

Stop Panicking! Miss Jacobs will Not Look Back!

Chapter 16: Chapter 16: Leave If You Can

Stella's words make sense.

Originally, there was already a rift between them, and not going inside to meet at the hospital entrance was not only impolite, but would also strain their relationship further in the future.

"Then I'll go fish the car out of the sunken ocean."

Ethan found an excuse and dashed away.

Evan lifted his foot and walked outside the hospital.

Stella didn't know what he wanted to do, so she quickly jogged to catch up.

After a while, the two of them arrived at a nearby porridge shop.

Stella understood, he wanted to buy breakfast for Juliana.

Evan packed porridge and snacks according to Juliana's preference, and when he turned his head, he saw Stella looking longingly at the steamed dumplings she hadn't seen in a while and swallowing her saliva, but she didn't say anything.

His gaze fell on the bandage on her wrist, and ultimately he was moved by compassion.

"Brother, aren't you going to eat?"

Stella looked at the breakfast on the table with joy, and even though she wanted to eat, she held back and didn't start right away.

Evan looked at the time, "You should eat quickly, when your sister-in-law wakes up, she'll be hungry."

Stella pushed her lotus seed porridge in front of him.

"You should eat some too, if you're hungry, you won't have the strength to cheer up your sister-in-law."

Evan didn't respond to her, but his expression was calm as he sat down opposite her.

After finishing breakfast, the two returned to the ward.

Opening the door, they were stunned by what they saw.

The hospital bed was empty, and the patient gown that had been taken off was neatly folded at the end of the bed.

Realizing something, Evan picked up the phone to dial a number.

Halfway through dialing, he remembered he was still on her blacklist.

Evan breathed heavily, while Stella stood silently beside him.

At this moment, Mrs. Young called.

"President Grant, Madam came back earlier, but after taking some things, she left again. Is she allowed to be discharged yet?"

Evan pinched his brow, "What did she take?"

"Her bag and the bracelet the old lady gave her. She wouldn't sell her jewelry and leave, would she?"

But Evan sighed in relief, "No, I know where she's going."

Juliana has a weak spot; once her caretaker stops the medication, it could be fatal. So no matter how upset she is, she would swallow it down herself.

Evan was confident she would come back.

Once she returns, he would have plenty of time to make her happy again.

Mrs. Young felt relieved after he said that.

"I explained to Madam why there was no water in the basement. It was because the cleaner moved it while Mrs. Lu was here and didn't put it back. You never intended to harm her, but Madam didn't react after hearing this."

Evan hung up the phone, his lips pressed into a line.

"Should we go find sister-in-law?" Stella asked.

"I'll send you back to the old house."

"Huh?"

Evan was always hard to fathom.

...

A few hours later, Juliana's figure appeared at the gate of a suburban residence.

The afternoon sunlight was intense, and she couldn't distinguish whether the heat emanating from her body was from a fever or the sun exposure.

Just as she walked to the door, a middle-aged woman inside happened to open it.

Their eyes met unexpectedly.

"Why are you here at this time?" the woman asked.

Besides being a bit swollen, Juliana showed no other abnormalities.

"Where's Grandpa? I came to see him."

Rosalind Linton had been deceived by a man in her early years and bore a son, losing interest in love. She remained single all these years.

Although she had no experience in marital matters, seeing Juliana's faint dark circles, she guessed that she probably suffered grievances at her in-laws'.

She stepped aside, allowing her in.

"He's taking a nap. His spirit has been worsening, maybe..."

She choked up a bit.

"...he mustn't be agitated, so talk to him about happy things."

Juliana lowered her eyes and entered the small courtyard, familiar with the path to her grandpa's room.

The old man was asleep, his bedside filled with medicines.

Grandpa had heart disease and, due to his age, couldn't undergo heart surgery, relying on medication each month.

When she was 13, she was pulled out of a river, waking up not knowing who she was, not remembering her parents or home. After a series of turns, she was sent to a children's welfare home.

But after less than a month, she was adopted by an old man.

The old man, a wealthy merchant, claimed to be childless. But when she got to his house, she realized he had sons and daughters and adopted her to satisfy his peculiar hobby.

Juliana barely escaped with her life but, having nowhere to go, wandered around homeless.

After living near a garbage bin in a small alley for half a year, this family's son, Aidan Linton, found her on his way home from school and brought her home.

At that time, Rosalind Linton reacted particularly emotionally.

"Aidan, aren't you clear about our family's situation? Picking up cats or dogs is too much, and now you're bringing home a person, what are you trying to do?"

Aidan knew his mother was a materialistic person, but in his rebellious phase, he liked to oppose her.

"I'll support her, it won't be a burden to you."

Rosalind Linton was furious, "You're only 13, still dependent on me, what can you support?"

At this point, Grandpa spoke up.

"It's just one more mouth to feed, and since she's here, it means she's fated to be with us. Haven't you often lamented that Aidan has no siblings to rely on? Now heaven has sent a child, and you refuse?"

Though harsh, Rosalind Linton grudgingly accepted Juliana after a rant.

The entire Linton Family treated Juliana well, especially Grandpa, who, at 60, took a job sweeping streets to support an additional child's schooling.

The time at the Linton Family was the happiest in Juliana's memory until four years ago when Aidan unexpectedly passed away, and Grandpa suffered from a severe heart condition.

It was during this emergency hospital visit that she encountered Old Mrs. Grant at the hospital entrance.

At that time, Grandpa would die without an expensive surgery, so Juliana had no choice.

Married to Evan for four years, every month, the living expenses for the Linton Family and Grandpa's medication and treatment fees were punctually paid into Rosalind Linton's account.

This was her condition for marrying Evan Grant.

And she did not disappoint the heavy responsibility Old Mrs. Grant placed on her.

Now the Grant Family has climbed to the top tier of the wealth pyramid, their entire business world intimidated by Evan Grant's ruthless decisiveness, though no one knows it was precisely Juliana's gentle words and meticulous sculpting over four years that crafted this leader's profile.

She owes nothing to the Grant Family, but how to carry on the burden of the Linton Family without their financial support, she hasn't figured out.

But divorce? It must happen.

Juliana was just thinking when Grandpa, as if sensing something, woke up.

Seeing her sitting by the bed, the old man's cloudy eyes became bright.

"Why didn't you wake me?"

He wanted to get up, and Juliana quickly helped.

"You need to rest well for your health; it's a blessing to be able to sleep."

Grandpa leaned against the pillow, seeing her putting on a brave face.

Though he hadn't lived a wealthy life, he had clear insights about human relationships.

An unequal marriage meant that Juliana had no voice in the Grant Family.

Even if she suffered grievances, her husband would consider the family's interests rather than give her true justice.

Though Juliana was a granddaughter found halfway, she and Aidan were like the back of his hand, both dearly beloved.

"Girl, stop troubling yourself for me. This old life of mine isn't worth you losing your wings, bowed under the Grant Family. Divorce if you can."

"Dad, how can you ask her to divorce?"

Rosalind Linton walked in, agitated.

"If she can't get money from the Grants, you won't get the special imported medicine and will die."

Chapter 17: Chapter 17: Let Go of My Juliana

Grandfather looked at Rosalind Linton, the kindness in his eyes completely gone.

"With Aidan gone, I long ago lost the will to live. Why are you clinging to me? Is it because you can't bear to lose the current lifestyle where someone takes care of you and you don't have to lift a finger?"

"That's not true, I'm worried that our family will need money for all of life's expenses..."

Rosalind Linton argued, but Grandfather interrupted her.

"You're only 45 and can't find any work? Even if you wash dishes at a restaurant, you won't starve."

"Dad," Rosalind Linton protested, "I've finally managed to live without doing hard labor these past few years. I've spent hundreds of thousands at beauty salons to maintain my skin's smoothness. I can't go back to the past."

Grandfather immediately frowned.

"Our family isn't one of great wealth and fortune. You're just an ordinary woman; why spend so much money on maintenance?"

Rosalind Linton touched her meticulously styled bun. "What if my true match comes later in life?"

Grandfather clutched his chest.

Juliana Jacobs hurried to console him, "Grandfather, Auntie Linton is just joking. Don't take her seriously."

"Juliana, I'm really..."

Rosalind Linton was about to emphasize her seriousness but was silenced by Juliana's sharp gaze.

Grandfather held Juliana's hand.

"If Aidan hadn't passed early, the burden of the Linton Family wouldn't have fallen on you. Girl, we didn't raise you for repayment. Don't sacrifice your future for a family that's unrelated to you, cough... cough..."

Seeing his lips turning blue, Juliana knew he was having an episode again and quickly gave him his medication.

"Dad, stop being so noble. This house is about to be repossessed, and the other party is only offering five thousand in compensation. If Juliana leaves the Grant Family, who will buy us a place to live?"

After catching his breath, Grandfather glared at her.

"I'll sleep on the streets, and you can stay at a motel, how about that?"

Rosalind Linton saw that he was genuinely angry and quickly shut her mouth and left.

"Is our house going to be demolished?" Juliana asked.

Grandfather's lips hadn't recovered as he snorted, "This house was built by my grandfather. I was born here, and I want to die here. I won't move!"

As the sun set, Juliana went to the nearby cemetery to visit Aidan.

At that time, they only found his phone and shoes by the river, but not his body, so Grandfather built a cenotaph for him, hoping he'd live well in another world.

In his lifetime, Grandfather cared most about Aidan.

And without Aidan and the Linton Family, Juliana didn't know if she would have survived to this day.

She couldn't ignore the Linton Family, even if it meant divorcing Evan Grant; Grandfather's medication couldn't be cut off.

As night fell, Juliana returned to the Linton Family.

But before reaching the courtyard gate, she saw several thuggish-looking men standing in front of it with shovels, and an excavator parked nearby.

Rosalind Linton was supporting Grandfather as they confronted them at the gate.

One of the thugs, Blondie, pointed at Grandfather and said, "Old man, this is a hazardous building. Giving you five thousand is charity. Don't delay the village from building a luxury hotel. This place must be demolished by tomorrow."

Grandfather was infuriated, struggling to speak through his heavy breaths, "The foundation alone is worth more than fifty thousand. You're robbing us!"

Blondie laughed, "Yeah, it's robbery. You've got no heirs; why need so much money? Better off dead sooner."

Rosalind Linton spat at him angrily, "You're the one with no heirs! Your whole family, the men are impotent, and the women are barren. You were born of stray dogs from the mountain!"

Her words successfully enraged them.

"Tear down the house!"

As the excavator's shovel was raised, Juliana rushed in between them.

"Do you have official documents to demolish the house?"

Blondie arrogantly replied, "My dad's the village chief, and his word is the document. Who are you?"

Juliana remained calm, "I've already called the police. Wait until they come to sort this out."

"Police?" Blondie sneered, "My second uncle runs the police station; let's see if he'll arrest me or you."

Juliana earnestly said, "I don't believe you and your family can consume all of the law and order."

Blondie, extremely arrogant, grabbed her hand.

"Where'd this chick come from? Quite a looker. Come play with us up the mountain."

"You beasts, let her go!"

Seeing them try to assault Juliana, Grandfather shakily went to hit them with his cane.

The thugs Blondie brought attacked, some kicking the old man down, others tearing at Juliana's clothes.

"Stop!"

At this moment, several bodyguard-like men broke in, instantly separating them.

One of them nodded slightly to Juliana.

"Ma'am, President Grant sent us to protect you."

Juliana had no time to acknowledge him and stumbled to Grandfather's side.

Grandfather had already fallen to the ground, convulsing strangely, foam at the corner of his mouth, yet still muttering indistinctly, "Beasts... let go of my Juliana..."

Juliana quickly pried open his mouth, fed him two quick-acting heart pills, and screamed out of control, "Hospital, get him to the hospital!"

...

At this time, the old Grant residence.

Ethan Carter received news of Juliana and rushed to the study.

Just about to push open the door, he heard a crisp slap from inside and froze.

Old Mrs. Grant, after slapping, pointed at Evan Grant's nose and scolded, "What kind of skill is it to lock up a wife? Only cowards find satisfaction in bullying women."

Evan Grant took the slap without defending himself.

But one slap wasn't enough to quell Old Mrs. Grant's anger.

"What wrong have I committed? A useless son, another grandson who's not human, and now, the last remaining scion deceives me."

"She'll leave after paying respects to her father tomorrow," Evan Grant said.

Old Mrs. Grant clearly didn't believe Stella Grant would leave so easily.

"You have to know, in this Grant Family, the only person without ulterior motives towards you is Juliana. You think I let you marry her for no reason?"

Four years ago, she went to the hospital for treatment and accidentally lost a jade ring she had worn for years.

Juliana found it at the hospital entrance. Some people, with impure motives, surrounded her, trying to coerce or buy the jade ring from her since she was in urgent need of money, but she wouldn't give it up.

Later, Old Mrs. Grant found her and offered her a significant reward, which the girl accepted without guilt.

One would think at her age, with that money, she'd at least save some for herself, but when the lady left the hospital after her treatment, she saw Juliana squatting on the cafeteria steps gnawing on a bun.

Upon inquiry, she learned Juliana had given all the money to her non-biological guardians.

"The child appears gentle but is actually clear-headed and has her own opinions. Staying by your side, she won't be instigated to betray, and she'll be fiercely loyal for your kindness. Do you understand my intentions now?"

This was the first time Evan Grant had a heart-to-heart conversation with his grandmother about Juliana.

He lowered his head, "I will treat her well."

"Treat her well, and stop involving yourself in Stella Grant's affairs."

However, on this demand, Evan Grant remained silent for a long time.

Ethan Carter saw it was the right moment.

He quickly knocked on the door, pushed it open, and reported, "President Grant, there's a situation with Madam."

Chapter 18: Chapter 18: It Wasn't Madam's Doing...

"The old man from the Linton Family had a severe heart attack and was taken to the hospital, and she went with him," Ethan Carter said.

Upon hearing this, Old Mrs. Grant's gaze slightly focused.

"The fact that you could marry her is all thanks to the old man's illness."

"I know what to do."

Evan Grant turned and walked out of the study.

Old Mrs. Grant understood her grandson's nature.

She closed her eyes, "Evan!"

Evan Grant stopped in his tracks and looked back at her, "Grandma, is there anything else?"

Mrs. Grant's hand tightened around the edge of the table.

"I was the one who had the staff at the Aldoria villa dismissed, and I was the one who had Stella kicked out of the hospital."

Inside, Evan Grant felt a storm surge, unconsciously clenching his fingers,

Old Mrs. Grant continued, "Those mother and daughter are restless and don't deserve the good food and drink of the Grant Family. If you wrong your wife for this woman again, don't blame me for not tolerating her."

Evan Grant forcefully suppressed all the fluctuations, "I understand, Grandma."

Ethan Carter was also stunned.

All this wasn't done by Mrs. Grant; they had all wronged her...

Downstairs in the living room, Stella was holding onto her mother's hand, constantly looking upstairs.

Seeing Evan Grant coming downstairs, her expression was complex, as if awaiting a verdict on her fate.

"After paying respects to your father tomorrow, I'll have someone send you back to Aldoria."

Evan Grant walked past her without stopping.

Stella felt disappointed inside but did not show it.

She called out to his back, "Thank you, brother, for getting the old lady's approval so I could have the chance to spend time with mom."

Even though her last name had changed to Grant, the old lady did not acknowledge her as a granddaughter brought into the family, and Stella wasn't qualified to call the old lady "Grandma."

Lily Windsor, upon hearing that her daughter was still going to be sent away, immediately began to cry.

At this moment, George Grant just happened to return from outside.

Seeing Evan Grant still at the old house, he was a bit surprised.

"You haven't... I heard you were looking for me early on. I was at a friend's house looking at antiques, and he insisted I stay for dinner before leaving."

Evan Grant knew he was making excuses to avoid him.

Approaching George Grant, he asked in a low voice, "Is Isaac Grant back?"

George Grant immediately denied it, "Your grandfather sent him to such a distant country before he passed away, even revoked his Harlan citizenship, and listed him as a persona non grata. How could he come back? Smuggle in? Impossible."

Seeing Evan Grant not speaking, he added, "Cortexa Group has expanded too quickly these years, affecting others. It's normal for some to be dissatisfied and act out in revenge. Why must you suspect him?"

Evan Grant's eyes were cold, "I hope you remember why he was sent abroad."

George Grant's eyelid twitched.

Ethan Carter caught up with Evan Grant.

"The GL8 driving record shows Mrs. Grant was at that cake shop that exploded, then somehow her route became erratic. Everything in the GL8 was washed away by sea water. Although the left car door had traces of being hit, the monitors at the incident site strangely malfunctioned..."

"Do you believe what my father said?"

Ethan Carter certainly didn't believe it.

"But Young Master Isaac is an adult now; whatever he does, Master George probably wouldn't know either."

Evan Grant got into the car, his eyes misty, making it hard to discern his thoughts.

"Without any leads, just keep following our rhythm."

Ethan Carter started the car, "But if we do this, Mrs. Grant's misunderstanding of you will only deepen."

Gazing out the window, Evan Grant suddenly felt the weight of the burden on his shoulders.

After a while, he murmured, "She's my woman, she will understand me."

At the hospital.

Grandfather's condition had temporarily stabilized and he was admitted to the intensive care unit.

The duty doctor pulled up his medical records, his expression not light-hearted at all.

"The patient's heart failure is severe. If he doesn't get a heart transplant, he won't last a month. But considering his physical condition, there's an 80% chance he won't make it through surgery."

This was no different from a death sentence.

Juliana Jacobs felt her heart being twisted.

"The imported medication he's currently taking isn't effective anymore?"

The doctor nodded, "He's developed resistance to it."

Juliana's nose started to sting.

Rosalind Linton also became anxious.

"Please, doctor, find another way to save my dad. He's never really enjoyed life, and it's only been a few years of good days. Let us fulfill our filial duties a little longer."

The doctor tapped his mouse, thinking for a moment.

"There is a newly approved Heart Supplement Needle, which has shown good results in clinical trials. But it requires monthly injections to extend the patient's life. Moreover, this medication is in high demand, with only one biological laboratory in the country able to produce it, so you must apply first. Once you get a spot, you must pay before production."

"How much is it per injection?" Rosalind Linton asked.

"1.2 million."

Rosalind nearly fainted.

She grasped Juliana's hand.

"What do you want to do? If you divorce Evan Grant, who will sustain your grandfather's life? Our family is definitely going to have to move—where do you plan for us to stay? Even the compensation for relocation is only five thousand, not enough to cover this hospitalization..."

Juliana, her body not yet recovered, was barely holding on, and reality dealt her another heavy blow.

In her marriage with Evan Grant, she was utterly powerless, either meekly obeying her husband like a docile cat or breaking herself into pieces when she resisted.

A flood of emotions surged into her heart, making it difficult for her to cope.

Before Rosalind could finish, with a "thump," Juliana collapsed to the ground...

As Juliana regained consciousness, she heard Dr. Caleb Shaw's stern reprimand.

"I'll tell you one last time: if you keep tormenting your wife's body like this, even if you dig Walton out of his grave, he would only shake his head and bury himself again!"

She opened her eyes, meeting Caleb Shaw's gaze.

Caleb, holding a drip rate controller, was stunned.

The sunlight from outside made the hospital room especially bright, so bright that some people's secrets were nearly exposed.

Caleb snapped back to reality, avoiding meeting her eyes directly, taking two steps back, and speaking somewhat hesitantly.

"The patient... must also be careful, follow the doctor's advice, to... make a quick recovery."

"Do doctors really tell patients everything that matters?"

Juliana sat up, her words laced with thorns.

Caleb was momentarily speechless, feeling as if she already knew everything.

About to probe further, Juliana spoke again, "Dr. Shaw, rest assured, no one understands the meaning of survival better than I do. I won't die."

She had come to understand that avoiding problems was not a solution. If there were issues in her marriage with Evan Grant, she needed to resolve it before she could start a new life.

When it came to dying, it surely shouldn't be her who dies!

Seeing Caleb at a loss for words, Evan Grant approached the bedside, saying, "Caleb, please step outside."

Upon hearing this, Juliana immediately frowned, watching him with vigilance.

She even subconsciously shifted to the other side of the bed when he sat down next to her.

Evan Grant's gaze froze for a moment, dispelling any thought of having a heart-to-heart with her.

"You've just gotten over a fever and are drenched in sweat. Do you want to change clothes?" he asked.

Like hell I do.

Juliana hugged her knees, shaking her head.

Seeing her small and fearful demeanor, the tender words Evan had prepared for her stuck in his throat, unable to come out.

"Here is the Nine Boiling Soup you like, and it's still warm. Do you want to drink some now?"

Can I pour it on your face?

Juliana closed her eyes and continued to shake her head.

Evan Grant couldn't find any more topics to talk about.

The room grew so quiet that even the air seemed to stop.

"Juliana..."

Under her silent provocation, waves of regret washed over Evan Grant.

He pressed her shoulders with both hands, pleading in a low voice, "Let's stop fighting, shall we?"

Chapter 19: Chapter 19: As Long As She Doesn't Demand Divorce, He'll Give Her Any Amount

Not going to make trouble?

He spoke as if she were someone who causes trouble without reason.

"What, am I going to be locked up for not speaking?"

She looked at him, her teeth trembling.

Evan Grant felt a pang in his heart from her words and held her tightly in his arms.

"No more, it will never happen again, I swear."

Juliana Jacobs lowered her eyes, silent.

Evan Grant was frightened by her reaction.

"This was an accident, it's my fault, but such a big deal of being hit into the sea, why didn't you tell me?"

"Do you think telling you would turn back time, allowing you to come and save me?"

Juliana Jacobs's eyes were dull, her whole being as serene as if soulless.

Evan Grant only felt something drifting further away from him.

He wouldn't allow it!!

"Honey," he forcibly kissed her forehead, refusing to let her retreat, "no one is more important than you."

Believing his words would be the first foolish act in the world.

Seeing that it was time, Juliana Jacobs curled her lips into a fitting smile, "Not even your sister is more important than me?"

Evan Grant closed his eyes, "You both can't be compared."

Juliana Jacobs nodded, agreeing with his words.

"She has millions in pocket money every month and your care, while I live in fear every day with medicine money that's just a fraction of hers. I'm not fit to compare with her, and I won't anymore."

"That's not what I meant."

Evan Grant wanted to correct her but didn't know how to point out the inaccuracies in her words.

Because there was a heart-wrenching truth in front of him.

In four years of marriage, the Grant Family, except for transferring money to Rosalind Linton's account on time as per agreement, never gave Juliana Jacobs a penny more, nor did she ever ask.

She bore the halo of Mrs. Grant, yet lived a simple life beside him.

This should have been something that a husband values, yet he gave that material importance to someone else.

Evan Grant hugged her and, looking at her lowered eyes, felt a pang of sympathy.

"Not giving you pocket money was an oversight, how much would make my wife smile?"

Juliana Jacobs had been waiting for this sentence.

"Fifty million."

She said in one breath and then cautiously asked, "Is it... too much?"

Of course, it wasn't; the expenditure on Stella Grant was several times this amount over the years.

Evan Grant lacked everything but money.

"Then give me a smile."

Smile, and he would give.

But Juliana Jacobs turned her face away.

"I'm not selling smiles."

Evan Grant, however, hugged her and laughed.

As long as she didn't demand a divorce, he'd give any amount.

Juliana Jacobs had to wait for the test results before being discharged, and Evan Grant had work and had to return to the company, promising to pick her up later to have dinner at the family house.

Juliana Jacobs didn't keep him, even feeling a sigh of relief as he left.

This made Evan Grant's slightly better mood heavy again.

Not long after he left, Juliana Jacobs's phone rang.

It was a message of received funds.

Fifty million, not a cent less.

Juliana Jacobs didn't stay idle and got up to change her clothes.

Mrs. Young entered and saw her about to leave, her heart in her mouth.

"Madam, you're... you're leaving again?"

"Yes, to see my grandpa."

"But..."

Visiting a friend in the same building didn't require changing into regular clothes, taking a phone or a bag, right?

But before Mrs. Young could finish, Juliana Jacobs's figure had already disappeared down the corridor.

"President Grant, Madam left again..." Mrs. Young reported over the phone, "Changed clothes, said she was going to see her grandpa, moving quite fast, in pretty good spirits."

She wasn't not causing trouble; she had started playing mind games with him.

Evan Grant hung up, feelings unclear.

On the other end, Rosalind Linton was somewhat excited to see Juliana Jacobs again.

"The hospital is urging for the inpatient fee payment, do you still have money? If you can't even pay the inpatient fee, without Evan Grant, where will you get 1.2 million a month to keep your grandpa alive, and 300,000 a month for the household expenses..."

Juliana Jacobs interrupted her expressionlessly, "Wasn't there 5,000 in compensation money? Use that first."

Rosalind Linton was shocked by her words, "Are you... are you abandoning us?"

Juliana Jacobs opened her purse and took out a Jade Bracelet to hand to her.

Rosalind Linton glanced at it but didn't take it.

"It's so old-fashioned; I can't wear it out."

"It's not for you. Sell it and buy decent housing for grandpa."

Juliana Jacobs thought for a moment and added, "Doesn't have to be large, but must be suitable for the elderly."

Rosalind Linton took the bracelet, took a close look, and saw that the material was good; buying an apartment in a mid-range community wouldn't be a problem, but for a large flat... a loan would be required.

"Is this enough? The living expenses go to the hospital; if your grandpa comes home, how do we live?"

Ultimately, she still wanted to squeeze more out of Juliana Jacobs.

However, Juliana Jacobs was well aware of the market value of the bracelet.

"Buying the house will leave some money; grandpa's illness needs money, you should be frugal. You don't have housing or car loans, no need to raise kids, a regular family can do with a few thousand a month; from now on, I'll give you 50,000 for living expenses, it should be more than enough."

Rosalind Linton: "..."

50,000?

A visit to the beauty salon eats that up; how is this enough?

"If it's not enough, you make your own money."

Juliana Jacobs didn't care about her expression and walked away.

Two hours later, her figure appeared in East Kenton Tech Park.

She inquired all the way, finally seeing the "Aetherflame Dynamics" overhead.

Inside the office hall, papers were everywhere, and those still working looked solemn.

In short, a scene of pre-bankruptcy desolation.

"Mr. Shaw, suppressing the hot search requires money, but we have none; if we don't suppress it, when the loan companies see the news about Aetherflame Dynamics nearing bankruptcy, they will certainly come to collect the debt, our cash flow is already cut off, what now?"

In the general manager's office, the secretary stood before the desk, asking the woman sitting in the boss's chair.

Summer Shaw rubbed her forehead, unable to hide her exhaustion.

"If there's really no way, then pay everyone their last salary."

"But Aetherflame was your and our dream; we've held on until now, unwilling to accept this, still wanting to fight just once more, are you really not going to persist?"

Summer Shaw choked up.

"But no one is willing to invest in our company anymore; though I'm unwilling, I can't delay everyone's future, you are all outstanding..."

Click!

The sound of a phone camera interrupted her speech.

Summer Shaw glanced at the doorway and finally noticed Juliana Jacobs leaning against the doorframe, a laid-back demeanor, no one knows how long she had been watching.

"What are you doing here?"

She stood up instantly, full of fighting spirit.

Juliana Jacobs laughed, "Returning the favor, sharing the scene of your near bankruptcy."

Summer Shaw gritted her teeth, forcing a mocking smile.

"Your husband's mistress is back; aren't you thinking about how to hold on to your current wealth, rather than having the leisure to focus on my company?"

Juliana Jacobs crossed her arms over her chest, the smile on her lips deepening.

"You've focused on me for four years, sending photos to remind me that my husband has a beloved white moonlight and often reminding me in a sarcastic tone in the class group, telling me not to degenerate; you've been so good to me. Now that Aetherflame Dynamics's cash flow is broken, I naturally have to come care for you."

Summer Shaw was rendered speechless, turning pale and then flushed.

She simply refrained from beating around the bush and sat back down in her chair.

"Yes, I'm bankrupt; this is what my failure looks like. Post it on my stories and get your revenge."

Chapter 20: Chapter 20: His Jacket Smelled Like Stella Grant

Juliana Jacobs walked into the office, the smile on her lips still present, but gradually becoming cold.

"Revenge is meant to be taken, isn't it? Isn't that what's happening now?"

As soon as she finished speaking, Summer Shaw's phone chimed.

It was a bank notification of funds received.

The remitter was Juliana Jacobs.

Summer Shaw rubbed her eyes and stared at the numbers again.

"You... you've made it big, planning to use money to make me bow down and admit I'm wrong?"

"You're overthinking it. This money will just tide you over for a while."

It would only last for a short while, but the significance of this timely help... Summer Shaw nearly couldn't speak.

"If this money is what you're depending on for the rest of your life, take it back, because I might not be able to repay it."

"Consider it my investment," Juliana said.

Summer Shaw's face was full of shock.

Juliana said, "I don't want your general manager's position, just let me head a department. I think the R&D department would be nice."

Suddenly, Summer Shaw felt like she had been struck by abacus beads, only then did she realize.

"But, you going to work, does your husband agree?"

Originally, in Juliana's agreement with Old Mrs. Grant, there wasn't a strict requirement for Juliana to be a housewife, but it required her to take her husband's needs as her own responsibility.

Due to the complex environment around Evan Grant, he did not approve of her working after marriage, so Juliana gave up the idea of starting a business with Summer Shaw.

Not knowing the reason behind this, Summer Shaw had a big fight with her the day Juliana made the decision.

A top student in the Materials Science department at Hua Qing, involved in the research and development of several new energy storage projects before graduation, her future should have been bright, but after graduating, she became a housewife under the temptation of money and male charm.

This was something Summer Shaw could never accept.

So, she unilaterally turned against Juliana.

But she never expected that when she fell into the abyss, it was this 'enemy's close friend' who lent her a hand.

Juliana was reluctant to say much about her own matters.

"Aren't you well-informed about the Grant Family's affairs? I actually want to ask, you even know Stella Grant is back, where did Mr. Shaw get his information from?"

Summer Shaw's expression slightly changed, her eyes shifting. "I come from an ordinary family, my parents live on their pensions, what could I know about the Grants, if not for the rumors in the circles."

Juliana wasn't suspicious, "My situation is complicated, but I assure you it won't interfere with work. Don't you want to give it a try? After all, you have no other choice."

Summer Shaw heard that she was planning a new path, wiping away the tears that almost welled up in her eyes.

"I'm eager for you to join, but..."

She pointed to the transaction number on the phone.

"Explain to me, why is it 48.2776 million? Why is there a decimal in your investment?"

Juliana felt a moment of embarrassment, "I bought a car, and after doing full collision prevention modifications, that was what was left."

Summer Shaw: "..."

She didn't leave a penny for herself.

Still just as straightforward.

...

Cortexa Group President's Office.

"Madam bought a car and invested the remaining money in Second Miss Shaw's company," Ethan Carter said.

Evan Grant was surprised: "They've reconciled?"

Ethan Carter didn't know how to answer.

But Evan Grant, who had been frowning all day, seemed to relax, like he was relieved.

"It's good, having a friend to talk to may open up her mind a bit."

But Ethan Carter frowned.

"Madam is confused, she shouldn't have chosen to invest in Second Miss Shaw's company. That lady from a wealthy third generation is just messing around, she couldn't care less about profit and loss, Madam throwing so much money in is just wasting it."

Although there was initial investigation into Juliana's situation in school, after she graduated, she married President Grant and has been disconnected from society for four years.

Neither Ethan Carter nor Evan Grant believed that someone could re-enter this highly competitive, quickly changing industry after being out of it for four years.

Especially investing in Second Miss Shaw's plaything of a company, it was utterly wasteful.

But Evan Grant had a faint smile on his lips.

"It's alright, let her play."

Without money, Juliana couldn't leave him, and with Second Miss Shaw helping her to squander it away, Evan Grant was happy to see it.

After he spoke, he called Juliana's number.

"Where are you?" he asked.

Juliana had just come out from Aetherflame Dynamics, about to get into Summer Shaw's car.

"Wherever you want me to be, that's where I am."

"So obedient?"

Evan Grant sounded like he was in a good mood.

Juliana didn't respond, getting into the car.

Evan Grant pretended not to know she was outside.

"Wait for me, I'll pick you up at 5:30 to go to the old house for dinner."

"Okay."

Hearing this compliant voice, Evan Grant felt as if he were in a different world.

He really wanted to hold her in his arms right now and hug her tight.

"You host the 5 o'clock meeting, unless there's something important, don't disturb me."

After instructing Ethan Carter, Evan Grant picked up the still warm peach pastry on the table and got up to leave.

This time, Ethan Carter's phone rang.

After answering it, he immediately ran to the elevator.

"President Grant, Miss Grant fainted at the cemetery. Although she was resuscitated on the spot, she insisted on not going to the hospital with the ambulance."

Evan Grant looked at him, frowning...

Juliana had only been in the car for a few minutes when Evan Grant's call came again.

"Something came up unexpectedly, I can't make it."

Juliana didn't ask much, "It's alright, I'll go myself."

Evan Grant felt somewhat lost, "I was planning to feed you warm peach pastries, but things are urgent over here."

"No problem, just don't be too late and make Grandma unhappy."

Juliana calmly hung up, but Evan Grant couldn't quite grasp what he was feeling inside.

Why did she become understanding again, while he was growing more anxious?

"No hospital visit, just take me to the Grant Family's old house,"

Juliana told Summer Shaw, then messaged Mrs. Young to take care of her discharge paperwork, saving her from waiting around in the hospital.

Summer Shaw, driving, gave her a dissatisfied glance.

"Used to the pampered life, lost your edge?"

"What?"

Juliana didn't understand her words.

"Are you dumb? In scenarios like this, it's 90% likely he ditched you for some other woman. He's definitely been called away by that woman, can you tolerate that?"

"How do you know I haven't fought back?" Juliana responded.

She had vehemently argued with him, and what was the result?

The man wasn't willing to let go of either side, his sister came back unscathed, and she ended up being locked in a dark room.

Competing with them, tolerance is a forbidden mistake.

Summer Shaw, upon hearing this, became even more furious.

"So you're just going to let them bully you like this?"

Juliana touched her belly and looked at herself in the rearview mirror of the passenger side.

Her expression was calm, her gaze deep.

"In half a month, it will be my and his four-year wedding anniversary, and by then, I'll give them a big gift."

Upon receiving this gift, Evan Grant would definitely agree to a divorce.

...

Grant Family's old house.

Evan Grant arrived only twenty minutes later than Juliana.

He entered the door openly with Stella Grant, intending to show everyone that there was nothing illicit between him and Stella Grant.

But Lily Windsor was moved to tears.

"I always knew, Evan wouldn't neglect Stella."

Stella Grant quietly followed behind Evan Grant, without any fluctuation from her mother's words.

"Where is Grandma?"

Evan Grant, as if he hadn't heard Lily Windsor's words, handed the coat he had taken off to Juliana.

Juliana took it.

The cologne he usually wore, mixed with a faint and elegant citrus scent, was the scent of Stella Grant.

