

Stop Panicking! Miss Jacobs will Not Look Back!

#Chapter 21: Official Confrontation - Read Stop Panicking! Miss Jacobs will Not Look Back! Chapter 21: Official Confrontation

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Juliana composed herself, speaking calmly, "Reading company reports in the study."

Evan has been in control of Cortexa Group, yet Old Mrs. Grant still holds the title of Chairman.

Though she doesn't meddle much in how her grandson runs the group, reports about the group still appear on her desk every other day.

"This is Stella, Aunt's daughter."

It was technically Juliana and Stella's first formal meeting, and Evan was expected to make the introduction.

However, just as Stella obediently stepped forward to greet Juliana, Juliana paid them no attention, turning instead to hang up her coat.

Evan left Stella behind and followed.

After hanging up her clothes, Juliana took a step back, retreating into his arms.

Startled, she attempted to step away from him but was held in place.

"She fainted at the cemetery, refused to go to the hospital, but luckily it's just low blood sugar; we can send her off after tonight's family dinner."

"I don't want to deal with her, and there's no need for you to tell me about her."

She stopped making a fuss but felt a sense of alienation.

Juliana wanted to step out of his embrace.

Evan wasn't willing to let go.

That's when George walked over.

"Evan, we need to talk."

"Later."

Unhappy with George's interruption, Evan pulled Juliana along, intending to discuss in a different location.

"It's about what you asked about that day," George hinted.

Evan paused.

Juliana took the opportunity to break free.

In that brief struggle, her wrist was left reddened by his grip.

Juliana remained silent, lowered her head, and rubbed her wrist.

Evan's eyes darkened for a moment, but he eventually walked away with George.

In the living room, Lily watched as George and his son went outside, fondly smoothing her daughter's hair.

"See how well Evan treats you? Don't do anything foolish again."

These words were deliberately said for the solitary Juliana to hear.

Stella smiled somewhat awkwardly.

"I'm really happy since coming back, being able to visit Dad's grave and spend time with Mom. I'm already very satisfied. Brother arranged a private jet for me; I'll leave after dinner."

There was a hint of reluctance in Lily's eyes.

Just then, the butler brought in a tray of peach pastries.

Lily's eyes lit up as she glanced at Juliana, her smile not reaching her eyes.

"Dinner is still twenty minutes away; if you're hungry, have some peach pastries."

Juliana glanced at the tray in the butler's hand.

There weren't many peach pastries, not enough to fill a box.

She understood instantly.

These were leftovers from Stella.

Lily was using this as a means to humiliate her.

Unwilling to argue with Lily, she turned to leave.

Lily, however, had an opinion.

"These peach pastries are from an old bakery in Solara, specially bought by Evan for Stella, who found them delicious and wanted to share with everyone. What does your attitude mean? Do you look down on our Stella?"

Juliana raised her eyes, looking at her indifferently.

"If they're good, you should eat more; I'm not suited for your level."

Lily's face instantly darkened.

"Are you saying our Stella doesn't measure up to you?"

"Interpret it however you wish."

"Juliana!" Lily was furious. "Our Stella is kind and polite, while you're an abandoned orphan, a misfortune star; you're far beneath her."

Her words were like knives stabbing into Juliana's wounds.

Stella tugged at Lily's sleeve, but she was indifferent.

"What's there to be afraid of? She should know her place; giving her your leftovers was a favor."

Unable to calm the storm of emotions within, Juliana weighed the consequences of losing her temper and grabbed the tray from the butler, hurling it at her.

"Don't hurt my mother."

Without hesitation, Stella shielded Lily.

The tray, along with the peach pastries, hit her back, the pastries scattering with a dull thud.

Stella shivered, her back a mess.

"Stella..."

Lily shrieked, her face turning pale with fear.

Juliana, however, had no intention of apologizing.

"Ms. Windsor, the reason Grandma doesn't like you isn't your promiscuous past but because your values are as dirty and toxic as gutter oil, bubbling foul and noxious everywhere."

"Who are you calling promiscuous?"

George rushed over, grabbing Juliana's shoulder and turning her around.

His raised hand was about to strike when Evan quickly caught it.

His voice was deep, "Father, she is my wife."

George's slap eventually didn't land.

He shook off his son's hand, trembling, and asked, "She insulted my wife; are you still going to condone her?"

At that moment, Old Mrs. Grant also came downstairs. Seeing the chaos in the living room, she frowned.

Seeing an audience, Lily's crying intensified.

"Stella, are you okay? That big tray was thrown hard; if it hit me, my bones would surely be broken."

George looked at Juliana with an expression that seemed to wish her dead.

Evan quickly pulled Juliana aside, stepping over to Stella and kneeling to brush off the pastry crumbs from her back.

"Are you alright?"

Though away from George, Juliana stumbled before regaining her balance.

This was her first time witnessing Evan speak gently to another woman.

Her heart didn't ache, only filled with a sense of desolation.

Stella's face was slightly pale, but she shook her head.

"I'm fine; Sister-in-law just... slipped."

By excusing her, she was adding fuel to the flames. Juliana lowered her eyes, contemplating how to deal with such a subtle attack.

"Should we go to the hospital?"

Evan helped Stella to her feet.

Leaning against him, she managed a comforting smile.

"Don't worry, brother, I'm not a fool to pretend everything is fine if something's wrong."

"Evan," George couldn't swallow the insult, "today you must give me an explanation."

Seeing Stella unharmed, Evan's gaze finally shifted to Juliana, mixed with scrutiny and chilling indifference at the corners of his mouth.

Juliana's eyelashes trembled lightly as she shrank back.

"What... how? I'm just an abandoned orphan destined to eat your sister's leftovers? Did you marry me back then for her?"

Her voice was soft, yet it fiercely clawed at Evan's heart.

Evan frowned.

Old Mrs. Grant, infuriated, pointed at Lily and scolded.

"You venomous woman, ten years married into the Grant Family, you haven't changed. You're either thinking about putting your daughter in my grandson's bed or harassing my granddaughter-in-law. If you're in this house, there will never be peace. Get out, right now!"

George defended his wife, "Mom, this is clearly Juliana's fault."

Old Mrs. Grant didn't hold back, "If your love for her is as strong as gold, then go with her, but the Grant Family will never give you another cent."

"I... I'm wronged..."

Lily couldn't breathe and fainted.

The family dinner was inevitably ruined.

Lily was sent to the hospital, and Evan brought Juliana back to Platinum Bay.

She remained quiet throughout the journey, not even asking why her peach pastries ended up with Stella.

Once again, she reverted to being the sensible Juliana, yet Evan felt unsettled.

Silently, both made their way to the living room.

Suddenly, Evan stopped, causing Juliana to bump into his back, almost bouncing off.

"Did that hurt?"

Evan reached up to touch her forehead, but she chose to avoid it.

His hand awkwardly paused mid-air.

Juliana forced a smile at him, "Sorry, I wasn't watching where I was going."

Evan's expression shifted continuously.