

## **Panicking 271**

Chapter 271: You Ruined My Reputation, I'll Make You Lose Face!

"Why, do you also think it's wrong for me to show her what kind of person she adopted? In your eyes, Isabelle Sinclair is so noble, so pure, so untouchable?"

Raine Kane was somewhat losing control of her emotions, speaking to Elias Langley with a less than friendly tone.

However, the man stretched out his long arms and pulled her into his embrace.

"There's nothing wrong with that, but Mrs. Sinclair has spent much effort on Isabelle over the years. Getting her to accept Isabelle's true nature will be difficult."

The man's voice was deep and husky, soothing her tumultuous emotions like a balm.

"It's my fault for not giving you a peaceful place at home. Now that there's an opportunity, I'll handle Gregory Dalton and his wife's matter as soon as possible."

Upon hearing this, Raine's nose felt sore, and she couldn't help but let her tears fall.

"I'll do it myself."

She mumbled, wiping her tears on his tailored suit.

Elias Langley chuckled, "Hmm, with you managing this home, I'm quite at ease. But..."

He changed the subject, his calm face quietly turning slightly red.

"I ate your wine-braised pork, and now I'm quite excited. Mrs. Langley must be responsible for tonight's actions."

After speaking, he lifted her up.

He knew the meat was problematic yet still ate two pieces for her, fulfilling her plan and protecting her well-being.

A surge of warmth mixed with bitterness welled up in Raine's heart, and she wrapped her arms around his neck, burying her face in it.

The next morning, Susan arrived.

Mrs. Sinclair meant what she said, using April Wallace and her daughter angering her as an excuse to fire the entire family.

Since Elias Langley didn't step in, April Wallace couldn't throw a fit and threaten him, turning Raine's collision with her daughter into a public attack against him.

But she wasn't easy to deal with either, sitting in the courtyard and wailing loudly.

Susan had her ways of dealing with such people.

"Now that you're dismissed, you and your husband can still receive three months' salary. With your resume from working at Langley Manor, finding the next decent employer should be easy. But if you insist on distorting the truth and slandering the family, I'll make sure you're not only ruined in Kingsford but also disgraced back home, with nowhere to go."

April Wallace was stunned by Susan's words.

But she didn't want to be chased away like this. If she left Langley Manor, her daughter would have no chance to contact Elias Langley anymore.

"My daughter's injured, and Mr. Langley personally promised she could stay at the manor to recover. You can't just kick us out."

At this moment, Raine leisurely walked out from under the porch.

"He promised your daughter recovery, out of morality before the accident responsibility was confirmed. Now the conclusion is out, and we only need to bear twenty percent of the responsibility, so there's no need to keep you here any longer."

April Wallace widened her eyes, sharply saying, "Only twenty percent! What kind of conclusion is that? I haven't seen anything!"

Raine expected her reaction and signaled to Lena Kane.

Lena promptly handed a document with a bright stamp to April Wallace.

"Here's the report from the traffic police department, black and white, with the red stamp. Shall I read it to you?"

April Wallace stared at the prominent stamp and conclusion, her face turning pale as her lips quivered, still wanting to argue.

Gregory Dalton, who had been silent behind her, couldn't stand it anymore. He tugged her sleeve forcefully, whispering:

"Let it go, April. Don't make a scene. People like Mr. Langley are beyond our reach. Why not make some money and go back home to live peacefully?"

"You know nothing, useless good-for-nothing!"

April Wallace was both embarrassed and annoyed, scolding her husband before turning her focus back to Raine.

"Mrs. Langley is quite skillful, we can't play against you, but if you want us to leave, you should at least compensate us for Lena's medical expenses, nutrition costs, and mental damages."

Raine knew she would ask for a huge compensation, so she immediately had Lena Kane show a vehicle repair bill list in front of her eyes.

The long string of numbers at the end made April Wallace gasp.

The money was probably unreachable for a household like theirs even if they saved up for a lifetime.

Lena Kane smiled, "The vehicle's repair costs plus your daughter's twisted ankle treatment, costing 300, divided according to responsibility, you need to bear eighty percent."

April Wallace's face lost its color instantly.

Raine said emotionlessly, "Considering you once helped my husband, I won't take the petty change, just round it up."

April Wallace's vision darkened, almost unable to stand steadily.

Gregory Dalton was in panic, pleading repeatedly, "Ma'am, please have mercy, how can we ever afford to pay this?"

Raine looked at the couple with ashen faces, slowly saying, "If you can't afford it, you can sign an installment repayment agreement, using your future wages to offset monthly; or... go to jail. You choose."

In the end, the Wallace family was forced to press their fingerprints on a heavy compensation agreement.

The Dalton couple not only lost their well-paying job at Langley Manor but also carried a debt possibly unpayable in their lifetime.

Watching their sorry figures leave, Raine instructed Lena Kane, "In the future, donate the monthly repayment amounts to the orphanage."

Lena Kane, "Understood."

Susan looked at Raine, with an air of arrogance.

"Miss Jacobs is smart, but you should use it correctly. Last night's incident, Mrs. Langley won't pursue for Mr. Langley's sake, but you should watch yourself."

Raine laughed lightly, "Borrowing your hand to clear the stage, once the show is over, you should step down promptly, why still consider yourself a star?"

Susan's face turned rigid, her lips pressed into a tight line, finally walking away with some suppressed anger.

Once her figure disappeared at the courtyard gate, Lena Kane stepped forward, quietly saying, "The Sinclair Family has already decided to start disciplining Third Miss Sinclair."

Raine raised an eyebrow, "Decided now? Did they truly not train her well before?"

"I heard Mrs. Sinclair paid a huge sum to hire an image management consultant specializing in serving socialites to correct her behavior. There's also a well-known psychological counselor, apparently to help channel her 'emotional problems.' It's quite a show, seems they want to reshape her public image."

Raine sneered, "Reshape her well, then push her to my husband?"

Lena Kane thought Mrs. Sinclair might indeed have this motive.

She lowered her voice and asked, "Should we continue actions against Third Miss Sinclair?"

Raine fell silent for a moment, her gaze sweeping over the roses in the courtyard, gradually drawing up the sharpness in her eyes.

"My husband is ultimately closely connected to the Sinclair Family, before I came back..."

She choked.

"...They were supposed to get married. If I act too extremely, it would put him in a difficult position, my man suffers in-between. I'll be kind once more, as long as Isabelle Sinclair knows what it means to have limits."

Back?

Lena Kane raised her eyebrows in confusion but didn't ask further.

...

Although the core team was initially established, the work of setting up The Innovation Hub was still overwhelming, making Raine busy nonstop.

She focused on establishing this new base quickly, having already put previous unpleasantness with April Wallace and Isabel Sinclair out of her mind.

However, a few days later in the afternoon, Raine Kane returned to the company after going out.

Lena Kane was going to park the car, while Raine stepped into the lobby alone.

Little did she know, just as she passed the glass door, Isabel Sinclair jumped out from behind a scenic plant.

"Bitch, you ruined my image! I'll make you ashamed to face anyone!"

With her shrill curses, a compact yet sturdy Sheep Horn Hammer swiftly aimed at Raine Kane's face.

Everything happened too suddenly, leaving Raine in shock with no time to think. Her body instinctively shielded her face with her bag!

The hammer struck the bag, cushioning much of the force, but the heavy head still hit her temple.

A wave of sharp pain surged, and warm liquid instantly flowed down her temples.

Raine felt her vision black out, collapsing weakly...

Chapter 272: She Really Has Remembered

At this moment, Raine Kane, sensing something was wrong, rushed in from outside and kicked Isabelle away.

Isabelle, having been pampered all her life, had never endured such a heavy blow.

She immediately cried out in pain, and the sheep horn hammer in her hand flew out as she collided heavily with a stone pillar not far behind her, sliding to the ground, silenced.

"Juliana!"

Raine quickly helped Juliana Jacobs up.

Warm blood was seeping continuously from Juliana's temple, quickly staining her sleeve red.

Raine hastily took a towel handed to her by a colleague, pressing it against the wound.

Within just ten seconds, Juliana struggled to open her eyes.

But the intense pain and dizziness were like overwhelming waves, leaving her unable to distinguish what day it was.

The feeling of suffocating despair from when she was 12 was as clear as if it were happening at this moment.

Her dilated pupils had no focus as she grabbed Raine's arm and pleaded brokenly, "I don't want to drown, Elias Langley, save me..."

With that, she tilted her head and fell into a coma again.

At the hospital, outside the emergency room.

Elias Langley arrived as Juliana was still being resuscitated, and Raine came up to him.

"I'm sorry, sir, I thought Juliana would be safe in the company, who knew Third Miss Sinclair was lurking in the hall."

"Where were the security guards? How was she able to walk in with a hammer so brazenly?"

Elias's voice was clearly holding back anger.

Zachary York quickly stepped forward, whispering, "The Innovation Hub is still in the preparation stage, and security measures aren't perfect yet. The security equipment was scheduled to be installed tomorrow, which allowed Third Miss Sinclair to exploit the gap."

Elias closed his eyes, his lowered hand clenched into a fist.

Raine hesitated for a moment, then added softly, "Sir, before Juliana fell unconscious, she woke up for a few seconds and said something very strange."

Elias looked at her coldly.

"Juliana said... she didn't want to drown and asked you to save her."

These words struck a dull pain in Elias's chest.

She had indeed remembered.

To protect her father, a chip expert, he had to put her in danger.

And even though she knew it was his choice, she still believed in him at the last moment of despair.

Her kindness and unconditional trust fractured his heart.

"Sir, Third Miss Sinclair is also in the ward. She's awake now, and Mrs. Sinclair is on her way. Do you want to see her?" Zachary asked.

"Bring her..." Elias breathed heavily, taking a long time to calm down, "bring her here!"

Zachary was stunned momentarily but then led the people away.

Within two minutes, Isabelle was dragged from the VIP ward to the door of the emergency room.

"Elias, they're being so rough with me. Please save me."

Isabelle wasn't used to being treated like this, and when she saw Elias, she sought his help.

However, Elias watched her thrown in front of him with an expressionless face.

Isabelle clung tightly to his shoe, curling up at his feet.

At this moment, the emergency room door opened, and a doctor came out, nodding slightly towards Elias.

"Madam's temple suffered a blunt heavy blow, preliminarily diagnosed as a moderate concussion accompanied by a noticeable scalp hematoma and localized soft tissue injuries. The cranial CT shows a slight subarachnoid hemorrhage. Although the bleeding has currently stopped on its own, the aftermath of the concussion and any other neurological impacts must be assessed further after the patient regains consciousness..."

"You're lying!" Isabelle interrupted the doctor, "I just tapped her lightly; how could it be so serious? Did she pay you to say this?"

"Isabelle Sinclair!"

Elias gritted her name through his teeth, his tone eerily calm.

Isabelle shuddered, letting go of his pant leg and moving back two or three meters.

"Since you think it wasn't hard, let's have you experience a hammer blow properly and then tell me if it's heavy."

After speaking, Elias instructed those who came with him to take Isabelle away for handling.

Isabelle's face turned pale, emitting a sharp and piercing scream, "No, Mom save me, Mom save me..."

At this time, Mrs. Sinclair arrived just in time.

"Let her go!"

Under Mrs. Sinclair's reprimand, Isabelle was released.

She crawled and rolled forward, holding onto Mrs. Sinclair, sobbing uncontrollably.

"Mom, Elias is going to kill me for that woman..."

Mrs. Sinclair patted her adopted daughter's back lovingly, looking at Elias with a very strong gaze.

"I didn't teach her well, I'll be responsible, but you don't have the right to harm my daughter."

Elias's eyes gradually reddened, and he spoke to Mrs. Sinclair in an icy tone.

"But... if the person in critical condition inside the emergency room were your daughter, would you also say this to me?"

Mrs. Sinclair was shocked, pushing Isabelle away and taking two steps forward.

"What are you saying? You mean... you mean..."

Elias restrained his surging emotions and spoke again with a cold voice, "It's just a hypothetical."

For some reason, Mrs. Sinclair quietly breathed a sigh of relief.

"Elias, you were born under my father's care, and then grew up in the Sinclair Family. We have a bond that's almost closer than family, but now your Mr. Sinclair..."

Mrs. Sinclair's nose twitched, a sob choking her throat.

"Your Mr. Sinclair likes Isabelle the most. Considering that my husband and I treated you like a son all these years, forgive Isabelle. I promise to discipline her properly."

Elias became rigid due to her words.

He closed his eyes as scenes from the Sinclair Family's past flashed through his mind, ultimately pausing on the memory from this morning when Juliana, while helping him tie his tie, complained that they hadn't had dinner together for days and said it was bad for their relationship, urging him to come home early tonight.

When he opened his eyes again, there was only a bleak chill in them.

"Mrs. Sinclair..."

No longer addressing her as "teacher's wife," a more distant title was used.

"I, Elias Langley, am a person who values relationships and loyalty. The kindness you and Mr. Sinclair showed me is remembered in my heart. But I am also Juliana's husband. Protecting her is my foremost responsibility and my bottom line. Isabelle crossed it."

His voice had no warmth, as if he was making an irrevocable decision.

"If today, you want to use this 'affection' to spare her, I cannot refuse. But you must know, once it's used, that affection will be exhausted."

Mrs. Sinclair's eyes turned red.

She opened her mouth several times, yet her throat felt choked by something.

After a long pause, she struggled to calm her emotions before speaking softly, "Elias, this matter is my fault, and I apologize. I will take Isabelle back to discipline her sternly, and when Juliana awakens, I will personally bring Isabelle to apologize."

Elias looked at the red-lit emergency room door, not responding to her words.

That night, in the intensive care ward.

Juliana finally broke free from the endless darkness, slowly opening her eyes.

Almost simultaneously, Elias placed her hand against his cheek.

"You're awake... Does anything feel uncomfortable? Does your head still hurt?"

His voice was hoarse beyond recognition.

Juliana's weak gaze lingered on his anxious face for a long time, her eyes hollow and confused, as if veiled by fog.

Elias feared she had lost her memory again, his heart tightening, "Don't you recognize me?"

Juliana slowly closed her eyes, taking a while to gather the strength, before calling out, "Elias Langley."

The man's hanging heart was just about to rest when he heard her continuing with difficulty, despite the dryness in her throat, "I... I can't see with my left eye."

Chapter 273: I Have No Right to Forgive Anyone for You

In Elias Langley's eyes, always steady and calm, there first flickered a trace of unbelievable horror, quickly drowned by overwhelming discomfort.

But all of this was just fleeting, forcibly calmed down by him.

He was her backbone, her dependence, he could not let her feel despair.

"It's okay," he gently brushed her fairly neat bangs, "the doctor said this might happen, but it won't last too long."

Upon hearing this, Juliana Jacobs's anxious brow indeed relaxed.

"Is that so? It almost scared me to death."

Elias Langley kissed the back of her hand and called the doctor.

By the time the examination was over, it was already late at night, Juliana Jacobs had a strong concussion response and fell asleep before the examination was completed.

Her current primary issue is blindness in her left eye.

However, the doctor mentioned this is likely temporary functional loss caused by hematoma pressure. The key is to see after 48 hours, when the hematoma begins to dissipate, how the optic nerve function recovers to determine if there is irreversible damage, and the final degree of vision restoration.

The news isn't the worst, but Elias Langley's jaw remained tense.

At this moment, Raine Kane stepped out of the darkness.

"When Miss Jacobs was admitted and yesterday evening, there were two groups of people attempting to collect her biological samples, but they didn't succeed."

Elias Langley's eyes darkened.

Raine Kane continued, "The bloodstains left when she was injured yesterday in the company lobby, we cleaned them up immediately. After her admission, from emergency to examination, all the medical staff who interacted with her were our people, so there's absolutely no risk of her biological samples being leaked."

"Two groups of people?" Elias Langley's gaze swept past the door of the ward, sighed, "Since they haven't given up, why bother?"

Raine Kane was full of questions, not understanding his words.

At this moment, Sinclair Manor.

Marcus Sinclair rushed back from outside, Susan opened the door.

After entering, he slightly bowed to Mrs. Sinclair, who was seated.

"Miss Jacobs has woken, but... her left eye is blind."

Susan couldn't believe it, "Blind? Is it that severe? Are the doctors exaggerating the condition?"

"Susan!" Mrs. Sinclair's expression turned stern, stopping her.

Susan quickly said, "Madam, I'm concerned about the Third Miss Sinclair. If she is blind, once Juliana pursues this, things will get tricky."

Mrs. Sinclair no longer looked at her, turning her gaze to Marcus Sinclair, "Where are the items I asked you to get?"

Marcus Sinclair looked troubled, "Son-in-law is highly vigilant, and the attending doctor and nurses are all his people. All of Miss Jacobs's biological samples were destroyed on-site after necessary testing, I had no chance at all. Even the news about her blindness was found out after great effort."

Mrs. Sinclair hummed, "Protected so comprehensively... it seems he has deep feelings for her."

"But the doctor said the blindness might be temporary." Marcus Sinclair said.

Susan's tone carried discontent upon hearing this.

"Son-in-law did marry the Eldest Miss's status, this affection, he placed it wrongly."

"Don't say that." Mrs. Sinclair frowned.

"Madam," Susan defended Isabelle Sinclair, "our investigation showed that Juliana entered the orphanage at 13 and was adopted by the Linton Family, while the Eldest Miss disappeared at 12, a time difference of one year, she couldn't possibly be the Eldest Miss. Besides, if she were, she would've long since possessed..."

"Enough!" Mrs. Sinclair's expression suddenly darkened.

Susan promptly shut her mouth.

Marcus Sinclair pondered for a while, softly said, "Son-in-law tends to spread mist in his dealings, making it hard for people to see clearly. But this time his high-profile protection of Miss Jacobs seems to deliberately invite speculation."

Mrs. Sinclair raised a hand to rub her throbbing temple, an exhaustion swept over her.

"Perhaps... she really isn't."

As the words fell, an indescribable bitterness silently spread.

"Maybe, I should accept reality. There aren't really that many miracles in this world."

...

Juliana woke again the next afternoon.

The concussion symptoms made her unable to eat anything.

Fortunately, she had Elias Langley's patient company.

Until the third day did her condition improve.

The left eye regained some light perception, but objects remained blurred.

Seeing her still lacking appetite, Elias Langley conjured a bag of preserved orange peel, picked a piece, cautiously handed it to her lips.

"Try this."

Juliana ate a piece, a sweetness and sourness spread in her mouth, indeed sparking a bit of appetite.

Seeing her reaction, Elias Langley immediately picked up the nearby warm chicken porridge, blew on half a spoon carefully to cool it, and then fed it to her lips.

"Be good, you have to eat to get better."

With a mouthful of warm porridge, Juliana felt her blood circulating through her body.

After finishing a bowl of porridge, she finally fully awoke, followed by a strong hunger.

A bowl of porridge was hardly enough to sate her empty stomach.

As if seeing through her thoughts, Elias Langley gently touched her forehead, and then softly stopped her.

"Two days without food, today you should eat less and more often. Bear with it, there are more good things later."

Look, that's just how he is.

Managing her meticulously in every aspect.

Therefore, as a child, Juliana once half complained and half depended on him with a nickname—'Controller.'

Whenever he wouldn't allow her to do something she longed for, she would call him that to his face.

"Elias Langley..."

The man was focused on wiping her hand, responding softly, "Hmm?"

Juliana's lips pursed, determinedly said, "I want to report to the police, get an injury assessment."

Elias Langley continued his action, only after thoroughly cleaning each of her fingers did he slowly put down the towel, handing her a phone.

Juliana's gaze locked onto him, "This time, I won't let Isabelle Sinclair off."

Elias Langley gently held her in his arms, "My entanglement with the Sinclair Family is my business. Mrs. Sinclair pleaded, wanting me not to do anything to Isabelle Sinclair, I can't refuse, I agreed, but it's me, not you. I have no right to forgive anyone on your behalf."

This time Isabelle Sinclair's behavior amounts to intentional injury.

Juliana originally thought Elias Langley would say something superficially supportive, actually advising her to weigh the pros and cons, unexpectedly he was so unabashed.

She no longer hesitated, firmly dialed the police.

Elias Langley solemnly watched from the side, listening to her communicate with the authorities, her voice calm, the narrative coherent and unrushed, the heaviness lingering in his eyes gradually eased, secretly letting out a breath.

At this moment, Raine Kane came in, reporting: "Mr. Paxton and his wife have arrived."

Elias Langley didn't speak; the decision to see them rested with Juliana, not him.

Juliana pondered for two seconds, "Let them in."

Raine Kane was about to leave, Elias Langley stated, "About Isabelle Sinclair, my wife has already reported to the police, but she needs to rest, so follow-up tasks are for you to oversee."

Raine Kane was momentarily stunned, nodded, "Understood."

In less than two minutes, Sean Paxton entered with his wife, carrying gifts.

"How's my sister-in-law feeling now?"

Sean Paxton wore an appropriately concerned expression, his gaze first turning to the bedridden Juliana.

Rather than calling her "President Jacobs" or "Mrs. Langley," he affectionately called her "sister-in-law," showing how deep his relationship with Elias Langley was.

Chapter 274: Since She Has Regained Her Memory, Why Does She Remain Silent Toward Him?

"Thank you for Mr. Paxton's concern, I'm not seriously hurt."

Seeing Juliana Jacobs was in good spirits, Sean Paxton turned to Elias Langley.

"I just heard the news myself. Isabelle, after all, was pampered and raised by the Sinclair family, which makes her a bit reckless. If communication is needed, I can step in with the Sinclairs. Right now, it's crucial to ensure that your wife gets the best care possible. This must be handled properly."

His words were also a way of letting Juliana Jacobs know that he was closely connected with the Sinclair family.

Juliana chuckled softly and continued the conversation.

"Mr. Paxton is indeed very enthusiastic. One moment you're like family with the Sinclairs, and the next you're like a brother to my husband. Everyone in the world seems to be half a family to you. When will you finally piece together a complete family of your own?"

Sean Paxton was taken aback by her words and then laughed.

"Sis-in-law, you have a great sense of humor. Elias has strong ties with the Sinclairs, and as a friend, I naturally don't want him to fall out with them over anything. That would make him seem heartless and ungrateful. If sis-in-law feels I'm being intrusive, I'll step back."

"Sean, you've misunderstood something."

Elias Langley walked over to the hospital bed and adjusted Juliana's pillow.

"Once a man has a family, his loyalty should first and foremost be to his own family. If he can't protect his wife and lets her suffer unjustly on his own turf, that would be the greatest betrayal."

Sean Paxton didn't expect Elias Langley to defend Juliana so staunchly.

His expression stiffened momentarily, and Mrs. Paxton changed the subject.

"Oh, you're always so concerned about things. Don't you know what kind of man Elias is? He'll handle things properly."

As she spoke, Mrs. Paxton took an elegantly packaged food box from the gifts they brought and handed it to Juliana.

"These are Osmanthus Pine Nut Candies from that famous old shop in the south of the city. The flavor is exceptionally pure and can't be found elsewhere. Since we passed by today, I suggested buying a box for you to try. My husband said it seemed stingy, but I really felt a connection with you and wanted to share something I cherish. I hope you won't find it presumptuous."

Elias Langley looked at the box of pine nut candies, his gaze turning dark.

Osmanthus Pine Nut Candy was Helena Sinclair's favorite. Even during her last outing with Sebastian Sinclair, she had a box in her luggage.

It seemed Sean Paxton still hadn't given up on Juliana's identity.

Juliana looked at the neatly arranged candies in the box and naturally picked up a small piece to taste.

"Truly delicious."

After saying this, she turned to Elias Langley.

"With such delicious things in Kingsford, why haven't you bought them for me?"

Her eyes were filled with surprise, and that expression seemed anything but an act.

Elias Langley reached out to touch her back, "Aren't you going to blame me when you gain weight?"

Juliana took another small bite of the candy, confidently retorting, "If I get fat, it's because you've spoiled me. Shouldn't you be blamed?"

Hearing this, Elias Langley laughed "bitterly", "Okay, okay, it's all my fault."

As they spoke, Juliana had already finished one piece, and as she reached for a second, Elias Langley stopped her: "Your stomach hasn't fully recovered, you can only have one piece."

Though reluctant, Juliana "grudgingly" put the candy down.

The entire interaction was natural and intimate, with no trace of a performance.

Mrs. Paxton glanced at her husband, feeling he had given up, and placed the box on the bedside.

"Mr. Langley is right, Mrs. Langley is still recovering; it's better to be moderate with such things."

Sean Paxton realized his probing wouldn't progress further, so he stood up, uttered some polite words about getting well soon, and prepared to leave.

At this moment, Raine Kane knocked on the door and reported: "Sir, Madam, Mrs. Sinclair has brought Third Miss Sinclair to apologize."

Before Elias Langley could respond and ignoring the presence of others, Juliana took the lead, her voice cold and uncompromising.

"Don't see them. If they have anything to say, let them talk to the police."

Sean Paxton glanced at Elias Langley in surprise, finding his expression unchanged and even approving.

Tearing up relations with the Sinclair family for a woman firmly cemented Juliana Jacobs's unshakable position in Elias Langley's heart.

Sean Paxton suppressed his inner turmoil, putting on a flawless polite smile, and nodded, "In that case, we won't disturb you any further. Elias, sis-in-law, do take care. We'll visit again another day."

With that, he and Mrs. Paxton calmly exited the hospital room.

As the door closed, Elias Langley's gaze returned to the beautifully packaged box of candies on the bedside, his eyes deep as he softly said, "You like it so much you won't even hide it?"

Juliana followed his gaze, realizing he was referring to the candies, or perhaps something else.

She met his gaze with composure, "It's truly delicious. Without any ulterior motives, there's nothing to hide."

Looking at her calm yet distant expression, Elias Langley smiled faintly.

The concussion's aftereffects hadn't fully dissipated, and as fatigue set in, Juliana began to feel a slight headache.

Elias Langley took away her cushion, laying her down flat.

"Rest for a while. Don't see anyone else today."

Juliana nodded, and before long, she drifted off to sleep.

Elias Langley couldn't help but want to touch her cheek but hesitated.

Since she had regained her memories, why had she remained silent about it to him?

Was she afraid he coveted that item, or was it because she couldn't forgive him for choosing to save his father over her, thus using silence to punish everyone involved?

Hospital parking lot.

As soon as the car door closed, Sean Paxton's seemingly affable smile vanished.

Mrs. Paxton cautiously observed his expression and whispered, "I've done all I could; her reaction doesn't quite resemble Helena Sinclair."

Sean Paxton let out a cold snort, his voice carrying a barely perceptible irritation.

"Isabelle is useless, and Florence is a semi-skilled player who can't even play the game. You all are incapable of accomplishing anything but ruining everything, making me weary."

Mrs. Paxton bowed her head, not daring to speak.

The assistant in the front seat quietly inquired, "Should we continue investigating Miss Jacobs's background?"

Hearing this, Sean Paxton became agitated.

"We've already investigated her past in Kenton and Arlan City. Although she's similar in age to Helena Sinclair, there's nearly a year's discrepancy in her whereabouts, so she's not the Sinclair family's heiress. Who knows what Uncle is thinking, insisting on further probing."

He leaned back in the seat, closed his eyes, and rubbed his temples.

"I'll talk to the old man about it later and see what he decides."

A few days later, Juliana's left eye hadn't fully recovered, but she was ready to be discharged.

During her hospital stay, Mrs. Sinclair brought Audrey Sinclair to visit three times, only to be refused, and even Auden Hughes's visitation request was declined.

The matters concerning The Innovation Hub's establishment proceeded without delay, under Caleb Shaw's supervision.

Elias Langley took Juliana home, and shortly after, Raine Kane came to report, "Juliana, there's been some change in Isabelle's case."

Juliana arched an eyebrow at her.

"Mrs. Sinclair personally stepped in, and the police seem lenient, suggesting that if you grant your forgiveness and reach a settlement, the case might be resolved through security mediation."

Raine Kane paused, lowering her voice slightly.

"The Sinclair family rarely uses this kind of influence. Now that they're reaching out, everyone will give some face, so... you should be prepared."

Juliana showed no surprise at these words.

This result had been within her expectations all along.

When she chose to report to the police and bring everything to light, her real goal was never just the naive fantasy of using this charge to lock Isabelle away once and for all.

What she wanted was for Mrs. Sinclair to be thwarted in her meticulous efforts to intervene.

She wanted this so-called good mother to personally cast her precious adoptive daughter into the public's fiery scrutiny, until she was utterly ruined.

And she wanted the noble and perceptive Mrs. Sinclair to see for herself the true nature of the one she was defending at the cost of sullyng her family's reputation, ultimately admitting her blindness and folly.

Thinking of this, a cold gleam flashed in her eyes as she beckoned Raine Kane closer with a finger.

Chapter 275: Giving Her a Sense of Security

"Tell Caleb Shaw that I will attend tomorrow night's inauguration party at The Innovation Hub. Also, make sure Mrs. Sinclair knows this news."

Raine Kane didn't quite understand the implication, but from Juliana's calm tone, she sensed a storm brewing and immediately felt a chill. She lowered her head and said, "Understood, I'll arrange it right away."

After seeing Raine Kane off, Juliana Jacobs looked out the window.

She closed her right eye, and the view outside became a blur. She clenched her fist and then gradually loosened it...

Elias Langley had delayed a lot of work to accompany her in the hospital, working late into the night before returning.

In order not to disturb her, he decided to rest in the study.

Early the next morning, just as he entered the master bedroom, he heard a loud crash from the bathroom.

Rushing in, he found it was Juliana who had broken the rinsing cup.

"Don't move, let me clean it up."

Juliana paused as she was about to pick up a piece of broken porcelain.

Elias Langley crouched down and carefully took the broken piece from her hand, moving the trash can closer.

"Sorry, I wanted to put it away..."

"Go wait for me outside."

Elias Langley interrupted her.

Juliana stood up and went into the bedroom.

When Elias Langley came out after cleaning up, she was still sitting quietly on the edge of the bed, not moving.

The man bypassed her and sat on her left, reaching out to tuck a strand of hair behind her ear.

However, it was only when he touched her hair that her eyes blinked.

Elias Langley pressed his lips together to suppress the surge of emotions within him and said gently, "I will accompany you to rehabilitation therapy; you will definitely recover."

Juliana nodded, her throat too choked to speak, but Elias Langley held her in his arms.

That afternoon, Juliana arrived at The Innovation Hub.

The entire first floor had been set up for the party, and Caleb Shaw was conducting a final inspection before the start.

Seeing her, Caleb Shaw walked over.

"I didn't rush you to work, why not rest more at home?"

Though the wound in her hair was well treated and covered so that it wasn't visible, her slightly pale complexion still revealed her illness.

He had been a doctor and naturally understood the severity of her injuries.

Juliana smiled, "I wanted to install a few cameras."

Caleb Shaw raised an eyebrow, "For such a small thing, couldn't you just have sent me a message?"

"But I also wanted to tell you, no matter what happens tonight, don't be surprised."

Caleb Shaw was startled, then laughed, "As long as you're well, Summer Shaw will be happy. What is there for me to be surprised at?"

Chatting, the two walked towards the lounge area.

In the evening, as the host, Juliana arrived early, dressed in an evening gown.

On such occasions, Elias Langley was naturally there to support his wife.

Juliana, still recovering from her injuries, didn't persist for long before a faint headache set in.

"Go rest for a while." Elias Langley pulled her into his embrace.

"But there are still guests..."

Elias Langley smiled softly, "Can't I represent you?"

Juliana laughed at his words.

The image of such a prominent figure greeting guests at the entrance on her behalf struck her as both amusing and a bit guilt-inducing.

Yet it was precisely this willingness to "stoop" for her in small matters that gave her the deepest sense of security.

"Thank you, dear husband."

This term "husband" pleased Elias Langley greatly.

With a look, he summoned Raine Kane.

Raine Kane caught on and helped Juliana go to rest.

Just as they turned, Mrs. Sinclair walked in with her adopted daughter.

Passing through the security scanner, the device didn't alarm.

The sharpness in Elias Langley's eyes dissipated.

"Elias, I didn't receive an invitation. You won't shut me out, will you?" Mrs. Sinclair said.

A composed, polite smile appeared on Elias Langley's face.

"How could I? You've always lived a reclusive life. It's an honor to have you at Aetherflame's party. Welcome, welcome."

Mrs. Sinclair listened to his family-like tone with Juliana and her mouth twitched slightly.

He used to be like family with the Sinclair Family.

"You haven't visited Mr. Sinclair for several days, have you?"

Elias Langley nodded frankly, "Juliana was hospitalized, I couldn't leave. Didn't you know?"

Mrs. Sinclair was taken aback by his words.

Caleb Shaw conveniently stepped forward, "Welcome, Mrs. Sinclair. Please come inside."

It was only then that Mrs. Sinclair nodded and led Isabelle Sinclair inside.

Tonight's guests weren't actually complicated; they were all leading figures in Kingsford's industry, and even Sean Paxton wasn't qualified to be invited.

Raine Kane assisted Juliana into the lounge.

As soon as the door closed, she hurriedly advanced and whispered, "April Wallace and her daughter have sneaked in as our party's waitstaff; they might be up to something big tonight."

Juliana, sitting on the sofa rubbing her forehead, lifted her eyelids gently upon hearing this.

"Still not giving up?"

Raine Kane lowered her voice a bit, "Lena Dalton has drugs on her, targeting Mr. Langley."

Juliana was momentarily stunned, then suddenly laughed.

"I was just about to deal with Isabelle Sinclair, and she's willing to act as the gun—a perfect setup coming right to me. Is my luck finally changing for the better for such a good thing to happen?"

Raine Kane, enlightened by her, chuckled with delight.

"Sounds fun, quickly tell me what will you do?"

...

At this moment, April Wallace and her daughter were smugly stationed in the temporary logistics area.

They had infiltrated by applying to an outsourced service company with fake IDs. The process went smoothly, and no one suspected a thing.

However, Lena Dalton was a bit nervous.

"Mom, will Mr. Langley drink this wine?"

"Just do as I say, it will definitely work."

April Wallace reassured her excitedly.

"I've already bribed a waiter. After you give Mr. Langley the drugged wine, he will 'accidentally' soil his clothes, prompting him to go to the lounge to change. At that time, be proactive... soon we'll have endless glory and wealth."

Lena Dalton nodded, adjusted her tie, and prepared to serve at the front.

April Wallace stopped her, "Did you take the fertility drug? Try to conceive tonight."

Lena Dalton whispered shyly, "I took it as the instructions said, on the way here."

"If you can secure the man in one stroke, Mr. Langley will definitely value you even more than Juliana. By then, as your mother-in-law, I'll be stepping out in a luxury car, with eight bodyguards, and an entire house full of Chanel bags, changing one every day."

"Mom, the ceremony is about to start; Mr. Langley is alone now, we're running out of time."

Lena Dalton brushed her off, picked up a tray, and headed to the front service area.

By this time, most of the guests had already arrived.

And Elias Langley was in conversation with two friends.

Lena Dalton stifled her excitement and stepped towards him.

Unexpectedly, she was stopped halfway.

It was the head waiter of the night who blocked her.

"There's a lady over there who needs a sugar-free drink; please take one to her."

"But... Mr. Langley specifically requested that I serve him wine."

Lena Dalton quickly came up with an excuse.

The head waiter said displeasably, "Leave the wine here first, take the sugar-free drink over to that lady, then serve Mr. Langley. I'll watch it for you, okay?"

Lena Dalton had no choice and hurried to the logistics area to retrieve a sugar-free drink and deliver it.

Returning to the head waiter's station, she saw the wine untouched, and she breathed a sigh of relief.

She then picked it up and walked towards Elias Langley...

Chapter 276: This Fire Must Burn Isabelle Sinclair

On the other side, Mrs. Sinclair looked around for Juliana with no results, and Isabelle was getting a bit impatient.

"Mom, she's just deliberately avoiding us. Whether she signs the letter of understanding or not, at worst I can hire a lawyer to help me get a lighter sentence."

"What nonsense are you talking!" Mrs. Sinclair was angry, "The Sinclair Family will never allow anyone to have a criminal record! If you really get sentenced, your grandfather will definitely kick you out."

Isabelle felt a bit panicked upon hearing this.

If she loses her status as the adopted daughter of the Sinclair Family, how will she live?

"I'll go and ask around again, see where she is?"

Mrs. Sinclair agreed.

Isabelle wasn't completely stupid; she headed towards the direction of the service area.

The staff there should know Juliana's whereabouts.

But just as she reached the corridor, she heard someone whispering behind the plants nearby, and it turned out to be Raine Kane.

She couldn't help but stop in her tracks.

Raine clearly "didn't realize" someone was eavesdropping, currently pulling Zachary York anxiously.

"Sister Zachary, I swapped Lena Dalton's wine, but I don't know how to handle it. Do you think if we immediately report to Mrs. Sinclair, it will affect tonight's banquet?"

Zachary York said calmly, "What's the point of reporting to Mrs. Sinclair? In such an occasion today, she can only let it go, after all, it hasn't caused substantive harm to Mr. Langley, but..."

Her tone suddenly changed.

"Mr. Langley's in danger; this time Lena is drugging him. Next time, who knows what she'll do? I suspect we might have one more Mrs. Langley to deal with in the future."

Raine said in shock, "What? How can this be? You don't know the faces of April Wallace and her daughter. Letting Lena the petty villain succeed is worse than having Third Miss Sinclair as our boss, right? At least she's a lady from a prestigious family and won't make things difficult for us employees."

Zachary York shook her head, "Today, Third Miss Sinclair restrained herself greatly in front of Mr. Langley; she must be intimidated by Mrs. Sinclair. Actually, even if that intentional injury incident were

reported, whether there's a conviction ultimately, the initiative lies with Mr. Langley. After all, the key evidence was collected at his behest, whether to give it to the police is entirely up to him."

Raine Kane's eyes had a shrewd gleam, "You mean if Third Miss Sinclair has the chance to win over Mr. Langley, she can not only be acquitted but also realize her long-held wish?"

Zachary York sighed regretfully, "It's useless, she has no more fighting spirit. Besides, once Lena Dalton succeeds, with two women looking after Mr. Langley, where will Third Miss Sinclair have the chance in the future? I figure the final result for Third Miss Sinclair is leaving behind a criminal record and being kicked out by the Sinclair Family."

"Then... what a pity. It's just unfortunate for us; having someone like Lena Dalton as the boss in the future, it's unspeakable..."

Raine Kane was dejected.

Zachary York reminded him, "You'd better hide this glass of wine first, talk about it after the banquet."

Raine stuffed the wine glass deep into the dense foliage.

"Keep it here, even a dog wouldn't find it."

Zachary York didn't comment on her actions, "I'm busy, I'm leaving."

After finishing, the two parted ways.

Isabelle went around the back of the plants, took out the wine glass Raine "hid," shook the wine inside, and a fierce expression crossed her face.

"Want to take advantage of my downfall to steal someone from me? Dream on!"

She carried the wine and walked through the hall, ran into a busy floor manager, and directly asked, "Do you have someone named Lena Dalton here?"

The floor manager nodded, "Yes, she's very pretty and well-liked."

Isabelle's heart burned even more.

"Tell her to come to VIP Room Two."

"Okay, miss, please wait."

The floor manager politely left while muttering in a voice Isabelle could hear, "What kind of luck does Lena have, it's one thing for Mr. Langley to like her, but even the wealthy miss specifies her service."

Isabelle nearly crushed the wine glass in her hand.

As for Lena Dalton.

She handed the wine to Elias Langley, who hesitated for a moment before taking it.

"Why are you here?" the man asked in a low voice.

Lena had already prepared what to say.

"Just finding some part-time work, easing my parents' financial burden."

Elias Langley nodded, said nothing more, drank a sip of wine, and continued chatting with friends.

Afterwards, she hid in the shadows, observing Elias Langley's reaction.

The person who sold her the drugs said they'd take effect in twenty minutes.

She checked the time, as the floor manager tapped her shoulder, startling her.

"Why are you slacking here? There's a guest there, go to VIP Room Two, quickly."

"But..."

Lena thought the twenty minutes were almost up. If she didn't comply, it might raise suspicions from the floor manager, so she unwillingly went.

Pushing the door open, there was no one inside.

"Excuse me, who is looking for me?"

As soon as she spoke, Isabelle walked in with a wine glass and locked the door behind her.

"Bitch, aren't you great at seducing rich men? Today I'll let you seduce all you want!"

Lena turned to her and instantly looked terrified!

...

At this time, the inauguration ceremony of The Innovation Hub was taking place in the hall.

Juliana and Caleb stood side by side, completing the unveiling of the hub amidst the witnesses.

As applause soared through the venue, Lena stumbled out from the lounge.

Running while undressing.

By the time the crowd saw her in the hall, she was down to two pieces.

Instinctively, people made space for her, allowing her to spin around wildly.

This was when April Wallace rushed out.

"My daughter, how did you end up like this? Come back with me now."

"Mom," Lena twisted her body, partly confused, partly coherent, "I can't control myself, I want a man."

While speaking, she targeted a strange man at the edge of the crowd.

Immediately she swayed over to him, disregarding even her two-piece, reaching to grab the man.

The man was outraged, kicking her away with a foot.

"I'll sue you for harassment, wait for the subpoena!"

But Lena, kicked down, showed no shame and still tried to get up to seek another.

April Wallace couldn't stand the humiliation, hurriedly grabbed a tablecloth to wrap her daughter up and held her down tightly.

She was deeply horrified.

Wasn't she supposed to drug Mr. Langley?

How did she consume it herself?

But with so many eyes watching now, she dared not ask more, and could only cry, attempting to regain her daughter's sanity.

Strangely enough, ever since it happened, no security came forward to drag them away.

Juliana quietly watched from the crowd, a faint smile on her lips.

Raine Kane subtly approached her from behind, whispering, "When the floor manager sent her to serve drinks, I swapped the wine. So Mr. Langley's glass was clean. However, the drugs Lena brought were of poor quality, so as per your orders, I replaced them with this year's explosive new product, delivered into Isabelle's hands. The floor manager is our person and acted well, I gave him a bonus."

Juliana said lightly, "Zachary also performed well, don't forget her."

Raine Kane nodded in agreement, but seeing Juliana's expression slightly darken, he quickly asked, "Is something else wrong?"

"The fire must spread to Isabelle."

Raine Kane chuckled, "In such matters, naturally I'll do it personally."

Chapter 277: Isabelle Sinclair's Ruin and Disgrace

After speaking, she walked through the crowd, interrupting April Wallace's wailing with sympathy.

"Oh, isn't this Lena Dalton? What did she eat that was dirty and became like this?"

Held by her mother, Lena Dalton was in distress and cried as she pushed, "It was Miss Sinclair... she gave me spiked wine! I... I'd die without a man,"

The crowd buzzed with shock.

"Miss Sinclair? Which Miss Sinclair? Could it be Isabelle Sinclair?"

"Of course it's her, she's the only one who came with Mrs. Sinclair today."

"Oh my, how could she do such a thing to a girl? So vicious..."

"Doing this, isn't it a crime?"

Mrs. Sinclair's face darkened.

When Raine Kane appeared, she immediately knew that today's incident must be tied to Juliana Jacobs.

As expected, April Wallace immediately turned her gaze to Isabelle Sinclair.

Her daughter couldn't be humiliated for nothing, finally finding a scapegoat to extort a good sum from.

"Third Miss Sinclair, I know you like Mr. Langley and are jealous of my daughter's beauty, but my daughter has no improper intentions towards Mr. Langley. How could you ruin her purity like this? She... she hasn't married yet."

Her words undoubtedly exposed Isabelle Sinclair's scandal of liking a married man, causing the crowd to gossip about Isabelle Sinclair again.

"How did a family like the Sinclairs produce such a daughter?"

"Yeah, both are seasoned experts, yet they let their daughter covet someone else's husband."

"With such disgrace inside, the Sinclairs better not boast about their noble family anymore, it's shameful!"

Mrs. Sinclair looked coldly at April Wallace, no longer wanting to speak for Isabelle Sinclair.

However, Isabelle Sinclair was unconvinced, stepping forward to say, "Clearly it's your daughter without shame, nude and attempting to seduce Elias Langley, failing that, trying to drug him! I ruined your mother-daughter plot, and now you frame me. Do you two want to be rich chickens?"

April Wallace, no pushover, cried even harder.

She slapped her thigh, shouting, "It's unjust, clearly you're the one coveting Mr. Langley, how can you bite back and slander my daughter."

"Enough."

Juliana Jacobs had unknowingly walked up to Elias Langley, shielding him behind her.

"My husband is upright and capable, admired by many, which is normal. But this shouldn't be an excuse for anyone to fight and slander each other. Regardless of the grudges between you, you should not involve or tarnish his reputation."

She paused, turning her gaze to the crowd, her voice not loud, but firm.

"My husband has always kept himself clean, his reputation must not be stained by anyone. Anyone who insists on dragging him into this mess is my enemy."

Juliana Jacobs' words fell, quelling the previously buzzing guests into silence.

Originally, Elias Langley was embroiled in this scandalous dispute, regardless of the truth, his reputation and career were overshadowed.

But thanks to Juliana Jacobs' bold act of protection, not only did Elias Langley avoid an unwarranted disaster, but it also unexpectedly highlighted the Langleys' unity and grace, enhancing their image and prospects.

Elias Langley looked deeply at her, feeling warmed inside.

April Wallace's wailing stuck in her throat, mumbling unable to be impudent further.

Isabelle Sinclair's face turned white then red, wanting to speak but being interrupted by Juliana Jacobs' leisurely gaze.

"Every lounge here is equipped with surveillance. By convention, to protect guests' privacy, all footage is destroyed immediately after the banquet. However..."

Her words paused slightly.

"If a dispute arises here needing clarification, I wouldn't mind making an exception, retrieving the footage, and publicly restoring the truth."

Her words fell, and the large screen on the dais suddenly lit up.

It began playing footage from the VIP Room 2.

Showing Lena Dalton entering, circling around to find no one, about to leave when Isabelle Sinclair walked in.

The video had no sound, and no one knew what they said. In a short time, Isabelle Sinclair grabbed Lena Dalton's hair, forcibly pouring wine into her mouth.

With video evidence, it was no longer Lena Dalton's one-sided story; Isabelle Sinclair was left without a defense.

Juliana Jacobs' gaze was light, "If I remember correctly, Third Miss Sinclair used the same means when visiting Kenton's Langley Family. Back then, Chairman Langley suppressed the issue out of consideration for your family's reputation and the Sinclair Family's face. Whether I'm speaking nonsense, check the police records for their response."

Her words fell, immediately leading guests to sigh, "So Isabelle Sinclair is such a person, the Sinclair Family indeed failed in teaching their daughter."

Isabelle Sinclair trembled all over, wanting to refute but unable to utter a word, only to look at her mother in panic.

Mrs. Sinclair was both heartbroken and angry, simply closing her eyes, unwilling to look at her any longer, seemingly having decided to abandon her.

Isabelle Sinclair panicked, yet heard Juliana Jacobs' cold voice ring again.

"Aetherflame won't allow such degradation. I've already called the police. Whatever needs to be done, let it be done."

Her tone paused, eyes turning to Mrs. Sinclair, who was closing her eyes in endurance,

"Mrs. Sinclair, today's inauguration of our Aetherflame's Innovation Hub in Kingsford was ruined by your daughter's antics. Shouldn't the Sinclair Family bear the losses of my banquet?"

Mrs. Sinclair opened her eyes, chest heaving, but ultimately responded with not a word, turning to leave.

Isabelle Sinclair, seeing this, dared not stay, stumbling after her mother like clutching the last straw, disappearing from eyes.

This inauguration, meant to be gloriously complete, ended here.

Guests dispersed, Juliana Jacobs felt a bit guilty towards Caleb Shaw.

"I promise you, I won't let personal matters affect the company again."

However, Caleb Shaw smiled generously.

"Compared to you in Kenton, you're now a different person. My brother missed out, the most unwise decision of his life was missing you."

He paused, sincerely.

"If you need help in the future, just say so. As long as possible, I'll do my best."

Juliana Jacobs smiled slightly, her gaze calm.

The name Evan Grant was completely the past for her.

At this point, a strong arm naturally wrapped around her waist.

Elias Langley stood behind her, speaking gently, "Let's go home."

Juliana Jacobs leaned into his embrace, looked up with a light smile, "Alright, home. I want to eat rice wine dumplings, you cook for me."

"Add some brown sugar, okay? Mrs. Langley."

Elias Langley bowed his head to touch her forehead, his voice even more tender.

The two left together.

As they walked to the parking lot, Zachary York had already opened the car door for them.

"Miss Jacobs..."

Juliana Jacobs turned back, seeing Mrs. Sinclair approaching.

Her face amiable, her tone gentle.

"Can we talk?"

Out of etiquette, Juliana Jacobs subconsciously took a step towards her.

At the distance she left Elias Langley, Mrs. Sinclair's face suddenly turned from kindly to fierce.

She raised her hand suddenly, a fierce slap with a gust of wind landed on Juliana Jacobs' cheek...

Chapter 278: Let Hubby Soothe the Pain

The crisp sound of a slap echoed sharply in the empty parking lot.

Everything happened so quickly, Elias Langley hurriedly pulled Juliana Jacobs into his arms to protect her.

Immediately, his eyes turned cold as he looked at Mrs. Sinclair.

"For Isabelle Sinclair, have you really lost your mind like this?"

Mrs. Sinclair was always known for her calm and composed demeanor, but at this moment, all her poise was shattered completely.

She pointed at the two of them and asked, "Do you know what Isabelle means to me? All these years, only when she's by my side do I feel like Helena hasn't left... She's my greatest comfort!"

She took a deep breath, and tears finally burst from her eyes.

"Elias Langley, I promised you that once the matter was resolved, I would send her away from Kingsford, never letting her cause trouble again, but why can't you let her go? Why must you destroy her?"

"Mrs. Sinclair," Elias Langley's voice was low and cold, "Helena was never someone with Isabelle's character. I hope you never regret this slap today."

Having said that, he took Juliana and drove away.

Mrs. Sinclair stood stunned.

"Madam, it's cold here, you should get in the car,"

Susan called to bring her back to reality.

"Susan, did I make a mistake?"

Susan lowered her eyes, "Miss Isabelle came to the Sinclair Family at 14, should we not believe what we've seen and let others instigate us? This matter is obviously Juliana digging a pit for Miss Isabelle, with one stone killing two birds; Miss Isabelle is no match for her."

Mrs. Sinclair did not relax her brows because of her words.

She got into the car and rubbed her brow.

"Tell the lawyer what happened at today's banquet and make sure to get Isabelle released on bail, but after that..."

Mrs. Sinclair paused, as if making a difficult decision.

"...don't let her return to the Sinclair Family."

Susan was surprised, "Madam, you have devoted so much effort to her..."

Mrs. Sinclair interrupted her, "Send April Wallace and her daughter away, I don't want people like them to have a good fate."

A dark light flashed in Susan's eyes, "For Lena Dalton, sending her to Ruvia to film educational films is good, and her mother, well, just to be her pimp...or rather, her manager."

Mrs. Sinclair was very satisfied with what she heard.

"Go do it immediately."

...

In another car, Elias Langley held Juliana Jacobs in his arms, gently lifting her chin with his finger.

The clear mark on her fair skin was particularly glaring, and the pain and anger in his eyes swirled fiercely.

"Find a supermarket to stop at and buy some ice."

Upon hearing this, Raine Kane turned the car around and stopped by the roadside after driving a bit.

Zachary York quickly got out to buy ice.

"Does it hurt?" Elias Langley's voice was terribly low.

Juliana's nose was sore repeatedly, she held back again and again, but still, tears filled her eyes.

But she didn't want anyone, including Elias Langley, to think that she would have to cry after receiving Mrs. Sinclair's slap.

Doing so would only reveal that she had regained her memory and be of no use.

Luckily, she didn't want to return to the Sinclair Family; being like strangers wouldn't stab her heart.

Elias Langley would undoubtedly know the real reason for her tears.

But because she didn't want to break that unspoken understanding, he respected her wishes and continued to play ignorant.

He gently wiped her tear stains with the pad of his finger, his tone tender beyond belief.

"It's okay, hubby will blow, and it won't hurt."

Saying this, he gently kissed her on the face where she was slapped.

Juliana pushed him, "Wasn't it supposed to be blowing?"

Elias Langley suppressed a smile and explained, "A kiss is more effective than blowing."

Juliana didn't want to talk to him anymore,

At such a sad time, he insists on making her laugh.

At this moment, Zachary York returned with the ice, thoughtfully wrapping it in a towel, handing it to Elias Langley.

Elias Langley gently placed it on Juliana...

The lawyer hired by the Sinclair Family acted swiftly, successful in securing bail for Isabelle Sinclair, who was accused of intentional harm and illegal possession of contraband, by the next afternoon.

Of course, the amount of bail posted also broke the police station's historic record.

Raine Kane received the news and hurriedly reported it to Juliana.

"Although Mrs. Sinclair publicly forbids Isabelle from returning to the Sinclair Family, the apartment Isabella stays in is also a Sinclair property, and it's considered quite prestigious in the wealthy district. It's clear Mrs. Sinclair can't be truly hard-hearted towards her, with this trend, Isabelle might only end up with probation and not spend a single day in jail."

Juliana stood at the glass window of her office, upon hearing this, she merely smiled faintly, her eyes betraying a flash of complex emotions.

She turned, her tone steady and calm.

"Their feelings that have accumulated over the past decade at least aren't fake for Mrs. Sinclair. It's understandable that she can't be hard on her adopted daughter."

"But isn't that letting Isabelle off too easily?" Raine Kane couldn't help but say.

"Let off easily?" Juliana gently shook her head, her gaze clear and expansive, "For someone like her, reputational ruin, being completely expelled from the elite circle she cherishes, is far more painful than making her spend a few years in jail."

She sighed, "Leave some room for mercy."

Raine Kane remarked thoughtfully, "True, letting her go is also protecting Mrs. Sinclair's peace of mind."

Juliana looked at her.

Raine Kane said, "Mrs. Sinclair was admitted to the hospital this morning due to heart trouble."

Juliana's eyelashes trembled slightly, as she picked up the teacup on her desk, her tone was indifferent.

"I have achieved my goals, let's put an end to this matter here. Next, it's time for Auden Hughes to make some concessions."

At the hospital, by the door of the ward.

Isabelle Sinclair wanted to visit, but Mrs. Sinclair refused.

Even though she still lived in a luxurious apartment now, she felt unprecedented panic.

Because the constant influx of money into her account, her elevated status in Kingsford's elite circle... all this was brought about by the identity of the "Sinclair Family's daughter."

Once she lost it, she would have nothing.

Isabelle Sinclair kneeled at the ward door for a long time before Florence Sinclair emerged from inside and persuaded her to return to the mansion arranged for her by the Sinclair Family.

"Mom's still angry, why not be quiet for a few days, firstly to see how the case progresses; secondly, when mom gets better, you can bring some homemade food to her, she'll be touched by your attitude."

Upon hearing this, Isabelle's eyes lit up.

"Will she forgive me then?"

Florence Sinclair leisurely sat down on the sofa.

"Some words shouldn't be said, but since we're both daughters the Sinclair Family adopted, we should sympathize with each other. Mom forgiving you only has a 50% chance. If I were you, I wouldn't bet on this."

Isabelle realized some deeper meaning in her words, "You mean..."

Florence Sinclair's voice carried a seductive undertone.

"Sometimes the key to breaking the situation is whether you dare to muddy the waters further. If she, Juliana, is best at pretending to be weak and acting the victim, why can't you use her methods against her? You can set her up, let her become a victim, yet expose her self-directed drama, letting Mom see her true face, she would certainly forgive you."

Isabelle became excited, "Specifically...specifically how should I do it?"

Florence Sinclair chuckled lightly, "There are many ways. For example, you can find a way to put her in prison, and for a heavier crime. Let her reputationally ruin, let Elias become disappointed in her and divorce, then you achieve two outcomes."

"Put her in prison?" Isabelle was taken aback, then realized, "If it's revealed, I'd end up with another criminal charge, wouldn't I?"

Florence Sinclair laughed, "Silly sister, without entering the tiger's den how can you get the tiger cub? Once you've affirmed her crimes, what trouble could you possibly have? If it weren't for Juliana tripping me up, keeping me busy these days to the brink of exhaustion, I would have done it for you."

Remembering Sean Paxton's directives, she added, "But rest assured, ask for help whenever needed. As sisters, I will undoubtedly do my best to help you."

Isabelle fell silent.

The fear of losing everything burned away the last trace of reason in her heart, leaving only ruthless determination that broke bridges to get results...

The afternoon of the next day, it was time for Juliana to undergo rehabilitation treatment.

Chapter 279: Is Mrs. Sinclair Dying?

In order to ensure her eyes recover quickly, Elias Langley not only hired a professional team but also personally accompanied the treatment each time.

But today, he really couldn't get away.

Juliana Jacobs understood the weight on his shoulders and comforted him, saying it was just routine rehabilitation treatment and that having Raine Kane accompany her would suffice.

The rehabilitation had just finished when Isabelle Sinclair came running, crying.

Upon seeing her, she started cursing Juliana Jacobs.

"You bitch, because of your selfishness, you've harmed me. Now my mother is so angry at you that she's about to suffer heart failure and die. Are you happy now?"

Juliana frowned, "About to die?"

From her impression, Mrs. Sinclair's health was not so poor.

At this moment, a nurse rushed over.

"Are you Miss Jacobs?"

Juliana nodded.

"Mrs. Sinclair in room V1707 knows you're here for rehabilitation. She wants to see you."

Raine stepped forward and asked, "Are you a nurse or just a messenger?"

Before the nurse could reply, Isabelle became even angrier and said, "Mother became like this because of you. I won't allow you to see her!"

"What's the patient's condition?" Juliana asked.

The nurse hurriedly replied, "It's coronary artery spasm caused by emotional issues, and she hasn't passed the danger period yet."

Juliana remembered her father saying that he never argued with her mother nor allowed her to anger her, claiming that during her birth, her mother had heart issues and needed careful nurture.

"Sis Juliana, should we go?" Raine asked.

Juliana paused for two seconds, "Let's go take a look."

On the 17th floor, there were barely any patients.

At the door of the ward, Raine peeked inside.

"Do you want to check inside?"

Just as Raine finished speaking, Isabelle raised an eyebrow and said, "What are you? Dare you disturb my mother's recuperation?"

Juliana glanced at Isabelle and said to Raine, "It's okay. Yesterday, I got an amulet, specifically to ward off evil. If there's any unclean thing thinking it can succeed, if it runs into me, it won't even have a chance at rebirth."

Isabelle didn't believe in ghosts or gods, so she naturally didn't catch the deeper meaning of her words.

The nurse pushed the door open and said to Juliana, "Miss Jacobs, the equipment inside cannot be disturbed, so you can't bring your phone in."

Juliana cooperatively handed her phone to Raine.

Isabelle accompanied her into the ward.

As soon as the door closed, the person on the bed suddenly sat up.

He was not Mrs. Sinclair, but a strange man.

Meanwhile, the "nurse," who had been looking down all along, suddenly raised her head, eyes flashing fiercely.

Before Juliana could react, a handkerchief with a pungent odor was already covering her mouth and nose.

"Who are you people? This isn't my mother's room!"

Isabelle screamed in shock, her voice perfectly filled with "fear" and "bewilderment."

The volume was enough for Raine outside to hear.

Juliana felt a strange smell invade her brain, her consciousness swiftly slipping away.

Just before she completely fell into darkness, she heard Raine banging the door outside...

Seconds later, Raine kicked the door down.

However, the room was filled with thick white fog and a pungent smell, making it impossible to enter.

Once the fog dissipated slightly, Raine rushed into the ward, only to find it deserted.

She felt a tightness in her chest and immediately took out her phone to make a call.

Elias Langley was in a meeting.

The call came through the emergency channel.

The man frowned and raised his hand to interrupt the ongoing report.

"We'll end the meeting here. Adjourned."

As the words were spoken, he was already walking out.

He pressed the answer button, and Raine's urgent voice came through.

"Sir, Sis Juliana has been kidnapped."

Elias Langley's face darkened...a storm was brewing.

At the hospital, Raine stood at the door of room V1707 and lowered her head at him.

Elias Langley, with a tense face, said, "Even getting the floor wrong for Mrs. Sinclair's ward — how could such a basic mistake happen?"

Raine quickly replied, "Mrs. Sinclair does live in V1707. After entering the elevator, I also checked. The nurse pressed the button for the 17th floor, and the elevator showed we stopped on the 17th floor, but we actually ended up on the unused 21st floor."

So, it was clear the elevator had been tampered with.

"Furthermore, the nurse leading the way was impersonating a nurse who took a leave of absence this morning, hence her identity didn't flag any alerts."

Hearing this, Elias Langley frowned.

Such professionalism isn't something ordinary kidnappers could achieve.

They haven't given up on what she has, nor on her identity.

Raine led Elias Langley into the ward.

"The hospital has been cleaning the exterior walls these past two days, and they used the cleaning company's lift to take Sis Juliana away. When I came in, it was filled with tear gas, so Sis Juliana was probably unconscious when she was taken away."

As Raine finished speaking, Zachary York stood at the door and reported, "Sir, Mrs. Sinclair found out Isabelle was kidnapped too, her emotions are out of control, her condition is unstable, and Second Miss Sinclair hopes you could go see her."

Elias Langley arrived at the real V1707 ward.

Mrs. Sinclair had just been administered medication, leaning against the headboard to calm down.

Florence Sinclair was sitting worriedly by the bed, keeping her company.

Seeing Elias Langley, she quickly stood up.

"Elias, Grandpa is on his way back, and Dad... I'm at sixes and sevens here, so I had to find you."

As soon as Mrs. Sinclair heard Elias Langley was there, she opened her eyes and reached out for him.

"Elias, save Isabelle. Isabelle never offended anyone but had conflicts with Juliana Jacobs. Now that they've been kidnapped together, her danger is even greater."

From the moment Elias Langley entered the ward, he hadn't looked at Florence Sinclair, and after reaching the bedside, his eyes remained on Mrs. Sinclair.

"Florence, you go out." He said.

Florence hesitated, seeing him wearing a wireless earbud in his right ear, finally nodded and exited the room obediently.

"What makes you think Isabelle is in greater danger?"

With his calm tone, Elias Langley helped soothe Mrs. Sinclair's agitated emotions significantly.

She put down her hand, but a trace of resentment appeared on her face.

"Do you even need to ask? Who set Isabelle up time and again, eventually ruining her reputation! Even seeing this, I wouldn't give up on Isabelle, hiring the best lawyer in Kingsford to acquit her. Naturally, she was unwilling, and another setup is not impossible, right? Elias, you really are bewitched by her, if you can't see this."

"Mrs. Sinclair," Elias Langley's eyes grew darker, "I always thought you were the most sensible elder in the family. But in this matter, might you be overly emotional, even...losing perspective of right and wrong?"

"You think I've lost perspective of right and wrong?"

Mrs. Sinclair was very displeased.

"Elias, choosing a wife entails choosing wisely. Marrying such a scheming woman won't help your career, she might even hold you back. No matter how talented she is, it's all in vain if her morality is flawed!"

Chapter 280: The Item Sebastian Sinclair Gave Her Years Ago

Seeing him speak about his wife in such a manner, Elias Langley decided not to bother with her feelings any longer.

"Isabelle Sinclair had definitely been to your hospital room. She's very familiar with the layout of this floor and what your room looked like. Even if someone tampered with the elevator to make it go to the 21st floor and disguised everything perfectly, she should have noticed. Yet... she was 'coincidentally' kidnapped too. Once we find her, I must get to the bottom of this."

Mrs. Sinclair's breath caught at his words, and her lips trembled, but she couldn't utter a word.

Elias Langley, his face stern, repeated back to her the very words she had said to him earlier.

"Isabelle approached her under the guise of your critical condition; otherwise, Juliana wouldn't have fallen for it. Don't let the sentiment of mother-daughter affection blind you. At this crucial moment, with Mr. Sinclair unable to oversee matters and the Sinclair Family in turmoil, I urge you to stay clear-headed."

As soon as he finished speaking, an urgent report came through his earpiece from his subordinate.

"Sir, we have located the lady's position."

Elias Langley's eyes sharpened; he no longer paid any attention to Mrs. Sinclair and immediately stormed out.

Mrs. Sinclair was left stunned, her hands clutching the sheets tightly.

Florence Sinclair was waiting at the ward entrance but couldn't eavesdrop due to Raine Kane's presence.

Seeing Elias Langley come out with a cold expression, she wanted to approach him for answers, but he hurried away.

She turned and rushed back into the ward, only to find her mother again unwilling to say anything.

Florence Sinclair dug her fingernails hard into her palms.

No, they won't find out, they have no evidence.

...

In the suburbs, at an abandoned construction site.

Juliana Jacobs regained consciousness amidst violent jolts and painful impacts.

Her nape throbbed dully, with the pungent taste of chemical agents still lingering in her mouth.

Isabelle Sinclair's scream snapped her back to full alertness.

"It hurts! What do you idiots think you're doing?"

Isabelle had never been thrown to the ground like cargo before; she felt as though her shoulder might fracture.

She cursed inwardly: Had these bastards forgotten the previous agreement to torment Juliana?

The masked kidnapers ignored her and instead surrounded Juliana.

The lead kidnapper took out a photo, scrutinizing it closely.

"Did we kidnap the wrong person?"

Another kidnapper stepped forward and ripped the tape from Juliana's mouth.

"Look, it's definitely her."

Juliana gasped for air, suppressing her fear and trying to stay calm while observing their actions.

Once certain, the lead kidnapper nodded.

"If that's the case, then she's useless. Get rid of her."

One of the kidnapers immediately walked toward Isabelle Sinclair.

Isabelle panicked at once; this was not the script she had conjured up.

Moreover, these people were burly and menacing, unlike actors at all.

Desperate to stop pretending, she shouted, "What are you doing? I'm the one who hired you! I've already paid half of the money. We agreed it was just an act, to frame the kidnapping on Juliana. Are you trying to double-cross me?"

Her words echoed clearly in the empty shell of a building.

The approaching kidnapper, a bit thinner, was the same person who had disguised himself as a nurse to lead them to the hospital room.

He ignored Isabelle's questions, let out a cold laugh, and then punched her hard in the face.

Isabelle didn't have time to utter a sound before collapsing to the ground, losing consciousness.

All attention shifted back to Juliana Jacobs.

The lead kidnapper squatted down, stared Juliana in the face, and asked, "Are you Helena Sinclair?"

Juliana sealed her lips tight, refusing to answer.

The kidnapper gripped her chin and pressed on, "Tell me, the item Sebastian Sinclair left with you all those years ago, where is it?"

Juliana's heart trembled.

Could it be that Elias Langley and those people had been searching for her all these years because her father left something with her?

Yet she had no recollection of it,

She forcibly suppressed the turmoil within and calmly replied, "I am not Helena Sinclair, and I don't know what you're talking about!"

"You refuse to admit it?" The lead kidnapper, losing patience, signaled to his men, "Help her remember it well!"

One of the kidnappers pulled out a knife, its cold glint pressing close to Juliana's face.

"I've seen plenty of women like you, shedding tears only after seeing the coffin. If you don't speak, I'll carve the word 'bitch' on your face!"

At this critical moment, the sound of engines roaring and screeching brakes echoed from the entrance of the site.

The kidnappers were slightly stunned.

"Police! To those inside, you are surrounded. Release the hostages immediately and strive for lenient treatment!"

The megaphone's voice reverberated, leaving the group somewhat bewildered.

"Boss, how did they find this place?"

The lead kidnapper remained exceptionally clear-headed, "Elias Langley led the team, of course, he'd come. However, I didn't expect him to be this fast."

He suddenly turned his gaze to Juliana, his eyes sharp behind the mask.

Whether infuriated or not, he suddenly pulled out an H-SP, aiming it at Juliana.

"Do you have a tracker on you?"

Juliana didn't respond, but he quickly approached and smashed the gun butt against her previously injured head.

"Ugh!"

A wave of excruciating pain hit, causing Juliana to briefly black out and nearly collapse to the ground.

The miniature transmitter, disguised as a black hairpin, fell onto the cement floor with a faint "click."

The lead kidnapper bent down to pick it up and, with just one glance, his face twitched violently, becoming eerily cold and menacing.

"Real-time transmission? Excellent, very excellent! I can't believe I was tricked by this woman!"

He immediately understood that this was the reason for their exposure and Juliana's confidence in walking into the trap.

She had always been wary of Isabelle Sinclair, leaving this fatal backup measure.

The men beside him turned pale with shock.

"Boss! Everything we've said and done was recorded?"

"Calm down!"

The lead kidnapper forced himself to stay composed, his eyes flashing with malice.

"There are traps set outside. They'll need to be lucky to get in!"

As if confirming his words, a loud "boom" reverberated outside, causing the ground to tremble slightly.

It was clear outsiders were trying to break in and had triggered the explosives they had planted.

The lead kidnapper grabbed Juliana by the hair, forcing her to look up, and sneered, "Hear that? Even if Elias Langley comes, he's walking into his death!"

But as soon as he finished speaking, the sound of a helicopter's hovering could be heard from the rooftop.

Before he could issue any commands, Elias Langley's figure appeared on the stairs.

"Release my people."

The man descended each step with a voice that was not loud yet filled with indisputable authority.

The lead kidnapper seized Juliana, pressing the H-SP against her temple, while another accomplice dragged the unconscious Isabelle Sinclair as a hostage.

"Stop pretending to be righteous here; don't you also want the item from this woman? How about we collaborate and pry open her mouth? What do you say?"

Juliana's head was spinning, and she felt nauseous from a concussion.

She couldn't see Elias Langley's expression but heard the kidnapper's words clearly.

Elias Langley's gaze swept over Juliana's pale face, eventually landing back on the lead kidnapper without a hint of emotion.

"I never negotiate with threats, nor do I collaborate with rodents."

"So, you have found the real Helena Sinclair?"

The lead kidnapper tightened his grip on the H-SP.

Elias Langley's eyes darkened slightly, "I don't know where she is. I'm only here to rescue hostages. You will face certain death if you fail in your mission, but I can offer you enough money to vanish without a trace."

"Money?" The lead kidnapper laughed as if hearing the most ridiculous joke, "We're not after money! So, if you won't drink the toast..."

He pulled out a metal vest adorned with dense wiring and blocks of explosives.

"I've prepared a gift for you. Both these women are yours, but only one gets to 'experience' it. You choose one."