

**Stop Panicking! Miss Jacobs will Not Look Back!**  
**#Chapter 34: President Grant, It Really Seems Like**  
**Madam Doesn't Want to Be With You Anymore - Read**  
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Juliana endured his foul language and finished writing her name.

But before Desmond Wyatt could reach out, Evan Grant took the agreement.

Desmond Wyatt realized the situation had changed, hurriedly stepped forward, pressing his hand on the agreement, trying both hard and soft tactics, "President Grant, it's signed, we're square, your new project..."

Before he could finish speaking, Evan Grant swung the teapot beside him and smashed it heavily onto his hand.

Desmond Wyatt let out an "ah" and looked at Evan Grant with a trembling yet fierce gaze.

Juliana was also surprised; wasn't he bringing her here to sign?

Evan Grant pulled out the agreement from under his hand, tore it into pieces, and then nonchalantly looked at him.

"Did I ever tell you to prepare more offerings for yourself?"

Desmond Wyatt held back his temper from exploding, "President Grant, my brother didn't teach my son well, letting him say whatever he wants, sorry."

Evan Grant chuckled, "Disciplining your son is your family business, but today he had to act against me, so this matter will be settled separately. I can cripple his hand, I don't care what riffraff he has behind him."

After speaking, Evan Grant didn't look at Desmond Wyatt's uneasy yet blameless appearance, stood up, and his gaze landed on Jason Wyatt.

Once the pressure from someone in power is released, it becomes suffocating.

"Can't control it?"

Jason Wyatt's chin trembled, unable to speak.

Evan Grant patted his uncle's shoulder, "Prepare an offering for your nephew too."

Evan Grant wrapped his arm around Juliana and left the private room.

Back in the car, Juliana pushed his hand away, even patting where he had touched her.

Evan Grant laughed, "Upset I'm not letting you sign?"

"What was the point of bringing me here if you weren't going to let me sign?"

Evan Grant held her hand but avoided her bruised hand back.

"Juliana, what has caused a rift between us?"

Juliana thought for a moment, didn't answer, and pried his fingers apart.

Ethan Carter sat in the driver's seat, not daring to make a sound.

"Your willingness to sign shows you care about me. Can we put the past grievances behind and start anew?"

Juliana was amused by his last four words.

After crawling back from the brink of death countless times, ultimately, he lightly brushes it off with a 'start anew'.

"As I said before, the prerequisite for starting anew is for you to cut ties with Stella Grant, can you do that?"

"Her existence doesn't affect us at all."

See, he would never let go of that woman.

So between them lies a deadlock, only divorce can solve it.

Juliana's gaze was cool.

"President Grant misunderstood, I'd definitely sign for the benefit of the Grant Family, I am a person of contract spirit, that's all."

Having said that, she opened the car door, attempting to get out from the other side.

Evan Grant pulled her back, "How long will you keep this up?"

At this point, Ethan Carter's phone rang. After answering, he glanced at Juliana and reported, "President Grant, the conclusion regarding the studio explosion is out, it was caused by improper storage of battery blocks by the staff, so it's still... an accident."

Everyone was aware of the accuracy of this conclusion.

Juliana's smile didn't reach her eyes, "So, does President Grant accept the police's conclusion this time?"

Once is an accident, twice is an accident, his ambiguous response just makes her out to be a fool.

Evan Grant's lips pursed into a straight line.

Juliana wore a faintly mocking expression, "So, how do we start anew?"

She shook off his hand, got out of the car, and flagged down a taxi to leave.

Ethan Carter felt a bit anxious for his boss.

He turned his head and whispered, "President Grant, it seems the madam really doesn't want to be with you anymore, maybe we should just be honest with her."

"Will letting her know change anything?"

Ethan Carter was dumbfounded by his words and closed his mouth.

"Head to the development zone."

Evan Grant was sulking silently.

...

In the afternoon, as soon as Juliana walked out of the laboratory, she received a text message.

"The studio has been unsealed, the owner hired people for cleaning, it must be cleaned within three hours."

Juliana grabbed her car keys and walked out.

Summer Shaw peeked out from the office, calling her: "Where are you going? Aren't you having dinner?"

Juliana waved her hand, "There's an emergency, wait for my message."

Summer Shaw paused in confusion, "What should I say if Evan Grant calls looking for you?"

Juliana stopped to think, "Don't wait for him to ask, tell him in an hour that I've gone to the studio."

Summer Shaw looked bewildered, "Why are you going to the studio? Haven't inhaled enough toxic smoke?"

The person who texted Juliana was the cleaner from the shopping mall next to the studio.

Juliana had paid her to keep an eye on things over there, to call her as soon as it was unsealed.

Arriving at the studio, the cleaning lady was waiting at the door.

"What a coincidence, the owner of the place hired me and a few sisters to help with the cleaning."

Juliana pulled out a hundred yuan to give her: "Thank you, Aunty."

The cleaning lady smiled, "No problem, take your time looking. I'll have them clean the other side first."

Juliana was still looking for the remnants of the battery burn.

The evidence found at the bakery was gone; here was a new chance.

Due to ventilation issues, there was still a pungent odor on the second floor, but it was much milder compared to that day.

Wearing a mask, Juliana searched for a long time and finally found some burnt remnants of a high-energy battery among the sifted debris.

The appearance and color were similar to what was found at the bakery site.

Concealing her excitement, Juliana carefully packed these remnants.

As she went downstairs, the cleaning ladies were still tidying up.

She expressed her gratitude and exited the studio.

On the street, the trees stood silently.

In this pedestrian square, Juliana tucked the small transparent bag into her pocket and headed towards a place where she could catch a taxi.

Almost reaching the main street, she quickened her pace, and at that moment, the sound of hurried footsteps trailed behind her.

Without turning her head, a sense of being hunted as prey surged upon her.

In this city center, the opponent was surprisingly brazen.

Just as Juliana was thinking, two shadows flashed from the front, surrounding her in a pincer formation.

She had no choice but to risk diverting into an alley.

The other end of the alley connected to a street, as long as she could break through, she could escape.

However, just as Juliana was about to reach the alley entrance, the pursuer behind her suddenly tackled her to the ground.

At that moment, a Maybach screeched to a stop at the alley entrance.

"Damn woman, hand it over!"

The leading man in black yanked Juliana's hair, forcing her to lift her head. The other two accomplices also closed in.

Evan Grant got out of the car just in time to witness this scene.

Seeing him, Juliana instinctively wanted to toss the evidence in her hand to him, but her action froze in the next second.

The passenger door opened, and Stella Grant also got out of the car.

"Stay back!"

Evan Grant harshly stopped Stella Grant, simultaneously tossing his suit jacket to her.

"Brother, shouldn't we call the police?"

Stella Grant's voice trembled, clearly frightened by the scene.

"I'll say it one last time, hand over what you have!"

The man in black lost patience, raising his hand to slap Juliana.

Evan Grant lunged forward, first kicking away the obstacle, then landing a heavy punch squarely on the assailant's face.

Taking advantage of his opponent's momentary pain, he swiftly pulled Juliana behind him.

Two men in black hesitated, retreating half a step but still eyed them fiercely.

"What did you take?" Evan Grant asked in a low voice.

Juliana took out the transparent evidence bag from her pocket, "The explosion was orchestrated, they're here to destroy the evidence."

Before she finished speaking, the two men in black simultaneously lunged at them.

Evan Grant pushed her aside, "Get to the car!"

Seizing the moment, Juliana ran towards the alley entrance, but was suddenly blocked by the man in black who had been kicked down earlier.

In the scuffle, her back slammed heavily into the wall, and the transparent bag in her hand was flung out.

Standing by the car, Stella Grant let out a startled cry, instinctively catching it.

### **Chapter 35: Chapter 35: So This Is What It Feels Like When Your Heart Is Truly Dead**

Juliana felt a sudden sinking feeling in her heart, a sense of foreboding rushing over her.

She saw Stella squatting beside the sewer cover, tightly pressing a small crumpled transparent bag against the circular openings of the cover.

"If you harm my brother again, I'll throw this in!" Her voice was laced with sobs.

"No, don't!"

Juliana tried to rush forward but was forcefully held back by someone.

In the scuffle, Stella let go of her hand.

The transparent bag silently fell into the pitch-black sewer, disappearing instantly without a trace.

Juliana's eyes widened, too shocked to speak.

The three men in black, having achieved their goal, turned to run.

Evan reacted swiftly, immediately subduing two of them, but unfortunately let one escape.

"You fool!"

Juliana stomped her foot angrily.

Stella was so frightened by the angry shout that she trembled all over, her lips turning an unnatural shade of blue.

"I... I was just scared..." Her breathing became rapid, "I couldn't let them harm you and my brother..."

"Don't be harsh on her!"

Evan quickly took out his phone from the car, and seeing the situation, immediately embraced Stella to protect her.

"Are you okay?"

He smoothly switched between gentleness and fierceness in a heartbeat.

Juliana watched his worried expression and suddenly smiled.

So this is what it feels like when the heart is completely numb.

Stella clutched Evan's lapel, collapsing into his embrace and sobbing, "Brother, I'm really scared... scared you'll get hurt, scared for your wife..."

"Say no more, I understand, just calm down."

Evan gently patted her back, comforting her while sending messages.

Once Stella had calmed down, he finally looked at Juliana.

Juliana was squatting by the sewer cover, her fingers futilely picking at the small holes, her thin silhouette curled into a small ball.

Evan suddenly remembered, she was actually the most timid one.

The woman who used to cling to his arm and whisper "let's go quickly" whenever they saw dogs fighting during their walks, was now keeping her distance from him...

Soon, Ethan arrived with reinforcements.

The two men in black were taken away.

Stella couldn't part from Evan; she would tremble all over if she left him.

Helplessly, Evan looked at Juliana, "We'll talk when we get home."

Juliana ignored him, stood up, and was about to leave.

"Juliana, stop being sulky."

Evan was slightly annoyed.

Juliana's gaze at him was indifferent, devoid of warmth.

"The evidence is gone, I'm perfectly safe now, going home at this point won't it disturb you?"

Having said that, she turned and left.

Evan wanted to go after her but Stella clung to his clothes, and he could only watch her silhouette disappear into the alley.

Juliana went to the mall restroom, washed her face, and tidied her clothes. A cleaning lady hurried in, took a small transparent bag from her pocket.

"Here, for you."

Juliana turned with a smile and took it.

"Thank you, ma'am."

She handed her five banknotes.

The cleaning lady grinned from ear to ear, "No problem, just let me know if you need help next time."

Just sending a text earned her five hundred, keeping something safe for a while was another five hundred; more jobs like this the better.

Juliana drove out of the underground parking lot and went to Aetherflame Dynamics.

Summer hadn't finished work yet, and was a bit surprised to see her return at this time.

"I texted Evan an hour after you left, didn't he come looking for you?"

"He did, came with his sister, then flaunted their affection in front of me."



Summer clicked her tongue, but Juliana's reaction was very calm.

She handed over the transparent bag containing the battery fragments, "Nearly lost my life for this tonight, keep it safe for me."

Summer took it, "Is it that person from the studio who tried to kill you last time?"

Juliana shook her head, "I'm sure the one who ran me off the pier and tried to throw me out the window at the studio is the same person, but none of the three tonight matched him."

That person should have left a scar on the back of his hand.

"If you divorce Evan, you won't have to be the target drawing fire anymore?" Summer asked.

Juliana nodded.

"Then it's almost done."

Summer was eager to see what big gift Juliana would give to that scumbag Evan on their four-year wedding anniversary.

...

When Juliana returned to Platinum Bay, Evan was waiting for her in the living room.

Unexpectedly, Stella was nowhere in sight, which was unusual.

When Evan saw her enter, he was about to speak, but she bypassed him and went to the kitchen.

The man's Adam's apple moved, suppressing the thought of calling her back, and he followed her.

Juliana opened the refrigerator, poured out a box of ice cubes, and wrapped them in a towel to apply to her face.

"Are you hurt?"

Evan reached out to check her face, but Juliana turned three meters away from him.

Evan dropped his hand and sighed, "Tonight I was supposed to take Stella to see the therapist, but then I got a message from your friend, I couldn't just leave her."

With the ice on her face, Juliana's lashes didn't even flutter, nor did she deign to give him a glance.

Evan was provoked by her lack of emotion.

"She is ill, can't you be understanding of her?"

Juliana was amused by his words and slowly lifted her eyelids.

"I'm just the scapegoat you use to draw fire, I bear all the danger for her, isn't that enough, now you want me to smile while watching you two hugging, believing in your ridiculous explanations..."

Juliana's hand on the towel grew pale from her grip.

"... Evan Grant, what do I owe you?"

Evan was stabbed by her words, his brow furrowing, "Who said you're a scapegoat?"

A faint chill spread from the corner of Juliana's eyes, "Four times I've walked the edge of death, tell me, were those all accidents?"

Evan opened his mouth, but his throat felt blocked, unable to voice anything.

For the first time, Juliana saw a powerless expression on his handsome face, her heart stirring with a hundred sentiments.

"Evan Grant, no matter what you think of me, I did love you, and I don't want that love to turn into hate. Let's not quarrel, let me go, let's be peaceful..."

Before Juliana could finish, Evan pulled her into his arms.

He clasped the back of her head, pressing her face into his chest, letting her hear his deafening heartbeat.

"Juliana, if I didn't love you, could we have gone through four years together? Just hold on a bit longer, Stella will move out tomorrow, and Lily is about to have surgery. After her surgery, I'll send Stella away, everything will be over, we..."

He struggled to keep his voice steady, but Juliana suddenly retched, raising her hand to push against his chest, forcing him away.

Once the nausea passed, she raised her face, her eyes holding nothing but icy detachment.

"Sorry, I can't stand the orange scent on you, and you can't get rid of it, between us..."

It's over.

She shook her head, turned to leave.

Just as a hint of realization dawned in Evan's eyes, his phone rang.

It was George calling.

After answering, Evan took her hand.

"Go wake Stella, we're going to the hospital."

Juliana paused, guessing that Lily's condition had changed.

Though they were still husband and wife, whether or not it was some old witch's spell, this trip had to be made.

But going to that woman's room, she found it disgusting.

So Juliana gave a light laugh, "You've already embraced, do you still need to avoid suspicion going to her room?"

### **Chapter 36: Chapter 36: Four Years of Love, Worthless**

In the end, it was Mrs. Young who woke Stella up.

After experiencing so much tonight, Stella was still not in a good state upon waking up, clinging to Evan's arm the whole time.

"Brother, my mom isn't going to be okay, is she?"

"Don't worry, the doctor will handle it."

Evan's voice was noticeably colder. He opened the rear car door and pushed her straight in.

Juliana was wondering why Stella wasn't thinking about sitting in the front passenger seat with Evan, then saw her tightly gripping Evan's hand, trembling all over, and saying, "Brother, give me the medicine, I can't control myself."

Evan's expression changed dramatically, signaling Mrs. Young to bring the pills and personally feeding her.

After taking the medication, Stella didn't immediately calm down. He glanced at the time and said to Juliana, "You drive."

Then he got into the back seat.

Juliana laughed out of anger.

Stella had some wit but her biggest failure was fighting for a man who no longer wanted her.

When they arrived at the hospital, Lily was still unconscious.

George and the doctor stood at the door of the ward.

Seeing Juliana, George's eyes lit up instantly, and he stepped forward in a few strides to grab her hand.

"Juliana, it's good you're here, your mother-in-law needs you."

Realizing some things were not his to say, he turned his eyes to the doctor.

The doctor was a man, looking to be in his thirties.

He picked up where George left off, "The patient's platelets have plummeted and she needs an immediate O-type platelet transfusion; otherwise, her life is at risk."

Stella seemed to have heard earth-shattering news: "My mom only has ovarian cancer; how could her platelets have a problem?"

"The cause is hard to say, but tomorrow's surgery must be postponed. The patient could hemorrhage at any time. Our hospital doesn't have O-type platelets; you need to find a donor immediately."

Juliana had been focused on listening to the doctor's orders, but upon hearing this, her gaze slightly tightened, and her look toward the doctor suddenly became meaningful.

George: "Juliana, your mother-in-law is O-type, and so are you. Can you..."

"No."

Juliana decisively refused, then turned her eyes to Evan, her gaze cold.

Is this why you brought me here?

Evan understood her look, frowned at George, "Dad, there's no room for negotiation on this."

Juliana recalled the child she recently lost, unmoved by Evan's refusal.

"Evan, although Lily is your stepmother, she's treated you as her own over the years. Juliana is healthy; giving a little blood isn't an issue."

He then glanced at the doctor.

The doctor nodded, "Drawing 400 milliliters of blood is harmless to the body."

Juliana glanced at his name tag, a smile playing on her lips as she said, "Dr. Miller, you're the professional; you must be responsible for your words."

Chase Miller couldn't stand it, "The patient's situation is like this, and I still have rounds to make. Decide on the platelet transfusion and come find me, but you need to hurry."

Seeing him evade, Juliana became more sure that this was a setup.

Even whether or not Lily was ill was questionable.

Just as he left, Lily woke up in the ward.

Stella was the first to rush in, kneeling at the bedside, holding her hand.

"Mom, where are you feeling unwell?"

Lily's face was very pale, as if bleached.

"Stella, Mom might not last much longer. Juliana doesn't like me, nor does she respect me in the Grant Family. She won't help me. What I'm most worried about is you, with no secure future..."

As she spoke, she looked at Evan.

"You said you would take care of my daughter; you can't go back on your word. Stella hasn't even married yet, doesn't have a boyfriend, she's clean and pure, you..."

Lily's words seemed like a dying speech, but Juliana couldn't help but laugh.

"I've seen people using death to force a marriage, but never someone using death to force another to take their daughter as a mistress. You're living so pathetically; you might as well die sooner."

Her words dropped, and George was furious.

"Juliana, are those human words? Do you see me as an elder?"

Evan closed his eyes, pulling Juliana behind him.

Seeing the situation, Stella suddenly knelt at Juliana's feet.

"Sister-in-law, if I weren't on antidepressants, I could donate blood to Mom, but now... we really have no choice."

She cried, looking like a pear blossom drenched in rain, her voice choking.

"I'm begging you, save my mom..."

"Impossible."

Juliana promptly and decisively spat out these three words, turning to leave the ward.

"Stop her!"

At George's command, two bodyguards immediately blocked the door.

Juliana slowly turned around, her gaze like an icy blade toward George, "What, is father-in-law going to tie me up and draw my blood?"

George's face darkened, "You forced me. Take her phone away. Don't let her alert the old lady."

"Just try to touch her."

Evan's voice was cold as if dipped in ice.

The two bodyguards immediately froze, not daring to make a move.

George pulled his son to the corner, his voice lowered to a whisper.

"Drawing a bit of blood won't affect your wife's health; what are you worried about?"

Evan pressed his lips together, not responding.

George squinted his eyes, his tone turning cold. "It will take at least five or six hours to find another blood donor now; your aunt can't wait that long. If something happens to her, how can I focus on negotiating with Isaac on your behalf?"

Evan frowned, looking at him, "You've been in contact with him for a while, not admitting it the last time I asked."

George stiffened, "It's not very long; it was after you first opposed me because of Juliana that I met him once, so... are you still planning to antagonize me?"

Seeing his son silent for a long time, George knew that out of consideration for their marital bond, Evan couldn't directly pressure Juliana, so he had to be the villain.

He turned to Juliana, speaking forcefully: "This time, if you save your mother-in-law, all past grievances will be written off."

Juliana looked at Evan. The man said nothing, as if weighing.

Four years of bond, truly worth nothing.

George ordered the bodyguards, "Take her to the blood collection room."

Juliana exhaled, a look of final defeat showing as she gave up resisting, turning her eyes to Lily on the bed.

Even walking over to adjust her quilt.

"Mother-in-law, with such a loving husband, rest assured and heal."

Lily saw her act humble and meek, closed her eyes, feeling full of pride inside.

But then, Juliana leaned down, whispering in her ear so only the two could hear, "If you want my blood, I'll take the riches and glory of your lifetime."

Lily's eyes snapped open, looking at her in horror, her body shaking uncontrollably.

"You venomous woman! What did you say to my mom?"

Stella screamed, losing her mind, rushing forward to push her hard.

### **Chapter 37: Chapter 37: Madam Is Still Alive**

Juliana Jacobs was caught off guard, stumbling back after being pushed, her side slamming heavily into the cold metal IV stand, causing her to groan in pain.

At the same time, Stella Grant also moved too aggressively in the struggle, stumbling herself, and her wrist banged against the hard metal rail of the hospital bed with a "thud."

She cried out in pain, tears streaming down her face, "Ah! My hand!"

Evan Grant dashed forward in a single stride, initially intending to check on Juliana Jacobs.

But upon hearing Stella's cry of pain, he abruptly changed direction and grabbed her hand, "What happened?"

George Grant was even more furious, pushing Juliana Jacobs, who had just steadied herself, to the ground.

"How dare you! Not only do you scare your mother-in-law, but you also dare to lay hands on your sister-in-law? Do you think just because the old lady backs you, you can do whatever you want? Don't forget, your grandfather's medication application is just approved; whether you can actually get it is still uncertain!"

Juliana Jacobs hit the floor hard, a sharper pain radiating from her already injured side, but when she looked up and saw the two men desperately protecting the women in their arms, all her pain became a blur.

"Brother, I..."

Stella Grant was about to nobly say she was fine, but Evan Grant suddenly let go of her hand and strode towards Juliana Jacobs.

However, Juliana Jacobs turned over and got up herself as he reached out to her.

She even avoided him when he was about to touch her.

Choosing not to give this man another look, Juliana Jacobs coldly looked toward George Grant.

"I will cooperate with you to the blood extraction room, but you Grant Family cannot be too overbearing. From now on, I, Juliana Jacobs, have no father-in-law or husband. When the day comes that we have nothing left to lose, let's see who loses more."

In simple terms, that was severing ties.

George Grant wanted to say more, but Juliana Jacobs had already turned and left the ward.

He quickly looked at his son, "Look how you've spoiled her."

Evan Grant was expressionless, but his voice was chillingly cold.

"Father, remember the price of using Isaac Grant to threaten me today. You only see Lily Windsor; isn't Juliana Jacobs my most cherished too? Don't wait for the day I no longer value this father-son bond..."

There was no need to finish the sentence; just by glancing at Stella Grant, George Grant understood.



George Grant's face changed dramatically; he wanted to say something to ease the situation, but his son had already turned and left, leaving behind a bone-chilling coldness in the room.

Stella Grant hung her head low, her eyes turbulent beneath her lashes.

Blood extraction room.

Chase Miller told the nurse, "Draw 500cc from her."

The nurse was a bit startled, "You want to draw that much from a lady too?"

Chase Miller glanced at the bodyguards at the blood extraction room's entrance, "It's a request from the patient's family."

The nurse seemed to understand his helplessness and began tying the rubber tubing on Juliana Jacobs.

At this point, Juliana Jacobs took out her ID card and asked, "Don't you record information?"

"Oh, right."

The nurse quickly picked up her ID card and checked it in the computer.

In less than a minute, she handed the ID card back with both hands.

"I'm sorry, ma'am, you can't donate blood."

Chase Miller was a bit surprised, "Why can't she?"

The nurse pointed to the screen, "Dr. Shaw specifically noted that this lady had major surgery and cannot donate blood within a year."

Chase Miller was momentarily speechless.

Caleb Shaw had actually done something humane.

Juliana Jacobs put away her ID card and stood up.

Her waist was still injured, and she nearly lost her balance.

Once she steadied herself, holding her waist, she looked at Chase Miller.

"I'm trying to stop Dr. Miller from making a mistake, can't you see that?"

Chase Miller suddenly felt choked up.

Juliana Jacobs smiled, appearing as if she knew the truth but didn't plan to pursue it.

"You are a good doctor and surely have a brighter future. It's not easy to study medicine for eight years; you should be cautious, don't you think?"

Chase Miller was visibly uneasy.

Juliana Jacobs had seen Lily Windsor's hospital card in the ward; her attending physician was this Chase Miller.

To strip Lily Windsor of her wealth and prosperity, she had to start with him.

"You... you may leave; I will tell them you're not suitable for blood donation," Chase Miller said.

"Thank you."

Juliana Jacobs was congenial, not giving him any pressure.

After leaving the blood extraction room, she soon encountered Caleb Shaw.

Both were somewhat surprised.

"Dr. Shaw, working night shifts?" Juliana Jacobs initiated the conversation.

Caleb Shaw nodded, showing concern, "Why are you at the hospital so late?"

Juliana Jacobs smiled, her eyes calm as if devoid of life.

"Evan Grant asked me to draw blood for his stepmother, but luckily you left a note, thank you."

As soon as she finished speaking, a familiar face flashed by.

Juliana Jacobs looked at the man passing across, realizing who he was only after seeing his back.

He was Liang... Remembering she hadn't thanked him twice, Juliana Jacobs ignored the stormy look on Caleb Shaw's face and chased outside the hospital.

Evan Grant saw her supporting her waist, intending to follow her, but Caleb Shaw grabbed his collar.

"Didn't I tell you about her condition? Just because she can walk and jump now doesn't mean she's recovered! Do you want her life by making her draw blood now?"

Evan Grant watched his furious gestures, his gaze deep, "My wife doesn't need your concern."

Caleb Shaw let go, but his voice remained firm, "Save your fake compassion, if you really want to change wives, just divorce her, there's no need to torture her like this."

"Caleb Shaw!" Evan Grant's face finally darkened, "Between brothers, there's no need for understanding, only a need for stance!"

Caleb Shaw's temples bulged, "Go ahead and ruin her, Evan Grant, you'll end up crying one day."

Juliana Jacobs, clutching her waist, chased outside the hospital, but the man had already gotten into a car, leaving only the taillights disappearing slowly.

In the car, the assistant glanced back.

"Sir, it's the woman you saved twice."

The man leaned against the car window, the orange street lights casting a dark golden hue over his features, his eyes icy as snow-chilled springs when he lifted them slightly.

"Which woman?"

The assistant withdrew his gaze, adjusted his posture, and got back on topic.

"This is the third hospital we've looked into. If I may be frank, since the specimen appeared at Hospital 547, our investigation should focus on Hospital 547. As for why Madam sent the specimen to find relatives but left false contact information, it's worth investigating. It's like finding a needle in a haystack; it's too taxing for you, and I don't recommend this approach."

"The surveillance is covered, the contact details don't exist, no clues at all, tell me how to investigate accurately?"

The man's voice was deep, with a hint of weary hoarseness at the end.

Indeed, for now, the only hope was that the other party would fall ill soon, go not only to Hospital 547 but also to other hospitals, leaving a blood trail.

However, this hope was also slim.

But the assistant's tone softened, "For years, we've scoured every orphanage in nearby cities without finding clues, but now the DNA appears, proving madam is alive, this is a turning point. As long as we persist, we will find her!"

The man touched the ring on his ring finger, looked out the car window, the moving lights casting a profound shadow along his brow and nose.

Juliana Jacobs panted, struggling to stand straight because of her waist pain.

Just as she planned to hail a cab, someone called after her.

"Mrs. Grant..."

Chase Miller caught up, handing her a tube of blood circulation ointment.

"...This is for you."

Juliana Jacobs took the ointment, her face showing a slight smile.

"Dr. Miller, too kind, you uphold the Hippocratic oath, isn't there something you'd like to say to me?"

Such as whether Lily Windsor's illness is real or not.

### **Chapter 38: Chapter 38: No Love Left, Why Talk About Living on Love Alone?**

Chase Miller opened his mouth but ultimately lowered his eyes and bowed his head slightly to her.

"The patient is still waiting for me, let's talk another time when there's a chance."

The lack of answers was within Juliana Jacobs' expectations.

She didn't expect him to tell the truth in just one or two encounters.

...

When Evan Grant hurried back to Platinum Bay, Mrs. Young happened to be coming out of the master bedroom.

Her hands carried the scent of medicated ointment.

Evan was about to speak when the master bedroom door clicked shut, not only locked but also bolted.

Mrs. Young pretended not to notice the chill on Evan's face.

"President Grant, madam has injured her back and has already gone to bed. Don't disturb her tonight."

"Is her back injury severe?"

"Not too severe, she took a fall and even her knees are bruised."

Mrs. Young's words were contradictory and still unsatisfied, she added, "Fortunately, there's the ointment from the doctor. In a couple of days, she'll be fine."

Evan frowned, "Which doctor provided it?"

Mrs. Young thought for a moment on purpose, "A doctor named Zhang. Madam said this doctor is very nice, just like Dr. Shaw."

Evan's expression grew even darker.

Mrs. Young didn't care about any of it.

After taking a few steps, she turned back and said, "President Grant, when you have time, you should take madam up the mountain to offer prayers. Lately, she's been getting injured whenever she goes out alone, and even when she's with you, it happens. Maybe only the heavens can keep her safe now."

Mrs. Young seemed to be giving advice, but in reality, she was stabbing Evan in the heart.

To feel like nothing more than a prop, even a man like Evan Grant would be despised.

Juliana might seem calm, but the silent protest is the most dangerous sign of divorce.

A thin mist formed in Evan's eyes.

The next day, Juliana woke up late.

When she went downstairs after getting ready, Mrs. Young happily informed her, "Madam, Miss Grant has moved out. Early this morning, President Grant asked her to pack up and took her away."

Mrs. Young was unaware of what had happened at the hospital last night.

Lily Windsor had already entrusted Stella to Evan, and having her move today was just to avoid doing something to her, and just relocating his canary somewhere else.

No sign of joy appeared on Juliana's face.

"In the future, don't tell me anything about them. I'm going to the office."

Seeing Juliana about to leave, Mrs. Young quickly handed her a small box.

"President Grant said he found the pendant you've asked him to look for over the past four years."

Juliana opened the box to find a small stone shaped like a twisted raindrop.

It was shortly after their marriage when Evan still took the time to accompany her on walks by the river where Juliana had found a piece of stone resembling half a heart.

She said she'd look again to see if a pair could be found, to make matching pendants for them both.

But that day, they searched until nightfall found nothing.

Four years later, just when she was about to forget there was such a thing in her dresser drawer, he found it.

"Madam, President Grant is putting in thought to apologize to you; in his heart, you're still irreplaceable," Mrs. Young said with satisfaction.

Juliana thought for a moment, then turned to go upstairs. When she came back down, she pried the stone out of the box, and without hesitation, tossed it along with the one in her hand into the trash can.

"Madam, such a meaningful thing, are you really going to give it up?" Mrs. Young was surprised.

Juliana dusted her hands, indifferent.

"You ask him for me: after sleeping with him for four years, am I only worth two worthless stones?"

Without love, who talks about romance sustaining life? Talking about money is more practical.

...

After arriving at the Aetherflame Dynamics laboratory, Juliana began analyzing the components of the battery remnants she had desperately protected last night.

By afternoon, her back couldn't take it anymore, and she lay down on the sofa in Summer Shaw's office.

Summer, noticing this, took out a bottle of medicinal wine.

"Lift your shirt."

Juliana paused for a moment, "How did you know my back was injured?"

Summer's eyes glazed momentarily, "Aren't you having a run of bad luck? There's always a bruise here, a cut there. I've got a medicine box prepared for you here."

Juliana shifted her gaze from herself and sniffed the medicinal wine, pushing it away disdainfully.

"If I apply it, I'll reek of it. I'd rather not."

"Then you deserve the pain."

Unhappy, Summer put the medicinal wine away.

"We gathered DNA at Hospital 547; did they upload the data?" Juliana asked.

Summer thought for a moment, "It must have been uploaded."

Juliana fell silent.

Summer understood, she was concerned about the lack of progress regarding her search for family.

"Just wait. It hasn't even been a week. Maybe they haven't seen it yet."

That's right, all that could be done now was to wait.

Juliana remembered something important and forced herself to stand up from the sofa.

"I have something to do today, leaving early."

Summer craned her neck to ask, "Where are you going this time?"

She didn't answer.

Summer said, "If your husband asks, shall I say you went on a date?"

"You may."

Juliana walked away without looking back.

Summer was surprised, "Sister, are you going for extramarital affairs too?"

...

Over an hour later at the community stray cat rescue center.

Juliana, dressed in casual clothes with a fisherman's hat, squatted in the corner feeding a ginger cat that had just undergone an amputation surgery.

Chase Miller pushed open the door, and upon seeing her, looked surprised.

"Mrs. Grant..."

"Call me Miss Jacobs, I'd be happier."

Juliana didn't lift her head.

"Does Dr. Miller rescue stray cats too? What a coincidence."

But it wasn't really a coincidence; she had found out Chase often came here, so she came.

Chase wasn't sure how to respond, just then the ginger cat started convulsing, and the bandages on its amputation site began to bleed profusely.

"Has the wound ruptured?"

Juliana wanted to check, Chase moved quickly, "The bandages might have been too tight, causing ischemic necrosis. Take it to the operating table, I'll take care of it."

Juliana quickly picked up the cat, not minding the blood staining her clothes.

Chase skillfully redressed the ginger cat's wounds.

As Juliana watched the cat's breathing steady, her tense shoulders finally relaxed.

"Dr. Miller, you're truly professional and kind-hearted; this cat is lucky to have you."

Chase turned red at her praise, looking down to tidy up the instruments.

"It's just a small effort."

Not wanting to delve into that topic, he quickly pointed to her sleeve.

"You've got blood on your clothes."

Juliana glanced down and laughed, "Now that's troublesome. What if someone mistakes me for coming from a crime scene on the way?"



Chase looked out the window, his tone subtly gentler, "There's a mall nearby, why not buy a new one and change?"

He paused, then added, "I'll go with you, just in case someone actually suspects, I'll vouch for you."

They handed the ginger cat over to volunteers at the rescue center and left together.

At the mall, Juliana chose a white long dress to change into.

When she emerged, she saw Chase playing with kittens at the pet store window, his profile relaxed under the lights.

"Dr. Miller, do you like cats?" she approached and asked.

Chase withdrew his hand, a bit uneasy, "Uh-huh, they're simpler than people."

Juliana nodded introspectively, "Indeed. At least cats don't make you do things you don't want to do."

Chase's gaze landed on her, suddenly pausing.

The new white dress under the mall lights looked like moonlight sprinkled over pear petals, making her radiate a gentle glow.

Realizing he was drifting off into imagination, Chase blushed and was about to leave when Juliana pointed towards a restaurant outside the mall, "It's about mealtime, how about we have a meal before leaving?"

Chase hesitated for a moment, then nodded in agreement.

While chatting about cats during the meal, Chase relaxed again and spoke with enthusiasm.

Juliana rested her cheek on her hand, smiling genuinely for the first time in days.

Evan stood outside the restaurant, his gaze locking icily onto them.

### **Chapter 39: Chapter 39: Starting Today, We Won't Sleep Separately Anymore**

After dinner, Juliana and Chase Miller parted ways at the restaurant entrance.

The two exchanged contact information, making it easier to meet at the rescue station in the future.

Juliana watched Chase Miller leave, then turned around and almost bumped into Evan Grant's chest.

She was clearly startled, patting her chest and stepping back several paces, "Do you need something?"

"You never wear dresses like that."

Juliana had been married to him for four years, always holding herself to the standards of a virtuous wife and good mother. At just 26 years old, she habitually used loose fabrics to hide her alluring curves, fearing that appearing too bright would make her seem frivolous.

Yet this dress not only made her look youthful but unexpectedly highlighted her slender waist.

Evan Grant, being a man, naturally knew where she was most captivating.

He wasn't thinking wildly about her relationship with Chase Miller, but seeing her dressed like this in front of Chase Miller made him jealous.

But Juliana raised her eyebrows indifferently at his words, "What, is a white dress a patent of your sister?"

Evan Grant was not angry. Instead, he smiled and said, "You look better in it."

Juliana nodded, "Seems like you've been paying attention."

Evan Grant pursed his lips. When a woman is unhappy, every word is barbed.

Seeing that he had nothing more to say, Juliana turned to leave.

Evan Grant grabbed her, "Let's go home."

"I'll go to Platinum Bay myself."

That place was no longer her home; it was just a temporary residence before the divorce.

Evan Grant's forehead veins twitched, "Let's talk on the way."

Juliana didn't believe there was anything left for them to discuss, but Evan Grant still forcibly pulled her into the car.

"I checked Lily Windsor's medical records; she is truly ill, so you don't need to contact her attending physician to verify the truth."

Juliana's intentions were guessed, but she showed no embarrassment, merely smiling slightly.

Seeing her disbelief, Evan Grant continued, "The test specimens are real, and the laboratory has reviewed them; it's indeed cancer. I just didn't expect her to still make things difficult for you in this state."

Juliana fiddled with the seat belt but still said nothing.

Evan Grant finally furrowed his brows, "There's no need for me to lie to you for their sake."

His voice bore some sharpness, and it was as if Juliana awoke to his words, "Yes, I believe what you say."

She replaced her disappointment in him with indifference.

The car fell silent.

Evan Grant's jawline tightened slightly, the light in his eyes slowly dimmed.

Until they reached Platinum Bay, they said nothing more, mainly because Juliana didn't want to engage with him.

After getting out of the car, Juliana went straight upstairs, with Evan Grant following her into the house, calling to her back, "I haven't had dinner yet."

Juliana didn't stop.

Evan Grant, displeased, called out "Juliana," and she finally paused and turned back.

"I've eaten. If you haven't, you should find Mrs. Young."

Evan Grant gritted his molars, "I want to eat the noodles you cook."

"President Grant, how many housekeepers does your family hire?"

After saying that, without giving him a chance to react, she swiftly held her waist and returned to her room.

A few days ago, the lock had been installed, but today it was removed, and once again, Juliana cursed Evan Grant's ancestors.

Mrs. Young noticed Evan Grant's grim expression and hurried up to say, "President Grant, once the heart has grown cold, a few soft words can't warm it back up. I'll make you some noodles, just wait a moment."

Evan Grant, feeling vexed, wore a frosty expression.

He recalled shortly after their marriage, his physical examination revealed a *Helicobacter pylori* infection.

Juliana was very anxious, immediately insisting he receive treatment, and after that, she took special care of his stomach.

She monitored his meals, ensuring he ate at specific times, forbidding too much spicy or cold food, as if strict precautions could nip the gastric issues in the bud.

If he couldn't bring her along to business events, she would have Ethan Carter supervise on her behalf.

Yet her meticulous care for him gradually faded after she was discharged from the hospital with severe injuries.

Too much had happened recently, and he hadn't had the time to review the incidents back then.

Lily Windsor's hospital intrusion wasn't the main reason she began suspecting him; someone must have leaked information to her first.

...

In the bedroom, Juliana had already taken a shower.

She still needed to apply medication to her waist.

Standing at the vanity, she lifted her shirt behind her, about to dip a hand into the ointment, but her shirt slipped down again.

For two seconds, she was dumbfounded and was about to find a clip when Evan Grant walked in.

The two met each other's eyes in the mirror.

Evan Grant came forward.

"Let me do it."

He took the ointment from her hand.

Juliana clutched her nightgown, "Let Mrs. Young do it."

Raising his eyebrows slightly, "I am your husband."

Juliana turned her gaze away, "My husband is dead."

She thought, with Evan Grant's temper, he would leave.

But after a moment of silence, he suddenly spun her around, picking her up to sit on the vanity.

Juliana's legs were forced apart, held in place by him, unable to move, unable to leave, and her waist was still in pain.

In frustration, she yelled, "What are you doing?"

Looking at her calmly, Evan Grant responded.

"We've slept in separate rooms for too long; the feelings have faded."

Juliana asked suspiciously, "Do we have any feelings?"

Thinking something was off, she corrected, "Do you have feelings for me? Haven't you always been playing the fool?"

Evan Grant held the back of her head, making her listen to his explanation attentively.

"Last night at the hospital, it's my fault you were wronged. Dad already knows my stance, he'll be restrained in the future."

Yet Juliana was indifferent to his conciliatory words.

"I have little to do with the Grant family anymore, let go of me and get out."

Evan Grant's gaze darkened as he lifted her and carried her out of the bathroom.

Reluctantly, Juliana lay on the bed as he applied the ointment to her.

Her loose nightgown, writhing around on the bed, revealed quite a bit of skin.

Evan Grant endured and endured, finally hoarsely reminding her, "It's been a long time since we've done anything; are you sure your body can handle it?"

Juliana stiffened, not daring to move, letting his fingers roam over her waist.

But even so, she could hear his breathing growing heavier.

"Evan Grant," Juliana frowned, "Is Stella not available to serve you today?"

The hand on her waist hesitated at her words.

Just as Evan Grant was about to speak, his phone rang.

The special ringtone rang again.

He finally needed to leave.

Juliana breathed a sigh of relief.

However, Evan Grant did not answer it.

After finishing applying the ointment, he casually said, "From today onwards, we won't be sleeping separately anymore."

Juliana was extremely surprised, "Did you have a fight?"

As she finished speaking, the special ringtone rang again. Evan Grant turned it to vibrate and didn't answer, heading for the shower.

Later, his phone vibrated several times more.

Juliana didn't care about any of their matters anymore, showing no curiosity towards his phone, only desperately reluctant to let Evan Grant stay.

After some thought, she pressed the accept button.

"Brother," Stella's tearful voice came through the phone, "What will I do if Mom doesn't make it, and I'm left alone? I'm feeling so awful right now..."

"Take some medicine if you're feeling bad. What, are you gonna eat your brother?"

Stella hadn't expected Juliana to answer the call again.

Weren't they already sleeping in separate rooms?

"Sister-in-law..."

"Don't call me that, I am not your sister-in-law. Every time you use the suicide drama to lure him away, he's become immune to it. Can't you try a different approach?"

## **Chapter 40: Chapter 40: Juliana, Admit It, You Love Me**

The crying on the phone stopped.

"Besides, severe depression is a serious mental illness, and Mrs. Grant is half his image. Can he marry a lunatic like you and embarrass himself?"

On the other end, only Stella's rough breathing could be heard.

"And even if Old Mrs. Grant gets past her prejudice against you, can she allow a sick woman to carry on the Grant Family line?"

Juliana heard the sound of fingernails scraping the phone.

"So this game of chess was wrong from the start."

There was silence for a long time before the call was disconnected.

Juliana could imagine Stella gritting her teeth right now.

Thinking that Evan would soon confront her because of Stella and then leave angrily, Juliana felt a bit relieved.

Soon after, Evan came out of the bathroom bare-chested.

Juliana froze for a moment, then looked away, "Your sister called, I answered. She thoroughly scolded me. Go comfort her quickly."

However, Evan walked to the bed, did not reach for his phone, and instead hugged her, giving her a peck on the cheek.

"Let's sleep. Weren't you tired earlier?"

Did he not care about his sister anymore?

Juliana felt disgusted and wiped her face with the blanket, "Put your clothes on and go sleep in the study."

Evan laughed, "No way."

At that moment, his phone buzzed again, it was a message from George Grant.

Juliana laughed.

The family was all working together to push Stella into Evan's arms. If they didn't have something happen, it would be unfair to their parents.

Sure enough, Evan frowned deeply after looking at the text message.

"You go to sleep early. I'll be back soon."

Juliana gestured as if to say "please," "Hurry up and leave, hopefully never come back."

Evan noticed she genuinely didn't want him to stay, feeling somewhat annoyed.

As he was leaving, he turned and saw their wedding photo in the hallway.

Back then, although they didn't know each other well, neither rejected the other. They both wanted to give it a try, so they looked so harmonious.

But now, even though they were together, it was as if a transparent wall separated them. She could see him but was no longer willing to reach out and touch.

He looked at it for two seconds, then changed direction and went to the study.

Juliana thought he had left and happily went to sleep, so deeply she didn't know when Evan came back in the middle of the night.

The next morning, she woke up to find herself in his arms, feeling stunned.

Evan slowly opened his eyes and lazily tapped her nose, "You were pretty obedient last night. You rolled into my arms at the slightest touch. Juliana, admit it, you love me."

Was his self-confidence inherited from his ancestors?

Juliana disapprovingly crawled out of his embrace and grabbed her phone to check the time.

It was almost eight o'clock, and he hadn't gone to the office yet.

"I've cleared half the day to accompany you today. Is there anywhere you want to go?" Evan asked.

"You go to work."

Juliana got up and went to the bathroom.

After freshening up, Evan was also up, getting dressed.

Juliana disliked the smell of him on her nightgown and threw it directly into the laundry basket.

After quickly combing her hair, she wanted to leave, but Evan stood behind her, holding her still.

Juliana thought he was going to confront her.

"I did provoke your sister last night, but did she die? If she really does, then come settle accounts with me."



With that, she tried to pry his hands off.

Instead, the man took out a hairpin and pinned it in her hair.

The soft pearls made even her strands of hair seem gentler.

He understood her, knowing that pearls suited her best.

"If you don't fancy stones, each of these is top-grade Australian white pearls. Do they catch Mrs. Grant's eye?"

Unexpectedly, he wasn't questioning her.

Juliana almost smiled as she got up, "Do you know why I don't like broken stones?"

Evan looked at her, silent.

Juliana articulated clearly, "Because talking money with you is more enjoyable."

Evan visibly paused.

Juliana left the bedroom without looking back.

This pearl hairpin, of course, would be sold, because she needed to save up for her grandfather's life after the divorce.

When Evan came downstairs for breakfast, he realized she had left.

Mrs. Young served breakfast, but there was only one serving.

"Is Madam still sulking with me?"

He thought she had accepted the jewelry, and her anger should be gone.

Mrs. Young respectfully responded, "President Grant, Madam hasn't had a meal at home for a long time. How come you just found out?"

Evan suddenly realized that there seemed to be a deep rift between them, a chasm had already formed.

At this moment, his phone rang again, it was George Grant calling.

Evan rubbed his forehead wearily and answered.

"Evan, Stella had a depressive episode last night, and she's only a bit better now, but she's making a fuss to be discharged. Your aunt's illness keeps recurring, and I really don't have the energy to handle two patients alone. Could you please, help me out?"

Evan was silent for a moment, "Father, I've already found a psychologist for her. If something comes up, she should see the psychologist. Juliana needs me, and I can't be absent."

The call ended angrily.

By noon, when Juliana finished her work at Aetherflame Dynamics and was ready to get lunch.

Summer brought her a thermos.

Inside was snow clam and stewed pigeon.

"What are you spacing out for? Don't you recognize your own stuff?"

She recognized the thermos, it was from Platinum Bay, in which she used to send meals to Evan.

But Juliana's focus, wasn't on this thermos.

Summer's voice continued, "Is your husband realizing you're determined to divorce, and now he's trying to win you back?"

"Summer," Juliana didn't answer her question, "Are you and Evan familiar?"

Summer felt cold sweat down her spine, "Familiar? Like those 'familiar' faces you see everywhere on a hot day?"

Juliana didn't argue with her, "I've been deceived by Evan for four years, now I really detest the word 'deception.'"

Summer nodded, "I understand, so we won't drink the soup from the big liar, let's send it back."

Juliana didn't force her to speak the truth, and went to the cafeteria to get one meat and one vegetable to eat alone.

The love-infused lunch was returned, and in the afternoon, Evan came to Aetherflame Dynamics himself to pick her up, but Juliana had already left.

The first time visiting this place, Evan quickly surveyed the area.

"So this is her working environment?"

Summer raised her eyebrows, "What about the environment? Do you look down on it? If you do, there's no need for you to visit."

Evan gave her a cold look, and Summer's spirits dampened.

He sat at Juliana's desk, pondering.

Time ticked by, and Summer felt increasingly uneasy.

"Half a month ago, I think I saw you in Aldoria."

Evan suddenly spoke, causing Summer's palms to sweat.

"You must be mistaken. I haven't been to Aldoria, it was my brother who went to take care of your woman, you got it mixed up."

Summer was grateful she listened to Juliana and erased her tracks in Aldoria. Otherwise, if this demon probed further...

The person who knew Evan the best, wasn't his enemies, but Juliana.

"Is that so? I thought you saw something in Aldoria and told her."

Summer shivered all over.