

Stop Panicking! Miss Jacobs will Not Look Back!

#Chapter 22: Her Proud Head Was Finally Bowed by Evan Grant - Read Stop Panicking! Miss Jacobs will Not Look Back! Chapter 22: Her Proud Head Was Finally Bowed by Evan Grant

Chapter 22: Chapter 22: Her Proud Head Was Finally Bowed by Evan Grant

Just because he glared at her once at the old house, she became more afraid of him than she was in the morning.

Moreover, she had an evasive look, clearly not wanting to talk to him.

Yet Evan steadied himself and said, "You didn't have dinner. Let Mrs. Young make you a few dishes."

"Can I not eat?"

After she asked, she paused and then changed her mind, "If I have to eat, I'll just have a little."

She was very compliant, but Evan didn't quite like this feeling.

"If you don't want to eat, then don't. I'll have Mrs. Young prepare some snacks for later. You can eat if you get hungry at midnight.

Juliana glanced in the direction of the basement, "Is there anything else? If not, can I go up and rest for a while?"

She was still worried he might lock her up.

Evan felt a stab in his heart.

"Juliana, this is your home. You don't need to ask me whatever you want to do."

No, this was no longer her home.

On the fourth anniversary of their marriage, she planned to give him her big gift, and then she'd have nothing more to do with this man.

Juliana said nothing and went upstairs.

Evan watched her back, his brows furrowing tighter.

Just as he was about to follow her, his phone rang.

It was Stella calling from the hospital...

Juliana returned to the master bedroom, took a shower, and went straight to sleep.

Her body was not as robust as before, always easily fatigued. She thought she might see a traditional Chinese doctor one day.

Given the current severe situation, she could tread on Evan's red line at any time. Her strength must not fail her.

Half-asleep, she felt someone touching her face.

This was the master bedroom, the only person who could be here at this moment was Evan.

Helping Stella only to come hold her didn't sit well with Juliana; she felt disgusted.

She awoke with a start, unable to contain her emotions, shouting at him, "Don't touch me!"

Evan sat on the edge of the bed, stunned by her reaction.

Realizing she'd overreacted, Juliana's fierce gaze softened.

"Sorry, I thought it was..."

She couldn't think of an excuse, instinctively hugging herself, and asked, "Is there something you need?"

Evan's gaze was unusually somber, yet there was indeed an important matter.

"Aunt's condition doesn't look good. I will take you to apologize to her."

The dignity she'd held high was, in the end, something Evan would make her compromise.

Juliana did not overreact.

Even if unwilling, she merely sighed silently, got out of bed from the other side, and dragged her tired body to change clothes.

Evan was pained by her weary silhouette, suddenly realizing his folly.

Had he become stupid?

Stella had called sobbing, saying that Lily was bleeding uncontrollably, the doctor considered emotions were playing a role, but further tests would be done the next day.

Without much thought, he agreed to take Juliana to apologize to Lily.

But why was he letting his wife suffer to stabilize someone else's emotions?

Evan caught up to her, pulling her into his arms.

"We won't go, we won't go."

Juliana took a deep breath, closing her eyes.

She gambled on his last bit of reluctance and won.

Thinking of his mixed scent, she felt a wave of nausea.

"If we're not going, can you let me go? I... I feel like vomiting."

Juliana still resisted his touch, though not as intensely as before.

After being confined in a dark room once, she'd learned to be tolerant, though her body developed a stress response that she couldn't suppress.

Evan, understanding but choosing not to disclose, advised her to rest well before leaving in a huff.

As for where he was headed in the middle of the night, Juliana didn't ask.

Because she no longer cared.

...

In a back alley without surveillance cameras, there was a loud "clang".

A figure as thin as paper slammed into a metal garbage bin.

Subsequently, the shrill screams of the thugs punctured the silence of the night.

Blondie got the worst of it.

Lying on the garbage bin, he couldn't get up, his hands bloody and mangled.

Back in the day, Evan had been sent by Old Mr. Grant to train in a military camp, and he was quite skilled.

But Ethan had never seen him so ruthlessly take on everything before.

"Whose hands have touched my wife?"

Evan's voice was chillingly cold.

The thugs shook their heads like rattles.

Evan snorted coldly, hitting Blondie just when he sat up, then taking the tissue handed by Ethan.

"I've heard that your second uncle is quite capable, so I'll send you to him. Pass along a message for me that he should prepare paper money for himself."

Blondie shivered all over upon hearing that.

Evan got in the car; finally having vented, the gloom on his face eased a bit.

Ethan handed over some water, worriedly saying, "President Grant, for something like feuding, just give the word, and many would scramble to do it for you."

Evan sprayed some hand sanitizer onto his hands, his eyes cold as a deep pool.

"They harmed my wife, if I didn't handle this personally, I wouldn't be fit to be her husband."

Ethan nodded, thinking privately: You found a human punching bag because you couldn't vent your frustrations on your wife, right?

...

When Juliana woke up the next day and didn't see Evan, she didn't inquire.

Her phone simply rested quietly with Evan's message.

He told her to eat well.

In four years of marriage, she hadn't kept anything from him, including her phone password, which he knew by heart.

While she was asleep, he released himself from her blacklist.

Let him be released then, Juliana didn't reply to his message, got breakfast, and headed to the hospital.

Her grandpa had been moved from ICU to a regular ward.

She went to talk with the doctor about using a medicine that cost 1.2 million per dose.

"Think it through, that's 1.2 million each month, it can't be stopped."

Rosalind came back with breakfast and ran into Juliana in the lobby.

To keep her grandpa unaware, Juliana shared her decision with Rosalind downstairs.

"Aside from the 1.2 million in hard expenses, if he suffers another illness, he'd need to stay in the hospital. Even if you somehow come up with 1.2 million, it's not enough."

"So you're saying to give up and prepare for the worst?"

Rosalind sensed her displeasure and quickly explained, "He's my father, I wish for his long life. Isn't it that he's about to be discharged? The house has been bought, but the property fees are not cheap; I'm just worried about your pressure..."

Juliana frowned, "Didn't I tell you to find a place in a mid-range neighborhood?"

Rosalind stammered a bit, "Yes... yes, it's a large flat in Celestial Vista."

Celestial Vista is currently Kenton's most expensive neighborhood, and the property fees are higher than an average salary.

"Moreover, it's a fully furnished unit ready to move in, quite convenient," Rosalind added.

Juliana pursed her lips, looking at her with a threatening gaze.

Rosalind became tongue-tied, "The compensation from the developers increased, and it just so happened that the developer offered a discount..."

Juliana's eyes grew colder.

Rosalind could no longer withstand the pressure.

"The village chief's son got caught, and the chief came to me, said he had connections with the developers, and could get us a deal to buy the house at a 10% rate as a form of compensation."

"Blondie got caught?" Juliana was surprised.

Rosalind nodded, "It's true, the police even came to find me, and even his second uncle settled down."

Who has the capability to bring someone like him down?

Except for Evan, there's no one else who would help her like that.

Juliana suddenly couldn't describe how she felt, and Rosalind started nagging her.

"President Grant loves you so much, why divorce him? With him around, no one in Kenton dares bully you, and you wouldn't have to worry about your grandpa's medical fees. Why let go of such a good man, are you crazy?"

Before Juliana could respond, they saw Stella carrying a thermal container, trailing behind Evan as he entered the hospital.

Juliana's eyes paused: Wasn't she supposed to be sent away last night?

Chapter 23: Chapter 23: Who Wouldn't Like a Woman Like That?

Rosalind Linton suddenly understood why she wanted a divorce.

"Silly girl, you're the legitimate wife. As long as he gives you spending money, why care how many concubines he takes?"

Juliana withdrew her gaze, raised her eyebrows, "And then? Catch a disease and pass it to you, and you'll be thrilled to be sick."

Rosalind: "..."

"Blondie's father wouldn't just inexplicably give you a cheap house. You better have some backbone. Celestial Vista isn't for ordinary people to live in, I don't support Grandpa moving there."

Rosalind blinked her eyes, suddenly laughed loudly, "Juliana, don't worry, I'll definitely pass the message to the doctor."

Because of the name "Juliana," Evan Grant stopped in his tracks.

Stella Grant also looked over in their direction.

Rosalind slipped away, leaving Juliana to handle the situation alone.

Perhaps she did it on purpose.

"Sister-in-law."

Stella took the initiative to call her.

Juliana said indifferently, "If you don't want to, you don't have to call. There's no benefit for me; I don't want to put on fake pleasantries with you."

Stella opened her mouth, but couldn't say anything.

Evan furrowed his brows.

"Aunt is having a biopsy today, she'll return to Aldoria after the results come out."

Juliana looked elsewhere.

"Your matters have nothing to do with me. I came to see Grandpa, and I've seen him. Goodbye."

She said warmly and was about to leave.

"Juliana!"

Evan's expression turned cold.

She wasn't making a fuss, but it felt more troubling than making a huge scene.

Juliana's steps halted.

She looked back at him with a hint of fear.

Stella quickly grabbed Evan's arm.

"Brother, this is a hospital, people are coming and going. Uncle is still waiting for you upstairs."

Aside from that trending topic, there were hardly any rumors of discord between the Cortexa Group's presidential couple.

Stella was intending to remind Evan not to let people see any unpleasantness between the couple in public.

Very sensible, very considerate, who wouldn't like such a woman?

Juliana glanced at the two's point of contact and turned to leave.

Stella instinctively let go, "Sorry brother, did sister-in-law misunderstand again?"

Yet Evan's cold gaze softened a bit.

He realized that she was jealous.

...

After leaving the hospital, Juliana went to Summer Shaw's place.

"This is your office. If you lack anything, just tell Sadie."

Perhaps fearing she didn't know, Summer pointed to the receptionist.

"That's her; you saw her in my office yesterday. You'll gradually get to know the others."

During the startup phase, Summer was very conscious of cost control, with a total of twenty people in the company, everyone performing multiple roles.

Juliana was also one to get things done, not caring about appearances.

"Do you have a rest area here?" she asked.

Summer frowned, "You just started work five minutes ago, and you already want to rest?"

Juliana said nothing.

The next second, Summer put a set of keys in front of her.

"I work overtime at night, sleeping on the sofa. This place is an industrial park, accommodation isn't convenient, but I have an apartment nearby if you want to move out from the Grant Family residence, you can stay there."

Juliana didn't accept, "I won't stay at your place, find me a place, but I can't afford extra money now, deduct the rent from my salary."

Summer thought it over, "Okay, when do you need the place?"

"In half a month," Juliana replied.

That would be after her fourth wedding anniversary.

Juliana paused for a moment, then asked, "Do you have a way to delete your travel records from the last time you went to Aldoria?"

She referred to the airline ticket records and the consumption records of appearing at the same restaurant as Evan Grant.

Summer's eyes flickered, "I'm just an ordinary person, it's a bit difficult."

Juliana had a plan, "For the sake of your own life, figure it out."

"What exactly are you up to?" Summer was curious.

Juliana's eyes gleamed, but she didn't answer.

Summer realized she was planning her divorce step by step.

Trying to distance herself was to protect herself from Evan Grant's retaliation.

Such a good friend, had she known she would've pushed her sooner, maybe they wouldn't have been apart for four years.

When Juliana entered the laboratory, Summer took out her phone and dialed a number.

The call rang several times before it was answered.

"Very busy, make it short," said the voice on the other end.

"I need a little favor."

...

On her first day at work, Juliana got familiar with everything quickly.

Though she had been away from the lab for four years, she always kept an eye on the field, including every new cutting-edge research report, which she remembered well.

At work, her spirits were up, but once back at Platinum Bay, her head started to throb slightly.

At a glance, she saw the car in the yard, knowing Evan Grant had also returned.

Didn't he have any social engagements today?

He came home so early.

Walking into the living room, they happened to meet as he came downstairs.

He had just taken a shower, his clothes carried the crisp scent of cedar.

"After dinner, change your clothes and come with me to the hospital."

No extra words, he directly went to the dining room.

Evan Grant was always like this when busy.

But Mrs. Young welcomed her happily, "Madam, how was your first day at work? Are you happy?"

Juliana perked up, "It's good."

Mrs. Young was delighted, whispering, "To celebrate your first day, I made a few extra dishes, eat more."

Juliana's heart suddenly warmed.

Unexpectedly, in this cold place, the one who cared was the housekeeper, but her husband...

Sourness was about to surge in her heart, but Juliana suppressed it with sarcasm.

He never loved her, what was she expecting?

In the dining room, Evan Grant was surprised by the spread of dishes.

"Mrs. Young, what's the occasion today?"

Mrs. Young smiled as she approached.

"Didn't you say Madam has lost weight recently and asked me to make more tasty dishes to nourish her?"

Evan Grant nodded.

Juliana sat opposite him, eating with her head down.

"Did you apply for the Heart Supplement Needle?" he asked.

Juliana paused, "Is there a problem?"

After asking, she seemed to understand the purpose behind his question.

"I'll work hard to make money."

In other words, she wasn't going to ask him for more financial support for the Linton Family.

But Evan chuckled at her words.

"I'm not down to the point where I need my woman to support her family. Today, an expert went to see your grandfather, adjusted his short-term medication, and said the

Heart Supplement Needle is his only hope to survive. You don't need to worry about applying, I've asked Ethan Carter to handle it."

Juliana felt a pang of unease.

"I've stopped mentioning divorce; can't you stop using Grandpa's life as leverage?"

Evan was momentarily stunned, realizing she misunderstood.

"Our own application will be quicker than the hospital process."

But Juliana still wasn't relieved, "How long will it take at the slowest?"

Evan assumed she was worried about the elder's health.

He thought for a moment, "It should be done within a week."

A week wouldn't hinder her divorce plan.

"Thank you, then."

She continued to eat with her head down.

For some reason, her sense of distance suddenly made Evan lose his appetite...

After dinner, with the weather a bit stuffy, Juliana changed into a light apricot cotton-linen outfit and went to the hospital with Evan.

"Lily Windsor has been diagnosed with ovarian cancer, and the surgery is being scheduled. As the younger generation, you should visit her. If you don't like it, you don't have to say anything there. Leave it to me."

Juliana heard the warning in his voice, nodded compliantly.

Getting out of the car, Evan took out some conventional gifts from the trunk, and finally a small jewelry bag.

The Tiffany logo was printed on it.

Gifting jewelry to a patient?

Juliana forced herself not to speculate and looked away.

Chapter 24: Chapter 24: President Grant, Your Wife Has No Love Left for You

Arriving at the ward, George Grant kept vigil by the bedside, while Stella was nowhere to be seen.

Lily Windsor's face was pale as if she had applied foundation, with reddened eyes, clearly showing her sadness.

"You're here."

George Grant took the items from Evan's hand.

Perhaps Lily Windsor's illness had struck him heavily, as he didn't bring up the matter of having Juliana Jacobs apologize anymore.

However, Juliana noticed that Evan didn't hand the jewelry bag to George Grant.

"Evan, thank you for speaking on behalf of Grandma and getting her to agree to let Lily stay with the Grant Family after being discharged. But as for Stella, you still need to convince the old lady; she's too stubborn."

Mentioning Stella unsettled Lily Windsor.

"Evan, I'm begging you. Although the old lady has agreed to let her stay, she won't allow her to move into the Grant Family. It's too dangerous for a young girl to live outside."

Stella wasn't leaving.

Juliana's fingers slightly curled and then relaxed at her side.

Congratulations to him, his goal was achieved once more.

The day when the two of them would be together wasn't far off now.

"Auntie, Grandma has already made the biggest concession. Life isn't perfect, but I'll find a proper place for her," Evan said.

Proper place = hiding a beauty in a golden house, which greatly comforted Lily Windsor.

"Then I'll leave Stella in your hands."

Seeing how harmonious the family appeared, Juliana felt awkward standing there as an outsider.

She found an excuse to go to the restroom and left the ward.

Lily Windsor didn't pick a fight with her this time, likely because their mother-daughter duo had already won.

Overnight, Juliana found herself at a disadvantage, anticipating countless problems in the upcoming fortnight.

Exhaustion surged again, and her head throbbed with a dull ache.

After washing her face, she was contemplating whether to send Evan a message about wanting to leave when she spotted Stella sitting in the corridor, crying.

Juliana intended to take a detour to leave, but then she heard Evan's voice.

"So you're here."

Stella quickly wiped away her tears, "Brother, I'm fine."

Evan's face remained expressionless, "Your mother's situation isn't too bad. At this time, she needs you the most. If you can't face it strongly, she'll lose hope."

Stella nodding understandingly, "Don't worry, I'm taking antidepressants and won't do anything foolish at this time."

But her words didn't ease Evan's mind, as she was suffering from smiling depression, a particularly dangerous kind.

He handed her the jewelry bag, "Here, take this."

Stella took it and opened it to find an exquisite hair clip inside.

She joyfully said, "Thank you, brother."

However, after a moment of happiness, she became heavily burdened once more.

"Brother, don't be so nice to me. The old lady is already suspicious of us. If my sister-in-law finds out, it will be even worse."

But her "sister-in-law" already knew everything.

Juliana felt a chill, unsure if it was from the coldness in her heart or physical weakness.

Losing interest in continuing to eavesdrop, Juliana turned and walked towards the hospital exit.

Evan hadn't noticed; his response was calm and emotionless.

"Everything's fine at home, don't worry about it."

"Ma'am, are you leaving with President Grant?"

Ethan Carter saw Juliana, running over and asking, his voice loud.

Evan's gaze quickly shifted over.

Juliana took a deep breath, maintaining her composure.

"I'm a bit tired and want to go back. Could you please let him know?"

Before Ethan Carter could speak, Evan left Stella and walked over.

"Why didn't you say earlier if you're not feeling well? Let's go back now."

After speaking, he habitually took off his jacket and draped it over her.

The fresh oceanic wood scent swept over her, making Juliana feel like countless ants were crawling on her back.

Her liking for the scent turned to disgust, all because of Stella.

Juliana wanted to take off the clothing, but Evan held the two sides of the coat and fastened them securely.

"Stella's current situation, both inside and out, isn't good. Giving her the jewelry is just to cheer her up a bit. Don't overthink it, hmm?"

Juliana lowered her gaze, not responding to his words.

To be overthinking, she first had to have feelings for him.

However, her feelings had been carved out by him, little by little, yet he hadn't realized it.

Stella watched Evan wrap Juliana in his arms and leave.

Words unspoken, full of reluctance.

"Miss Grant," Ethan Carter's smiling face interrupted her gaze, "President Grant asked me to stay. If you need anything, just let me know."

"Thank you, Assistant Carter."

Stella's eyes showed a faint light.

...

Evan found that Juliana spoke noticeably less.

In the past, this woman would sit in his passenger seat and chatter about all the fresh things she had seen.

But this trip back and forth, she was as quiet as a statue.

"Auntie's illness has been diagnosed, and Stella needs to stay by her bedside to fulfill her filial duties. Once Auntie's condition stabilizes, we'll then arrange for her to leave."

Yet it's feared that Lily Windsor's condition will remain stable indefinitely.

Juliana raised her eyebrow slightly, saying nothing.

But Evan caught onto this subtle movement of hers.

"Juliana!"

He raised his voice a little.

Only then did Juliana react.

She forced a smile, "It's your matter, so you decide."

Her attitude was so understanding, yet Evan just wanted to get angry.

"Haven't you had enough?" he asked, holding back his temper.

Juliana picked at his leather seat cushion, uncertainly asking, "What am I making a fuss over?"

Evan fell silent.

If he continued, he feared he might burst with anger.

At Platinum Bay, Juliana wasted no time unbuckling her seatbelt, tossing his coat away, and jumping out of the car, not even sparing him a glance.

Evan felt a blockage in his heart.

Even though she had stopped quarrelling with him, accommodating him in every way, the tension between them felt even more palpable.

After taking a few phone calls, he decided to visit the master bedroom to talk with her.

However, he found that she had locked the door.

Not only locked, but probably also barricaded with a sofa, as he couldn't push it open.

Evan succumbed to her cold violence, feeling both frustrated and amused.

Early the next morning, Juliana went downstairs alone to have breakfast.

Mrs. Young brought over a rectangular jewelry box.

"President Grant went to the company early this morning. Before he left, he asked me to give this to you."

Juliana opened the box on the table.

Inside was a golden hairpin, crafted with a kingfisher feather design.

Mrs. Young was enamored by it.

"This one must be quite pricey, right?"

Juliana scanned the item with her phone, checked the price and nodded, "It's an intangible cultural heritage piece, slightly more expensive than Tiffany's."

Mrs. Young's mouth formed an O shape.

It must've been an attempt to console her after he was caught giving jewelry to Stella last night.

Evan certainly knew how to manage the household harmony.

But alas, he was born in the wrong era.

Now is a monogamous era, and she couldn't tolerate any indiscretions.

Juliana, without hesitation, listed the golden hairpin on a secondhand website.

Mrs. Young was even more astounded.

Over the next two days, both Juliana and Evan were busy.

Though both left early and returned late, they miraculously avoided crossing paths.

Each night, Juliana barricaded the door with a sofa, sleeping soundly.

Until that hairpin was sold for a six-digit sum.

Mrs. Young couldn't resist sharing the news with Evan, who returned from overtime work.

"President Grant, you still can't let go of Miss Grant. I think Madam has lost any affection for you."

Evan's temples throbbed furiously, his face terrifyingly cold.

Juliana, having finished her shower, came out to find someone standing by the windowsill, startling her.