

Panicking 51

Chapter 51: Some Grievances Are Etched into the Bones

Juliana woke up again, and it was already evening.

Ethan Carter's voice came from the door.

"President Grant, you actually know that Lily Windsor tampered with the samples, but the first test result indeed left nothing to say, causing your wife to suffer this time. Fortunately, you contacted Mr. Zane, and the truth could be easily uncovered in the second test. When your wife wakes up, explain it to her well."

There was no sound from Evan Grant, but instead, Old Mrs. Grant snorted.

"You can weigh the pros and cons and strategize, but can Juliana? The truth will be revealed eventually, but the more needles she endures, the colder her heart grows. Some grievances are etched in the bones."

Evan Grant did not respond to Old Mrs. Grant, but after a moment of silence, he asked Chase Miller.

"What about her current condition? Will there still be any danger?"

Perhaps feeling guilty towards Juliana, Chase Miller's voice was very soft.

"Master George couldn't determine what drug was used, but I can guess a bit. Although her whole body's blood has been cleansed, the damage caused to the body needs careful recuperation, otherwise, there will be sequelae."

"What kind of sequelae?" Old Mrs. Grant asked.

Chase Miller paused, "It's hard to say, it might trigger organic disease."

Juliana started coughing violently because of his words.

"Juliana..."

Evan Grant rushed into the ward, holding her hand.

Juliana, however, recoiled as if touched by electricity.

"You... don't touch me!"

Evan Grant's body stiffened.

Old Mrs. Grant pushed her grandson aside, walked to the bedside, and held Juliana's hand.

"Juliana, you suffered a lot this time, and grandma will definitely stand up for you."

Juliana's throat was dry.

Chase Miller raised the bed and gave her some water.

"Should I say thank you to you, Dr. Miller?"

Chase Miller's eyes flickered, "Of course not, saving lives is a doctor's duty."

Juliana looked at him without speaking.

Chase Miller felt pressured and stood behind Evan Grant.

Only then did Juliana look away.

Evan Grant's gaze instantly turned cold.

Old Mrs. Grant signaled to the butler, and Peter Dawson immediately took out a document.

"These are the real estates and jewelry returned by Lily Windsor, now all transferred under your name."

Seeing Juliana not moving, Old Mrs. Grant added, "Once these things are in your name, they will forever be yours, no matter what happens in the future, it won't change."

Upon hearing Old Mrs. Grant's words, Juliana finally picked up the pen and signed the agreement.

This was the compensation she deserved, and she accepted it with peace of mind.

Evan Grant watched her sign her name, his eyes darkening.

Old Mrs. Grant thought there was still hope for the two of them, so she looked at her grandson unhappily.

"Your wife suffered so much, don't you have anything to say? Let me tell you, if Juliana doesn't forgive you, I'll kick you out as well and don't want a grandson like you."

Juliana understood Old Mrs. Grant too well; outwardly speaking up for her, yet every word was paving the way for the two of them.

Sure enough, the next second, Old Mrs. Grant patted her hand again, "But my dear granddaughter-in-law, there's no overnight grudge between husband and wife, as long as he knows he was wrong, promises to protect you well in the future, you should forgive him."

But could the issues between her and Evan Grant be resolved simply with "I'm sorry, I forgive you"?

Before she could speak, Evan Grant said, "Juliana, this time..."

Juliana calmly interrupted him, "I don't want to see you, nor hear your voice. Let's separate."

The air suddenly froze, and Evan Grant's face instantly turned cold.

"Fine as well," Old Mrs. Grant broke the silence, "After Juliana is discharged, come stay at the old house for a few days, and grandma will take good care of you to recover."

Juliana caught the hints of calculation in the old lady's words, remembering that their wedding anniversary was approaching, she held back and nodded.

Old Mrs. Grant was very pleased and said to Evan Grant, "These days, unless necessary, don't bother your wife. Reflect well, and come to the old house to find her when you sort things out."

Evan Grant could tell that Old Mrs. Grant was giving him a chance.

He nodded, then looked at Juliana, "Don't worry about the fourth-anniversary dinner, I'll arrange it properly."

Juliana did not respond to him, directing her gaze elsewhere.

After staying in the hospital for a few days, she was taken back to the old house by the butler.

Every day she was nourished with fish maw and bird's nest, living a few peaceful days.

Seeing the days to freedom getting closer, she felt better.

In the evening, the butler as usual brewed the Tea of the River Goddess that she loved in The West Flower Hall.

Juliana, wearing a simple long dress, held a book and sat down on the chaise longue.

She turned over a couple of pages and noticed the butler hadn't left, she asked, "Uncle Dawson, anything the matter?"

Peter Dawson smiled and said, "Young madam, your dress has arrived. Would you like to try it on?"

Juliana wasn't interested, "Just leave it there."

Peter Dawson said, "But tomorrow is your and President Grant's fourth wedding anniversary dinner, and all the socialites of Kenton will be attending."

"Is it important?"

Juliana turned a page, her demeanor calm.

Peter Dawson paused for a moment and then left.

Not long after, someone else arrived at The West Flower Hall, standing there without speaking for a long time.

Juliana drank half a cup of the Tea of the River Goddess before she looked up and met Evan Grant's expressionless gaze.

She put down the teacup, her eyes returning to the book.

"You've lost a bit of weight, shouldn't you try out the dress to see if it fits?"

"I didn't just lose weight these past few days; didn't you notice before?"

Evan Grant laughed at her words.

He approached her and pulled out a small jewelry box.

Inside was a ring identical in design to their wedding ring.

This was already the second replica.

Juliana found it especially ironic.

"The original is already buried at sea; can an identical one really replace it?"

"Many guests will be coming tomorrow night."

"So I should sensibly wear it?"

Evan Grant's expression darkened slightly.

"Juliana, what's happened has passed..."

Juliana interrupted him, "It's unreasonable for you to lightly brush over my pain."

Evan Grant took a deep breath, as if trying to suppress some emotion.

"That's not what I mean."

"Then what do you mean? Lily Windsor owes me an apology, what right do you have to say it's not necessary? Because you control everything from the sidelines, never getting hurt yourself. And I, am just a carefully prepared sacrifice."

"Juliana!"

Evan Grant sat next to her, the distance between them suddenly narrowing.

He was much taller than her and looking down at her brought a sense of pressure.

"Being Mrs. Grant isn't easy, I'll help you adapt, but you also need to learn to stand in my shoes and weigh my interests."

Juliana curled her lips in a mocking smile.

"When I needed you, you always ran to Stella Grant first. How can you demand that I consider things from your perspective?"

"Evan Grant, convince your grandma to let you marry your sister. We're not suited for each other."

Evan Grant felt she was being unreasonable and explaining further would be futile.

He then reached out, wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her close.

"Being the wife of the CEO of the Grant Group isn't something you can just step down from or give up as you wish. I'm not agreeing to the divorce, so you'd better give up that idea."

Juliana was very uncomfortable with being held closely. She tried pushing him away but couldn't.

Evan Grant smelled the sweet fragrance intermingling with the Tea of the River Goddess from her mouth, feeling it had been a while since they were this close, he became somewhat restless.

Just then, his phone rang; it was Ethan Carter calling.

"President Grant, Miss Grant has self-harmed, she's been restrained but needs you to come over."

Evan Grant held back, suppressing the surge of vexation in his heart, unexpectedly kissed Juliana's face, then released her.

"Behave well and put the ring on. At tomorrow night's banquet, I've prepared a surprise for you, and I'll personally put it on you."

After the man finished speaking, he hurriedly left.

Juliana disdainfully wiped the spot he kissed, grabbed her teacup, and threw it at The West Flower Hall's door.

Was he going to put on her the necklace Stella Grant used?

She didn't want secondhand goods!

She picked up her phone and sent a message: "Has the luggage been sent over?"

Summer Shaw replied instantly, "The day you left Platinum Bay, I had the courier pick it up. Your new place is already set up, waiting for you to move in."

Juliana finally felt a bit happy.

Evan Grant, just wait for the surprise I've prepared for you.

Chapter 52: A Grand Gift for the Fourth Wedding Anniversary

The next evening.

Evan Grant personally drove to pick her up.

Seeing her wearing the dress he had personally prepared and the wedding ring, Evan curved his lips in satisfaction.

No matter how fierce their fights, she still gave him face on formal occasions.

"Evan, just live well with your wife and don't interfere with things you shouldn't," the old lady said.

Evan Grant smiled slightly, "Don't worry, Grandma, Juliana is the most sensible, I'll handle it well."

Juliana Jacobs sneered silently.

Halfway through the drive.

Evan Grant's phone rang again.

It was a special ringtone.

He didn't use the car phone but pulled over to call Stella back.

Whatever the other party said on the phone, Evan's expression grew serious as he glanced at Juliana.

"I have to be delayed for a while, can you get a taxi there first? Ethan Carter will be at the event to help you receive the guests."

How could he have the nerve to say such a thing?

Juliana got out of the car, slamming the door shut with a "bang."

Evan frowned, knowing she was angry but could only deal with that side first and then come back to appease her.

Despite it being rush hour, Juliana still managed to get a taxi.

"To The Apex Hotel," Juliana said.

The masked driver nodded and locked the central controls with a "click."

At first, Juliana thought it was a normal procedure and didn't care.

But when her eyes moved from her phone to the window, she realized something was wrong.

The car was speeding down a suburban road.

"Who are you? Where are you taking me?"

Juliana took out her phone to call the police but found the signal intermittent.

The driver ignored her and instead accelerated.

"Stop the car!"

In panic, Juliana pulled at the car door. The driver violently swerved the steering wheel, causing her to fall in the back seat.

When she regained her balance, the car braked hard on an overgrown patch of land.

The driver roughly pulled her out of the car and quickly got back into the driver's seat, speeding away.

Juliana sat on the ground, completely bewildered.

Where is this?

Why did he throw her here?

Before she could figure out her situation, behind her, the grass rustled.

Juliana turned her head to see several wild dogs with red eyes, drooling and approaching her slowly.

Her heart pounded violently.

In the desolate wilderness, with no one around, a brick on the ground became her only weapon.

"You... you stay away..."

Despite having faced countless dangers, she was still trembling with fear at this moment.

A single brick was far from enough to save her.

Juliana kept backing away, her dress getting worn and torn on the rough ground.

The wild dogs, sensing an easy prey, barked ferociously and lunged at her.

"Help!"

Just when Juliana thought they would tear her apart, an off-road vehicle burst through tall grass, the piercing horn scaring the animals into scattering.

Juliana breathed heavily, grateful for her narrow escape.

The off-road vehicle halted, and two men got out, one on each side of the car.

In the dim twilight, it wasn't until one of the men approached that Juliana recognized him in shock.

"Can you walk?"

The man squatted beside her, the wind carrying his scent of sandalwood and pine to her nose.

Juliana was dazed for a moment, "I... I can."

Yet the man laughed at the sound of her trembling, cat-like voice.

The secretary, holding a baton for defense, urged, "Mr. Langley, these beasts could return at any time, we need to get back to the car as soon as possible."

The man asked no more, half-kneeling to lift her up.

The car sped back to the city.

After drinking half a bottle of water, Juliana finally calmed down.

The secretary glanced in the rearview mirror and asked, "This place hasn't seen anyone in fifty years, and the stray dogs here have the ferocity of wolves. If Mr. Langley hadn't noticed something unusual here... who brought you to this place?"

Juliana's just-relaxed hand clenched into a fist.

Who didn't want her to attend tonight's fourth wedding anniversary party?

Countless tiny sparks of cold light detonated deep in her pupils.

"Could you please take me to a clothing store near The Apex Hotel, I need to buy a new dress."

The secretary looked at the man in the passenger seat.

The man said nothing, just nodded.

The grand ballroom at The Apex Hotel was lavishly decorated.

Evan Grant checked the time for the fourth time, his slightly furrowed brow not relaxing.

"Don't worry, brother, sister-in-law is very sensible, maybe something just delayed her."

Stella was wearing a strapless little black dress, accompanying him to greet the guests.

If it weren't for the main screen in the center displaying the welcoming photos of Evan and his wife on a loop, the guests might have thought she was the leading lady today.

"President Grant," Ethan Carter hurried over, "Madam didn't return to Platinum Bay, tonight looks uncertain."

Just as he finished speaking, Juliana walked into the hall in high heels, drawing many eyes.

Stella was momentarily speechless.

Seeing that she had even changed her dress, Evan didn't react in front of the guests but walked over, gently placing her hand in the crook of his arm.

The room erupted into enthusiastic applause.

Not far away, the man and his secretary entered the elevator.

"So she's Evan Grant's wife," the secretary remarked.

The man remained silent, and the secretary clicked his tongue, "Survived a danger only to rush back for a wedding anniversary banquet, she must truly love her husband."

The man grew impatient and lightly said, "Will gossip stop the village grapevine from spreading?"

Secretary: "..."

"Is this really the time to act out during such an important event?"

During the emcee's speech, Evan lowered his voice to admonish the woman beside him.

Juliana opened her mouth but swallowed her explanation that was about to spill out.

"Yes, being late means I shouldn't have come; walking down the red carpet with your dear sister must please you more."

"Juliana!"

Evan called her name through gritted teeth in anger.

The emcee then invited them on stage to exchange gifts.

"In a moment, Stella will apologize to you through her actions, you just need to cooperate, don't act on your own," Evan whispered, then with a faint smile led her onto the stage in front of everyone.

Juliana raised her delicately made-up face, the smile on her lips like a faded candy wrapper.

Four years of emotions finally coming to an end.

"Next, we invite Mrs. Grant to present a gift symbolizing eternal love," announced the emcee as the lights dimmed except on the stage.

The side door of the banquet hall slowly opened.

Stella gracefully pushed in a cart, carrying herself elegantly.

"She was just beside President Grant receiving guests, and now she's presenting the necklace, who is this woman?"

"Isn't she the Grant family's adopted daughter?"

"Why does it feel like she's the hostess?"

Guests whispered among themselves.

The cart stopped in front of Evan and Juliana.

Stella looked at Juliana with great poise.

"Sister-in-law, to show sincerity, I've personally delivered the gift my brother prepared for you. I wish you and my brother a lifetime of love and happiness."

Juliana's smile grew deeper.

Instead of losing composure as Stella expected, she responded gently, "Thank your whole family, your ancestors must be proud to have such a considerate descendant like you."

Stella's smile stiffened on her face.

Evan shot Juliana a warning look and picked up the diamond necklace from the jewelry box.

Stella quickly added, "Yes, now please have my brother place the symbol of unity, the diamond necklace, on my sister-in-law."

Juliana understood perfectly well why Stella was so eager for her to wear this necklace.

Just to let her know that the things she, Juliana, wore, were always leftovers Stella had.

Just as the necklace was about to go over her head and fall onto her neck, Juliana suddenly stepped to the side.

"Why not take a look at the gift I've prepared for you all first?"

Evan's hands holding the necklace froze mid-air.

Meanwhile, the main screen of the banquet hall suddenly changed.

A high-definition photo of Stella and Evan gazing affectionately into each other's eyes appeared in everyone's view.

Chapter 53: Tonight We Have to Party Hard

"My God! Is that President Grant with her stepsister?"

A gasp erupted, causing an uproar in the crowd.

"Look at the necklace on her stepsister's neck, isn't it the one President Grant is holding now!!"

"Not just the necklace, look at her stepsister's dress tonight, the pattern is exactly the same as the lining of his suit, isn't this a couple's set?"

"To pull this stunt on their wedding anniversary, these two have no shame, they're bullying Mrs. Grant too much."

The sound of mobile phones capturing photos echoed wildly.

Stella was completely petrified.

She never expected Juliana would ruin her image in such a manner.

Could it be that she didn't care about the Grant Family's reputation?

Slam!

The diamond necklace fell to the ground with a crisp shatter.

Charles Grant felt as if struck by lightning, stunned as he looked at the screen, then abruptly turned to look at Juliana.

"Do you like this gift, President Grant?"

Juliana's smile deepened.

The patience of over ten days finally paid off like a sharp blade, stabbing him where it hurts the most.

He should also taste the flavor of heartbreak by now.

"Juliana!"

Evan Grant's hanging hand clenched into a fist.

"Sister-in-law, it's not like that."

Stella desperately tried to explain.

"That was in Aldoria, we had an important event to attend, and I didn't have any jewelry, so I hastily borrowed your necklace. If you feel uncomfortable, I can apologize."

Juliana's smile was faint, "So it was in Aldoria, I remember last time when the scandal about Evan Grant sneaking in and out of a villa late at night with a mysterious woman broke, was also in Aldoria."

As she spoke, the main screen of the banquet hall cooperated by showing the scandal photos which had been suppressed, and the murmurs in the hall grew louder.

Evan Grant signaled Ethan Carter, who dashed backstage, only to find no one at the computer controlling the screen.

"Sister-in-law, there really is nothing between my brother and me, he just habitually treats me well and overlooked your feelings. If you must blame someone, blame me, not my brother."

As soon as she finished speaking, Juliana's slap landed on her face.

"Oh, you love your brother that much? You can take the slap he deserves on his behalf."

Stella never imagined she would hit her in public.

Tears welled up in her eyes, and just as she was about to look toward Evan Grant, a slap landed on the other side of her face.

"This slap is for you, for intruding on my marriage, one slap is certainly not enough."

Juliana said, raising her hand again.

Evan Grant grabbed her wrist, his voice chillingly cold.

"Do you know what you are doing?"

Juliana shook off his hand, "Does President Grant know what you are doing? You and she, this is incest!"

Stella suddenly felt as if the sky was falling.

She indeed wanted to marry Evan Grant, but having their relationship made public in this manner was a devastating blow for her, she would become a stain on the Grant Family that could never be erased.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Juliana looked at the guests present, "my husband and his parents have demeaned and humiliated me for this Miss Grant, threatening me with cutting off my grandfather's life-saving medication at the slightest discontent. Is this the kind of family you would want your daughter to marry into?"

The crowd below shook their heads, some pointed at Stella, whispering.

"Evan Grant, let's divorce, we're done!"

After speaking, she lifted her skirt and jogged away under the watchful eyes of everyone.

Evan Grant's forehead veins bulged, but since this was a public occasion, he couldn't escalate the situation further.

"Brother..."

Stella suddenly felt short of breath, finding it difficult to stand.

However, Evan Grant only gave her a cold glance before instructing someone, "Take her away."

The wedding anniversary banquet turned into a farce, with guests unsure whether to leave or stay.

Evan Grant stood there, his face showing no emotions, except his knuckles turning white from clenching.

Ethan Carter approached him, bowing his head.

Evan Grant's voice was low and icy, "Seal the information; everyone who attended the banquet must sign a confidentiality agreement before leaving."

Ethan Carter agreed and quickly arranged for personnel to control the scene.

Exiting the banquet hall, Evan Grant punched the wooden door, a storm brewing within his eyes.

Ethan Carter followed him out, "President Grant, the old house called, asking you to return immediately."

Meanwhile, Juliana had already left the hotel and got into a Ling Shi LX7 by the roadside.

This was her car.

"Fasten your seatbelt, we're heading out."

Summer Shaw hit the gas, and the car shot out from the hotel like an arrow.

"Woohoo! That was so satisfying, sister!"

Summer Shaw excitedly pounded the steering wheel, almost screaming.

"Evan Grant's face, it's the best-looking it has ever been. Hahahahaha!"

"And Stella, her face was white as a sheet."

"The Grant Family just embarrassed themselves right into oblivion; this time the scumbag will definitely sign the divorce papers obediently. You're free, sister! Tonight we must celebrate, I'm gonna find eighteen male models, no backing out until our legs give in."

Juliana pressed down on her hand reaching for the phone, "Don't pop the champagne prematurely."

Summer Shaw paused for a moment, then nodded as if understanding.

"Right, right, without the signed divorce agreement, sleeping with male models is considered cheating, but once the divorce agreement is signed, it will be considered living life more keenly."

Juliana: "..."

The residence that Summer Shaw prepared for her was a one-bedroom apartment in a bustling area, small but fully equipped.

"Who's the landlord?" Juliana asked.

"Just settle in comfortably."

Summer Shaw avoided her gaze.

"Summer, tonight I exposed the Grant Family scandal, the marriage will definitely end, but Evan Grant probably won't let it go easily. I can fight him alone without worries, but if you get involved..."

Juliana always had a deep understanding of issues.

Summer Shaw patted her shoulder, "It's okay, don't worry."

Juliana took off the replica of the wedding ring, "Second-hand jewelry doesn't sell for much online, you find me a dealer..."

She paused, then added, "Find someone substantial. All the properties and jewelry transferred to me under Lily Windsor's name, I want them converted into cash. Remember, this person must not be afraid of the Grant Family's influence."

Summer Shaw patted her chest, "Leave it to me."

Juliana looked out the window, her expression not light.

Having been a housewife for four years, nearly all her social ties severed by Evan Grant, moving forward now step by step was no small feat.

At this moment, in the Grant Family old house, the ancestral hall.

The whip lashed down harshly.

Evan Grant didn't even blink an eye.

Peter Dawson couldn't bear it and pleaded with Old Mrs. Grant, "Ten lashes already, the young master knows he was wrong."

Old Mrs. Grant snorted coldly, "If he truly knew he was wrong, he wouldn't be unable to let go of that vixen, ruining the Grant Family's reputation."

"But tonight's incident, the young lady also has a part of the responsibility," Peter Dawson said.

The old lady closed her eyes, her voice heavy.

"When Juliana fell into Lily Windsor's hands yet did not ask me for help, I knew this child was severing all ties with the Grant Family. But the one who forced her to not trust her husband, not rely on her in-laws is precisely the disgrace kneeling on the ground, isn't it? What did she do wrong?"

Evan Grant knelt in front of the ancestral tablets, and upon hearing this, he coldly laughed, "So you want me to kneel and beg her to come back?"

"Now the whole city is spreading the scandal of your in-cest, your and the Grant Family's reputation is already destroyed, can she even look back?"

The battle of wits between grandparent and grandchild ended in a stalemate, because they knew each other too well.

Evan Grant's gaze turned fierce, "Then what does grandma wish for me to do?"

Old Mrs. Grant's mouth curled up into a smirk.

"Either make her willingly return and turn this scandal into a lovers' quarrel, or make her shut up forever... which do you choose?"

Chapter 54: Burn It and It's Over? Wishful Thinking

Evan Grant took out his phone and dialed Juliana Jacobs's number.

However, a mechanical female voice came through, "The number you have dialed is not in service..."

He froze for a moment.

Old Mrs. Grant sneered lightly, "How long has it been since you called her? You don't even know she changed her number?"

Evan Grant put down the phone, his expression unchanged, "I'll consider what you said, Grandma."

"Tomorrow's board meeting, the shareholders' attitude, the company's stock price, the partners' stance... you'll be busy. Get up, everything must prioritize restoring the Grant Family's reputation."

Evan Grant stood up and was about to leave.

Old Mrs. Grant stopped him, "What are you going to do about that woman?"

Evan Grant: "I'll handle it properly."

Old Mrs. Grant was displeased, "At this point, what can't you let go of with her? Did you actually sleep with her?"

"Grandma," Evan Grant's voice was very cold, "I never touched her. As for the rest... please don't ask."

With that, he strode away.

Peter Dawson stepped forward and whispered, "I didn't expect the young lady to be so ruthless."

Old Mrs. Grant chuckled, "Far less than myself when I was young, but she can be trained, if she'll turn back..."

Peter Dawson sensed the implication in her words, "Aren't you testing the young master's attitude?"

Old Mrs. Grant looked in the direction Evan Grant had left and sighed lightly, "If Juliana Jacobs loves him, she'll naturally be a boon to his future; but if she doesn't, she'll become an obstacle. I hope he can be ruthless."

Suddenly recalling something, her voice sharpened, "Peter Dawson, I need you to take care of something for me."

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Evan Grant returned to Platinum Bay.

Mrs. Young hadn't gone to bed yet.

The old house had called her to prepare the first aid kit.

"President Grant, do you want me to call the doctor to apply the medication?"

If Mrs. Grant were here, this task would certainly fall on her.

Unfortunately, the two of them couldn't go back.

Evan Grant didn't respond and went straight upstairs to the study.

Unexpectedly, when he reached the second-floor corridor, he realized something was missing.

He stopped and looked for a long time.

"Mrs. Young!"

Mrs. Young hurriedly ran upstairs.

"Where's the wedding photo that was hanging here?" he asked.

"The wedding photo was taken down the day Madam was taken to the hospital by your father. You just noticed?"

In recent days, Evan Grant had been busy, mostly eating and drinking at the company, only occasionally returning to Platinum Bay to collect things.

He really hadn't noticed that the space for the wedding photo was empty.

Mrs. Young sighed, "Some things you get accustomed to, over time, are easily overlooked, and the more that's the case, the easier they are to lose."

Mrs. Young had put the wedding photo away for him.

In the storage room, Evan Grant saw the half-cut wedding photo, and his eyes turned icy.

"Madam took the important things with her, saying that the rest should be burned once she left completely."

Evan Grant gritted his teeth, "Does she think burning it ends everything? Dream on."

...

The next day, Juliana Jacobs made breakfast in her new home and even prepared a share for Summer Shaw.

The analysis of the component ratio of the battery remnants she retrieved from the explosion site was complete.

The next step was to find out which lab the battery came from.

Summer Shaw was enthusiastic, saying he could use his connections to find out.

The Grant Family scandal that had been making a splash yesterday couldn't be found online today.

Juliana Jacobs admired Evan Grant's PR handling abilities.

However, even though it wasn't online, the siblings' scandal remained a hot topic in people's conversations.

At noon, Juliana Jacobs didn't eat at Aetherflame Dynamics but went to the community stray cat rescue station.

Seeing the money she gave to Chase Miller last time had all been delivered to the rescue station, she was relieved.

Turning around, she met Chase Miller's gaze, and she paused.

"What, don't you trust me?" Chase Miller asked.

"Do you not know what kind of character you have?"

Juliana Jacobs ignored him and walked around him to leave the rescue station.

Nearby, there was a restaurant in the shopping center where she intended to get lunch.

Chase Miller caught up and said, "I didn't agree to help Lily Windsor pretend to be sick, only to draw conclusions based on the assessment report."

"So you want to say you're not at fault?"

Juliana Jacobs continued walking, not looking at him.

Chase Miller gritted his teeth and grabbed her hand.

"You should know the power of the Grant Family; I was forced. Lily Windsor gave me money, but I donated it all to the rescue station."

Juliana Jacobs was forced to stop and looked at him.

"Was it only Lily Windsor threatening you? How much did you take to help her clear someone else?"

Chase Miller was rendered speechless.

In the car not far away, Ethan Carter watched his boss's face gradually darken and tentatively asked, "President Grant, should we go 'invite' Madam to the car now?"

Evan Grant was about to speak when his phone rang.

It was George Grant calling, telling him to check the local trending searches.

The top trending was a statement, penned by Old Mrs. Grant.

It was only a few lines, but every word was like a knife, completely cutting Stella Grant from her high life.

[Stella Grant, originally Jocelyn Sterling, her mother remarried into the Grant Family, coercing the family name by threat. Her conduct is now disgraceful, effective immediately, all assets gifted by the Grant Family are reclaimed, and she is expelled, never to bear the family name again.]

This meant Stella Grant not only lost the Grant name but also had to return all the gifts from the Grant Family.

George Grant was furious on the phone.

Evan Grant hung up and looked at the distant man and woman standing together, saying indifferently, "Let's go back first."

...

Juliana Jacobs and Chase Miller parted on bad terms, and she returned to Aetherflame Dynamics still with a tense expression.

Summer Shaw excitedly came over and patted her shoulder.

"There's a lead on the buyer you're looking for; they're very interested in the real estate and jewelry you have."

Juliana Jacobs looked up at her, waiting for more.

Summer Shaw leaned forward, lowering her voice.

"Although the other party's hard power doesn't match the Grant Family, they're Evan Grant's arch-nemesis. What they're really interested in isn't the items themselves but the fact that they come from the Grant Family. Think about it, buying things from the Grant Family is like slapping Evan Grant in the face, right?"

Juliana Jacobs thought for a few seconds, "Who is it?"

Summer Shaw smiled slightly, "The surname is Langley."

Juliana Jacobs's eyebrows twitched.

Summer Shaw continued, "You may not have heard of the Langley Family, but you certainly know Blackstar Technologies, right? In Kenton, Blackstar Technologies is second in power only to that jerk of a husband's company. But the Langleys keep a low profile, and outsiders know very little about them. The person interested in your items is the CEO of Blackstar Technologies."

"When can I meet him?" Juliana Jacobs asked.

"Tomorrow afternoon at three, at The Jade Leaf."

Juliana Jacobs looked out the window; could it be that Mr. Langley?

Before she could come out of her memories, her phone rang. It was Evan Grant calling.

He had discovered her new number.

"Mrs. Grant, did you plan to disappear after setting me up?"

Evan Grant's voice betrayed no emotion.

"Wasn't I waiting for President Grant to find the time to contact me? I won't disappear, not with the divorce papers unsigned."

There was a two-second silence on the other end, "Come home, let's talk."

"Glimmer Cafe, see you at four."

Juliana Jacobs hung up without waiting for his response.

Evan Grant could tell she was afraid to meet him in a private space.

But after what she did, could it be resolved so easily?

Chapter 55: Mrs. Grant's Good Days Are Over

At four o'clock, Glimmer Cafe was rented out completely.

Even the waiters were driven outside.

Juliana pushed the door open and entered, only to be grabbed by the waist by a man and pressed onto the table.

She lay there, and he stood, in a very humiliating position.

Juliana's breathing was slightly erratic, but in a moment, she calmed down.

"Married for four years, how come I didn't know President Grant had such interests?"

"The more ambitious a man, the more unique his tastes. You haven't experienced it because I care about you, cherish you."

Juliana tried to move, but he pressed tightly, leaving her immobile.

So he's serious about this?

"Alright, let me experience it. After all, President Grant has plenty of methods; suppressing last night's scandal is easy, and handling a tryst in a cafe is no big deal."

The atmosphere was silent for a few seconds.

Evan Grant suddenly let go.

"Seems Mrs. Grant has always held something back from me."

Juliana let out a breath and stood up straight.

"President Grant taught many lessons, and I've learned well."

Evan Grant snorted coldly and sat down at the table where there were coffee cups.

Only then did Juliana see a divorce agreement on the table; her eyes lit up, and she walked over.

Evan Grant took a sip of coffee and picked up the divorce agreement.

"Juliana, do you think by publicly accusing me of incest and making the Grant Family a laughingstock of the city, you can get these few sheets of paper?"

With a tearing sound.

He smiled and tore apart the divorce agreement that Juliana longed for.

"You've overestimated my tolerance for you."

Juliana furrowed her eyebrows, "We can't go on like this anymore. If you don't get divorced soon to marry the woman who suits you, why waste time with me?"

"Waste time?" Evan Grant leaned back, tapping his fingers on the table, "You've triggered my desire to control; now I very much want to control you."

Juliana's expression cooled, "It's okay if you don't get divorced. I have evidence of several nights you spent with Stella in Aldoria, and how much money you spent on her. We'll see each other in court."

After speaking, Juliana was about to leave, but Evan Grant heavily set down his coffee cup.

"Do you think the money you've scrounged from the Grant Family is enough for your grandfather's medical expenses?"

Juliana turned to look at him.

Evan Grant: "The researchers at Aetherflame Dynamics are too young, lacking qualifications and experience. Achieving a technical breakthrough is simply impossible. You dream of using the money from the Grants to hold on for a while and then using dividends from Aetherflame Dynamics to continue covering your grandfather's medical expenses."

Juliana's heart sank sharply.

"How do you know so much about Aetherflame Dynamics?"

Evan Grant nonchalantly said, "Did Summer Shaw not tell you? I also invested in Aetherflame Dynamics."

Juliana suddenly felt her breathing constrict.

Evan Grant raised an eyebrow and looked at her, "Did your good friend not tell you that Caleb Shaw is her brother?"

The words were unbelievable and left Juliana momentarily stunned.

Her reaction was as he expected.

Evan Grant smiled and asked, "So how will you live without me?"

Juliana felt unsteady on her feet.

Evan Grant walked over to her, just brushing her hair aside without supporting her,

"In my dictionary, there's no word for divorce, only widowhood. But from now on, Mrs. Grant's good days—are over."

After speaking, Evan Grant turned and walked away.

Juliana braced herself against the table to stand steady.

As she walked out of the cafe, the Maybach was gone, and the waiters slowly returned to their work.

Juliana only felt her body very heavy.

Summer Shaw parked her car by the roadside, quickly running over to her.

"Juliana, I was worried about you, came to check, how did it go?"

Juliana looked at her with eyes devoid of warmth.

"He placed a hidden pawn with you precisely to guard against us reaching this point. You knew all along, didn't you?"

Summer Shaw knew Evan Grant had revealed their relationship to her. Despite being very sad, she had to face it.

"I didn't mean to hide it from you. Back then, entering school, I was afraid people would laugh at me for relying on family, so I disguised myself as a girl from a regular working-class family. Later, I didn't expect to become good friends with someone like you."

"Is there any truth in your words?" Juliana's voice was icy.

"There is," Summer Shaw stood beside her, "My parents live off retirement pensions."

Juliana pursed her lips, looking at her, her eyes clearly saying: Continue spinning tales.

Summer Shaw became a bit anxious, "Because both of their pensions are high, they don't need the money my grandfather left, and although my brother is salaried, he earns at least a million a year. I'm the only useless one in the family, needing my grandfather's trust fund to get by each month, so I'm not wrong in saying I'm from a working-class family either."

Juliana said nothing in response, heading toward the street.

Summer Shaw caught up, "Have you forgiven me?"

Juliana: "You didn't deceive me emotionally, so there's no need for forgiveness. However, since Aetherflame Dynamics has Evan Grant's shares, I must divest."

Summer Shaw: "You think I want to be associated with him? I intentionally had finance enter the wrong company account, he won't complete the remittance by five today, and the agreement will be void."

Juliana's steps halted, her voice without emotion, "Smart move of yours."

Summer Shaw heaved a sigh of relief, "Then why do you still have a pout?"

Juliana, "Thinking."

Summer Shaw: "About what?"

Juliana had a troubled look on her face, "Evan Grant refuses divorce, only accepts widowhood."

Summer Shaw took a deep breath, "Widowhood is fine. You could kill him."

Juliana opened the car door, nodding, "I'll work hard to have such capabilities."

In truth, both knew surviving was already fortunate enough.

Just getting into the car, Juliana's phone rang.

It was the hospital calling.

Her grandfather's medication had arrived, needing to be administered at the hospital.

Last night, she told everyone that the Grant father and son used her grandfather's medication to control her, so the Grant Family could no longer bind her through that means.

It seemed to have worked well.

"Alright, I'll bring him in tomorrow."

...

Evan Grant returned to the company.

The wound on his back was so painful that it brought cold sweat, but he endured it.

Ethan Carter came up to report, "President Grant, Miss Windsor is here. She's been waiting downstairs for over an hour."

Evan Grant didn't initially recall who Miss Windsor was, then paused and remembered it was Stella Grant.

The old lady forbade her from using the Grant surname, and she was unwilling to use her former name, so she had to use her mother's surname.

"Wasn't it arranged for her to leave the country for another city? Why hasn't she gone yet?"

Ethan Carter lowered his head, "Master George changed his mind."

Evan Grant's gaze deepened, "Go tell her, I won't see her."

Ethan Carter went downstairs.

"Miss Windsor, you should leave. Even if you leave Kenton, you can still live a luxurious life."

Stella seemed to have anticipated Evan Grant's refusal to meet, so she held out a document.

"Please give this to him. He'll definitely see me after he reads it."

Ethan Carter took the document, opened it to find a DNA test report...

After consulting, he changed his tune.

"Miss Windsor, please use the back entrance."

Knowing Evan Grant found her embarrassing, Stella meekly nodded.

Evan Grant had just finished applying medicine to his back.

While putting on his shirt, he asked, "When was this done?"

Stella spoke softly, "On the night of the miscarriage, using the fetal tissue samples."

"So you were prepared all along." Evan Grant's voice was icy.

Stella approached him, picked up his jacket to help him put it on, but Evan Grant evaded her.

She lowered her eyes, "What you gave, you can take back. I'm afraid of becoming a discarded pawn in the end."

Evan Grant turned away, his back facing her.

"I promised to take care of you and I will keep that promise, but I won't accept any threats."

Stella knelt, clutching his jacket.

"Brother, it's been four years. Even though you've been good to me, I feel like I've been imprisoned in Aldoria. I want to go home. I want to realize my value here, forget what happened that night, and start anew. Please give me a chance."

"What value do you have?" Evan Grant asked, turning his face slightly toward her.

Stella swallowed, "I'm willing to be your tool, to aid you. Your wife... has secrets with Dr. Miller."

Chapter 56: He Has the Surname Liang Too?

Evan suddenly overturned the chair beside him.

The chair crashed heavily in front of Stella.

But she didn't dodge.

"If I wanted to slander your sister-in-law, last night's occasion would have been the perfect opportunity. But I only told my brother, because I believe you would handle it appropriately here."

The air was silent for a few seconds.

There was no emotion on Evan's face, but he beckoned her with a finger.

Stella quickly stood up and helped him put on his coat.

Seeing that he allowed her to approach, Stella felt a fleeting moment of happiness inside.

"From now on, I'll take care of putting medicine on your back wounds, brother."

As soon as she said that, Evan turned around and grabbed her by the neck.

"Brother..."

Stella was shocked, her face turning pale.

Evan said coldly, "I am always clear about rewards and punishments. If you are valuable, I can make sure you have a foothold in Kenton. But if you have any ulterior motives, I can make you disappear immediately."

Stella quickly nodded.

Evan released her.

Stella's legs went limp, and she slumped to the ground.

Evan coldly buttoned up his suit jacket.

"Get out, and don't touch my things again."

"Yes, brother."

Tears welled in Stella's eyes as she walked out.

Ethan was waiting at the door, holding a contract in his hand.

"Miss Windsor, please wait a moment, I'll see you downstairs shortly."

Stella wiped away her tears, "No need to trouble Assistant Carter, I know the way, I'll take the service passage, don't let anyone see."

Seeing her understanding, Ethan nodded.

Shortly after, he entered the room and handed over the contract.

"President Grant, the agreement for your personal investment in Aetherflame Dynamics has been invalidated."

Evan frowned, "Why?"

"The other party got the refund account wrong, and we only discovered it today. It's just past five o'clock now, and it's too late."

Evan squinted his eyes.

"Is she so eager to experience my methods?"

...

Early the next morning, Juliana took a leave to take her grandfather to the hospital.

The medicine needed to be infused through an IV.

Juliana cut the apple into thin slices and brought them to her grandfather's mouth.

"This is a soft, melt-in-the-mouth variety, you can bite it."

Her grandfather looked at her and ate a few slices.

"Juliana, how's the divorce going?"

Although the Grant Family scandal hadn't made it online, it was the talk of the town.

Her grandfather was bound to hear about it.

Not wanting her grandfather to worry, she said, "It's in discussion."

Rosalind wasn't very pleased.

"You should find out. For men in positions like President Grant, who doesn't have a few wives? You can't see them in the country because they keep them abroad. I know someone who has up to eight wives. President Grant just had some incident with his stepsister; do you think his wealthy friends would care?"

"Yes, these are the privileges of money and power. But outside the law, there's public order and morality. Commonplace doesn't mean reasonable, and it certainly doesn't mean right. The achievements of your 'eight wives' comment are just treating women like collectibles to show off—it's ignorance."

Rosalind lowered her eyes at her words.

"I'm not advocating being someone's mistress. If I had such thoughts, I wouldn't have given birth to Aidan on my own twenty years ago. I'm thinking about this family, about your grandfather's health. You have a monthly financial burden of at least two million. What's wrong with bowing a little?"

"Enough!"

Her grandfather was very displeased with Rosalind's words.

"In the end, you're used to throwing money around and forgot we were once just an ordinary family. At our hardest times, we could only afford rice crumbs that cost one dollar per kilogram, but we got through it. Now you're transferring your lavish lifestyle's pressure onto Juliana's shoulders, just because she's not your biological child? If it were Aidan, would you squeeze him like this?"

Rosalind's face turned pale.

"Dad, I don't think that way."

Juliana patted her grandfather's hand. "Aunt doesn't have bad intentions. You can't get angry; your health is important. I'll consider the family's matters carefully."

Her grandfather sighed, looking at the ceiling. "Aidan's body has never been found. If only he were still alive..."

This way, his Juliana wouldn't be so tired and wouldn't have encountered a scumbag like Evan Grant.

With half a bottle of her grandfather's medicine left, Juliana let Rosalind watch over him and went outside for some fresh air.

She just bought a cup of coffee from the vending machine.

While she was waiting, Summer called.

"Juliana, it seems like we're being set up."

"Take your time and explain."

"Early this morning, we received several calls. Clients we previously had smooth cooperation with said they wouldn't use our patented technology after the current contract ends. And a client supposed to sign today suddenly backed out... Without income, what will happen to Aetherflame Dynamics?"

Juliana remained calm. "Don't panic. First, find out why the clients' attitudes changed. If it's our issue, we'll adjust. If not, we'll come up with a countermeasure."

After reassuring Summer, Juliana also thought about the company's situation.

The coffee was ready. She picked it up and turned around absent-mindedly, unexpectedly bumping into a man who was also there to buy coffee.

Coffee spilled all over the man's clothes.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry..."

Juliana quickly took out a tissue, and when she looked up, she met the man's dark eyes, and her breath hitched.

Ensuring she wasn't dreaming, Juliana still couldn't believe the face in front of her.

"Aidan... Aidan?"

Even though he seemed much more composed than four years ago, with a changed hairstyle and clothing style, Juliana felt she had not mistaken him.

But the man only paused for two seconds before saying, "Miss, even if you're mistaken, you can't deny the fact that you dirtied my clothes, right?"

Was he not Aidan??

Juliana quickly adjusted her emotions. "Sorry, you just look so much like him."

"Are you a patient here or someone accompanying a patient?" His voice was cold, flat.

"I... I'm here with my grandfather for his IV treatment."

The man's eyes flickered for a moment.

"I should charge you for cleaning costs, but considering you're a patient's family, I'll let it go this time. Don't do it again."

After saying that, the man walked away. Juliana was unwilling to let it go and wanted to catch up, but she saw someone who looked like an assistant run to him.

"Third Young Master, did you get your report? Chairman Langley has already set off for the company."

"Where's my brother?" the man asked.

"He's attending a city enterprise working meeting. But I heard he'll meet an important person this afternoon."

"An important person? Then I must join the fun."

The man grinned, changed direction, and walked away with his companion.

He also had the surname Langley?

But how could there be two people in the world who looked so similar?

Juliana quickly averted her eyes. When she returned to the ward, she didn't mention it to her grandfather or Rosalind.

In the afternoon, she arrived at The Jade Leaf according to schedule.

But she was stopped at the door.

Because membership was required here.

As Kenton's most expensive tea house, Juliana asked about the membership price and then called Summer.

Soon, a secretary in a business suit skirt came out.

"Mrs. Grant, is that you?"

Juliana paused for a moment, then nodded.

"Please follow me."

With the secretary leading, no one stopped her again.

At the entrance of the private suite, the secretary opened the door.

The man inside sat on a bamboo chair with his back facing the door, the pale blue shirt outlining a few desolate contours.

Juliana was momentarily transfixed.

Chapter 57: I Want All the Information on This Man

"Mrs. Grant, President Langley has been waiting for quite some time. Please." The secretary said.

Juliana Jacobs entered the private room.

"Sorry, President Langley, I'm late."

The man turned his head, his profile exquisite, his brow exuding a familiar intensity that sent shivers down the spine.

But he wasn't that Mr. Langley.

"This is my fault. I thought someone of Mrs. Grant's status would have a membership card here, so... I was inconsiderate."

The tone was polite, yet his words dripped with sarcasm.

Juliana smiled lightly, sat across from him, and took out a box of jewelry.

"This is part of the jewelry I want to resell, please have a look. There are also several properties, I can send you the addresses. Also..."

"Mrs. Grant," he interrupted, "I can offer you two hundred million for these. You can handle it with my secretary later."

Juliana scrutinized him, "Then, what does President Langley want me to do for you?"

President Langley smiled, his humble gaze concealing unfathomable depth.

"Mrs. Grant is truly perceptive. I've heard of President Grant's affairs, and I really sympathize with your situation. I don't think you're someone who can endure disgrace, but those rumors and slanders don't harm him much unless..."

"I know what you're going to say."

Juliana interrupted him, putting the jewelry samples back in her bag.

"I'm not interested in the grudges between you. I can't provide the information you want, either. I think the middleman might have misunderstood; I'm just here to sell jewelry and property."

After speaking, Juliana stood up to leave.

President Langley smiled and called after her.

"The two hundred million offer can be increased. Mrs. Grant, don't rush into a decision, go back and consider it before replying to me."

He handed her a business card.

Juliana took it. The design was very simple, with no position nor company name, only a name and phone number.

His name was Jared Langley.

Juliana remembered that Evan Grant also had two kinds of business cards.

One with embossed gold, featuring his title and position, but the phone number wasn't his; the other simply printed with a private number, black on white, seen by fewer than five people.

And someone of Jared Langley's status should be no exception.

Juliana pocketed the business card.

Lost in thought, she turned a corner and bumped into a waiter carrying a stack of tin tea trays.

The metal edge scraped her forehead, drawing a bit of blood.

The waiter's tray fell to the ground.

"Can't you watch where you're going?" The waiter said angrily.

Juliana was about to apologize when a figure stepped in front of her.

"It's business hours, and you're carrying something dangerous in an area where guests pass through, injuring someone, and you think you're in the right? Where's your manager?"

Juliana was surprised. The person she just met this morning was here at the teahouse again, and more importantly, speaking up for her.

Her heart involuntarily fluttered.

She remembered when she ended her wandering life, on her first day of school, a small group of classmates tried to set rules for her.

Back then, Aidan Linton stood in front of her, leveraging the other's weaknesses to scold them.

"Listen up, this is my sister. If you try bullying her like others, I've got ways to make you regret it."

After that, none of the misfit groups dared to bother her.

Aidan protected her until she was 22 but mysteriously disappeared by the river on a rainy night. The police found his left shoe and phone, but their search was fruitless. Three months later, he was declared dead.

What was happening now overlapped gradually with those memories, and Juliana's nose tingled.

"Vice President Langley, I'm sorry, it's the waiter's fault for being negligent."

The manager quickly arrived.

The fake smile vanished, turning sharp when he looked at the waiter.

"Why didn't you use the staff passage for moving things? Your team leader will dock your bonus this month, and you're fired."

Vice President Langley snorted, "Is that all there is to it?"

"Oh, right, I'll take this lady to the hospital for a checkup right away. Don't worry, we won't shirk responsibility."

"No need, I wasn't paying attention, it's nothing serious."

Juliana, preoccupied, wanted to leave.

But he insisted, "You should go to the hospital first; otherwise, it might leave a scar."

Juliana grew impatient, "We don't even know each other; why are you so helpful?"

He paused for a moment, then pulled out a business card, smiling, "I have a license to practice law, and if this teahouse doesn't follow through, you can contact me anytime."

The manager's eyelids twitched: the third young master of the Langley Family as a pro bono lawyer was unheard of.

Juliana took the card, again black on white, but the name and number were different.

His name was Adrian Langley.

So, he wasn't Aidan?

Juliana pocketed the card, touched her forehead, "I'm fine, it's alright."

Adrian was about to speak when Jared approached.

"Third brother, do you have business here?"

Adrian saw his brother, smiling without warmth.

"Father sent me to deliver a document to you."

Jared laughed, "Even assigning assistant duties to you, Father must be 'focused on nurturing' you."

Adrian simply smiled without responding.

"Mrs. Grant is my guest; let me take her to the hospital." Jared said.

"Having your guest get injured shows how busy you are, brother. Why not let me help share the burden?"

"No need, let's attend to our own matters."

"No need to be so serious, brother."

Juliana found their argument headache-inducing.

"You two gentlemen continue your chat. I have matters to attend to, so I'll be going."

Jared and Adrian simultaneously paused.

Juliana left without looking back.

Once in the car, she called Summer Shaw, "Find a few more people interested in jewelry and real estate for me."

"No deal?" Summer asked.

"It's never wise to put all eggs in one basket."

Summer approved of her idea.

"Exactly, that's how business should be done."

"Help me investigate someone." Juliana said.

"Who?"

"The third son of the Langley Family, Adrian Langley."

Summer got excited, "Did you take a fancy to him?"

Juliana didn't explain, "I need all the information on this man."

Summer: "Wait. Even if I have to become a paparazzo, I'm going to dig up everything on him for you."

"Sis, you've got some nerve, using the Langley Family against Evan Grant."

Juliana made no reply.

After hanging up, she still went to the hospital.

After all, the injury was on her forehead, and she didn't want it to scar.

Arriving at Mercy, she registered for outpatient surgery.

About fifty patients were ahead of her in line, and she was hesitating whether to cancel the appointment when Chase Miller approached her.

Walking over, he tucked his phone into his pocket.

"How did you get hurt?" he asked.

"I accidentally bumped something."

Chase looked at the long queue, "It's crowded today. Wait outside for me; I'll get the medication and treat you somewhere."

Juliana initially wanted to refuse, but realizing she'd have to wait just as long at another hospital, she nodded.

With the heat outside, and knowing the treatment wouldn't take long, Juliana agreed to Chase's suggestion and got into his car.

Chase turned on the air conditioning while Juliana sat in the backseat, and he cleaned her wound.

"It's a superficial wound, not too serious. Proper care will prevent a scar."

He took out a spray bottle and spritzed it over her head.

A few seconds later, Juliana felt dizzy.

Chase reclined the front seat, climbed into the back, and held her in his arms.

"What are you trying to do?"

Juliana felt weak all over, her heartbeat inexplicably quickening.

Chase picked up the spray again, giving her face another spritz.

"Don't be scared; we just need to put on a show. The effects will wear off soon, it won't harm your body."

Speaking, he undid the buttons on her collar and his shirt, though he made no further move.

"Why are you doing this?"

Juliana struggled to speak, grabbing his hand.

Chase's eyes held a bitter edge, "I'm sorry, if I don't do this, I..."

The next second, the front passenger window was broken, revealing Evan Grant's stern face.

His eyes bore a chill deeper than the darkest winter night, yet his lips curled with a hint of a smile, "The two of you sure have a unique way of having fun."

Chapter 58: Other Than Sleeping with Men Like a Loser, What Else Can You Do?

Fresh air rushed into the car.

As Chase Miller said, Juliana Jacobs instantly sobered up.

Her strength returned, and she immediately pushed him away.

Chase Miller awkwardly adjusted his clothes, "Miss Jacobs, we shouldn't be here, it's easy to get caught."

Juliana looked at him, her gaze finally settling on a state of nearly bitter clarity.

"You make me sick."

Chase Miller felt guilty and didn't dare look at her.

Evan Grant chuckled, opening the car's back door, pulling Juliana out.

"Mrs. Grant truly hates me so much, not only exposing me in front of everyone but also putting a green hat on me?"

Juliana's wrist was pinched painfully by him.

She pried at his fingers and said, "Mutual cheating is the equal way of married life. Is President Grant so agitated because he fears people will know I'd rather sleep with a young doctor than touch you again?"

Evan squinted his eyes, scrutinizing the sharp-tongued woman in front of him.

In four years of marriage, where did the Juliana who was so meek like a rabbit go?

"So, you're not afraid of dying."

After speaking, he threw her forcefully.

Juliana stumbled and was seized by his bodyguard.

Evan Grant coldly ordered, "Take her away!"

"Let me go! Help..." Juliana shouted.

After four years together, she knew Evan's true nature of being a gentleman in public but a demon in private.

Being taken away by him this time would surely spell disaster.

Her cries would draw the attention of passersby.

The bodyguard looked at Evan Grant.

Evan gave a signal, and the bodyguard knocked Juliana out with a chop.

The man turned around to look at Chase Miller in the car.

Chase swallowed hard, "I have videos. If you do anything against me, I'll release embarrassing footage of your wife so you can't show your face."

Evan raised an eyebrow, "Threatening me?"

"I... I have a lot. The last time we were caught by... Miss Windsor, was the first time. We hooked up many more times after that."

Chase was so nervous his fingertips turned white.

Evan was silent for two seconds, but his face revealed no emotions.

"Then take care of those videos because if they get out, you and those who taught you to do this will die."

Chase's face immediately lost all color...

When Juliana woke up, the car had just driven into a private villa.

In their four years of marriage, she never knew Evan had such a property.

This villa is extremely secluded. If he wants to make her disappear here, not even a corpse would be found.

Evan said nothing, roughly pulling Juliana into the study, flinging her onto the hardwood floor.

His eyes were bloodshot, gripping her chin.

"Planning to divorce me by any means, yet all you do is sleep with men like a loser?"

Juliana endured his humiliation, her eyes turning cold.

"If you let go, it won't matter to you who I sleep with."

Evan's fierce gaze swept over her face and suddenly he laughed.

"I like your current temper even more, what to do?"

"Evan," Juliana couldn't stand his torment any longer, "even if I die, I want to divorce you. Get it over with."

"Why rush?"

Evan pushed her to the ground, stood up, walked slowly to the desk, and threw a document in front of her.

"Sign it, and we will divorce gracefully in three years."

Three more years?

Juliana picked up the document only to see it was titled "Joint Statement by Mr. and Mrs. Grant."

The main points were:

1. Denying the "incest" rumors, claiming the photos were AI-generated, calling it a farce between sisters-in-law.
2. Emphasizing the stability of the Grant couple's relationship, asserting the so-called "extramarital affair" was just the husband favoring his stepsister while Mrs. Grant fabricated lies out of jealousy.
3. Announcing they will attend a charity gala together, dispelling divorce rumors.

Juliana laughed and stood up.

"President Grant wants me to act along, and for a full three years?"

Evan haughtily said, "It's not acting, it's making amends. The bomb you threw in public, now you have to defuse it yourself."

Juliana smiled and tore up the statement, just like she tore up their divorce agreement back then.

"Sorry, from now on, I will no longer be your shield or your cover."

Amidst the scattered pieces of paper, the man grabbed her collar, slamming her against the wall, his breath hot and dangerous.

"Do you think you're my plaything?"

Juliana rejected his proximity, turning her face away.

"What am I, hasn't President Grant made it clear enough?"

Evan's fury turned into a smile, "Then let me show you what a true plaything should be."

Without another word, he tore at her collar, his actions rough.

Juliana's intense resistance, struggling and kicking.

During their tussle, her uncooperating body suddenly shut down.

Evan instinctively tightened his grip and held her close...

When she awoke again, she had been moved to a bedroom.

Her forehead was bandaged.

Clearly, someone had treated her wounds while she was unconscious.

Seeing herself in pajamas made her panic.

That's when Evan entered, looking somewhat weary.

As he sat on the bedside, Juliana jumped out from the other side of the bed.

"What did you do to me?" she asked.

Evan rubbed his forehead and coldly said, "We are husband and wife; whatever I do to you is only natural, isn't it?"

Juliana felt utterly disgusted.

"Did you use protection?"

Evan frowned, "We've been trying for a baby; you should be happy if you're pregnant."

Juliana was so angry she could explode, "I won't have a child with you. Even if I am pregnant, I'll get rid of it."

"Juliana, do you know your current situation?"

Evan's veins were popping on his forehead, but Juliana didn't care.

"I don't know, but I do know I'm filthy now. I want to see contraceptives ready when I come out after my shower!"

With that, she slammed the bathroom door.

Evan gave up on resting in the bedroom and stormed out.

When Juliana came out of the shower, she didn't find any contraceptives in the room.

She was confined to the bedroom, losing her freedom.

At meal time, an apparently honest-looking middle-aged woman brought her food.

"Where's the medicine?" Juliana asked.

"Ma'am, are you not feeling well?"

The middle-aged woman clearly wasn't aware of what happened.

Juliana overturned the table, "Get out, tell Evan to bring the medicine himself!"

Scared by her actions, the woman ran out trembling.

But instead of Evan, two bodyguards came in to clean the room.

And so Juliana began fasting, neither eating nor drinking, just sitting by the window, looking at the artificial landscape surrounded by high walls like a soulless porcelain doll.

The silent standoff lasted three days until Evan couldn't take it anymore, personally bringing her porridge, ordering her to eat.

Juliana's indifference infuriated him, and he grabbed her chin, forcing her to look at him.

"You really don't want to bear my child?"

"Which man are you staying chaste for?"

Under his provocation, Juliana's lips curled into a faint, icy smile, finally speaking up, "You're pathetic."

Those four airy words hurt more than any curse.

Evan released her chin, saying indifferently, "I didn't touch you, you don't need to take medicine."

Juliana's eyes flashed with surprise.

But Evan's next words plunged her back into an icy abyss.

"Sign the statement, stay married to me for three more years, and I'll let you go. Otherwise, continue your hunger strike. I already told you, the worst outcome I can accept is being widowed."

So, she only had two options, to die or meet his demands.

Juliana never endured hopeless situations.

She needed to save herself!

Chapter 59: Brother Was Very Angry With Me

I've been missing for three days; someone should have noticed my disappearance by now.

If only I could get in touch with someone... but my phone was taken away on the first day I arrived here.

"Ma'am, this porridge was made by President Grant himself, you should have some. No matter what, your health is your own responsibility."

Juliana looked at her, a glint passing through her eyes.

"I have no strength in my hands. Why don't you feed me?"

The middle-aged woman was happy to see her willing to eat and let her guard down as she stepped forward.

In the next second, Juliana grabbed the spoon from the tray, broke it against the table, and pressed it against the woman's neck.

"Give me your phone."

The middle-aged woman, having never experienced such a thing, was extremely scared.

"Ma'am, my husband died protecting Old Mr. Grant. I have no one to rely on and no other skills. President Grant is kind-hearted and let me stay here at the manor to do chores. He's really a good person... If there's any misunderstanding between you and President Grant, please talk it over. Don't let it come to something tragic."

"Spare me that crap!"

The broken spoon handle pierced the skin on the middle-aged woman's neck. She was so frightened her face turned pale, and she shakily pulled an old mobile phone from her pocket.

Fortunately, Juliana had a knack for numbers and could remember phone numbers at a glance.

But who should she call for help?

Juliana quickly calculated who among her acquaintances would be most likely to rescue her.

Then she dialed the number.

"Don't you even think about moving!"

Juliana threatened the middle-aged woman again, making her even more compliant.

The phone rang for quite a while before someone answered, and they didn't speak.

"Hello, President Langley, this is Juliana Jacobs."

The person on the other end relaxed their guard, "Is this Mrs. Grant's phone number?"

"No, let's keep this brief. I am being held against my will and hope to make a deal with you to gain my freedom."

Jared Langley chuckled softly, "And what leverage does Mrs. Grant have to offer me?"

Juliana: "You help me get out, and I'll tell you a secret about Evan Grant."

"It's a secret that can help you take him down," she added.

Jared didn't respond immediately.

The door was knocked, and a guard outside asked loudly, "Mama Lowell, is everything alright in there?"

Juliana quickly hung up and shot the middle-aged woman a sharp look.

The woman composed herself and shouted, "It's fine, ma'am just has a headache and I'm giving her a massage."

The people outside did not come in.

Juliana deleted Jared's number before handing the phone back to Mama Lowell.

"Remember, don't let anyone know about what happened today, or I'll tell Evan Grant that you felt sorry for me and voluntarily lent me the phone."

"Please don't get me in trouble, ma'am."

Mama Lowell almost cried.

"That's up to you and whether you want to cause yourself trouble."

Mama Lowell left with the untouched porridge, looking dejected.

Juliana wasn't sure if she would snitch or if Jared would agree to help her.

That night, just as she lay down, lights came on in the courtyard.

Juliana got up, quietly walked to the window, and lifted a corner of the curtain to look out.

It was Evan Grant bringing Stella Windsor over.

He sat in a lounge chair, with Stella kneeling by his feet, pouring him tea.

"Brother, this is the goji chrysanthemum tea I specially made for you. It can calm the mind and help you have a good dream."

Evan looked at her, expressionless, "You can guess what dreams I have?"

Stella lowered her head, "I also made red date tea. Should I bring it to sister-in-law?"

Evan gently pinched her chin, his eyes tender enough to melt water, but his words sharp as a knife.

"Does the incident with Chase Miller have anything to do with you?"

Stella was internally strong and showed no signs of faltering.

"No, my mother might be familiar with Dr. Miller, but I've only seen him at the hospital."

Saying this, she clasped his hand with both of hers, her gaze becoming lingering.

Juliana couldn't hear what they were talking about, only saw the two gazing deeply at each other.

She dropped the curtain and kicked the stool in front of the vanity, cursing, "Shameless."

Hearing the noise, Evan released Stella and his expression returned to its cold demeanor.

"You still have some value."

At least, Juliana was jealous for him.

Stella bit her lip, "I hope to be a handy tool for brother."

Evan showed no reaction to her submissive act, and instead, with a stern face, he said, "If I find evidence that you used Chase to set her up, I won't make you leave, but I'll skin you."

Stella was trembling with anxiety, "Brother, I hope you and sister-in-law are okay."

Evan took a wet wipe, wiping the hand that touched her earlier, and spoke without emotion, "The person who wronged you isn't me. I am responsible for you because of a promise, but if you show any dishonesty, I'll treat you the same way I treat my enemies."

Stella broke into a cold sweat down her back, "I understand, brother."

"Continue to incite her tomorrow. I want her to eat and agree to my terms."

Stella hurriedly responded, "I'll think of a way."

Evan glanced at the tightly closed window curtains, then stood up and left.

Stella clenched her hands hard, oblivious even as broken nails pierced her skin.

Why! Why!!

She had personally seen her and Chase undressing in the car, yet he still didn't believe this woman would cheat, and continues to protect her!!!

They've only known each other for four years.

...

The next day, the villa was extremely quiet.

Juliana was still confined to her room, but the person delivering breakfast to her had become Stella Windsor.

Stella wore a bright diamond pendant around her neck.

She volunteered that it was the diamond necklace broken at their fourth-anniversary dinner that had been remade.

Juliana, feeling weak from hunger, shot her a cold glance, "So the reason he brought you here is..."

Stella smiled.

"Actually, it wasn't he who brought me here, but I wanted to come myself. I came here to tell you that the hardships you endured for me before, you'll have to keep enduring them. As a shield, you're quite satisfying to him. He won't divorce you, nor will he let you starve easily here. He has ways to turn you into an obedient pawn."

Juliana's hand on the table shook slightly, "Get out!"

Stella didn't intend to stay thick-skinned.

She opened the door and turned back to Juliana, "It doesn't matter if you don't eat this breakfast. When your blood sugar drops, brother will have a doctor come and give you an IV drip. No matter how you protest by hunger strike, brother has ways to deal with you."

After closing the door, Stella looked at the man standing in the hallway; the arrogance on her face had completely faded.

She walked up to Evan, removed the pendant from her neck, and handed it back to him.

"Brother, does this work for you?"

Evan took the necklace without saying a word.

As the room returned to silence, Juliana's forehead was dotted with sweat, her gaze becoming icy cold.

Jared Langley showed no signs of coming to her rescue, so she still had to save herself.

So she picked up the porridge and drank it clean.

At midday, Stella wore one of her old dresses from Platinum Bay to bring lunch, surprised that she had actually finished the porridge she had left that morning.

Thinking Juliana was up to something, Stella looked around the room.

"You're willing to eat now, why didn't you tell me earlier? This morning, brother said I didn't complete my task, got really angry with me, made me sweat so much I had to change into one of your dresses. Sister-in-law, are you doing this on purpose to trouble me?"

Chapter 60: I Never Knew Juliana Jacobs Could Be So Sharp-Tongued

She was determined to pierce Juliana's heart with her words.

However, Juliana covered her nose with disdain.

"Do you smell something on you?"

Stella didn't understand her, "I've just showered."

Juliana smiled faintly, "A rotten stench, your mom is very familiar with it."

Stella got angry, "My mom is your elder. Haven't you been taught any manners?"

Juliana remained calm, "I'm about to divorce Evan, what does she count as? You're just a product of a loose belt, who gave you the right to talk to me like this?"

Stella never knew Juliana could have such a sharp tongue.

"I've been with my brother for ten years now, I already belong to him. If anything, you're the other woman. Such harsh words should be kept for yourself."

"Ten years and you still haven't learned what 'legitimate' means, looks like your mom only taught you shady ways."

As Juliana spoke, she grabbed a chair from the vanity and swung it at her.

Stella dodged, and the chair shattered the window.

The noise alarmed Evan.

When he came in, he saw Juliana pinning Stella on the table, slapping her twice.

"Brother..."

Stella cried upon seeing him.

Evan looked at Juliana expressionlessly, "Just one meal and you're already full of energy?"

Juliana released Stella, glancing disdainfully at her own hand.

"Sending her here to provoke me, isn't this exactly what you wanted to see?"

Evan gestured for Stella to leave.

Stella wiped her tears and walked out.

"Stop!" Juliana commanded.

"What do you want now?" Stella sniffled.

Juliana smiled lightly, "I wouldn't even let a dog use the clothes I don't want, let alone someone like you. Take it off!"

Tears filled Stella's eyes again.

It wasn't an act; she was truly made to cry by her words.

"I'll go change right now."

"I want you to take it off right now!"

Stella realized that Juliana had changed ever since her falling out with Evan.

She looked to Evan for help.

The man's sharp gaze lingered on Juliana's face for a few seconds before softening.

"Stella, go out."

See, he still couldn't bear to see his beloved humiliated.

Juliana's face wore a faint sarcastic smile.

Stella fled the room as if she had received a royal decree.

Evan approached her and wanted to take her hand to check, only to have Juliana ruthlessly shake him off.

"Don't touch me with your filthy hands!"

Evan remained patient with her.

She wouldn't let him touch, so he put his hand down.

"You don't like her, I'll send her away at once and won't bother with her again. You sign the 'statement', and we'll get along for three years. After three years, if you still want a divorce, I won't interfere."

Juliana smirked cynically, "Are you still dreaming, or do you think I'm stupid enough for you to deceive me twice?"

Evan's gaze darkened, and he slammed the door as he left.

Juliana glanced at a disorderly stack of A4 papers on the table, indeed one was missing.

Stella had quite the scheme, getting hit and still thinking of calculating against her.

Evan returned to the study, where Stella was waiting for him.

"Brother, I found this in sister-in-law's room."

It was an A4 paper with a rough sketch of the estate and a few marked spots.

"Brother, sister-in-law quarreled with me on purpose, broke the window, she intends to escape through that window when no one's around in the middle of the night."

Evan didn't respond to her words.

At this moment, Ethan walked in.

"President Grant, there's a bit of trouble."

Evan looked at him.

Ethan approached and said, "This morning, a blogger uploaded a video questioning 'Where is Mrs. Grant', and it trended in less than an hour. Luckily, I discovered it quickly, but..."

"But what?" Evan asked, his gaze deep.

"But even after taking it down, it keeps reappearing. I've assigned someone to handle it continuously. Previously, when she caused a scene at the wedding anniversary banquet, though rumors spread, the video didn't leak, so the situation wasn't out of control. But now, the internet is openly focusing on your relationship with your wife, making it hard to explain to the board and clients."

It's well known that a married man's reputation often starts with the stability of the family.

Even for a business mogul, if news of favoring a concubine over a wife spreads, it ruins not only his reputation but also shareholders' confidence and accumulated goodwill.

What's more, Evan here still has the added layer of scandal.

"Isn't it done by her good friend? That night at the wedding anniversary, the hotel surveillance captured her friend's figure in and out, she must have helped her upload the photos."

Stella used this doubt to blame Summer Shaw.

But Evan didn't even raise his eyebrows, "She doesn't have that capability."

Stella found her words stuck in her throat.

"Find out who the mastermind is," Evan said to Ethan.

Ethan nodded in agreement, "The old lady couldn't reach you and called me, she wants you to see her."

Evan remained expressionless, "Just tell her you haven't seen me."

Juliana had been confined here for four or five days, and Evan hadn't left either, the old lady's spies in the company must have reported to her long ago.

"What does brother plan to do about sister-in-law trying to escape tonight?" Stella asked.

Evan laughed slightly and instructed Ethan, "Find someone to fix the window immediately and strengthen the patrol tonight."

Ethan nodded and went about his task.

"You take off the clothes, wash them, and return them to her."

"Yes."

Tears brimmed in Stella's eyes as she reached the door of the study.

Evan suddenly said, "Though you've been wronged, I think you're still somewhat useful."

Stella understood, he wouldn't send her away.

But that's not enough, only by making Evan resent Juliana could she have a chance with him.

She lowered her eyes, "As long as brother is satisfied."

...

In the afternoon, Stella returned the washed and dried clothes to Juliana.

Juliana disdainfully ignored them and uttered a few harsh words, telling her to get out.

Stella waited to see the embarrassment when Juliana's meticulously arranged escape plan completely failed at night, so she didn't react or argue.

She knew that when those bodyguards acted, they wouldn't hold back, and Juliana might end up with broken limbs.

Just as she left the bedroom, the window repairmen arrived.

These people were also arranged by her, who would purposely leave a movable window to "assist" Juliana in her escape at night.

Stella smiled and walked away.

After four in the afternoon, the repairmen finished fixing the window and left the estate.

No one noticed that someone had quietly joined the group behind them.

Juliana, wearing the clothes Stella had worn that morning, deliberately mimicked her makeup and walked with her head down behind a few workers.

The intention behind letting Stella discover that paper was just a smokescreen to direct their attention to nighttime and let them relax during the day.

Juliana would never wait until dark to leave.

The guards remembered this outfit: Stella had indeed worn it in the morning.

So they only scanned her briefly and let the "familiar" figure out of the gate.

Juliana wanted to hitch a ride with the workers, but there was no space in their car, and they were concerned about traffic rules, so they refused her.

Left with no choice, she sprinted along the highway, trying to escape the mountain.

Soon, the downside of not having eaten for days caught up to her.

Before long, she was short of breath, dizzy and sweating.

Worse yet, the sound of a car engine came from behind.

They found her!

Juliana watched the road disappear around the bend, dispirited, and stopped, quickly surrounded by several cars.

Evan got out, taking Stella with him from the back seat.

Stella mocked, "Sister-in-law, running away in clothes I've worn looks much more genuine than your fake dignity this morning."