

## **Panicking 221**

Chapter 221: Which Woman Is Elias Chatting With?

Time seemed to freeze at that moment.

A very faint smoky sandalwood scent drifted into Juliana's nostrils.

She shivered slightly.

Mason Sheridan's eyes swiftly scanned everyone present at just the right moment.

Victor Langley furrowed his brow, visibly displeased, but due to his role as head of the family, he only moved his lips without taking substantial action.

Elias Langley didn't even change his posture, still leisurely leaning back as if the scene before him was just a farce unrelated to him.

Only Jared Langley got up from the sofa and walked over immediately.

Before Juliana could break free, Mason Sheridan "chivalrously" held her shoulders and gently pushed her away, as if he wasn't the one who had forcefully grabbed her earlier.

He had a playful smirk on his lips and said blandly, "Miss Jacobs, is Mr. Sheridan so charming that you can't help yourself?"

Juliana, under the watchful eyes of everyone, was forced into an "embrace," immediately realizing Mason Sheridan was humiliating her.

Even though she endured this humiliation, she couldn't say a word.

"Juliana, how could you be so careless?"

Jared Langley seized the opportunity to pull her a bit farther away.

Men's innate territorial instincts prevent even elders from being too close to their women, even if it's accidental.

"Let me introduce you; that girl over there..."

He pointed behind the sofa.

Only then did Juliana notice a girl standing quietly there.

"...is my third uncle's daughter, Sylvia Sheridan. She came over with my uncle from Linwood this time."

Sylvia Sheridan lifted her head at Jared Langley's words, revealing a not extraordinarily beautiful but rather delicate and bookish face.

But her gaze towards Jared Langley was filled with complex emotions.

Juliana nodded to her, but she didn't respond.

Seeing her lack of manners, Jared Langley ignored her and leaned closer to Juliana's ear, quickly whispering in a volume only the two of them could hear, "She's brought over by my aunt, not my uncle's biological daughter."

Juliana didn't understand why he told her this, and just nodded blankly.

She had things on her mind and was struggling to maintain restraint.

"I'm a little tired, want to go back to my room and rest."

"All right, I'll take you upstairs," Jared Langley said.

Juliana glanced at Mason Sheridan and whispered, "Your uncle is here, you'll be busy. Don't mind me."

Having said that, she nodded to everyone and headed upstairs alone.

In a corner everyone ignored, Sylvia Sheridan's gaze at Juliana was filled with intense hatred.

Juliana barely held onto the last shred of sanity as she returned to her room.

The moment the door closed behind her, it was as if all the strength left her, and she slid down the door frame to the floor.

In the darkness, she no longer needed to hide her panic.

The faint and unique smoky sandalwood on Mason Sheridan was the same scent as the assassin who nearly took her life that night!

Fear and the excitement of confirmation intertwined as she took out her phone, her hand trembling uncontrollably.

She opened her conversation with Elias Langley and forcefully typed:

"Mason Sheridan and the assassin who harmed Summer Shaw have the same scent."

After sending it, she felt completely drained.

Downstairs in the living room, a few men were chattering and laughing.

Elias Langley's phone vibrated in his pocket.

His expression remained unchanged as he naturally took out his phone, glanced at it, and calmly replied:

"We guys are heading out for drinks tonight, you should rest early."

Just as the message was sent, Mason Sheridan leaned in.

But Elias Langley's phone screen had already darkened.

Mason Sheridan's face held a curious smile, "Elias, chatting with some woman, are you?"

His words instantly drew the attention of Victor Langley and Jared Langley.

Elias Langley, who was much taller than him, looked at him with a subtle air of superiority.

"Mr. Sheridan's curiosity about other people's phones seems congenital. Looks like you overdraw on this 'gossip' talent at the expense of a man's poise."

Mason Sheridan's smile froze, and everything he was about to say got stuck in his throat, unable to respond for a moment.

Victor Langley quickly intervened, "Chatting at home is boring, let's hit the bar. It's more fun to chat while drinking."

With that, he invited them all out.

Only then did Mason Sheridan shake off the awkwardness, stiffly telling Sylvia Sheridan, "We'll be back late; you should go back to your room and rest."

Sylvia Sheridan nodded.

Upstairs, Juliana received the reply, took a deep breath, and reluctantly mustered the energy to go to the bathroom for a shower.

Finally forcing Leona Sheridan's hand, but she had no previous ties with The Sheridans. Could they want to assassinate her just because they opposed her being with Jared Langley?

Her relationship with Jared Langley was fake; it made no sense at all.

After her shower, she sat at the vanity, drying her hair.

"Knock, knock, knock."

A gentle knocking sounded at the door.

Outside, Sylvia Sheridan's soft, melodious voice came through, "Miss Jacobs, are you asleep? I've brought you something."

Juliana's hair-drying paused abruptly.

She hid a folding knife in her sleeve before going to the door.

Opening it, she found Sylvia Sheridan at the entrance, holding a finely crafted silver incense box.

"Miss Jacobs, did I disturb your rest?"

Juliana leaned against the door frame, showing no intention of letting her in. Her words were nothing but blunt, "If I say you did, will you just leave?"

Sylvia Sheridan didn't expect such directness and her smile froze slightly, but her gaze quickly flitted over Juliana's shoulder, sweeping the room, especially pausing briefly on the large bed before returning to Juliana's face.

"It's like this, my cousin...has always had trouble sleeping and needs someone to talk to before he can fall asleep. Was it the same with you when you were together?"

Juliana raised an eyebrow slightly at her words.

So before Jared Langley's memory lapse, Sylvia Sheridan was the one who lived with him?

Juliana maintained a blank expression, responding coolly, "Miss Sheridan, you must be joking. As you can see, this is not his room. So what you asked... I don't know."

Seeing Juliana's flawless response, Sylvia Sheridan's eyes dimmed, and she handed over the incense box.

"This is a calming incense I blended myself. It's something he's always asking me for; it works well. You should keep it for him."

"You can make incense?"

A chill shot up Juliana's spine.

Could the unique smoky sandalwood on both the assassin and Mason Sheridan be her work?

Sylvia Sheridan's eyes sparkled with a bit of pride, "Yes, I've studied it for years. Miss Jacobs, are you interested in aromatherapy?"

Juliana chuckled mockingly, lightly disdainful, "I don't like this stuff."

Sylvia Sheridan, momentarily awkward, pushed the incense box closer, "Take it. Whether for my cousin or yourself, it's a sincere token."

With no way to refuse, Juliana accepted the box, "Thank you, then."

Sylvia Sheridan's face revealed a hint of relief, "You should try it. It really is calming, and I have plenty more if..."

She hadn't finished her sentence when Juliana abruptly closed the door.

Sylvia Sheridan stood outside, hands tightly clasped at her chest.

"Taking it is fine; I've crafted this incense for you. Hope you have a long, undisturbed sleep tonight."

Chapter 222: I'm Pregnant... Save Me...

When Juliana got the incense, she casually placed it on the table.

She genuinely wasn't interested in it, not just brushing off Sylvia Sheridan.

In the middle of the night, Juliana woke up again due to the heat.

Just about to turn over, she realized she was tightly held in Elias Langley's embrace.

She gently struggled, but the person behind her tightened his arms instead, with warm breath brushing across the back of her neck.

"Mason Sheridan is even sharper than your brother, aren't you afraid he'll find out?"

Elias Langley's voice was heavy with sleep, making it even deeper and more alluring than usual.

"He's drunk and sleeping like a log, don't you trust your husband's skills?"

Juliana's ears turned slightly warm, she softly nudged him with her elbow, then turned around to ask, "Did you drink a lot too?"

"Mm-hmm."

He kept his eyes closed, like a big dog that loved to snuggle with its owner.

The air was filled with the scent of his shower gel mixed with a faint whiff of alcohol; it wasn't unpleasant but rather reassuring.

"Drink a little less in the future."

Juliana's voice was soft, carrying concern she hadn't even noticed herself.

"As you say."

He held her tighter.

Juliana had originally wanted to ask him about the sandalwood scent on Mason Sheridan, but hearing his deepening breaths, she couldn't bring herself to disturb him.

She lay there with her eyes open, sorting through the clues in the dark.

Just as her thoughts were a jumble, his voice came from above, sleepy yet unusually clear.

"I've noticed Mason Sheridan. If it's a fox, it'll eventually show its tail. The Sheridan Family is deep, might as well take this chance to probe."

"I'm just relying on my sense of smell, I have no evidence, you really believe whatever I say?"

Elias Langley laughed, lifting her nightdress.

"You're my wife; if I don't believe you, should I believe an outsider?"

Juliana's breathing hitched, leaving her speechless momentarily.

"You fell asleep just now, I was holding back," his breathing grew a little heavier, "since you're so energetic, why don't we do something more meaningful?"

Juliana went rigid, pushing him away.

"Sylvia Sheridan sent some Calming Incense, if you can't sleep..."

Elias Langley pinned her hands above her head.

"Don't touch that stuff. Isn't your husband helping you sleep more effectively?"

Juliana, "..."

The next day, Elias Langley was as usual nowhere to be found.

At breakfast, Sylvia Sheridan was slightly startled to see a radiant Juliana in the dining room.

She actually hadn't used the Calming Incense.

Without giving Sylvia Sheridan time to think, she saw Jared Langley attentively pull out a chair for Juliana to sit by his side.

But Juliana's reaction was quite indifferent.

Everyone had their own thoughts, and no one noticed the flash of jealousy in Sylvia Sheridan's eyes.

At the other end of the table, Mason Sheridan was talking to Victor Langley.

"Father asked me to personally bring century-old ginseng to help my sister recover. You've kept her confined for so long without letting me see her at all; it's unreasonable, both emotionally and logically, isn't it?"

Upon hearing the words "ginseng," Juliana couldn't help but recall Leona Sheridan's ruined face, a slight smile appearing on her lips.

Mason Sheridan glared at her fiercely, then turned back to Victor Langley, awaiting his reaction.

But Victor Langley's expression turned somber.

"If we don't confine her, should we let her continue to release snakes in the house? Or hand her over to the police so legal justice can make her repent?"

"Brother-in-law, family matters don't need to escalate to that point, my sister was just momentarily foolish."

"So foolish she nearly caused a death, she really knows how to create trouble."

As he spoke, Victor Langley stood up.

"Don't you know what kind of person she is? For the sake of both families, I'm merely keeping her confined. This matter is non-negotiable!"

With that, he swept out of the room.

Mason Sheridan immediately turned his ire toward Juliana, "Are you laughing at me?"

Juliana calmly placed her chopsticks down, picked up a napkin to wipe the corner of her mouth, then raised her eyes to look at him, her gaze cold as frost.

"Mr. Sheridan, you're overestimating yourself; in my mind, you're not even worthy of being a joke."

Mason Sheridan got thwarted by Victor Langley, and now pricked by Juliana, his temper flared instantly.

"You..."

"Uncle," Jared Langley hurriedly stood up, "Juliana means you're not a joke, to begin with. Father's attitude is firm, concerning mother's matter... sorry for troubling you."

Reminded by him, Mason Sheridan recalled the main business at the Langley Residence and calmed down for the moment.

Juliana had no intention of staying any longer, finishing her meal and then leaving the dining room to head to work.

Though Mason Sheridan said nothing more, a hint of sinister intent spread in his eyes.

He came ostensibly for Leona Sheridan, but his target was Juliana.

...

Juliana stayed busy at the company until the afternoon, then left for a salon appointment to get her hair done.

Stepping out of the salon, evening had quietly cloaked the sky.

She stopped by the cake shop next door, bought a piece of blueberry mousse, and then got into the driver's seat.

The cake was laid flat on the front passenger seat. Just as she reached for her seatbelt, there was a "bang" sound.

A massive impact caused her body to lurch forward forcefully due to inertia, her forehead slamming hard against the steering wheel. Then the recoil knocked her back, her head hitting the seatback.

Juliana felt dizzy, and suddenly a woman's near-screaming cry pierced her ears, blinding red surging in front of her eyes again.

"Are you alright? Can you hear me?"

Raine Kane rushed over, opening the car door to check on Juliana.

Her voice was like a beam of light, pulling Juliana back from the blood-colored haze and buzzing of her consciousness.

"What happened?"

Her head throbbed violently. Enduring the dizziness and nausea, she instinctively turned to look behind the car.

The sight before her caught him off guard.

The left rear of her car had been struck by a black sedan.

But because her vehicle had undergone expensive bulletproof modifications, only shallow dents remained.

In contrast, a third of the black sedan's front was crushed and deformed.

However, the real point of impact was beside it.

Raine Kane's car had decisively side-crashed into the black sedan's front.

It was precisely that heavy blow that, at the critical moment, caused the black sedan's force to deflect, significantly reducing the shock Juliana ultimately felt.

Otherwise, had the black sedan struck with full force, the immense inertia would have been unbearable for her.

"Go check who it is?"

Juliana got out of the car, Raine Kane supporting her.

She was still a bit unsteady on her feet.

The two walked to the black sedan. The central lock clicked open.

Raine Kane unceremoniously pulled open the car door, revealing a colorless-faced Sylvia Sheridan inside!

"So it is you!"

Raine Kane was furious, reaching to drag her out, but Juliana restrained her.

Sylvia Sheridan weakly turned her head, her eyes mournfully looking towards Juliana, her voice trembling with pain: "I'm pregnant... my belly hurts... help me..."

Juliana's brows instantly knitted tightly together.

Chapter 223: No One Is Allowed to Take Samples From Her Hospital.

Sylvia Sheridan was urgently taken into the examination room.

Juliana Jacobs and Raine Kane sat outside waiting.

"Are you really not going to get checked out?" Raine asked.

Juliana's head still hurt a little. She rubbed her temples and said softly, "I'm okay."

Raine scrutinized her worriedly, glanced at her phone, and finally said, "We've always been on guard against her, but I didn't expect she'd use such a reckless way to get revenge on you."

Juliana caught the main point in her words, "Always been on guard against her?"

Raine nodded, "Do you know who told me she harbored ill intentions towards you?"

Juliana shook her head.

Raine said, "It was Evan Grant."

Juliana's hand, which was massaging her forehead, paused.

"What was his purpose in doing this?"

Raine shrugged, "Who knows? But I think..."

She lowered her voice, "He seems to know quite a lot."

Juliana pressed her lips together, saying nothing.

At this moment, hurried footsteps approached.

Raine saw who was coming and quickly stood up.

"What tests have been done?" Elias Langley asked Juliana.

"The boss's lady refuses to undergo any tests, not even a CT. The doctors said they wanted to take her blood..."

Elias Langley shifted his gaze to her.

"...she refused that too," Raine said.

Elias signaled with his eyes, and Raine approached him.

He turned and, in a voice only the two of them could hear, said, "Don't let anyone take samples from her body, not even Quinn Shepherd."

Raine was momentarily surprised but quickly nodded.

"I've already had the accident scene handled; it won't alarm Chairman Langley and them."

Elias Langley seemed satisfied with her handling, turned around, bent down, and cupped Juliana's face in his hands.

Seeing a swollen red spot on her forehead, the man frowned painfully.

"Do you want to get a CT scan?"

Juliana shook her head.

Elias Langley picked her up.

"I'll leave things to you here," he said to Raine.

Raine nodded.

Elias carried Juliana not elsewhere but back to the car.

He placed her in the passenger seat, then took out a food container with a bowl of warm matsutake porridge inside.

Juliana was indeed hungry, she took it and started eating.

Halfway through eating, she suddenly remembered something, looked up, and reminded, "There's still a piece of blueberry mousse on my passenger seat, don't let them throw it away, bring it back to my room for me, I'll eat it tonight."

Elias Langley nodded, watching her eat porridge while gently applying ointment to reduce swelling.

"Do you think it was Mason Sheridan who sent her to hit me?" Juliana asked.

"Definitely not," Elias Langley replied very decisively, "Although Sylvia Sheridan has no blood relation with The Sheridans and isn't favored, Third Master Sheridan treats her like a biological daughter, and even refrained from having his own children for her sake. Even if Mason Sheridan had ill intentions, he wouldn't use her because of Third Master Sheridan."

"Then I understand. Don't intervene in this matter, I'll handle it."

Elias gave a faint response.

"By the way, at the moment of the crash, I had hallucinations again," Juliana said.

Elias Langley's hand, applying the ointment, paused, "What kind of hallucinations?"

"It was a woman's scream and... it was all blood in front of me. I'm sure I've never experienced such a thing, but the hallucination felt very real."

Elias Langley's brow twitched slightly, he put down the ointment and said lightly, "Keep observing, and if it persists, see a doctor promptly."

Juliana nodded.

Just as she finished the porridge, Raine sent a message saying Sylvia had been moved to a regular ward.

Juliana was about to get out of the car, but Elias stopped her.

"Mason Sheridan is very cautious, I won't go to your place tonight, stay a little longer, okay?"

A flicker of dark fire lit up in the man's eyes...

When Juliana left, her face was flushed.

However, after seemingly relaxing a bit, her headache was gone.

As she reached the inpatient building downstairs, she paused.

Evan stood at the entrance, seeming to have waited for her for a long time.

"Do you need something?" Juliana asked warily.

"You were in the car with him for quite a while," he said.

Juliana raised an eyebrow, "Does that have anything to do with you?"

Though they hadn't seen each other for days, he still carried that air of indomitable arrogance.

"Elias Langley is not your ideal partner."

Juliana laughed at his words, "And you are?"

Evan's aura of arrogance shattered instantly, and a profound ache and regret surged up, which he forcibly suppressed.

"Yes, I've paid the price, so now I understand the value of cherishing more than anyone," he said.

Juliana showed a hint of derision on her face, "Then I wish Chairman Grant a long and lasting next relationship."

With that, she was about to leave.

"Juliana," Evan called after her, "You can continue to trust that he can keep you safe, but don't forget, there will always be moments when he has to weigh his priorities. When that time comes, you'll see what truly matters to him. And my phone will always be on for you."

Juliana looked back at him, her gaze unfriendly.

"So you waited here specifically to tell me this?"

Just as she finished speaking, Luna Thorne entered the lobby from outside, carrying a basket of supplements.

"Chairman Grant, I came to visit Grandma Grant, so sorry for troubling you to come down in person. Have you been waiting long?"

Evan's gaze towards her was indifferent, "That's thoughtful of you."

Luna also noticed Juliana, "Director Jacobs, long time no see. Lately, Mr. Shaw has been liaising with me for Aetherflame. You..."

"My friend is hospitalized, I need to go upstairs to see her, excuse me."

Saying this, Juliana continued on her way.

Luna was momentarily taken aback and only smiled at Evan again after she disappeared into the elevator.

"Chairman Grant's path to reconciliation doesn't look smooth; why not tell her everything you know?"

Evan's gaze was still fixed on the elevator entrance, his voice detached, "Undermining an opponent is not my style. What kind of person Elias Langley is, let her discover slowly for herself, that way...she'll come back willingly."

Luna looked at him deeply, her face showing a hint of disappointment.

When Juliana entered the hospital room, Sylvia Sheridan was receiving an IV drip.

She sat blankly on the bed, her face still without color.

Raine approached and whispered, "The baby is fine. However, this person harbors malicious intentions — she just confessed that she mixed poison into the incense for you last night. You didn't use it, right?"

Juliana smiled faintly, "If I had, I wouldn't be standing here now. You go eat first, I'll talk to her alone for a while."

Raine looked at Sylvia Sheridan and confirmed she posed no threat before leaving the room.

The door closed softly, leaving just Juliana and Sylvia in the room.

The air instantly turned thick and oppressive. Juliana looked at the woman sitting on the hospital bed, her gaze icy.

"What was your purpose in coming to the Langley Residence?"

Sylvia turned her head away, refusing to look at her, her pale lips pressed into a stubborn line, silent.

Juliana wasn't in a hurry, she pulled up a chair and sat by the bed, composed.

"The child is Jared Langley's, right?"

Sylvia's entire body shook; she turned her gaze to Juliana, full of wariness, "You...what do you want to do?"

Meeting her eyes, Juliana's tone was calm but indisputable, "If you want to keep this child, tell me who ordered you to try to kill me?"

The moment the words fell, Sylvia's pupils trembled ever so slightly.

Chapter 224: The Child Is Jared Langley's

"N... no one instructed me."

Sylvia Sheridan lowered her head, her voice barely audible.

"It was Jared Langley who suddenly cut off contact. I couldn't find him, and Ben Hayes wouldn't say anything. It wasn't until a week ago that I found out I was pregnant..."

Sylvia Sheridan's nose tingled, on the verge of tears.

"Even if we were going to break up, he should've made it clear. What's with not answering calls or replying to texts? I heard Uncle was coming to Kenton, so I begged him to take me here, but Jared... it's as if he doesn't recognize me at all."

"It's all because of you!" Her voice trembled, "He abandoned me for you! I hate you!"

Juliana Jacobs' eyelashes quivered slightly, and she said expressionlessly, "Something happened to him, and he merged his memories of you and me. It's not his fault, nor mine."

"What?" Sylvia Sheridan didn't understand, "Stop making excuses, you are just..."

"Believe what you want. If you had eyes, you'd see I have no feelings for him."

Sylvia Sheridan froze at her words.

"How long have you been at the Sheridan Family?" Juliana Jacobs asked.

"What does that have to do with you?"

Sylvia Sheridan closed her eyes, turned her face away, refusing to look at her.

"Let's make a deal," said Juliana Jacobs.

Sylvia Sheridan said nothing.

Juliana Jacobs continued, regardless of whether she was listening, "The Sheridan Family might have secrets I want to know, and I want to investigate them through you."

Sylvia Sheridan laughed at her words, "Are you courting death by targeting the Sheridan Family?"

Juliana Jacobs' expression remained indifferent, "Whether I want to live or not is none of your business. As part of the deal, I can help you do things that might make Jared remember you."

Sylvia Sheridan immediately showed interest, "Are you serious?"

Juliana Jacobs still showed no expression, "But I can't guarantee the results."

Sylvia Sheridan held back her excitement, "I can offer you help within my capabilities, but I won't do anything for you."

Juliana Jacobs gave a faint smile, "Deal. Now, let's help you. Do you still want the child in your womb?"

Sylvia Sheridan was silent for a moment, her eyes filled with bitterness.

"I don't know, the Sheridans definitely won't accept my relationship with Jared, and he and I..."

She choked up, unable to continue.

Juliana Jacobs nodded, "I understand, otherwise you wouldn't have been driving into me while pregnant."

Sylvia Sheridan's face turned pale.

Juliana Jacobs asked, "What's the most memorable thing between you two?"

"Having sex. He's cold to everyone, but with me, whenever we meet, he can't help it but have sex with me."

Sylvia Sheridan continued, her ears turning red, ignoring Juliana Jacobs' speechless expression, "And he loves it when I wear a white dress, just like the night of my eighteenth birthday..."

"Enough." Juliana Jacobs couldn't listen any longer and interrupted her, "Prepare a white dress, and when your pregnancy stabilizes and you're discharged, you can get started."

Having finished speaking, she didn't intend to stay in the ward any longer.

"Wait."

Sylvia Sheridan stopped her.

Juliana Jacobs paused and looked back.

"My uncle's matters aren't related to the Sheridans. His entertainment company is just a front; the real business is in Kingsford."

She paused, her eyes flashing with secrets.

"Even the Sheridans don't know what exactly he's doing in Kingsford."

Kingsford?

Could it be that everything is connected to Kingsford?

The terrifying thought swirled in her mind for a moment before being forcibly dispelled.

As Juliana Jacobs walked out of the ward, she was met by Raine Kane.

"Your car has been towed for repairs. I'll take you back to the Langley Residence."

Juliana Jacobs nodded.

As Raine Kane accompanied her downstairs, she said, "That Sylvia Sheridan seems pretty useless. What are you collaborating with her for?"

"It's because of Jared," Juliana Jacobs answered calmly, "If I can help him regain his memory, then I owe him nothing."

So that's her reasoning, Raine Kane realized.

"Raine Kane!"

Juliana Jacobs called her name,

Raine Kane paused in her steps, immediately straightened up, and instinctively responded, "Present!"

Her overly standard reaction left Juliana Jacobs momentarily stunned before she laughed.

"Relax, I'm not taking attendance. However, there's indeed a serious matter I need to discuss with you."

Raine Kane finally breathed a sigh of relief and scratched her head awkwardly.

"Boss lady, your voice is so piercing, just like my old drill sergeant's. It triggered my reflexes."

Juliana Jacobs was amused, a hint of a smile appearing in her eyes, but she quickly composed herself, becoming serious.

"Since you're following me, there's something I must clarify. From now on, certain things you see or hear while with me, I need you to keep them confidential."

She paused deliberately, then added, "Absolutely confidential, including from Elias Langley."

Raine Kane heard this and the playful expression on her face also disappeared.

She thought for a moment, straightened up, and gave a clear and meticulous response.

"Understood, my duty is to protect your safety. If Mr. Langley inquires about your personal safety, I will report truthfully. But other than that, anything you don't want me to say, I won't utter a single word."

This response both adhered to the basic duties of a bodyguard to the employer and respected Juliana Jacobs' request for privacy as the direct protection target.

Juliana Jacobs approved of this well-measured answer.

"That's settled then. Don't call me 'boss lady' anymore; I'm two years older than you, call me Juliana."

A flicker passed through Raine Kane's ever-alert eyes.

She opened her mouth, but this simple address seemed to baffle her more than handling emergencies.

Juliana Jacobs saw her nervousness and continued towards the parking lot, saying, "Keep it for next time when you change what you call me."

Raine Kane touched the tip of her nose in embarrassment and quickly caught up.

...

Juliana Jacobs returned to the Langley Residence; everyone else was absent, only Jared Langley was in the living room, as if waiting for her.

"I went to the company to pick you up, they said you left early."

Raine Kane had indeed done a good job keeping the accident secret, as the car crash hadn't reached the Langleys' ears.

Juliana Jacobs said indifferently, "Went to get my hair done."

"You should have told me."

"I don't like reporting everything."

Juliana Jacobs ignored his expression and continued upstairs.

"Juliana!" Jared Langley called out to her, his voice with a hint of anger, "How long are you going to give me the cold shoulder?"

Juliana Jacobs didn't respond, returning to her room, only to find the moisturizing lotion she placed in the morning had been moved.

Jared Langley arrived at the doorway just as she turned, saying, "I've told you, I don't need anyone tidying up my room."

Jared Langley responded lightly, "Uncle had the housekeeper tidy it up a bit."

Why did Mason Sheridan come to my room?

Juliana Jacobs was silent for a moment, then looked at Jared Langley with a colder gaze.

"Please respect my privacy."

"This is my house," Jared Langley's brow furrowed, "Besides, what's the conflict between tidying up and respecting privacy?"

Juliana Jacobs couldn't make a point with someone who was domineering embodied, slammed the door and shut him out.

She quickly checked the room, pondering: Why did Mason Sheridan take her toothbrush?

Unable to figure it out, she immediately messaged Elias Langley: "Mason Sheridan came to my room, and my toothbrush is missing."

Soon, the other end replied to her, "No worries, use disposable ones from now on, use them and toss them."

Juliana Jacobs stared at the screen, more questions arose.

Elsewhere, Elias Langley put down his phone.

The man beside him reported in a low voice, "The item has been destructively processed, ensuring it can't be tested."

Elias Langley leaned back in his chair, his gaze deep, "Keep monitoring Mason Sheridan's people in Kenton, I don't want him to obtain any samples."

"Yes!"

...

Three days later, Sylvia Sheridan finished her pregnancy care and returned to the Langley Residence.

There's a two-meter-deep pool in the Langley family's backyard.

According to Sylvia Sheridan, on her 18th birthday, she accidentally fell into the water, it was Jared Langley who fished her out, and that night, they had their first encounter.

Such a memorable event, Juliana Jacobs planned to "reenact the scene" to stimulate Jared Langley's jumbled memories.

In the evening, Juliana Jacobs sent a message to Jared Langley, asking him to come to the poolside.

When Jared Langley arrived, he saw Sylvia Sheridan dressed in a white dress, standing by the pool, where she "accidentally" slipped, screamed, and fell into the water, struggling within.

However, Jared Langley merely frowned; finding no helpers nearby, he took out his phone, intending to call for assistance.

Juliana Jacobs saw this and worried Sylvia Sheridan might miscarry from struggling too long, she dashed from the plants and dived into the pool.

Just as she plunged into the water, Jared Langley's pupils contracted, and he dropped the phone, without hesitation diving in after her...

Afterward, the housekeepers also rushed over upon hearing, fumblingly assisting the three onto the shore.

Mason Sheridan quickly approached, instructing the housekeepers, "Hurry and help the eldest young master and Miss Jacobs get up."

He spoke as he extended a hand to Juliana Jacobs.

Chapter 225: I'm Not Reasonable Enough, Sorry to Disappoint You

After Jared Langley got back on shore, he held Juliana tightly, making her feel extremely uncomfortable.

Sylvia Sheridan's eyes were red, and everyone thought it was because she had fallen into the water.

"Jared, you're holding her too tightly."

Mason Sheridan pulled Jared away, seeming to help, but as he reached for Juliana, a button-sized micro sampler slipped from his sleeve into his palm.

His target was Juliana's damp arm.

That was the easiest place to collect shedding skin cells.

However, just as he was about to touch Juliana, a coat was draped over her shoulders.

Not only did it wrap Juliana's cold body securely, but it also perfectly ruined Mason's plan.

Mason's hand froze in mid-air, paused for a second, and then slowly withdrew.

He looked up at the suddenly appearing Elias Langley, a hint of malice in his eyes covered by a playful smile.

"Elias really takes good care of his niece-in-law, even better than our Jared."

The remark was simply venomous.

Jared immediately cast a wary glance at Elias.

"Mr. Sheridan is quite the gossip, those who know better see it as a joke, those who don't might think you're stirring trouble between the Langley uncle and nephew."

Juliana didn't want to make things more complicated at this moment, while speaking, she was about to take off Elias's coat.

However, Elias didn't give her the chance to remove the coat.

The man even pressed his hand on her shoulder, looking at Mason with a straightforward gaze.

"Someone from the Langley Family should be cared for by the Langleys when they're at the Langley Residence. Mr. Sheridan, you were overstepping just now; Juliana is not one of your company's contracted models, you should steer clear of suspicion."

With one comment, he flung the mud back.

The Langleys all knew the ins and outs of the entertainment company Mason had; it provided high-end models to various entertainment venues in Kingsford.

Although he seemed well-dressed, everyone knows the nature of men like him.

In this regard, Elias Langley, who had never had scandals before, was more trustworthy.

When Jared looked at Mason again, his gaze had changed.

A housekeeper brought a towel, he instructed them to escort Juliana and Sylvia Sheridan back to their rooms, wrapped himself in a towel, and when he turned his gaze back to Mason, it was icy.

"Uncle, Juliana is not that kind of woman, don't set your sights on the Langley Family."

Mason was tightly blocked by these words.

After speaking, Jared went upstairs to change clothes.

Only Elias remained with a composed demeanor by the poolside.

A trace of hostility flashed in Mason's eyes.

"They may trust you, but I don't. The more you protect something, the more it suggests there's a problem."

Elias's lips moved slightly, his tone as flat as if he were discussing the weather.

"Being too aware is not good, at least not for one's lifespan."

Mason's jawline suddenly tensed, his knuckles making slight cracking sounds in the dark.

Juliana changed her clothes, and a housekeeper from the Langley Family brought her a bowl of ginger tea.

She took a sip and asked, "Does Miss Sheridan have some too?"

The housekeeper nodded, "Yes, the eldest young master does too."

Juliana didn't ask further, rubbing her forehead as she closed the door.

As she turned, Elias stood behind her, nearly making her spill the ginger tea she held.

Luckily, he caught her hand just in time.

"Are you crazy? What if Mason sees you?" Juliana asked nervously.

Elias said nothing, gently pulling her into his arms.

With one arm around her and the other still holding her wrist, he fed her a sip of ginger tea in this position.

"The Sheridan Family's issues don't require you to dive in personally."

"But Sylvia is pregnant, she can't stay in the water for too long."

"If she knows she's pregnant and still acts up, then it's her own doing."

Elias had never been so unsympathetic before, and Juliana found it hard to accept his attitude today.

"Isn't this to help Jared recover his memory?"

There was a hint of cold ridicule in Elias's eyes, "Even if you owe him a favor, if he can never regain his memory, are you prepared to remain his fiancée forever?"

Juliana found this version of Elias unfamiliar, "How could he never regain his memory? It's not like he suffered a severe injury."

"Have you remembered?" Elias asked.

Juliana was hurt by his words.

"Elias!" She broke free from him, "Be reasonable."

The man didn't pull her back forcefully, instead, he released her and took a step back, "I'm not reasonable, I'm sorry to disappoint you."

After saying this, he turned, went to the window, and swiftly flipped out of it, disappearing into the night.

Juliana's brow furrowed.

She originally planned that once Jared's memory was restored and the affairs of the Sheridan Family were mostly sorted out, she would move out of the Langley Residence.

Yet Elias was acting abnormally today...

The next morning, Juliana went downstairs for breakfast.

She met Sylvia Sheridan at the staircase.

The latter only glanced coldly at her, then turned and left without looking back, clearly transferring the resentment of Jared's indifference from yesterday onto her.

Juliana frowned and silently walked to the dining room.

Jared sat alone at the dining table, and seeing them enter one after the other, he pulled out the chair beside him, gesturing for Juliana to sit down.

Sylvia saw this and turned her eyes away in grievance.

"I have a follow-up appointment today," Jared said.

Juliana then remembered that his medical records stated the follow-up was scheduled for today.

"Sorry, the company's new energy battery test is very important today, I really can't leave... How about Miss Sheridan accompanies you?"

Sylvia's eyes lit up at these words.

But Jared's expression darkened, "No need, I can handle it myself."

So, he didn't want Sylvia close to him at all.

Juliana felt anxious for them.

"I'm done eating, you take your time."

Sylvia stood up, barely touching her porridge, and left the dining room.

Juliana rubbed her throbbing forehead.

The morning's misfortune cast a shadow over her, and she only hoped the high-pressure stability test of the new electrolyte sample would go smoothly today.

Bringing this apprehension, she arrived at the company and conducted a thorough inspection of the equipment and samples with the team before the test began.

Leo Wyatt stepped forward to handle the electrolyte infusion.

Juliana watched him closely, her eyes keenly following his hands.

She saw him finish the standard procedure and didn't stop but additionally connected a power source, applying a brief pulse current to the sample.

"That step's not in the standard procedure—what are you doing?" Juliana stepped forward to stop him.

Leo's hand trembled slightly, then calmly adjusted his glasses.

"Director Jacobs, this is a new method mentioned in a recent paper that can significantly improve initial performance. It's a small optimization within safety limits, no need to overreact."

"No, a paper is just a paper; without authoritative experimental data here, everything must be conducted according to the established standard procedure."

Implying, today's test must be paused.

Leo frowned, "Really? You're stopping the test over this? Everyone has pulled multiple all-nighters for today, putting in so much effort. It's not just your project, it's the whole team's effort. It's too arbitrary for you to call it off just like that."

The atmosphere in the laboratory instantly became tense.

Caleb Shaw stepped forward, gently patting Juliana's shoulder with a smile.

"It's right to be strict, safety is paramount."

But he then changed his tone, sweeping his gaze across the room, and added, "The technology committee will evaluate the final report tomorrow. This data is the cornerstone for project initiation. Missing this meeting means delaying the entire project for at least a quarter."

He looked at Juliana, sincerely, "The timing is tight. How about we enhance monitoring, do our utmost with safety precautions, and proceed as planned? After all... everyone has prepared for this for so long."

Seeing the expectant eyes around her, Juliana was silent for a moment but finally nodded gravely.

Caleb smiled at her concession, "Leo Wyatt's son here, once you use him more, you'll see he's quite capable."

Juliana didn't respond to his comment, escorted him out, and promptly began the test.

The high-pressure test started.

Leo stood closest to the test chamber, a barely noticeable smile on his face, when suddenly, the curve on the monitoring screen began to tremble violently.

Boom!

With a deafening explosion, a tongue of flame instantly engulfed the entire laboratory space.

Chapter 226: Obtaining Her Biological Samples

The massive explosion shook the entire Aetherflame Dynamics.

Caleb Shaw's office wasn't far from the laboratory. He was the first to kick open the twisted doorframe and rush inside.

Although the power was already out, the room was filled with thick smoke, and the acrid smell made it impossible to open one's eyes.

"Juliana, where are you?"

"I'm... I'm here."

A weak response came from the corner.

Juliana Jacobs was being helped out from behind the console by a colleague; her hair was messy, and her cheeks were smeared with soot, but fortunately, she wasn't injured.

"What about the others? How are they?" Caleb shouted.

"They're okay..."

The researchers involved in the test had only minor burns, nothing serious.

However, after the smoke dispersal system cleared the smoke, they found Leo Wyatt lying beside the core test chamber.

His body was crushed under a fallen scaffold and shattered equipment, and he was no longer breathing.

The sound of police cars and ambulances grew louder, completely breaking the order of the complex...

When Jared Langley arrived at the hospital, Juliana had just finished a simple check-up.

She was fine, just dirty clothes and messy hair, looking rather disheveled.

Jared took her back to the Langley Residence, questioning her all the way about why she was so careless.

Juliana leaned against the car window, closing her eyes and rubbing her temples.

The sound of the explosion still echoed in her mind, and the image of Leo Wyatt lying on the ground was indelible.

She couldn't answer Jared's questions, burying her face into her collar, remaining silent.

In the evening, the incident of Aetherflame's new battery test accident had become known throughout Kenton, even causing Victor Langley to return early to the Langley Residence.

Caleb Shaw also arrived, bringing nothing but bad news for Juliana.

After hearing this, Victor Langley's brow furrowed deeply.

At this moment, the butler hurriedly reported, "Vice Director Wyatt of Mercy Hospital has brought the police and barged straight in!"

The air in the living room instantly turned tense.

In an instant, a group of people had already forced their way into the living room.

Leading them was not the police, but rather a middle-aged man with bloodshot eyes, radiating a sense of grief and hostility.

This man was Vice Director Wyatt of Mercy Hospital.

And behind him were several stern-looking police officers.

Their stance suggested that if the Langley Family did not hand over someone, they would arrest everyone in the family.

"Chairman Langley." Vice Director Wyatt's voice was hoarse, "We normally have no dealings, but this time Juliana owes my son a life; she must pay the price. I hope the Langley Family will handle this matter fairly and justly."

Victor Langley's face turned livid; being confronted in his own home was an enormous humiliation as the head of the family.

Suppressing his anger, he said, "Vice Director Wyatt, I understand your feelings. As a Langley, I uphold justice and will not cover up any wrongdoing."

He then turned to the police, just about to speak when Jared quickly said, "Director Wyatt, the matter hasn't been thoroughly investigated yet and you've brought the police..."

"Jared," Victor Langley interrupted him, "Two police visits in such a short period. The Langley Family's reputation cannot withstand such strain. You must know when to cut ties."

Under his father's authoritative pressure, Jared hesitated, glanced at Juliana, and finally sank back down in resignation.

At this point, the police stepped forward and showed their credentials to Juliana.

"According to the preliminary investigation, as the safety officer for this project, you exhibited significant supervisory negligence during the experiment, resulting in an explosion and causing a fatality. We now request you to come with us to assist in further investigation."

Before Juliana could react, Adrian Langley jumped up,

"You haven't even shown a summons—presenting ID alone allows you to barge into a private home?"

"Adrian!" Victor Langley said disapprovingly, "Your elder brother knows how to weigh matters. Besides being reckless and stubborn, what else can you do? I've trained you for four years, yet you're still not up to the task."

His words were quite harsh.

It seemed to declare Rosalind Linton and her son's exclusion.

But Adrian Langley could not care less.

Seeing that he was about to argue further, Juliana quickly signaled for him not to speak up for her and to follow the plan.

Adrian swallowed his words reluctantly, pounded the sofa's armrest in frustration, and turned his face away.

Juliana looked at the police calmly and said, "I want to see the documents."

One of the officers glanced at Mason Sheridan and responded, "We'll show you once you're inside."

Juliana squinted her eyes, "Without papers, I can't cooperate with you."

Mason Sheridan listened and said discontentedly, "Vice Director Wyatt lost his son. You're involved; why can't you cooperate? Are you waiting for someone to pull strings and save you?"

His words successfully ignited Vice Director Wyatt's anger.

"What right does a murderer have to talk about cooperation with the police? Officers, she's the one who killed my son. The murderer is right here in front of us; you must arrest her immediately."

The police officer who had looked over at Mason Sheridan appeared troubled, then turned to Juliana, "The family is very emotional; I think it's better if you come with us."

With that, he motioned for two colleagues to step forward to handcuff Juliana.

"Have you already declared me guilty?"

Juliana wouldn't let them touch her hands.

Caleb Shaw stepped forward, "Cooperating with an investigation is not the same as an arrest. Everything should go through proper procedures, right?"

Vice Director Wyatt raged, "Caleb Shaw! You're speaking for her! The deceased was my son! My only son!!"

Not wanting Caleb to be troubled, Juliana stepped away, ignoring the Wyatts, and said to the police, "I'll go with you, but I am not a criminal; don't put those on me."

After weighing the pros and cons, the police ultimately decided to take Juliana without handcuffs from the Langley Residence.

A faint, nearly imperceptible smile crossed Mason Sheridan's lips. As long as Juliana stepped into the police station, he'd have the chance to obtain her biological specimens.

If she really was the person the higher-ups were looking for...

His expression darkened.

The lights in the police station lobby were glaringly bright as Juliana was about to be taken into the interrogation room when Evan Grant burst in with a lawyer.

It was clear that Caleb Shaw had notified him.

The lawyer beside Evan hurriedly took two steps forward, presenting documentation.

"Captain Wallace, my client Ms. Juliana Jacobs has yet to be formally charged and meets the criteria for bail. Here are the documents; we demand her immediate release."

Juliana's heart twitched at the lawyer's words.

Bail basically meant a tacit acknowledgment of potential suspicion.

"This..." The lead officer appeared troubled, instinctively glancing toward the interrogation room.

Inside, tools for collecting biological samples had long been prepared, just waiting for her to enter.

Evan Grant's gaze was sharp, "Do you have any 'special procedures' that must be completed during detention?"

"Absolutely not!" The lead officer replied sternly, "But in what capacity are you intervening?"

"I am her ex-husband, now her boyfriend," Evan said without skipping a beat.

The officer sneered, "Those relationships are not recognized by law."

Evan raised an eyebrow, "Whether they're recognized or not, my lawyer knows best. If he can present the paperwork, it proves I have this right."

Both sides refused to back down, and the standoff escalated into a stalemate.

Juliana's cool gaze fell upon the bail documents, a slight bitter smile playing on her lips.

"Evan, I don't need you to bail me out."

Chapter 227: Call Me Husband, and All of Kingsford Is at Your Command

Evan furrowed his brows at her words.

Juliana Jacobs said, "Once I sign, it means I'm admitting to being 'suspected of a crime.' The cause of the explosion hasn't even been figured out. I'm just here to cooperate with the investigation; why should I accept such a disguised 'charge'?"

Evan was momentarily surprised by her words, but his tone quickly became anxious.

"Now is not the time to be stubborn. By signing, at least you'll gain your freedom and can leave here to plan your next moves. Stubbornly staying behind does you no good."

Juliana didn't argue with him; she merely smiled faintly and then looked away.

Seeing her stubborn demeanor, Evan was about to lose his temper when Quinn Shepherd walked in from outside.

Seeing him, Quinn displayed a formulaic smile, "So, President Grant is also here, what a pleasant surprise."

Evan knew Elias Langley had arrived and half-narrowed his eyes, not believing Elias could persuade this obstinate woman.

So, he replied with a forced smile, "Are you here to face rejection too, Secretary Shepherd?"

Quinn's smile didn't change, and his tone was as calm as if discussing the weather.

"President Grant, you're kidding. I'm just an ordinary citizen passing by, witnessing some irregularities, and here to speak a few fair words."

He then turned his gaze to the leading officer, still maintaining that calm demeanor.

"Captain Wallace, we all know that formally requesting a citizen to cooperate with an investigation, especially when it involves restricting their freedom, requires strict internal procedures and approvals. That's the basic principle, right?"

The leading officer's eyes flickered for a moment but immediately regained his composure, "Of course."

Quinn lowered his voice a bit, making it more imposing.

"But I just learned that the procedures you're following can't be approved."

His words were like a binding spell, making the leading officer's body go rigid.

Bringing Juliana Jacobs to the police station was originally under someone's directive, and the real reason was utterly irregular.

Given Quinn's identity, since he said so, the approval certainly wouldn't go through.

Under immense pressure, cold sweat instantly drenched the leading officer's back.

"Secretary Shepherd, I'm just a minor figure, you understand."

Though his words weren't explicit, Quinn nodded understandingly, "Turning back at the brink is the best way to handle things."

The leading officer understood instantly and dared not hope to take anyone to the interrogation room for biological sample collection anymore.

"Miss Jacobs, it was a misunderstanding, you may leave now."

Juliana's gaze swept over the officer's ashen face, then over Evan's complex expression, with a hint of self-mockery in her eyes.

She was like an object, brought here with much fanfare and released just as casually. From beginning to end, what decided her fate wasn't the truth but a power game beyond her reach.

Outside, in the parking lot, inside a red flag car.

Vice Director Wyatt was forced to sit in the back seat, his anger unabated.

"My son is dead, Juliana Jacobs is the murderer! Don't think you can cover up the law with power."

Elias Langley chuckled leisurely, "Vice Director Wyatt, how have you also learned the ways of a street shrew, splashing dirty water on others instead of admitting your own issues?"

"What... what do you mean?" Vice Director Wyatt shrank back a bit.

Elias threw a file folder onto his lap.

"These are all the gambling debts and high-interest loans your son owed before his death, as well as a recent transfer voucher. We restored his phone data through technical means and intercepted this conversation..."

Vice Director Wyatt looked at the dialogue box screenshot printed in the photo, his hands shaking uncontrollably.

And Elias's voice continued.

"...The other party promised to pay off his debts, on the condition that he cause an explosion during the Aetherflame New Energy battery test, resulting in Juliana Jacobs getting injured. The surveillance recorded his actions during the test entirely; the pictures you see are screenshots of the scenes at that time."

The iron-clad evidence instantly deflated Vice Director Wyatt's arrogance.

"This..." He grasped the critical point, "It says here that he only wanted Juliana injured, not dead. Juliana shouldn't have killed him!"

Elias laughed coldly.

"Intending to cause a minor incident, he ended up reaping what he sowed due to his ignorance of new materials. His diploma was bought by you, his gambling habits were indulged by you, and now that he's burned himself, you blame others. Vice Director Wyatt, you're truly a 'spotless' father."

Vice Director Wyatt's face turned from green to white.

Elias didn't bother wasting time with someone like him.

"To maintain your dignity, there's only one path left for you: cooperate with the authorities for an impartial accident appraisal, or if I intervene, none will escape unscathed, living or dead."

Vice Director Wyatt stood still for several seconds, clenching the folder, gritting his teeth, "I know what I need to do."

He stumbled out of the car, just in time to see Juliana Jacobs exiting the police station.

Their eyes met, and Vice Director Wyatt snorted, raised his head arrogantly, and re-entered the station.

Juliana walked calmly to the car, opened the door, and sat inside.

Elias Langley lounged with his legs crossed in the back seat, tapping his knee with his fingers, his expression as serene as ever.

"Did they trouble you?"

Juliana replied, "Quinn arrived quickly and didn't give them the chance."

Elias nodded.

She quietly watched his profile, and sensing something, he turned his head, "What do you want to ask?"

"I'm wondering... how you got here step by step?"

His gaze darkened slightly, "Why are you suddenly asking this?"

Juliana lowered her eyes, revealing a rare vulnerability in them.

"Sometimes... I also wish to wield a blade, to make all of you fear me and heed my words."

Elias turned, gently brushing his fingers over her cheek.

"Why wield the blade yourself? I'm always your trump card. Call me 'husband,' and the entire Kingsford will be at your command."

Juliana's lashes trembled lightly, her nose turned sour, and she suddenly leaned in to hug his neck, burying her face in his shoulder.

"Elias..."

The man held her steadily, stroking her back gently with his palm.

"I'm here. Whenever you need me, I'm always here."

He tightened his embrace and placed a kiss on her forehead.

Quinn got back in the car, seeing the two embraced quietly, immediately averted his gaze, sat properly in the driver's seat, fastened his seatbelt, and reported, "Mason Sheridan bribed people inside, but it's all been dealt with."

Juliana sniffled, trying to pull away from his embrace, but the man held her even tighter against his chest.

Having no choice, she stayed nestled against him, asking dully, "Who directed Leo Wyatt? And why was Mason Sheridan so determined to have me imprisoned? Why are they all targeting me?"

Casually twirling her hair ends with his fingers, Elias replied calmly.

"It's the Langley Family's internal strife. To outsiders, you're seen as Jared Langley's fiancée, so inevitably, you're drawn into these schemes."

He said, while gazing down at her.

"So when do you plan to end your connection with my nephew?"

Chapter 228: Fallen into the Trap

Juliana Jacobs opened her mouth, but ultimately only whispered, "Almost."

Elias Langley remained silent, clearly dissatisfied with her answer.

The man's hand caressed her back, sliding from under the hem of her clothing.

Juliana Jacobs pressed down on his hand and addressed the matter, "Can we keep my release from the police station a secret from the people at the Langley Residence for now?"

"Mason Sheridan must already know, but whether he'll tell my brother... that I don't know."

Juliana Jacobs bit her lip, released his hand, and took out her phone to send a message.

Elias Langley didn't look at her message but instructed Quinn Shepherd, "To the apartment."

Juliana Jacobs put down her phone, "Let's each go home."

Elias Langley played with his hair, smiling profoundly, "It's been a few days, do you think that's possible?"

Juliana Jacobs said, "I'm very tired."

Elias Langley replied, "I'll do my thing, you can rest."

Juliana Jacobs, "..."

Not long after Juliana Jacobs was taken away, Mason Sheridan entered Victor Langley's study.

"Brother-in-law, my sister was only detained for a few days, and the family immediately began facing issues—this just proves that she's right to target Juliana Jacobs. Your illegitimate son's performance tonight showed he's unfit for great responsibility. Jared is the only hope for the Langley Family. For the good of this family and your father-son relationship, you should treat my sister better."

Victor Langley pondered over his words for a moment and then nodded.

"The issue you're talking about is something I've been considering tonight. I can give Leona a chance, but... you know her temper, there won't be a second time."

Seeing his willingness to let her go, Mason Sheridan was pleased, "I'll stay here for a few more days to persuade her to change."

Victor Langley understood Leona Sheridan's character and didn't respond.

Just a few minutes after Mason Sheridan left, Rosalind Linton called.

"Weren't you coming tonight? It's so late; are you still coming?" Her voice was gentle.

Victor Langley was silent for a few seconds, "I'll be very busy lately, and I probably won't have much time to see you."

Experienced people, hearing this, understood.

He was still committed to his eldest son and family.

Rosalind Linton was straightforward, "Then when will you let Adrian return to me?"

"Very soon, I'll have him make the transition tomorrow," said Victor Langley.

Rosalind Linton remained calm in her response, "Alright, but... I'm pregnant, should I abort it?"

"What?" Victor Langley frowned, "At your age, how could you..."

He clenched his fingers.

"My menstrual cycle has always been regular; you said at your age you shouldn't be able to, so we didn't take precautions—I'm surprised too."

Victor Langley pursed his lips, "First, do a paternity test to confirm it's mine before discussing further."

The call was mercilessly ended, leaving a bitter taste in Rosalind Linton's heart.

Even though this scheme was part of her plan, the undisguised suspicion and contempt felt like a needle piercing into her heart.

What kind of man had she fallen for back then?

...

The bodyguards watching over Leona Sheridan were withdrawn.

Mason Sheridan received a call, and his eyes flashed with a hint of malevolence.

He walked into the bedroom, glanced at the mess on the floor, sneered, and threw some of the things on the sofa aside before he sat down.

Seeing him, Leona Sheridan furiously said, "Little Five, as long as Juliana Jacobs is in the Langley Family, I won't have peace for a day, but Jared likes her. I must find a way."

Mason Sheridan's eyes were hard to read.

"How determined is Big Sister this time?"

Leona Sheridan caught the meaning in his words, "You think I can't deal with her?"

Mason Sheridan smiled faintly, "Not necessarily; I just think we don't have to do it ourselves."

Hearing he had a plan, Leona Sheridan quickly asked, "What are you thinking?"

Mason Sheridan's smile gradually faded, "I can't get her biological samples, but the report says she's highly suspicious. Someone from above will come to Kenton, let them take her away—isn't that better?"

Leona Sheridan was surprised, "What if... what if she really is, won't it harm the Langley Family's interests?"

Mason Sheridan sneered, "Whether or not she is, anyone who falls into their hands won't have a good ending. The key is it won't involve us. Brother-in-law built the company so big, it won't scratch the surface."

Leona Sheridan's eyes revealed a flicker of delight.

At this moment, Jared Langley opened the door and walked in with a stern face.

"Mom, Juliana Jacobs is my fiancée; I don't agree with what you're doing."

The siblings exchanged a look.

Leona Sheridan stood up, walked to him, and spoke earnestly, "Jared, haven't you noticed the relationship between her and Adrian Langley? From the beginning, she's always leaned towards Adrian, and now your father has a woman outside—your position as heir is at risk. You consider her your fiancée, but she doesn't see you as a fiancé."

Jared Langley fell silent at her words.

Leona Sheridan held his hand, speaking sincerely, "Jared, in this world, only your mother won't harm you. Once you take your father's place, not to mention one Juliana, even ten or eight women like her will obediently let you choose. If you're soft-hearted now, everything they have will be taken by Adrian."

Jared Langley's hanging hand trembled slightly.

Even if there's endless reluctance, personal feelings must yield to the family's greater interests.

Noticing his expression, Leona Sheridan knew he had compromised and quickly signaled to her brother.

Mason Sheridan stood up, approached Jared Langley, and patted his shoulder.

"Good nephew, you only need to invite her to 'The Gilded Sin' bar tomorrow night. I'll handle the rest; you won't have to bear any psychological burden."

Jared Langley closed his eyes, seemingly making a painful decision.

Mason Sheridan chuckled, "However, let me remind you, Juliana Jacobs has a bodyguard with her; you'll need to shake her off."

...

Juliana Jacobs returned to the Langley Residence the following evening.

She was fine, but Aetherflame was still temporarily shut down. It needs formal approval from the Safety Supervision Bureau to resume operations.

After parting with Elias Langley in the morning, she and Caleb Shaw were busy all day, both striving for this approval.

Unfortunately, there was still no progress by now.

Jared Langley, seeing her with furrowed brows, took the initiative to help her.

"Director Ulrich from the Supervision Bureau loves socializing and drinking; he's a regular at certain restaurants. For some matters, you can try handling them privately."

In fact, this was a good suggestion.

Juliana Jacobs looked at him deeply.

Jared Langley felt a bit uneasy, "Wh... what's the matter?"

Juliana Jacobs smiled faintly, "When will you regain your memory?"

"Do you want me to remember everything?"

Juliana Jacobs nodded, "Though you're fine as you are now, your Langley Family is really too complicated. The restored you can handle things more effortlessly."

Jared Langley pondered her words, as if his legs were weighed down with lead.

Juliana Jacobs had already reached the living room door. Seeing him still standing there, she looked back and smiled, "Not going? I was counting on you to lead me to where Director Ulrich is socializing."

Jared Langley suppressed the reluctance in his heart, forcing himself to walk over with seemingly nonchalant strides, "Alright, I'll go with you."

At the entrance of a restaurant, Juliana Jacobs got out of the car first.

Jared Langley lowered the passenger window and said, "You go in first; I'll park."

Juliana Jacobs nodded.

By this time, most patrons had finished dining and were leaving in groups.

As Juliana Jacobs walked into the lobby, a waiter approached.

"Are you here to see Director Ulrich?" the waiter asked.

Juliana Jacobs hesitated for a moment, then nodded.

"He's in a private room; let me show you the way," the waiter said.

But Juliana Jacobs didn't move, "I'll wait for my friend first."

The waiter looked behind her, "Isn't that your friend?"

Juliana Jacobs turned around to find Raine Kane standing behind her.

She chuckled lightly, "Why are you here?"

Raine Kane lowered her voice, "Mr. Langley instructed me to appear at such gatherings to accompany you."

Juliana Jacobs smiled, "Don't worry, I won't drink; I'm just here to say a few words."

With Raine Kane around, she felt more at ease and told the waiter, "Lead the way."

The two followed the waiter through the bustling lobby and just as they turned into a corridor, a group of diners finishing their meal spilled out of a private room, separating Juliana Jacobs and Raine Kane.

Raine Kane weaved through the crowd, rushing to the other side.

However, the spot where Juliana Jacobs should have been standing was now empty...

Chapter 229: On the Brink of Death

Where is she?

Her mind buzzed instantly.

Rushing out of the restaurant, she saw Jared Langley's car just about to leave. She dashed in front of it.

Jared hit the brakes hard, barely avoiding her.

Raine Kane smashed his car window with a punch. Just as Jared was about to get angry, she took the initiative, reaching inside the car, grabbing his collar, and asked, "What have you done to her?"

Jared brushed her hand away coldly, "Let go. You're just a dog my second uncle keeps. Who gave you the guts to lay hands on your master? Juliana... isn't she inside?"

Raine suppressed his insult, lowered her voice, "Young master, have you thought about the consequences of doing this?"

Jared's eyes darkened, "To achieve great things, one must learn to let go. If I've wronged her, I'll make it up to her in the future."

Raine's lowered hand clenched into a fist and then relaxed as she took out her phone to make a call...

Juliana Jacobs was taken into a car by a group of unidentified people.

A moment later, the car stopped at the entrance of a bar.

These people roughly pushed her into a foul-smelling private room.

Inside, there were about seven or eight men, sitting or standing, gathered around the central sofa like stars surrounding the moon.

Several hostesses were nestled in their arms, but backed off sensibly when the man in the floral shirt stood up.

The man in the floral shirt bore an oily bald head, his face full of fake smiles as he looked at Juliana, but his squinted eyes gleamed.

He lazily swirled his wine glass forward, the ice clinking, sounding particularly harsh in the room.

"Do you know why you're here?"

"Give me back my phone," Juliana said.

As soon as she got in the car, they took her phone away, clearly afraid she'd call for help.

The man in the floral shirt laughed impudently, "You won't be needing that thing here."

With that, he reached out to stroke Juliana's face.

Juliana disdainfully dodged, causing the seven or eight men gathered around the sofa to jeer.

The man in the floral shirt turned and looked at them, "This lady doesn't know the rules here. Who'll show her?"

One of the men kicked a woman beside him forward, "Go, show her what to do."

The woman, kicked to the ground without dignity, crawled to the man in the floral shirt, trembling, and called out, "Tierney."

The man in the floral shirt said nothing. The woman straightened up from her kneeling position, touched his belt, and began to do things too eye-searing to watch.

Juliana was thoroughly disgusted, turning her face away.

But the man in the floral shirt crudely grabbed her chin, forcing her to face him, "Do you know who I am?"

"I don't know you." Juliana stared coldly at his face.

The man in the floral shirt smiled, "I'm Tim Paxton, Wayne Paxton is my brother."

Long-forgotten memories exploded in Juliana's mind.

That past of being electrocuted, the scars still on her waist and abdomen, made her blood run backwards in an instant.

"Today, I want to see what kind of woman brought him down."

After speaking, the men on the sofa let out lewd laughs.

One of them shouted, "Tierney, the order from above is to collect her biological sample, remember to leave her breathing for the handover."

Juliana narrowed her eyes.

Tim suddenly pulled her into his arms, "What part of your body will be used for the biological sample, blood or something else? Your choice."

Before he finished speaking, Juliana suddenly raised her hand, elbow striking hard at Tim's closer heart.

Tim grunted, the fake smile on his face instantly shattered, becoming hideous.

"Bitch!"

He kicked the hostess kneeling before him away.

The woman flew out by inertia, her back crashing onto the edge of the coffee table, a pool of glaring red spreading beneath her, she couldn't even let out a scream before fainting.

Yet to Tim, it was like kicking a cat or dog to death.

After kicking the woman, he swung his thick arms and slapped Juliana hard on the face.

Juliana was slapped to the ground, her eyes turning black, her left ear buzzing, unable to hear anything.

Tim spat on the floor toward her as he walked over, unabashedly sneering.

"A bitch dares to cross me, a woman here is just livestock, I can kill you if I want to!"

Juliana couldn't get up in that moment, and just as Tim raised his foot to her head, the room's door was pushed open, and Adrian Langley rushed in from outside.

"Stop it!"

Tim paused because of his sudden appearance.

Adrian rushed to Juliana, helping her up and stepping back a few paces.

"You do this, is there no law?"

His voice trembled with anger, yet it clearly lacked deterrence.

"How could you come here? Leave right now!" Juliana broke free from his supportive hand.

"I just notified Elias Langley, but he seems to be on his way."

"Elias Langley?" Tim snorted as if hearing a joke, "You're so naive. He doesn't dare to storm into my room."

With that, he waved indiscriminately at his men, "Drag this eyesore out and teach him the rules."

The seven or eight men on the sofa immediately headed towards Adrian.

"Go quickly, go!"

Juliana immediately pushed Adrian toward the door.

However, they didn't give Adrian the chance to escape. At the moment of opening the door, they surrounded him in an instant.

Adrian was brought to the alley behind the bar, each of them brandishing a steel pipe, swinging it at him with the wind.

"No!" A woman's shrill cry pierced the darkness of the alley.

Rosalind Linton ran over from the alley entrance.

Adrian was covered in blood, unable to speak, only shaking his head desperately at his mother, begging her not to come over.

But Rosalind unswervingly rushed to her son, kneeling on the ground and holding him in her arms.

"I've already called the police, you'll all go to jail."

The men laughed wildly at her words, "The police don't dare to arrest us. Foolish woman, do you want to be taught a lesson with your son?"

Rosalind clung to her son, her eyes lit with determination.

"I don't believe you maggots can run rampant in this world!"

As soon as she spoke, the seven or eight men raised their steel pipes again, and Rosalind clung tightly to her son without letting go...

At this moment, inside the room.

Tim had lost patience, grabbing a wine bottle and smashing it toward Juliana's head.

After a dull thud, Juliana felt a sharp pain on her head, warm blood flowing down her cheek, even blurring her vision.

Tim grabbed her blood-soaked hair, hurling her onto the sofa with a heavy body pressing down on her.

"My brother became a cripple because of you, today I'll use a man's way to make you a cripple too!"

He sneered, tearing at Juliana's clothes.

The hostesses shrunk in the corner in fear, none daring to step forward to help.

Juliana was overwhelmed by humiliation and anger, reaching for the glass ashtray on the coffee table within reach.

Without the slightest hesitation, she used all her strength to smash it onto Tim's temple!

Tim's head was knocked sideways, the whole person dazed.

After a brief burst of intense pain, he felt a warm, sticky sensation at his fingertips and his demeanor became even more vicious.

"Bitch, I'll kill you!"

He irrationally sat heavily on Juliana's waist and abdomen.

This move nearly caused Juliana's internal organs to rupture; she almost passed out on the spot.

Then, Tim reached out with his bloody, alcohol-soaked fat hand, choking her neck like an iron vise.

Juliana couldn't breathe, struggling desperately as her vision began to blur, her consciousness gradually slipping away...

Chapter 230: Elias, She's My Daughter

"Sir, we've found Rosalind Linton and her son in the back alley. They're seriously injured and have been taken to the hospital, but this private room area has reportedly been requisitioned by a big shot in Kingsford. The owner won't let us in."

Raine Kane spoke as she quickly walked into the bar with Elias Langley.

Elias Langley's face showed no emotion, "He won't let you in, and you just obey?"

Raine Kane was momentarily choked by his words, whispering, "The people inside seem to know you're coming."

Elias Langley paused his steps.

As soon as they entered the lobby, the bar owner greeted them with the same arrogant smile he showed Raine Kane.

"Mr. Langley, right?"

The man acted as if he'd latched onto a big tree, his tone very cocky.

"Tierney asked me to give you a message: leave the matter in the private room today alone, and your previous settling of scores with his brother will be canceled. But if you insist on barging in..."

The bar owner let out two conceited laughs.

"...then you plan to break with the higher-ups. His superior told you to really think about how your current status and position were achieved."

Upon hearing this, Elias Langley was silent for two seconds, then suddenly kicked him into the wall.

While heading inside, he said, "Tim Paxton is a dog, and you're not even on that level. Today, I'm going to expose the filth you're hiding here, and you can reflect on what kind of person you are in prison."

Raine Kane rushed ahead, searching one private room after another.

Tim Paxton was squeezing Juliana Jacobs' neck with all his might, his whole body shaking with effort.

Juliana Jacobs' fingers slipped helplessly from his wrist, and as her vital signs vanished, the door was violently kicked open.

Elias Langley stormed in with a gust of cold wind.

Tim Paxton never expected that the power he relied on couldn't slow him down at all.

In that moment of shock, Elias Langley was already upon him.

Though Tim weighed over two hundred pounds, Elias Langley effortlessly grabbed him and threw him hard.

With a thunderous crash, Tim Paxton, like a fat pig, smashed the marble coffee table and lay writhing in the rubble, unable to move.

Raine Kane immediately stepped forward and mercilessly punched and kicked his greasy face.

Elias Langley turned and knelt by the couch, checking on Juliana Jacobs.

A terrifying bruise marked Juliana Jacobs' neck, and her pulse was undetectable.

Elias Langley's expression changed abruptly, and he supported her neck, tilting her head back to open the airway.

"Hold on!"

Elias Langley pinched her nose and bent down to deliver two deep breaths, then began performing CPR on her.

"Breathe! Breathe for me!"

He cycled through compressions and artificial respiration, sweat trickling down his temples.

Time passed in a grim silence.

Nearly ten minutes later, Juliana gave a sudden shudder and coughed up a mouthful of bloody froth, regaining a faint breath.

Elias Langley immediately shifted her to lie on her side, head tilted back to ensure the airway remained open, then sternly asked those who came with him, "How long until the ambulance arrives?"

Seeing this, Raine Kane flipped over Tim Paxton, who couldn't even scream in pain, cracked his spine, causing a high-level paralysis, and then answered Elias Langley, "It should be here soon."

As soon as the words fell, Quinn Shepherd arrived with the medical staff...

In the hallway outside the hospital's emergency room, time seemed to freeze.

Under the lights, Elias Langley stood silently before the closed doors, his back upright yet tense.

Quinn Shepherd approached with a set of clean clothes.

"Boss, there's likely to be some waiting here. You should change your clothes first."

Upon his reminder, Elias Langley realized his clothes were soaked in cold sweat.

But he merely waved his hand, his gaze not shifting from the emergency room door for a second.

"Only our people have contact with Miss Jacobs. There won't be any mishaps, you..."

Quinn Shepherd's words were cut short as Raine Kane came quickly from the elevator.

"Make 'The Gilded Sin' bar incident public, targeting those behind Tim Paxton, but don't disclose the victims' identities. Withdraw the Langley Family's investment projects in Kingsford, give Victor Langley a warning."

Quinn Shepherd understood; he wanted to prevent those behind Tim Paxton from further interfering in this matter.

"But the Langley Family is your..."

His words were silenced by a cold glare from Elias Langley.

With years of experience, Quinn Shepherd suddenly came up with a plan.

"Understood, I know how to handle this."

With a glance at the approaching Raine Kane, he left the hospital.

Raine Kane, hurriedly arriving, steadied herself, took a breath to calm down, then reported, "All biological traces related to Juliana in the private room have been completely cleaned. They won't find any samples for identification."

Elias Langley continued to watch the emergency room door in silence.

Raine Kane lowered her voice, "Adrian Langley and his mother are being treated at Mercy Hospital; he broke a rib, and his mother had a miscarriage."

Elias Langley stated with a blank expression, "It must have been Leona Sheridan who instigated Jared Langley."

Raine Kane replied, "Mason Sheridan spent the entire day with Mrs. Langley at the Langley Residence, not going out, as if waiting for some result."

Elias Langley's eyes narrowed slightly, "Send someone of our own to Adrian Langley's side and offer them all the assistance they need."

"Yes." Raine Kane promptly went to handle it.

Four hours later, the lights in the emergency room went out.

The doors opened, and a weary-looking doctor emerged.

Elias Langley immediately stepped forward, his tightly pressed lips showing his anxiety.

The doctor removed his mask and nodded slightly to him.

"Miss Jacobs is in very serious condition. Firstly, she's suffered severe compression and impact on her chest and abdomen, with significant visceral bleeding. Though we've performed emergency treatment, close observation is still required. Secondly, and most critically, she experienced a prolonged period of cardiac and respiratory arrest, leading to severe anoxia in her brain. She's currently in a deep coma and must be transferred to the ICU for monitoring. You need to be mentally prepared."

As he spoke, he signaled to the nearby nurse.

The nurse handed over a critical condition notice.

The doctor said, "Mr. Langley, we still need to follow through with the hospital's procedures."

"She'll pull through, won't she?"

Accepting the notice, Elias Langley restrained his trembling hand and signed his name on the line.

The doctor quickly replied, "The next 24 to 48 hours are crucial for observation. If she awakens without severe complications, the hope greatly increases."

Elias Langley returned the notice to the nurse and instructed, "Contact the best neurology and critical care experts domestically to form a team and come for a consultation immediately."

The doctor nodded, "Miss Jacobs has already been taken to the ICU; only you can visit."

Elias Langley turned and walked toward the ICU room, his footsteps particularly heavy in the empty corridor.

In his eyes surged an unmistakable pain.

Having foreseen the sinister nature of humanity and cleared obstacles for her, she was still hurt to this extent by a bunch of idiots.

His lowered hand unconsciously clenched into a fist; she had survived so many dangers before, and this time would be no exception.

Her luck must be on her side.

...

Juliana Jacobs lay with tubes attached all over, lost in a bizarre dreamscape.

In an indistinguishable environment, a man's voice echoed.

"Elias, she's my daughter. Are you going to sacrifice my daughter's life for some greater good?"