

## **Stop Panicking! Miss Jacobs will Not Look Back!**

### **#Chapter 25: Death Will Sever All Ties With You - Read Stop Panicking! Miss Jacobs will Not Look Back! Chapter 25: Death Will Sever All Ties With You**

#### **Chapter 25: Chapter 25: Death Will Sever All Ties With You**

"You..."

Juliana glanced at the sofa behind the door.

Everything was fine, it hadn't been moved.

So he came in through the window.

A profound sense of exhaustion instantly gripped her.

She didn't want to say anything, silently walking toward the bed.

"Am I so terrifying you can't even spare me a glance?" Evan asked.

Juliana didn't answer, but the disgust on her face gave him the answer.

Evan let out a cold laugh, stepped forward, grabbed her arm, and turned her to face him.

"Who was it that promised Grandma to marry me and barged into my world? And who was it that declared at the wedding in front of everyone that they'd love me for a lifetime? What do you count that as now, going back on your word?"

Juliana laughed at his words, her smile carrying an indescribable sadness.

"Do your wedding vows count? You use them as a weapon when they benefit you, forget them when they don't. What I promised was to love you for a lifetime, not to cover for you, nor to go die in place of your sister!"

"No one wants your life, all those were accidents."

Evan's annoyance was evident, the veins on his forehead popping.

"Better not let baseless jealousy cloud your mind, otherwise life with the Grant Family won't be easy."

Juliana's expression instantly became colder than the moonlight on a winter's night.

"Do you think these four years with the Grant Family have been joyous for me? How about giving the luck that led to the bakery explosion and me being chased and falling into the sea to your sister?"

"Could you stop mentioning her!" Evan was vexed.

"Mentioning her makes your heart ache? If you're worried about her, why climb my window? Go be with your sister!"

As soon as she finished speaking, Evan pulled her forward harshly.

Juliana, caught off guard, cried out and fell onto the bed.

He took the opportunity to press down on her.

His tall frame exuded a strong sense of aggression, completely enveloping her.

Juliana was a bit panicked, "What do you want to do?"

Evan pinched her chin, sneering, "Mrs. Grant is quite fiery lately, that's my fault as your husband."

Juliana raised her hand and slapped him, "My body is no longer yours, you're not allowed to touch me."

Evan was infuriated, he originally just wanted to scare her, but now he truly wanted to deal with her.

He leaned close to her ear, "Juliana, you chose this path yourself. Since you boarded my ship, don't think about getting off! My marriage has never been just about two people, it's about the entire Grant Group's image and stability! So divorce, don't even dream about it! As for whether or not I touch you..."

He let out a cold laugh, "That's not up to you to decide."

Juliana trembled all over, after the intense moment she slowly relaxed.

Her eyes were filled with endless hatred, yet she smiled at him.

"Alright then, my husband, how many times do you plan on going tonight?"

Evan was about to undo her bathrobe.

Hearing her words, he was taken aback.

Juliana's voice was sweet and sultry, "Only I can make you feel good, right? So do you want my body, or your sister, pick one?"

Evan was puzzled by how quickly she changed, when a heart-wrenching cry from Stella played from the phone above Juliana's head.

"What did you do?"

Evan snatched her phone, quickly hung up.

He was so angry that his chest heaved, "How do you have her number?"

Juliana raised an eyebrow, "If I want it, I'll get it."

Evan squeezed her neck, "I don't like things to go out of control, so you better know your limits."

Juliana struggled to breathe, her voice hoarse as she retorted, "What, hurt your sister's feelings, and you want to kill me?"

"Go ahead. At least if I die, all ties with you will be cut."

She closed her eyes, but Evan loosened his grip.

"Juliana," he tried to restrain his temper, "Stop messing around, aside from being my wife, understanding me, knowing me, and living quietly with me, you have no other choice."

With that, he got out of bed, quickly changed his clothes and left.

His Stella had broken down, he was in a hurry to comfort her.

Juliana slowly sat up, tears of fear and grievance finally streaming down.

Knowing she had miscarried less than a month ago, he still acted like a brute, in his eyes, she was ultimately not even considered a person.

Juliana hugged herself tightly, trying to calm her grief.

In her life, how many choices were not hers to make.

Once she delivered the big gift on their fourth wedding anniversary, she wouldn't have to endure anymore.

...

The next day, Juliana woke up late and decided to skip breakfast to catch up with Aetherflame's work hours.

Mrs. Young swiftly packed breakfast for her, handing it to her as she came downstairs after washing up.

"Eat on the way. Your health is more important than work."

Juliana was about to say a grateful thank you when Mrs. Young added, "Madam doesn't know, but President Grant came back once in the middle of the night, he was in a rush, but still stayed in your room for a few minutes."

Juliana frowned, "What was he doing in my room again?"

"Of course, to see if you were sleeping well," Mrs. Young said calmly, "Madam, President Grant has you in his heart. Couples don't hold grudges overnight. If President Grant admits he's wrong, you should forgive him."

Mrs. Young didn't know how hypocritical Evan was.

Juliana didn't take his words seriously.

Aetherflame Dynamics.

All morning, Juliana was in a bad mood and spoke little.

Until close to eleven, when Rosalind Linton called her.

"The Heart Supplement Needle application has been approved, it wasn't easy at all, their lab has limited production capabilities, normally there would be a queue, but your husband intervened so the green light was given. Juliana, stop being stubborn, does it matter how many women he has as long as he spends on you and lets you live with dignity? Hold on tight to President Grant's leg."

Juliana had no comment on Rosalind's words.

But her grandfather's medication application being approved was at least something to be happy about for her.

At the very least, Evan hadn't used it to threaten her.

On the phone, Rosalind's voice continued.

"You need to have the first installment of the medicine fee transferred to their company account by two in the afternoon, have you asked President Grant for the money?"

"Send me your account number. I will handle communications with them from now on, you don't need to worry about anything else."

Without waiting for Rosalind to say anything further, Juliana hung up the phone.

A dozen seconds later, Juliana received the account information.

After verification, she transferred the money to the other party.

Summer Shaw quietly approached her from behind, craning her neck to look at her bank account.

"Hey, hey, hey, only 20 bucks left, is this all you have saved up? Evan is this stingy with his wife? How many accounts do you have?"

Juliana exited the software, turning to look at her.

"This is all I have left, are you planning to support me?"

Summer clutched her own phone tightly, "I've only got the whole company's living expenses, are you really going to take them?"

Everyone knew Summer Shaw was as stingy as it got, Juliana joked and didn't respond further.

But Summer did speak up seriously, "There's something I have to tell you, a colleague from the legal department told me, if this investment money was transferred to you by Evan, you'd better separate it, otherwise when you guys divorce, he might have the right to claim a portion of your shares in Aetherflame Dynamics."

Aetherflame Dynamics isn't big, Evan surely wouldn't care, but you have to guard against him using the shares to make a fuss when the two eventually divorce.

But getting him to sign a 50 million dollar split agreement would be harder than climbing to the heavens.

Because what she understood, Evan surely understood even better.

Juliana stayed busy in the lab all day, only returning home at night.

As soon as she entered, Evan gave her a "big surprise".

Stella sat on the sofa with her hand wrapped in gauze.

Seeing her return, she immediately jumped up like a startled rabbit.

Evan stood in front of her, impeccably dressed, as if to protect her.

But his voice to Juliana was so gentle it bordered on deliberate.

"Stella will be staying with us for a while, I've asked Mrs. Young to prepare a guest room for her."

## **Chapter 26: Chapter 26: Have They Always Slept in Separate Rooms?**

Originally thought they would be living together outside, but unexpectedly, Evan chose Platinum Bay for the location.

Well, with her cover, the two of them could live shamelessly without a care.

Under Evan's warning gaze, Juliana quickly adjusted her emotions, lowering her eyes.

"This is your home, you don't need to ask me who you let stay here."

Her voice was calm, but between the lines, it was clear she was angry.

Stella felt quite embarrassed.

Just about to speak, Evan spoke first.

"Stella, you sit down, I'll get Juliana to pour you a glass of water."

After speaking, he pulled Juliana into the kitchen.

"Did you think over what I said last night?"

"I didn't oppose you letting her stay, is that still not right?"

Juliana turned to pour herself a glass of water.

It was her acting as if nothing had happened that was the real problem.

Evan hugged her from behind.

"Last night, Stella was attacked in the apartment she was staying at. Luckily, the bodyguards reacted quickly, and only her hand was injured. She will only stay at Platinum Bay for a while, she'll leave once her mother finishes surgery."

Juliana took a sip of water, "In order for her daughter to stay, I'm afraid Lily wouldn't rush to have the surgery, would she?"

Evan frowned, "Do you think she's feigning illness?"

Juliana smiled lightly, "I didn't say that."

She just wanted to divorce him, no need to argue over right and wrong.

"Juliana, Stella only sees me as a brother, she has no intention of provoking you. Letting her stay here was my idea. We talked last night, and I thought you would understand."

Juliana put down the glass, "So you think I hold a grudge against her and have plans to frame her?"

Evan was momentarily stunned, "No."

Juliana pursed her lips and smiled, continuing to pour water.

"Brother..."

At some point, Stella arrived at the kitchen doorway.

Evan instinctively let go of Juliana.

"Brother, maybe I should just stay at a hotel. Those people might be arrogant, but they wouldn't dare do anything to me at a hotel."

Evan walked over, "Don't overthink it, your sister-in-law has no objection. She's getting you some water. Did you take your medicine today?"

Stella nodded, "I take it on time every day."

"Here, your brother thought you might be thirsty."

Juliana handed a steaming cup to Stella.

Stella reached out just in time to take it.

For some reason, her hand touched the cup, spilling the water on her hand.

Perhaps feeling the heat, Stella immediately flailed her hands in panic.

Juliana was startled and let go.

The cup fell to the ground with a clatter and shattered.

"Don't touch it and get cut."

Evan quickly grabbed Stella's wrist, preventing her from moving.

Juliana watched this scene and raised an eyebrow without speaking.

"We're all family, was burning her with water intentional?"

Evan criticized Juliana, but Stella's face turned pale.

Juliana didn't argue.

One moment he said he believed she wouldn't harm her sister, the next he accused her of doing it on purpose.

Luckily, she no longer cared, otherwise her heart would hurt again.

"Brother, the water isn't hot," Stella whispered.

Evan stood there, frozen.

"Of course, it's room temperature lemon water. The steam was just for decoration, it can't burn you. Unless you're worried about a room-temperature frostbite?"

After Juliana said this, she left the two of them and went upstairs.

Stella's heart sank.

Evan was meticulous, who knows what he was thinking.

She never expected Juliana to give her a cup of room temperature water.

A perfect facade was defeated by a cup of water, she was too careless.

"Brother... I..." Stella cautiously probed.

"The guest room is ready, go rest."

Evan's attitude indeed turned much colder.

That night, Juliana slept in the master bedroom, Stella in the guest room, and Evan continued to stay in the study.

Stella tossed and turned all night, unable to sleep.

Early the next morning, she knocked on the master bedroom door.

Juliana, still in her pajamas, clearly just woke up, answered the door.

Stella instinctively looked inside but didn't see Evan.

So early... Could it be they always sleep separately?

"What's up?" Juliana's voice interrupted her thoughts.

"Sister-in-law, I'm sorry for intruding by staying here. This is a small token of my appreciation."

As she said this, she handed over a delicately packaged shower gel.

"This is a custom royal orange scent, not sold on the market. Each scent is matched to one owner, and I've been using it. It smells wonderful. I actually meant to give it to you last night, but it was too late, so I'm giving it to you now," Stella introduced.

But Juliana didn't accept it.

A woman taken care of by Evan naturally uses the best.

Four years at his side, what did she count for?

Her previous understanding was overestimating herself, she might not even count as an ornament.

"Orange scent?"

Juliana thought of the scent on Evan's clothes that day.

"Miss Grant, your brother isn't here, no need to put on an act with me. Once I start using this shower gel, I won't be able to tell if the unusual smell on him is yours or mine. This cover cloth succeeded once again in providing you two a guise, your calculations have been heard all the way to Antarctica."

"I didn't have such intentions..."

Stella wanted to explain when Evan, fully dressed, walked over from the study.

"What's going on?"

Stella's face held expressions of grievance and innocence that were too slow to completely hide, catching Evan's attention.

"It's... nothing, I was just chatting with my sister-in-law."

This kind of response was more destructive than a direct complaint.

Juliana closed her eyes, waiting for Evan to harshly reprimand her.

However, his gaze remained on the bottle of shower gel.

"Your sister-in-law doesn't like the orange scent, it's your custom order, keep it for your own use. We're family, no need for such empty gestures."

Stella nodded and retreated to her room with the shower gel.

As Juliana closed the door, Evan squeezed through just before it shut.

"Your sister's unhappy, aren't you going to comfort her?"

Evan glanced at the time, "Soon we need to go to the studio to take our fourth-anniversary reception photos, clear out your morning."

Juliana frowned, "Why didn't you say so earlier?"

There was a hint of disdain in Evan's eyes, "It's not as if you have anything important. Missing half a day isn't a problem."

Juliana steadied herself, suppressing the urge to argue with him.

Seeing her silent compliance, Evan pinched her ring finger and once again placed the replica wedding ring back on it.

This time, Juliana didn't take it off.

She blinked and said, "Aren't you afraid I'll sell it online again?"

Evan didn't believe she'd do such a thing, replying with a smile, "If you're short on money, just tell me."

Juliana pursed her lips and said nothing.

The two got ready to leave.

Stella didn't want to stay alone at Platinum Bay, so Evan agreed to let her go with them.

The studio in the city center was located in an area where every inch of land was worth its weight in gold, with a very luxuriously designed teahouse right next door.

Their custom gowns had been prepared the day before.

To accommodate them, the studio wasn't open to the public that morning.

Stella watched Juliana being attended to like a star surrounded by the moon, feeling envious.

After taking a few photos, Juliana went into the dressing room to touch up her makeup, with Evan's gaze following her.

Last night's incident led Evan to suspect her of having ulterior motives.

But during the photo shoot, she seemed genuinely happy alongside them.

If she had selfish intentions, she wouldn't act like this.

"Would you like to take some photos?" Evan asked.

Stella was pleasantly surprised, "Can I?"

Evan signaled to a staff member, "Take an artistic set for her."

Stella elegantly followed the studio staff into the wardrobe room to select a gown.

However, less than two minutes later, an explosion suddenly went off in between the dressing and wardrobe rooms.

A partition of gypsum board was blown down by the blast, and gray-white smoke filled the space instantly.

Juliana was stung by the choking smoke, unable to open her eyes, struggling out from the debris, instinctively wanting to know Evan's condition, when she heard the arriving bodyguards shout into their earpieces:

"President Grant ordered, Miss Grant is the priority."

"Find Miss Grant and protect her evacuation."

## **Chapter 27: Chapter 27: Encountering Mr. Langley Again...**

If all those previous experiences meant Evan Grant was unable to control himself while away from somewhere else, unable to protect himself.

But during today's attack, he was there, yet still chose Stella Grant.

Juliana's fingertips grew cold.

Just as she was figuring out how to leave, a hand gripped her throat.

Before she could react, the person had rudely dragged her in one direction.

With that strength, she believed the person was not there to save her.

Her throat stung, she couldn't shout, but her nails dug deeply into the skin on the back of the person's hand.

That hand immediately tightened in retaliation, causing Juliana to struggle to breathe.

Through the smoke, she saw a window appear ahead.

Juliana immediately understood the person intended to throw her out the window.

Though it was the second floor, the shop floors were all five meters high, a fall from the second floor would be fatal or cause severe injury.

She struggled fiercely, and just as she was about to be lifted, a force suddenly separated them.

The person attacking her was kicked into the thick smoke.

Juliana's back slammed into a sturdy chest.

Before she could react, the man turned her around and picked her up.

"The smoke is toxic, slow your breathing."

A magnetic, rich voice brushed past her eardrums, her blood surged, her whole sinus filled with his mysterious woody scent.

Stepping over shattered glass on the ground, leaving the photo studio, Juliana's eyes burned so much she couldn't open them.

"Mr. Langley..."

The assistant opened the car door for them.

Juliana's breath hitched; could she have run into him again?

The man placed her on the back seat and instructed, "To Mercy."

Mercy was Kenton's best hospital, the one Juliana frequented, and where Lily Windsor was currently hospitalized.

Juliana clenched her fingers, enduring the pain in her throat, and said, "I'm not going to that one."

Silence filled the car for a few seconds.

Just as the assistant was about to instruct the driver to head to Mercy anyway, she heard their boss chuckle lightly, "Go to Hospital 547."

The assistant nodded and instructed the driver to start driving.

Above the photo studio, Evan Grant disregarded the bodyguards' attempts to stop him and rushed to the place that originally served as a dressing room.

Straining his hoarse voice, he called "Juliana" a few times, but no one responded to him.

The bodyguard handed over a gas mask, "President Grant, Miss Grant has already gone downstairs, you need to protect yourself."

Evan Grant put on the gas mask and scanned the smoke-filled scene.

Those always keen, hawk-like eyes were now hauntingly hollow.

"Find her immediately for me!"

...

Upon arrival at Hospital 547, Juliana was arranged to sit in a wheelchair.

A nurse pushed her to undergo various examinations.

Fortunately, the injury to her eyes and her inability to see was temporary, and her throat would recover with medication after being stimulated.

Although the smoke was toxic, the brief exposure would not have significant effects on her body.

The person who brought her there had left long ago, but not before paying her hospital admission fee.

Juliana hadn't had a chance to say thank you.

Because she needed treatment for one night, Juliana reluctantly asked a nurse to call Summer Shaw for her.

Two hours later, Summer Shaw rushed into Hospital 547.

Seeing the bandage over Juliana's eyes, she dashed over, agitated.

"What happened to your eyes? I was counting on you being my meal ticket for a comeback, will they be okay?"

Juliana was very calm, "The toxic smoke hurt my eyes, but I've applied the medication, they'll be fine by tomorrow."

As Summer Shaw breathed a sigh of relief, her anger flared up.

"What's Evan Grant's deal, saving the mistress, not you, then pretends to call me looking for you, is he an actor?"

After she spoke, Juliana's phone rang again, but it died and shut off halfway through the ring.

With bandages covering Juliana's eyes, she showed no intention of answering.

"You're doing the right thing, don't answer his calls, let him worry himself sick."

"He wouldn't worry," Juliana said indifferently, "he's just trying to confirm whether I'm dead."

At this moment, Juliana was certain that Evan Grant had no feelings for her; in his eyes, she was just a shield for Stella Grant.

Summer Shaw grew even more furious.

"You should've insisted a bit when you graduated, not get married, start a business with me, using your skills for stock, our situation would certainly be different today."

Saying that, Summer Shaw handed her a property gift agreement drafted by the legal department.

This was what Juliana had asked her to bring over the phone.

Juliana held the agreement in her hands, unable to see, but she felt it carefully.

"Summer, after Aidan Linton died, Grandpa developed heart disease. Four years ago, if I didn't marry Evan Grant, the Linton family would have been ruined. Although the road ahead is difficult, it won't be as daunting as it was four years ago. I will walk my own path from now on."

Summer Shaw was shocked by the upheavals in Juliana's family, for she had never shared these things with her.

"Will Evan Grant sign this agreement?"

Summer Shaw sat at the bedside, Juliana reached for her arm, leaning on it.

"For now, I'm not sure..."

She paused.

"Summer, is it because I don't have parents that I should be someone else's sacrifice?"

Does a child without the love of parents truly live like grass, insignificant?

Juliana asked calmly, but Summer felt a pang in her nose.

"Of course not, he's a scoundrel, a jerk..."

Halfway through, Summer Shaw stopped.

"Juliana, it's the 21st century. Why not use DNA to find your family?"

This avenue had truly never occurred to Juliana.

"Do a DNA test, submit it to a family search database, you don't have to leave your identity, just a contact method, and if your parents are also looking for you, someone will contact you, how convenient that is. And DNA testing, this hospital can do it."

Juliana had a revelation, immediately asking Summer to push her to have her blood drawn.

With her eyes temporarily unable to see, Summer filled in the contact details, leaving a WeChat ID.

"I asked the doctor, they said the DNA results can be done in three days, and they will submit the data to the database, news might come within a week at latest," Summer said.

Juliana was naturally very happy at the prospect of finding her family.

That night, Summer didn't go home, staying with her at the hospital.

In the study at Platinum Bay.

Evan Grant's face had been cold all day.

Ethan Carter reported, "The photo studio surveillance was damaged in the explosion, and the Mrs.' cellphone probably ran out of battery, that's why you can't reach her."

"No surveillance, no way to locate the cellphone, and you can't find her?"

Ethan Carter took a deep breath, "Actually..."

Before he finished, Stella Grant pushed the door open and came in.

She was wearing a creamy beige cotton pajama set adorned with small flowers, her hair lazily cascading, making her appear very soft and gentle.

"Brother, you've had a hard time looking for sister-in-law, so I made you some supper."

As she spoke, she placed the rice wine dumplings in front of him.

Ethan Carter lowered his head.

However, the coldness on Evan Grant's face did not dissipate.

"Did I allow you to come in?"

Stella Grant was startled for a moment, quickly explaining, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Young has gone to bed. I wasn't aware of your nighttime habits. It's past twenty o'clock, I thought you'd be hungry."

Evan Grant's gaze rested on the dumplings she made for two seconds, but he had no intention to eat.

"With all the bodyguards surrounding you today, you must be very happy, right? Still depressed?"

Stella Grant's heart trembled.

Having lost Juliana, Evan Grant seemed to be hovering on the edge of losing control.

No one could replace the importance of that woman to him.

"Brother, I never thought that way," Stella Grant said softly.

However, Evan Grant had no patience for anyone at this moment.

"Get out."

Stella Grant bit her lip and left the study.

Evan Grant suppressed the annoyance in his heart, turning his gaze back to Ethan Carter.

"Is Summer Shaw not picking up her phone either?"

Ethan Carter nodded, "Yes."

"Contact the communication company, trace where Summer Shaw's cellphone signal is."

Ethan Carter suddenly had an epiphany.

The next day, Juliana's vision improved, allowing her to leave the hospital.

Summer Shaw accompanied her from the corridor beside the pharmacy, only to see Stella Grant.

Stella Grant was dressed in a white Chanel dress, with hair partially covering her dainty face, making her look pure and charming.

She stood at the glass doors of the lobby, seeming to await someone.

"Let's go out through the back door."

Juliana didn't want to see her, but just as the words fell, their eyes met.

Stella Grant widened her eyes for a moment, confirmed it was them, and quickly shouted towards the man heading to the director's office, "Brother, sister-in-law is here."

## **Chapter 28: Chapter 28: Fake Incest Certificate**

Juliana looked in the direction indicated, and saw Evan Grant turn around.

The man's gaze was sharp, with a fiery edge.

Juliana steadied herself, waiting for him to explode at her.

"You..." Evan Grant irritably loosened his tie, "...Where are you hurt?"

Perhaps scolding her in public would hurt her pride, so the man suppressed his temper.

Juliana tucked her stray bangs behind her ear, "Lucky, I'm still alive."

To Evan Grant, these words sounded extremely sarcastic.

"Why didn't you go to Mercy? Why was your phone off? Why..."

His gaze fell on her ring finger.

"The ring, where did you lose our wedding ring this time?"

Juliana only realized this morning that the replica wedding ring was missing.

Because of that, she felt distressed for several minutes.

She had planned to sell it on a second-hand website, and now she's lost quite a bit of money.

Juliana lowered her gaze, "The phone ran out of battery, my eyes were not convenient, I didn't charge it. I was brought here by helpful people, President Grant was busy saving your sister, I didn't have a chance to greet."

She took a deep breath, feeling somewhat exhausted.

"As for your ring, it probably fell at the studio, I was busy saving my life then, didn't pay attention to it. Do you want me to pay with my life?"

When did he start thinking the ring was more important than her life?

Evan Grant was provoked by her words, taking a step closer, only to be stopped by Stella Grant.

"Brother, this is a hospital, speak with sister-in-law properly."

"Sister-in-law, brother was really worried about you, he didn't sleep all night, please don't anger him anymore."

Juliana nodded calmly, "Right, you're perfect, you understand him and care about him, you're the most suitable Mrs. Grant."

"Come home with me!"

Evan Grant shook off Stella Grant's hand, grabbed Juliana's wrist, and pulled her away.

Summer Shaw and Stella Grant watched intently as Evan Grant shoved Juliana into the car.

Assistant Carter stepped forward and said, "Miss Grant, let's go back together, I'll get the car."

Stella Grant nodded, "Okay, Assistant Carter, I'll wait for you."

Waiting for Assistant Carter to go to the parking lot, Stella Grant's reserved demeanor vanished, her eyebrows seemingly holding a dark, unfathomable pool, looking very displeased.

"Oh, oh, look at the loving couple going home together, someone can barely hold it in." Summer Shaw couldn't help but mock.

However, Stella Grant's sinister appearance was a world apart from her previous composed self.

"In a month at most, Juliana will be dumped, better leave yourself a way out."

A month?

Summer Shaw snickered to herself: Half a month won't pass before you see who dumps whom.

"That's hilarious, a mistress is a mistress, they haven't even divorced yet, and you dream of being the future Mrs. Grant? Your mother gave birth to your limbs, but your face was a difficult birth?"

Stella Grant's gaze narrowed slightly, "Miss Shaw, watch your status."

Summer Shaw laughed, "I have a legitimate status, what do you have? A mistress qualification certificate or a model fake orthopedic certificate?"

Stella Grant's clenched fingers loosened.

She looked at Summer Shaw and smiled, disrupting her momentum.

"Miss Shaw, whoever is loved owns everything. If my brother truly loves your friend, he wouldn't choose me in a life-and-death moment. You should stay sober, just advise your friend to properly be my stand-in, if she dies for me, my brother will certainly take care of her costly old man."

Summer Shaw was infuriated, "Ugh, scummy men and women shouldn't harm others, hurry and lock yourselves in together."

Stella Grant smiled faintly, "Thank you for your blessing."

Summer Shaw: "..."

Truly, the shameless are unbeatable.

Juliana was taken back to Platinum Bay.

After pulling her into the bedroom, Evan Grant started removing her clothes without a word.

Juliana resisted, gripping her own collar.

Her slightly pale face was full of anger.

"That's enough, Evan Grant, even a thing has its usage limits."

Her words successfully calmed Evan Grant down.

He wanted to check if she was injured, but shouldn't have used such an inciting method.

"You think you're my possession?"

Juliana moved to a safe distance, tidied her clothes that he'd messed up.

"Maybe not even a possession, but..." She met his gaze, "At least I'm still a person who can speak and has awareness. Please give me a little respect when using me, I'd greatly appreciate it."

Evan Grant's lips pressed into a straight line, his deep eyes unreadable.

Juliana no longer wanted to guess his thoughts.

She was tired, sat at the table to take out her medicine, and followed the instructions, taking each pill into her mouth.

Lastly, there was a bottle of eye drops.

Evan Grant: "Let me."

Juliana: "No need."

Evan Grant forcefully took the eye drops from her hand and trapped her in his arms to administer them.

Juliana had no choice but to tilt her neck to cooperate with him.

Thus, the strangulation marks on her neck fell into his eyes.

Evan Grant's gaze darkened briefly, reaching to touch her neck.

However, Juliana recoiled as if shocked.

Evan Grant froze for a moment, then steadied his voice and said, "The studio exploded, the police are investigating, and you'll need to cooperate by giving a statement."

Juliana touched her neck, her vision recovered today, and she also saw the strangulation marks on her neck, already reddened and turning black, thinking it would take several days to fade.

"What's there to record, isn't it all an accident?"

No need to analyze, the investigation results this time will surely be the same as the bakery, making a statement is meaningless.

Her disheartened look was like a blunt knife that carved a bloody line across Evan Grant's heart.

Juliana got up to end this conversation, but Evan Grant pulled her into his arms.

He kissed her forehead.

"I didn't not try to save you, the bodyguards' duty is to protect Stella, it's my duty to protect you, when I rushed over to find you, you were no longer in the dressing room."

"Oh, thank you."

Her indifferent expression, yet easy-going manner, made Evan Grant frown.

"You don't believe me?"

"I believe you."

She tried to appear sincere, but her eyes were frosty.

Evan Grant gently lifted her chin, stared at her for half a minute, then said word by word, "You're still playing games with me."

Whatever he says, she just believes it, why is he still not satisfied?

Juliana somewhat wanted to give up, not responding, just laughing vaguely.

Evan Grant felt as if something was about to fly away, holding her tightly.

"Juliana, what do you want from me?"

Even after conceding, it's still not enough?

Juliana lay motionless in his embrace.

Evan Grant gritted his teeth, "I didn't ignore you, didn't abandon you, no matter what you do, I won't divorce you."

Hearing him say that, Juliana suddenly raised her head, "Do you think the promise not to divorce is a guarantee for me?"

Evan Grant frowned.

"I have no family, no one backing me up, the only reason I can be called Mrs. Grant is because of your affection. If one day you stop loving me, I will have nothing, your verbal

promise is the same as the guarantees you've made to me before, said and then forgotten."

Evan Grant understood what she meant; she wanted tangible security.

"So what do you want? Real estate, or company shares?"

When Evan Grant asked this, he truly wasn't using finance to mock her.

These were things he could give.

In this life, he had no intention of marrying another woman. She was his wife, it wasn't excessive for her to hold some company shares, let alone other things.

However, Juliana slowly took out a property donation agreement from her bag and placed it in his hand.

"Last time you gave me fifty million, it's already a lot. I hope you give me a promise, that no matter what happens in the future, neither you nor your family can reclaim this fifty million."

Evan Grant looked at this agreement without speaking.

Juliana's heartbeat was a bit fast. She tried to steady her nerves and asked, "Can you sign it, President Grant?"

## **Chapter 29: Chapter 29: Breaking the Deadlock with Her**

Evan clearly saw the formal nature of this agreement.

Signing this agreement meant that even if they divorced, he had no excuse to recover this money.

Her intentions were as clear to him as a mirror.

Evan looked at the lingering darkness under her eyes, his expression softened slightly, "Call me husband, then I'll sign."

...

It wasn't long after Evan left that Juliana changed clothes to go out.

She made a call while putting the agreement into her bag.

The phone barely rang twice before Summer picked up.

Not even catching her breath, Second Miss Shaw started berating Stella.

"What kind of world is this, the more shameless someone is, the more arrogant they become, who does she think she is? With a deformed brain, treating a scumbag's affection as her shield, look at how capable she is."

Juliana patiently listened to her rant before calmly saying, "Stella isn't simple, don't get into conflicts with her."

Summer was unconvinced, "I'm afraid of her?"

Juliana gazed at the ceiling, her eyes deep and reserved.

"She was in Aldoria, yet she could control the whole situation from afar. I nearly died, but she returned unscathed and even managed to persuade Old Mrs. Grant to let her stay. Not everyone can achieve that."

There was suddenly silence on Summer's end.

Juliana continued, "With just a glass of water, I tore off her mask. The next day, she used a bottle of shower gel to probe Evan's attitude towards her, confirmed his doubts, and then used our photo opportunity to mend her mask..."

Even though she no longer loved him, thinking of being abandoned by her husband in times of danger still made Juliana uncomfortable.

"Summer, I'm fighting her because I'm trapped in this marriage. I need her to break free, but you're not her match; you can't provoke her, understand?"

Summer bit her lip on the other end, "But it's really infuriating."

Juliana laughed, "Evan has already signed the donation agreement, I'm not worried about him manipulating Aetherflame's shares in the future."

Summer wasn't particularly happy, knowing that Juliana exchanged her life for that agreement, feeling more pity for her good friend.

"Have a colleague from the legal department take it to get notarized for you, to ensure everything is foolproof."

After hanging up the phone, Juliana went downstairs.

Mrs. Young was waiting for her.

"Madam, are you going out again?"

Juliana nodded, "It's quite busy, you won't need to prepare meals for me anymore."

She spoke vaguely, but Mrs. Young understood immediately.

From now on, Platinum Bay would just be a place for her to stay.

"Madam," Mrs. Young said reluctantly, "I wish you find a better man."

Juliana was a bit surprised, "Mrs. Young, you..."

Mrs. Young let out a sigh of disappointment.

"Although President Grant and Miss Grant didn't have much when they were at the old house, it's too much to bring his stepsister to live at home. Before I had selfish reasons, I didn't want you to divorce President Grant because I feared if the family broke up, President Grant would send me back to the old house. But I cannot deceive my conscience for my selfishness; your decision to divorce President Grant is the right one."

Juliana didn't understand why Mrs. Young was unwilling to return to the old house, but Mrs. Young's understanding words proved that she had sound values.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Young, no matter who President Grant is with, Platinum Bay will always need someone to look after it. He won't send you back."

But Mrs. Young's brows remained furrowed listening to her, even more so than before.

...

Juliana sent the contract to Aetherflame Dynamics, then visited the hospital in the afternoon.

Her grandfather's complexion had improved greatly, and he would be discharged soon.

The demolition of the Linton family's old house affected him greatly.

Juliana consoled him for a while, then just as she was about to leave, Evan's call came through.

"Where are you?"

"At the hospital, visiting Grandpa," she replied truthfully.

"The traditional Chinese doctor I've arranged for you has returned. Stay at the hospital, I'll have Ethan bring him to you."

Juliana replied without warmth, "Thank you."

There was a two-second silence on the other end, then he instructed, "Dr. Sutton only sees five patients a day, it's very difficult to get an appointment, don't wander off."

Evan was worried she would be stubborn and refuse treatment, but how could Juliana not take care of her own health?

Juliana offered no response, ending the call.

Rosalind couldn't stay silent about Evan's unfair treatment.

"With your temperament, it's only because Evan likes you that he can tolerate it. If it were someone else, they would have kicked you out by now. Don't take your blessings for granted."

Juliana, considering her grandfather, didn't retort to her.

"Have you found a place? A mid-range neighborhood, suitable for the elderly," she asked.

Rosalind's face went pale, "Yes, I've found one, and everything is quite good."

Her grandfather weakly looked at Juliana, "Girl, I've told you, don't trouble yourself for me. No need to buy a house, my health won't last much longer, renting will do."

Rosalind was displeased, "What about me, are you not considering my situation?"

"You?"

Just mentioning her filled her grandfather with anger.

"Juliana married into the Grant family four years ago, and every month a million is transferred to your account. I know how much I've used. After deducting normal living expenses, you should have saved enough money for a lifetime. The debt of raising Juliana has long been repaid. Do you plan to take advantage of her forever?"

Rosalind pouted, feeling guilty, "Of course, that's not what I mean."

"Grandpa," Juliana held the old man's hand, "You will live a long life, don't say such ominous things."

Juliana waited in the hospital room for over an hour without anyone contacting her.

Aetherflame had some matters needing her attention, requiring her to return.

Feeling restless, Juliana decided to go to the hospital entrance.

Just as she reached downstairs, she saw an elderly man in traditional Chinese attire briskly stepping out of another elevator, followed closely by Stella and Ethan.

Both paused upon seeing her.

Stella was the first to recover, quickening her pace towards the elder.

"Old Mr. Sutton, this is the patient we arranged the appointment for. It won't take much of your time to check on her."

Stella blocked Old Mr. Sutton's path.

With her slender frame, no excess expressions were needed; just a slight panting was enough to evoke sympathy.

But Old Mr. Sutton remained unmoved.

"Miss Grant, I've already seen five patients today. I won't be taking any more appointments. Please reschedule."

Ethan hurried forward, "Old Mr. Sutton, your appointments are booked over two months in advance. These two are very important to President Grant, and besides, she's already here. Please, just have a look."

Upon hearing Evan mentioned, Old Mr. Sutton did not compromise but rather expressed displeasure, "Please tell President Grant I've repaid my debt to him. The lady I just examined, I don't find any endocrine issues. Since my diagnosis conflicts with the hospital's, I won't prescribe anything."

Upon hearing this, Ethan felt as if the sky was falling.

Juliana also realized that Stella had given her slot to Lily.

### **Chapter 30: Chapter 30: Two Thin Nightgowns Pressed Closely Together**

Ethan felt deeply aware of his grave mistake and awkwardly looked at Juliana.

"Madam, I'm really sorry. President Grant asked me to bring Old Mr. Sutton to the hospital to see you, but as soon as we reached the hospital entrance, we ran into Miss Grant. Miss Grant said Ms. Windsor's condition was more serious, so..."

He found the rest of the words too embarrassing to say.

But Juliana completed the sentence for him.

"You couldn't do anything about it and could only let her take the doctor scheduled for me. You failed to complete President Grant's task and hope I'll speak to him on your behalf?"

I am very sorry, Madam," Ethan said guiltily.

"Sister-in-law, don't blame Assistant Carter."

Old Mr. Sutton had left, and Stella stood righteously in front of Ethan.

"It's my fault for worrying about my mom. If you want to blame someone, blame me."

When it comes to winning hearts, it's still Stella Grant.

Juliana raised her eyebrows, "Why would I blame you? You can act recklessly in front of me; isn't it because of Evan Grant?"

At this moment, Evan's call came in, and Juliana answered it.

"Did you see the doctor? What did Old Mr. Sutton say?"

Juliana glanced at Ethan, her tone calm, "No, he already left."

Evan was infuriated.

"Juliana, I asked you to see the doctor for your own good. Do you have to act so childishly and use your body against me? When will you stop being so immature?"

Juliana hung up on him, ignored the two, and left the hospital.

She worked overtime at Aetherflame Dynamics until after ten o'clock before returning to Platinum Bay.

Unexpectedly, the living room was brightly lit.

Evan sat on the sofa, while Stella and Ethan stood, looking somewhat nervous.

Juliana gave them a cold glance and was about to go upstairs when Evan called her to a halt.

"Why didn't you explain what happened this afternoon over the phone?"

Juliana paused, turned around to look at him, "Has President Grant already made up his mind? Would he accept my childish retort?"

Evan's expression subtly changed.

Ethan quickly said: "Madam, it's all my fault. We've rescheduled with Old Mr. Sutton, and you can see him in two months at most."

Two months, by then the preserved vegetables would have gone bad.

Juliana didn't even look at him, but continued to stare at Evan.

"So you're making your assistant take the fall again?"

Evan was dissatisfied and got up to walk towards her.

"Ethan will have six months of performance deductions and stay on probation for three months. Stella already recognizes her mistake and is now very remorseful. She can't have any emotional upheavals. If you're still dissatisfied, tell me. As long as I can fulfill it, I will."

Juliana's eyes were full of sarcasm: "Sorry, I thought you stopped me from going upstairs to make them apologize to me. I didn't realize you were warning me not to upset your dear sister. Got it, love show over. Can I say goodnight now?"

"Juliana!" Evan was a bit exasperated, "What do you want to stop this drama?"

See, once again it's all her fault.

Juliana's lips curled, but her smile didn't reach her eyes.

"Let your sister get out, and I'll stop."

Evan's jaw tightened into a sharp line, and the air pressure around him dropped to freezing point.

Suddenly, Stella rushed towards Juliana and knelt down in front of her with a thud.

"Sister-in-law, it's all my fault. My father is already gone, and my mom is my only family. I'm worried about her and hope Old Mr. Sutton's diagnosis could offer her new hope. Who knew that Old Mr. Sutton diagnosed it as terminal, using it as an excuse not to prescribe her any treatment. I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Don't blame my brother and stop fighting with him. The person he loves is you, don't make him sad anymore."

Her slender shoulders trembled slightly, her eyelashes still holding tears, like a drenched fledgling.

But Juliana's attitude was extremely cold.

"Miss Grant's illness is quite peculiar, with my husband as your antidote, and it acts up right at the crack of our marriage, with tears flowing as if installed with a valve, controllable at will."

"Juliana!" Darkness surged in Evan's eyes, "She's apologizing to you, how could you be so malicious?"

"Brother, don't talk to sister-in-law like that, don't argue because of me."

Stella cried while persuading him, Evan bent down to help her up.

Juliana's eyes were full of derision, "I wondered why President Grant has become more irritable towards me lately, turns out to be stained by your sister's tangerine fragrance."

Evan was stunned.

Juliana went upstairs, her soles struck a series of cold and stiff tones on the marble stairs.

She thought the matter would just pass like that, but unexpectedly at three in the morning, Juliana was woken up by a suppressed, intermittent crying.

The sound was coming from the window ledge of the guest room.

Initially, Juliana didn't want to care, but the crying did not cease. Instead, it escalated into severe retching and dull thumping sounds of a body against furniture.

Juliana's heart sank deeply. She had always been skeptical of Stella having depression based solely on her character, thinking Stella was just pretending.

But the earlier commotion was indeed a bit frightening...

Unable to resist the inherent kindness, she turned over and got up, intending to go out and check.

Just as she stepped out, the study's door also opened, with Evan appearing at the door in his flimsy sleepwear.

The two locked eyes, and from the guest room came a loud "boom," causing Evan to stride over and knock on the door.

"Stella, open the door, quickly open the door."

However, there was no response from inside.

"Break the door down, she won't come out. Just shouting won't help."

Juliana was calm as if she were emotionless metal.

Evan glanced at her, retracted his gaze, and continued glaring at the closed door.

"Stella, I'm going to kick the door, don't stand behind it, do you hear me?"

After shouting, he listened closely to the sounds inside, and his gaze darkened unusually.

With a "bang," the door lock broke, and Evan turned on the light, striding inside.

The guest room was in chaos.

Stella, dressed in a sexy blue camisole dress, stood amidst the fallen furniture, her long hair disheveled, bending over with a knife pressed against her wrist.

She shook her head desperately, muttering over and over: "No, you're a curse, they all don't want you, you create rifts between brother and sister-in-law, and you're just faking illness, rotten, utterly rotten..."

Juliana furrowed her brow.

Her words directly mirrored the mockeries she had made towards Stella mere hours ago.

Whether or not it was a genuine case of depression tonight, these words would be enough to evoke even deeper resentment from Evan towards her.

"Stella, look at me, put the knife down."

Evan's voice startled Stella.

"Brother, don't worry about me, sister-in-law... sister-in-law will scold me... I'm in so much pain, let me die, and I'll be happy."

Evan frowned, clearly hurt by Stella's words.

With lightning speed, he pounced, grasping Stella's wrist holding the knife, his grip so tight that his knuckles turned white.

And due to the pain, Stella relinquished her hold.

Her body went limp, and Evan, without the slightest hesitation, embraced her.

Yes, right in front of Juliana.

Evan and another woman, two thin nightgowns intimately pressed together, fracturing the last crumb of decency.