

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

## **#Chapter 31: Acting Like She's Their Mom - Read Stop Panicking! Miss Jacobs will Not Look Back! Chapter 31: Acting Like She's Their Mom**

### **Chapter 31: Chapter 31: Acting Like She's Their Mom**

Evan gently patted the back of the woman in his arms, his voice extremely low and gentle.

"It's okay, it's okay, I'm here, don't be afraid..."

"Brother..."

Stella tightly clutched the fabric of Evan's shirt at his chest, burying her face deep into his embrace, sobbing heart-wrenchingly, her body trembling like a leaf in the autumn wind.

Evan embraced her, not pushing her away, continually soothing her in a low voice.

At this moment, the sound of an ambulance came from outside the courtyard, interrupting Stella's sobs.

Evan frowned, "Who called the ambulance?"

"I did," Juliana stood at the guest room door, watching them coldly, "Complaining that the ambulance came too quickly, didn't hug enough?"

Evan's eyes darkened, his voice laced with suppressed cold anger.

"Even jealousy should have a limit. Look at what you've done, driving her to the brink of collapse makes you proud?"

Juliana laughed at his words, "I'm surprised by my own power too, there's a bit to be proud of."

"Juliana!" Evan's voice was stern and harsh, "Apologize to her!"

Juliana smiled slowly, silently mouthed to him, "fuck your mother"

Then turned and left.

Mrs. Young hurriedly draped with a coat, ran upstairs.

"President Grant, not only has the ambulance arrived, but the police have also come because someone reported that there's been a suicide here..."

Anger surged within Evan, yet he couldn't utter a word.

...

Ignoring the bright lights of Platinum Bay, Juliana changed clothes and left.

After walking aimlessly for a while, Juliana couldn't resist the amplified sense of loneliness in the night and picked up the phone to dial.

It took two tries before someone answered.

Summer's voice was indistinct, as if still in a dream.

"Grant Mistress, you'd better consciously lie back into the coffin, or else I'll use your skull..."

"Summer," Juliana interrupted her sleep talk, "I greeted Evan's mother, do you think he'll kill me?"

...

Summer hurried to a spot on the coastal highway.

Saw Juliana sitting outside the guardrail, facing the sea, crouching.

Her heart lifted.

"Sister! The seawater is excessively salty and floats dead fish! If we're going to die, we should at least choose a five-star bathtub, with a bubble bath and rose petals!"

She rushed to Juliana's side, only then noticing a dozen cans of beer beside her.

Juliana took a sip from one, placing it at her feet.

After a moment of freezing, Summer became furious.

"Damn! I thought you were going to turn into a mermaid, and almost flew the car."

She paused.

"Wait, can you drink?"

Summer didn't know about Juliana's miscarriage, but she knew she had just been discharged, not suitable for drinking.

"Summer, the last time Evan went to Aldoria to guard Stella, I was hit into the sea here, nearly died. Only thought tonight, I haven't celebrated my rebirth, would you join me for a drink?"

Summer's throat clogged, she sat next to her, poured all the beer from Juliana's opened can into her own stomach.

Drank too hastily, she choked, her eyes turning red but turned her head to make an exaggerated burp.

"What the heck, this crappy beer... only I'm willing to drink with you, get a different brand next time."

Juliana had been a housewife for four years, always behaved well, hadn't even visited a bar.

She didn't know which brands of beer tasted good.

Summer wasn't used to this beer bitter enough to sting the tongue but didn't critique.

While Juliana asked, "Do you also think I'm very rustic?"

Summer shook her head rapidly, "No, no, no..."

Juliana wasn't angry, opened another can.

"Laugh if you want, my life is just a joke."

Summer took another sip from her opened can.

"If you're a joke, then what am I? Running a failing company, still showing off in the alumni group, am I the complimentary tissue paper of a joke?"

Juliana laughed at her words, but tears poured out uncontrollably.

"Just over ten days until freedom, have to endure now, but it's so hard holding on."

Saying this, she hugged Summer and cried.

Summer made a hiccup.

"When you get divorced, I'll host a night market stall for you, make it a grand celebration for embracing singlehood, invite a table of handsome men, with each of their abs spelling out 'Congratulations Sister on Rebirth'."

Juliana seriously thought about it, "That's a good idea, but could you stop stealing my beer? Open one for yourself if you want to drink."

"No, yours taste better."

They continued chatting, back and forth.

By the time Evan found the two of them, Summer had already forgotten who she was, while Juliana leaned on Summer's shoulder, eyes full of grievances.

"My husband barges into another woman's room in the middle of the night, tightly holds her and gently tells her, 'Don't be afraid, I'm here,' but what about me..."

Juliana pointed at the pitch-black sea before them.

"When my car sank to the bottom of the sea, I also hoped to hear 'Don't be afraid, I'm here,' but all I'm worth is apologizing."

After speaking, she started laughing.

Laughing at how pathetic she was, mocking her own failures.

Summer groggily patted her.

"It's okay, you don't love him anymore, they have such deep sibling bonds every day, just think of yourself as their mom, this ethical drama is worth the gossip."

Evan frowned at her words, walked over a few steps to stand in front of them, lifted Juliana up.

"How much did you drink?"

Juliana responded instantly to his voice, tears retracted instantly with an indignant look.

"Get your filthy hands off me, however much I drank is none of your business!"

Evan's face darkened, without a word, he picked her up.

Juliana was extremely disgruntled.

"My friend is still here, let me down."

Summer was utterly drunk, though Juliana was held by Evan, she still reminded her, "Juliana, don't stand so high, it's dangerous, hurry down."

Evan made eye contact with Ethan Carter, who instantly understood.

"Ma'am, I'll take your friend home, don't worry."

Ultimately, Juliana was shoved into Evan's car.

Even though she hadn't drunk much, she still felt slightly tipsy due to her poor health.

Once in the car, Juliana rubbed her forehead, trying to maintain the last bit of sobriety.

"I won't apologize to your sister, if you want to scold, do it now, soon the alcohol might make me spew filth at you."

Evan fastened her seatbelt, his gaze lingered on her unadorned face for a few seconds, deliberately asked, "How filthy?"

Juliana thought for a moment, a smile appearing at the corner of her eye, "No matter how filthy, it's cleaner than whatever you and your sister have."

Evan's jaw tightened, he could tell, she thought she wasn't drunk, but she already was.

The man wouldn't argue with a drunk, drove the car back to Platinum Bay.

By the time they arrived, dawn was breaking, and Juliana was already asleep.

Evan unfastened her seatbelt, Juliana, half-awake, still didn't want him touching her.

"You're filthy..."

Evan's gaze was gloomy, yet he still picked her up.

Stella stood at the door, watching him cautiously carry someone out of the car, her fingertips unknowingly digging into her palms.

As Evan passed by her, he bowed his head, brushing away stray hair from Juliana's cheek with his chin, the movement so familiar it was dazzling.

A cold light flashed in Stella's eyes, quickly catching up.

## **Chapter 32: Chapter 32: "Excuse Me, Your Son Is...?"**

"How did my sister-in-law drink so much? I'll go cook some sobering soup."

She looked worried, but Evan didn't give her a glance or even respond.

Stella had no choice and followed them to the master bedroom.

However, she was sensible enough to just stand at the bedroom door.

Evan placed Juliana on the bed and was about to close the door and help her undress when he noticed Stella hadn't left yet.

He walked over to the door, and Stella bit her lip.

"Brother, sister-in-law's emotions are getting worse. She can hate me, that's fine, but I don't want her to misunderstand you any further. You should let me move out, preferably somewhere close to the hospital, so I can take care of mom."

Although her words seemed humble, Evan surprisingly nodded his head.

"Indeed, living with us is not good for your health and might also scare her."

Stella's pupils shrank abruptly, as if she had been slapped in the face.

"Actually, I've already been looking for a new place for you, and I've arranged a psychologist for you. Stella, take care of yourself and recover soon."

Having said that, Evan closed the door.

Stella felt a block in her heart.

She reviewed all her actions that evening.

Clearly, she had always been at a disadvantage. Clearly, Evan had been resentful and gnashing his teeth at Juliana in the middle of the night. How did his attitude change once he brought her back?

What she didn't know was, when Evan saw the location where Juliana was at the incident, by the sea, all his anger dissipated.

After closing the door, Evan turned around and saw Juliana getting up by herself, wobbling towards the bathroom.

She had a cleanliness obsession, needing to shower and change clothes before getting into bed after coming home.

Evan went to help her, but she shook off his hand.

"I've become filthy and disgusting because of you, and you're still not satisfied, coming to disgust me more?"

Evan's eyes turned colder.

But after a few seconds, his expression softened.

"Don't be jealous. At the time, I was just trying to save someone. I didn't think that much."

Juliana sneered, "Instinctively hugged someone, must have practiced a lot in normal times."

Evan's lips pressed into a straight line, "You're drunk. I won't hold you to what happened yesterday. We'll talk when you've sobered up."

Juliana, confident and fearless, "I barely drank, I'm very clear-headed now. I wish I could soak the places you touched in disinfectant. Really, your hand, you touched her chest..."

Juliana involuntarily gagged.

Bang!

Evan kicked over the stool in front of the dressing table and left the bedroom.

Juliana took a nap and woke up at three in the afternoon.

She scratched her head, and cursed drinking for causing trouble.

She was supposed to pick up the car and bring her grandpa out of the hospital today, but those plans were disrupted by Stella's antics.

She hurriedly called Rosalind.

Rosalind was busy on the other end.

"Juliana, don't worry, your grandpa is safely home. He's in great spirits, I just got him settled in, and he's very pleased with the new house. When you have the time, come and see him."

"Alright, send me the address, and I'll be there shortly."

Her grandpa moved into a new house, she couldn't rest easy until she checked on him.

Yet, what puzzled her was Rosalind's attitude, which had suddenly become... much more enthusiastic.

Juliana didn't have time to think about it. On her way downstairs, she met Stella.

Stella was sitting sickly on the couch, and when she saw Juliana, she quickly stood up.

"Sister-in-law, I frightened you last night. I'm sorry, it's all my fault, I couldn't control my emotions... I know you're angry with me because of Old Mr. Sutton's issue. I..."

Juliana had no patience for her acting, pointed to the surveillance camera and said, "Watch my mouth, so you don't get maliciously edited again and blame me."

Saying so, she squared her face, speaking to the camera, but the words were sharply directed at Stella.

"Stop acting here, you've used the framing trick a few times, so think of something else."

With that, she left Platinum Bay without looking back.

Stella's schemes were uncovered and nipped in the bud, but her eyes were as cold as needles dipped in poison.

This game is long, let's see how many times you can brazenly use my brother's love.

The voice in her heart, Juliana couldn't hear.

Just after picking up the car, Juliana received a message from Rosalind with the address.

Seeing the location "Celestial Vista," she gripped the phone with increasing strength.

Probably guessing her state, Rosalind sent a photo with a ding.

It was a photo of her grandpa sitting in a rocking chair with his eyes closed, resting.

"Your grandpa likes the new home's environment very much, he has suffered all his life, let him enjoy it."

Juliana wanted to be angry, but couldn't find a reason.

In less than two minutes, a call came from Rosalind again.

She asked cautiously, "Juliana, did you see the photo?"



"What else do you have to say?" Juliana asked.

"It's like this, the reconciliation agreement for your grandpa, I already signed on his behalf, it's just your part... Chief Wyatt said he's waiting for you at 'Rainfall Pavilion.'"

Juliana closed her eyes briefly.

"Auntie Linton," she spoke calmly, "Living in the house we exchanged for almost being beaten to death and me being molested by them, are you at ease?"

Rosalind: "..."

Juliana rushed to the teahouse, and her opposite number had been waiting in the private room for quite some time.

"Mrs. Grant, I really didn't know President Grant's father-in-law lived in our village. If I had known earlier, I absolutely wouldn't have let my son cause such a misunderstanding. Letting you and Old Man Linton be frightened, I'm really sorry for that."

The Chief was enthusiastic, Juliana was aloof.

"May I ask who your brat son is..."

The Chief's expression changed.

"Jason Wyatt. That night, there was a bit of misunderstanding with you guys. The old man was magnanimous and forgave the child, but as for you..."

The Chief handed over a drafted reconciliation agreement.

The reconciliation document stated that Juliana's attire was revealing and words were suggestive, leading to being mistaken for being in an improper occupation, so everyone tried to teach her a lesson, hence it was all a misunderstanding.

Juliana restrained her emotions and calmly asked, "Where is my grandpa's reconciliation document, let me see."

The Chief laughed, "The old man just got out of the hospital, not in great spirits, Ms. Linton is his guardian. Anyway, it's already signed, just look at yours."

No need to look, one could imagine the contents being equally infuriating.

With these two reconciliation documents, Jason Wyatt wouldn't face criminal charges.

Juliana read the document waiting for her signature and tore it up immediately.

"If you can't educate your son, let the state do it. Letting your son go to jail is better than getting shot."

The Chief's face fell.

"Mrs. Grant," the middle-aged man who had been silent spoke, "you just married a wealthy husband, women who don't behave often become unattractive over time."

Juliana looked at him, and the Chief quickly introduced, "This is Jason's uncle."

Understood, this was what Blondie mentioned, the one who could let those hooligans run rampant.

Juliana raised an eyebrow, "So what does Chief Wyatt want to tell me?"

Desmond Wyatt sipped his tea, exposing a set of nicotine-stained teeth.

"Mrs. Grant is quite a looker, but too stubborn. I bet President Grant won't stay interested in you for long. A rich man marrying a common girl is just for show. If Mrs. Grant was smart, you'd seize the opportunity to network, like befriending me."

Juliana toyed with the now-cold teacup in front of her, "I don't understand Chief Wyatt's point."

Desmond Wyatt chuckled twice, "When President Grant tosses you out like worn shoes, I'll find you some widowed colleagues, with your talent for service, you'll easily fit into being a government wife, isn't that nice?"

### **Chapter 33: Chapter 33: Mrs. Grant, You Have a Fantastic Figure**

"Has Chief Wyatt maintained his prison connections?"

Juliana Jacobs unexpectedly splashed a faceful of water on the other person.

"You flirty thing, got some nerve, huh?"

Desmond Wyatt retaliated by throwing his teacup at Juliana, angrily standing up.

The teacup hit Juliana's hand heavily, leaving a bruise.

The village chief, mindful of Juliana's status, quickly advised, "Second brother, women need discipline, don't waste your time on her."

Desmond Wyatt knew that Juliana, appearing here today as Mrs. Grant, shouldn't be touched.

But there's no woman who dares to be arrogant with him yet.

"Right, this should involve her husband. I want to see if her husband would give up business interests for such a foolish woman."

Juliana gritted her teeth, putting on a faint smile, "Will his signature be of any use?"

Desmond Wyatt's brother retorted, "You'll see if it works," and left.

Juliana's barely straightened back slumped down.

Actually, if it came down to her or the group interests, she believed Evan Grant would choose the latter without hesitation.

...

When Juliana returned to Platinum Bay in the evening, Evan had arrived ten minutes earlier.

Stella was dragging him to the living room, insisting he finish his fruit before heading to the study.

Evan had been agitated recently because of Juliana's antics.

As he was eating, Juliana walked in.

Glancing at the two people close together on the sofa, she intended to head upstairs when Evan called out, "Stop."

The man's mood was foul, his voice sharp.

Juliana halted, turning to him, "Showing off affection needs an audience, or you lose interest?"

Evan's face darkened.

Stella hurriedly got up, "Sister-in-law, I also prepared some fruit for you, wait, I'll get it."

Juliana snickered, "No need, I'm scared you might poison it, I don't dare eat."

Stella was stuck, feeling awkward whether to leave or stay.

"You have issues, don't take them out on her."

Evan disapproved, walking toward her.

Stella quickly hugged his arm.

"Brother, sister-in-law was humiliated, it's a lifelong stain, and now she's forced to compromise; it's okay for her to be upset, I don't mind."

Hearing this, Juliana immediately realized not only did they know what happened in the afternoon, but they've also made a decision.

She was even angrier now that Evan not only chose the group interests but also involved Stella in her affairs.

"Yeah, you should remind your brother all the time with a megaphone, I was humiliated, not as pure as you, so he'd kick me out sooner."

"I... I didn't..."

Stella frowned, her hand over her chest trembling slightly.

"Juliana!" Evan lost his temper, grabbing her hand, "It's nothing to do with her, stop provoking her."

Evan happened to grab her bruised spot.

With heavy hands, Juliana gasped from the pain.

Only then did Evan notice the bruise on her hand, and he eased his grip.

"Who did this?"

Juliana took this opportunity to shake off his hand, "What does it have to do with you? Go comfort your sister."

That night, she locked the bedroom door and latched it.

Evan couldn't get in, stewing in frustration, the study light stayed on till dawn.

Stella also stayed awake, bringing him a glass of milk.

"Brother, I know you're upset about sister-in-law, but though Desmond Wyatt isn't much, he has wide connections, and the company is launching a new project. If sister-in-law refuses to sign the reconciliation, it'll affect company interests; those conservative board members will stir up trouble again."

When Ethan reported later, she happened to be there, and Evan didn't ask her to avoid the conversation, so she knew the whole sequence.

Getting Juliana to sign the reconciliation was a win-win solution.

But Evan didn't respond to her words.

Stella wisely didn't disturb further.

Before leaving the study, she left one sentence.

"If sister-in-law has you in her heart, she'll think of you."

The reason she said this was because she was confident Juliana would never back down.

The next day, when Juliana got downstairs, Evan hadn't left yet.

Ethan was also there.

The atmosphere in the living room was heavy.

"Because the Linton Family's reconciliation letter was obtained, Jason Wyatt was already released on bail. Desmond's idea is that his nephew's hands are already ruined, they won't pursue further if Mrs. Grant also signs the reconciliation, it'll be done, and the new project's contract in the district will be approved today."

Evan said nothing, but Stella looked furious.

"The Wyatts initiated the trouble with sister-in-law, sister-in-law was taken advantage of by so many, how can they still have the face to threaten my brother?"

Her words, each one prompting Juliana to recall the night she was surrounded by a group of thugs.

Even though the bodyguard quickly arrived, she still suffered.

The mere thought of it leaves her infuriated.

Ethan whispered to Evan, "Desmond Wyatt is infertile, Jason Wyatt is the sole heir, he must go all out to keep his nephew's record clean, or else there will be no one to take over the Wyatt Family in the future. He says if you agree, go to 'Rainfall Pavilion' to sign the reconciliation."

Evan closed his eyes briefly, stood up, and pulled Juliana's wrist to take her away.

Rainfall Pavilion, private room.

Jason Wyatt was also there.

Desmond Wyatt, smugly glancing at Juliana, and then with a servile smile, stood up, "Sorry to trouble you, President Grant, sincerely apologetic."

Evan ignored his handshake, sitting across from him.

Desmond Wyatt was left embarrassed, having been snubbed.

But since they brought people here to sign, there's no point in souring relations.

"This matter is my nephew's fault, I'll have him apologize to Mrs. Grant. President Grant, you're a person of great moral standing, worth a deep friendship."

Evan's face showed no expression, "Just because you praise me, I should play along with your agenda?"

Desmond Wyatt was taken aback, weren't they here to sign a reconciliation agreement?

Ethan was sweating, as President Grant's refusal for his wife's sake would tank the project.

Desmond, after a brief contemplation, still signaled to his nephew, "Quick, apologize to Mrs. Grant."

Jason Wyatt stood in front of Juliana, sporting a big yellow toothed grin, and gazed at her with mocking eyes.

"Mrs. Grant, you have such a good figure, I failed to recognize someone of your stature, my apologies."

His words were full of disrespect.

Juliana glanced at Evan, the man's face remained emotionless.

Lowering her gaze, she picked up the reconciliation agreement on the table.

From Platinum Bay to the teahouse, she had thought it through.

Signing would be unfair to herself.

Not signing, and it would be what Stella hoped for.

After weighing options multiple times, despite her reluctance, she still had to sign.

Jason, witnessing her submission, laughed, "Actually, this can't be completely blamed on me and the brothers. Mrs. Grant is so soft, touching her is enchanting for any man, impossible to control."

His words were so coarse that even Ethan couldn't stand it.

"Mr. Wyatt, did you leave your manners in the detention center when you got bailed out?"

Jason, even more shameless, said, "Do you all want to hear refined words? I get it. Women are meant to serve men. With Mrs. Grant's curves, she must be more intoxicating than the top girl at The Veridian Club."

After finishing, he laughed out loud.