

Stop Panicking! Miss Jacobs will Not Look Back!

#Chapter 41: Finding a Human Shield as My Living Talisman - Read Stop Panicking! Miss Jacobs will Not Look Back! Chapter 41: Finding a Human Shield as My Living Talisman

Chapter 41: Chapter 41: Finding a Human Shield as My Living Talisman

"As long as infidelity isn't discovered, is it forever right?" Summer Shaw asked.

Evan Grant didn't respond, staring at her with a piercing aura that seemed to see right through her.

Just when Summer Shaw was about to buckle under pressure, Caleb Shaw arrived.

Seeing his sister so frightened that her shoulders were trembling like a leaf, he said irritably, "What are you doing here scaring her for no reason?"

Evan Grant closed his eyes briefly, "I have something to ask her."

Caleb Shaw shielded his sister behind him, "Ask her gently, she's timid."

Evan Grant almost rolled his eyes, then turned to Summer Shaw, "Does she have any close male acquaintances here?"

Summer Shaw clung to Caleb's clothes, her confidence returning.

"You've messed around with a fake orthopedist, so what's wrong if she has an affair? Does it disgust you..."

Before Summer Shaw could finish, Caleb Shaw covered her mouth.

"My dear, problems between husband and wife are their spice, what are you meddling for?"

"Caleb Shaw," Evan Grant said with a half-smile, "is this your obedient and gentle sister?"

Caleb Shaw turned to him, neither humble nor arrogant, "What do you mean my sister, didn't you use to say she was our sister when we were little?"

Summer Shaw immediately pinched him, "Brother, I don't want someone like this as my brother."

Caleb Shaw lowered his voice, "Behave, it's a temporary plan, he has no reason to hit my sister, and even less reason to hit his sister's brother."

Summer Shaw: "..."

"Caleb Shaw," Evan Grant lost patience, "I plan to invest a bit in your sister's place to improve their working environment."

"No," Summer Shaw quickly interrupted, "we shareholders don't agree."

Juliana Jacobs had been trying to separate herself from him for the divorce, if here got associated with Evan Grant, how would she break free from him?

Evan Grant squinted his eyes, "Which shareholder?"

Summer Shaw paused, "Juliana, and me."

Evan Grant smiled slightly, "Does she know about your relationship with us?"

...

At that moment, Juliana Jacobs was walking out of a cat rescue shelter with Chase Miller.

Her hairpin had fetched a considerable sum at the jewelry recycling counter, and she specifically asked the shopkeeper to give her fifty thousand in cash.

As soon as she got the money, she handed it over to Chase Miller.

"I heard the cat rescue shelter is short on funds, and I'm short on money too, so I can only give this much."

Chase Miller held the money, feeling a bit uneasy.

"Juliana... Miss Jacobs, I know why you're getting close to me, but there's no need to use this method to inquire about your mother-in-law's illness. All I can say is that my diagnosis was based on the lab's conclusions."

Juliana Jacobs caught onto something when she heard "lab."

"Dr. Miller, don't take it the wrong way, I do want to hear some solid information from you, but this fifty thousand is also sincerely given. With your family around you, you can't understand the sorrow of being homeless; these stray cats really need a home."

Chase Miller was amused by her humorous comparison.

"You can empathize with them?"

Juliana Jacobs gave a gentle smile, "For someone without family, the heart is also wandering everywhere. It's not about empathizing, just some reflections."

Chase Miller was stunned for two seconds, then quickly apologized, "I'm sorry, I didn't understand your kindness, I..."

Juliana Jacobs waved her hand, "Interacting with these stray animals makes you realize the tenacity of life far exceeds imagination. If Dr. Miller is concerned, I'll come here by myself in the future."

Chase Miller felt very embarrassed.

Just then, Stella Grant's sweet voice came from behind them.

"Dr. Miller, sister-in-law, are you two on a date?"

Juliana Jacobs was about to make a call when she heard her voice and kept the phone in her hand.

She and Chase Miller turned around, simultaneously looking at Stella Grant.

Chase Miller seemed flustered, "Of course not, Miss Grant, don't say such things."

Stella Grant laughed, "My sister-in-law is beautiful, and Dr. Miller is unmarried, it's normal to like my sister-in-law."

Chase Miller grew more frantic, "Miss Grant, heaven and earth as my witness, some things can't be spoken carelessly."

Stella Grant blinked, "I won't tell my brother."

Chase Miller didn't know how to explain anymore.

Juliana Jacobs calmly looked at her, "You're quite adept at splattering your dirty thoughts."

Stella Grant, who had been laughing brightly, suddenly turned pale, quickly changing the subject.

"Sister-in-law, my brother said he neglected me last night, so he gave me a card today to go shopping and relax."

Knowing she was showing off, Juliana Jacobs smiled faintly, "Using someone else's husband's card for a sense of existence, your ambition is just right for being a mere diversion."

Stella Grant's face slightly changed, usually a person with great composure, was now like boiling water, unable to remain calm.

"Did you really consider yourself the mistress? If not for the Grant family having a small issue back then, my brother and his closest faced threats, he wouldn't have resorted to getting a mere ornament as my living shield. To be honest, I've lived peacefully these years thanks to you. Well then... if you fancy something, let me buy it for you as gratitude."

Juliana Jacobs could tell she was trying to provoke her, but at this point, she was already able to calmly accept the fact that she had been used by a scumbag for four years.

Though she saw through Stella Grant's tactic, she still had to go along with it.

Because she counted on this to fuel her divorce.

So after Stella Grant finished her sentence, she raised her hand and slapped her.

Stella Grant was startled that Juliana Jacobs would actually hit her, but she reacted quickly, letting out a surprised cry and falling to the ground.

The distant bodyguards rushed over swiftly.

Tears burst from Stella Grant's eyes.

"Sister-in-law, even if you hit me, I'm still going to tell my brother that you and Dr. Miller were on a date."

Her words were heard by all the bodyguards.

However, it was Mrs. Grant who struck Miss Grant, and they were puzzled about whether to handle Juliana in this situation.

Because of Stella Grant's words, Chase Miller became anxious.

"Miss Grant, stop with the slander, Mrs. Grant and I haven't even held hands."

Juliana Jacobs looked at Chase Miller, "I'm sorry Dr. Miller, minor family disputes dragged you into this, you should go, I'll handle the rest."

Chase Miller was more than happy, "But you must explain clearly to President Grant, there's really nothing between us."

Juliana Jacobs closed her eyes briefly, assuring him that he could rest easy.

Chase Miller glanced at Stella Grant, his eyes filled with blame, and left.

The tears in Stella Grant's eyes conveniently masked her emotions, while Juliana Jacobs looked at her coldly, putting her phone back in her bag.

Stella Grant felt a jolt in her heart.

She realized Juliana Jacobs might have recorded her words.

Having been careful all this time, Stella Grant wouldn't allow anything beyond her control to occur.

So she tightened her grip, suddenly leapt from the ground towards Juliana Jacobs.

While crying, she shouted, "Sister-in-law, why did you hit me, why..."

Juliana Jacobs reacted quickly, retreating half a step to grasp Stella Grant's throat, but it was exactly what Stella wanted.

Stella Grant grabbed her bag and yanked hard.

Juliana Jacobs immediately understood her intention.

Yes, she had indeed recorded Stella Grant's words.

She had prepared a "big gift" for their fourth wedding anniversary, and if she could include this recording, the enhanced "surprise" would be something Evan Grant would never forget.

So she protected her bag, tussling with the frenzied Stella Grant like crazy.

The bodyguards, seeing this, assumed it was one of Stella Grant's episodes and immediately acted.

"Quick, separate them, but don't harm Miss Grant."

Chapter 42: Chapter 42: He Doesn't Believe Juliana Jacobs Would Cheat

Protecting Stella is their task, so Juliana inevitably has to suffer some losses.

Just as Juliana's hands were being restrained, Stella suddenly ripped open her bag.

The contents of the bag scattered all over the ground, including the phone.

"Let me go!"

Juliana's hands were twisted behind her back, she couldn't move, staring helplessly as Stella "accidentally" stepped on her phone.

The sharp heel directly smashed through the phone...

By the time Evan arrived, they had been moved to the roadside.

Juliana sat by the flower bed, holding a broken phone, lost in thought.

Meanwhile, Stella was sitting in the nanny van, her face pale, trembling all over.

The bodyguard reported to him that Stella had already taken the medicine, but not a word was mentioned about Juliana.

Evan's first thought was to check on Juliana, but as he took a step toward her, Stella suddenly banged her head hard against the car window.

He didn't hesitate, turned around and got into the car, holding her down.

Stella kept shaking her head, "Sorry, brother. I didn't mean to upset sister-in-law, I shouldn't have been there, seeing her with Dr. Miller..."

Evan is a shrewd person, the implication became less credible once spelled out.

Stella stopped at just the right moment, closed her mouth, and shook her head.

She used her behavior to hint at him, that she had seen something she shouldn't have.

However, Evan only glanced at Juliana over there with deep eyes, then grabbed her shoulders and asked, "It's okay now, calm down, have you had enough medicine? Can you quiet down on your own?"

"I can..."

But she couldn't catch her breath, her lips turning blue.

Evan frowned and gestured to the bodyguard.

The bodyguard stepped forward and bent over.

"Take my wife home, and don't let her leave until I return."

Upon hearing this, Stella collapsed into Evan's arms.

The car shot toward the hospital like an arrow.

Juliana watched them leave hand in hand, not that heartbroken, just feeling a bit foolish.

Using Stella to create a rift between them, but the recording was destroyed by her. It seems I'm still a bit lacking when it comes to dealing with women like her.

"Madam, please come home with us." the bodyguard said.

"I need to go to the phone repair shop."

Juliana held onto a shred of hope.

But the bodyguard was unyielding, "Madam, this is President Grant's order, please don't make it difficult for us."

Juliana narrowed her eyes, "What if I insist on repairing the phone before going home?"

...

In the car, Stella was gasping for breath in Evan's arms, her body trembling uncontrollably.

"Brother, it's my fault, I saw sister-in-law talking to Dr. Miller, very close, so I wanted to go up and ask them what they were doing..."

"I didn't mean to disturb them, but as soon as sister-in-law saw me, she started scolding, saying I could be with you all day but she couldn't meet others..."

It was initially to stir up trouble, but as Stella spoke, she realized Evan was distracted.

"Brother," Stella suddenly hugged him, "Please help me, ask sister-in-law not to misunderstand me, I'm scared."

Evan came back to his senses, naturally pushing away her hands around him.

"What are you afraid of?"

Stella's tears kept streaming down.

"The old lady already dislikes me a lot, if someone tells her that sister-in-law hates me, there's no way for my mother and I to survive."

The old lady's ruthless methods were well-known among her former rivals.

Evan lightly patted her back, "Don't worry, your sister-in-law is sensible, she only argues with me at home and won't let grandma know."

When they got to the hospital, Stella's condition had improved significantly, but Evan still had her checked in for observation overnight.

Stella requested the doctor to arrange for her a corner room to prevent George Grant and Lily Windsor from finding out about the incident.

Of course, she did this to show Evan that she was a considerate woman.

However, Evan didn't have much reaction to her careful arrangement, just comforted her briefly before leaving in a hurry.

Stella was quite surprised, does he really not believe that Juliana would cheat?

...

When Evan returned to Platinum Bay, Mrs. Young was standing at the gate watching.

Seeing him get out of the car, she hurriedly ran over.

"President Grant, if you're worried that an argument with your wife will tarnish your reputation, you might as well discuss openly in a secluded place. Why bring her back by force? Misunderstandings can be resolved, but if the knot becomes deadlocked, there's nothing you can do even if you try to make amends later."

"I didn't order anyone to bind her."

As Evan walked into the living room, he saw Juliana sitting on the sofa with her hands tied behind her back, surrounded by four bodyguards.

Evan was instantly furious, "Who told you to tie her up?"

One of them stepped forward, bowing slightly, "President Grant, madam wouldn't cooperate."

Evan pushed him aside, walked up to Juliana, and untied her.

"She's my wife, equal in status to me, so if I were to not cooperate one day, would you bind me too?"

The bodyguards realized they had made a huge mistake and quickly apologized.

Juliana's arms were sore, as she looked toward the bodyguard who had twisted her arms in the mall for Stella.

"You followed Stella's instructions, manhandled me, and threw away my phone, what benefits did you get from her?"

The bodyguard's face turned pale, "No no, it's just that I misunderstood President Grant's intentions, we thought Miss Grant was..."

He glanced at Evan's expression and didn't dare to continue.

"Why did you throw her phone?" Evan asked.

The bodyguard was very aggrieved, "Madam wouldn't cooperate to go home, using the excuse of repairing her phone, but the phone was already beyond repair, so in the interest of efficiency, I... threw Madam's phone away."

Evan's sharp gaze softened as he looked at Juliana.

"If it's thrown, it's thrown, honey, I'll buy you a better one."

Juliana had already given up on that broken phone, and she had also completely given up on this man.

"The phone doesn't need to be the best, but when it comes to a man... I'd prefer to find a better one."

Evan's face turned cold.

"Juliana, Stella is sick, so I've been taking care of her more lately, but even if you're jealous or angry, you shouldn't say some things carelessly."

"Jealous?"

Juliana scoffed.

"When your father pushed me, it was another woman's hand you were holding. Your bodyguards look at people and serve Stella like she's your wife, but treat me like a prisoner. Evan, how low do you think I have to be to still be filled with love for you up to now?"

Evan grabbed her arm, dark, violent anger swirling in his eyes, but he restrained himself from acting out in front of the bodyguards.

He just said to her coldly, "Don't fabricate things, be mindful of your status!"

Juliana gritted her teeth, shook off his grip, and rolled up her sleeve, revealing her bruised arm.

"In your eyes, facts are fabricated, and illusions are the truth itself, right?"

Chapter 43: Chapter 43: Lily Windsor Is Faking Illness—You Were Fooled by Her and Her Daughter

Her arm was bruised and purple from the bodyguards' merciless grip, not to mention the rope had left bloody marks.

Evan Grant felt a sharp pain in his heart, and when he turned his gaze to the bodyguards, they were filled with killing intent.

"Which hand did it?"

The bodyguards immediately dropped to their knees in fear.

"They are just a reflection of you. Isn't the way I'm treated dependent on your attitude?" Juliana Jacobs said lightly.

Evan Grant suppressed his almost bursting emotions and ordered coldly, "Disrespecting my wife is disrespecting me. You can leave and receive your punishment."

The bodyguards left with their scalps tingling.

Actually, Mrs. Grant wasn't wrong. The orders they received were to protect Miss Grant as if she was their own eyes, which was a privilege even Mrs. Grant didn't get. So, being biased towards Miss Grant, where's the harm in that?

Juliana was exhausted and didn't want to waste energy arguing with him.

"Evan Grant, for the sake of the four years I've taken care of you without error, would you please just let me go and give me a way out?"

"Juliana," Evan cautiously embraced her, "I'm your husband, but I carry the burden of the Grant Family on my shoulders. I admit I've not paid enough attention to you lately, but as my woman, you should understand me and trust me..."

Juliana pushed him away, interrupting him, "Do you trust me?"

Evan was stunned.

Juliana said, "Lily Windsor is pretending to be sick. You were played by her and her mother, but I have no evidence. Would you unconditionally believe me?"

Evan was silent for a few seconds and sighed, "If you're angry at me, don't implicate the innocent."

It turns out that the feeling of ultimate disappointment is such that even emotions are too lazy to fluctuate.

Juliana got up, her brows and eyes cold.

"So, this shattered marriage of ours, are you unable to see it, or unwilling to face it?"

Evan's world fell into a bleak, deathly silence at that moment.

Juliana didn't care about his reaction and rushed upstairs, slamming the door shut with a "bang."

That night, Evan didn't come to the bedroom to find her again.

But the next morning, Juliana was awakened by a call from Chase Miller.

She sensed something major and rubbed her eyes to wake herself up before answering.

"Miss Jacobs, did you explain yesterday's matter to President Grant?"

Was it necessary to call so urgently early in the morning just to ask this?

"He didn't ask," Juliana replied.

Chase paused on the other end, "President Grant just called me. He asked about two things: first, why we were at the mall last night, and I told him the truth; second, about Lily Windsor's illness."

Did last night's words have an effect? Did Evan Grant finally start to suspect?

"What did you say?"

Chase was silent for a while before saying, "I... I only said that my conclusions were based on the examination results. Then President Grant said he wanted to re-test Lily Windsor's tumor samples, and it wouldn't be tested at our hospital, but sent to a professional testing agency for examination."

If it could be proved that Lily Windsor was faking her illness and deceiving everyone, George Grant would no longer support her.

Stripping away her lifetime of wealth and fortune was not just talk; Juliana was indeed taking action.

Now that things were turning around, she got out of bed.

"When will the re-examination be?"

"Today, at ten o'clock, the nurse will go to the ward to re-collect biological samples from Lily Windsor and then send them for testing."

After ending the call with Chase, Juliana made a call to Summer Shaw.

Mercy Hospital, ward.

George Grant wore a stern face.

"Are you saying that your aunt's ovarian cancer is fake and her platelet problem is fake too? Evan, you're becoming more and more superstitious of Juliana."

No expression could be seen on Evan Grant's face, "It has nothing to do with her. Re-examining is also responsible for Aunt's health."

George could not accept his excuse.

"Your aunt did not deliberately delay the surgery; it was due to her weakened immune function causing bone marrow production issues. You can't suspect she's faking her illness over this. I'll get Dr. Miller to explain it to you."

"I've asked Dr. Miller. His treatment plan was based on examination conclusions, so I suggested Aunt have another test. If it turns out to be a misdiagnosis, the current medication might be harmful to her health."

Lily Windsor anxiously glanced at her daughter due to his words.

Stella Grant remained calm, as if everything was being decided by her father and brother.

George, seeing Evan's insistence, slammed his hand on the table.

"Performing an ovarian biopsy is too damaging to Lily's body. I only agree to a blood test. If blood tests prove her platelet issue prevents her from undergoing surgery, then you have no reason to suspect your aunt of faking her illness."

Evan was silent for two seconds, "Alright."

George: "But if it proves Lily didn't fake her illness, then..."

He deliberately paused.

"Then I want Juliana's bone marrow to treat Lily."

A cold gleam appeared in Evan's eyes, "Is this Dr. Miller's treatment suggestion?"

George spoke through gritted teeth, "You won't tear down my dignity for a woman, right?"

Evan walked to the window and calmly gazed into the distance.

Stella's gaze fell on his silhouette, a dark glint flickering in her eyes.

After a moment, the man turned around and said, "Alright."

At ten, the nurse came to the ward to draw blood.

Chase was also present, keeping his head down throughout, not daring to look at anyone.

They collected three tubes in total.

One for testing, two as backups, labeled as 7016wA/B/C.

Subsequently, these three blood samples were placed in a thermostatic box, locked with a combination lock, and handed over to the staff from the testing center who came to collect them.

Juliana sat in her new car, staring intently at the small white car ahead with "Regal Inspection" written on it.

Summer Shaw was doing this kind of thing for the first time and was a bit nervous.

"Are you sure Stella Grant will find a way to switch the samples?"

Juliana remained silent.

Summer took a deep breath, "I never thought Evan Grant would agree to re-test Lily Windsor's illness; it seems he believes you."

"He doesn't believe me," Juliana was very clear, "He had his doubts all along, fortunately using my concerns to re-test Lily Windsor one more time."

"That bastard..." Summer fumed.

"Summer," Juliana turned to look at her, "You should get out of the car now."

Summer grabbed the rooftop handle, "No way, it's your first time doing this, and I'm worried. I need to ensure your safety."

Juliana almost burst out laughing, "You insisted on coming along; just take care of yourself."

Unconvinced, Summer pondered, "What if Stella Grant finds out earlier about the re-examination for her mom and comes up with a foolproof plan to switch the samples?"

Juliana was stumped by her question.

Summer waved her hand, "Since President Grant made the decision this morning, there's no way she found out much earlier than you did."

At this moment, the staff escorting the thermostatic box came down from the building, accompanied by Ethan Carter.

"Assistant Carter, rest assured, the results will be out by tomorrow afternoon at the latest."

Ethan nodded, "Alright, be careful on the road, and don't betray President Grant's trust."

Both men nodded in acknowledgment.

The vehicle drove out of the hospital.

Juliana closely followed.

The direction was towards the testing center, but it stopped halfway in front of a restaurant.

The two staff members got out of the car and went into the restaurant, but didn't lock the doors.

"They're waiting for someone to switch the blood samples in the car," Juliana remarked.

"Should I take a photo?" Summer asked, pulling out her phone.

Juliana shook her head, "A photo doesn't prove anything. You stay in the car."

With that, she got out and stood by the "Regal Inspection" car, staying there until the other two finished their meal and came out.

The two staff members saw her and were very surprised.

"Miss, is there something we can help you with?" one of them asked.

Juliana responded nonchalantly, "I saw your car wasn't locked, so I kept an eye on it for you."

The two instantly understood that swapping the samples was not an option and thanked her, before continuing on to the inspection center.

Upon reaching the inspection center, Juliana trailed behind them upstairs.

The two realized something was amiss.

Chapter 44: Chapter 44: Juliana Jacobs, Are You Courting Death?

"Ma'am, you've been following us all the way, may I ask who you are?" one of them asked.

Juliana smiled, "I'm just a concerned citizen."

The two of them looked her up and down.

"This is a testing center. If you have no business here, please leave, or I'll call security."

"Oh, call security?" Juliana's expression turned intriguing, "Are you afraid of being watched because there's something fishy going on?"

...

Hospital.

After the samples were safely sent off, Evan Grant left.

George Grant also needed to go attend to other matters.

Only Lily Windsor and her daughter were left in the ward.

Lily couldn't hold back, she got up and grabbed Stella's arm.

"Is what Evan said true? Using those drugs would harm my body."

Stella stood by the window, deep in thought, and was suddenly grabbed by Lily, she felt quite annoyed.

"Anyone could come in here at any time, you better get back in bed."

"Stella, I'm pretending to be sick for you. For your sake, I didn't hesitate to wipe bleach on my face, you can't just ignore your mom's health."

Stella reassured her, "Don't worry, Dr. Miller prescribed medications that won't harm your body, just lie back down, or if you're seen by someone, and Uncle hears about it..."

Lily lay back down again, but recently, she felt increasingly uneasy in the hospital.

"Stella, your Uncle Grant has been spending less and less time at the hospital, I know how long men's affections can last, if I don't use something to keep him in check, he's definitely been cheating outside. And since I have this illness, he dares not touch me, I'm worried he'll have a change of heart."

Stella looked at her expressionlessly, "Who told you to label yourself with this illness? If you had just claimed it was leukemia from the start, it would've been much better."

Lily became anxious, "Wasn't it an emergency? At the time, you were about to be sent away, you asked me to fake a serious illness to keep you here, I acted in the heat of the moment, I only remembered an acquaintance had this illness before, so I used it without thinking, why are you blaming me now?"

Just as she finished speaking, Stella's phone rang.

She slid it open to answer.

"Miss Grant, someone followed us all the way, the sample couldn't be replaced at all."

Stella's eyes filled with a fierce determination.

"If Plan A failed then go to Plan B, do I have to teach you that? Once the sample is on the inspection table, it's already within the surveillance range, how are you supposed to switch it then?"

After speaking, she angrily hung up the phone.

Yet, when she turned her gaze back to Lily Windsor, she had already calmed her emotions.

"Mom, it's alright, once I and brother have passed the test, I'll make your 'illness' recover quickly, and Uncle will continue to be infatuated with you."

...

Regal Inspection Center.

The two staff members placed the incubator at the entrance of the testing room.

The entire corridor was empty except for a janitor.

Seeing them leave, Juliana asked, "Aren't you going to hand it over to someone, just leaving it like this?"

The two staff members looked bewildered.

"The colleague responsible for the inspection has gone for lunch, after eating they'll take it inside, what's the problem with that?"

"Exactly, besides the incubator is locked with a password, only the colleague responsible for opening it has the password, don't you trust our inspection center?"

Juliana pursed her lips, "I'm not reassured, you've been irresponsible since transporting it."

"Who exactly are you?" one of them ran out of patience.

"Call Ethan Carter and let him tell you who I am."

Hearing this tone, this confidence, they were certain she was someone Ethan had to respect.

The two staff members, being quite perceptive, immediately called the inspection department.

About ten minutes later, someone in protective clothing received the sample.

Juliana breathed a sigh of relief and left.

Hospital.

Stella received a call.

"The sample wasn't successfully swapped, it's already in the examination room."

"Useless, so much money was given to you, even a dog could wag its tail if given that much, yet you couldn't even manage a fart!"

Stella hung up the phone furiously.

"Juliana, are you really looking for death?"

Lily panicked, "Didn't the janitor you arranged manage to swap it either? What now? If my husband finds out we deceived him, he'll divorce me."

Stella wore a dark expression, "Things haven't reached that point yet, why are you panicking? Staying put is your main task, I'm going out for a bit."

...

Juliana returned to the car, Summer Shaw let out a sigh of relief.

"If you hadn't come down soon, I would have called for help."

Juliana looked at her, "Who were you planning to call?"

Summer nearly bit her tongue when she closed her mouth.

Who could she call? She only had one reliable brother to count on.

But as soon as Juliana saw him, her identity couldn't be concealed, she would definitely get furious with her.

"Are you free tomorrow?" Summer asked.

Juliana started the car, "If you give me a day off, I will be."

"Your DNA data should have been uploaded for several days now, with no news at all, I was thinking maybe we should go to Hospital 547 to ask."

That was a good idea.

The car headed towards Aetherflame Dynamics.

Summer glanced at the rearview mirror reflecting the sign of the Regal Inspection Center, considered it for a moment, and asked, "Juliana, do you think the people at the testing center wouldn't tamper with the data, would they?"

Juliana didn't have an answer for that.

Summer pondered, "Maybe I'm just being paranoid, falsifying data is illegal, who would risk their career for that?"

Juliana remained silent, the tight corners of her lips revealing a barely noticeable tension.

That night, Evan Grant didn't return to Platinum Bay, but he called her.

He called the landline in the living room.

Juliana knew he was checking if she was home.

Though Evan didn't ask her directly, he still had some reservations in his heart regarding the matter with Chase Miller.

On the phone, Evan also mentioned he had to work overtime tonight and would be staying at the office.

This had happened before, but Juliana would always send him a change of clothes and remind him to eat on time and get enough rest.

But this time, Juliana's response was quite indifferent, she merely said "Oh" and hung up.

Listening to the busy tone on the phone, Evan looked out at the endless night, feeling a subtle emotion within.

Like holding a kite string that hasn't snapped yet, but already feeling it inch by inch slipping away.

The night's melancholy seeped into every soul filled with secrets.

At this moment, in front of the floor-to-ceiling window of the penthouse suite at The Apex Hotel, a man stood quietly in the dim yellow light, his precise silhouette hiding all restrained sharpness.

The assistant entered the room and turned on the lights.

"Sir, there's still no progress on the investigation into the DNA sample source, the main issue is with the monitoring at Hospital 547, as for Madam's whereabouts... it might be difficult to trace again, Kingsford City has called three times urging you to return, you see..."

The man turned around and put down the wine glass in his hand.

"Book a flight, and visit Hospital 547 once more before leaving."

...

The next day, Juliana and Summer met up at Aetherflame Dynamics and went to Hospital 547 together.

When they left it was quite muggy, but shortly after, a heavy rain came, and the temperature dropped accordingly.

Juliana shivered from the wind as she got out of the car.

Summer noticed her unease and asked, "Are you okay?"

Juliana rubbed her arms, "I'm fine, just that my body isn't as strong as before, I can't handle even a bit of coolness."

Summer felt quite sorry for her, "Once you move out of Platinum Bay, you must take good care of yourself."

Juliana nodded.

Summer found a scarf in the car and wrapped it around her face, leaving only her eyes exposed.

Juliana found it funny, but Summer insisted, so she had to "keep warm" like this.

"Juliana, why don't you wait for me, I need to go to the restroom."

Summer suddenly clutched her stomach.

"It's just to ask at the window, it's not a big deal, you go to the restroom, I'll go inquire, we'll meet at the entrance later."

The two parted ways before entering the lobby.

Juliana went to the window to inquire about the DNA kinship search procedure.

The person wasn't very friendly, gave her a website and phone number, told her the data had been uploaded, and to consult the database for any issues, not the hospital.

Looking at the cold numbers on the note, Juliana turned to leave and almost bumped into a tall figure.

The man gently pushed her aside.

Juliana lowered her eyes and nodded apologetically before walking away.

At the hospital entrance, Summer was already done.

"How did it go? Any progress?"

Juliana showed her the note, "Passing the buck, told me to check with them."

Summer was also displeased, "Aren't they supposed to contact us if there's news?"

With no results, they got into the car.

Just as the car was about to start, Juliana's phone rang.

It was a voice call from Ethan Carter.

"Ma'am, Ms. Windsor's test results are out, President Grant wants you to come to the hospital immediately."

Chapter 45: Chapter 45: Handing Her Over to the George Grant Family

Juliana hung up the phone, her expression heavy.

"What happened again?" Summer asked.

"Lily's test results are out."

Juliana was silent for a moment, then said, "I'll head to the hospital later, you take my car back."

"Is Lily really sick?" Summer noted her poor expression.

Juliana didn't respond.

Summer couldn't contain herself, "The Grants only bully you because you don't have family backing you up."

"Is my house ready?" Juliana asked.

Summer's eyes flickered, "It's ready."

Caleb Shaw has an apartment in the city center with good management and a nice environment, and he's not living there. She got the keys a couple of days ago.

"Take a look in the next few days, let me know what's missing, and I'll transfer you the money."

"What big gift are you preparing for Evan?" Summer was curious.

Juliana smiled and said nothing.

The hospital.

Juliana walked into the hospital room to see her husband standing by the window, Lily receiving a blood transfusion on the bed, Stella wiping tears at the bedside, and George's furious face.

"Back then, when the old lady strongly matched you and Evan for marriage, we thought it was for your exceptional qualities, for the sake of Evan and the entire Grant Family. Who knew you were a plague, coming specifically to tear our family apart."

Stella wiped her tears and spoke up as well.

"Sister-in-law, my mother's test results are out, and her platelets do have issues. Dr. Miller's diagnosis is correct, please don't doubt her anymore."

Facing these results, Juliana could guess much from Ethan's polite tone.

"The samples were not securely handled; is the test center's result reliable?" Juliana asked.

George exploded, "The test center was found by your husband; do you not even trust him?"

Juliana was silent.

She didn't distrust Evan; she just didn't trust Lily and her daughter.

George saw her being speechless and immediately called Chase.

"Bring her to draw bone marrow."

Juliana was shocked, "Why my bone marrow?"

George said, "Your husband promised yesterday that if my wife's illness was real, they'd use your bone marrow for treatment."

Actually, regarding Lily's illness, it's not just her who's doubtful, Evan also has doubts in his heart.

Juliana just didn't expect that, in order to find out the truth, he would use her bone marrow as a wager.

The coldness of a man, frosty enough to pierce the heart.

Drawing bone marrow is no trifling matter. Juliana looked at Chase, "Is this your treatment plan?"

Stella quickly stepped forward, "Sister-in-law, Dr. Miller is timid, don't pressure him any further, my mom's treatment relies on him."

Chase was speechless, substituting silence for acquiescence.

Juliana withdrew her gaze from Chase, coldly saying, "I want to see a hospital-approved treatment plan."

"Evan," George's voice was sharp, "you must make a stand today."

Evan slowly turned around, his complex eyes unfathomable.

"Father, if anyone's bone marrow will do, then use mine."

"No! This woman isn't filial to the elders, driving a wedge between us father and son. What on earth do you see in her? Evan, if you continue to side with her, then don't call me dad."

"Brother," Stella took Evan's arm, "your blood type is different from mom's; your bone marrow can't be used."

Evan gritted his teeth as if making some kind of decision.

Juliana watched their family's seamless performance and couldn't help but laugh.

"You've put on a good show. I'm not capable enough, a weakling admits defeat."

Saying that, she turned to leave.

"Juliana!" Evan called after her.

George's tone was stern, "Evan, don't make me feel that giving up on Isaac was a mistake!"

Evan heavily walked up to Juliana, reaching out to tuck her dangling hair behind her ear.

"I asked the doctor, they'll only draw a little..."

His Adam's apple bobbed, his voice turning rough.

"...After the blood is drawn, you should rest well. I promise, it won't delay our fourth anniversary dinner next week."

Juliana let out a mocking laugh and left with Chase.

Evan's lowered hand clenched into a fist.

For the second time, she was brought to the blood draw room.

The nurse, without asking, brought the bone marrow collection device.

Chase put on sterile gloves.

"Don't be afraid, I'll be gentle."

Juliana said nothing, her gaze fixed on the birds flying outside the window.

To someone already disillusioned, she had nothing to say.

"Ma'am, please lie on your side."

The nurse moved to raise her shirt.

"How long do I need to lie down after the bone marrow draw?" Juliana asked.

"Two hours, but to prevent bleeding risk, it's best to stay for overnight observation," the nurse said.

"I have no one to care for me, please prepare a glass of water at the bedside for me, thank you."

Juliana turned around, her back to them, her bright eyes thinking of something unknown.

Chase paused with the bone marrow needle in hand.

In the next moment, he looked at the nurse, "First, take her temperature."

"Alright."

The nurse brought over a thermometer.

One measurement, and it surprised her.

"Dr. Miller, the patient's temperature is 37.8 degrees, we can't draw bone marrow according to regulations."

Chase let out a relieved sigh, "Then there's no choice, go inform the patient's family."

The nurse quickly left.

"Miss Jacobs, I'm sorry," Chase apologized sincerely.

Juliana smiled, "As long as you don't use your profession to harm others and have a clear conscience, it'll be enough to still your soul, even if you save countless kittens."

Chase closed his eyes.

They both knew there was a problem with Lily's test results, but one couldn't speak and the other didn't know how to verify it.

Juliana stepped out of the blood draw room, the bodyguard approached her.

"Ma'am, Master George wants you back in the hospital room."

Before Juliana could reach the hospital room door, she heard Lily's cries.

"Husband, if the platelets don't stabilize, I can't undergo surgery, and yet Juliana...I want to grow old with you, is it that God is denying me the chance?"

George was heartbroken, "Don't overthink it, Dr. Miller said once her fever subsides, they can draw her marrow in a couple of days."

Juliana calmly walked into the room, Evan had already left, seemingly leaving her entirely to George and his family.

"From today, you are not allowed to leave the hospital room, take care of your mother-in-law, and when you can draw marrow, let Dr. Miller do it."

Juliana looked elsewhere, "I have work."

George frowned, "You are a daughter-in-law of the Grants, you should be filial, Grant women don't need to work."

Juliana chuckled coldly, "Are you trying to morally coerce me, or do you plan to confine me to make your wife happy?"

George was infuriated by her words, raising his hand to hit her.

At that moment, Ethan stood at the hospital room door, calling out "Master George."

George's hand paused.

Ethan stepped in and said, "President Grant said he forgot to tell you on his way out that Madam is here to be filial to Mrs. Windsor on his behalf, so he hopes you treat her just as you would treat him."

George lowered his hand.

He knew well that he'd already pushed his son hard today; doing anything further to Juliana might spark rebellion from Evan.

"Go back and tell Evan not to worry," George said.

Ethan nodded and looked at Juliana, "President Grant said I'll be in charge of picking you up for work from now on."

"She has to take care of her mother-in-law, how can you let her work?" George said.

Stella stood up, "Uncle, work is sister-in-law's interest, let her go as long as she spends the remaining time taking care of Mom, she'll be a good daughter-in-law."

Juliana felt a rising suspicion: What is Stella scheming this time?

Ultimately, George let Juliana off.

However, she was ordered to stay at the hospital to attend to Lily, watched over by two bodyguards, and couldn't leave except for work.

In the evening, as Juliana fetched water in the boiler room, Stella came, standing in the doorway with a smile.

"Do you need something?" Juliana asked.

Without surveillance cameras in the boiler room, Stella didn't need to act anymore.

"Tonight, brother has a business meeting and will drink some alcohol. What do you think would happen if I were to get ready at Platinum Bay and wait for him?"

Chapter 46: Chapter 46: You Give In, I'll Keep Loving You

Hearing the provocation in Stella Grant's voice, Juliana Jacobs remained unfazed.

Toward that man, she felt completely indifferent.

"So, you orchestrated all this just to keep me tied up, while you get cozy with your brother?"

Stella Grant smiled deeply, "Now that I'm back, it's time for you to leave. Your biggest mistake was not divorcing him cleanly."

Juliana was feeling a bit down, but hearing this, she started to laugh.

This laughter left Stella Grant bewildered.

"What are you laughing at?" she asked.

Juliana responded coldly, "Men like that, anyone who wants them can have them. But being as desperate as you, throwing yourself at someone, is quite pathetic."

"Juliana, tomorrow I'll tell you just how formidable my brother is in bed."

Stella Grant stormed off in anger.

Juliana returned to the ward, and found that the nurse had just given Lily Windsor a shot.

"It's advised for family members to use a warm towel to press on the injection site after the shot. This helps promote local blood circulation, aiding the faster metabolism and absorption of the medication in the subcutaneous muscle tissue."

The nurse left after saying this.

All afternoon, Lily Windsor had been normal, but now she glanced at her and said irritably, "What are you standing there for, are you an idiot? Help me up and give me a warm compress."

Juliana set down the kettle and went to support her back, only to be pushed away.

The force was stronger than that of a normal person, how could she look like a patient?

"You bitch, do you want to hurt me to death? The doctor said to adjust the bed first, then add pillows, and only then can you help someone. You can't even do that, how can you be human?"

Silently, Juliana went to adjust the bed handles, but Lily Windsor suddenly called her to stop.

"Too high! Lower... now it's too low, oh Juliana, you purposely make me uncomfortable, I'll tell my husband."

Lily Windsor took out her phone to send a message.

But there was no reply from the other end.

She vented her frustration of not receiving a reply onto Juliana again.

Seeing Juliana filling up the basin with cool water, preparing to give her a warm compress, she cursed in anger, "Do you even know what a warm compress is? Are you adding cold water because you don't want me to get better?"

Slowly raising her head, Juliana waited for her to finish cursing before saying, "This is boiling water at 100 degrees, without cold water, are you trying to scald pig skin?"

Lily Windsor was momentarily at a loss, then clutched her chest, "Oh, I can't make it, I'm going to die, you're not here to care for me, you're wrongfully accusing me, just trying to piss me off under the guise of caring for me."

Thinking there was only one week until freedom, Juliana compromised, enduring the scorching heat on her reddened hands, to wring the towel and give her a warm compress.

But as soon as the warm towel touched her skin, Lily Windsor kicked her.

"Are you trying to burn me to death?"

Juliana fell to the feet of Chase Miller, who just came in the door.

Chase Miller helped her up and looked at Lily Windsor, "If you can't control your emotions, it'll be easy for your blood vessels to burst, causing massive bleeding."

"It's because this bitch behaved improperly, she..."

Lily Windsor stopped mid-sentence, seeing the cold look in Chase Miller's eyes, instinctually closing her mouth.

Juliana pulled out the hand supported by Chase Miller, and went to pour water without a word.

Chase Miller gave a few instructions and went to another ward.

Lily Windsor mocked, "Weren't you going to take away my wealth and glory? You've become a maid, how are you going to take anything?"

Juliana said nothing, her ten fingers red with scalds, she went to the bathroom to cool them.

Lily Windsor, after cursing for a while without any response, felt bored and temporarily quieted down.

Unexpectedly, in the middle of the night, she suddenly thought of a new idea and picked up the apple on the bedside to throw at Juliana.

Awakened by the hit, Juliana was momentarily dazed, rubbed her head, and frowned at her.

Lily Windsor said irritably, "I have hypoglycemia, you're sleeping like a pig, what if I had an episode? Are you trying to kill me?"

"Your worry is unwarranted, misfortune often comes with a long life."

Juliana slowly sat up and took a deep breath to clear her head a bit.

"You," Lily Windsor pointed to the door, "go get me some pumpkin porridge."

Juliana frowned, "In the middle of the night, where would I find pumpkin porridge?"

"I don't care, if you dare let me go hungry, I'll tell my husband, and he has ways to deal with you."

George Grant's way was to cut off her grandfather's medication.

Juliana grudgingly got out of bed.

Originally, she couldn't leave the hospital, but with Lily Windsor's command, the two bodyguards allowed her to go.

However, the weather was uncooperative, and soon heavy rain poured down.

Juliana was drenched through.

Already with a slight fever, after buying the pumpkin porridge, she couldn't hold up anymore before reaching the inpatient building.

Chase Miller was on duty, and when he came out of a ward, seeing the person in the heavy rain downstairs, he rushed downstairs without hesitation.

Holding the person in his arms in the rain, only then did he realize how hot her body was.

He hurriedly took her to the emergency department.

The temperature measurement showed 39.8 degrees Celsius.

"How could they torment someone like this?"

Chase Miller was furious.

Juliana, soaked to the skin, sat on the infusion bed, remaining distant towards him.

"Just give me the medication, she'll be looking for me soon."

Inwardly, Chase Miller battled with sympathy, and words he'd pondered endlessly finally escaped.

"Miss Jacobs, the person who handled your mother-in-law's sample is Paul Wallace. According to the Regal Appraisal Center's sample storage regulations, there are two more samples of your mother-in-law's stored in the specimen warehouse, numbered 7016w. Theoretically, with enough reason, a request can be made for another person to re-evaluate them..."

That was all he could say.

Juliana's eyelids fluttered, her high fever leaving her too weak to speak.

At this moment, the nurse brought a hospital gown for Juliana to change out of her wet clothes.

Chase Miller, excusing himself on rounds, left.

Once dressed, the nurse came to give her an antipyretic injection.

A silhouette passed by the ward, only to double back inside.

Caleb Shaw came in.

His white coat still bearing marks from saving a patient.

"Why are you back in the emergency department again?" he asked.

Juliana's head felt heavy, too reluctant to speak.

The young nurse, feeling sympathy for her plight, replied annoyed, "In the middle of such a heavy rain, they forced her to buy pumpkin porridge, leaving her with a fever, yet still tormenting her. With such a wicked mother-in-law, it's just bad luck!"

Juliana curled up on the bed, visibly uncomfortable, her face flushed with fever.

"Evan Grant, that bastard!"

Caleb Shaw hit the door with a fist, and left the emergency department to make a call.

Meanwhile at Platinum Bay.

Evan Grant returned home from a social event, instinctively heading towards the master bedroom.

Opening the door, the faint scent of citrus wafted in with the wind.

The woman in the room turned around in alarm.

In the darkness, Evan Grant momentarily thought it was Juliana, unable to endure Lily Windsor's harsh treatment, who had returned.

"Have you decided to yield?"

The man staggered in, reaching out to wrap her waist.

"Submit, and I'll continue to cherish you."

The moment the words fell, he was suddenly sober.

The feel of Juliana's waist wasn't like this.

Stella Grant was ready to enjoy leaning in his arms, but in the next second, she was thrown out of the bedroom by the man.

She was bewildered.

"Brother... brother."

"Why are you here?"

Evan Grant maintained a stern face.

"I came to find you, you weren't responding, and I was tired, so I thought I'd take a shower and sleep, but I didn't bring sleepwear, so I had to wear sister-in-law's temporarily. Didn't expect you'd return at that time."

However, Evan Grant's expression did not improve with her explanation.

"In the future, contact Ethan Carter instead, try not to come here. Also, sister-in-law doesn't like others wearing her clothes."

Stella Grant's fingernails dug into the floor, but she still maintained a weak and pitiful demeanor.

"I understand, sorry brother."

Trying to stand, she collapsed back to the ground due to the heavy fall.

Evan Grant frowned, going to help her up.

Stella Grant wore Juliana's nightgown, the kind for intimate nights between couples.

The snowy whiteness laid heavy and tempting.

This was her favorite part, a man's ultimate temptress.

Chapter 47: Chapter 47: Evan Was Hurt by Her Indifference

However, just as Evan Grant held her arm, his phone rang.

He let go of her and walked a short distance away.

As soon as he answered, he heard Caleb Shaw's roar.

"Evan Grant, your wife is being treated like a slave by your stepmother, running in the rain at midnight to buy porridge and now has a high fever. If you want to be a filial son and grandson, come serve her yourself. Do you want me to set up a memorial archway for a filial son for you?"

Evan Grant hung up the phone, his face expressionless, and took a few steps toward the stairs before turning back.

Ignoring Stella at the bedroom door, he went to the master bedroom to fetch a set of clothes that Juliana usually wore, carefully placing them in a bag.

When he came out, there was an obstacle at the door, and he finally looked at her.

"Didn't you study etiquette in Aldoria?"

"What?"

Stella didn't understand what he meant.

"Even if you haven't studied etiquette, you should know that you can't casually enter the master's bedroom. In the future, contact Ethan Carter if you have issues, and go back to your own place now."

Evan Grant sidestepped her, walked a few steps, and then turned back: "Take the pajamas you wore with you when you leave; she won't want something someone else has used."

He liked the nightdress quite a bit, but it was meant for Juliana to wear, which was a pity.

Evan Grant left without looking back.

Stella clutched the lace edge of the nightdress, her fingertips cold.

Emergency room.

Juliana slept lightly for a while. Her temperature wasn't as high as before, but her body still felt weak.

Caleb Shaw poured a glass of warm water for Juliana, about to give it to her when Chase Miller entered with two glucose bottles.

"She needs quick energy replenishment now; glucose is more suitable," he said.

But Caleb Shaw disagreed, "Drinking glucose for dehydration from a fever? Warm water is fundamental!"

Chase Miller refused to back down, "Do you understand basic medical knowledge? Glucose is a direct energy source!"

Caleb was relentless, "What she needs is hydration and rest, not to quickly re-energize her just to make her do hard labor!"

"I... I want her to recover quickly."

"Her body needs gradual adjustment."

The two stood on either side of the hospital bed.

One holding glucose, the other a cup of warm water, glaring at each other like roosters ready to fight.

When Evan Grant pushed the door open, he saw his wife being fussed over by two vigilant keepers, the anxiety on his face instantly replaced by a tinge of jealousy.

"Isn't she a patient? Can doctors argue around a patient?"

Juliana raised her eyelids at the sound of his voice and sat up with her fatigued body.

Without even sparing him a glance, she took the glucose and warm water from Caleb Shaw and Chase Miller, downing both in one go.

Then she lay back down amidst their astonished looks.

Chase and Caleb exchanged awkward glances, while Evan Grant stood frozen, her indifference piercing his heart.

Chase and Caleb wisely exited the room, leaving only Evan and Juliana.

The contrast between the outside clamor of emergency rescues and the silence inside was stark.

Evan placed her clean clothes at the foot of the bed and sat beside her.

After a while, his phone rang.

It was George Grant calling.

"What's with your wife again, making her buy porridge yet she's nowhere to be seen..."

"It's three in the morning, and there's a storm outside. Why don't you bring porridge to your wife out of love and care?"

George was at a loss for words at his retort.

Feeling somewhat guilty, he changed the topic, "She's unwilling to take care of my wife. How would I know if she is lazy or neglectful..."

"She has a high fever, in the hospital. Do you want to come and see for yourself?"

Evan Grant interrupted him calmly.

George was left without anything to say and mumbled before hanging up the phone.

Evan put down his phone, his eyes a bit cold.

Juliana, now fully awake, couldn't go back to sleep. She propped up her still feverish body, ready to get out of bed.

Evan blocked her, "Where are you going?"

"To take care of your mother. I questioned her, offended your ancestors, a heinous crime, I must serve as a slave to atone."

"Don't go!" Evan frowned, "Lie down, I'll talk to them."

Juliana shook off his hand, laughing coldly.

"What will you tell them? Bet on my marrow again?"

"Juliana, you don't understand the current situation..."

Evan tried to explain, but Juliana cut him off.

"What situation? Afraid your sister will be upset, betting on my bone marrow; if you win, you get the truth, if not, you take my marrow, making both your sister and mother happy, while you lose nothing. And me, I'm the one sacrificed. There, I told the truth for you, no need for excuses to lie to me."

Her words stung Evan deeply.

"Is that how you understand my situation?"

"Your situation?" Juliana sneered, "Disturbing President Grant's romantic night; I'm truly unforgivable."

Evan Grant left.

Furious.

The next morning, Juliana's temperature returned to normal.

Ethan Carter came to the hospital room to ask if she planned to go to work today.

She needed to turn the tables, so of course, she had to go to Aetherflame Dynamics.

Otherwise, how could she use it as a cover to go to the Regal Inspection Center?

Just as she passed through the outpatient hall, she coincidentally ran into Rosalind Linton bringing her grandpa for a follow-up visit.

Juliana instinctively hid her hands.

"Juliana, your grandpa said you're busy, and told me not to bother you, so I took a cab and brought him for the follow-up myself. You have no idea how hard it is to find a cab that can take a wheelchair. So, are you and Evan reconciled?"

Ethan looked down at his feet without commenting.

Everyone could tell she was hinting for her son-in-law to buy a car.

Juliana pretended not to understand, "Grandpa finds traveling difficult, let me know in advance next time to save others the trouble."

"It's truly not much trouble, just the transportation..."

Rosalind was about to imply further when grandpa interrupted.

"First, you say Juliana's busy and tell me not to disturb her; then you keep her talking endlessly. Is she busy or not?"

Rosalind was left speechless by grandpa's remark.

Ethan smiled and stepped forward, "The old gentleman sees things clearly; yesterday I checked with the lab that your medication for this month should arrive in a couple of days. Please take care of your health."

Grandpa nodded, not replying to him, but said to Juliana, "You don't look well; are you upset about something?"

The sudden concern made Juliana's nose tingle with sourness, nearly bringing her to tears.

"No, just a slight cold. Evan couldn't come, so his assistant accompanied me to the hospital to get some medicine."

Ethan nodded in agreement.

"Then go on with your tasks, but take care of your health and visit me often, alright?"

Juliana, afraid she couldn't control her emotions, quickly bid farewell to her grandfather and hurried away.

Rosalind felt very satisfied, "President Grant is so good to Juliana; they really seem reconciled."

Grandpa gazed at the bustling crowd, "Do you think I'm old and easily deceived?"

"Dad, isn't Juliana doing fine?"

"All ten of her fingers are so red; are you telling me that's not from burns but deliberately colored?"

Rosalind: "..."

Grandpa gripped the wheelchair's armrest tightly, "Is the Grant Family bullying us because the Linton Family lacks people?"

...

After arriving at Aetherflame Dynamics, Juliana found a chance to sneak to the Regal Inspection Center.

It was just the time after lunch break.

Standing in the corridor leading to the testing rooms, she used the lobby's bulletin board photos to accurately find the person she needed.

"Paul Wallace!"

Chapter 48: Chapter 48: Madam Will Never Return Here Again

Juliana's voice wasn't loud, but it carried an undeniable force.

The person opposite her halted abruptly, eyeing her warily, "Who are you?"

"I'm with the Grants."

As Juliana finished speaking, Paul Wallace became even more cautious.

"I don't know any Grants."

Juliana smiled slightly, "She's being watched and can't contact you. She said someone might come soon to review the diagnosis report and original test data for sample 7016w, so be careful."

Paul Wallace remained defensive, "I tested everything according to procedure, there's nothing to check."

Juliana nodded, "As long as you're aware. She asked you to double-check for any mistakes. If things go wrong, she won't be able to protect you. Also, don't reach out to her anytime soon because the Grants are also investigating her."

Juliana finished speaking and left, leaving Paul Wallace with a massive psychological burden.

"Wait a moment."

He led her to a secluded area, finally revealing his panic.

"We agreed I'd do it just once, and she promised I wouldn't have any trouble. Now they're investigating, what does it mean to fend for myself? There are still two samples in the low-temperature storage room. Without a proper reason, how dare I take them out and destroy them?"

"That's your problem."

Knowing the samples still existed, Juliana suppressed a smirk and turned to leave, only to be held back again.

"You guaranteed me before, and now you're going back on your word. Do you even keep your promises?"

Juliana raised an eyebrow, "If you had the guts to take the money, shouldn't you have planned an escape route for yourself?"

Paul Wallace was furious, "I'm not going to risk my future for your small sum. I still have the hundred thousand in cash at my place, untouched. I'll return it right now, but simultaneously, I want to retract the test report."

Juliana laughed at his words, "Return it? At this point, the only path left for you is to confess and admit the report is fake."

Paul Wallace snapped back to reality, "You're bluffing me?"

Juliana: "I've already recorded the conversation just now."

Paul Wallace's face turned pale, but he regained composure quickly.

"If you question my test results, what chance do you have against the Grants? Even if you have a recording, it's as easy for the Grants to squash you as an ant. Listen carefully, those two samples will be destroyed tomorrow. By then, no matter what doubts you have, they'll be useless. Regardless of who you are, disappear immediately, or I'll contact Mrs. Grant."

Was it Lily Windsor?

Juliana gained crucial information, but her adversary was uncooperative, leaving her uncertain about the next step.

Just then, an angry voice suddenly rang out from behind them.

"If a client has doubts, we dissolve their doubts. Since when does my lab operate based on others' whims?"

"Mr. Zane!"

Paul Wallace's knees almost gave out.

"Paul Wallace, our lab has always adhered to fair and strict standards. Your recent words could ruin my entire lab. You can either admit your mistake and retract the report or call the police to verify it. Those are your choices."

Mr. Zane's voice was calm but carried tremendous pressure.

Paul Wallace really fell to his knees.

"Mr. Zane, it was that woman who held something against me and forced me to fake the test report. You know how cruel the Grants can be; I don't dare retract it."

Mr. Zane's gaze was unwavering, as if he exuded some unseen confidence.

He looked over at Juliana, "Our lab offers a retesting process, but it requires a family member's signature, and since Mrs. Grant is an in-law, her signature is valid."

Paul Wallace was put under supervision while the retesting process was initiated immediately.

Before Juliana left, Mr. Zane said to her, "Mrs. Grant, I'll arrange for a re-test with the highest priority using a double-blind method. The results will be out by evening at the latest. However, before the final report is released, please refrain from publicizing anything."

Juliana understood the rationale to prevent any interference from the other party.

As she reached the bottom of the lab building, Summer Shaw's call came through.

"Juliana, two bodyguards came looking for you. They said George Grant sent them to keep an eye on you at work and 'escort' you back to the hospital after work."

Is George Grant involved in this too?

Juliana wasn't ready to jump to conclusions yet.

"I'm not going back to Aetherflame Dynamics. Stall them as long as you can, and if you can't, no worries."

She hung up the phone and took a cab to Platinum Bay.

Mrs. Young was surprised to see her return.

"Ma'am, you didn't come back last night, and Miss Grant came and wouldn't leave..."

"Mrs. Young," Juliana interrupted her, "Their matters are no longer my concern. My hands aren't in a good condition. Could you help me pack my things?"

Mrs. Young hesitated but, seeing Juliana's blistered fingers, said nothing and followed her upstairs.

Juliana didn't pack much clothing, only the essentials.

"Mrs. Young, once I inform you that I'm not coming back, please dispose of the things I've used."

"Ma'am..."

Mrs. Young's eyes reddened.

Despite her reluctance, she supported Juliana's decision to divorce.

After all, no one could endure such a stifling environment.

As they went downstairs, Juliana suddenly spotted their wedding photo in the corridor.

Recalling how Evan Grant and his sister were cozying up here last night, seeing their wedding photo in front of her...

Juliana walked over, took down the wedding photo, and cut away her half before heading downstairs.

The moment she reached the living room, the front door was rudely pushed open.

The bodyguards stood on either side as George Grant entered.

He showed no surprise at seeing Juliana.

"Did you think hiding here would let you avoid punishment?"

Juliana stood at the bottom of the stairs, her gaze unwavering.

"I'm not avoiding anything. I just came to get some clothes. Is that not allowed?"

George knew she was making excuses.

"You should have considered the consequences when you slandered my wife. If it weren't for Evan's fondness for you, you'd have been kicked out of the Grant Family long ago."

Juliana found his threat amusing.

"If you have the guts, have your son divorce me. If you don't, stop talking big."

George was incensed by her attitude.

"Juliana, I'm your father-in-law. Evan might spare you, but I have the right to teach you a lesson."

"Come on, take her back!"

After ordering the bodyguards, George turned, only to get hit flush in the face with a mop giving off a foul odor.

He barely managed to hold his temper.

Mrs. Young stood in front of Juliana, pointing the mop at him.

Not only pointed but also scolded.

"You haven't even learned proper behavior yourself, wallowing in filth, what right do you have to lecture others?"

Juliana worried Mrs. Young might offend George on her behalf and stepped forward to protect her, but to her surprise, George's fury faded at her words.

"I... Lily needs care. I was asking her to fulfill her filial duties."

"If you want to be filial to that woman, do it yourself. This is Platinum Bay. Don't bring your filth here!"

"Enough already."

George finished with Mrs. Young and looked discontentedly at Juliana.

"If you knew better, would this family be in such turmoil?"

Juliana also didn't want Mrs. Young to have a conflict with George.

She squeezed Mrs. Young's hand.

"Don't get angry over my matters. Thank you for everything these past days. I won't take anything; the courier will come for my things later."

To any bystander, this seemed like a normal exchange, but Mrs. Young knew it was a farewell.

She knew Juliana wouldn't be coming back here.

Mrs. Young watched Juliana's retreating figure being led away, her heart heavy with emotion.

However, as soon as Juliana got into the minivan waiting by the door, two attendants immediately restrained her.

Another person in a mask produced an intravenous syringe.

Juliana couldn't move. She had overestimated humanity's goodness.

She looked at George, asking, "What do you plan to do?"

George replied coolly, "Did you think by making yourself sick constantly, you could avoid donating marrow? I have medicine here. Within a few hours, your blood work will return to normal. Today, you must donate marrow for your mother-in-law."

Chapter 49: Chapter 49: Live as a Grant, Die as a Grant Ghost

"Master George doesn't intend to leave himself any room?" Juliana asked.

George Grant recalled Lily Windsor clutching him and crying hysterically, and a trace of ruthlessness flashed in his eyes.

"Originally, if you had been filial to your mother-in-law, there wouldn't have been any trouble. But you knew she had a terminal illness and still slandered her for faking it. You must pay for your actions."

Juliana clenched her fists...

At this moment, Rosalind Linton pushed Old Man Linton to the entrance of the Grant's residence.

"Dad, are you really going?"

Rosalind was uncertain.

Ever since the two children's wedding banquet, the elders of the two families had barely met.

The main reason was that Old Man Linton felt he shouldn't burden Juliana any further.

Old Mr. Linton looked at the Grant's tall and intricately decorated gate and exhaled, "Fine, let's not go, just let the Grants exhaust Juliana to death, let her accompany Aidan."

Destroying her benefactor, how could that be?

Rosalind walked to the gate and pressed the doorbell.

Upon learning that someone from the Linton Family had arrived, the old house opened the gate to welcome them.

In The West Flower Hall, sandalwood incense wafted gently.

Old Mrs. Grant sat in the main seat, with a moderate smile on her face.

"Old Mr. Linton, your health is precious, feel free to speak openly."

Old Man Linton dressed plainly, yet spoke with dignity.

"Old Mrs. Grant, you probably know that if it weren't for my illness back then, Juliana wouldn't have sacrificed her lifelong happiness. Though we are not blood-related, we are closer than real grandparents. Now I am as good as half-buried, and today I've come not for anything else but to ask you to give my unfortunate granddaughter a clear answer."

Old Mrs. Grant picked up the teacup and took a sip.

"Juliana is the daughter-in-law of the Grants, and she will be protected by the Grant's rules, so there's no need for you to worry."

"Rules?"

A sharp light flashed in Old Man Linton's cloudy eyes.

"The Grant's rules, is it to let the mother-in-law make things difficult, scalding her fingers till they're red, or to have her escorted even to work?"

Old Mrs. Grant hadn't heard of such things. Although surprised, she didn't show it.

Old Man Linton took a breath, his voice filled with grief and anger.

"Although Juliana has no parents, she is still a person. I hope that in view of how she has done right by the Grants, the old lady will grant her a way to survive..."

The old man grew more and more agitated, unable to suppress a cough.

Rosalind quickly patted his back.

Old Mrs. Grant heard the seriousness in Old Man Linton's words.

She set down the teacup with a clear clink of porcelain.

"Old Mrs. Grant," Rosalind bowed her head to the old lady, "If my son were alive, he would certainly love her a hundred times more than your grandson. You don't know, when we saw her at the hospital today, my dad and I..."

Rosalind wiped away a tear, leaving her sentence unfinished.

Old Mrs. Grant knew something serious must have happened between the young couple, but she remained silent.

After a long while, she slowly spoke, her voice low yet carrying undeniable authority.

"Old Brother Linton, rest assured. Since Juliana is a properly wedded daughter-in-law of the Grants, in life she is a Grant, in death, she is a Grant's ghost. The Grant's rules are to protect our own. Today I've taken note of what you've said. Please go home and take care of yourself."

Old Mrs. Grant's words, seemingly devoid of warmth, nonetheless placed an invisible protective amulet on Juliana.

Old Man Linton did not speak further and immediately took his leave from Old Mrs. Grant.

The hall was so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

Old Mrs. Grant sat still for a while, then called out, "Peter Dawson."

The housekeeper came running.

"Has George been at the hospital looking after his wife these last few days?"

The housekeeper, being meticulous, had already inquired about Juliana's circumstances when Old Man Linton had come.

He knew the old lady was ostensibly asking about George, but she was actually inquiring about whether anything had been done to Juliana.

Thus, Peter Dawson relayed what he had found out.

"Every day after work, the young madam goes to the hospital to look after Ms. Windsor, she eats and sleeps there, hardly getting any rest. I heard that last night, despite the heavy rain, she was sent out to buy pumpkin porridge."

Old Mrs. Grant gripped the teacup tightly, "And Evan? What has he been up to?"

The housekeeper lowered his head, "President Grant seems to deliberately want to teach the young madam a lesson."

Old Mrs. Grant closed her eyes, "The men of the Grant Family, oh..."

...

Juliana was weakly dragged back to the hospital and forced to undergo a physical examination.

The results showed she was eligible for marrow extraction.

George Grant was pleased with the report and immediately instructed the bodyguards.

"Hey, take her to the blood drawing room, have the nurses hurry up and extract her marrow."

"George..."

Juliana felt extremely unwell, wanting to speak, but her speech nerves were uncontrollable.

She realized this might be a side effect of the medication.

In the end, she could only let herself be dragged to the blood drawing room like a piece of cargo.

The nurses in the blood drawing room were frightened by the scene.

"Extracting bone marrow should respect the person's will, forcing it might not work, right?"

George ordered them to tie Juliana to the hospital bed and harshly told them, "Saving a life is most important. My wife needs her bone marrow to save her life. If you delay my wife's condition, I'll hold your entire family accountable."

The nurses were terrified, trembling as they picked up the thick bone marrow needle.

"No... don't..."

The cold antiseptic wipe brushed over Juliana's lower back skin, and despair filled her heart.

Just as the needle was about to pierce the skin, "Bang!"

The door to the blood drawing room was smashed open with great force!

Old Mrs. Grant stood at the doorway, spiritedly, glaring at George.

"Dear son, I had no idea you had become so capable lately."

The nurse, relieved to finally stop, quickly put the bone marrow needle down.

George panicked for a moment, "Mom..."

Evan Grant entered right behind, frowning as he headed straight to the bedside, untying Juliana's restraints.

But when he tried to help her sit up, Juliana suddenly pushed his hand away with an extremely disgusted expression.

She'd rather hold herself tightly to recover from the terror than rely on him even a little.

Suddenly, Evan Grant felt as if a piece of his heart had been gouged out.

He turned to glare at George, "What did you inject into her?"

George's eyes flickered, "N-no, nothing, just something to rapidly normalize her blood count."

"Mom," George clutched at his last straw, "Lily is really sick. Having Juliana donate marrow is also saving a life, a virtuous deed."

"Virtuous deed?" Old Mrs. Grant laughed in exasperation, "What virtue can be gained from saving a person like your wife?"

"Take me to see that nuisance!" the old lady demanded angrily.

...

In the hospital room, Stella Grant and Lily Windsor were waiting for George's good news.

If Juliana had her marrow extracted, she'd be half-dead, and by then, not only would she harbor resentment towards Evan Grant, but even the old lady would dislike her for being weak and unable to bear descendants for the Grant Family, urging them to divorce.

Lily Windsor took a deep breath, "Stella, feel my heartbeat, it suddenly sped up, is something going to happen?"

Chapter 50: Chapter 50: Impossible! I Was Faking Illness!

Lily Windsor felt her bones aching at first, then she had a headache later that day.

Chase Miller came to see her twice but left without saying much.

Lily's intuition told her it had something to do with the medication she'd been taking, so she kept asking Stella.

Stella was a bit annoyed by her constant questioning, but she held her temper.

"Stella, you're my only child. Remember, when your deadbeat dad left us with a pile of gambling debts, I gave everything for you to live better. Now, not only am I pretending to be sick for you, but I'm also pushing Uncle Grant to trouble Juliana. You can't let your mom down."

"Alright, I know you love me, but..."

Stella's tone turned a bit sharp.

"But if you hadn't pestered Juliana to get porridge in the middle of the night, which caused her to have a high fever again, we would've extracted her bone marrow by now. Luckily, Uncle believes you and gave Juliana the medication, or you'd still be suffering."

Lily looked desolate. "If you keep isolating your uncle for too long, our relationship will fade."

Stella's tone was curt. "George Grant will never be more than a useless appendage to the Grant Family in this lifetime. If you want a better life, you can only rely on me. As long as I can hold onto Evan, your life of luxury is secured. What man won't you be able to get then?"

Lily could tell that Stella was reminding her that she was her only hope.

"But Stella, mom is really uncomfortable right now..."

Just midway through her sentence, the hospital room door was pushed open.

The silhouette of Old Mrs. Grant appeared at the entrance.

Both of them froze simultaneously.

Because not only did Old Mrs. Grant come, but Evan Grant and Dr. Miller also arrived.

Even Juliana Jacobs was wheeled in in her wheelchair.

Lily's eyes flashed, "Mom, why are you here?"

She feebly attempted to rise, and George quickly went to support her.

Old Mrs. Grant's gaze was cold. "Don't get up, just lie there. You're not going to live more than a couple of days anyway."

Lily momentarily awkward, George quickly said, "Mom, how can you curse your daughter-in-law like that? Once Juliana donates her bone marrow to her, she'll..."

With a crisp slap, Old Mrs. Grant struck her son across the face.

"Peter, show him the 'terminal illness' report his dear wife carefully planned!"

The butler stepped forward and handed George a stack of documents.

"From switching blood samples to bribing the lab technicians, each incident has ironclad evidence! Did you think the rules of the Grant Family were a joke? That the law was just a decoration?"

When George turned to the sheet signed with "Paul Wallace," Lily trembled all over, and terror flashed through her eyes.

Why did Paul say it was her who contacted him?

It was clearly Stella orchestrating this all.

Recalling that her daughter often used her phone these past few days... Lily suddenly understood.

Stella stood by the bedside and fiercely pinched her where no one else could see.

The pinch was a reminder that she was her dependence.

Lily was stunned.

"Is all of this true?"

George couldn't believe it.

Chase Miller stepped forward and said, "The colleague in the hospital's lab responsible for her tests has already voluntarily confessed. He accepted a bribe from the patient and altered the results. He's currently being dealt with by the hospital. I... she also approached me, and when I refused, she threatened me. I had no choice but to base my conclusions on the lab's altered report."

"Lily," George's voice trembled, "You made me give Juliana drugs, made me willing to break the law for you—was it all a lie?"

Lily's face was pale. She quickly got out of bed, grabbed his hand, and fell to her knees with a thud.

"I'm sorry, husband, it was me, it's all my fault. I lied to you and our daughter, but I had no choice..."

Juliana frowned at her words.

Was it reasonable for Stella not to have any blame at all?

"Juliana is far too favored in the Grant Family. She doesn't like my daughter, and because of that, my daughter has to leave home—why? I'm not reconciled, and I want Stella to stay, so I pretended to be ill and tortured Juliana to feel better."

Stella's nails dug into her flesh, cursing Lily as a foolish pig inside.

This would lead to her being sent away again.

"You... sigh..." George's eyes were full of unconcealed disappointment. "Mom, I was confused."

Old Mrs. Grant had no desire to look at him anymore.

"Did you think I disliked your wife because of her background? Her looks just spell trouble wherever she goes, only you treat her as precious."

George wore a look of regret, not knowing what to say.

However, Old Mrs. Grant wasn't angered, "You didn't wrong me; you wronged others."

Upon her reminder, George looked at Evan Grant.

Asking him to apologize to his daughter-in-law was something he couldn't do.

"Evan, your aunt truly went too far this time; I'll make her apologize to you both."

Juliana was about to speak, but Evan said, "That's not necessary."

Juliana gripped the armrest tightly.

Evan's gaze was calm, "Actually, your aunt didn't lie to you completely."

"What are you saying?"

Neither George nor Lily understood.

Evan presented the latest lab report from the Regal Center, and Lily craned her neck to see it as well.

But after a glance, Lily seemed struck by lightning, all color drained from her face, and she collapsed to the ground.

Stella immediately leaned over, reading the critical part aloud, "Platelets normal... but tumor markers in the blood significantly elevated... highly suspect... malignant bone tumor?"

This report was a double-blind test, absolutely authoritative.

"No... impossible! I'm pretending to be sick! I'm pretending to be sick!"

Lily's cries were hysterical; this time, she was truly terrified.

Stella was both elated and saddened.

Elated that she could stay under the guise of caring for her mother, saddened that Lily might be in the late stage, leaving little time to use her.

"Pretending to be sick?"

Old Mrs. Grant laughed.

"Your heart is devoid of reverence, so heaven commands punishment. I will tolerate you no longer; return all the property and jewelry given by the Grant Family over the years and get out. From now on, you have no ties with the Grant Family, and your daughter should stay away from Evan."

Lily gasped, looking towards her husband for help.

George's expression was complex, wanting to plead for Lily.

But just as he opened his mouth, Old Mrs. Grant said, "You aided a villain, you're no good either. If you don't divorce her, leave with her. Evan shall have no stepmother henceforth, and the Grant Family will not provide you a cent of living expenses."

"Mom, I'm your son."

George never expected that not only would Lily's assets be stripped away, but even his own welfare was gone, a catastrophe akin to the sky falling.

"But you are Lily's husband; she's inhuman, yet you're obligated to treat her. Have the courage, and you'll establish your own family. Trouble Juliana again, and I won't spare you."

Old Mrs. Grant finished, even shooting Stella a stern glance.

Just then, Juliana's condition worsened.

Her eyes tightly shut, breathing rapid, her face as pale as paper.

Evan seized Chase, pulling him over, "Quickly see to her!"

"Not good, she's in ventricular fibrillation."

Chase hesitated, issuing an emergency code 999, his hands trembling.

Old Mrs. Grant glared at her grandson, "Can you protect her or not? If not, divorce her!"