

Panicking 291

Chapter 291: She Will Settle the Blood Debt with the Paxton Family

In just a second, Juliana's long eyelashes slowly drooped, covering the surging thoughts in her eyes.

She took a sip of chrysanthemum tea.

Setting down the teacup again, her gaze only revealed restraint.

"Oh, so that's how it is, then you can't help me much."

Eager to disclaim any association, Sean Paxton didn't enthusiastically inquire about the matter.

At this moment, Juliana's phone rang.

It was Elias Langley calling.

"Who are you with?" he asked over the phone.

"With Mr. Paxton." Juliana's tone was as usual.

"Give him the phone."

Juliana handed the phone to Sean Paxton.

Sean Paxton's face lost its familiar smile, "Elias, how have you been lately... What? Hospitalized? Oh dear! Look at what I've done, I truly didn't know you were hospitalized. If I knew, I would have visited you right away... Okay, okay, right."

After the call ended, Sean Paxton returned the phone to Juliana, his smile broadening.

"This Elias, looks steady, but it turns out he can't be without people even for a bit."

Juliana stood up as if naturally, "The adhesive quality between husband and wife, doesn't Mr. Paxton miss Mrs. Paxton after being apart?"

Sean Paxton froze for a moment, saw her about to leave, standing up himself, his tone carrying a lengthened teasing.

"Women like President Jacobs, career-oriented, are rarely seen under their husband's thumb."

Juliana returned a faint smile in response to his words.

"A career-oriented woman doesn't mean ignoring her husband, ignoring her family. I apologize for today, lately there have been a lot of things on my mind, I didn't satisfy Mr. Paxton, but I always believe whoever can solve my troubles is my ideal collaborator. Mr. Paxton is a smart man and surely will understand this sentiment."

After speaking, she left gracefully with Raine Kane.

Sean Paxton stood there, watching her departing back, his smile gradually fading, a flicker of ignored irritation and calculation in his eyes.

Juliana got in the car, her tense body finally relaxing.

Her hands clenched into fists, her eyes full of anger.

Florence Sinclair's associate was Sean Paxton.

She remembered during the time of Summer Shaw's accident, Isabelle Sinclair and Florence Sinclair went to Kenton successively.

Moreover, the evidence Evan Grant gave pointed directly to the Langley Family, Isabelle Sinclair didn't have that capability, but Florence Sinclair, who later moved into the Langley Family, did.

Florence Sinclair's outside help was Sean Paxton, then naturally the assassin was sent by Sean Paxton.

Great, really great!

Fourteen years ago tried to kill her once.

Fourteen years later, again wants her dead, also harmed her best friend.

Looks like the blood debt with the Paxton Family must be settled.

But to target Sean Paxton, it means having to eradicate Dylan Paxton backing him.

This tree, which even Elias Langley can only maintain surface peace with and can't easily break ties, how can she uproot it?

Juliana was lost in thought, Raine Kane noticing her off state, asked: "Juliana, is there a problem with Sean Paxton?"

Juliana came to her senses, paused for two seconds and asked: "How's the relationship between Sean Paxton and Elias Langley?"

Considering Raine Kane might not have spent much time with Elias Langley previously, she added, "Do you know?"

Raine Kane cautiously considered, her expression showing the unique seriousness and conflict of a novice.

"Well... to say they have a bad relationship, every time they meet, they call each other brothers and seem particularly friendly. But to say they really have a good relationship... every time Mr. Paxton asks for something, Mr. Langley almost never publicly refutes him. Yet oddly, when it comes to actually carrying things out, there are always minor troubles that make things not go so smoothly for Mr. Paxton."

She paused.

"So, I can't figure out whether it's good or bad."

Juliana fell silent at her words.

After changing clothes back home, Juliana finally arrived at the hospital.

Elias Langley was still awake, leaning over the hospital bed reading papers.

Juliana took off her jacket, walked to the side of the accompanying bed, and asked: "Until what time do you plan to read?"

Elias Langley didn't lift his head, "You drank tea, can you sleep early?"

Juliana caught a whiff of jealousy, raised her eyebrows, "Isn't your private relationship good?"

Elias Langley was still focused on the papers, "We are all in the same circle, inevitably there are interactions, just keeping appearances is enough."

Juliana laughed, "He goes around declaring a deep brotherly bond with you, if he knew your aloof response, wouldn't he feel disheartened?"

Upon hearing this, Elias Langley raised his eyes to look at her for two seconds.

She wants to deal with Sean Paxton?

But now, with no wings yet spread, how could she be a match for the Paxton Family?

The man dropped his gaze back to the papers, the light casting faint shadows in his deep-set eyes, his tone calm without revealing any emotion.

"Sean Paxton can be considered exceptional among this generation in the Paxton Family, highly valued by Dylan Paxton. With the old classmates' relationship there, maintaining basic friendliness, future actions will always have more convenience. This isn't a personal connection, it's the rules."

Juliana watching him, ripples stirred within her heart.

All these years he spared no expense searching for the Sinclair Family's cherished pearl; she thought it was stubbornness stemming from old affection, yet it was for what was in her possession.

She thought his defiance of the Paxton Family was due to his upright stance, yet it was for the profitable venture.

Juliana suddenly felt she maybe never truly understood this man, whose brow held a bit of fatigue yet remained unfathomable.

Elias Langley noticing her sudden silence looked at her again, asking: "What's wrong with you?"

Juliana lowered her eyes, pulled the thin blanket, concealing the fleeting coldness in her gaze.

"Nothing, just tired, I'm sleeping. Don't stay up late."

After speaking, she lay down.

Not only that, but she also turned her back to him.

Elias Langley keenly sensed that perhaps, in her heart, she pushed him away once more.

He wanted to say something, but ultimately only sighed silently, saying: "Juliana, before doing anything, discuss it with me, let me...have a mental preparation."

Juliana just responded with a low "hm" and closed her eyes.

Even if no one stands beside her, she still plans to settle the blood debt with the Payne Family!

A few days later, Elias Langley's back wound scabbed, reaching discharge standards.

Juliana was accompanying him for pre-discharge medical checks when Zachary York walked briskly over, face carrying a hint of gravity.

"Mr. Langley, bad news..."

After saying this, he glanced at Juliana, halting his words.

Seeing this, Juliana withdrew her hand from adjusting his shirt buttons, intending to turn away.

Elias Langley however, grabbed her hand firmly, saying to Zachary York, "Speak."

Zachary York took a deep breath, steadied his breath, then said: "Isabelle Sinclair committed suicide in prison, confirmed dead."

Elias Langley frowned, immediately asking: "She was in a specially approved single room in there, with someone watching over her daily activities, not to mention sharp objects, even a hard toothbrush couldn't be smuggled in. In such an environment... How did she commit suicide?"

Juliana's eyelashes trembled, secretly withdrew her hand placed on his chest.

Chapter 292: If This World Won't Let Her Go, Then Let's Destroy It Together

Isabelle Sinclair is dead, but in her eyes, she was a happy person, after all, no one has ever been able to care for her to this extent.

"She used a bedsheet, knelt, and hanged herself. By the time she was discovered, she wasn't breathing anymore. Sent to the hospital, kept going with a cardiopulmonary resuscitation machine, waiting for Mrs. Sinclair to arrive..."

Zachary York paused here.

"Mrs. Sinclair should be here by now."

Elias Langley thought for a moment, then turned to look at Juliana Jacobs, "I need to go and see."

Juliana was about to speak, but Zachary York reported again: "Before Isabelle Sinclair died, she left a letter of indictment, in which she constantly accused Mrs. Sinclair, saying that Mrs. Sinclair had been persecuting her because of personal grievances, using power to force her to despair. In the end, she said she died unwillingly, but there was no choice, she hated Mrs. Sinclair."

Elias Langley frowned deeply upon hearing this.

"Sir," Zachary York didn't dare to look up at Juliana, "although the entire letter slanders Mrs. Sinclair, if this matter is not handled properly, it will affect your reputation."

"What do you want me to do then?" Juliana's voice was calm, "Should I go hang myself too, leave a note, and protect your gentleman's reputation?"

"Juliana!" Elias Langley grasped her hand again, "I will think of a way to handle it, don't let your imagination run wild."

Juliana was not mad at Zachary York, she was just growing weary of this world.

"Elias Langley, I'm just a big problem, maybe I'm destined to be a jinx; we shouldn't have been together."

"Don't say such nonsense!"

As soon as Elias Langley spoke, Raine Kane came running.

"Sir, Juliana, Mrs. Sinclair ordered the doctor to turn off Miss Shaw's life support system and stop her life-sustaining drugs."

Juliana immediately threw Elias Langley off and rushed to Summer Shaw's intensive care unit.

Mrs. Sinclair remained, waiting for her.

Even Florence Sinclair was in the room.

Seeing Juliana, a provocative look appeared in her eyes.

But as soon as Elias Langley followed behind, she quickly concealed her triumphant expression.

"Restore her life support system!"

Juliana stared at Mrs. Sinclair, her eyes almost shooting sparks.

Mrs. Sinclair slowly walked in front of her, raising her hand to deliver a slap.

"Who taught you to be so unruly!"

Juliana retaliated with a slap.

Mid-air, Elias Langley caught her wrist, pulling her gently into his embrace.

Juliana struggled a few times but couldn't break free from his arms.

"Mrs. Sinclair," Elias Langley's voice devoid of warmth, "venting your anger on the life of an innocent patient is not the way of the Sinclairs."

"Innocent?" Mrs. Sinclair coldly laughed, "Is my Isabelle not innocent? She was forced to relinquish her young life undeservedly, why?"

"Based solely on a letter, do you intend to judge her?" Elias Langley retorted.

"I want her to kneel and confess to my daughter's corpse, I want the law to punish her. Otherwise, her friend must die!"

"Mom, calm down, be careful of your health." Florence Sinclair hurriedly stepped forward to comfort, then turned to Juliana, pretending to counsel, "Miss Jacobs, if you did something wrong, you should admit it. Do you want to save face and watch your best friend..."

Florence's words were cut off because Juliana, tightly held in Elias Langley's arms, suddenly kicked her in the abdomen.

"Ah!"

Florence wasn't prepared, falling backward to the ground, her face contorted with pain.

"Bullying my daughter again, you dare!"

The rage of Mrs. Sinclair was ignited instantly, stepping forward to slap Juliana once more.

"Just try and touch her again!"

Elias Langley lifted his arm to shield Juliana's face.

His stance was like a mountain, his gaze cold and sharp.

Since he had never used such an aura against the Sinclairs, Mrs. Sinclair was taken aback, her raised hand frozen in mid-air.

"Elias, how dare you..."

"Isabelle Sinclair's death will be investigated by the prison, and an explanation will be given to the family. But until the truth is uncovered, your actions will only cause irreversible mistakes."

At this moment, Zachary York led Summer Shaw's attending doctor and several nurses rushing over.

"Rescue her immediately! Regarding this matter, I will propose a motion of accountability to your superiors. If the patient suffers any mishap, the whole hospital will not escape accountability!" Zachary York sharply commanded.

The attending doctor first glanced at Mrs. Sinclair, then at Elias Langley.

Seeing his grim expression, he dared not hesitate, and immediately ran to the equipment to operate it.

Meanwhile, the nurses also hurriedly reestablished the intravenous line for Summer Shaw.

"Elias Langley, I watched you grow up. You know how the Sinclairs have treated you! Do you really want to be an ungrateful person because of her?"

Elias Langley's gaze was terrifyingly cold, "If she really forced Isabelle Sinclair to death, I would not condone it. But if someone framed her, I will ensure they meet the same fate as Isabelle Sinclair!"

Florence Sinclair held her breath, climbing back up.

Mrs. Sinclair closed her eyes momentarily due to Elias Langley's words.

"Well, very well. If you want to protect her, then bear the consequences for her. Elias Langley, your life started from my father, and you grew under my and my husband's watchful eyes. This great grace isn't something you can brush off with a trivial act."

"From today, any Sinclair affair requiring your coordination, needing your resources, you shall not refuse for any reason. Especially Florence's matters, if she seeks you, you must comply. This is the price you pay for playing hero today!"

Upon hearing this, Juliana pushed Elias Langley aside and retreated from his embrace.

"Why is Mrs. Sinclair in such a hurry to shove her adopted daughter into someone else's husband's arms? Is it because Florence is soon to be abandoned by the Hughes Family, and you're eager to find her a match? Or could it be, the daughter you raised is only fit to be 'clearance sale' in this manner?"

Juliana's venomous words pierced through the facade of Mrs. Sinclair.

The color drained from Mrs. Sinclair's face instantly; she stared at Juliana incredulously, lips trembling violently, wanting to speak but her vision darkened, and her body fell backward.

Florence Sinclair caught her.

"Mom, what's wrong? Mom..."

Elias Langley decisively shouted to the stunned doctor nearby: "What are you standing there for? Get Mrs. Sinclair to emergency immediately!"

Only then did the doctors and nurses snap out of their daze, having just tended to Summer Shaw, they frantically took Mrs. Sinclair from Florence Sinclair's hands and rushed her to the emergency room.

Afraid of being targeted, Florence Sinclair quickly followed them out.

"Juliana, you shouldn't have spoken to Mrs. Sinclair like that."

Although Elias Langley spoke more gently to Juliana, she didn't appreciate it.

She sneered, meeting his anxious gaze.

"So you want her to throw women your way, huh?"

Elias Langley furrowed his brow, "You're being unreasonable again."

"Elias Langley, listen carefully." Juliana's eyes were icy cold, "Today, if as your wife I don't have the ability to keep such scheming people out of my friend's hospital room, then I can only think that I married the wrong person."

With that said, she ignored his now moody face, turned on her heels, and left.

Zachary York cautiously approached, "Sir, the conflict between Mrs. Sinclair and your wife cannot be resolved. The situation forces you, you may have to make a choice."

Elias Langley's face revealed no emotions, but deep in his eyes, dark currents surged beneath the surface...

Juliana led Raine Kane into the car but didn't leave immediately.

She was tired of these manipulative schemes. Since the world wouldn't let her go, then let's burn together!

"Raine Kane," her voice was terrifyingly calm, "go and bring Florence Sinclair to me."

Chapter 293: Not a Single Curse Word, Yet Every Word Curses Her

Raine Kane hadn't been gone for long before she returned carrying a woman.

Florence Sinclair was thrown beside the car, staring furiously at Juliana Jacobs.

"My mom is in emergency care. What gives you the right to grab me?"

Juliana stepped out of the car, removed a shoe, and directly slapped her face with it.

"Juliana, are you insane? Falling out with the Sinclair Family, you..."

Before she could finish, the other side of her face was hit with a sole.

After being hit twice, Florence became somewhat unhinged, covering her face and shrinking back silently.

Only then did Juliana stop, letting out a cold laugh, "I thought you'd be a bit smarter than Isabelle Sinclair, but it turns out you're not even worth me hitting you with my hand."

Florence bit her lip, her eyes filled with hatred, but trembled and said, "You were bitten by Isabelle yourself, why take it out on me?"

As soon as she spoke, Juliana slapped her mouth with the sole again.

"Do you think your little tricks of using borrowed knives to kill and shifting blame can fool everyone?"

Florence's lips swelled up, nose bleeding profusely, looking utterly miserable.

Yet, Juliana's voice grew even colder.

"Using the loss of her daughter to provoke Mrs. Sinclair for your unspeakable goals; to trip me up, you wouldn't hesitate to kill someone who grew up with you, someone who is technically your sister, do you deserve to be called human?"

Panic flashed in Florence's heart.

Regarding Isabelle Sinclair's death, she anticipated Juliana would suspect her.

For this, she had prepared a whole speech, intending to eloquently argue her innocence in front of Elias and win his favor.

Who knew Juliana didn't play by the rules and started with a vicious beating...

Just as Florence was at a loss on how to end this ordeal, an elevator door in the distance opened with a "ding."

Seeing who stepped out, her eyes lit up.

Florence immediately raised her voice, "Juliana, you're slandering me! Isabelle was clearly driven to death by you! Her mind was simple, but you tortured her mentally in secret fearing she'd steal Elias..."

"Looks like it was a mistake leaving you with those front teeth."

Juliana raised the shoe again.

This time, however, her wrist was caught mid-air.

She turned around and met Elias Langley's unreadable gaze.

"Since when did you start solving problems this way?" Elias asked.

Florence, seeing this, leaned weakly against the wall, covering her face and softly sobbing.

"Elias, I swear, Isabelle's death had nothing to do with me. She was my sister, how could I do something so heinous?"

Seeing her intensify the situation, Juliana coldly sneered and shook off Elias's hand.

"What, did I hit your sweetheart? Are you heartbroken now?"

However miserable Florence was from being hit, Elias's gaze didn't linger on her for a second.

Instead, Juliana's mocking words made him frown instantly.

"You have no evidence, you're only giving others a handle to use against you, making your situation worse."

Juliana raised an eyebrow, "Hitting her, at most I'm violating the 'Animal Protection Convention.'"

Florence, "..."

It wasn't a curse, yet every word was an insult.

Juliana placed the shoe back on the ground, putting it on.

"Elias Langley, the more you care about her, the less I'll let her go. In the future, if I see her, I'll hit her. If you're so compassionate, stay and take good care of this beast."

After speaking, she turned, opened the car door, and sat in the back seat.

Raine saw this, quickly circled to the other side, and slipped into the driver's seat.

The vehicle started immediately, quickly speeding away, with the taillights soon vanishing around the corner of the parking lot exit.

Elias's expression remained gloomy, his frown deepening.

And seeing this, Florence on the ground became even weaker.

Now that Juliana was gone, surely he would tenderly pick her up?

Just as Florence was about to cry out in pain, she saw Elias turn his head and instruct Zachary York behind him, "Take her upstairs for treatment."

Juliana looked in the rearview mirror at the slowly disappearing hospital building, and her usually calm emotions began to stir.

"Arrange for some people to guard Summer Shaw's ward. Besides her attending doctor and nurse, as well as Vance Shaw, no one else is allowed in."

Raine kept her eyes on the road and responded, "Mr. Langley has already arranged that, but... Florence Sinclair is the company representative and the one responsible for Miss Shaw's surgery, not letting her in... might be impossible."

"I'll personally discuss it with Auden Hughes," Juliana's gaze shifted out the window, "Is there any progress on the information about Sebastian Sinclair I asked you to find?"

"Mr. Sinclair... he's been ill for many years."

"III?"

"Yes. His condition has been kept secret from the public; outsiders believe he's focused on research, but in truth, he's been recuperating."

Raine paused, lowering her voice a bit.

"I've heard an unverified rumor. Over a decade ago, Mr. Sinclair's research was about to make waves globally, but an unexpected incident occurred. It's said the final product had issues, and he was hit hard, falling ill ever since."

Hearing this, Juliana fell silent.

Is it related to what he entrusted to me?

No, that's impossible.

Both he and Mrs. Sinclair are people who place duty above all else. For the bigger picture, for their responsibilities, they can even sacrifice their daughter.

Her existence meant nothing to them.

Juliana quietly mocked herself, her expression returning to its usual cold demeanor.

"Take me to Vivacore Bio."

Raine knew she was going to address the issue of Florence Sinclair's contact with Summer Shaw, and so turned the steering wheel.

They arrived at the base of Vivacore Bio.

Juliana got out of the car, "I'm not staying on Darroway Street anymore, get me a hotel room."

Raine was momentarily stunned, about to speak to advise otherwise when Juliana's voice came again, "Go check how much Florence Sinclair's awards, certificates have to do with her mother."

"You're going after Mrs. Sinclair?" Raine asked in surprise.

A hint of cold light flashed in Juliana's eyes, "Since I've decided to cut down the tree, these obstructive vines should be cleared first."

With that, she turned and walked into the building.

It was noon, and Auden Hughes was still busy in his office.

The door opened, and footsteps followed.

Auden didn't raise his head, "Leave it on the table, I'll eat later."

Yet, there was no response, nor was anything placed down.

He looked up and, upon seeing Juliana, was visibly startled, then a hint of undeniable panic washed over him as he stood up immediately.

"You... why are you here?"

The awkward confession on the ship a few days ago was still fresh in his mind.

Afterward, he realized his impulsiveness and regretted it immensely.

So all matters relating to Summer Shaw were left to Florence Sinclair.

At this moment, Auden didn't know where to direct his gaze, while Juliana remained calm.

"Inviting Mr. Hughes for lunch, care to join me?"

"Sure... sure."

Auden replied, his fingers unconsciously adjusting his cuffs, trying to hide his nervousness and unease.

Juliana raised an eyebrow, "I didn't drive."

Auden hurriedly grabbed his keys, "I'll treat you then."

Juliana got into his Porsche, and the car merged into traffic.

Throughout the ride, no one spoke.

She opened the passenger window, easing the overly quiet atmosphere inside, resting her elbow on the window frame, gazing indifferently outside.

At a red light, the car gradually stopped.

At almost the same time, a Hongqi car also slowly halted in the left lane.

"Mr. Langley, isn't that her?"

Zachary York casually glanced to the side, a surprised remark slipping out.

In the back seat, Elias Langley shifted his focus from the documents, turning to the right to catch sight of Juliana, sitting relaxed in Auden's passenger seat.

The man's gaze instantly darkened.

Chapter 294: Placing the Divorce Agreement on Elias's Desk

The green light turned on, and Auden Hughes's Porsche merged back into the traffic.

Zachary York glanced at his boss's expression and cautiously asked, "Should I call your wife?"

Elias Langley slowly leaned back, closed his eyes, concealing his surging emotions beneath his drooping lashes.

"No need."

"Then..." Zachary hesitated for a moment, "If you're going to the base this afternoon, and if you can't make it back tonight..."

"The schedule proceeds as usual." Elias Langley's voice revealed no trace of emotion.

Auden Hughes took Juliana Jacobs to a secluded garden-style restaurant.

The waiter led them through a winding bamboo corridor to a private room.

"The braised Nine-Winger Pheasant and the clear soup Bird's Nest are pretty good here, restored to the original imperial recipes," Auden introduced.

Juliana gave a very faint smile, "I'm a country bumpkin, never been here, you decide."

Auden gave some instructions to the waiter, who then left, and only then did he sit down opposite Juliana.

After hesitating for a few seconds, he said, "I thought you wouldn't want to see me."

Juliana sipped the jasmine tea prepared by the house, "The wish you made in high school has finally come true. So, have you given up now?"

Auden was taken aback by her words, but once he understood what she meant, he smiled broadly and nodded.

"Juliana, everyone has the right to pursue and appreciate beautiful things."

"I'm not anything beautiful." Juliana put down the teacup, her gaze cold, "I'm a jinxed star, unworthy of anyone's love."

Auden was about to speak when the waiter arrived with the food, interrupting him.

Once the dishes were set, Juliana picked up her chopsticks and took a bite, then continued, "I know Vivacore Bio is the culmination of your years of effort. Your expectations for your future are high. As an old classmate, I also hope for your success. But even the most precise instrument fears internal corrosion and will ultimately end up in flames."

Auden almost immediately heard the underlying meaning in her words and became instantly alert.

"What rumors have you heard?"

Juliana continued to savor the food, her gaze very indifferent.

"What I know doesn't matter. I'm telling you this purely out of old school ties to give you a heads-up. I don't have a penchant for ruining people's marriages; your affairs are for you to decide."

Auden was silent for two seconds before finally replying in a deep voice, "Alright, I understand."

Juliana smiled faintly, "The food here is delicious, thank you for introducing me to this place, but I'll treat you this time."

She gestured for the waiter to bring the bill, her demeanor calm, showing no sign of anything unusual.

The two walked side by side towards the restaurant entrance, where Raine Kane was already waiting.

The afternoon sun was a bit dazzling, causing Juliana to squint slightly.

"Juliana..."

Auden stopped beside her, his gaze filled with pity.

"You're not a jinxed star; you're just unlucky and haven't met the person who truly cherishes you and is worthy of you. I might not be suitable now, but you can wait for me."

Juliana turned to look at him, her eyes like a calm, deep pool, where any ripples had already settled.

"I have no future; you don't need to be persistent."

With that said, she got into the car and left.

Auden loosened his tie, his brow furrowed.

Juliana did not return to Darroway Street but instead had Raine Kane bring some fresh clothes and checked into a hotel directly.

Raine was about to report when Caleb Shaw called.

"I just received a call from Mr. Hughes. He said that the follow-up on Summer Shaw's medical project will still be handled by him."

Implying that he won't let Florence Sinclair get involved again.

Juliana offered no further explanation but asked, "If I plan to introduce foreign capital to jointly develop the 'Genesis' technology, what do you think?"

Caleb Shaw remained silent on the other end for a long time before saying, "From a purely commercial and technical standpoint, there's no issue. But 'Genesis' is a strategic technology that could change the energy landscape, and military groups from various countries are eyeing it greedily. Once you do this, you'll face overwhelming criticism and pressure, possibly even being labeled a traitor."

Juliana chuckled at his concern, her laughter full of icy sarcasm.

"Here, where Dylan Paxton controls everything, you expect me to smile and offer my life's work to become a cornerstone of his throne. I can't do that."

"I understand," Caleb Shaw didn't hesitate any further, "I'll first make contact with a few capable foreign military giants, then provide you with a comprehensive plan."

Juliana hung up the phone, pinching the bridge of her nose forcefully, unable to hide the fatigue radiating from her core.

Raine Kane observed her from the side, vaguely feeling that something about her had changed.

"What do you want to say to me?" Juliana asked.

Raine recovered and answered, "Regarding the investigation you asked me to conduct, I've made progress. Mrs. Sinclair is very principled in her academics, with no apparent issues."

Juliana's gaze darkened.

"However, four years ago, when Florence Sinclair obtained her qualification as a life sciences researcher, the key paper in her application contained inexplicable data anomalies that should have disqualified it during the initial review. But at the time, the chairman of the review committee was Mr. Sinclair's fellow disciple, and seeing it was for Mrs. Sinclair's sake, he passed it."

Juliana laughed at this finding.

"Even so, Mrs. Sinclair, as a mother, is not without blame."

While Mrs. Sinclair may not have broken any rules, she tacitly accepted the human favor given to her, which strictly speaking, could be considered an abuse of academic integrity.

Thus, hours later, an anonymous whistleblower email containing key evidence of Florence Sinclair's fraudulent qualification was simultaneously sent to the inboxes of several influential media editors and core members of the review committee.

Soon, undercurrents began to surge.

By nightfall, a tremor was already shaking the academic world.

Juliana instructed Raine to be ready to buy media attention, aiming to make Mrs. Sinclair's name widely recognized, and then went to rest.

Before sleeping, she received a short text message from Elias Langley containing only a few words: "Busy tonight, won't return."

Juliana glanced at it and didn't reply.

However, when she woke up the next day, she found the internet was calm, and the expected storm of public opinion had not materialized.

Raine Kane quietly reported, "It was Mr. Langley who suppressed all the negative news about Mrs. Sinclair."

Juliana's already cool gaze grew even colder, her lips curving into a chillingly cold smile.

"Where is he now?"

"Mr. Langley worked at the base all night and just returned to the office this morning."

"Alright, I'll go talk to him."

...

Two hours later,

She was led by Zachary York into Elias Langley's office.

Zachary York glanced at their expressions, lowered his head, and quickly made his exit.

Juliana placed the divorce agreement on Elias Langley's large desk.

"Your assets are yours, mine are mine. If you have no objections, sign here, and afterward, we'll finish the paperwork at the Civil Affairs Bureau."

"Juliana..." Elias Langley's temper was on the verge of exploding, "Can't we be more rational?"

Juliana's gaze was very indifferent, "You are my husband. I never asked you to be my support, only that you at least don't hinder me. Yet you can't even manage that. Our ways are different; we can't work together."

"Your so-called 'way' means selling technology abroad at any cost, making yourself a target? And about Mrs. Sinclair," Elias Langley's voice lowered, "Florence's fraudulent qualifications, Mrs. Sinclair was not aware. Are you so happy to ruin her reputation?"

Juliana responded impassively, "What I do has nothing to do with you."

Elias Langley pressed down his irritation and said, "A mother, while not understanding the situation, shows favoritism she shouldn't have. Can you not forgive her once? Juliana, there are no parents on earth who never make mistakes."

"Parents?" Juliana seemed to hear a joke, "Parents who can abandon their own flesh and blood, do they deserve to be called parents? Deserve to be called human?"

"Elias Langley, sign it, there's nothing left to say."

Juliana calmed her emotions and handed him the pen.

Elias Langley grabbed her wrist, about to speak when his phone rang.

With his free hand, he answered the call.

A report came from the other end, "Sir, Mr. Sinclair's condition has worsened again; the doctor says... he could be critical at any time."

Listening to the phone, Elias Langley's face suddenly darkened.

However, the next second, his expression shifted abruptly, and he pulled Juliana up, walking out while ordering over the phone, "Arrange for me to bring someone to see him."

Not knowing what the person on the phone said, Elias Langley's anger flared even more.

"Should I teach you how to maintain confidentiality?"

Chapter 295: Daughter, You Finally Came Back

Juliana Jacobs noticed that Elias Langley didn't drive her usual Hongqi.

He didn't even leave through the main entrance of the office building.

The two of them drove a regular SUV from the underground garage, passing through a long stretch of underground tunnel before reaching the surface.

After that, the car headed towards the suburbs, eventually stopping at a private sanatorium.

"Let go of me, go by yourself!" said Juliana.

However, Elias Langley was gripping her wrist, not only refusing to let go but also maintaining his steady pace.

"In those days, Mr. Sinclair, to protect his daughter, placed important design data of the 'Spirit Chip' on her. After she disappeared, he fell into despair and illness, never touching his research again. Over the years, he has been bedridden, and now he is often critically ill."

At this point, Elias Langley's voice became more severe.

"I want you to see with your own eyes whether all parents in the world can so easily abandon their children as you think."

The information hit Juliana like a bolt out of the blue, leaving her in shock and at a loss for words.

Passing through several layers of security, their footsteps finally stopped outside a quiet hospital room.

At that moment, the door opened from inside, and a man came out. Upon seeing Elias, he nodded quickly in greeting.

Elias Langley turned to Juliana with a deep gaze, "Dare to go in?"

Juliana exchanged a glance with him and stepped inside.

Elias Langley did not follow but rather closed the door for them.

The room was softly lit, and a bouquet of lilies on the windowsill masked the scent of medicine in the room.

On the hospital bed lay a man with a delicate and thin face. Despite his sickly appearance, he still exuded a refined elegance from the past.

He looked far thinner than in Juliana's memory, and his aging appearance was startling.

A surge of indescribable bitterness rose in her heart, and Juliana unconsciously lightened her footsteps.

She approached the bed, intending to call out "Mr. Sinclair," but those words stuck in her throat, unable to come out.

Almost at the same moment she stood there in a daze, Sebastian Sinclair, who had been resting with his eyes closed, suddenly opened them.

Time seemed to freeze for about five or six seconds.

His eyes, which once showed little vitality, suddenly lit up with fervor upon seeing who was standing by the bedside, a ripple of unconcealed excitement spreading across his gaze.

Even more unbelievable was that this man, soon to receive another critical condition notice, sat up on his own without any assistance.

"You... you should lie down," Juliana said, fearing for his health, and quickly bent down to help him back to bed, but Sebastian grasped her hand.

"Daughter..." His voice trembled slightly, "You've finally come back... Have you suffered outside all these years?"

Juliana was frozen by his words.

She had expected Sebastian's reaction to be similar to Mrs. Sinclair's—unsurely saying she looked like their daughter, then asking some basic questions and checking into it, and in the end, finding nothing.

She never imagined he would so unwaveringly confirm her identity.

Without conducting a DNA test, without interrogating past details, based solely on deep fatherly love, he identified her as his daughter.

A wave of complex emotions surged up, blurring Juliana's vision in an instant.

The grievances she had quietly endured for so many years, the loneliness of battling alone, and the disappointment with the entire world seemed to break free at this moment.

Juliana wanted to speak, but tears came first.

"Don't cry, don't cry. Sit down and tell Dad slowly what hardships you've gone through."

Juliana struggled to suppress the urge to cry, shaking her head, "I'm not... I'm not..."

Seeing her deny her identity, Sebastian smiled, full of warmth.

He held her hand while gently wiping the tears from her cheek.

"Tell Daddy, what is your name now?"

"Juliana," she answered softly.

"How did that come about?"

Juliana held back the remaining tears.

"When I was sent to the Arlan Children's Home, the aunt who received me had the surname Jacobs, so I took her surname, and the name 'Juliana' was randomly chosen from a dictionary."

"Arlan Children's Home?" Sebastian furrowed his brow immediately, "After you disappeared, Elias searched through nearby orphanages and couldn't find you."

Juliana sniffled, "I had a head injury and was unconscious in the hospital for seven or eight months. I was only sent there after waking up."

So that was it.

At that time, she was in a coma, and the hospital's record system was not well-established, leading to a crucial gap when Elias later investigated the patients rescued on the day of the incident.

She disappeared at twelve, so they naturally assumed that even if she had survived, she would have been sent to an orphanage or adopted at twelve. Who could have predicted that she remained in a

coma for seven or eight months due to severe injuries and wasn't placed in an orphanage until she was thirteen?

This series of twists and turns seemed like the script of fate that had forcibly kept them apart for so many years.

Looking at his long-lost daughter, Sebastian's lips curled into a bittersweet smile.

"It's all my fault... I was so engrossed in my research, too confident, thinking I could control everything."

Immersed in his memories, his pain grew deeper.

"At that time, upon discovering a mole within the research center, I backed up the core data of the 'Spirit Chip' onto a USB drive and permanently destroyed the original files. It was a critical situation then; some wanted me dead, while others were determined to keep me alive at all costs, and no one paid attention to my daughter. So I entrusted the USB drive to you..."

"As long as you were there, the USB was safe. If you were gone, no one could get it... Given the urgency, we couldn't determine whether the opposition would continue chasing my special vehicle or had already pinpointed my location. So when Elias proposed you temporarily taking my vehicle, separating for our escape, I... I didn't strongly oppose."

With these words, this middle-aged man, tormented by illness and full of white hair, started to tremble slightly.

"It was my fault... I was the one who pushed you into danger. Even though you've returned now, I can never forgive myself... Daughter, since you're alive, why didn't you come back to claim what's owed to you? Daddy is willing to let you scold..."

Juliana listened quietly.

It was only at this moment that she realized her father had never given up on her.

The decision from those days was a gamble, not an act of cold abandonment.

The resentment she harbored for years of being used as a "shield" began to crumble through her father's repeated, heartfelt apologies.

"It's only in the past one or two months that I've started to remember things from before. Your adopted daughter constantly made things difficult for me over the marriage arrangement between the Sinclair Family and Elias Langley. They've already replaced me, and I didn't have the courage to disturb your current happy life. Besides... I don't remember where the USB drive is."

Having struggled alone in the depths of conspiracy and betrayal for many years, Juliana was already covered in scars, afraid to trust anyone again, and subtly steered the conversation toward the USB drive.

Upon hearing this, Sebastian scrutinized her face carefully.

"Can't you remember... Is it because the head injury hasn't fully healed?"

"It's not the injury," Juliana lowered her eyes, "Many things require seeing specific scenes to gradually recall. Some days ago, I was attacked by Isabelle Sinclair, and my vision in the left eye is still affected... Don't you care about the whereabouts of the USB drive?"

Sebastian held her hand, a look of relief spreading across his face.

"If it's lost, so be it. I've also 'forgotten' about it. Your safe return to Daddy's side means more than anything else."

This unwavering response began to melt the icy barrier that Juliana had built in her heart.

"I've been keeping my memory recovery a secret from Elias Langley because there's something wrong with him. I don't trust him."

Chapter 296: The Truth from Years Ago

"Oh, what did he do?"

Sebastian Sinclair asked curiously.

Juliana Jacobs briefly recounted the events of the past few days.

Sebastian Sinclair's lips curled into a meaningful smile.

"He probably knew your identity early on."

Juliana Jacobs was stunned by his words.

Sebastian Sinclair continued, "Back when we encountered danger in Zarith, he wanted to protect me; it was his mission. Later, on his way to rescue you, he got ambushed. When he arrived at the scene where you had the accident, he was barely alive; when they retrieved the car, only Dahlia and the driver's bodies were found, and you were missing. Losing three lives, he kneeled by the river all night."

"Although three years later, you were legally declared dead, over the years, as long as there was any clue related to you, whether true or false, he would investigate. His guilt over you suppressed him for fourteen years, until the day he returned to Kingsford and told me he was married, that I saw a hint of relief between his brows. I thought he had finally found love, but didn't expect this guy still married my daughter."

"But..." Juliana Jacobs' voice was a bit hoarse, "He knows who caused this to you back then, yet he calls that person a brother."

Sebastian Sinclair laughed so hard his shoulders shook.

"Men's superficial acts shouldn't be looked into too deeply. Some things not being made public doesn't mean nothing's being done. If the opponent's power is great... then we gradually nibble away at it; it takes time to shake their foundation."

Juliana Jacobs clenched her fingers and said, "The one who crashed my car into the river back then was Sean Paxton."

Sebastian Sinclair's eyes momentarily surged with dark emotions but quickly calmed down.

"Elias didn't let anyone collect your biological samples because he feared you'd fall into Dylan Paxton's hands, which would be worse than death. Not letting The Sinclairs know your identity is because he feels, with his current strength, he can't guarantee your absolute safety. And not letting you take revenge on your mother is to prevent a mortal feud between you two, leaving no room for reconciliation in the future."

Mentioning Mrs. Sinclair, Juliana Jacobs' gaze darkened.

Sebastian Sinclair was about to get out of bed; Juliana Jacobs quickly tried to help him, but he waved her off, insisting on getting up himself.

After staggering a couple of steps, his pace gradually steadied.

Sebastian Sinclair walked to the water dispenser and poured her a cup of water.

"As for Florence Sinclair and Isabelle, he only treats them as sisters; compared to how he felt for you back then, it's not even a tenth. Everything he did, though it might have made you uncomfortable, was ultimately about paving the safest path for you amidst the stormy seas. His intentions toward you are good."

Juliana Jacobs lowered her head, took a sip of water, and with the cup in both hands, placed it on her knee.

"Florence Sinclair once sent assassins to chase me in Kenton; behind her, there must be Sean Paxton."

Sebastian Sinclair's expression tensed, gently stroking her arm, he asked with a warm voice, "Were you hurt?"

Juliana Jacobs, surprised by his words, said, "I have no evidence, yet you believe me? Florence Sinclair and Isabelle have accompanied you for fourteen years as daughters."

But at that moment, Sebastian Sinclair's eyes were full of fatherly love.

"Don't I know what kind of character my daughter has? If I don't trust you, should I trust an outsider with whom I share no blood relation? They're unclear about their identity, yet dared to attempt harm against their biological parents' child; it's sheer ingratitude, less than human! That one who's dead, let it be; the one who's alive won't have it easy from me."

A sudden warmth flooded her heart.

Juliana Jacobs lowered her gaze, fingertips slightly tightening, as though in that moment, the sourness of years without dependents finally found a home.

Sebastian Sinclair pondered for a moment, then continued, "Concerning your mother, if you still have any grudge, maintaining the status quo for now might be wise. She's currently quite close to Florence Sinclair, and with Florence Sinclair being a pawn of the Paxton Family, revealing your identity poses a risk. It's better for your mother to remain unaware, benefiting us in secretly laying plans."

He glanced at the time, his tone turning to a reminder, "Dylan Paxton has placed many spies nearby; Elias' confidentiality work can only last so long - you cannot stay here long. Call him in; I have a few words for him."

Juliana Jacobs nodded, turned to open the door. Elias Langley was standing at the entrance, their eyes met briefly before Juliana Jacobs looked away, leaving without a word.

Was she still considering divorce?

Elias Langley's brows furrowed, he entered the room, closing the door behind him.

Finding Sebastian Sinclair not lying on the hospital bed was unexpected to him.

Sebastian Sinclair stood with hands behind his back, showing no trace of illness.

He looked at him calmly, spoke slowly, "My daughter lacks a sense of security, doesn't trust anyone, and that's your responsibility."

"Yes," Elias Langley lowered his head.

Sebastian Sinclair recalled something, suddenly concentrating his gaze.

"Is her health bad?"

Elias Langley paused briefly before replying solemnly, "Her body has endured severe trauma and the outlook isn't promising. Currently, the method I've found requires lifelong medication."

Sebastian Sinclair closed his eyes in pain, then reopened them.

"Her mom has a few project teams primarily focused on gene therapy, maybe there's a solution."

Elias Langley remained silent.

Sebastian Sinclair suddenly raised an eyebrow, asking, "She doesn't remember where the things are, yet you still want to keep searching?"

Elias Langley's gaze was candid, "Finding them would be ideal. But for me, rediscovering her, achieving the most crucial goal has already been accomplished."

Sebastian Sinclair slightly nodded, "Then keep things as they are. Continue keeping her mother's side confidential."

"But Mrs. Sinclair already resents her because of Isabelle's death."

Sebastian Sinclair paused.

"Her mother is too emotional. The attachment to the adopted daughter after ten years' companionship has become an inseparable bond; being blinded temporarily is only natural."

But his gaze quickly turned cold.

"I'll handle the Sinclair Family matters. But Sean Paxton deceived my daughter; this won't be overlooked. What's the level of those responsible for investigating Isabelle's death?"

"It's the Internal Conduct Review Department."

Sebastian Sinclair smiled faintly, macro-strategy in mind.

"Find a way to arrange an upright, low-ranking investigator with no ties to the Paxton Family and a reputation for not being swayed by power as team leader. We'll not interfere with the investigation results and won't provide anyone any leverage. Can it be done?"

Elias Langley, hearing this, understood his plan.

"I already intended to do that."

Sebastian Sinclair nodded, a trace of coldness in his eyes.

"Messing with my daughter, this time I'll make Sean Paxton lose a layer of skin even if he doesn't die."

Elias Langley nodded.

Sebastian Sinclair gazed at him, his tone deepening.

"She's been manipulated by Sean Paxton, harboring thoughts of perishing together. It's not a momentary impulse; it's the despair towards life accumulated from her tumultuous experiences. As her husband, you're responsible for guiding her out of this shadow, letting her find meaning in living again. Whether you divorce or not is none of my concern, if you fail to win her back, you're only reaping what you sow."

Elias Langley sighed silently to himself, pressing his lips together, "Yes, Mr. Sinclair."

Sebastian Sinclair furrowed his brow, "Still addressing me as Mr. Sinclair?"

Elias Langley lowered his head, corrected himself, "Dad, take care of yourself."

Sebastian Sinclair was quite satisfied with this respectful "Dad."

"Did you let her have your salary card?"

"I did."

"Good, I'll pass mine to your mother-in-law as well. The bride price can't be missed; make up for it later. Whatever you give, I'll match as a dowry, all under her control."

Elias Langley obediently replied with a "Yes."

"Go out."

Sebastian Sinclair's lips finally curled into an imperceptible smile, he withdrew his gaze.

Elias Langley stepped out of the room.

Outside, only the people on duty were visible, but not Juliana Jacobs.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"Madam didn't want to wait for you, she had me arrange a car and left first. She said... if it's not to the civil affairs bureau, don't call her."

Chapter 297: The Madam's Orders—Aren't They One Rank Above Yours?

Elias Langley's emotions flickered and froze in an instant, finally dissipating into a deep silence.

"She asked you to deliver it, and you did. Where does that leave me?"

The secretary lowered his head slightly, suppressing a smile at the corner of his mouth, and said, "That's Mrs. Sinclair; aren't her orders higher than yours?"

For the first time, Elias Langley was rendered speechless by the secretary's question, glaring at him before turning and walking away.

Juliana Jacobs was exhausted, and once she emerged from Elias Langley's office building, Raine Kane drove her back to the hotel.

Just as she'd regained a bit of energy, Auden Hughes called her.

"Tonight, a few old classmates who are doing quite well in Kingsford are gathering together. Are you coming?"

"I..."

Juliana was about to say she wouldn't drink and thus wouldn't attend.

To her surprise, Auden Hughes added, "I know you'll definitely come. We haven't seen each other for so many years; let's have some fun together. I'll inform them right away."

Without waiting for Juliana to respond, he hung up the phone.

Less than a minute later, he sent her the time and location.

Juliana couldn't help but laugh at the situation.

She waited the entire afternoon but didn't receive Elias Langley's call inviting her to the civil affairs bureau.

Aetherflame had an appointment, so Juliana arrived at the venue an hour later than planned.

Auden Hughes personally met her at the entrance and led her to the private room.

The door opened, revealing old classmates dressed in stylish attire and already enjoying themselves.

Around them were several models, both male and female, with refined makeup and fashionable outfits.

Seeing Juliana join them, the lively music and laughter briefly paused as everyone warmly greeted her.

With "Aetherflame" rising to fame, Juliana had become a recognized figure among her classmates.

An enthusiastic female classmate pulled her to the center of the sofa and began arranging things for her.

"Quick, have your manager bring the best male models over for President Jacobs to choose."

The server promptly used a walkie-talkie to notify the manager.

"Uh... there's no need for all this. I'm just here for a chat."

Juliana rarely visited bars and disliked the chaotic atmosphere.

Seeing her feel out of place, her classmates laughed.

"No worries, here in our private room, they're just here for entertainment. If you want something more, that's a matter for outside this room; no one can intervene."

After saying this, everyone laughed again.

Auden Hughes sat beside Juliana, whispering, "This is the juice I ordered for you."

"Thanks," replied Juliana.

In under two minutes, the manager entered, followed not by a line of male models but a tall, well-dressed man.

His tailored suit starkly contrasted with the extravagant outfits of the other male models on the sofa.

Though handsome, however...

The female classmate who earlier had seated Juliana on the sofa blurted out, "Even such 'senior' men are taking side jobs now? Is the economy really that bad?"

Her tactful complaint about his age was met with Auden Hughes's cough, who quietly vacated his seat beside Juliana.

These classmates didn't recognize Elias Langley, and he remained unintroduced.

The manager approached the near-dumbstruck Juliana, looking conflicted, and said, "President Jacobs, this gentleman has specifically requested that you choose him."

Juliana was stunned for a long while before regaining composure.

Before she could speak, the other male models expressed their displeasure.

"Hey, old man, we live off our youthful looks in this business. At your age, can your back handle competing with us?"

Elias Langley ignored their teasing, brushed past the manager, and sat next to Juliana.

"President Jacobs," he said with a deep gaze, "don't you want to pick me?"

His expression suggested that if she dared utter "no," he would act on it then and there.

Juliana composed herself and eventually gave the manager a consenting glance, approving this coercive "transaction."

Elias Langley showed a faint smile, but his joy didn't last long as the subsequent games shattered it.

Since Juliana didn't drink, the group targeted Elias instead.

Games of hand gestures and other activities ensued, none of which Juliana excelled at.

With more losses than wins, punitive drinks were poured into Elias Langley's stomach one after another.

After several rounds, even with his great tolerance, he began to struggle, his eyes tinged with a hint of confusion.

"Can I still keep playing?"

Seeing his cheeks turning red, Juliana, determined on divorce, relented, softening her tone in consideration of his well-being.

Elias Langley's collar was slightly loosened, the fresh woody scent mingled with alcohol, creating a unique aroma enveloping her.

"Your happiness is more important," he said.

Awakening from the indulgence he fostered, Juliana turned her head and suggested to the classmates, "Let's play dice."

Elias Langley, "..."

As expected, another round of punitive drinks was brought to him.

Elias Langley frowned and intended to pause when a mischievous female classmate giggled and aided his hand in drinking the whole cup in one go.

Juliana couldn't stop her before the fiery liquid reached his throat.

Elias Langley stiffened, then collapsed into the sofa like all his strength had been drained.

"Hey, are you okay?"

Juliana immediately leaned over to support him.

Zachary York hurried into the private room, crouching down and urgently addressing Elias, "Sir? Sir!"

Seeing Elias Langley unresponsive, Zachary York frowned, "Could it be alcohol poisoning?"

At this, Juliana faltered slightly.

Meanwhile, some of the male models laughed, "Old and can't keep up anymore, what's he showing off for?"

Juliana's sharp gaze swept across them, instantly silencing the room full of mockery.

Discovering Elias Langley had some awareness, she decided alongside Zachary York to get him into a car and head to the hospital.

"Juliana, do you need help?" Auden Hughes inquired.

"No, you'll keep playing; don't let this ruin everyone's fun."

With this, Juliana and Zachary York, supporting Elias, hurriedly made their way outside the venue.

After they left, the group resumed laughing.

Auden Hughes returned to his seat, leisurely swirling his glass, "You don't know who got drunk just now, do you?"

Pausing to enjoy their startled expressions, he teased them with the answer.

"In Kingsford, how many Mr. Langleys can there be?"

Everyone was stunned.

The female classmate who had prompted Elias to drink unbelievably asked, "Such a capable Mr. Langley would take side jobs at the venue?"

"He's... Juliana's husband. I suggest you find a way to leave Kingsford intact by tomorrow."

The room fell dead silent...

After getting Elias Langley into the car, Juliana commanded Zachary York to speed toward the hospital.

Once the car started moving, the man leaning against her shoulder suddenly opened his eyes and, perfectly clear-headed, instructed, "No need for the hospital. Let's go home."

This decisive tone seemed far from intoxicated.

Juliana instantly realized she'd been tricked and raised her hand to hit him.

"Wife..."

The man gently gripped her small fist, softly pulling it behind her.

Before she could struggle, a slightly inebriated kiss fell...

Over the matter of "not divorcing," Juliana remained firm.

Nevertheless, Elias Langley didn't labor in vain, having successfully earned a probation period.

...

Two days later, the Sinclair Family held a wake for Isabelle Sinclair, and Mrs. Sinclair insisted Elias Langley attend, expressly instructing him to bring Juliana.

Juliana was initially fretting over a lack of opportunities for her plan when Mrs. Sinclair granted her the opening she needed.

That evening, the two of them appeared hand-in-hand at the funeral parlor.

Juliana was dressed in somber black without makeup, exuding a cool demeanor, while Elias Langley maintained his customary composure.

The couple appeared well-matched.

Florence Sinclair caught sight of them, pursed her lips, and turned away.

Mrs. Sinclair, seeing Juliana willing to attend, felt significantly appeased.

She nodded toward Juliana, saying, "Go pay your respects to Isabelle with an incense stick."

However, Juliana stood motionless, her cool voice echoing starkly in the empty hall.

"What is she to me that I should offer incense?"

Before Mrs. Sinclair could respond, Old Mr. Sinclair's voice rang from the entrance.

"Well said, you shouldn't offer incense for Isabelle, but should instead absolve Isabelle on my behalf!"

Chapter 298: Old Mr. Sinclair Is Shocked by His Son's Sudden Appearance

Old Mr. Sinclair walked into the funeral hall, leaning on his cane, followed by a thin Daoist priest in a yellow robe.

Elias Langley narrowed his eyes slightly and casually took a step toward Juliana Jacobs.

"Dad, why are you here?" Mrs. Sinclair asked.

Old Mr. Sinclair was full of sorrow, "Isabelle was my joy, now that she's gone, as the head of the family, can't I come to see her?"

Mrs. Sinclair shed a few tears upon hearing this.

Juliana Jacobs scoffed and looked away.

However, Old Mr. Sinclair's withered finger pointed at her.

"Master Wallace has just used divination, and Isabelle's spirit remains restless, crying tears of blood, saying she was driven to a dead end by you, this woman, full of resentment and unable to reincarnate. Now, only your blood can redeem her!"

"Dad, this is..."

Mrs. Sinclair furrowed her brows.

Sinclair Manor never engaged in such practices.

As she was about to speak, Florence Sinclair held onto her arm and persuaded, "Mom, you've been worried and exhausted over Isabelle's funeral these days, so why not let Grandpa handle this?"

Mrs. Sinclair hesitated for a moment, but eventually let Florence help her to the side.

Old Mr. Sinclair raised his chin, "Master Wallace, go get her blood, any amount will do."

Priest Wallace swung the dust whisk, saying with great affectation, "Infinite Heavenly Venerated! Third Miss Sinclair's resentment is so intense it may turn into a fierce ghost. If we don't appease the spirit in time, it will bring disaster to the family. We must use the blood of the perpetrator to draw the 'Apology Charm' and incinerate it to appease the spirit."

As he spoke, he took out a needle.

Juliana Jacobs, unyielding to anyone, lifted her leg and kicked.

The kick was clean and swift, sending Priest Wallace flying and knocking over Isabelle Sinclair's portrait stand, scattering incense burners and offerings all over the ground.

Old Mr. Sinclair was furious, "Juliana Jacobs, isn't it enough that you killed her? Do you want to destroy her funeral hall too?"

Juliana Jacobs brushed her pant leg, raised her eyebrows, and replied, "Old Mr. Sinclair is so worried about her resentment affecting the Sinclair Family, perhaps you should personally go to hell to appease her."

"I'm 78, and you curse me?" Old Mr. Sinclair's face turned livid with anger.

"Miss Jacobs," Florence Sinclair walked over with a frown, her face full of concern for her bullied grandfather, "It's just a small amount of blood, not much, why do you treat a kind old man so rudely?"

Silvia Jacobs turned her gaze to her, asking, "Did you bring a translator?"

"What?" Florence was puzzled.

Juliana Jacobs suddenly raised her hand and slapped her, "I don't understand your ghost talk."

Another blow!

Florence's ears buzzed, and she was momentarily dazed.

"Juliana Jacobs!" Mrs. Sinclair stood up from her chair, "You are so ill-mannered."

Just then, Priest Wallace, who had redonned his hat, stepped forward and said to Old Mr. Sinclair, "Mr. Sinclair, the time is urgent. If we miss this moment, the resentment will solidify, and not even the greatest immortal will be able to save the Sinclair Family."

Upon hearing this, Old Mr. Sinclair immediately summoned the bodyguards standing outside the funeral hall.

"Come in and restrain this woman for me."

"Old Mr. Sinclair, here we never engage in such superstitious practices."

Elias Langley pulled Juliana Jacobs into his embrace.

With him protecting her, the bodyguards dared not approach and could only stand around and look at Old Mr. Sinclair inquiringly.

Old Mr. Sinclair's gaze fell on Elias Langley, and his eyes nearly popped out.

"Elias Langley, don't forget, you are the man who married my granddaughter's memorial. You are my Sinclair Family's son-in-law; you can't side against us."

Elias Langley raised his eyebrow slightly, "I support justice over acquaintance. The cause of Isabelle Sinclair's death is under investigation by a team formed in the prison. Soon, you will have answers. If Old Mr. Sinclair seeks retribution for Isabelle and harms others under pretense, I won't stand idly by."

Old Mr. Sinclair snorted coldly, "Fine, you want to protect him, let's see how well you can protect him today."

He then instructed the bodyguards, "All of you up, whoever can obtain Juliana Jacobs' blood will be rewarded with a million."

As the words fell, Raine Kane appeared at the door, carrying a sturdy object, her smiling gaze sweeping over everyone.

"Who wants to be the first to accompany Third Miss Sinclair downstairs?"

The bodyguards immediately froze in place, afraid to move.

Seeing everyone's attention focused on Raine Kane, Master Wallace's eyes flashed fiercely, and he took advantage of the opportunity to raise the needle and move toward Juliana Jacobs.

Elias Langley, who had been protecting Juliana Jacobs, reacted extremely quickly, delivering a swift chop to Master Wallace's wrist bones!

His strength was heavy, causing Master Wallace's entire arm to tremble.

In that instant, Juliana Jacobs noticed a scorpion tail tattoo on his inner wrist, her breath catching.

After the decisive chop to Master Wallace, Elias Langley, not giving him a chance to react, delivered another kick that sent him crashing into the stone pillar beside the funeral hall.

"He..." Juliana Jacobs pointed at Master Wallace, her emotions agitated, "He's the one who hurt Summer Shaw!"

Upon hearing this, Master Wallace's complexion changed dramatically.

Suppressing the pain, he made a nimble roll, dashed into the window beside him, and leaped out.

Elias Langley's gaze turned cold as he immediately shouted, "Raine Kane!"

Standing at the door, Raine Kane reacted quickly, throwing the sturdy object to Zachary York almost at the moment Master Wallace broke through the window, and charged forward.

The two silhouettes vanished outside the window, one following the other.

Elias Langley turned his gaze back to Old Mr. Sinclair, "Did you hire a priest or an assassin?"

Old Mr. Sinclair's lips trembled, yet he stubbornly stated, "You drove away the master I invited, refusing to let Isabelle rest in peace; what are your intentions? Elias Langley, the Sinclair Family can make you or destroy you."

"You senile fool..."

Juliana Jacobs wanted to confront him, but Elias Langley grabbed her.

Though unacknowledged, he didn't want Juliana Jacobs to bear the blame of disrespecting her elders.

"Why, I'm the head of the Sinclair Family, do you dare to hit me?"

As Old Mr. Sinclair finished speaking, Sebastian Sinclair's voice came from the door.

"Father, nowadays people are most vulnerable to provocation. Your bones are still strong, why do you need to make such claims?"

Old Mr. Sinclair was not only stunned by his son's sudden appearance but also choked by his words.

Sebastian Sinclair sat in a wheelchair, slowly pushed into the funeral hall by the nurse.

"Sebastian, why are you out?"

Mrs. Sinclair quickly approached to greet him, taking over the wheelchair from the nurse.

Sebastian Sinclair said calmly, "I have recovered mentally, that's why I'm out, is there a problem?"

Mrs. Sinclair's nose turned sour, and she quickly said, "I couldn't be happier that you're out of the hospital."

Sebastian Sinclair took a deep breath and looked at his wife, "Over the years, I've drowned in the sorrow of losing Helena, neglecting many matters at home; you've worked hard."

"It's not hard," Mrs. Sinclair wiped the tears from the corner of her eye, "as long as you can move forward, that's all that matters."

"Dad," Florence Sinclair quickly stepped forward, her voice choking, "We've always hoped you would get better. If Isabelle could see you leaving the hospital today..."

She paused appropriately, lowered her head to wipe her eyes, attempting to provoke Sebastian into blaming Juliana Jacobs for Isabelle's death.

However, Sebastian only glanced at her indifferently, raising his brows slightly.

Chapter 299: Am I Hindering Your Performance Here?

"Then why don't you go wake her up?"

Florence Sinclair: "..."

"While you're at it, ask her who killed her in prison?"

Florence Sinclair's pupils trembled suddenly.

"Husband, how can you speak about your daughter like that?" Mrs. Sinclair said from the side.

Sebastian Sinclair turned to her with a gentle expression, "I'm teaching her to think rationally."

Florence Sinclair smiled awkwardly.

"Sebastian, is it alright for you to leave the hospital room? When are you going back?" Old Mr. Sinclair asked.

Sebastian Sinclair looked at Old Mr. Sinclair and said in a neutral tone, "Am I hindering your performance here?"

Old Mr. Sinclair was furious, "I'm worried about you, how can you say such a thing."

Sebastian Sinclair's gaze suddenly became cold and intense, "I've dedicated my life to research, and now the Sinclair Family's mourning hall has become a place for nonsensical rituals. You spilled blood and oppressed the younger generation today; have you considered how you're disgracing our ancestors?"

Old Mr. Sinclair immediately looked feeble, clutching his chest and responding with a trembling voice, "You've been sick for so many years. I managed this family for you, yet you show no gratitude and only criticize."

"Dad, that's not what Sebastian means." Mrs. Sinclair quickly interjected.

Old Mr. Sinclair gestured for her to stop speaking, continuing to stare at Sebastian Sinclair boldly.

"Isabelle is your daughter, and her ashes are right there. Not only are you not grieving, but you're also siding with outsiders. I invited the Daoist to perform rites for her, yet you call it witchcraft. Sebastian, where is your conscience?"

As his words fell, Raine Kane walked in carrying "Master Wallace" from outside.

Once close enough, he threw the person directly in front of Old Mr. Sinclair.

Old Mr. Sinclair nearly lost his balance, and Florence quickly supported him with a flattering smile.

"After subduing this person, he bit down on a poison capsule. I called an ambulance, but there's probably no hope. He has no fingerprints, and facial recognition yielded no identity records for him."

Raine Kane squatted down and exposed the man's wrist.

"But from this scorpion tattoo, we can tell he's from The Zenthian Sea and was trained as a killer from childhood. They have no names or identities, merely tools for murder, so he's certainly not a Daoist."

The motive was to obtain Juliana Jacobs' biological samples; Raine Kane believes Elias Langley can see that, so he didn't say it publicly.

Old Mr. Sinclair was so embarrassed that his cane hit the floor heavily.

"And you think just because you say it's true, it's true?"

Raine Kane looked at him, "Don't speak, or you'll just expose your ignorance."

"Raine," Juliana Jacobs softly spoke, "give him some face. After all, he's nothing but stubborn."

"You..."

Old Mr. Sinclair was about to lash out at Juliana Jacobs when Sebastian Sinclair interrupted him.

Sebastian Sinclair looked at Elias Langley, asking, "How should we handle this?"

With his brows slightly furrowed, Elias Langley showed his seriousness.

"Even without an identity, we must investigate how this person entered the country, moved around domestically, and who hired him. We need to uncover the mastermind, bring charges where due. However..."

His tone shifted, as if speaking to someone in particular.

"If this person is also just a pawn, then his fate should be the same as the one lying here."

Florence Sinclair's brows twitched at his words.

"Dad," Sebastian Sinclair said calmly, "you invited an assassin to perform rites for Isabelle, fearing her resentment would grow."

Old Mr. Sinclair shuddered, his breathing became erratic.

Sebastian Sinclair ceased looking at him and turned to Juliana Jacobs.

"Dear, I apologize for the inconvenience. What compensation do you seek?"

Juliana Jacobs smiled faintly, "The death of Isabelle Sinclair brought me much controversy. I came here today intending to hold a press conference to clarify a few matters."

Without hesitation, Sebastian Sinclair nodded, "Alright, feel free to proceed."

Mrs. Sinclair wanted to say something but was stopped by his raised hand.

Raine Kane promptly removed the assassin's body, and the Sinclair Family's bodyguards quickly cleared the scene.

Two minutes later, Zachary York ushered in the waiting media reporters from outside.

Florence Sinclair only then realized she was dressed fully in black today, not truly mourning Isabelle Sinclair.

Her purpose was to hold a press conference at Isabelle Sinclair's funeral; this attire was indeed her best stage costume.

Juliana Jacobs, wearing a black silk mask, with a somber expression and mournful eyes, faced the camera and said, "Although some of Isabelle Sinclair's actions during her lifetime, including illegal drug transactions, drugging others, intentional harm, and orchestrating her own kidnapping, left her reputation profoundly complex, I still mourn her passing."

Hearing this, Mrs. Sinclair turned pale.

This wasn't mourning; it was a recounting of Isabelle Sinclair's offenses! With so many misdeeds exposed, the Sinclair Family would undoubtedly be criticized for poor parenting.

"However, the rumor that 'she was driven to death by me' is utterly absurd. I'm just an ordinary researcher. Perhaps the only difference is my team's work on technology with profound potential to impact the future. Because of this, I recently faced many inexplicable troubles."

A keen reporter interjected, "Are you suggesting that someone attempted to obtain the 'Genesis' technology through improper means?"

Juliana Jacobs offered a vague smile, choosing not to respond, but solemnly declared, "I do not believe Isabelle Sinclair committed suicide! I hereby offer a reward of ten million dollars for any clues regarding Isabelle Sinclair's death. Simultaneously, my legal team has filed a request with the prosecutor's office to initiate an independent investigation to uncover the truth and clear my name!"

While Juliana Jacobs held the press conference, an anonymous email listing doubts about Isabelle Sinclair's death was sent to the head of the investigation team.

This brief press conference concluded under the moderation of Zachary York.

The clamorous funeral hall returned to silence, and no one remembered that there was still a deceased person there.

Juliana Jacobs looked at Sebastian Sinclair, slightly bowed her head, "Thank you, Mr. Sinclair, for lending me the space."

Sebastian Sinclair gazed at her affectionately, "As long as you're not wronged."

Elias Langley looked at the sky outside, draped a coat over Juliana Jacobs, and prepared to escort her away.

Old Mr. Sinclair, still upset, called after them, "Are you just going to leave after disturbing Isabelle's peace?"

Juliana Jacobs paused, glanced back at him, and said lightly, "Relax, if you die, I promise not to visit, allowing you to go to hell quietly."

With that, she and Elias Langley continued to leave.

Old Mr. Sinclair fumed, "Sebastian, look at them... it's outrageous."

Sebastian Sinclair responded nonchalantly, "If Father throws a massive funeral for an ill-behaved adopted daughter and even hires an assassin as a priest, it will make us the laughingstock of the city."

"You..."

The sharpness of his sudden remark left Old Mr. Sinclair speechless.

"If you want to play head of the family, go to the second son's house. You gave him everything during the division of property. Now they are all well-fed thanks to you. It wouldn't be excessive for them to call you an ancestor."

Old Mr. Sinclair's blood pressure skyrocketed at these words, causing him to slump heavily into the chair.

"Sebastian! Father has high blood pressure, please say no more!"

Mrs. Sinclair rushed to check on Old Mr. Sinclair.

However, Sebastian Sinclair suddenly leaned weakly back into his wheelchair, his breathing faint.

"I was wrong... I'm a patient, prone to emotional instability, please bear with me, dear."

Seeing this, Mrs. Sinclair immediately left Old Mr. Sinclair to calm Sebastian Sinclair.

Florence Sinclair, standing to the side, was already drenched in a cold sweat.

Juliana Jacobs' actions today were clearly aimed at Sean Paxton.

Isabelle Sinclair was the pawn Sean Paxton discarded with his own hands. Now, she publicly offers a reward demanding an investigation, every step seemingly a declaration of war against Sean Paxton.

Thinking about her intertwined fate with Sean Paxton, Florence was eager to know how Sean would retaliate.

Chapter 300: She Is an Eagle Poised to Soar

On that side, the top floor of The Cardinal Art Club.

Sean Paxton was pouring tea for Dylan Paxton, a confident smile on his face.

"Caleb Shaw has secretly met with several foreign arms industry representatives over the past couple of days, and we've caught it all on camera. Very soon, this 'evidence' will appear online. I just had a new idea..."

He leaned forward slightly, deliberately lowering his voice.

"Taking advantage of Juliana Jacobs' current involvement in the 'death by persecution' scandal, why not accuse her of treason and send her to jail, where Kylix Technologies will easily fall into our hands."

Dylan Paxton, sitting in a large armchair, nodded with satisfaction.

"She's asking for trouble by refusing kindness, thinking she can fight me just because she has Ian Langley backing her—way too naive, way too young. It's not bad to give her some hardship. Once the 'treason' charge is settled, not even Elias Langley can save her; let's have her die in prison."

At this moment, the elevator doors opened, and a secretary hurriedly came in with a tablet.

"Old Mr. Paxton, take a look at the trending news."

Sean Paxton quickly pulled out his phone and began to look.

Juliana Jacobs calling a press conference in front of Isabelle Sinclair's grave had made headlines.

The originally limited circulation of "persecution" accusations, through her actions, had evolved into a topic of widespread online debate.

And the topic of the "mysterious prisoner death in jail" has further ignited the public's curiosity.

Netizens are questioning: Could Juliana Jacobs, a mere researcher, truly have such immense power to harm a person in jail, or is there an unspeakable conspiracy behind this?

Dylan Paxton gestured for the secretary to leave, then looked at Sean Paxton with displeasure.

"Look at what you've done! Insisting on using such crude tactics to silence someone in prison, now she's leveraging this to turn the public opinion around! Did you set her up, or did she set you up?"

Sean Paxton was caught off guard by Juliana Jacobs, but he quickly regained his composure.

"This must be a trick Elias Langley suggested to her. But don't worry, I've been prepared for this. The handwriting analysis center where Isabelle Sinclair's letter is being examined is under our control, and Juliana Jacobs is definitely going to bear the stigma of 'persecuting someone to death.'

"Don't underestimate anything," Dylan Paxton thought for a moment, "Put a halt to all releases regarding Caleb Shaw's meetings with foreign arms representatives. She's currently using Kylix Technologies and a significant reward to place herself in the limelight; any action we take now would be walking into our own trap."

"But I've already arranged everything."

Seeing his reluctance, Dylan Paxton spoke sternly, "Don't be overconfident! Heavy rewards bring brave men. You better go back and examine the incident of silencing Isabelle Sinclair in prison and faking her letter, and deeply check if there are any loose ends. If so, clean it up immediately!"

"Okay."

Sean Paxton felt this was overly cautious on Old Mr. Paxton's part.

While Juliana Jacobs' counterattack is unexpected, it has yet to reach a stage where it can fundamentally harm him.

Even though Elias Langley is behind her, she's not to be feared—they haven't torn apart yet, there's still room to maneuver.

His initial intention when dealing with Isabelle Sinclair and framing Juliana Jacobs was to corner Juliana so that Elias Langley couldn't help, forcing her to seek assistance from him.

Now that the plan has been disrupted, he decides to speed up the steps.

The next morning, Juliana Jacobs woke up naturally and was surprised to find Elias Langley hadn't gone to work.

"Have you been fired? It's time to be busy."

Elias Langley chuckled at her words and handed her a cup of honey water.

"You're out of medicine. Today, I'm accompanying you to the traditional medicine clinic to continue your treatment and you need a hospital reread for your eye."

She had forgotten about these matters.

However, her left eye's vision is now affecting her depth perception. When observing three-dimensional models, she has lost her usual sense of distance, presenting considerable difficulty for her research work.

This must be dealt with.

"I can go alone," she said, placing the water cup on the bedside table, lifting the quilt to get out of bed, her tone indifferent, "You should go and busy yourself."

However, Elias Langley gently pulled her back, his warm palm resting on her back.

"People say that a husband should accompany them to see a doctor. If I don't go, they'd be angry, but you don't need me?"

Juliana Jacobs glanced at the messy bed due to his words and said with a double-edged meaning: "The time when I needed you has passed. Your performance has been fine. Just get by temporarily...it's just for now."

The man, currently under the consideration period for divorce, his eyes slightly darkened.

However, after breakfast, the two of them left together, using Juliana Jacobs' car.

First, they went to the hospital to follow up on her eyes, then holding the test results, they went straight to the traditional medicine clinic.

The doctor adjusted the prescription based on her condition, resulting in two large boxes of pills for her.

Back in the car, Juliana Jacobs sighed looking at the heavy medicine box.

"Am I supposed to continue taking these medicines forever as long as I'm alive?"

Elias Langley gently moved the stray hair from her forehead behind her ear, "Of course not, there might be a new treatment plan. When I find out more about it, I'll tell you. But until results are there, continue to maintain your health."

Juliana Jacobs didn't respond, turning her gaze to notice Raine Kane looking like she had something to say, so she spoke up: "Just say whatever you're thinking."

Raine Kane gripped the steering wheel tightly.

"Quentin Zane, the expert responsible for analyzing Isabelle Sinclair's handwriting, worked under Old Mr. Paxton more than a decade ago. Although he seemingly hasn't had contact with the Paxton Family

in recent years, Quentin Zane's company and Paxton's companies have close business ties. I suspect this person might be Sean Paxton's mole."

Her implication was that if this person is being instructed by the Paxton Family, then the route of proving Sinclair's letter as fake for clearing Juliana Jacobs' suspicion would be blocked.

"Do you need me to replace him?" Elias Langley looked at Juliana Jacobs.

"No!" Juliana Jacobs rejected decisively, "I'll fight my own battle."

The satisfaction of taking down Sean Paxton with her own hands is not something to be delegated.

Elias Langley stared at her for a moment.

He understood that she was no longer a fledgling needing protection, but a fully grown eagle ready to soar through the sky, just needing honing.

So he wanted to give her a broader horizon, to keep her by his side.

Elias Langley didn't insist; he merely pulled out a plain white business card from his inner jacket pocket, signed it, and handed it to Juliana Jacobs.

"Keep it. When you need me, tell me any time."

"Alright." Juliana Jacobs accepted the card, her fingertips brushing against his warm palm, pausing for a moment.

The car first stopped in front of Elias Langley's office tower, and once he got out of the car, Juliana Jacobs directed Raine Kane to drive to the analysis center.

She wanted to meet Quentin Zane!

During the journey, Raine Kane glanced several times at the rearview mirror, finally couldn't resist asking, "Juliana, actually having Mr. Langley directly replace Quentin Zane would be the fastest method. Why don't you use it?"

Juliana Jacobs gazed out of the window, her eyes bright and clear.

"Elias Langley's status is my confidence, protecting his wings is adding chips to my own hands, his card should be used at critical times."

Raine Kane took a deep breath, inwardly sighing: A true master strategist.

Soon, the vehicle arrived at the analysis center.

Within the building, security was tight.

Visitors must have a formal appointment or an inside referral to enter.

Just as Raine Kane was about to step forward to negotiate, Juliana Jacobs took out the plain white business card from her handbag, calmly showing the signature on the back to the security personnel.

After careful examination, the other's expression immediately turned respectful. Not only letting them through but also finding a staff member to guide them.

Elias Langley's business card allowed them unrestricted access here.

With the staff leading, they walked toward Quentin Zane's office.

No sooner had Juliana Jacobs reached the door than a cup of scalding water suddenly and without warning was flung out from inside...