the company but also required to compensate shareholders for their losses."

He paused briefly, then added in a low voice, "Ever since the divorce, President Grant's power has been repeatedly reduced, he's even been pushed to a small office, and I've also been transferred to the secretarial department. With a knife to his throat, how could he dare play games?"

Juliana said nothing more after hearing this but put away the trust beneficiary contract.

After Ethan Carter left, Summer Shaw immediately jumped out, "Don't believe his nonsense; you can't be soft-hearted about the divorce."

Juliana chuckled, "Which eye of yours saw that I was wavering?"

Summer Shaw pointed at her brows, "When Ethan said he's not doing well, you frowned."

"Did I?" Juliana touched her forehead.

Summer Shaw stated, "You did."

Juliana replied, "You must be seeing things."

...

In a tiny vice president's office at Cortexa Group.

Ethan Carter stood in front of the desk and said, "Madam accepted the contract but still asked about the divorce. If the rumors about her and President Langley are true... I fear she won't return this time. President Grant, now our only help may be Professor Quinn's student."

Evan Grant sat at the cluttered desk, massaging his forehead.

Ethan Carter wanted to say more.

Just then, Quentin Quinn arrived.

And he brought in Ryan Warner.

"President Grant, Ryan has made new research developments, do you want to take a look?"

Evan Grant's eyes were deep, revealing no emotion.

"Professor Quinn, you really know my thoughts, even those I haven't thought through yet. It's truly impressive."

Quentin Quinn appeared slightly embarrassed, then straightforwardly said, "I'd like to discuss my daughter's marriage with you."

Ethan Carter frowned, "His daughter's reputation is already ruined, and you're still planning to push her to President Grant?"

Quentin Quinn's face turned pale.

Evan Grant flicked his chin towards Ethan Carter, "Take Mr. Warner for tea."

"What conditions do you have, Professor Quinn?" Evan Grant asked.

Quentin Quinn sat across from Evan Grant, "You must marry my daughter."

Evan Grant lightly chuckled, "A wedding in prison?"

Quentin Quinn heard the mockery, "President Grant may not know, but Juliana was once my student. I arranged for her to enter the research group back then. She developed the heavy truck battery at Aetherflame because she stole Ryan's data."

Evan Grant rested his head on his hand as if listening intently.

Quentin Quinn's voice grew increasingly agitated, "If you're talking about lifespan, Aetherflame's product can't compete with the legitimate version Ryan holds. You can apply for a third-party institution's test. With Ryan Warner's assistance, how could you fear not making a comeback, President Grant?"

Evan Grant squinted, "Professor Quinn seems to know my situation well, so there must be more than one condition."

Quentin Quinn stood up, his voice suddenly rising, "I want you to announce your upcoming divorce from Juliana immediately, and I want it in black and white that the woman's shameless, continually cheating nature ruined the Grant family's reputation. I want everyone to know that it's the Grant family who doesn't want that wench!"

Chapter 136: Juliana Jacobs Strikes First: He Is the Cast-Off Husband

Quentin Quinn's motives couldn't be more obvious.

He wants to ruin Juliana Jacobs completely, turning her into a laughingstock, a discarded woman of the elite, destroying any chance for her to marry into high society again.

Before Evan Grant could speak, a round of applause suddenly sounded from outside the door, and Isaac Grant was pushed in on a wheelchair.

"It seems Professor Quinn harbors deep hatred for that woman. I also think this proposal is good, but I wonder if my brother can let go?"

Evan Grant understood he was being tested.

If he refused, Isaac could continue to harm Juliana, but if he agreed... it would ruin Juliana's reputation for life.

"What? If you're reluctant, then bring sister-in-law back home," Isaac laughed when Evan hesitated for a long time without speaking.

Evan snapped out of his thoughts and smiled faintly, "I was just thinking, after we announce the divorce, I should be able to start preparing for the wedding."

Quentin Quinn was excited upon hearing this, "But President Grant, my daughter she..."

Evan waved his hand, "It's pretty much impossible for your daughter to be completely exonerated now, but we can seek her release on bail and later get her a suspended sentence, at least she won't have to actually go to jail. As for her record, with me looking after her, she won't suffer because of it."

Quentin was extremely moved, "Great, if that's the case, I'll let Ryan follow you and work hard."

Isaac's smile froze on his face, not recovering for a long time.

"So my brother's 'deep love' for sister-in-law was just an act," he sighed, shaking his head, "such a good performance, you've fooled us all."

Evan ignored him and turned to Quentin Quinn.

"Then it's settled, Ryan Warner will start working for me immediately, and I'll personally confirm the contents of the divorce announcement before it's released. As for your daughter..."

Evan deliberately paused.

"I'll use my connections to get her out, so she can get pregnant as soon as possible and give me an heir."

Quentin was overjoyed, grasping Evan's hand tightly, "Good son-in-law, my Yvonne has good taste, she didn't choose wrong."

But the words "heir" pierced Isaac's ears like needles.

Isaac's face darkened instantly, yet he still forced out a smile, "Congrats, brother."

Evan endured his disgust, withdrawing his hand, "Well then, I must get busy."

"Alright, son-in-law, you get busy, I'll wait at home for Yvonne's return."

Quentin left in high spirits.

Isaac left, unable to quell the anger surging inside.

In his plans, Evan Grant must never have an heir!

...

Juliana found out that Yvonne Quinn was about to be bailed out that afternoon.

No need to guess, it must've been Evan Grant's doing.

Summer Shaw cursed the scumbag thoroughly.

But Juliana's reaction was quite calm.

She knew although Evan had lost power in the company, the connections he had built over the years remained. As long as he was determined to help, Yvonne might even be released with no charges.

Summer was anxious for her, "He knows full well that once that woman gets out, she'll cause trouble for you, but he still does it. What's his game, is this his way of retaliating against you?"

Juliana didn't respond, but after pondering for a while, she took a cab to the police station.

She intended to inquire about the specifics, but happened to see Evan leading the person out.

Yvonne had lost weight, nestled weakly in Evan's arms.

But the moment she saw Juliana, she transformed into a fury, stepping out of the embrace and pointing straight at Juliana.

"How dare you show your face? Are you here to apologize because you're afraid I'll get rid of you after marrying Evan?"

"Juliana, I swear to the heavens, I will never, ever forgive you!"

However, Juliana gave her a cold, indifferent look, "I didn't come to see you, I came to find out if the law still exists."

The director accompanying Evan looked awkward.

Evan whispered a few words to him, who then turned back to the office.

Then he gazed at Juliana, his eyes icy, "You can hug Jared Langley all you want, it's perfectly legitimate for me to arrange my marriage. Go home, as long as I'm here, no one will lecture you on the law."

Juliana suppressed her anger, "Evan Grant, it seems I'm still not ruthless enough with you."

"Wretched woman, what do you want to do to my Evan?"

Yvonne tried to hit her but was pulled back by Evan.

He grasped Yvonne's wrist but locked his eyes on Juliana, a cold sneer at the corner of his lips.

"When you truly have the ability, then come and speak your harsh words to me. Mrs. Grant, I'm not afraid to tell everyone, without me, you're nothing!"

After speaking, he dragged the still-angry Yvonne away.

Watching the Maybach drive away, Juliana stood alone, narrowing her eyes.

In a car parked by the distant street, Quinn Shepherd withdrew his gaze and looked at the backseat, "Boss, should I greet her?"

Elias Langley, busy with paperwork, replied without looking up, "No need, she'll ask if she needs help. Besides, some paths, she must walk alone."

Seeing his "don't offer hope if you don't love" demeanor, Quinn chose not to say more and slowly closed the car window.

That night, a piece of news hit the trending list.

It was Juliana Jacobs, under the identity of the Grant Family's eldest daughter-in-law, posting a statement on social media, stating that her marriage to Evan Grant was entering divorce proceedings, and sternly accusing him of multiple affairs and misconduct during the marriage, causing her disgrace and choosing to end the relationship.

Moreover, at the end of the statement, she questioned why Yvonne, who purchased illegal drugs to harm others, was released after being arrested.

Juliana's proactive move stirred quite a storm, keeping many people restless overnight.

Evan was not surprised when he saw the news; instead, he suppressed a smile, instructing Ethan Carter, "Let it stay up all night; take it down tomorrow."

Ethan was completely baffled, "President Grant, she's labeled you as 'her discarded husband,' this time it's really damaging to your reputation!"

Evan just smiled without explaining.

"But President," Ethan said anxiously, "Professor Quinn just called, asking you to hold a press conference tomorrow to announce your engagement to his daughter, or else Ryan Warner would refuse to work for us. What should we do?"

...

The next morning, Juliana woke up to find the trending news gone.

Everything was as expected; she wasn't surprised or affected.

After working at Aetherflame till the afternoon, she went alone to the hospital to remove the brace from her ankle.

Using Caleb Shaw's influence, the removal only took a few minutes.

The doctor advised her to keep applying the ointment for a while longer, and she'd soon be able to walk normally.

Leaving the clinic, she saw Jared Langley, holding his waist, being helped out of the surgery center by his secretary.

The secretary softly said, "The doctor mentioned the wound on your back isn't infected and should heal after a couple more dressing changes. This time, Chairman Langley was really heavy-handed."

"I don't blame my father."

As Jared spoke, he looked up and saw Juliana standing two meters away, clear derision in her eyes.

His expression darkened, and he shook off the secretary's hand, walking towards her with chest puffed out.

"Oh, had the cripple's brace removed, still limping? Need a boyfriend to carry you?"

Juliana chuckled lightly, her gaze landing on his white shirt, "Young Master Langley was beaten by his father but still as sassy as ever. You're beyond saving, better if Chairman Langley disowns you sooner."

Jared initially wanted to maintain a stern face to retort but couldn't help laughing.

He winced, rubbing his back, "I was out of line last time, but I got beaten too, so are we... even?"

Juliana coyly tilted her eyes, "Even? I didn't hit you, how about... you call me 'dad'!"

Jared playfully cursed, "You rascal, get lost."

Juliana smirked, heading towards the elevator.

But she barely took a few steps when shadows rushed out from the side staircase.

They covered her mouth, aggressively pulling her towards the stairwell.

She resisted fiercely, but someone took out a stun gun and pressed it against her waist.

Intense numbness shot through her legs, and she crumpled, allowing them to drag her to the rooftop.

Jared wanted to chase, but his secretary stepped forward to block him.

"President Langley, you already lost a major contract because of her, isn't the cost high enough? Let's not meddle in Mrs. Grant's affairs."

Chapter 137: Juliana Jacobs Strikes Back Again, The Quinn Family Is Finished

The wind on the hospital rooftop was strong, making it hard for Juliana Jacobs to keep her eyes open.

A few burly men dragged her roughly to the center of the rooftop.

Juliana's legs were weak, and the rough cement scraped her pants and skin, sending waves of searing pain through her.

When they reached the center of the rooftop, the men finally let go of her but then formed a circle, enclosing her.

Juliana tried to rub her legs to restore strength and get herself to stand.

At that moment, Yvonne Quinn stepped out from behind them.

"It's useless. After the electric shock, you can't even stand up for at least a day or two," Yvonne smiled smugly, "but even a few hours is too long for you because it takes less than a minute to throw you off from here."

Juliana gritted her teeth and said, "This is illegal."

Yvonne laughed, "So what? With Evan around, even if I commit murder, no one would dare touch me."

Juliana's hands, propping herself up on the ground, formed fists. "You're about to marry him. Why do this?"

At this mention, the smile on Yvonne's face vanished instantly, replaced by a thin layer of anger.

"I want to marry Evan in style. I want everyone to envy me! But you repeatedly tarnish my reputation and call Evan an abandoned husband you didn't want. How will I ever hold my head high in elite circles?"

"Juliana, you're like a smelly, hard rock, stubbornly blocking my path. As long as you're alive, I'll never smoothly marry him!"

Juliana coldly laughed at her words.

"Everything you rely on is based on a man, but if Evan finds out about your dirty deeds, he'll be disgusted to even touch you."

Yvonne's eyes turned cold, "What did Stella say to you?"

Juliana, feigning mystery, didn't answer her.

Why would Stella tell her about their affairs in Aldoria?

It was merely deduced by using the logic of birds of a feather flock together.

Yvonne instantly flew into a rage and shouted at the men, "What are you standing there for? You'll only get paid after throwing her over!"

Juliana was seized by four men and taken to the rooftop's edge.

Yvonne laughed behind her, "Don't worry, there's no surveillance here. Your death will only be seen as a rich woman who can't think straight and jumped, while I..."

She deliberately raised her voice.

"Will soon announce my engagement as Evan Grant's fiancée at the press conference, and by that time, you'll be long dead."

Amid Yvonne's audacious laughter, half of Juliana's body was already hanging in the air.

She clung to the railing, unwilling to let go of any chance to survive.

Just then, with a "bang," the rooftop door was kicked open.

Two bodyguards rushed in like wild beasts, frightening Yvonne into crouching down with her head in her hands.

Seeing someone block their monetary path, the men immediately let go of Juliana to confront them.

Juliana was left hanging on the rooftop edge.

Jared Langley rushed forward and pulled her back onto the rooftop with effort.

But in exerting too much force, his back wounds tore open, quickly soaking his white shirt with bright red blood.

"Are you alright?" he asked.

Juliana moved her gaze away from him, her eyes red but without tears.

"Now we're even."

Jared snorted coldly, "You're dreaming; now you owe me a life."

After speaking, the fabric on his back tugged at his wound, and he gasped lightly, adding, "And 2000 milliliters of blood."

"With so much blood loss, you're already dead."

Juliana tried to stand but found her legs were still weak.

Meanwhile, the two bodyguards had completely subdued the four men.

One of them stepped forward for instructions.

Jared, dropping his teasing expression, said in a deep voice, "Take them to the police station."

The bodyguard said, "But that woman ran away while we were busy."

Jared sharply surveyed the surroundings, "What about the surveillance around here?"

Bodyguard, "There are none on the rooftop."

Jared's gaze fell on the building opposite, "What about over there?"

The bodyguard suddenly realized.

Juliana reached out and tugged at Jared's pant leg, "Help me with something, and I'll owe you a favor."

Jared raised an eyebrow.

Juliana said, "Take me to Evan Grant's press conference."

The bodyguard reminded, "Young master, your back injury..."

Jared paused, took out his phone, found Adrian Langley's number, was about to dial, then stopped...

Yvonne hurried down the rooftop, intending to catch a cab to leave.

A black business car stopped in front of her.

The door opened, and Stella Windsor peeked out, saying, "Get in."

Without hesitation, Yvonne jumped into the car.

However, after the car left the hospital, she suddenly grabbed Stella's neck.

"Did you tell that woman about my affair in Aldoria?"

Stella pried her hand away, bewildered, "Tell who? What are you talking about?"

Yvonne didn't believe she was innocent at all.

"While teaching me how to deal with Juliana, you sold me out to her, trying to play both sides?"

She tightened her grip on Stella's neck.

"Let me tell you, I'm not as tolerant as Juliana. If you piss me off, I'll spill all those dirty deeds you did in Aldoria to Evan Grant, and then don't even think about being his concubine, you won't even be his stepsister."

Stella was also angered by her words and coldly laughed, "Said enough? Look at your back seat."

As soon as Yvonne turned her head, two men in the back seat lunged forward, holding her down on the car seat...

Two hours later, in Cortexa Group's press conference room.

With just over ten minutes until the press conference, they still couldn't contact Yvonne.

Backstage, Quentin Quinn and his wife were anxiously pacing.

Only Evan Grant remained calm, even focusing on the documents in his hand.

"Evan, aren't you going to send someone to find Yvonne?" Quentin Quinn asked.

Without looking up, Evan replied, "Her feet are on her own body; if you can't contact her, how can I find her?"

Mrs. Quinn was so angry that she rushed up and tore the document from his hands.

"You're just thinking about that other woman, ignoring the life or death of our daughter."

Evan frowned coldly.

Quentin hurried to persuade, but Mrs. Quinn shook off his hand.

"Why fear? He has to rely on your student, so he has to marry our Yvonne. No need to be subservient to him!"

She turned and pointed at Evan, continuing her tirade.

"Don't think you can neglect her if my daughter has a bit of trouble! Your Grant Family must treat her as the main wife! After marriage, you must either send that ex-wife away or kill her; I don't care, but she mustn't get in the way again!"

Evan glanced at her, "Have I given you face?"

Mrs. Quinn was about to explode when a staff member hurriedly entered and whispered a few words to Quentin.

Quentin patted Mrs. Quinn's shoulder, "Honey, we've got news on Yvonne. Wait here; I'll go get her."

With that, he ran out without waiting for Mrs. Quinn's response.

Inside a private café, now reserved.

Quentin scanned around but didn't see his daughter, only Juliana, sitting leisurely in the center of the hall.

He immediately got angry, rushing forward to shout, "Did you kidnap my daughter? Just to stop her from being with Evan Grant, how could you do such a vicious thing? I... I'll call the police right now!"

He said, pulling out his phone.

Just then, a clear conversation began playing in the café.

It was the recording of Yvonne kidnapping Juliana to the rooftop.

"... take less than a minute to throw you off from here..."

Quentin froze, the color draining from his face instantly.

Juliana paused the recording, looking at him calmly, "Professor Quinn, this is evidence of your daughter's attempted murder. Trading this for the academic honors you once plagiarized isn't excessive, is it?"

Chapter 138: Her Lips Glided Smoothly Across His Cheek

"It's just a recording. With Evan around, it won't be enough to convict my daughter."

Quentin Quinn believed he still held a trump card.

Juliana Jacobs sneered, "There's no surveillance on the outpatient building's rooftop, but there is on the inpatient building, pointing right in that direction. With the recording and the video, I believe it'll be irrefutable evidence."

Quentin Quinn was furious, "Without my guidance and platform back then, where would your research results have come from? Putting my name on the paper and claiming the results were your honor, and now you're blackmailing me with my daughter? Tell me, where is she! What did you do to her?"

Juliana Jacobs calmly dialed the police on her phone, "She attempted murder and is now a fugitive. The police can help you find her."

Having said that, she started to dial.

Quentin Quinn had actually been flustered all along.

Realizing that as long as his daughter married Evan, future wealth and status wouldn't need any professor's halo, he quickly said, "What do you want me to do?"

Juliana paused the dialing, raised an eyebrow, "Go to the press conference now, and in front of everyone, confess in detail how you've plagiarized and seized your students' papers and results over the years."

...

What was supposed to be an announcement of an engagement turned into Quentin Quinn's confessional press conference.

Mrs. Quinn listened to his confession from below the stage, her face turning pale instantly.

She shouted excitedly from the audience, "Are you crazy? This is being broadcast live."

However, Quentin Quinn acted as if he couldn't hear, confessing in detail to the camera about what he had done.

A reporter from the audience asked if there was any evidence of his deeds.

Quentin Quinn wanted to act like he was being forced, but then Ryan Warner stood up.

"The evidence is with me!"

A beloved disciple betraying him, Quentin Quinn was utterly shocked.

Ryan, with a face full of righteousness, said, "Professor, since you've confessed, just admit to it. I don't want to cover for you anymore."

Plagiarizing students' papers and seizing their research results would not only cost Quentin Quinn his professorship but also all the glory he had managed for half his life.

The title of president of the New Energy Association, academic status, social reputation... all gone.

Mrs. Quinn couldn't bear it any longer, messing up her elegant bun.

As the press conference ended, so did everything for the Quinn family.

Quentin Quinn knew his time was up and quickly ran backstage.

"Evan, I was forced by your ex-wife, she used Yvonne to threaten me, you must stand up for me." he cried bitterly.

Evan Grant faintly smiled, "I haven't divorced, where did the ex-wife come from?"

The Quinns were stunned.

Evan Grant adjusted his suit, "My wife has always been someone who repays faults. That she didn't give you tenfold in return already shows respect for her teacher."

Mrs. Quinn was dissatisfied and was about to make a scene when Ethan Carter ran in to report quietly: "President Grant, the police found Yvonne in the suburbs, she...she had her uterus removed."

Isaac Grant was nowhere to be seen today.

Evan Grant knew full well who was behind it.

Yvonne's value had been fully exploited.

And upon hearing this, Mrs. Quinn completely broke down, screaming as she charged at Evan Grant.

"You have to marry her! My daughter's life is ruined, you must..."

Evan Grant coldly sidestepped her, "I don't collect garbage."

With that, he gestured to the bodyguards, "Throw this madwoman out."

Quentin Quinn was speechless.

"Juliana, yes, Juliana, she's the one who falsely reported and got my daughter arrested..."

Saying this, not caring about his wife anymore, he hurriedly ran towards the café.

After watching the broadcast, Juliana, in a wheelchair, was pushed out by Quinn Shepherd from the café.

Just as he was about to help her into the car, Quentin Quinn caught up.

"You sinister woman, you removed my daughter's uterus and called the police, you're not human!"

Juliana raised her eyebrows slightly and was about to speak when Jared Langley poked his head out from the passenger seat, "Professor Quinn, your daughter hired someone to attack me on the rooftop. How could I become a just citizen if I didn't call the police?"

Seeing him, Quentin Quinn only then noticed that the car in front of him was a Hongqi L5, and that it was Quinn Shepherd who provided Juliana's wheelchair, so... was that person also in the car?

Juliana saw he had no confidence to argue anymore and laughed, "Your daughter lost her uterus, and you still don't hurry to force her on Evan? He's a scrap collector, taking in all sorts of cheap goods. If you act quick, your Old Quinn family may still have a bright financial future."

"You..." Quentin Quinn clutched his chest, collapsing.

As he fell, Juliana noticed Evan Grant standing behind him.

The man stared at her wheelchair, frowning as he approached, "What's happened to your leg?"

Juliana looked at him calmly, without a trace of hostility, "Do you want to know?"

Evan Grant's face showed little expression, but his lowered hand was clenched into a fist.

Juliana beckoned with her finger.

Evan Grant leaned over.

The next moment, slap!

Juliana's palm landed heavily on his face.

Then, her melodious voice brushed past his ear, "Thanks to you, thank you."

Evan Grant used his tongue to push against his burning cheek, slowly stood upright, and smiled slightly.

"As long as you can recover and walk into the civil affairs bureau yourself."

With that, he also didn't care about Quentin Quinn on the ground, walking away without looking back.

Quinn Shepherd sighed, took out his phone and dialed 120.

"Miss Jacobs, shall we get in the car?" he asked.

Juliana nodded, bracing her hands on the armrests, trying hard to stand, while Quinn Shepherd supported her from behind, but her legs still gave no strength.

Just as she was about to sit back down, a hand reached out from inside the car and pulled her in.

Juliana fell onto the back seat, in chaos, her hand pressing against Elias Langley's inner thigh.

Their eyes met, breaths entwined.

Juliana jerked her hand back as if electrified and moved to sit properly to the side.

Elias Langley quickly quelled the dark surge in his eyes, a mocking smile playing at the corner of his lips, "You really know where to touch."

Juliana's ears turned scarlet, she turned away to look elsewhere.

Jared Langley, not noticing the small episode between them, leaned against his chair, speaking out of the window: "Uncle, find her a caregiver, I don't think there's anyone to look after her at home."

Elias Langley instructed Quinn Shepherd, "Take the young master to the hospital."

Jared Langley was about to say there was no need, but Elias Langley calmly said, "Your mother has already arranged it; she's waiting for you in the ward."

Jared Langley, "..."

Their car drove off into the distance.

In a black business vehicle parked by the roadside.

"To be so friendly with the Langley family, this woman has some skills,"

Isaac Grant mused to himself, then turned and delivered a slap to Stella Windsor's face.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier that Juliana would deal with Yvonne, causing me to waste effort on a worthless piece?"

Stella Windsor covered her face, feeling wronged, "How was I supposed to know what she would do?"

"Argue again, and do you believe I'll have your sterilization surgery done?"

Hearing that, Stella Windsor kept her mouth shut.

Isaac Grant calmed himself, though his tone remained gloomy, "Evan's been acting oddly lately, I suspect he's up to something. I've set Ryan Warner up for you, be smart, keep an eye on him, and report every move to me."

Stella only sobbed, shedding tears silently.

Isaac held his patience, "Don't worry, I'll help you sleep with him."

"However," his tone shifted, "don't go provoking Juliana on your own; don't mess up my big plans, understand?"

Stella nodded through her tears.

Leave Juliana alone?

That wasn't going to happen!

...

Jared Langley was settled in the hospital, Elias Langley then took Juliana to her apartment complex downstairs.

Despite telling himself a thousand times during the journey to just drop her off and leave, not to meddle further.

Yet seeing her struggle several times to get into her wheelchair, he ultimately got out of the car, frowned, and lifted her up in his arms.

As a result of using too much force, as he raised her in an instant, Juliana's lips inadvertently brushed against his cheek, leaving a moist trail on his face.

Chapter 139: What Does Closing Your Eyes Mean? Do You Have Expectations of Me?

Juliana froze entirely.

Elias paused in his movements and raised an eyebrow, "Is this some new attack strategy?"

Juliana quickly covered her mouth, "I'm not clean anymore."

Elias's expression darkened for a moment, surprisingly, he didn't refute her.

He placed her into the wheelchair and looked at Quinn Shepherd.

Quinn quickly pointed towards the driver's seat and explained, "Boss, I need to park the car first."

Thus, the task of taking Juliana upstairs fell back to Elias.

He glanced coldly at Quinn and pushed the wheelchair towards the elevator.

But upon reaching Juliana's apartment door, he realized the wheelchair was too wide to fit in.

Elias visibly sighed in resignation, bending down to pick her up once more.

This time, Juliana had smartened up, reaching out to brace his shoulders to prevent him from being too forceful again.

They entered the apartment peacefully like this.

No incidents occurred.

Juliana let out a sigh of relief.

The warm breath brushed like feathers against Elias's ear and neck.

Elias deepened his breath, his previously steady steps suddenly stumbled, his ankle caught off guard by the rug in front of the sofa...

They fell into the sofa, with him pressing down on her.

The living room was instantly so quiet that only their intertwined breaths could be heard.

She was very soft, he knew that from the first time he held her. But this softness, mingled with warmth and forbidden underneath him, was something he was feeling for the first time.

Elias momentarily forgot to move, his gaze landing on her slightly parted lips, unable to look away.

Juliana's heart was pounding fiercely, and she too forgot to push him away.

After a few moments passed, Elias came to his senses and immediately tried to get off her.

But Juliana grabbed his tie.

The force wasn't strong, but it was enough to keep him from getting up.

Elias was stunned for a second, and hoarsely said, "Inviting me?"

Juliana took a deep breath, taking advantage of the heat on her face, finally asked the question that had been hidden in her heart for a long time.

"That night I had a fever, was it you who changed my clothes?"

There was a trace of deep meaning in his eyes, he countered, "Do you hope it was me?"

Juliana's breathing quickened, speechless.

Then, Elias lowered his head as if to kiss her.

Juliana was in turmoil, quickly closing her eyes.

But the anticipated kiss didn't land.

She only heard him chuckle softly, warm breath brushing past her lips.

"What does closing your eyes mean? Do you have expectations of me?"

Juliana awoke as if from a dream, hurriedly releasing her grip on his tie, wanting to push him away.

Elias had already risen, standing by the window with his back to her, calmly straightening his messy collar, as if he wasn't the one who almost kissed her.

Juliana then realized he was playing her, suddenly feeling both shy and angry, grabbing the pillow beside her and throwing it at him.

"Is teasing me fun?"

Elias turned his head, a deep smile on his face, "If it was me, what do you plan to do?"

Juliana was momentarily tongue-tied.

What could she do?

At this age, should she be like in old society, forcing someone to take responsibility for seeing her body?

And besides, he's Elias, how could he possibly be interested in a woman who had been married before?

Moreover, they both have their own marriages...

Elias didn't get an answer, turned his head, and self-deprecatingly tugged at his lips.

Already in his thirties, it's unexpected to almost lose control.

Fortunately, years of self-restraint were still intact, ultimately not voicing a decision that defied social conventions.

At this moment, the intercom by the door rang.

Juliana wanted to answer but her legs had no strength.

Elias walked to the entrance; Juliana didn't have time to stop him, he had already picked up the phone.

A lively voice of Rosalind Linton immediately came through, "Juliana, I brought ginger duck for you. Tell the security guy to let me in."

Elias's gaze shifted slightly, paused for a second, and spoke calmly, "She's not here."

After speaking, he hung up.

Juliana could hardly believe her ears.

She widened her eyes, staring at him, "You... how could you do this?"

The man turned, leaning against the wall, his eyes filled with mischief, "What else was I supposed to say? Or do you want her to see us together?"

Juliana choked on his deliberate misinterpretation, her face turning red.

Elias slightly raised an eyebrow and added nonchalantly, "Don't get worked up, no need to thank me."

"Thank your whole family!"

Juliana hurled another pillow from the sofa at him.

In the concierge room.

Rosalind Linton held the phone, stunned for several seconds.

That male voice definitely wasn't Evan Grant's.

Could there be another man by Juliana's side?

Rosalind Linton placed the thermal container in the concierge room, walking out with undisguised glee.

It seems to be a mutual indiscretion situation, how thrilling.

...

Upstairs, Juliana crossed her arms, clutching her stomach.

Elias glanced at his phone, a bad premonition arising, he asked, "What's wrong?"

Juliana whispered, "I need to use the bathroom."

Elias's face changed slightly, "Can you hold it a bit longer, the maid will be here soon."

"I..." Juliana lowered her head, "I don't want your maid."

Elias was about to speak when the doorbell rang.

Juliana, afraid he'd act recklessly, hurriedly said, "You mustn't open the door."

This time, Elias obediently stood there, unmoving.

"Go hide in the bedroom." Juliana said.

Elias frowned, "Am I not fit to be seen?"

Unable to wait for her to open the door, the person outside started entering the code.

Juliana panicked, "Go to the bedroom, don't speak, don't make any noise, find a chance to leave on your own."

Elias, "..."

"Juliana, after pressing the doorbell, I realized your legs might inconvenience you, are they better now?"

Summer Shaw said as she entered with the thermal container.

"This is from Auntie Linton to you."

"Summer, I need to use the bathroom, could you help me?" Juliana asked.

Summer quickly placed down the thermal container to assist her.

"Can you walk? Let me carry you."

Juliana gritted her teeth, "I have a bit of strength, just support me."

She, with great difficulty, went to the bathroom.

With the bathroom door closed, the bedroom door "clicked" open on the other side.

Elias walked out with a composed expression, leaving Summer speechless with surprise.

Elias subtly nodded to her and casually walked out the door.

He even courteously closed the door.

Summer felt her world was in a temporal jumble.

She had actually seen Elias at her best friend's house?!

When Juliana emerged from the bathroom, Summer helped her to the sofa, "Juliana, just now there was a..."

Seeing Juliana's expression tense, she changed her words, "...a big black rat ran out."

Juliana calmed down, nodded in acknowledgment, "Yes, that big black rat brought me back. We didn't do anything, afraid you'd misunderstand."

The air was quiet for two seconds.

Suddenly, Summer laughed out loud, "What even if misunderstood? You're almost single anyway."

But he isn't.

Juliana lowered her eyes.

Summer didn't notice her anomaly, turning the topic back to serious matters.

"I watched the press conference live, couldn't believe Ryan Warner stood up to testify against Quentin Quinn, he should have been dependent on Quentin Quinn, unless he found a bigger support."

Her tone became cautious,

"Juliana, I might be overthinking, but the timing is too coincidental, if his aim is beyond Evan Grant, you need to stay alert."

Juliana's expression became serious as well.

"I've thought about it too, when my legs regain strength, I'll go see him."

Summer's eyes twinkled, "When your legs recover, will you still be in touch with that big black rat?"

Juliana's smile turned faint at her words.

"Don't forget, he has a family, we... have no fate."

At this moment, inside the Red Flag vehicle.

Quinn glanced at the rearview mirror and started playing music.

Elias regained his focus, "You're in a good mood?"

Quinn laughed, "It's your good mood that actually matters."

Elias's expression paused, the slight upward curve of his mouth slowly straightening into a line.

"How is the investigation into Dorian Lowell's identity going?" he asked.

Chapter 140: Elias Langley Gets the Answer

Quinn Shepherd paused for a moment before responding, "Everyone in the village was asked, and their statements were consistent. They all said she was picked up from outside when she was 12. The identification center is still trying to extract DNA from the ashes, but there haven't been any conclusive results yet."

Elias Langley's eyes were deep and mysterious, and he didn't reply.

Quinn Shepherd cautiously probed, "Boss, the doctor called again today, saying that if your hormones continue to be disrupted, it could affect your health fundamentally. If you really don't want to involve emotions, I can arrange for you—a girl who is absolutely clean and safe, and no one would know. You can't just keep enduring it when it comes to your health."

Elias Langley looked out the window, his side profile tense, and he said without emotion, "You've thought this through very thoroughly."

Quinn Shepherd couldn't discern the meaning in those words and assumed it was a compliment, "I'll make arrangements then."

...

The next day, Juliana Jacobs regained the strength in her legs.

She heard that Ryan Warner had arranged to meet old classmates at a bar, so she went after work.

The room number he sent her was E Zone 606, but when she reached the door, Juliana was a bit puzzled by the fallen sign.

Was it 606 or 909?

She gently pushed the door open, poking half of her face in.

Inside the dimly lit booth, three men in suits were sitting scattered among the velvet sofas.

Elias Langley sat alone in a central position, holding a glass of wine, his cold face appearing particularly aloof amidst the glamour and noise.

The bar manager was bowing to him, recommending the girl beside him.

"This girl was trained for two months, today is her first day at work, absolutely clean and sensible. Tonight, she will surely make you enjoy..."

So he was this sort of person.

Juliana was momentarily stunned and just happened to meet Elias Langley's gaze.

The man clearly furrowed his brows.

Quinn Shepherd noticed his boss's off expression, followed his gaze, and suddenly felt a chill in his heart, quickly interrupting the manager, "Take her out first, pay as agreed."

The manager was startled and turned to see Juliana at the door.

Juliana snapped back to reality, quickly said "Sorry, wrong room," and closed the door for them.

Quinn Shepherd felt as if the sky had fallen and wanted to chase after her to explain to his boss.

Miles Monroe put down his glass and stood up first, "I have something to do, I'll step out for a moment."

Without waiting for a response from either of them, he hurried out.

Elias Langley glanced faintly at Quinn Shepherd.

Quinn Shepherd sheepishly said, "Boss, I can also go after her..."

Elias Langley put down his wine glass, leisurely spoke, "Secretary Shepherd is getting a bit too self-willed lately."

Quinn Shepherd instantly broke out in a cold sweat, immediately bowing his head, "I'm sorry, Boss. I overstepped. I will explain things clearly to Miss Jacobs."

Elias Langley's gaze turned a bit darker, "No need."

Quinn Shepherd, "?"

Elias Langley, "I'm no gentleman. Not touching women all these years hasn't been for lack of desire, just that I dislike being driven by lust like an animal. The data from the health reports aren't that important, and the doctor's words, just listen and let it be, no need to bring it up again."

...

Meanwhile, Miles Monroe caught up with Juliana Jacobs.

"Miss Jacobs, could I have a word with you?"

Juliana anxiously glanced at another 606 booth not far away, hesitated for a moment, then followed him to a secluded hallway.

"I've thought about it a lot. Your reaction to hypnosis is very intense, which may relate to dissociative features of PTSD. I suggest we first proceed with trauma therapy, and after stabilization, try hypnosis again for better results."

Juliana listened attentively, then smiled, "Thank you for your concern, Dr. Monroe, but..."

She paused, as if reconfirming her decision.

"Once, I also longed for parental love, but these past few years, I've survived alone. Now, I no longer have expectations. I will lead a good life on my own."

Miles Monroe gazed at her, a trace of respect in his eyes.

He didn't press her, gently said, "I understand your choice. Your strength is more powerful than any treatment."

He took out his phone, "Let's add each other. If you ever change your mind or just want someone to talk to, I'm always here."

Juliana didn't think much of it, and the two added each other as friends.

Miles Monroe was about to leave when Juliana called after him, "Was I interrupting your meeting with some ladies just now?"

Miles Monroe was taken aback, then chuckled, "Someone was in the mood, but weighed down by psychological burdens. Friends brought me to counsel him."

Juliana understood, half-jokingly replied, "Then, Dr. Monroe, you should encourage them to be virtuous."

Miles Monroe nodded, "Rest assured."

The two parted ways in the hallway.

Miles Monroe returned to the booth to find Quinn Shepherd gone and only Elias Langley still sitting in his seat.

"Didn't take a liking to the beauty just now?" he asked.

Elias Langley looked at him, his gaze deep, "You two are on good terms?"

Miles Monroe understood he was referring to Juliana, teasingly replied, "Personal matters, not convenient to disclose."

Elias Langley's lips curled slightly, and he playfully patted him on the shoulder, "Let's drink, we won't leave until we're drunk tonight."

...

Juliana Jacobs turned from the hallway and ran into Ryan Warner and... Stella Windsor!

They were walking side by side, seeming familiar with each other.

Juliana was taken aback, realizing Ryan Warner had gotten involved with Stella Windsor.

With no way to avoid them, her mind raced for how to handle the situation.

Coincidentally, her ankle hadn't fully healed, and after walking a few steps, she stumbled against the wall.

Seeing Juliana, Stella Windsor instinctively distanced herself from Ryan Warner.

Ryan Warner, not having had the chance to greet Juliana, rushed to support her as he saw her about to fall.

"Are you okay?"

Juliana steadied herself and brushed away his hand, "So it's Senior Warner. Even coming here to have fun with friends, I run into you; what bad luck."

Ryan Warner's expression changed, seeing Stella Windsor had already left, assumed Juliana hadn't noticed anything and said, "Junior, I've done my best to root out bad relatives, why still such hostility?"

Juliana retorted, "How would you like me to treat you then?"

Ryan Warner pulled open the door to an empty booth beside them and drew her inside.

"I know you hate Evan Grant. I can help you get back at him."

Juliana scoffed, clearly skeptical, "That big shot you've managed to cling to, are you willing to ruin it?"

Ryan Warner adjusted his slightly crumpled suit jacket, "Evan Grant is just a stepping stone in my career plan. You provide the technology, and I'll handle bringing him down. Fair cooperation, you have no reason to refuse."

Juliana pondered, "If he's a stepping stone, then what's your goal?"

Ryan Warner's patience waned, "Juliana, you need to understand that I'm not a puppet. I need your data and technology just to achieve my goal faster. Even if I temporarily partner with others, I won't forget my ultimate aim."

Juliana's smile was barely there, but her gaze was deep.

"Okay, once I see your sincerity, I'll have my own plan."

With that, she left the booth.

Stella Windsor was walking out of the bar alone when she suddenly saw Elias Langley's secretary hurriedly entering...

So, Elias Langley was also in this bar?

Recalling seeing Juliana in the hallway just now.

Stella Windsor's eyes darkened slightly.

There's definitely something between those two!

Quinn Shepherd didn't notice her, pushed open the booth door, and saw Miles Monroe already drunk.

"Boss, the hangover cure..."

Elias Langley had already gotten his answer, sat on the sofa indifferent, "Feed it to him, then send him home."

...

The next day was the thirteenth day of the seventh lunar month, when local customs required paying respects to family tombs.

Stella Windsor went to Crestwood Cemetery.

She was not there to burn papers for Lily Windsor; she was there to find someone.

She finally saw Rosalind Linton's figure in front of a row of tombstones and suppressed her joy as she approached.

"Auntie, do you remember me?"

Rosalind Linton was momentarily stunned, "You are..."

Stella Windsor smiled, "I'm a relative of the Grant Family."

Rosalind Linton suddenly understood, apologized, "I'm just Juliana's foster mother and don't have much contact with the Grant Family, so I don't recognize many people."

Stella Windsor sighed, "Actually, my cousin's condition is getting worse day by day. If my cousin-in-law could find a better support..."

She deliberately coughed lightly.

"For example, the gentleman from the Langley Family in Kingsford, I would support her leaving. A woman should think for herself, don't you think?"