

Stop Panicking! Miss Jacobs will Not Look Back!

Chapter 6: Chapter 6: Still Can't Give Me a Smile?

"Where did you get the hot water?" Evan asked unhappily.

"Mrs. Young went to the hot water room to get it for me to mix with lotus root powder," Juliana replied.

Evan checked her hand, seeing it wasn't burned, he breathed a sigh of relief and sat by the bed, handing over a beautifully packaged box.

"Peach cookies from Sweetgrain Bakery, fresh out of the oven an hour ago."

Lily was surprised.

Wasn't Evan standing up for her?

She hurriedly said, "Evan, about Stella..."

"Her allowance was cut off by Grandma."

Juliana didn't respond, and Evan put down the box, his voice void of any warmth.

"In the future, your daughter's allowance will come from my private account. But for falsely accusing my wife, should I have someone throw you out or drag you out?"

Lily: "..."

Mrs. Young, "Let's go, if you don't leave, I'll use a broom to send you off."

And just like that, Lily was "escorted" out by Mrs. Young.

Only the two of them were left in the hospital room.

"Alright, don't be mad, let me feed you."

Evan took out a piece of the peach cookie, just about to feed Juliana when his phone rang.

It was Stella again.

Juliana couldn't stand it, "Does she have eyes on you, calling every time you're near me, to remind you to stay faithful?"

Evan didn't answer immediately.

"Don't overthink, your husband's body is clean."

Juliana gave a faint, sarcastic smile, "Then give me your phone."

Evan didn't know what she was going to do, but he handed her the phone anyway.

Juliana hung up and put all contact details of "Stella" into the blacklist before handing the phone back to him.

Evan didn't get angry, he even asked with a smile, "Did that make you feel better, Mrs. Grant?"

Her husband spends hundreds of thousands of US Dollars every month on a mistress, can she possibly feel better?

Juliana looked out the window, not answering.

Evan turned her face back to him, making her look at him.

"From now on, I'll let Ethan handle matters concerning Stella, is that okay?"

It obviously wasn't okay.

"Even if her mother isn't around, there's still your father. Why does it have to be you personally taking care of her?"

Evan's eyes darkened for a moment, then he smiled warmly.

"Let's not talk about that anymore. We haven't taken the welcome photo for our fourth anniversary party, I've had a high-end dress made for you, let's take it once you're discharged."

Juliana closed her eyes briefly.

He still wouldn't talk, this marriage was beyond saving.

She paused for a moment, "We..."

Just as she started to talk about separation, Lily stumbled back in through the door.

"Evan, please help Stella, she... she..."

Lily was crying so hard she could barely catch her breath.

"Is she about to die again?" Juliana asked coldly.

At this moment, Evan's phone rang again.

It was an international call.

Evan swiped to answer.

"President Grant, about ten minutes ago Miss Grant injected air into the IV line when the nurse wasn't looking, Dr. Shaw is trying to save her now."

Ten minutes ago was exactly when Juliana blacklisted all of Stella's contacts.

Evan immediately stood up.

"Are you leaving now?"

Juliana looked at him as if reminding him of what she had said ten minutes ago.

Evan's eyes darkened, as if he made a difficult decision.

"Caleb is over there; she'll be alright."

Juliana strangely felt relieved.

Why was she relieved?

Probably because she had invested four years of her true feelings, she was unwilling to let go.

But Lily wouldn't have it, she gripped Evan's arm, crying even harder.

"As I was leaving, Stella called me, saying not even you liked her anymore, she felt so tired and lonely. Evan, Stella's psychological issues make her dependent on you, even the best doctor in the world can't compare to you, please go see her."

Evan's expression was solemn, weighing the pros and cons seriously, he said deeply, "Don't worry, I'll make sure she survives."

Lily wanted to say more, but Evan asked Mrs. Young to escort her out again.

Although Evan stayed behind, his figure on the accompanied chair was repeatedly illuminated by the phone's screen glow in the middle of the night.

Juliana's heart felt cold.

Wasn't there nothing going on?

Setting a special ringtone, even if he couldn't go he was still worried about that side.

She kind of regretted it.

Even if she won over Stella, what was the point of keeping him?

His heart was no longer here, there was no need to hold on to this relationship anymore.

Juliana's eyes reddened, not daring to sniffle, afraid to make a sound and let him notice.

In the latter half of the night, Evan's phone finally quieted down, and she fell asleep.

When she woke up early the next morning, the chair was already empty.

Juliana sat up in a hurry, tugging at her nearly healed wound, it hurt a little, and she let out a light sigh.

Mrs. Young came out of the bathroom upon hearing the sound.

"Ma'am's awake, breakfast just arrived, perfect timing to eat while it's hot."

"Where's Evan?"

"President Grant has gone to the office; he said he wanted to accompany you for the check-up later, so he went early to handle work."

He didn't leave after all.

Juliana didn't know whether to be happy or continue to be conflicted.

At the time for the check-up, Evan still hadn't arrived.

Juliana didn't wait for him, letting Mrs. Young accompany her to the ultrasound room.

She was a bit puzzled why she had to undergo a gynecological ultrasound when her abdomen was injured.

But she did have some questions she wanted to ask the gynecologist.

"Doctor, my menstrual cycle was not only delayed, but it also lasted eight or nine days, is that normal?"

The gynecologist looked at her ultrasound report, without giving her a glance.

"After the injury, your body is weak, it's normal for periods to occasionally be a bit longer. If you're really worried, I can prescribe some medicine."

The doctor's attitude was somewhat perfunctory, Juliana wanted to ask more, but the diagnostic room door was pushed open.

Ethan stood by the door, as Evan stepped in.

Despite only sleeping a few hours, his noble aura was undiminished, and the light blue tint under his eyes only added a touch of weary sharpness to him.

The gynecologist changed her demeanor upon seeing Evan.

"President Grant is here, your wife is recovering well, nothing to worry about."

Evan placed a hand on Juliana's shoulder, expressionless, he asked, "Is everything alright?"

The gynecologist paused, pointing to the image on the screen, "Once this menstrual cycle ends, everything should be fine."

Evan finally nodded.

But Juliana asked in confusion, "You're a gynecologist, why did I have to undergo a completely unrelated check-up for this injury?"

The gynecologist was stumped by her question, unsure of how to respond.

Evan seamlessly took over the conversation, "Honey, it's normal to have a full body examination."

"Really?" She was skeptical.

Evan lifted her chin seriously, "As a married couple, do we not have even basic trust in each other?"

Juliana turned her head, not responding to him.

The man wrapped an arm around her, "Alright, let's get you back to the hospital room."

Juliana didn't refuse.

Mrs. Young smiled beside them, "Finally, Mrs. Grant is in a good mood. President Grant, please don't upset her again, we all worry for you."

"All of you?" Evan raised an eyebrow.

"No, no, I just rambled out of happiness." Mrs. Young patted her unruly mouth.

Although after marriage, he and Juliana moved to Platinum Bay, Grandma's watchful eyes have always been around them.

Evan chuckled lightly, not commenting further.

Back in the hospital room, Juliana tried to move away from his embrace, but he held her tighter.

"Can't you smile at me?"

"I can't manage a smile for you."

Evan was in a good mood today, not bothered by her prickly words.

"I'll be working overtime tonight and probably won't make it back by dinner. I'll leave a car here; ask Mrs. Young to get whatever you want to eat."

Juliana didn't look at him, "I don't need you to care."

Still not appeased, Evan sighed, leaving the keys to the GL8 and left.

But shortly after he left, Juliana changed into her outdoor clothes.

Mrs. Young was surprised, "Ma'am, are you going for a walk outside?"

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: "Mr. Langley..."

Juliana picked up her phone.

"I'm stepping out for a bit, no need to tell anyone, I'll be back soon."

"Be careful..."

Before Mrs. Young could finish her sentence, Juliana had already disappeared from the door of the hospital room.

She headed to the cake shop where the accident occurred that day.

The police had issued an accident report yesterday, and Ethan Carter was handling negotiations with the store owner regarding compensation on her behalf.

Juliana walked into the shop, which largely remained in its post-explosion state.

The owner, a young man, was cleaning up.

"We're closed now, you can come back tomorrow to refund your membership card," the young man said without looking up.

"I'm just here to have a look," Juliana said.

The young man glanced her way.

He hadn't been in the shop during the explosion, so he didn't recognize Juliana.

Juliana pointed to a spot on the floor with a bloodstain, "I was lying here at the time."

Shocked, the young man nodded repeatedly, "Feel free to look around."

This shop had been open for less than three months, but the cakes were truly delicious, so Juliana had signed up for a membership, coming to the store to buy cakes every other day.

It was that very afternoon when a loud boom sent her to the gates of death.

In the last moment of consciousness, she called Evan, but he didn't answer.

These past days, she hadn't wanted to recall the perilous experience until standing there now, needing to trace clues and find evidence proving it wasn't an accident, she forced herself to confront the past.

However, as she pieced together the timeline of that day's events, a chill rose from her feet.

When she called Evan, he should not have boarded the flight yet, but he still left her to the medical team and headed to Aldoria.

The importance was evident all along.

Even though he promised to stay this time, his mind flew to that woman's side.

Juliana's gaze dimmed.

"I don't even know why that apprentice was using a gas stove to cook instant noodles in the shop, it's not allowed."

The young man felt wronged.

Juliana snapped back to reality, the gas stove wouldn't cause such a large explosion.

"Where's your apprentice after the incident?"

"Sigh...he came to work at my shop with a fake ID, ran off after the incident, probably scared of paying up."

"Miss," the young man didn't want to miss the chance, "I just started this business, my parents pooled together money for this shop, haven't even broken even, and then this happened. Can you please reconsider the compensation? I truly can't afford it."

Juliana didn't answer his request, carefully searching the fragments on the ground for clues.

After who knows how long, suddenly, she found what seemed to be a piece of ordinary electronic waste, a battery fragment.

To an untrained eye, it was just a piece of junk.

But she was a top student in material science, although she had lived a life of domesticity after marrying Evan, she kept up with cutting-edge research on new energy batteries these years.

She recognized at a glance this was a special high-energy battery's burnt residue, highly explosive due to instability, hence abandoned during laboratory research stages.

Once the material composition is analyzed, its origin and handlers can be traced.

By then, who's behind her attempted murder would be clear.

"I spent money at your place yet you couldn't guarantee my safety, your staffing was improper but you expect my sympathy to waive the compensation, do I deserve to endure this hit for nothing?"

The young man was left speechless by Juliana's words.

Juliana wrapped the small battery fragment she gathered and walked out of the cake shop.

Just as she reached her car, a gaze from a nearby black SUV locked onto her.

Her sixth sense, crisis alert kicked in, Juliana glanced at the car that sent a jolt through her heart, she feigned calmness, opened her car door, and sat in the driver's seat.

Did they not give up because she survived?

Or did they guess she found a clue and aimed to silence her?

Or was she overthinking?

Juliana fastened her seatbelt, steadied herself, and as she started the engine, the SUV in her rearview mirror also moved.

Suppressing the restlessness caused by rising adrenaline, she smoothly merged into traffic.

Originally supposed to head back to the hospital, but she changed course, driving towards Cortexa Group.

The unwavering thought in Juliana's mind: Evan is there, he can protect her.

Just past an intersection, there was a car accident ahead.

And the trailing black SUV sped up, closing in.

Juliana understood they didn't want her finding Evan.

With no other option, she altered course again.

Taking a detour to Cortexa required a stretch on the coastal highway.

While speeding up, Juliana trembled as she dialed Evan's number.

"The number you dialed is turned off."

Boom...Juliana's nails dug into the steering wheel, her mind went blank.

Evan's private number is never off, unless...

In the race with the car behind, she quickly found Ethan's number.

Ethan was in a meeting, it took him quite a while to pick up.

Juliana glanced at her rearview mirror, their car closed in from the rear corner, she tightly gripped the steering wheel.

Ethan assumed she found out President Grant left, searching for confrontation.

So as soon as he answered, he said, "Ma'am, it was Dr. Shaw's urgent call about Miss Grant's critical condition that he couldn't handle, so President Grant decided to go to Aldoria on a moment's notice, but he said it wouldn't be long..."

Ethan's words were cut off over there.

He presumed Juliana was furious, took a deep breath, and sighed, "When President Grant returns, he'll have a tough time making amends with Ma'am."

Juliana's car took a hard hit from the SUV, jolting the car violently, nearly losing her grip on the steering wheel.

She felt the car being tossed off the road like a toy, broke through the barrier, finally flipping into the sea.

Suddenly, the world around her quieted down.

The car slowly sank, accompanied by the cracking noise of windows unable to withstand the pressure of seawater.

Panting, Juliana strained to imprint her last impressions from the world onto her mind.

Then, there was someone knocking on her car door.

Only then did Juliana notice there was someone next to her in the water.

The other wore a mini respirator, someone's face was unclear, signaling her to undo her seatbelt.

Juliana didn't hesitate, calmly did as directed.

Ready, the person used a tool to smash the window.

Salty cold seawater surged in with enormous force instantly, flooding Juliana's mouth and nose, her vision blurred.

Simultaneously, the person grasped her hand.

An irresistible strong force pulled her from the sinking car.

Then the icy seawater was shaken off, and sunlight dazzled her to the point of closing her eyes.

She was saved ashore by someone.

"Mr. Langley..."

Someone stepped forward, promptly handing a towel to the man who rescued her.

Juliana looked up, the drenched black clothes clung to the person, outlining a powerful figure.

No need to see his face, no need to know his background, just this noble back alone was imposing.

Chapter 8: Chapter 8: She Is Just His Fig Leaf

The man didn't look back at her, wiping his face while walking toward his car, signaling to the assistant who came to consult.

The assistant approached Juliana and softly asked, "Ma'am, do you need an ambulance?"

Juliana was wrapped in a towel, having just had a brush with death, her throat scorched with salt and stomach acid, unable to make a sound, she just shook her head.

The assistant was a bit stunned that she refused.

In the end, they found a ride-sharing car and sent her to the hospital.

Before leaving, the assistant handed her a note with a license plate number on it.

"This is the license plate of the off-road vehicle that knocked you into the sea."

Juliana looked at the note in her hand; if they could disguise an explosion as an accident, they could also hide this car accident from the police.

At the brink of life and death, it was a stranger who saved her, while the person who promised to protect her was now going to another woman.

Sea water dripped from her hair tips, resembling the sound of a part of her heart turning completely cold.

"Oh, ma'am, why are you soaking wet?"

Mrs. Young was startled standing at the hospital room door and hurried forward to support her.

Exhausted, Juliana didn't want to talk and slowly walked to the bathroom.

Mrs. Young knew she wanted to take a bath and quickly found her a clean hospital gown.

But after the bath, Juliana looked even paler.

Concerned, Mrs. Young called the doctor to check on her again.

She was lucky enough not to have any visible injuries, and the doctor didn't find anything, recommending further observation.

When Ethan Carter arrived at the hospital ward, Juliana was already asleep.

Since she had instructed not to tell anyone about going out, Mrs. Young didn't say anything to Ethan.

Ethan assumed she was dispirited and left the room to report to Evan Grant.

"I just saw her, ma'am is fine, but surely in a bad mood."

Evan Grant didn't speak, just hung up the phone.

By evening, Juliana developed a fever; Mrs. Young gave her physical cooling following the doctor's advice.

While wiping Juliana's hands, she was shocked.

"Ma'am, where is your ring?"

Only then did Juliana realize the ring that hadn't left her finger in four years was gone.

It must have fallen into the sea.

Along with the evidence she found at the cake shop.

Marriage, opportunity, luck—all stood against her.

Juliana felt miserable, stayed silent, and closed her eyes again.

Seeing her return in such a sorry state, having barely eaten dinner and unwilling to speak, Mrs. Young became a bit anxious.

"Ma'am, I've worked at the old house for over ten years. Before you married into the Grant Family, President Grant and Miss Grant interacted like normal family members. To be honest, we never saw President Grant favor Miss Grant, so if he left today, it's definitely because something urgent happened with Miss Grant."

"President Grant is always cold to everyone, but he treats you differently. You should believe that you hold a place in President Grant's heart."

"Living together as a married couple is like brewing tea; if the heat is too much, it's bitter; if it's too little, it's bland. You're angry now, don't make any decisions just yet; wait till President Grant comes back to explain, then you can decide how to deal with him."

As Mrs. Young finished speaking, Lily Windsor pushed the door open and came in.

Clothed in a luxurious outfit, holding "gifts" in her hand and wearing a face full of schadenfreude.

"Deal with him? It's only right for a brother to see his sister. What right does she have to trouble Evan?"

Lying on the hospital bed, Juliana turned her eyes towards her.

Lily feigned surprise, "Oh dear, look at your complexion... Didn't the doctor give you the best medicine?"

After saying this, she glared at Mrs. Young.

"Looking after someone to this sorry state, if outsiders see, they'd think our Grant Family mistreated her."

Mrs. Young didn't dare refute her, "Madam, the doctor said it's mainly emotional distress, plus the injuries..."

Lily laughed lightly, interrupting her, "Emotional distress? Indeed, anyone would feel bad being abandoned twice."

"Why are you here?"

Juliana asked her, her voice hoarse.

Lily put on a look of suddenly remembering something, "Weren't you fighting with my daughter for a man? You lost again, so I'm here to give you a consolation gift."

As she spoke, she walked to her bedside and took out her "gift".

A framed wedding photo of Evan Grant and Stella Grant.

But it was obviously a composite.

Nonetheless, Juliana still felt her anger rise.

Lily squeezed out between her teeth, "Wish you die soon."

"Madam..."

"Shut up!"

Just as Mrs. Young was about to speak, Lily snapped at her to be silent.

She continued to look at Juliana.

"Though I Photoshopped it, soon the real wedding photos of them will hang in the living room of the old house. As long as Evan likes my daughter, the old lady's obstruction means nothing."

"Juliana, face the reality. From the moment Evan boarded the plane, you were already out."

The turbulent whirlpool in Juliana's eyes suddenly calmed.

Pointing at a spot on the frame, she asked unemotionally, "What's this?"

"Where?"

Lily bent down to look, and Juliana raised her hand, causing Lily's head to hit the frame.

The impact was not strong but landed right where she had been injured before.

Lily shrieked, but Juliana didn't let go.

"You b***h, let..."

Lily hadn't finished speaking when Juliana coughed up blood onto her face.

"You're dying!"

After a moment of shock, Lily fled the room in a frenzy.

Mrs. Young was also shocked, but Juliana waved her off.

"I injured my stomach from swallowing seawater; I'll be fine tomorrow."

Heartbroken and speechless, Mrs. Young asked, "Why on earth did you drink seawater when everything was fine?"

With the room so silent it seemed cut off from the world, Juliana's eyelids grew heavier and heavier.

She had a burning fever, but her heart felt cold.

...

Three days later, as planned, she was discharged from the hospital.

Evan Grant hadn't returned but had arranged everything for her.

Yet, when Ethan Carter saw her, he seemed a bit nervous.

He handed Juliana a pair of sunglasses.

"Ma'am, there are reporters outside. We'll have to trouble you to leave through the fire exit."

Evan Grant always acted discreetly and disliked having family affairs spoken about by others.

Juliana cooperated with him but was curious.

"Why are reporters suddenly interested in me?"

Ethan's expression shifted slightly, "Ma'am, let's leave first."

Seeing he didn't want to speak, Juliana didn't press further.

Just as she smoothly got into the car, her phone chimed.

It was an old friend sending her a message, this time with a screenshot of a trending topic.

The headline read:

[Sensational Drama! Cortexa Group's President's Secret International Meeting with a Mysterious Woman: The Loving Husband's Persona Crumbles; Is the Legitimate Wife Just a 'Fig Leaf'?)

Less than a minute later, the old friend sent the photo from the screenshot separately.

The background was late at night; Evan Grant was driving into a villa with a woman in the passenger seat.

It was hard to make out her face due to the lighting.

But Juliana knew it was Stella Grant.

Wasn't she supposed to be too ill for even Dr. Shaw to handle?

Yet here she was, going around with Evan Grant.

She felt as if a dagger had stabbed her heart, the sharp pain piercing through.

"Your husband is clever, but what can suppressing the trending topic do? The whole world knows about his infidelity; people are guessing who the mysterious woman is and

wondering when you'll step down. How does it feel, having sacrificed your dreams for love, only to be ridiculed as a laughing stock?"

After sending this message, the former friend posted a few photos in the alumni group, showcasing her thriving company and made comments about how women should have ambition, though unnamed, Juliana could hear the veiled taunt.

Ignoring the childish antics, she clutched her phone tighter.

In just a few days, the happiness once in her grasp turned into shards of glass cutting into her flesh. She couldn't even cry out in pain before being pushed into the abyss again.

Trying hard to calm her emotions, she looked at Ethan, who was driving, and deliberately asked, "How is Stella Grant?"

Chapter 9: Chapter 9: Dragged Out of the Bedroom Without Dignity

Ethan glanced at the rearview mirror and didn't hide it from her this time.

"Not much air was injected into the bloodstream, it's not a big problem."

"So Dr. Shaw is helpless?"

"Sigh, Dr. Shaw for some reason got emotional and said something rash to President Grant, and President Grant, without verifying, decisively went. Look at the trouble it caused..."

He paused.

"...This time, President Grant intentionally stayed there a few more days to handle some matters. He won't easily fly to Aldoria again in the future."

After he finished speaking, he sneaked a look at the rearview mirror and found that Juliana's face still showed no expression.

"Ma'am, there really is nothing between President Grant and Miss Grant. They were set up. We will definitely find out who manipulated that hot search and make him pay."

There's really nothing, yet he could hear the other party was in critical condition and rush to their side without verifying first.

Then what about when she was informed of critical condition twice in the ICU, and he stayed by that woman's side?

Love or not, cannot be compared.

Juliana mocked, "Couldn't it be Stella Grant directing the play herself?"

Ethan: "..."

Juliana went back to Platinum Bay, and the first thing she did was pack her clothes.

"Ma'am, you are going to..."

Without looking up, Juliana said, "I'm tired of living here. Going out to stay for a while."

Mrs. Young wasn't stupid; this wasn't being tired, it was clearly running away from home.

"But ma'am, you can't leave."

Juliana: "?"

Mrs. Young: "President Grant said you can't go anywhere before he returns."

Juliana wasn't surprised that Evan Grant could guess her intentions.

This man has a natural talent for reading people's minds. In the business world, the slightest twitch of a competitor's eyelid, and he knows what cards they are going to play.

So she temporarily moved into the study.

After marriage, although Evan Grant did not agree with her going out to work, she could have her own study to do what she liked.

Late at night, she was sleeping soundly.

A hand moved up from her waist, and Juliana woke up with a start, kicking the intruder.

Kicked in the inner thigh, Evan Grant let out a muffled grunt.

Juliana turned on the small lamp, the warm yellow light shrouding her haggard complexion.

Evan Grant took a deep breath, "So forcefully, if you harm your happiness, you will regret it."

Juliana averted her gaze, "Only when a man is castrated will he be obedient."

Evan Grant laughed, "So ruthless?"

Juliana couldn't laugh, "I don't have family backing me up, if I'm not a little ruthless, should I let you all manipulate me?"

Evan Grant reached out to pinch her face, "Aren't you the one manipulating me?"

"Don't touch me!"

She agitatedly slapped his hand away.

Evan Grant was stunned for a moment, suddenly realizing her ring finger was empty, his brows immediately furrowed.

"Where is the ring on your hand?"

"Threw it away." Juliana said angrily.

She realized that when facing him, she no longer had the impulse to tell him about her ordeals and even had a physiological aversion to his touch.

She finally didn't love him as much anymore.

However, Evan Grant's voice turned cold, "That was a wedding ring! Where did you throw it?"

"A marriage full of deception, does the ring still matter? Didn't like it, threw it into the sea."

Evan Grant squinted at her for a while.

The tension between the two gradually subsided in the silent air.

After a moment, Evan Grant's smile didn't reach his eyes, "Is this my punishment? Is there anything else?"

Juliana was stunned by his question and then looked away, not looking at him.

"This isn't a punishment. We need to separate for a while and seriously consider whether to continue this marriage."

Evan Grant's eyes darkened, and he suddenly picked her up.

"Put me down!"

Juliana struggled, but Evan Grant carried her out.

"We won't separate; without my permission, you can't go anywhere."

Juliana felt like her heart was stuffed with wet cotton wool.

That night, she continued to keep her distance from him on the large bed in the master bedroom...

Juliana was able to be discharged because her wound had healed enough to meet the discharge criteria, not because her body had fully recovered.

The damage from falling into the sea had not yet faded, and she was weak, sleeping drowsily, not even noticing when Evan Grant left for the company.

Not sure how long she slept when someone kicked the bedroom door open with a "bang," waking her up.

Before she could see clearly, Lily Windsor had already barged in with several servants from the old house.

Accompanied by Mrs. Young's shouting, "The madam hasn't woken up yet, how can you just barge in? Do you have no regard for President Grant?"

However, Lily Windsor tore off Juliana's quilt, exposing her appearance in bed to everyone.

"Bringing such trouble to the Grant Family, do you still have the face to sleep?"

Last night, after having a dispute with Evan Grant, Juliana was wearing very conservative pajamas.

But this was still very humiliating.

"What crazy thing are you doing?"

Juliana was shocked and angry, got up to snatch back the quilt, but Lily Windsor grabbed her hair.

"I'm the crazy one? You hired paparazzi to Aldoria to take photos of Evan and Stella, and then bought hot search to smear them, bringing disgrace to the Grant Family. Who really is crazy?"

Juliana's mind went blank.

"I don't understand what you're talking about."

She grabbed Lily Windsor's hand, trying to break free.

But Lily Windsor used her other hand to grip Juliana's face, loudly scolding the servants she brought along.

"Are you all useless? The Old Mrs. Grant sent you to catch her, this woman is about to be kicked out from the Grant Family, what are you hesitating for?"

As soon as the words fell, the servants who had been hesitant immediately surrounded her...

Juliana was tied up and brought to the old house, in a very embarrassing state.

The Old Mrs. Grant had been sitting upright, with a heart full of anger against Juliana after looking at the evidence provided by George. But seeing her disheveled being brought over, the Old Mrs. Grant immediately frowned.

"Who told you to treat her like this?"

The servants who followed Lily Windsor into the house all looked at Lily Windsor.

The Old Mrs. Grant glared at Lily Windsor, and George, sensing the situation was not right, immediately reminded her, "Mom, it was Juliana who plotted against Evan and spread false information to tarnish the Grant Family."

The Old Mrs. Grant squinted at him, "I haven't said she was wrong yet, but you already dare to make decisions for me. Does this house need to change its surname to Windsor?"

George took a deep breath, quickly ordered them to untie Juliana, and pretended to reprimand his wife.

"Didn't I tell you to bring her here? How could you tie her up? If Evan finds out, how will your relationship be?"

Without any discernment, Lily Windsor even gave him a triumphant look.

"She has shamed the Grant Family, would Evan still want her? I've long said this woman isn't as pure as our Stella..."

Juliana finally understood that she had been set up.

It is uncertain if Stella Grant was involved, but Lily Windsor certainly was.

However, this false accusation came too suddenly; how should she break out of this situation?

Juliana rubbed her sore arms and looked directly at George.

"Master George, what evidence is there to prove I tarnished the Grant Family?"

She didn't even call him father, and because of her words, the Old Mrs. Grant's brows furrowed tighter.

George didn't mind her addressing him and walked to the Old Mrs. Grant's side in a few steps, picking up the transfer records on the table.

"These are the transfer records you made to the paparazzi who took photos of Evan, and to several bloggers who propagated Evan's affair. Evan has verified these, and the records are real and valid. What do you have to say?"

So, Evan Grant knew they would come to accuse her, but he still allowed these people to drag her out of the bedroom without dignity?

Chapter 10: Chapter 10: I've Had Enough of Your Hypocrisy and Deceit

Juliana's heart felt as if it had been torn open, blood dripping down.

George Grant didn't forget to flatter his wife in front of his mother.

"It's all thanks to Lily knowing the wife of the bank manager, otherwise, we wouldn't have uncovered your true colors, and the Grant Family would have been schemed against without knowing it."

Juliana's eyes darkened for a moment, then she raised her hand.

"What transfer records? Let me see them."

The butler, following Old Mrs. Grant's signal, handed the "evidence" to her.

Lily reminded her sharply, "Don't play any tricks. Even if you tear this evidence apart, it won't work. I can have the bank print another copy."

Juliana's gaze fell on the paper stamped with the bank's seal.

The transfer records were real, but she didn't know when such a card appeared under her name.

"The card number is wrong." Juliana pointed at the transfer records.

"Impossible!"

Lily instinctively stepped forward.

At that moment, Juliana suddenly grabbed her hair, and with the other hand, picked up a fruit knife from the coffee table, pressing it against Lily's neck.

This action shocked everyone, even Old Mrs. Grant stood up.

"Are you rebelling?" George was furious.

Juliana's eyes radiated coldness.

"You thought catching me off guard would allow you to frame me?"

"Dream on! If anyone dares to come closer, I'll pierce her neck!"

"Husband, save me." Lily's voice trembled.

George wanted to call the bodyguards, but Old Mrs. Grant squinted her eyes slightly.

"Don't you want your wife's life?"

George was immediately at a loss.

Juliana's fruit knife drew a line of blood on Lily's neck.

Lily screamed in pain.

"You know better than I do how this card came about?" Juliana said.

"I...I don't know what you're talking about." Lily's voice lacked confidence.

"You've humiliated me time and again. Today, you either clear my name, or I'll send you to the afterlife."

George shouted anxiously, "Juliana, if you kill her, you won't survive either."

"Without dignity, why live?"

With these words, Juliana slashed Lily's face.

Lily never expected Juliana to be so reckless.

She thought this woman would at most cry injustice, unable to produce evidence to prove her innocence, ending in Evan Grant forcing a divorce and Old Mrs. Grant expelling her from the Grant Family.

Who knew she would be so fierce?

Now disfigured, she was utterly terrified, shouting, "I was wrong, it's me..."

"Stop!"

At this moment, Evan Grant rushed in with Ethan Carter from outside.

Seeing Lily's face covered in blood, he frowned.

"I know it's not you, let her go."

Juliana was still wary of him, unwilling to let go.

Evan Grant's jaw moved, signaling Ethan Carter to present new evidence to Old Mrs. Grant.

George thought he was going to exonerate Juliana.

"Evan, I told you last night after getting off the plane, don't be seduced by women. No matter how much you like her, you can't let her ruin the Grant Family's reputation. The bank transfer evidence is irrefutable..."

Evan Grant interrupted him.

"The records are real, and the transfer card number under her name is a fact, but someone tampered with the card issuance process."

George was stunned: "What are you saying?"

Evan Grant's gaze was icily cold.

"This bank card was processed illegally, the person applying for the card and the signature are not hers. Auntie, to frame my wife, gave that bank manager's wife ten gold bars. The location of the transaction was at a beauty salon under Auntie's name. Although there's no surveillance, the bank manager's wife told everything to her husband, who might lose his job and is currently trying to make amends."

George was so shocked he couldn't close his mouth.

He turned his gaze to Lily, incredulous.

"How could you deceive me?"

But Lily was shaking like a leaf, speechless, just shaking her head non-stop.

Evan Grant looked at Juliana with a gentler gaze.

"Relax, no one here can hurt you."

Juliana, having achieved her aim, let go and put down the knife.

Lily collapsed at George's feet, weeping bitterly.

Juliana, exhausted, clutched the undone collar of her shirt.

She wanted to cry too, but she couldn't shed a tear at this moment.

Evan Grant, full of heartache, took a few steps closer to embrace her.

But Juliana suddenly raised her hand and slapped him.

The air in the room froze, so silent a pin drop could be heard.

Juliana, with reddened eyes, pointed at him, "Your fondness for Stella Grant gives her mother confidence. She insults me time and again and only receives slight rebukes, while I'm the one nearly humiliated, my reputation in tatters. Apart from a few light comforts, what have you ever done for me?"

Juliana took a deep breath, fighting back the tears threatening to spill.

"Evan Grant, I've had enough of your hypocrisy and deceit!"

Evan Grant's eyes chilled with a frosty glare, but he didn't retaliate even after she finished speaking.

His expression was dark and cold, "Ethan, don't let any of the intruders at Platinum Bay get away today."

Everyone knew Evan Grant's actions were bloodless, but he'd make his opponent wish for death.

In the living room, cries for mercy erupted.

Ethan Carter took away those troublemakers for handling, Evan Grant looked at Juliana, "Are you satisfied now?"

He never knew what he truly wanted.

Juliana sneered, "I'll give you two choices: either sever ties with Stella Grant or we part ways for good."

This was his last chance.

But Evan Grant's voice was cold, his gaze even colder.

"I never take option questions."

Juliana, heartbroken, turned her gaze to the old lady.

"You once told me, if..."

"Juliana," Old Mrs. Grant interrupted her, "I'll grant you an explanation."

When she finished, she looked at Lily.

George had already swiftly forgiven Lily, even holding her protectively in his arms.

Old Mrs. Grant was exasperated and heartbroken.

"From now on, whoever wants to bring Stella Grant back is the sinner of the Grant Family. From now on, there is no lady of the Grant Family."

George and Lily were shocked.

"Mom, Lily has been disfigured and received her lesson, you..."

"George, it's you who's infatuated with women. Whether you divorce or not is your matter, but I no longer recognize Lily as my daughter-in-law."

Actually, George understood that Old Mrs. Grant's declaration was somewhat of a concession.

She never liked Lily, but for my sake, she tolerated Lily's presence, yet his wife had gone too far this time.

He sighed, "I'll make her change, just give me more time."

But Juliana could no longer accept Old Mrs. Grant's reassuring support.

"Madam, I can't ensure my survival every time I'm pushed to the edge..."

"Then what do you want from the Grant Family? Even if you're justified, know when to stop."

"I'm not arguing about who's right, I just want to..."

"Enough, knowing when to quit is wise. Look at how you're dressed, hurry and change your clothes."

Old Mrs. Grant was unusually forceful, refusing to let her utter the word "divorce."