

Panicking 211

Chapter 211: A Superficial Calm, Hidden Motives

Leona Sheridan, with tears streaming down her face, held her son's hand, "Because of this woman, you almost met The Reaper's Court again..."

Victor Langley felt her words were ominous, so he interrupted, "Jared's condition is only temporary; it's not that serious."

Florence Sinclair, who had been silent, withdrew her gaze from Elias Langley and spoke calmly in a seemingly considerate tone, "Actually, Mrs. Langley's agitation is understandable. Miss Jacobs has too many male connections, always entangled with men. Even though she and the eldest son are engaged, they have been living separately..."

"Didn't I tell you to return to Kingsford? Is there something so important here that you would leave your duties to intervene personally?" Elias Langley leisurely interrupted her.

Florence Sinclair was momentarily embarrassed, then calmly replied, "There's a patient's test that hasn't been completed; I have to stay and wait for the data. I don't know if you know her, she's a friend of Miss Jacobs."

Elias Langley raised an eyebrow, "Why would you think I need to know all her friends?"

Florence Sinclair suddenly found herself at a loss for words.

Elias Langley chose this moment to make his point clear, "If you staying here has ulterior motives, then you should leave."

The Sinclair family princess couldn't be offended. Seeing this, Victor Langley hurriedly sought to mediate, "Second brother, Miss Sinclair stays because of work, and we must not neglect our guest."

Even Leona Sheridan commented, "We should respect Miss Sinclair's career. If she stays here for the Mid-Autumn Festival, she's welcome."

Juliana Jacobs looked at Leona Sheridan in surprise.

Previously, she insisted a woman should be at home teaching children to be good, but now she wants to respect a woman's career.

Apparently, her set of feudal rules was applied according to the person.

Juliana Jacobs smirked mockingly, "Mrs. Langley, I hope you can remember your lofty words."

Leona Sheridan's face darkened, "What do you mean? I'm your elder, and you talk to me like this?"

"Elder?" Juliana Jacobs's voice was cold, "I respect the age of an elder, not your actions. Besides, the Langley family hardly wants a prisoner to be their matriarch, do they?"

Leona Sheridan instantly raised her voice, "Is it not just to take you for a check-up? How dare you threaten me like this!"

What she considered a minor issue was an unbearable humiliation to another.

Juliana Jacobs clearly showed her displeasure, picking up her phone.

Victor Langley realized she wanted to call the police and hurriedly scolded Leona Sheridan, "Is the law defined by you? Just because you say it's minor, it is? Weigh it with your limited housewife's insight, between the Langley family's reputation and you, which can withstand more turmoil!"

Leona Sheridan was taken aback by her husband's unprecedented severity, her face alternating between pale and livid, finally realizing the seriousness of the situation.

She looked at Juliana Jacobs with extreme reluctance, squeezing out a sentence through clenched teeth, "My son became like this because of you, what do you want?"

Juliana Jacobs could tell she was reminding her of the favor Jared had done by saving her life.

She put down her phone, said coldly, "Mrs. Langley, you're good at finding bargaining chips for yourself, but your son is your son, and you are you. From now on, mind your own business and keep your mouth shut about mine. Otherwise, I don't mind showing everyone what kind of person the matriarch of the Langley family truly is."

After speaking, Juliana Jacobs turned her gaze to the bed-bound Jared, "When I'm working, I'm emotionally low and have little patience. Don't come to my workplace looking for me in the future."

With that, she turned and left.

Jared frowned and quickly asked, "I'll be discharged in a while, will you come back tonight?"

"Son..."

Leona Sheridan wanted to speak, but Jared shot her a cold glare, shutting her up.

Juliana Jacobs didn't answer his question, her figure disappearing at the hospital room door.

"What a thing? Such a scoundrel." Leona Sheridan muttered under her breath.

Elias Langley frowned slightly at her words.

"Why are you acting like a street shrew? Keep those foul words to yourself and remember your status."

Victor Langley was extremely disgusted with her current behavior, left in a sullen mood.

Adrian Langley, seeing this, promptly returned to his own hospital room.

Elias Langley walked downstairs inside the hospital's inpatient department, and Florence Sinclair followed suit.

"Brother-in-law, you've changed."

Elias Langley stopped and looked at her.

Florence Sinclair pursed her lips, stepped forward, and said, "I can now understand why Isabelle was so heartbroken after returning home. Seeing how you treated Miss Jacobs compared to her, such an unfair distinction chilled her heart."

Elias Langley looked at her with eyes devoid of warmth.

"Isabelle Sinclair drugged Juliana Jacobs at the Langley family's place, Leona Sheridan took her to the hospital to humiliate her. If these things happened to you, would you generously forgive them? The evidence that Juliana Jacobs holds now is enough to disgrace the Langley family. After all, you're an outsider, you can't fully grasp these calculations and considerations."

Florence Sinclair was stung by his last remark.

Though she had been adopted into the Sinclair family a year after their biological daughter's passing, after so many years, she had long considered Elias Langley family.

But reality harshly woke her up; if strictly speaking, she held no real relation with Elias Langley.

Even when three years later, the marriage contract with the late Sinclair family's daughter ended, Elias Langley would most likely marry Isabelle Sinclair, not her.

"I'm sorry, brother-in-law, I blamed you without considering everything."

"It's okay, you're just looking out for yourself, no harm in that. I still prefer to see you confident as you are."

With those words, they exchanged smiles.

Elias Langley seemed to be a truly forgiving brother, completely accepting her apology and growth.

And Florence Sinclair seemed to have fully taken his advice to heart.

The scene, appearing to gloss over tension, was in fact fraught with concealed intentions.

Elias Langley returned to the car, rubbing his temples without a word.

Quinn Shepherd reported, "Old Mr. Sinclair called to inquire if we were still searching for the Sinclair family's daughter, I gave a perfunctory response."

Elias Langley impatiently looked out the window, "After the Mid-Autumn Festival, send two specimens to the testing center in Kingsford."

Quinn Shepherd's eyes widened, "Did you find another target?"

He had been occupied with other work these past few days; the major progress in his boss's tasks had gone unnoticed by him.

Elias Langley closed his eyes, "Drive, business matters first."

Without a response, Quinn Shepherd was puzzled but started the car anyway.

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Jared was discharged in the afternoon, picked up by Juliana Jacobs.

Returning to the Langley family home.

Perhaps because of the recording she had, Leona Sheridan was much quieter.

Juliana Jacobs went straight back to her guest room, not even sparing her a glance.

Leona Sheridan was seething.

Florence Sinclair gently comforted her, "Auntie, now both the eldest son and my brother-in-law are siding with Miss Jacobs, and you don't have a good way to change the current situation, so it's better to be patient."

Upon hearing this, a determined glint flashed in Leona Sheridan's eyes.

Though she couldn't do much to her son now, she could certainly work on Elias Langley.

She already had a plan.

Leona Sheridan smiled and patted Florence Sinclair's hand, quietly saying, "Don't worry, I've long thought it through. Auntie wants to ask you for a favor, to have lunch with Elias tomorrow."

Florence Sinclair didn't know what she planned, but nodded in agreement.

At that moment, a housekeeper brought Leona Sheridan bird's nest soup.

Leona Sheridan drank it in one go, then noticed a strange medicinal taste.

"Why does it have a medicinal taste? Are you trying to harm me?"

Chapter 212: Sending a Woman to Elias Langley

The housekeeper quickly replied, "Mr. Tate sends his apologies and brought a 500-year-old ginseng. I added a little bit into it."

Actually, what was added was a concentrated extract of century-old ginseng, the entire bottle had been poured in.

Leona Sheridan nodded in satisfaction and dismissed her.

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In the evening, Victor Langley visited Adrian Langley's hospital room again.

That afternoon, he had received the investigation results on Rosalind Linton.

It was much like what he had overheard at the hospital door that night.

Over the years, it had not been easy for the mother and son; even the Celestial Vista property was something she struggled to retrieve after being bullied, otherwise, they wouldn't even have a place to stay.

This stirred a complex sense of heartache in Victor Langley's heart.

He walked to the hospital room door, just in time to see Rosalind Linton carefully feeding porridge to her son.

Under the warm light, this scene of motherly affection briefly dazed him, causing him to unconsciously push the door open and enter.

When Rosalind Linton saw him, her hand trembled, and the bowl almost fell.

Almost instinctively, she sidestepped to shield the hospital bed, her voice shaky.

"It's not Adrian's fault, it's me... I'm the one who made him deceive you... If you want to blame someone, blame me."

On the hospital bed, Adrian Langley also struggled up, speaking hurriedly, "Father, it was my own idea, mother didn't want me to acknowledge you. At that time, the family badly needed money, so..."

Rosalind Linton tightly embraced her son, "Stop talking, it's my fault, I shouldn't have known him."

After saying this, she looked at Victor Langley again, her eyes still filled with terror, but now containing a mother's unyielding determination.

"Don't make it difficult for us, we'll leave Kenton tomorrow, and won't ask for a penny from you."

Seeing their frightened expressions, Victor Langley's complex mood instead calmed down.

When he looked at Rosalind Linton, he only slightly frowned, "Why wouldn't you let him acknowledge me?"

Because of his words, Rosalind Linton lowered her gaze, her voice tinged with bitterness and sarcasm.

"Didn't you say back then that this child wasn't yours?"

Victor Langley remained silent for a moment, "Let's talk."

Though they were to talk just beside the hospital, Victor Langley and she walked separately.

Rosalind Linton arrived at the hotel, and the assistant led her to the executive lounge upstairs.

In the highly private private room.

Victor Langley was already seated inside, an untouched glass of water by his hand, intermittently tapping his fingers on the table.

Rosalind Linton sat across from him, still wary of him.

"Have things been going well for you all these years?" Victor Langley asked.

Ha, as if he didn't know from the investigation, such an act.

Rosalind Linton kept her eyes down, her wary demeanor unchanged, "My son is dutiful, I'm very satisfied."

"Then you..." Victor Langley paused, "Why didn't you come to me when you had our son back then?"

"You were convinced this child was someone else's, why would I come to you? To court humiliation? Besides, didn't you know what a character your wife was? I only hoped that Adrian could live a safe life, that's all the value I need in this world."

One sentence pierced deeply into Victor Langley's heart.

Seeing him unable to speak for a long while, Rosalind Linton took out a card and pushed it in front of him.

"Back then, when his grandfather was seriously ill, the family couldn't make ends meet. Adrian may not seem sharp, but out of filial piety, he dared do anything, that's how he 'stumbled' upon acknowledging you. The money he took from you, he secretly supported the family with."

Victor Langley remembered how because this son was undistinguished, he had always disliked him, his gaze flickered.

Rosalind Linton's words continued.

"I know what kind of person your wife is, and after my father passed away, I started convincing Adrian to leave. But your son had an accident, and he said you needed support then, so he couldn't leave, and we stayed. The living expenses he sent me over the years, some were used for my father's medical bills, the rest are all here. If you want to settle accounts, take this money back, please don't harm us."

"Is that how you see me, as a ruthless and cold-hearted person?" Victor Langley asked.

Rosalind Linton doesn't look at him, "There's no difference between ruthless and cold-blooded."

Victor Langley could hear the resentment in her heart toward him, and pushed the card back to her.

"Adrian is very diligent with me, this is his earned salary, you should keep it for him. It's hard for men in the Langley family to have offspring, after the second died, I discovered I have another son, you don't know how comforting that was for me."

But Rosalind Linton's expression did not brighten, "We don't plan to stay here any longer, Adrian is my son alone, he has stayed by your side these years, which can be considered fulfilling his filial duty to you. If you don't dislike him, please keep him safe during this period, that's all I ask."

Saying this, she stood up, choosing to end the conversation on her own.

"I didn't touch this glass of water, you booked the room, I won't pay a dime."

With that, she walked away uneasily.

Victor Langley stared blankly as she left, expecting her to ask for compensation, yet she mentioned nothing.

He took a pre-prepared envelope from his suit's inner pocket, containing the check that could ensure their financial security for life, but ultimately did not give it.

In his mind, he instinctively compared this mother and son with Leona Sheridan's.

If he had chosen this seemingly impoverished path back then, perhaps there wouldn't be immense wealth, but there would be warmth within reach.

But now... he doesn't regret it either!

After leaving the hotel, Rosalind Linton went straight back to Celestial Vista.

Only at home did she dare call Juliana Jacobs.

"You have no idea how fast my heart was beating then. Fortunately, it seems he believed it, though it's a pity, he seemed to want to give me money."

On the other end, Juliana Jacobs was calm, "First, tie him down, then I can arrange for you to enter the Langley Residence. Once you're inside, you can get as much as you want from him."

Rosalind Linton chuckled and hung up the phone.

Juliana Jacobs gazed out the window, knowing that Leona Sheridan's good days were numbered.

She didn't believe that, once driven to desperation, Leona Sheridan wouldn't reveal her hand.

For Summer Shaw, and for herself, she must find this person!

That night, Elias Langley didn't return, and she didn't ask.

Early the next morning, before anyone in the Langley family woke, she went to work.

After working for a while, Caleb Shaw came to her office, saying, "I made an appointment with a client at Savoria Restaurant for lunch, would you like to join?"

Though he was good at management, he lacked in explaining some professional products, and if the discussion turned technical, Juliana Jacobs needed to present.

To Juliana, this seemed a matter of course, so she agreed without much thought.

Near lunchtime, Juliana Jacobs messaged Elias Langley to remind him to eat on time.

Elias Langley replied that he was about to go to a restaurant with friends.

Seeing his response, Juliana Jacobs asked no further.

Meanwhile, after waking up, Leona Sheridan found her mouth covered in sores due to stress.

However, she couldn't cancel the planned meeting, so at noon, she donned a mask and went out.

The luxurious private room at Savoria Restaurant.

Elias Langley answered a call from Florence Sinclair, canceled a social occasion, and only discovered upon arriving that Leona Sheridan intended to set him up with a woman.

The young and beautiful woman opposite him, with eyes filled with seduction, was rumored to be a third-rate model.

Her lover, poised for a critical career leap at City Hall, was eager to find a stable support and sent her as an offering to court Elias Langley's favor.

And Leona Sheridan, wanting to distract Elias from Juliana Jacobs, readily reciprocated this favor.

"Second brother, Miss Zane is famous in the circle for her service, Director Hill said if you two get along, he's willing to give her up."

Leona Sheridan, suppressing pain, excitedly introduced without noticing Florence Sinclair's expression.

Hearing this, Elias Langley's gaze deliberately shifted to the obviously uncomfortable Florence Sinclair, a smile of indeterminable meaning on his lips.

"Since it's a gesture witnessed by the Sinclairs, I suppose I shouldn't refuse."

Chapter 213: We'll Settle This Slowly Tonight

The words were like a needle, piercing precisely into Florence Sinclair's heart.

She never expected that Leona Sheridan asked for his help to arrange a meeting with Elias Langley, only to introduce a woman to him.

She thought this busybody must have had some high-level scheme this time.

At this moment, as a member of the Sinclair Family, she became both a conspirator and a witness to this transaction, her face drained of color.

"Brother-in-law, I didn't know Mrs. Langley invited you for this. If I had known, I wouldn't have given you the call."

Beside her, Jessica Zane's face immediately fell.

Didn't they say it was a sure thing, that she just had to make an appearance to secure a prestigious match?

How come, even at the dinner table, there are still people causing trouble for her?

But this man was really handsome, and she liked him quite a lot.

"What's wrong with a man having a few people around who know how to care for him? It's his to use as he pleases, must he care about outsiders' opinions?"

Florence Sinclair couldn't respond to such a shameless statement. She could only frown and say, "He likes cleanliness, so keep your trash away from him."

Leona Sheridan finally noticed Florence Sinclair's displeasure and hastily whispered, "Miss Sinclair, it's just for fun, there's no need to give it a title."

Florence Sinclair didn't even spare her face, "If it's such a good thing, why don't you find a few more caring people for your husband?"

Leona Sheridan was choked by her words, her expression turning sour.

Seeing this, Jessica Zane giggled sweetly at Elias Langley, "Mr. Langley, ultimately it's your own business, you can't let others decide for you, can you?"

Elias Langley's eyes were unreadable clouds, "I personally... have no thoughts."

These words could be interpreted differently by different people.

However, Jessica Zane believed she had obtained tacit approval, her eyes flashing with joy as she boldly sat beside him.

"How can you be so shameless?" Florence Sinclair couldn't help but scold.

Jessica Zane cast her a contemptuous glance, then leaned closer to Elias Langley, her voice sweet and sticky.

"Mr. Langley, this dinner seems uncomfortable. How about going to your place, I'll personally... cook for you."

Elias Langley looked down at her, his brow slightly distant.

Just as he was about to speak, a cool sarcastic voice came from the doorway, "It seems President Langley already has delicacies at his side, and a good appetite. The little wine I prepared probably won't please your palate."

Juliana Jacobs leaned against the doorframe, a faint smile on her face.

Elias Langley's gaze fell on her, his eyes still filled with a hint of a smile, but the distance between his brows had vanished.

"Going out for a special dinner and running into Director Jacobs, it's fate."

Florence Sinclair felt relieved seeing Juliana Jacobs appear.

She didn't believe that Juliana Jacobs could just watch this little vixen act out without reacting.

But then she heard Juliana Jacobs laugh lightly and say, "Our company happened to have a social engagement here, Mr. Shaw said he saw you and asked me to send regards. Task completed, I won't disturb President Langley's merriment."

With that, she turned to leave.

After taking two steps, she turned back to cast a cool glance at Jessica Zane, Leona Sheridan, and Florence Sinclair before smiling faintly, "The beauty by your side isn't bad, at least she's the prettiest of these three women."

With one sentence, she slapped all three faces.

Leona Sheridan was too pained to curse.

Florence Sinclair found it incredible that she could just walk away like that.

Elias Langley wiped his hands, threw the napkin on the table, and stood up.

"Sister-in-law, next time you play matchmaker for me, better consult with big brother first. If you have any sense at all, behave, so as not to embarrass him."

After saying that, he walked out.

Elias Langley had never spoken so sternly to her before.

Leona Sheridan was instantly furious.

However, even if she wanted to curse, her mouth hurt. She didn't dare blame Elias Langley, so she directed all her resentment towards Juliana Jacobs instead.

After Juliana Jacobs was done socializing and about to leave, Jessica Zane blocked her path.

"Do you need something?" Caleb Shaw asked.

"Handsome, this doesn't concern you. I just want to have a word with this lady," Jessica Zane said.

Caleb Shaw looked at Juliana Jacobs, who nodded, so he stepped aside.

But he didn't leave, staying there to see what she was going to do.

"Can you give me Mr. Langley's number?" Jessica Zane asked.

Juliana Jacobs' smile was faint, "There's lots of people who want his number. Do I have to give it to everyone?"

Jessica Zane smiled, "Give it to me. I'm not like the others."

Juliana Jacobs looked at her, raised an eyebrow, and remained silent.

Jessica Zane grinned, "No man I set my eyes on can resist me. Once they've tasted me, they can't leave."

The smile on Juliana Jacobs' face deepened, "It seems you face a lot of obstacles."

Jessica Zane understood she was referring to Florence Sinclair.

"Don't worry about her. A lady like that can't outplay me."

Juliana Jacobs reached for her phone, "Transfer me thirty thousand."

Jessica Zane didn't hesitate and immediately transferred thirty thousand to her.

After that, Juliana Jacobs left with Caleb Shaw.

Caleb Shaw couldn't understand her actions and asked, "If you didn't intend to give her the contact, why charge her?"

Juliana Jacobs replied blandly, "People don't cherish what they get for free."

Caleb Shaw suddenly understood.

Jessica Zane, overjoyed at having Elias Langley's WeChat ID, picked an auspicious time to send him a friend request.

But Elias Langley just looked at it, didn't accept nor decline, simply leaving it hanging.

Quinn Shepherd entered the office holding a file, cautiously speaking, "Boss, regarding next week's Energy Storage Summit, Aetherflame is also on the invitation list. As a first-time participating company..."

"Summit?"

Elias Langley didn't even look up as he tapped the screen displaying the friend request with his fingertips, clearly restraining his temper.

"First, let them learn the basic rules. If they can't even manage their own contact list, with leaks everywhere, how can they talk about energy storage?"

Quinn Shepherd was choked by his words, cautiously probing, "Then... should we remove them?"

"Try removing one?"

Seeing his boss getting angrier, Quinn Shepherd quickly exited the office.

Elias Langley tapped on Juliana Jacobs' WeChat avatar, dark currents swirling in his eyes.

He wanted to question her, but held back with effort.

He'd deal with it later that night.

Elias Langley did not accept Jessica Zane's friend request.

However, that evening, Jessica Zane still found a way to discover his whereabouts.

Men frequenting bars, how many can truly control themselves...

Friends from Kingsford came over, and they arranged to meet at a bar.

Elias Langley and Miles Monroe went, and Florence Sinclair was also called over.

She answered a call in the hallway, and when she turned around, she saw the meticulously dressed Jessica Zane about to push the door open.

Florence Sinclair frowned and walked over, "Inside is a private party, what are you doing here?"

Jessica Zane looked her up and down, smiling, "Are you so defensive because you think I have a good chance of winning over Mr. Langley?"

Florence Sinclair was choked by her words.

She knew Elias Langley wouldn't go for this minx, but she also understood men's weaknesses.

He might not like them, but when needed, he could use them.

She never believed that Elias Langley had remained single for thirty years without ever having been with a woman.

But venting with such women, that she couldn't accept.

"Even though you seem unashamed, I'm still going to remind you. Your aura of sleaze is worse than a trash heap's smell. The circle inside isn't something you can associate with, barging in will only lead to self-humiliation."

The implied insult was clear to Jessica Zane.

Having spent thirty thousand, she figured it was this woman who was blocking Elias Langley from adding her.

Jessica Zane was not someone to be easily bullied.

So, as a group of drunken men passed by, Jessica Zane suddenly raised her voice sweetly and cheekily at Florence Sinclair, "Okay, sis..."

Chapter 214: Is Selling Your Husband Fun?

Florence Sinclair was momentarily stunned by the word "sister" from Jessica Zane.

Then she heard Jessica's affectionate voice continuing.

"Rest assured, I will follow the rules you taught me and serve well inside. It's because of you, sister, that men can't stay away from you."

The men were originally in the bar for fun.

Hearing Jessica say this, and seeing Florence as unfamiliar, they immediately became interested.

"This sister is a new face, come, join us in our booth for a drink, we won't treat you badly..."

Florence had never experienced such frivolity. Before the lecherous hand could touch her, she screamed.

"Don't touch me, you filthy men!"

Her overreaction seemed like a game of desire and rejection to the men.

The man in the floral shirt didn't stop; instead, he laughed as he advanced, "So we're playing role-play now. Sister is in character in a second, nice, I'll book you for tonight."

Florence was cornered in the hallway, facing several reaching hands, her face pale with fright, screaming repeatedly.

Finally, her cries drew the attention of people in the booth.

Miles Monroe was the first to step out, dismissing the men surrounding Florence.

Elias Langley followed closely, and as soon as he stepped out, the terrified Florence rushed over and held onto him.

Her whole body pressed tightly against his chest.

"Brother-in-law, that woman... they..."

She spoke incoherently, her voice choked with tears, as if she had never faced such a situation, tears streaming down uncontrollably.

Jessica Zane was initially happy to see Elias but snorted when she saw Florence holding him like that.

"Just acting all aloof and noble in front of me, and then turning around to snuggle in your brother-in-law's arms. Seems like a special kink."

"Brother-in-law, it was her, she made those men humiliate me."

The men who were drunk felt a little sober now and quickly explained, "You and this bitch called yourselves sisters, misleading us to think you work here, so we just wanted to talk with you, why accuse us falsely?"

Jessica had been prepared, raising her eyebrows, "Not my problem. I call everyone sister. Flies don't sit on seamless eggs. If Miss Sinclair is misunderstood, she should find the reason within herself."

Florence was so enraged she couldn't speak.

Miles looked at Elias Langley, leaving him to decide how to handle this.

Elias Langley, accustomed to handling matters discreetly, just raised his chin slightly, and Miles released the men.

He gently pushed Florence aside without saying anything else, "Shall Miles take you back to the Langley Residence?"

Florence looked at him, "Aren't you going back with me?"

Elias glanced back at the booth, his gaze very subtle, "I can't leave yet."

Seeing him acting so nonchalant, Florence felt an indescribable frustration welling up.

Even though he witnessed her humiliation, he chose to let it slide and allowed the other party to leave.

This bias and indifference were more heart-wrenching than Jessica's obscene remarks.

"Then I'm leaving."

She held back and left with Miles.

At this moment, Jessica conveniently stepped forward, "Mr. Langley, I'll accompany you."

Elias Langley wore an unfathomable smile as he opened the door to the booth, "Go open the wine."

Florence turned back to see Jessica happily entering the booth, feeling furious but unable to express it.

All of this was because of that idiot Leona Sheridan, inviting trouble!

And Juliana Jacobs, who stood by and did nothing after seeing everything!

If it weren't for them, how would her brother-in-law be entangled with this woman?

Thinking about it, she took out her phone and messaged Victor Langley...

Juliana returned to the Langley Residence after working overtime.

Leona Sheridan was hiding in her room with a sore mouth and hadn't come out, so no one gave her a hard time.

Jared Langley had prepared a midnight snack for her, but Juliana, still uneasy, declined.

Just as she entered her room and before she could turn on the light, she was pinned against the door, unable to move.

The man's kiss carried a sense of punishment.

Juliana's lips hurt from the kiss, and she pushed him away with effort.

Elias Langley bit lightly on her lower lip, then retreated slightly, but still trapped her between the door and him.

"Is selling your husband fun?" he asked.

Juliana shoved him, "Not only have you been drinking, but you also hugged two women, stay away from me."

Elias Langley loosened his tie with one hand, his voice emotionless, "Isn't this what you wanted, pushing me to someone else?"

Juliana turned her head, "Isn't this what you wanted? I'm just fulfilling your wish, what's wrong with that?"

Seeing that she was really angry, Elias raised an eyebrow and asked, "What are you talking about?"

"One call from Florence, and you showed up at Leona Sheridan's dinner party. You wanted to go, it wasn't unavoidable."

At her words, Elias chuckled deeply and lowly.

"So, you pushed Jessica to me?"

Juliana looked away, "That night when we first had a fight, I slept on your sofa all night, and you didn't come back."

The silence was so profound that you could hear the sound of the two breathing.

"About that..." Elias cleared his throat, "My fault, in the future, if I stay out all night, I'll inform you."

Juliana bit her lip, "If it's confidential, never mind, I don't want to know."

Elias laughed and pulled her into a hug.

"If someone truly wants to cheat, you can't prevent it. But if someone sincerely holds another in their heart, they'll restrain themselves unconsciously; it's instinct."

He spoke quite logically.

Evan Grant was secretly keeping Stella Windsor outside, and he did it, keeping it under wraps for four years.

Juliana calmly said, "I don't want to speculate either. If you change your heart, just tell me directly; I won't cling."

Elias tightened his embrace, resting his chin lightly on her hair, and after a moment of silence, he spoke in a steady tone that brooked no doubt, "I'll remember those words, but you'll never have the day to hear them."

He naturally changed the subject, his warm hand gently caressing her back. "Tomorrow is the Mid-Autumn Festival, spend it with me, okay?"

"Mid-Autumn?" Juliana looked momentarily dazed, "Oh, the reunion festival, it doesn't mean much to me, I almost forgot."

"You won't be alone anymore." Elias held her tighter.

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This Mid-Autumn Festival, Florence, due to work obligations, had to stay in Kenton, so Victor Langley took the initiative to invite her to celebrate at the Langley Family's place during breakfast.

"About yesterday, it was my wife's oversight. If Old Mr. Sinclair holds it against us, I will personally visit Kingsbridge to apologize. I've already arranged for that young model to be sent away, so Miss Sinclair shouldn't worry about it."

"Chairman Langley, during the days I've stayed at the Langley Residence, I've seen clearly that you and your wife are generous people. I won't mention this to my grandfather. After all, family harmony is paramount, and I'll leave it at that."

Victor Langley heard this, a smile of approval on his face, "Florence, you truly have a sense of propriety and the bigger picture. Old Mr. Sinclair taught you well; you are indeed a true noble lady."

Juliana observed their "courteous" conversation, a faint trace of mockery flickering beneath her eyes as tears slipped down her cheek.

Leona Sheridan stayed shut inside her bedroom as usual, though last night there was quite the argument between her and Victor Langley.

The fight was intense.

She'd thought of getting up to hear what was happening, but Elias Langley deemed that she had the energy to listen, holding her down on the bed instead...

Juliana had to work overtime today, and after cleaning up her thoughts, she quietly finished her breakfast, then got up and left.

"Juliana!" Jared Langley called to her, "There's the Mid-Autumn family banquet tonight, come back early, I have... a gift for you."

Juliana did not respond and continued on her way out.

Frustrated with her coldness, Jared clenched his fingers and instructed the house staff, "Go upstairs now, move Miss Jacobs' things to my room."

Elias Langley's eyelid twitched.

Chapter 215: How Could Someone Like Elias Langley Cry?

"Has Jared considered undergoing brain surgery?" Elias Langley asked calmly.

Jared Langley and Victor Langley were both taken aback.

"Second Uncle, what do you mean?" Jared asked cautiously.

"Your brain recovery has been stalled for a long time. The doctor suggested to me yesterday that we could consider removing the blood clot through craniotomy to help you recover quickly."

Jared Langley gasped.

Victor Langley was also scared.

"That's a last resort, isn't it? Just give him a little more time, I think he'll recover soon."

Jared Langley nodded quickly.

Elias Langley maintained a composed look, picked up the teacup, and took a slow sip of red tea.

"Then you should focus on resting well, don't let your mind wander. Right now, recovering your memory is the priority; your father is hoping for you to return to the company soon."

These words hit Victor Langley's heart, and he immediately echoed them.

Thus, the matter of living with Juliana Jacobs was postponed once again.

Florence Sinclair watched all this unfold, her fingernails digging into her palm.

He actually went so far for her...

In the evening, Adrian Langley didn't come back, as he must have gone to spend the festival with Rosalind Linton.

Victor Langley already knew about Rosalind Linton's existence, and therefore did not inquire about his whereabouts, tacitly approving.

And since he didn't ask, Leona Sheridan naturally did not ask either.

Jared Langley managed to acquire some "gold thread tuckahoe," instructed the kitchen to make it into a bowl of Heart Nourishing Soup, and sent it to Juliana Jacobs via a housemaid.

Juliana Jacobs was changing clothes in her room when the housemaid knocked on the door, but Leona Sheridan saw this.

"What do you have in your hand?" she asked.

After taking medicine to clear the heat for two days, her ulcerated face had improved a lot; with a thick layer of foundation, she was finally presentable.

However, upon stepping out and seeing the housemaid delivering something delicious to Juliana Jacobs' room, she was quite displeased.

"Back, madam, this is Heart Nourishing Soup that the eldest young master specially instructed the kitchen to make for Miss Jacobs."

Leona Sheridan's face darkened, "Let me see."

The housemaid brought the soup to her.

The Heart Nourishing Soup was clear in color and emitted a unique fragrance, revealing at a sniff that top-quality ingredients had been used.

"Young people have vigorous energy, how can they handle such a potent supplement? Don't let it cause any issues."

As she spoke, she reached out to take the bowl.

The housemaid hastily said, "But madam, you've just had old ginseng, and your face..."

Leona Sheridan gave her a sidelong glance, "What do you know? I've been clearing the heat these days, feeling very weak. This must be prepared by Jared for me; you made a mistake!"

At this moment, Juliana Jacobs opened the door, leaned against the door frame, and a trace of mockery flashed in her eyes.

"Mrs. Langley particularly chooses the most precious to consume. Whether your body is truly weak or not is another matter, but your appetite and taste are never weak."

Leona Sheridan snorted, "What my son gives me, it's none of your business."

Juliana Jacobs seemed unwilling to let her off, "But it's intended for me, you can't drink it."

Yet as soon as she finished speaking, Leona Sheridan tilted her head back and drank the Heart Nourishing Soup without leaving a drop.

The housemaid placed the empty bowl back into the tray, boasting triumphantly, "Competing with me, you're still too green."

Juliana Jacobs suppressed the corners of her lips that wanted to rise, pretending to be "displeased" as she went downstairs.

In fact, she had never intended to drink that bowl of soup.

She had been taking pills prepared by Elias Langley and worried that any random supplement might cause a conflict with the medication.

However, if she refused directly, she feared it would irritate Jared Langley and cause him to lose control of his emotions.

Now that it was intercepted by his mother halfway, it saved her from having to find an excuse, and Jared Langley had nothing to say.

After that, the family feast concluded in a subtle calm.

Perhaps pleased by the Heart Nourishing Soup, Leona Sheridan refrained from causing any more trouble, allowing Juliana Jacobs to enjoy her meal peacefully.

Victor Langley, despite his cold war with his wife, as head of the family, still managed to maintain appearances.

After dinner, he smiled and invited everyone to move to the courtyard to admire the moon.

The housemaid brought mooncakes.

There were many flavors.

To please Florence Sinclair, Leona Sheridan cut a shark fin-filled one for her.

But Florence Sinclair wasn't won over, opting instead for a chocolate-filled one, and as she was about to cut it, she suddenly found a "treasure."

Pointing at the salted five-nuts mooncake, she deliberately laughed and said, "Who picked these mooncakes? Who still eats this outdated filling, it's so bad even a dog wouldn't eat it."

Originally, she assumed the mooncakes had been arranged by Leona Sheridan, so she intended to use this to mock her.

But where she didn't notice, Elias Langley's gaze darkened for a moment.

Leona Sheridan disdainfully pushed aside the plate of mooncakes with her fingertips, immediately distancing herself.

"How could I choose such a flavor? I didn't buy this. Probably a complimentary from the store."

As she spoke, she waved her hand, instructing the housemaid to dispose of these "unworthy" mooncakes.

Juliana Jacobs then quietly reached out and directly picked up the salted five-nuts mooncake from the platter.

Not bothering with a knife or fork, she held the entire mooncake and, under their astonished gaze, took a solid bite, chewed, and swallowed slowly.

Florence Sinclair and Leona Sheridan were stunned.

Juliana Jacobs swallowed, then raised her eyes to look at them, speaking calmly, "What you say is right, dogs indeed disdain it."

Florence Sinclair, "..."

Leona Sheridan, "..."

It seemed they were insulted.

Elias Langley leaned against the wooden frame beneath the porch, took a sip of whiskey, and used the gesture to hide the corners of his lips that had turned upward, his gaze seemingly unintentionally shifting elsewhere.

Jared Langley, knowing he disliked sweet things, placed a piece of light lotus seed paste mooncake beside him and then walked over to Juliana Jacobs.

"Do you like this flavor?"

He meant to imply not to force oneself if one didn't like it.

Unexpectedly, Juliana Jacobs nodded affirmatively, "I like it."

She even squinted her eyes and added, "Eating it for the first time, it tastes particularly great, as if I've been waiting for this flavor for years."

Jared Langley was a bit surprised but pushed the piece from his plate to her.

"There are only two pieces, both are yours."

No one knew that these seemingly ordinary salted five-nuts mooncakes were entirely different from other refined pastries.

They were specially bought this morning from an old store in Kingsford that had been open for decades, and carefully airlifted over by Elias Langley's arrangement.

Meanwhile, Florence Sinclair cast a contemptuous glance at Juliana Jacobs, strolled over to Elias Langley, and daintily picked a small piece with a silver fork.

"I know you don't like sweet things, but since it's a festival, you should try at least a bite?"

Elias Langley lowered his gaze, letting it brush past the fork-tip over the delicate mooncake without pause, and continued drinking his whiskey.

Amused by his stubbornness, Florence Sinclair softly urged, "Drink less, too much alcohol is bad for you."

"Thank you, I don't eat mooncakes." Elias Langley said.

Florence Sinclair's smile stiffened briefly but she had no choice but to put the cut mooncake back on the table.

Not knowing if it was her illusion, when Elias Langley turned his head, she seemed to glimpse a hint of red at the corner of his eye.

But the trace was too faint, disappearing too quickly, and coupled with his refusal to meet her gaze, she couldn't ascertain anything.

Elias Langley, someone like him, how could he cry?

Chapter 216: Fate Is Beyond Explanation

It must have been me seeing things.

Florence Sinclair walked anxiously and, unexpectedly, bumped into Juliana Jacobs's arm.

She frowned at Juliana, "Why did you bump into me?"

With a sarcastic turn, Juliana raised an eyebrow, "Testing whether you have eyes."

Florence was a distinguished guest of the Langley Family and couldn't be offended.

Jared Langley quickly tried to defuse the situation, "It wasn't intentional; it's the Mid-Autumn Festival, let's all be happy."

Juliana looked at him, "You're more adept at smoothing things over than you used to be."

Jared's mouth twitched, "It's a day of reunion, and since Second Miss Sinclair is tied up with work and can't return home, we should host her properly, making her feel warm and welcome here too."

Juliana scoffed lightly, lazily glancing over Jared, "Right, I neglected your guest; I shouldn't be here in the first place."

Jared frowned, "That's not what I meant, you are, of course, the most important in my heart."

Before his words fell, Elias Langley shouted, "Don't move."

The three of them froze.

Following his line of sight, they saw a black snake, a meter away, rising up towards them.

"Where... did this snake come from?" Florence said in a lowered voice.

"Let's move away slowly, try not to startle it."

However, just as Jared's words had fallen, the snake suddenly lunged at them.

In a flash, Jared instinctively hugged Florence and stepped back several steps, leaving Juliana exposed to the snake.

But at the same time, a cold light swept past Juliana.

The snake's head fell at Juliana's feet.

A silver dinner knife used for cutting mooncake flew through the air and chopped the snake in two.

It's noteworthy that the silver dinner knife is not sharp; what astonishing wrist strength and precision that took to slice the snake mid-air?

The crowd was still in shock, their eyes unanimously turned to Elias Langley.

The man remained leisurely in place, not even letting go of the wine glass in his hand, with a calm demeanor as if he had just brushed away a speck of dust.

Victor Langley was the first to react, stood up, then said, "The lawn is not safe, everyone leave quickly."

Leona Sheridan was already scared out of her wits; she rushed to Jared's side and looked him up and down.

"Son! Are you hurt? Let's go quickly."

Jared released Florence, a trace of unease crossing his face.

"I don't know if there's another snake, we shouldn't stay here long."

As he spoke, he reached out to take Juliana's hand.

Juliana calmly moved her hand away, leaving him grasping at air.

Jared's heart skipped a beat.

Before he could react further, Juliana turned away and left on her own.

And she didn't forget to take the two unfinished mooncakes with her.

Everyone left the lawn, Victor immediately instructed the bodyguards, "Search carefully, see if there are any other traces of snakes. It's strange, how could there be a snake here?"

Florence looked at Elias Langley, patting her chest, "That scared me to death."

Elias Langley coldly replied, "I hope it wasn't deliberate."

Florence stiffened for a moment.

What does he mean by that?

Does he suspect she planted the snake?

Just as she was about to ask further, Elias Langley already turned and walked upstairs, leaving her standing there alone.

This Mid-Autumn moon-watching feast ended so abruptly.

Juliana carried the plate of mooncakes back to her room.

Facing those people really affects the mood for tasting delicious food; it's better to enjoy it alone in her room.

Just as she walked up the stairs, Jared caught up from behind.

"Juliana... I didn't leave you alone just now."

Juliana paused and looked back at him, her gaze as calm as if nothing had happened.

"Your instinctive choice, just like the normal Jared, I wasn't upset."

Jared stopped short, struggling to speak.

Juliana continued to her room.

Juliana closed the door, completely isolating herself from the outside commotion, and focused on savoring the mooncake in her hand.

"Just eating like that?"

Jared Langley unknowingly stood behind her.

The second mooncake in Juliana's hand was still partially unfinished.

She turned to look at him, mooncake crumbs on her mouth.

"For delicious food, when tasting, you can't mix it with other flavors."

Elias Langley placed a box of digestive pills by her side, a faint smile in his eyes: "Do you like it a lot?"

Juliana Jacobs nodded, eating while she spoke: "I used to eat mooncakes during festivals too, but this time... it's different."

"Different how?" he looked at her and asked.

She pondered for a moment, her voice very soft: "When I eat it, I don't feel lonely."

Elias Langley took out a tissue and gently wiped the cookie crumbs from the corner of her mouth, "If you like it, I'll buy you some every Mid-Autumn Festival."

Juliana looked at him, her clear and bright gaze directly meeting his eyes.

"Elias Langley, we haven't known each other for very long. Why are you treating me so well? Is it because I don't have many years left to live?"

Elias Langley frowned, gently tapping her lips with his finger.

"What do you mean, 'not many years left'? Don't talk nonsense!"

Juliana pressed her lips together but continued to look at him seriously.

Elias Langley could only smile faintly, his thumb gently stroking her cheek, "Fate is inexplicable."

Juliana's eyes flickered slightly, "The matter with Evan Grant is resolved, but someone still wants my life. I really can't figure out why."

"Hmm, this matter indeed deserves a good investigation."

Elias Langley's eyes were calm, revealing little emotion.

Juliana realized that he probably knew something but couldn't let her know.

She smiled knowingly, not pressing for more, and just playfully tapped his chest with her fingertip.

"If it's because of you... then I might be able to guess who it is."

She emphasized the word "if."

Elias Langley pretended not to understand her underlying message and scooped her up horizontally.

"We've had mooncakes, shared a conversation, and on this Mid-Autumn reunion night... shouldn't we have a good 'reunion' in bed as well?"

...

On this end, time flows peacefully, but Victor Langley is restless.

Because of the inexplicable appearance of a poisonous snake in the yard, he had another argument with Leona Sheridan.

That woman was unreasonable, and he left the Langley Residence angrily, finding himself at Celestial Vista without realizing.

Adrian Langley happened to be walking to the entrance of the neighborhood.

Seeing him, he was startled. He approached proactively, saying anxiously, "Dad, I... I don't want Mom to spend the festival alone, I'll go back right now."

Victor Langley stood next to the car, looking at the tall buildings in the neighborhood, "Which building and floor does she live in?"

Adrian Langley, "..."

Rosalind Linton was tidying up the coffee table when she heard the doorbell ring, assuming her son had returned, she immediately went to open the door.

"Didn't I record your fingerprint? Why still..."

Seeing Victor Langley, her eyes were full of surprise.

"Can I come in and have a glass of water?" Victor Langley asked.

Rosalind Linton tucked her hair behind her ear and moved aside to let him in.

The apartment was spacious, but the furnishings were very simple.

Though she had received this house as compensation, it was evident she didn't have the means to make it more luxurious.

But even so, the house exuded a warmth that the Langley Residence lacked.

Victor Langley stood in the middle of the living room, looking at the woman pouring water for him, feeling inexplicably agitated inside.

"All these years, you must have hated me, right?" he asked.

Rosalind Linton put the water down and calmly said, "Hating someone doesn't bring happiness to oneself. It's all in the past; having a filial son is my greatest joy."

Her contentment with her circumstances moved Victor Langley even more.

He remembered her from over twenty years ago, naive, gentle, and now, though in her forties, the tranquility in her eyes still struck that part of Victor Langley's heart that longed for warmth.

He restrained himself, "If you had come to me with the child back then..."

"Don't say anymore," Rosalind Linton interrupted him, her eyes clouding over, "What I wanted, you couldn't give."

"Rosalind..."

Victor Langley could no longer hold back and stepped forward to tightly embrace her...

That night, some people found happiness under the full moon, while others relived old dreams.

However, the tranquility of five in the morning was broken by a phone call.

Florence Sinclair was bitten by a snake.

Victor Langley had to leave the tender embrace, his face still full of anger when he arrived at the hospital.

"Didn't I order the entire Langley Residence to be inspected? How could a snake still appear in the room?"

Jared Langley hurried to explain, "Um... I'm not sure either. It was more than half an hour after Miss Sinclair was bitten before she was found..."

As they were speaking, Juliana Jacobs also rushed to the hospital.

Jared Langley was the one who called her to come.

Leona Sheridan quickly pointed at her and said, "She's the one who brought in the snake."

Chapter 217: Proving Innocence Through Blood Donation

Juliana paused for a moment before slowly walking over.

"You saw me do it with your own eyes, so why didn't you stop me?"

Leona Sheridan seemed prepared, speaking fluently, "I didn't see it myself; it was the housemaid who saw. You were simply jealous of Jared protecting Florence last night and thus concocted this poisonous scheme to have Florence bitten by a snake at the Langley Residence. Firstly, to remove this 'love rival' and firmly grasp onto Jared."

As Juliana listened, her brows unconsciously furrowed.

Seeing Leona's serious storytelling manner, she almost wanted to call her 'Master'.

"... Secondly, to damage the relations between the Langley and Sinclair families, ensuring the Langley Family leaves no legacy, thus avenging me. Killing two birds with one stone, your heart is truly wicked!"

Adrian Langley, hearing this from the side, clenched his fists, white-knuckled, wishing he could tear the words from this woman's mouth immediately.

But the time was not right, and he had to endure, also not able to openly speak for Juliana to avoid stirring up suspicion in Victor Langley, which would render the meticulous plans of recent days futile.

Jared, seeing his mother's confident words, looked uncertainly at Juliana.

"Is it really related to you?"

Juliana met his gaze, finally no longer needing to hide the alienation in her eyes.

"If this is a trap set by your Langley Family, have I fallen into it with no hope of reprieve?"

Leona raised her head proudly, "The Langley Family is a place of reason. If you can prove the snake that appeared in Florence's room at midnight wasn't placed by you, the Langley Family won't trouble you, but if you can't provide evidence..."

She looked at Victor Langley, "Say something, how do you want to handle this?"

Victor Langley frowned, about to speak, when Elias Langley walked over, carrying a bag.

Inside the bag was a dead Silvercoil Viper.

"Is this a hospital, or a courthouse? Without knowing Florence's condition inside, is my sister-in-law only concerned with removing a thorn from her side?"

Victor Langley, reminded by him, immediately realized that ensuring Florence Sinclair's safety was the most important thing right now.

"Jared, go check on the situation inside once more."

As soon as he finished speaking, the door to the emergency room opened, and Florence Sinclair was wheeled out.

Her arms were tightly closed off and she was even wearing an oxygen mask.

The doctor who followed said, "The patient was poisoned for a long time, and although we've injected the appropriate antivenom, whether she recovers depends on her own condition. We've done our best, and now we need to move her to the intensive care unit for close observation."

This implied that whether Florence could escape danger remained unclear.

The group immediately followed the moving bed to the intensive care unit.

Victor Langley deliberately slowed his pace, walking shoulder to shoulder with Elias, speaking in a low voice, "If Florence Sinclair indeed has any mishaps this time, to calm the Sinclair Family's wrath... I'm afraid we'd have to hand over Juliana."

No emotion showed on Elias Langley's face, but his tone carried a cold sneer.

"The Langley Residence has indeed been lively lately. Medicines which shouldn't appear are here, snakes that shouldn't be are also here. If the 'mastermind' isn't found this time, we're risking more than just losing face."

Victor Langley paused, "Your meaning is...?"

Elias handed him the bag.

"The Black Mamba that showed up last night isn't even native to this country, and there wasn't any stored antivenom in Kenton. The one in your hand is a Silvercoil Viper, potent but treatable with antivenom, not lethal."

His words hung in the air, then he walked into the hospital room.

Victor Langley looked down at the twisted snake corpse in the bag, frozen in place.

Florence being a valued guest of the Langleys couldn't afford any mishaps.

After transferring Florence to the intensive care unit, the traditional medicine expert arranged by Jared arrived to diagnose her.

After taking her pulse, the conclusion was similar to that of the Western doctors, but he had a better solution.

"Ancient texts mention an herb called Golden Poria, which can cleanse organs and restore vitality. If administered, the chances of her waking up and recovering would be higher."

After saying this, the doctor left.

"Golden Poria? This herb is very difficult to obtain; even with a large sum, it would take a week to acquire."

Leona looked at the recently arrived Victor Langley, implying he should find a solution.

Yet Victor Langley looked at Jared, "I heard you obtained some?"

Jared's complexion changed slightly, "I gave it to Juliana."

Leona's face turned red with anger, "Such a precious item, you gave it to her—it's like feeding it to a dog!"

Elias, leaning against the doorframe without lifting his eyelids, nonetheless picked up the conversation.

"The difference is, herb used on the right person is nourishing, but on the wrong person, it just stirs fire, causing sores and ulcers."

Leona's face, yet to recover from the inflamed sores after consuming the old ginseng, now felt a burning heat.

Her expression turned from red to green, immediately targeting Juliana again.

"There's talk in ancient texts of 'using blood to guide medicine.' Since she consumed the Golden Poria, her blood must contain the essence of its properties. Why not use her blood to treat Florence!"

Adrian was shocked at her argument, unable to help but say, "There's simply no scientific basis for this."

"This bastard, what right do you have to speak when I'm talking?" Leona shouted harshly.

Jared stood in silence for a moment, then actually walked toward Juliana, his tone heavy but with an unyielding 'righteousness.'

"The situation is special now, involving a life and the harmony of two families. I hope you can see the bigger picture and donate some blood because... it's not just saving Florence, but a way to prove your innocence and maintain family stability."

Juliana looked at him as if seeing a second Evan Grant.

She raised an eyebrow, "If I don't give her blood, it can't prove my innocence, so you're set to condemn me?"

"Juliana..."

Juliana raised her hand, signaling him to drop the grand ideals for a moment.

"When exactly did you give me the Golden Poria?" she asked.

Jared furrowed his brows, "I specifically watched the chef make a bowl of Heart Nourishing Soup and sent a servant to your room. You drank it all."

Leona's face suddenly paled at that.

Juliana chuckled, "What you don't know is that bowl of soup was snatched by your mother. Now, go and persuade your mother to donate some blood."

Jared couldn't find words.

Leona was humiliated under everyone's gaze.

Victor looked at her with even more disgust.

"Ridiculous! The matter of using blood as medicine is merely folk remedy lacking scientific basis. This topic is closed, but..."

He changed his tone, looking at Juliana, his gaze commanding no opposition.

"These snakes didn't appear at the house without reason. Whoever's behind this, you're a suspect, so stay in the hospital room, and without permission, do not leave until Florence wakes, and the matter is fully investigated."

Juliana chuckled lightly at his words.

"I am not a member of the Langley Family; Chairman Langley has no authority over my comings and goings. My willingness to remain today as cooperation is a favor, not an obligation. Chairman Langley, being wise, knows that to have one willingly sheathe their wings temporarily, sincerity is required."

Victor's eyes darkened slightly but nodded, "I understand your meaning. If this truly isn't your doing, the Langley Family will remember this favor."

Elias concealed his expression and turned to leave.

...

Florence didn't remain unconscious for long.

She awoke by the evening.

When Victor Langley arrived at the hospital as fast as he could, Elias was already there.

However, he was leaning against the windowsill, coldly watching Leona attentively solicit Florence, making no moves.

There was undissipated joy on Leona's face, certain that Florence would soon identify Juliana as the culprit.

Moreover, she had bribed a house servant and even fabricated evidence.

When the time comes, with both testimonial and physical evidence against her, Juliana would be left speechless.

Victor approached the bed and asked gently, "Florence, do you know who placed the snake?"

Upon hearing the question, the pale-faced Florence turned her gaze to Juliana, the implication all too clear.

Juliana met her gaze, curling her lips into a slight smile.

Chapter 218: Redirecting Calamity Eastward

"This matter involves murder, Miss Sinclair, you should think carefully before you speak."

Juliana Jacobs stepped forward slowly, her voice gentle, yet each word pierced Florence Sinclair's ears.

"It's strange, really. The venomous snake that bit me was an exotic species, and there wasn't even a single vial of antivenom in all of Kenton. But the one that bit Miss Sinclair, although highly venomous, has antivenom readily available at hospitals. The person who set loose the snake sure is a double standard."

Florence Sinclair was so stunned by her words that her spine went cold.

The insinuation in Juliana Jacobs' words was that Florence Sinclair had orchestrated a "self-inflicted hardship" for sympathy.

If she could think of this, Elias Langley must surely have similar suspicions.

Florence instinctively glanced toward the window.

Since Elias Langley entered the room, he hadn't said a word; under normal circumstances, he would have already shown concern for her.

All signs indicate that he is indeed suspicious of her.

If he investigates thoroughly... Florence is not confident she could hide it from him.

All these thoughts passed in an instant, and Florence had already made up her mind.

Tears welled up, and she weakly looked at Victor Langley. "It's not anyone's fault... it's my own carelessness. Before sleeping... Mrs. Langley specifically came to remind me that snakes might roam around and that I should check my room before sleeping... but I was too tired and thought it impossible for such a thing to be in the room, so I didn't take it to heart... Who knew, it actually happened..."

Her words seemed self-reproaching, yet it was like a bolt of lightning striking down on Leona Sheridan.

Why would Leona Sheridan "predict the future" and remind her to check the bedroom?

Naturally, it was because...

Everyone turned their gazes to her in unison.

Especially Victor Langley, whose temples throbbed with a bulging vein.

"It seems I've indulged you too much, allowing you to bring a snake into the house, making one plan fail, and then plotting another to frame someone else. Do you think you're worthy of being the matriarch of the Langley Family? Jared..."

He looked at his son. "I intend to ground her this time. Are you going to stop me?"

Jared Langley frowned, unable to find a reason to defend his mother, and could only choose silence.

"Victor, how can you so easily believe an outsider's words?" Leona Sheridan said.

Victor Langley looked at her with disdain. "I'm not blindly trusting outsiders. I believe that with your character, you'd absolutely do such a thing."

Leona Sheridan felt hurt by his words.

"What, now that the Langley Family is securely the top family in Kenton, you're so arrogant? If it weren't for the Sheridan Family back then, who knows where you'd be begging now!"

"Leona Sheridan!" Victor Langley's eyes burned with rage. "These years, the Langley Family has met every demand of the Sheridan Family; we've been more than fair to you. What more do you want? Do you want the entire Langley Family to take your surname before you're satisfied?"

Leona Sheridan rushed in front of him. "You've gotten your wings and now disregard the Sheridan Family. You..."

Suddenly, she caught a scent on her husband that didn't belong to him, and her shouting halted abruptly.

Her nose twitched, and she suddenly grabbed his arm with a twisted expression.

"Why do you have the scent of women's perfume on you? Who were you with last night?"

Victor Langley's eyes flashed coldly as he shook off her hand and commanded the guards at the door in a somber tone, "The madam has lost her mind. Take her back to the Langley Residence. Without my permission, no one is allowed to visit, and she is not to step out of her room by even a step!"

"Fine, you dare confine me, you all have a death wish, let go of me! Langley, you'll regret this..."

"Gag her, don't let her embarrass the Langley Family," Victor Langley said.

"Dad, don't treat Mom like this," Jared Langley said.

But Leona Sheridan was dragged away with her mouth taped shut.

Jared barely gave Juliana a glance, worried that the guards might harm his mother without restraint, hurriedly chased after them.

Victor Langley, calming his breath, turned to Florence with a courteous and polite demeanor once again.

"It's my lack of discipline that made you laugh. I promise to investigate this matter thoroughly. If it truly is her doing, I will not be lenient."

Florence Sinclair knew well that he intended to keep the peace.

In fact, Leona Sheridan was wrongfully accused, and Florence didn't want to blow things out of proportion.

So, Florence generously said, "Actually, I'm fine. Mrs. Langley just made a muddled mistake. You've been together for nearly thirty years, don't ruin the harmony over this. I won't tell Grandpa."

Victor Langley looked moved. "You're a good girl; how I wish you didn't have a boyfriend."

Having said that, he glanced at Elias Langley.

The ever-observing Elias Langley sneered, making his brother's intent to set him up clear.

"If Big Brother can discern right from wrong and not wrongfully accuse a good person, it shows you've still got it. If truly interested in the Sinclair Family, you can marry a second wife; after all, Sister-in-law is a 'feudal enlightened' person."

Having said that, not bothering to look at Victor Langley's stupefied expression, he strode out of the hospital room.

Juliana Jacobs turned to Victor Langley. "Chairman Langley, can I leave now?"

Victor Langley, angered by his brother's words, showed no kindness to Juliana.

"Go ahead. The Langley Family is at a tumultuous time; better behave yourself."

Juliana arched her lips. "If the young master's illness is cured by tomorrow, I'll leave tomorrow."

Having said that, she left without looking back.

"One after another, speaking such nonsense," Victor Langley said in displeasure.

A gleam flashed in Florence Sinclair's eyes.

"My brother-in-law is excellent, and there are many temptations outside. If Chairman Langley truly wants to keep the Sinclair Family tightly bound, then marrying a plaque won't suffice."

Victor Langley looked at her, seemingly trying to gauge her intent.

Surprisingly, Florence spoke directly: "Lately, my parents have been considering Isabelle's marriage. Marrying a plaque is just a formality and does not legally bind him. Chairman Langley is a forward-thinking person; I won't say more."

Victor Langley's eyes flickered, a flash of understanding crossing his gaze, quickly adding arranging Elias Langley and Isabelle Sinclair's marriage to his plans.

Juliana Jacobs reached the hospital entrance.

A Red Flag car approached.

The back door opened, and she got in.

Elias Langley, seeing her displeasure, reached out and pulled her onto his lap.

"You've redirected the disaster; aren't you happy?"

Juliana wrapped her arms around his neck, playing with the prickly short hair on the back of his head.

"You're an innocent person, yet without even an apology, you rush to fawn over those in higher positions. The Langley Family's principles are apparently measuring worth in conduct."

Elias Langley chuckled, his knuckles brushing her cheek.

"The Langley Family is the Langley Family, and I am me. Langley to me is just a surname, lacking the meaning of a family."

He grew up as a backup for the family bloodline, in a corner neglected of affection, so naturally lacks any warmth towards the Langley Family.

Juliana was silent for a moment, seriously looking at him as she asked the question that had long lingered.

"If... both the Langley and Sinclair Families are uneasy about binding you with a plaque, can you resist?"

Elias Langley's fingers ran through her hair, caressing the scab on the back of her head, his gaze misty and enigmatic.

"Rest assured, for every obstacle they set, I'll clear it. No one can harm you in the slightest."

Juliana pushed him. "You misunderstood, I wasn't worried about affecting me."

Elias Langley looked deeply at her, without speaking.

...

Previously, Leona Sheridan was stripped of the procession that followed her each time she went out.

This time, she completely lost her freedom.

She grabbed her son's hand, crying her heart out.

"Jared, you must trust Mom! This time, it's absolutely that wicked Juliana Jacobs! She hates me and wants to destroy our family! And your father has another woman outside again. I can't just be locked up like this, can't let anyone take your position as heir."

Jared looked at his mother's weeping and disheveled state, and though he didn't truly believe it was Juliana's doing, he and his mother shared common interests. Protecting his mother meant protecting his position in the Langley Family.

So, he said, "Mom, you stay here for now, I'll go and handle it."

Leaving the guard-patrolled bedroom, he happened to see Juliana about to return to her room.

Jared quickly stepped forward to prevent her from opening the door.

"Do you have something to say?" Juliana asked.

Jared hesitated for two seconds before speaking. "You go to my father and admit that you set the snakes loose. I promise, I'll plead for you and won't let you suffer too much grievance."

Chapter 219: Juliana Jacobs Stood There, Not Knowing How Long She Had Been Listening

Juliana looked at him.

Her eyes first showed shock, then turned into a trace of icy sarcasm.

"Is this the purpose of you letting me stay at your house?"

Jared Langley closed his eyes, "Don't look for some righteous reason, now my mother needs you to take the fall for this. You're my fiancée, we're already a community of interests. And in this community, her value is the greatest, you should know how to choose."

Juliana raised an eyebrow, "Sorry, I don't know."

Jared was angered by her heartless words.

"After being abandoned by Evan Grant once, haven't you learned to bow your head in high society? Or are you already used to the feeling of being kicked out?"

As soon as the words fell, a sharp slap landed heavily on his face.

Jared's face turned to one side from the slap, the stinging pain instantly ignited all his rationale, an unprecedented rage rushed to his head.

From childhood to adulthood, no one had ever dared treat him like this!

His eyes seethed with ferocity, suddenly lunging forward, he grabbed Juliana by the neck!

With a dull "thud," the back of Juliana's head hit the door.

This sound was like a bucket of cold water, waking Jared up.

Seeing Juliana's brows knit in suffocation, and the flash of pain in her eyes, a twitching pain came from Jared's chest, and he quickly released his hand.

"Juliana, why are you so stubborn?"

Juliana coughed several times, then steadied her breathing.

But when she looked at him, her eyes were very red.

"Fine, let's talk about interests. I want the lab to approve Summer Shaw's heart cultivation application, can your good brother handle that?"

"This..." Jared's face showed difficulty, "You know, Summer's matter is stuck with Florence Sinclair."

Juliana laughed, "Because Florence doesn't like me, so Summer's life is her last trump card, and you... also afraid to offend her?"

"Juliana, we have to align with the Sinclair Family's interests."

"Just to continue the family line?" Juliana chuckled softly, "Then you'd better advise your dear mother to do more good deeds, after all, if she does too many treacherous things, even clinging tightly to the Sinclair Family, it might still be hard to avoid a doomed fate."

She pushed past Jared and entered the room, closing the door.

With a "click," the sound of the door being locked.

Elias Langley reached out and wrapped his arm around her waist, pulling her into his embrace.

Juliana's nose felt a little sore, leaning against his shoulder blade, inhaling his scent to calm her emotions.

"Are you okay?"

Elias's fingers wove through her soft hair, his warm palm gently covered the hidden scar at the back of her head.

Juliana mumbled into his chest, "Head hurts."

Elias frowned, picked her up, placed her on the bed, and then picked up the phone, "I'll have Miles Monroe come take a look."

Juliana stopped his hand, "No, if he comes our relationship will be exposed."

Elias furrowed his brow.

Juliana said, "Just one last step, I'll be fine after I rest."

Elias put down the phone, holding her more tenderly.

Juliana rested in his arms for a while, after calming down, she realized something wrong with his previous words.

"Why would you call Miles for my headache?"

Elias's gaze flashed, "He knows a bit about treating headaches."

Juliana bit her lip, poked his forehead, "You're fooling me."

Elias was amused by her, his fingers gently kneading her temples.

"Still can't recall anything from before?"

Juliana closed her eyes, frowning slightly, "Is the past important?"

Elias didn't know how to answer.

Juliana adjusted to a comfortable position in his arms,

"Remembering the past only means knowing what my parents look like, then finding them. But so many years have passed, I've tried every method, if they were looking for me too, they must have found me by now..."

At this point, Juliana deliberately paused.

"The time I most wanted to find them has passed, all these years through rain and wind alone. Now, whether they're here or not, it makes no difference to me."

So, when she said she wouldn't search anymore, she truly let it go.

"Elias..." Juliana suddenly opened her eyes and looked at him, "I don't have much time left, and I don't want to waste it on pointless things. Saving Summer, and finding out who wants me dead, are the two things I most want to do."

"What do you mean not much time left, there's always uncertainty, you'll live to a ripe old age."

Elias held her tightly, as if she were a precious treasure he never wanted to lose again.

...

Leona Sheridan had been locked up for several days, with no sign of Victor Langley letting her go.

Juliana left early and came back late every day, ignoring Jared.

Florence Sinclair was discharged and returned to the Langley Residence, only to find a pervasive sense of oppression throughout.

And aside from the day she was awake, Elias Langley never appeared again.

This extreme sense of alienation left her feeling unreal.

Unable to hold back, Florence finally cornered Elias in a corridor corner one evening before the Langleys had returned.

"Brother-in-law, are you going to become estranged from me because of this?"

Florence's voice carried a hint of grievance.

Elias was carrying medicine for Juliana, his eyes cold and aloof.

"I've always believed in the principle of birds of a feather flock together, we are different, we can't work together."

After saying this, he was about to leave.

Florence quickly sidestepped to block his path, her tone urgent with a hint of incomprehension.

"Isn't it just making Chairman Langley misunderstand Leona Sheridan? You're holding this against me. You grew up at the Sinclair Family; they never helped you a bit, you and the Sinclair Family are family. Now you want to draw a line between us for an outsider?"

Elias's lips curled into a cold sneer, "Against the Sinclair Family? Do you alone presume to represent the entire Sinclair Family? If every member of the Sinclair Family were like you, slandering without success, then turning on others, I would reconsider my relationship with the whole Sinclair Family."

His words made Florence's face pale.

Being exposed, shame and anger surged within her, so she decided to drop the act.

"Yes, I don't want Juliana to have it easy, but more than that, I don't want to see you getting too close to her! Brother Elias, I hope you see clearly, even if the true Sinclair family daughter from the marriage contract is dead, if you were to marry again, the person you can marry must be a Sinclair!"

Elias's brow furrowed with coldness, "Who told you that?"

Florence's heart skipped a beat.

She realized she had inadvertently revealed the old man's most secret plan in her haste.

But having spoken thus far, there was no point in hiding anymore.

"Does someone need to explicitly tell me? With your current status, who wouldn't want to secure you? Grandpa is smart, the Sinclair Family needs someone like you as a shield, how could he let go?"

"A shield?"

Elias's gaze landed on a nonexistent point in the distance, letting out a light, cold laugh.

"I, Elias Langley, am grateful only to Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, did others misunderstand?"

Florence stood there, frozen, her lips moved, but no words came out.

Elias brushed past her, took a few steps away, then turned back, "If you don't dare confess to Victor Langley that you were the one who released the snake, then you'd better keep those shadowy thoughts and secrets of yours well hidden. Don't bring them up to disgust others."

"You..."

Florence was so choked by his words that she trembled all over, a wave of humiliation washing over her.

Elias continued his stride away, rounding the corner, his figure froze.

Juliana was standing there, it's unclear how long she had been listening.

Chapter 220: Crashing Straight Into Mason Sheridan's Arms

"There's nothing for us to avoid between us, you can listen openly."

After saying that, Elias Langley left.

Juliana Jacobs could clearly feel that he was angry.

"Miss Jacobs..."

Florence Sinclair, after the initial awkwardness, suddenly gathered herself, approached Juliana with elegance and arrogance once again.

"...Do you think you've walked through the door in Elias's heart just because it's open a crack for you?"

Florence revealed a meaningful smile.

"For over a decade, he's always had someone in his heart. You just happened to slide into his view with a similar face and unique personality, becoming a qualified substitute. If my sister were dead, the affection you received might last longer, but unfortunately..."

She deliberately paused, hoping to see the blood drain from Juliana's face.

However, there was nothing.

Florence became ruthless, spelling out the bloody truth word by word.

"...There's a good chance my sister isn't dead. When she returns, how will you, this proud substitute, position yourself? Will you calmly accept the title of 'mistress,' watching their affection for each other, or will you suppress your nausea, continuing to beg for a bit of affection while imitating another under him?"

Juliana listened quietly until she finished, her expression unchanged.

Only her eyes shone more brightly and coldly, as if washed by icy waters.

Florence was waiting for her to break down, but instead, she merely laughed softly.

Her voice, when she opened her mouth, was terrifyingly calm.

"You've said so much, just to make me back off and lose my composure. But..."

She took a step forward, her gaze cutting into Florence's soul like a blade.

"...do you know why I'm not worried at all? Because, with your nature, how could you tolerate the real heiress of the Sinclairs returning alive?"

Florence's smug expression froze instantly, and for a moment, she stood there like a wooden stump.

"Instead of wasting time on me, Miss Sinclair, you'd better approve my friend's application promptly. After all, it's not my only hope, but it might be your only value now."

With one sentence, she thwarted Florence's intent to threaten her with Summer Shaw's life.

Juliana smiled faintly and walked confidently toward the room.

On the stairs, she tripped on something, hurriedly grabbing the handrail to steady herself.

At that moment, a piercing pain struck from the back of her head, causing her dangling right hand to tremble uncontrollably.

Instinctively, she clenched her pant leg, chaotic images flooding her mind like an explosion, yet none coming into focus.

Fortunately, the sharp pain subsided in less than half a minute, her mind calming quickly, leaving only her slightly erratic breath and heartbeat.

Juliana took a few deep breaths, composed herself, and continued up the stairs.

Returning to her room, it was completely silent inside.

Just as she was about to sit down and rest a bit, her gaze suddenly fixated on the dressing table.

There, lay a box of pills and a note.

She remembered finishing the last pill yesterday without mentioning it to Elias, but he somehow knew to send a new supply today.

This silent thoroughness warmed her more than any words could.

The words on the note, written in Elias Langley's handwriting, were brief and to the point: "Not coming back tonight"

Juliana put away the note, took the medicine, then went to bathe and sleep.

Tonight, she wasn't affected by Florence's provocation.

It was the sudden thought she had on the stairs that startled her, almost making her fall.

As for the stabbing pain at the back of her head, it seemed like an old injury from being slammed against the door by Jared hadn't healed.

She didn't probe further.

The next day, Florence mysteriously returned to Kingsford.

Caleb Shaw brought news from the biological laboratory.

The team from Kingsford had completed additional checks for Summer Shaw, and all data would be taken back for deeper analysis, but they still awaited the final assessment.

Fortunately, Summer Shaw's strong will to live continued to support her vital signs, keeping them stable.

This meant Juliana still had time to gain the lab's agreement.

A week passed, and Leona Sheridan remained confined, Victor Langley showing no intention of releasing her.

Jared Langley found himself out of options.

For an entire morning, he accompanied his father at breakfast, intending to speak on behalf of his mother.

Just as he was about to speak, Elias Langley set down his teacup and said to Victor Langley, "I hear the new achievements of 'Project Helios' are very much to Julian Vance's liking. Tell Adrian to prepare a strategic report and submit it to Quinn Shepherd."

Hearing this, Victor Langley's spirit was immediately lifted.

"Second brother, didn't you always oppose mixing public and private affairs?"

Elias Langley's gaze seemed indifferent, "Blackstar is as competitive as any other company. Avoiding it because of my position would be mixing public and private affairs."

"Actually, this project was initially by Jared..."

Before Victor Langley could finish, Elias interrupted him directly.

"There has been no improvement in Jared's condition. How do you expect him to handle the crucial liaison with Julian Vance when he struggles with his own job?"

"Uncle, I actually... am fine."

Jared didn't want to be excluded at such a critical moment.

But Elias didn't even spare him a glance.

"Continue to recuperate properly and don't covet what doesn't belong to you."

These words sounded like an alarm bell, echoing loudly in Jared's heart.

His uncle's intent was crystal clear.

He wanted his father to abandon him and support the illegitimate child instead.

Victor Langley also understood the implied meaning in Elias's words.

He nodded and smiled, "I understand, although Adrian might lack sharpness, he makes up for it with steadiness and reliability."

The affirmation in his father's words sent a chill through Jared's heart.

Was he really going to be abandoned?

Elias Langley seemed quite pleased with Victor's response, wiped his hands, and took his leave.

Jared felt a palpable crisis looming over him.

Not only had he failed to save his mother, but he was also about to lose his own position.

This can't happen!

He found a number and dialed it...

In the evening, Juliana returned to the Langley Residence, immediately sensing the unusual atmosphere the moment she stepped through the door.

The living room was brightly lit, with the Langleys rarely gathered together.

And beside Victor Langley in the seat of honor sat a man she had never seen before.

Upon seeing her, Victor Langley immediately called her over.

"Juliana, come meet Jared's uncle."

Someone from the Sheridan Family!

Juliana immediately understood what was happening.

She calmly walked over.

Victor Langley then introduced her to this seemingly thirty-something man, "This is Jared's... 'fiancée.'"

The man had an expression of understanding, "Understood."

He turned to look at Juliana, his gaze seemingly casual, yet carrying a scrutiny and assessment, as if trying to dissect her thoroughly inside out.

"I'm Mason Sheridan, the youngest brother of the lady upstairs who is confined."

He extended his hand for a gentlemanly handshake with Juliana, though his tone carried a faint, elusive provocation.

"Mr. Sheridan, hello."

Out of courtesy, Juliana reached out for a handshake, intending for it to be brief.

However, just as she was about to withdraw her hand, Mason Sheridan's fingers suddenly tightened imperceptibly.

An undercurrent forcefully pulled Juliana forward!

Her center of gravity shifted, and amidst the eerie silence of the living room and the cold, piercing stares from the solitary sofa, she fell straight into Mason Sheridan's embrace, her forehead crashing against his firm chest.