

Panicking 71

Chapter 71: The Hatred of a Child Between Them

Juliana's throat felt like it was on fire, and she was dizzy, but she gritted her teeth and said, "I can't afford to drink President Grant's water. Better save it for your stepsister."

Stanley Holt's eyebrow instantly shot up.

Evan's gaze darkened, and he stood up.

"So whose water do you prefer? Jared or Adrian?"

Juliana struggled to keep her balance, turning her face away, "My preferences have nothing to do with President Grant."

Evan left again, fuming.

But he hadn't gone far when his phone rang; it was Ethan Carter calling.

Evan had just put the phone to his ear when Juliana, standing by the table, suddenly blacked out and collapsed to the ground.

"Juliana!"

"Mrs. Grant!"

Summer Shaw, Stanley Holt, and the caddies around all rushed forward.

Evan was about to turn back when he heard Ethan on the phone say, "President Grant, Ms. Windsor is emotionally unstable and has injured Miss Windsor, who has had a relapse of depression and can't use medication."

"What is my father doing?" Evan pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Master George is on a business trip today, he's on a plane and unreachable right now."

"Bring the car around to pick me up."

Evan forgot the sudden commotion behind him and quickened his pace away.

As their car sped away from the golf course, an ambulance approached.

Ethan instinctively asked, "I saw Second Miss Shaw return to the hotel last night with medication in her hand; could it be the madam is sick?"

Evan frowned, but recalling her prideful demeanor, he said coldly, "When she's with the Langley brothers, she's in such high spirits; even if she's ill, she won't die. Don't worry about her."

...

At the hospital.

Fortunately, they got her to the hospital in time, preventing it from turning into heat stroke, and Juliana soon regained consciousness.

Unexpectedly, Stanley Holt was still in the ward.

Without Evan there, Juliana was about to talk business, but Stanley spoke first, "Mrs. Grant, while Aetherflame Dynamics has commendable technology, it's not irreplaceable. I admire your enthusiasm, but I need to consider various aspects, and I'm afraid we'll have to pass this time. You should look for other partnerships."

Summer became anxious, "President Holt, I know your company is looking for the most efficient energy storage batteries for heavy-duty trucks, and our technology has great potential. Don't you want to take a look? Give us a chance, and it's also an opportunity for your company."

Stanley waved his hand, "Titan Heavy Industries prefers long-term partnerships with harmonious family enterprises, and the relationship between Mrs. Grant and President Grant is clearly unsuitable."

President Holt left after his polite refusal.

Summer was hit hard with a sense of defeat.

"Excuses, all excuses! He has business competition with Evan, why listen to him and not collaborate with us?"

"Evan's prowess is undeniable, and even though there is business competition, it's wise not to make him an enemy. The meaning in President Holt's words was very clear—we haven't impressed him enough to make him disregard Evan."

Summer grasped her hand excitedly, "Our technology wasn't even considered before he made his judgment. Clearly, he looks down on your identity as Mrs. Grant, thinking you're only reliant on Evan."

Juliana wasn't angry, but a sharp glint crossed her eyes.

"Then I'll destroy this identity with my own hands, so he can't even dream of it."

"What are you planning to do?"

Juliana thought for a moment, "Around this time every year, Evan attends an important new energy summit."

Summer, "It's the Core Energy Summit, right? This summit is highly prestigious, gathering elites from all sides, and it's by invitation only, happening in a week."

"Will Aetherflame be invited?" Juliana asked.

Summer's voice was uncertain, "It might be a bit difficult this year."

"Even if it's difficult, we must find a way. I may need to present him with a second 'gift' at this summit."

In the afternoon, Juliana received a call from Rosalind Linton, saying her grandfather was unwell and she needed to return quickly.

Juliana hurriedly packed up with Summer at the hotel and headed back to Kenton.

Minutes after their departure, a person who looked like a secretary approached the front desk with a license plate number, "Is this vehicle registered to a guest at your hotel?"

The receptionist smiled politely, "Sorry, we can't disclose guests' privacy."

Within a minute, the manager rushed over, urging the receptionist to check quickly.

"It is a guest's car," the receptionist said, staring at the computer, "They checked out ten minutes ago and should have already left."

The secretary returned to the car, appearing a bit disappointed.

"They're gone, but I found her identity information."

The secretary handed over the materials.

"Miss Shaw is 26 this year, the same age as the madam, but the birth date on her ID doesn't match. However, this is the closest match we've found so far. The hotel staff said they had an urgent matter and rushed back to Kenton."

The man's gaze lingered on the photo, his expression calm.

"Apart from DNA, what truly resembles anything else in this world?"

The secretary quickly nodded, "Yes, it seems the madam is indeed in the Kenton area. Well... should we inform Chairman Langley about your return to Kenton this time?"

...

Juliana and her companions hurried to Mercy Hospital.

Just as they reached the inpatient department, they ran into Caleb Shaw.

"Brother, are you on the night shift?" Summer asked in surprise.

Caleb looked at Juliana's expressionless face, knowing she was aware of their relationship now.

"I was just about to change shifts. Did you finish your business so quickly?"

This made Summer angry.

"Your good friend is leaving our company no room to breathe."

Caleb was silent.

Juliana was in a rush to see her grandfather, "You two chat, I'm going."

"Juliana."

Caleb called after her and caught up.

"I... Chase Miller was fired, and even small clinics dare not take him in."

Juliana raised an eyebrow, "So what is Dr. Shaw telling me this for? To praise your friend for being smart enough not to be easily deceived, or to commend him for behaving like a human being?"

"I'm not speaking on behalf of Evan, I just..."

Juliana watched him find his words for a long time, snorted, and turned to leave.

Summer was curious, "Brother, what deep-seated grudge do you and Juliana have that makes her dislike you so?"

She didn't know there was a child's vendetta between them.

"Kids shouldn't meddle in adult affairs. Stay out of the Grant Family's matters. If you offend Evan, I can't protect you. Go home."

Juliana entered the hospital room, her grandfather lay with his eyes closed, receiving an IV.

Seeing her, Rosalind quickly stood up, and they moved to the doorway.

"How did he end up hospitalized so suddenly when he was doing so well just a few days ago?" Juliana asked.

"It's all because of your wicked stepmother."

Rosalind was trembling with anger.

"She found out we live in the same neighborhood and started shouting everywhere, saying we're haunting Evan. Not only that, but she forced the property managers to give our apartment number..."

Rosalind showed the photos she took that morning.

"Look, she put up a banner downstairs this morning, cursing you and using a loudspeaker to shout, saying you stole her daughter's marriage and mistreated your in-laws! The whole community is now cursing us, your grandfather almost went into cardiac arrest out of anger."

Juliana fixed her gaze on the photo, seeing the banner read: [Cheap woman drugs and climbs into bed, call girl refurbishes for a wealthy marriage]

Chapter 72: Exposing Lily Windsor's Dark Past and Threatening Her Life

Rosalind Linton wiped her tears.

"This scourge, even with a terminal illness, she's still not honest. Is she prolonging her life with malice?"

Juliana Jacobs narrowed her eyes, "She's not trying to prolong her life; she wants to die early."

"Take good care of Grandpa."

She avoided Rosalind Linton and went to the garden downstairs to make a call...

Juliana Jacobs' car was left at the hospital, so Summer Shaw drove her brother's car home.

Who knew, as soon as she drove out of the parking lot, the phone rang.

She got distracted... duang!

The front of the car kissed the side of another car.

The other car wasn't seriously damaged, but her car's bumper was dented.

Even so, she was too scared to get out of the car and answered the ringing phone, trembling as she asked, "Brother, you got me into trouble. You called me, distracted me, and I ended up hitting someone else's car."

Caleb Shaw on the phone paused for a moment, "There's insurance, it's okay. Are you alright?"

Summer Shaw swallowed, "I'm fine. The other car is a Hongqi L5."

Caleb Shaw: "..."

Summer Shaw added, "And it's a custom model."

"Oh, I see. Well, from now on, you're not my sister. Once you finish paying for it, we can talk again."

With that, Caleb Shaw hung up the phone.

The other driver saw she hadn't gotten out of the car, so he came up and knocked on her window.

"Uncle, I didn't do it on purpose."

Everyone knew the kind of status needed to drive an L5, so Summer Shaw refused to get out of the car.

The driver, helpless, called out the "little leader" in the car.

The secretary walked to the window, and seeing Summer Shaw, seemed somewhat incredulous.

Summer Shaw forced a smile, "Brother, I'm very poor..."

The secretary laughed, a glint flashing in his eyes.

"It's alright, it doesn't look very serious. Just leave a couple of hairs, and if there's anything else, we'll contact you."

Summer Shaw didn't believe she understood correctly.

"You mean we're settling the car accident just like that?"

The secretary nodded, "Here's my business card. I won't lie to you."

He was the secretary of the Helios Energy Council president.

From Kingsford.

Summer Shaw's eyes lit up.

"No backing out, okay!"

After providing the hair, she immediately backed away, turned the car around, and sped off out of sight.

The secretary returned to the car, carefully putting the hair with the follicle into a transparent bag.

"This Miss Shaw is interesting. Sent to the countryside as a child, there's hardly any record of her before twelve, yet she was brought back to the Shaw Family around the same time the madam went missing... I think there's a strong possibility so I left a card for her."

The secretary glanced at his boss's expression and adjusted his words.

"The Shaw Family's conditions aren't bad. If she really is the madam, she probably hasn't suffered much these years. You and Mr. Sinclair could also feel better."

The man slowly put away the transparent bag, "Your eyes are even sharper than a DNA sequencer?"

The secretary closed his mouth.

...

In the evening, the local hot search once again put the Grant Family in the spotlight.

However, this time the main character exposed was actually Lily Windsor, who prided herself on being a wealthy woman, serving as an honorary president of multiple socialite and elite associations.

It's known that Lily Windsor's public resume wasn't simple: an alumna of a top economics school, her first husband was an educator who committed suicide due to depression, and in her second marriage, she brought her daughter into a powerful family, assisting her husband and parents-in-law in raising a business giant like Evan Grant.

In recent years, she has been the envy of many in Kenton's high society as the model noblewoman.

But the content exposed this time brutally pulled her down from her high place into the stinking mud.

Several gossip bloggers not only posted her middle school diploma but also dug up the identity of her previous gambler husband, and even posted her photos from a massage parlor and "professional" photos serving clients.

And they explicitly stated: They have evidence and aren't afraid of being sued.

The golden silk robe that Lily Windsor painstakingly wove was torn to shreds at this moment.

Even George Grant was ridiculed for being broad-minded.

Because Lily Windsor was known for showing off in the elite circles, once the news came out, those who used to curry favor with Lily Windsor either blocked her or mocked her,

some even publicly "cared" for her in the group:

"Mrs. Grant, we heard your massage skills are top-notch, when will you let us sisters experience it?"

"Mrs. Grant's exclusive skills only serve specific VIPs, she won't pay you any attention."

Lily Windsor was so angry that she bled from the nose, and the medication couldn't stop it. She was sent to the hospital that very night.

Meanwhile, Old Man Linton's hospital room was quite warm and cozy.

Rosalind Linton went home, while Juliana Jacobs kept watch overnight.

She gave the old man antihypertensive medicine and tidied up his patient's gown.

"Why bother comparing yourself to those rotten people? Lily Windsor is malicious and treacherous; she's beyond saving. You should just eat well, drink well, and live a few more years to piss off that envious fool!"

Grandpa smiled at her encouragement.

"Looks like my granddaughter hasn't been wronged in the Grant Family over the years; she's become quite sharp-witted. I can finally rest assured."

However, Juliana Jacobs fell into a moment of contemplation because of Grandpa's words.

In the Grant Family, there were times she was indeed at a disadvantage, but that was for Evan Grant and for the so-called greater good.

To put it plainly, it was out of love that she willingly made concessions.

Now that she had no feelings for Evan Grant and Lily Windsor still remained ungrateful, she couldn't be blamed for being ruthless.

Just as she was thinking this, the hospital room door was suddenly kicked open.

George Grant stormed in aggressively, raising his hand to slap her.

Juliana Jacobs held onto the bed frame to steady herself.

"What are you doing?"

Grandpa got anxious, his face turned blue as he gasped for air.

His heart couldn't take such a shock, and Juliana quickly pressed the call button as she came back to her senses.

However, George Grant, ignoring the alarm from the heart monitor, continued to curse, "You're a vicious woman. Your mother-in-law was only saying a few angry things out of confusion. Your grandpa was already dying and couldn't handle the shock. Can you completely blame her? Just for this, you dared to expose her past and try to end her life?! Do you have any humanity left?"

Grandpa, due to his words, started coughing violently, his lips turning purple.

"Stop talking!" Juliana said.

Yet George Grant disregarded the alarm beeping from the heart monitor and continued yelling.

"Did my wife's words sting? Without the Grant Family's support, that old thing would have died long ago. You're just a cheap woman who can only breathe by climbing into my son's bed! Living off the perks of our marriage but turning around to bite us, you're not even as loyal as a dog that wags its tail!"

Doctors and nurses rushed in, seeing Old Man Linton's condition, and angrily said, "The patient can't take the stress. How can you argue in the ward? We need to save the patient; get out quickly."

Juliana Jacobs didn't want him to continue agitating Grandpa, so she immediately stepped outside.

But George Grant thought she was admitting guilt and tried to flee, so he grabbed her by the collar.

"What? Messed with my wife, and now you want to leave without even saying a human word? Let me tell you, even if you bash your head in front of my wife today, this won't end here!"

The alarm from the heart monitor buzzed repeatedly, stabbing at Juliana's heart.

She gripped George Grant's hand and lowered her voice, "Don't dirty my grandfather's hospital room. Let's talk elsewhere!"

Seeing her attitude, George Grant got angrier and pushed her aside forcefully.

Juliana Jacobs crashed into the nurse's trolley, scattering the medicines all over the floor, making the ward an even bigger mess.

"George Grant!"

The icy calmness in her eyes shattered instantly, and the fury hidden underneath finally exploded.

Chapter 73: Who Hasn't Had Their Sincerity Fed to the Dogs?

George Grant never expected that this woman would use a broken glass bottle to press against his neck.

Afraid of getting injured, he quickly retreated.

Juliana Jacobs advanced step by step, forcing him out of the hospital room.

George's back hit the railing, contorting his face in pain.

"Let him go!"

Evan Grant's voice came from afar, getting closer.

Juliana instinctively looked over and found Stella by his side.

Seizing the moment of her distraction, George grabbed her wrist and pressed the jagged edge of the glass bottle towards her eye.

"Bitch, let's see who takes whose life!"

Evan rushed forward like an arrow, grabbing George's wrist and preventing him from succeeding.

The glass bottle fell to the ground, shattering into pieces.

"Evan, you saw it all, it's not enough she angered your aunt to death, now she even dares to hit me, she..."

"Father, Old Man Linton had no quarrel with you, don't drag innocents into this."

Evan interrupted him.

The nurse, quite speechless, shut the hospital room door.

Juliana worriedly ran to the small window to take a glance, then turned to look at George again, her gaze as cold as death.

"George, listen up!

First, the house at Celestial Vista is under Evan's name, which means half of it is mine. I give you 24 hours to move out. Exceed by even a minute, and I'll report you for illegal occupation!

Second, Lily Windsor posted banners and used a loudspeaker in the neighborhood to publicly slander and insult me. I've preserved the evidence and will be entrusting a lawyer to file a criminal lawsuit!"

"A lawyer?" George laughed, "In Kenton, which lawyer would dare to take on the Grants for you?"

"None in Kenton? Then I'll go to Kingsford. If you push me, I'll make sure you see the result."

Juliana's words were also meant for Evan to hear.

"Evan, look, this is her true nature. She wants to drive your father onto the streets."

George hoped his son would sternly rebuke Juliana.

But Evan's gaze was fixed on several approaching police officers.

"May I ask who is George Grant?" one of the officers inquired.

"I am. What's the matter?" George straightened his back.

"We received a report that you caused a disturbance in the hospital room, suspected of disrupting medical order and endangering patient safety. Please come with us."

Shocked, George looked at Juliana and harshly asked, "Was it you?"

Juliana responded, "Master George violated public security regulations. Being a Grant doesn't exempt you from detention, does it?"

"Evan, she's determined to disgrace our family!"

George looked to his son for help.

Evan didn't expect Juliana to go this far either.

He walked up to her and said in a low voice, "I'll cover all of Old Man Linton's medical expenses, and have them moved out of Celestial Vista by tonight. As for the harm Lily caused you, I'll make her apologize once she's discharged; you should also let it rest."

Before Juliana could react, George protested.

"Evan, without Celestial Vista, where do you expect me to live? Where will Stella stay?"

Unemotionally, Evan replied, "You have plenty of properties in your name, live wherever you like. As for her, I have other arrangements."

George was speechless. Being driven out of the old residence, he'd relied on Celestial Vista to maintain his status.

Juliana chuckled lightly, saying to Evan indifferently, "Even your father doesn't respect you, so who do you think you are?"

A cold frost suddenly covered Evan's face.

Stella, who had been silent nearby, lowered her gaze and said, "Brother, sister-in-law may indeed be ruthless, but Uncle is also at fault first. The Grant Family is already under scrutiny, everything should focus on the family's reputation."

Juliana was astonished; Stella actually seemed pleased to see George detained.

What surprised her even more was that after Stella suggested Evan let it go, George didn't berate her for it.

George was taken away, leaving Evan with an unhappy expression.

"Do you have to be enemies with every member of the Grant Family?"

Juliana looked elsewhere, "Between divorce and becoming enemies, you can choose one, or both if you like."

"Well done."

Evan turned and walked away.

Stella suddenly exclaimed, "Ouch, brother, my hand."

Evan slowed his pace, allowing her to catch up, and placed her bandaged wrist into his hand. She looked deeply at him, and they left together.

Juliana's heart was already calm as water, after all, who hasn't had their sincerity fed to the dogs?

Three days later, Old Man Linton was discharged.

Returning to Celestial Vista, the property management sent many gifts as an apology.

Juliana generously indicated that it wouldn't happen again.

The online uproar was dealt with by the Cortexa Group's public relations department on the day it happened, yet the Grant Family's reputation still took a hit.

Evan had been busy handling shareholder doubts, overwhelmed and not even dealing with George's five-day detention.

Juliana didn't have time to care about the Grant's affairs; she had been busy in the lab these days.

In a few days, the Core Energy Summit will be held. Summer Shaw managed to get an invitation card after much difficulty.

However, when she passed the card to Juliana, there was no smile.

"Originally, with our company's current situation, we weren't qualified to attend. Only with a few friends pulling strings did the organizers agree to this gesture."

Juliana stroked the gilded letters, "What happened? Why so unhappy?"

"Morton Investment Bank's Director Paxton isn't answering calls or accepting meeting requests. This afternoon, one of his subordinates called to press for repayment. I guess Evan pressured him. At this rate, even if we attend the summit, we won't last through the month."

"Can't you ask your friends about his preferences or usual hangouts?" Juliana asked.

Summer shook her head, "This Director Paxton was just transferred from an overseas branch, and few people know him."

Then she whispered, "I've heard he was deported for a mistake, but maybe that's just a rumor since the company didn't fire him."

Juliana had no interest in gossip and rubbed her neck, quickly packing up her things.

"Go get me a set of Morton Bank uniforms."

Summer's eyes lit up at her words.

However, she couldn't let Juliana take the risk alone.

Wearing bank uniforms, they smoothly passed the security's watchful eyes, but on reaching the 13th floor, they were stopped at the secretary's desk.

"These are materials sent from the branch, need to be personally handed to Director Paxton."

Juliana waved the document folder.

The secretary was about to question further when she saw Wayne Paxton heading towards the elevator, so she called out, "Director, materials from the branch need your signature."

Juliana held her breath.

There's a vast difference between confronting openly in a hall and discussing privately. If Wayne cared about his face, he'd call security; if he was strictly business, he might proceed bureaucratically.

Wayne stopped and looked over.

His complexion was pale, possibly due to extreme thinness, making the suit appear oddly loose.

Summer, a bit tense, tugged at Juliana's hand.

The two braced themselves and walked over.

Juliana mustered courage and said, "Apologies, Director Paxton, we're representatives from Aetherflame Dynamics. Because we're on your bank's blacklist, we had no choice but to meet you this way."

Wayne's gaze roamed across Juliana's face, containing a thoughtful scrutiny.

Summer quickly added, "I didn't handle relations with your bank well, she just hopes for a chance to make amends. Meeting you this way was my idea, it has nothing to do with her."

Wayne suddenly chuckled lightly, though the smile was on his face, it gave one the creepy feeling of seeing a puppet doll at night.

"I have a dinner appointment, but we can talk in the car."

Overjoyed, Summer said, "Okay, thank you, Director Paxton."

Wayne shook his finger at her, "I meant... just me and this lady."

Chapter 74: It's Better to Give Up on People Who Aren't Worth It

"Well... Both of us are responsible for Aetherflame. Can't we discuss this together?" Summer Shaw asked.

"You've already been told you're not handling the issues well. What right do you have to talk to me?"

Summer Shaw: "..."

Wayne Paxton looked at Juliana Jacobs, his eyes glinted with an intriguing light.

"You have the guts to impersonate my employee but don't dare to talk to me alone?"

Juliana Jacobs glanced around the office hall and nodded, saying, "Alright."

Wayne Paxton called the driver, which made Juliana Jacobs feel a bit relieved.

Originally, Juliana Jacobs was going to sit in the front passenger seat, but Wayne Paxton "politely" asked her to the back seat.

"Director Paxton, actually you could learn more about what we do at Aetherflame Dynamics..."

Just as Juliana Jacobs was about to get to the point, Wayne Paxton shook his head at her.

"Actually, we both know the reason for the loan withdrawal, so there's no need for any pretentious talk."

Juliana Jacobs remained silent.

Is it true that everyone in Kenton has to take their cues from Evan Grant?

Just as she was thinking, a lock of hair near her ear was brushed by someone.

Juliana Jacobs instinctively pulled away and looked at Wayne Paxton in surprise.

Wayne Paxton was calm and composed, pulling out a wet wipe and wiping his hands as he said, "If Miss Jacobs were truly my employee, a significant portion of her salary would have been deducted by now."

Juliana Jacobs touched her hair, realizing it had been messy for some time, "I'm sorry, your bank's loan is very important to us."

Wayne Paxton tossed the wet wipe away and leaned against the backrest.

"I'm well aware of that, which is why I'm helping you."

Just as Juliana Jacobs was looking at him in confusion, the car stopped at a shopping mall entrance.

"Miss Jacobs, dressed like this, it's unsuitable for me to take you to a dinner meeting," Wayne Paxton said.

"Director Paxton, I came to discuss the loan, not to accompany you to an appointment."

Wayne Paxton's lips curled into a strange smile, "I said I'm helping you. Did you misunderstand me?"

Juliana Jacobs thought for a few seconds and got out of the car.

Luckily, Wayne Paxton didn't follow her; otherwise, she would have been even more suspicious of his motives.

Juliana Jacobs texted Summer Shaw, saying she would be dining with Wayne Paxton and asked her to keep an eye on her phone messages. Then she picked out an outfit that suited her style and returned to Wayne Paxton's car.

Seeing her fully dressed in long sleeves and trousers, Wayne Paxton joked, "Miss Jacobs has a great figure, why dress so conservatively?"

Juliana Jacobs looked down and chuckled softly, "Mr. Paxton, you're flattering me. Comfort is what's important in clothing. After all, it's the 'inner configuration' that counts, right?"

Wayne Paxton scoffed, "The entrance requirements are still quite important."

After that, the car journeyed to the restaurant entrance without another word from Wayne Paxton.

As he got out of the car, he told the driver, "Leave the key and call it a day."

Turning his head, he saw Juliana Jacobs texting.

She sent the restaurant name to Summer Shaw.

Summer Shaw replied quickly, "OK, if I haven't heard from you by nine sharp, I'll lead the whole department there to fish you out."

Is it really that severe?

Juliana Jacobs almost couldn't help laughing out loud because of her words.

Wayne Paxton noticed the slight smile at her lips and said by the car, "Miss Jacobs, do you really not trust Paxton?"

Juliana Jacobs lowered her head, "Sorry, it's not that I don't trust you. I'm just chatting about some amusing matters with a friend."

"Miss Jacobs, there's no need to be so formal. I'm not much older than you; you don't need to use honorifics."

Wayne Paxton turned and walked toward the restaurant, and Juliana Jacobs quickly followed him.

Pushing open the private room door, Evan Grant was drinking cold medicine.

After drinking, he handed the cup to Stella Windsor.

Juliana Jacobs was taken aback for a moment, then followed Wayne Paxton inside.

"Apologies, President Grant, the traffic delayed us."

Evan Grant saw the two entering together and showed no expression, "I just arrived."

Stella Windsor looked a bit flustered, "Brother forgot to take his medicine, I came to deliver it. I'm leaving now."

Wayne Paxton chuckled, "President Grant and Mrs. Grant address each other as siblings. Truly a loving couple. Today was meant to get to know President Grant better, and since Mrs. Grant is here too, let's dine together."

The second time being called Mrs. Grant, especially in front of the rightful spouse, Stella Windsor opened her mouth but then lowered her head awkwardly.

Evan Grant glanced at Juliana Jacobs briefly and saw she turned away without any intention to correct, his eyes darkening.

Fine, since she resists the title "Mrs. Grant," he'll fulfill her wish.

"Sit down."

Simple words, yet they seemed to acknowledge Stella Windsor's identity.

Wayne Paxton smiled, "I just came to Kenton, not fully understanding the situation here. President Grant does new energy; Miss Jacobs specializes in energy storage research. Logically, cooperation should be mutually beneficial. Why can't you be friends?"

Evan Grant chuckled mockingly, tossing the hand towel onto the table.

"For reconciliation, you need a conciliatory attitude. The wine today is good," he looked at Stella Windsor, "you drink a few glasses for me."

Stella Windsor smiled shyly, "Ok, Brother."

Wayne Paxton understood, addressing Juliana Jacobs, "You should pour the wine."

Juliana Jacobs did not move, and Wayne Paxton whispered, "I came with sincerity to mediate for you; you wouldn't want me to handle this officially, right?"

Juliana Jacobs pursed her lips and stood up.

Throughout the meal, she played the role of a server.

After the third round of drinks, Stella Windsor's face was slightly flushed, seeming somewhat enticing.

Wayne Paxton found it enough, "President Grant, you see..."

Evan Grant knew what he was about to say, interrupting, "Director Paxton, you just arrived in Kenton, focus on your duties. It's best to give up on things that aren't worthwhile; don't waste time on meaningless matters."

Wayne Paxton understood the hint and was instead pleased.

"With President Grant's word, I feel reassured."

Juliana Jacobs put down the wine and towel, "Sorry, I need to take a call."

After saying that, she didn't care about people's expressions and walked straight out of the private room.

"Brother, I want to buy some hangover medicine," Stella Windsor whispered.

Evan Grant nodded.

In the corridor.

Juliana Jacobs just texted Summer Shaw asking her to come pick her up. She turned and saw Stella Windsor standing behind her.

Sensing her deliberate behavior, Juliana Jacobs asked coldly, "Miss Windsor, what are you trying to play this time?"

Stella Windsor dropped her timid and frail demeanor, tilted her head slightly, her eyes showing a 'what-do-you-care-if-you-know' arrogance.

"You're clever, but not clever enough, so you can't beat me. If Brother won't agree to the divorce, it's best you find a way to leave him, if you can't, just die, stop occupying the Mrs. Grant position and embarrassing yourself."

So, all of this was her plan.

Everyone was within her script, and she was removed from the situation.

Juliana Jacobs looked at her, the corners of her eyes carrying a trace of ridicule.

"So up until now, you crawl at his feet, not even as good as a dog, what have you won?"

Stella Windsor didn't show much anger, instead she leaned closer to Juliana Jacobs and whispered, "Old Man Linton's hospitalization was just a warning. If you stubbornly refuse, I'll make you and those you care about worse than dead."

Juliana Jacobs was about to get angry, but Stella Windsor suddenly pretended to be pushed and staggered, colliding with a passing server.

Juliana Jacobs realized the self-directed act, but stopping her was already too late.

Most of the hot soup from the server's tray spilled onto Stella Windsor's dress, a small portion splashed on Juliana Jacobs' trousers.

The commotion alarmed the two men in the private room.

"Brother... It hurts so much," Stella Windsor curled up amid the mess and sobbed, her thigh scalded red, "I begged Sister-in-law not to sue my mom, as a result, accidentally..."

She seemed to try hard to clear Juliana Jacobs, but strived without any excuse.

The nearby waiter was afraid of being blamed and hurriedly pointed at Juliana Jacobs saying, "This lady deliberately pushed her, I saw it."

Even with a thousand mouths, Juliana Jacobs couldn't explain it clearly.

Evan Grant's eyes turned chillingly cold.

"Your current behavior is nothing short of lunacy!"

After saying that, he lifted Stella Windsor horizontally, following the restaurant owner's guidance to a resting room to treat the scald.

An absurd feeling surged in Juliana Jacobs' heart.

Who exactly is crazy?

Who's truly blind?

"Miss Jacobs, your pants are also stained, how about I just..."

As he spoke, Wayne Paxton's hand grasped her neck.

Juliana Jacobs was about to push him away when she felt a sting on her neck, followed by her body losing strength.

Wayne Paxton took the opportunity to pick her up.

"...carry you to change your clothes, my sweet egg."

Chapter 75: Supporting Juliana Jacobs's Widowhood

After applying a cold compress, Stella's scalded leg felt much better, but she still needed to go to the hospital.

The restaurant owner waived their meal charges.

"What about the lady who was also scalded by the soup with her just now?" Evan asked.

He still cared about her that much.

Stella lowered her head, a flash of hatred in her eyes.

"The man who came with her carried her away, saying she was going to change clothes."

Evan's gaze was unfathomably deep.

...

Juliana woke up in a spacious room.

But aside from a bed, there was nothing else inside.

She had been changed into a long fabric dress, and the spot on her neck where she had been jabbed still hurt a bit.

In less than two minutes, Wayne brought in a horse-faced female doctor.

"Who are you really? What do you want?"

Juliana tried to get up from the bed but had no strength.

Wayne pulled out a photo from his phone and showed it to her, with a sinister smile on his face.

"Don't you look a lot like her?"

It was a composite photo of a person; Juliana didn't quite resemble it, only about sixty or seventy percent similar at best.

"My girlfriend wants a child that looks like her, and if your egg cells work, I can marry her. I've tried with many girls over the years, but they all failed. You're the 37th; I hope you'll succeed."

Juliana felt her scalp tingle hearing this.

How could she have encountered such a twisted situation?

"Was it Stella who led you to find me?"

"Who's Stella?" Wayne seemed puzzled.

Juliana ignored him, "Private confinement and coercion are illegal. Let me go!"

Wayne came over, reaching out to hold her.

"Once the embryo is successful, I'll let you go, I keep my word, it won't take long."

Just as he touched Juliana, she struggled fiercely in agitation.

"You pervert, don't touch me, let me go!"

"Don't rush, don't rush," Wayne hurried to explain, "I didn't explain clearly, I won't physically interact with you, nor let you get pregnant, I just need your egg cells."

But Juliana wouldn't listen at all.

Wayne, helpless, called in a few broad-shouldered and thick-waisted women to restrain her.

Juliana was pinned onto the examination bed, and the female doctor used equipment to check her.

"The number of egg cells is good, but it's not the right time now. If drugs are used to stimulate ovulation, we'll have to wait a week," the female doctor said.

"No, if she's missing for more than three days, someone will look for her. I must let her go before then."

The female doctor said nonchalantly, "Then use electric stimulation. Success within two or three days is possible."

Wayne nodded, "After taking them, don't forget to inject her with a drug for mental confusion, a larger dose is fine, don't let her escape and call the police like last time, we won't have anywhere else to go if we're chased out from here again."

After speaking, Wayne disappeared at the doorway of the room.

The female doctor took out an instrument crackling with electricity, coldly looking at the immobile Juliana.

"Hopefully, your body will cooperate, making it less painful for you."

"Hold her down, the electric shock will be painful, and she'll struggle with a lot of strength."

Juliana's breathing halted, her face instantly lost all color...

Summer searched the restaurant, but couldn't find Juliana.

When she called her phone, it was surprisingly switched off.

Wayne's phone, however, could be reached.

But he insisted he parted ways with Juliana at the restaurant entrance and didn't know where she went.

Summer felt like the sky had fallen.

Anxious all night, there was no news of Juliana.

Worried sick, she went early in the morning to Platinum Bay to intercept Evan.

Because in the dinner photo Juliana sent her last night, there was not only Wayne but also Evan and Stella.

As the Maybach slowly drove out of the Platinum Bay gate, Summer suddenly jumped out from the roadside.

Ethan slammed on the brakes, narrowly avoiding hitting her.

"Second Miss Shaw, even if you were born a cat, you can't just throw your life away like that."

Ethan got out to check if she was injured.

"Where's Evan? I want him to come out," Summer said.

Ethan's eyelid twitched, warning her, "Second Miss Shaw, even Dr. Shaw wouldn't dare speak to President Grant in that tone, please mind your manners."

"What's wrong with my tone? Did it hurt your feelings? Or bring shame to your ancestors?"

Ethan wasn't sure whether to scold her a bit.

At this moment, the back seat door opened, and Stella stepped out of the car.

Summer couldn't believe her eyes for a moment.

It was only seven-thirty; she definitely hadn't been at Platinum Bay early in the morning.

Thinking of Juliana's disappearance and Evan being busy spending the night with a wild woman made her furious.

"Wow, he's not even officially divorced yet, and you're already eager to jump into a mess. Didn't your mother consider the species when she had you?"

Stella swallowed her insult, didn't retort, and appropriately stepped forward to say, "My brother caught a cold, don't bother him with trivial things. Tell me if there's anything."

Can a missing wife be a small thing?

Summer was about to mention Juliana's disappearance when she heard Stella add, "As long as it's within my ability, I'll help you solve it."

So, she meant the news wouldn't reach Evan's ears.

Summer wasn't having it, trying to bypass her to open the car's back door.

"I told you, don't disturb my brother; he's sick."

Stella, under the pretense of blocking, bumped directly into Summer.

Summer, already fuming and ready to find someone to fight, obliged and gave her a hard shove.

Stella fell, her head hitting the car door.

"Miss Windsor, are you okay?"

Ethan hurried forward to check.

But Stella's head drooped, and she passed out.

"Damn, she hit her head!"

Ethan quickly dialed 911.

At this moment, the back seat door opened again, and Evan stepped out of the car.

He indeed wasn't feeling well; after losing sleep over Juliana leaving with Wayne last night, his eyes had dark circles, and his gaze grew colder as it landed on the unconscious Stella.

Upon seeing him, Summer said excitedly, "Evan, your wife..."

"Shut up!" Evan interrupted her sharply, "Let your brother see the mess you've made!"

Summer: "..."

Death to the spouse!

Resolutely supporting Juliana's widowhood!!

At the hospital, Caleb hadn't gotten off work yet.

He arranged for a nurse to take Stella for various examinations.

Evan rubbed his forehead, "Arrange a VIP room for her later."

Caleb: "Don't worry, my sister's fault; I'll take full responsibility and won't let your woman suffer any grievance."

Evan frowned, looking at him, "Do you also think so?"

Caleb raised an eyebrow, "How many times have you come to the hospital with your own wife? Which of Stella's treatment bills haven't been under your name? If being friends with you requires blinding oneself, then..."

The rest was too heavy to say, so Caleb only shrugged, not voicing it.

"Find a caregiver for her,"

Evan turned and left.

At the doorway of the doctor's office, Ethan said to Summer, "Second Miss Shaw, you were too impulsive. Miss Windsor came early this morning to give President Grant medicine. They were in the same car because President Grant was giving her a lift home."

Summer scoffed, "Has Evan gone bankrupt and can't afford medicine, needing a mistress to buy it for him? His wife has..."

Before she could finish, the office door opened, and Evan walked out with a gloomy face.

Summer closed her mouth.

The man didn't glance at her, directly leaving, and Ethan quickly followed.

Caleb looked at his sister, face stern, "Aren't you dropping your worth by getting physical with such people?"

Summer bit her lip, "Juliana's gone missing, it's been a whole night, I'm worried."

Caleb frowned, "What?"

Summer was about to cry.

"It was for the company matter, and after Wayne took her to a dinner, she disappeared. It's been over ten hours, and who knows what she's going through."

Caleb, still calm, asked for all the details and immediately sought a friend to check the surveillance around that night.

Sure enough, they got a clue.

Juliana was carried into a car by Wayne.

"That bastard, he said Juliana took a cab herself," Summer said.

"Let's go, call the police to find Wayne!" Caleb said.

Chapter 76: The Urge to Die Has Never Been So Strong

Wayne Paxton sat in his office, wearing an impeccably pressed suit, calmly looking at the police officers.

"Then I must have remembered wrong. I had dinner with President Grant last night, drank a couple too many, and got confused."

Summer Shaw didn't believe a word he said.

"The surveillance footage is crystal clear. It was you who carried her into the car. Stop using being drunk as an excuse. Hand her over!"

Wayne frowned, "I have a dashcam. Though it doesn't capture the inside of the car, it records audio. Why don't we let the police listen to it and see what the truth is?"

Caleb Shaw was observing Wayne's expression with quiet skepticism.

The dashcam ultimately showed that just before the car reached South Kenton Bridge, Juliana Jacobs' voice could be heard asking to stop, saying she wanted to take a walk by the river. Then there was the sound of the car door closing, along with Wayne's voice trying to dissuade her.

"So," Wayne smiled, "Miss Jacobs got out of the car on her own. Doesn't that clear me of suspicion?"

The police thought for a moment and then said he should cooperate if there were any further developments before leaving.

Caleb then asked, "Did Director Paxton remember the wrong location where you and Juliana parted ways because you drank last night?"

Wayne's sharp gaze shot towards him, "The Shaw Family has a lot of clout, meddling in every affair?"

Caleb chuckled, "Reporting a drunk driver is the civic duty of any responsible citizen."

...

Summer was so angry she almost bit her lip.

"Juliana is definitely in his hands. He's not telling the truth."

Caleb remained composed, "In his position, drunk driving would get him suspended. We'll keep a close eye on him to see where he's hiding her."

"But can Juliana wait? What if he's a psycho and does something to her..."

The rest was something Summer dared not imagine.

Caleb paused, deciding that Evan should be informed.

So he found his number and dialed it.

"Hello..."

To his surprise, it was Stella Windsor who answered the phone.

Caleb was taken aback; Evan was known never to part with his phone, unless...

"Wh... why is it you?"

"My brother took the wrong phone. Does Dr. Shaw need to speak with him? I can pass a message."

Caleb didn't respond, simply hanging up.

...

Wayne returned to the villa at Southwood Estate.

He went down to the basement where a doctor had just finished another round of electroshock and was preparing to clock out.

Juliana was slumped in a corner, like a broken puppet.

"Did you get it?" Wayne asked.

The female doctor shook her head, "Not ideal."

Wayne lost patience, "Useless garbage shouldn't exist."

The female doctor was shutting down her computer, her hand trembled slightly.

"Increasing the current might work, but there's a risk. If it fails, she'll be completely ruined."

"If she's ruined, bury her in the garden!" Wayne said.

The female doctor took off her lab coat, "Alright, but you'll have to wait 12 hours."

Wayne frowned, "Why wait so long?"

"This is her last chance. If it doesn't work, you'll need to find Donor Number 38, so the success rate needs to be higher."

The female doctor spoke as if discussing bland soybean milk from breakfast.

Wayne waved her off, signaling her to leave.

"Someone might be watching outside, be cautious when leaving."

Finishing his sentence, he walked over to Juliana, half-kneeling and grabbing her hair to lift her head.

Juliana's eyes were dull, her lips dribbled with bloody saliva, her skin an unnatural shade of greyish-blue.

Wayne shook his head, "I feel so sorry for you. Why not cooperate with me? Call your friends and tell them you're traveling for half a month, and I'll treat you gently?"

Juliana spat a mouthful of bloody phlegm at him.

"I will never fulfill any of your wishes, unless you kill me."

The pain from the electroshocks made her wish for death, and whenever she was about to pass out, they injected her with drugs, forcing her to stay conscious.

The torment, every four hours, had pushed her to her limits; never had the thought of death been so appealing.

Wayne chuckled, "You're unwanted by President Grant, no use being stubborn now. Cooperate with me, and maybe once the cells are extracted, I might consider keeping you around for your pretty face."

It turned out he had always known about her relationship with Evan.

Juliana stared at him in shock.

Wayne raised an eyebrow, "What? Your husband stands by that woman publicly, makes you serve tea, even implies to me that you're just discarded goods. Are you still counting on him to save you?"

Juliana gritted her teeth and smiled, "Go find Number 38. You'll get nothing from me."

Wayne, seeing her stubbornness, slammed her head against the tiles and walked away.

Juliana slowly lifted her head, her dimmed eyes suddenly blazing with a strong will to survive.

The villains live, why should she die first!

Twelve hours was her window for escape.

She struggled to sit up, surveying the room.

There were cameras, but she didn't think Wayne would sit watching them constantly.

The female doctor's computer was still there, but it probably wasn't connected to the internet.

The room had only one door for entry and exit.

So Wayne didn't handcuff or shackle her because he wasn't worried about her calling for help or escaping.

But eventually, her strength gave out, and she collapsed again.

After rounds of electric shocks, she couldn't even muster the strength to crawl. It was a dead-end, no escape scenario.

...

Meanwhile, Summer was losing her patience.

"Why don't we just grab Wayne and interrogate him?"

Caleb was changing his clothes, "Who do you think you are? A mob boss? Or Evan Grant?"

Summer, "..."

"The place he lives has been checked, nothing unusual. You have no idea about Wayne's background. Aren't you concerned about our parents' later years?"

Summer was deeply troubled, "But Juliana is in danger."

Having seen much life and death, Caleb was more rational.

"Juliana's foster family can't speak for her, and her husband's family isn't involved. What can you, an outsider, do? Ideally, you can help, but if you can't..."

He paused for a few seconds.

Summer balled her hands into fists, glaring at him.

"...then find someone who can help."

That was at least something human to say.

"I'm off to a night shift. Keep an eye out. If Juliana sends you anything, either report it to the police or tell me to find a way, but don't act alone."

With that, Caleb left.

Waiting for her to send a message?

If trapped, she couldn't use a phone, but she could still connect Aetherflame's server using a cipher key to contact herself!

Summer immediately went to the company.

...

Juliana, half-unconscious, had a brief sleep, feeling slightly less weak.

Unaware of the time, disregarding whether someone was monitoring the security cameras, she crawled to the laptop.

The laptop had no internet, and there was no network to be found here.

She picked up the nearby power adapter, smashing it, and used its parts to assemble a makeshift signal transmitter...

Juliana's fingers trembled over the keyboard.

It was five-thirty in the morning; she didn't know if anyone was at the Aetherflame computer.

Just then, the sound of high heels on the marble stairs outside startled Juliana, not daring to wait to see if anyone was there, she smashed the laptop as well.

Meanwhile, Summer received an address and was about to respond when the line went dead.

She jumped up from her chair in shock.

Deciding between calling the police or contacting Caleb, she ultimately chose to pull out a simple business card from her bag and dialed the secretary's number in Kingsford...

At six in the morning, in the penthouse suite of The Apex Hotel.

The secretary hadn't even had time to wash his face, merely tidied his hair before knocking on his boss's door.

The man seemed to be working out, with a sheen of sweat on his forehead.

"That Miss Shaw called me just now, asking for a little favor."

The man pressed his lips, indicating for him to continue.

"It's actually a small matter that the police can't handle. Though we've conducted two DNA tests, and Miss Shaw isn't who we're looking for, so... should we wade into these murky waters of Kenton?"

Chapter 77: Elias Langley

Southwood Estate Villa Basement.

Because Juliana Jacobs smashed the computer and equipment, Wayne Paxton had new equipment brought in, causing a delay. It wasn't until after seven that they were ready to give her the final electric shock.

Moreover, Wayne Paxton didn't make it easy for Juliana.

He gave her a few hard slaps, causing her ears to temporarily lose hearing.

Wayne Paxton grabbed her chin and said, "You're just the trash Evan Grant discarded. No one cares if you live or die. Do you think you can walk out alive?"

Juliana smiled, showing her blood-red teeth, "Why do you keep mentioning him? Are you that afraid of him?"

Wayne Paxton threw her to the ground, "You're not cute at all, which is why no man likes you."

At this moment, a burly maid rushed into the basement and whispered a few words to him.

Wayne Paxton's expression changed slightly after hearing this, and he instructed the female doctor, "Quickly do it to her; the garden is out of fertilizer."

Then he left the basement.

Living room on the first floor.

Wayne Paxton smiled at the secretary standing in front of the coffee table, "You can't search even if you want to. If Miss Shaw has evidence, just bring the police and let them search."

Summer Shaw was so anxious her face turned white, "Don't think I don't know; you've already informed the police station, and they won't come back. The IP Juliana sent in the early morning was from here. Hand her over."

Wayne Paxton raised his eyebrows, "Without evidence, get out, or I'll call the police and accuse you of trespassing."

The secretary smiled and adjusted his glasses, "Let us search, and naturally, there will be evidence."

Wayne Paxton heard the Kingsford accent and asked cautiously, "Who are you? My surname is Paxton, so be ready for the consequences of meddling."

The secretary glanced at the man sitting on the sofa, still smiling, "I'm just a country person; my name is not worth mentioning."

With that, he made a gesture.

Several trained individuals spread out.

However, after searching around, they found nothing.

Just as Wayne Paxton was about to lose his temper, the man sitting on the sofa stood up, leisurely stomped his foot.

The rich voice made Wayne Paxton gasp.

"Mr. Paxton, this floor is indeed solid."

A few people understood, and finally found the entrance to the basement hidden in the storage room under the stairs.

This time, the man led the way.

As soon as he stepped down, there was a loud "clang."

The iron door inside was violently slammed open.

Juliana Jacobs staggered and rolled out, followed by several strong-built women.

She instinctively grabbed onto the shiny leather shoes in front of her, using all her strength to look up at him, her eyes full of a desperate will to survive.

"Please... save me..."

The man frowned as the women who chased after her were captured by the people he brought.

Juliana was very dirty, her gray dress stained with dried, reddish-brown blood, mixing with the sour smell of sweat.

Ordinarily, such matters required no action from him.

Yet after a moment of focus, he inexplicably bent down and picked her up.

"Juliana..." Summer Shaw nearly cried seeing her condition.

Juliana weakly leaned on the man's shoulder, her nose filled with his clear woody scent.

Three times in a row, this wisp of fragrance drove the gears of fate at the critical moment, lifting her back from despair to the world.

Wayne Paxton lay on the ground, his head pinned under someone's foot, still talking tough.

"Who are you people, from Kingsford? Do you not know how to write the 'Paxton' of the Paxton Family?"

The secretary walked next to the man, lowered his voice, "This Wayne Paxton was expelled from Lyrria for illegal detention. The company not only didn't fire him but transferred him to Kenton to oversee regional business. Seems he's related to that 'Paxton.'

"You know my background and still treat me like this, put that woman down, and I won't pursue this further."

Wayne Paxton tried several times but couldn't get up from under the man's foot.

The man chuckled lightly, carried Juliana, and walked away.

The car headed to the hospital.

The man sat in the front passenger seat, leaving the back seat for the two ladies.

Summer held Juliana's hand, wiping away tears.

"Drunk driving only ends with a fine, calling the police won't help; can no one stop him? Even Evan Grant just sat there watching while a pervert took you away from the dinner; does he really want to be a widower?"

These words suddenly reminded Juliana.

Juliana perked up and sat straight, "Isn't the Core Energy Summit today?"

Summer Shaw nodded.

Juliana said, "I'm not going to the hospital; I have to go home to change and then to the summit."

"Juliana," Summer said with a slight sob, "look at your injuries; we need to go to the hospital now."

Juliana shook her head, "They used a lot of drugs on me to keep me awake during the electric shocks. I won't collapse anytime soon. I owe Evan a second grand gesture, and it's today!"

Summer Shaw didn't know how to persuade her.

The man turned around and saw the bruised and purplish traces of electricity still faintly visible on her skin, with black-red scabs even embedded in her nails. Her face was bloodless, yet inexplicably stubborn.

Despite having seen a lot and often being unruffled, he couldn't help frowning again.

The secretary understood, and after getting the address, drove the car to the apartment.

Juliana was helped out by Summer, but after a few steps, she suddenly turned back.

She opened her battered palm towards the front seat.

"You've saved me four times... Can I know your name?"

The man's gaze swept over the crisscrossing scars on her palm, his finger landed gently.

"Elias Langley."

His cool fingertip danced over her palm, skillfully avoiding the wounds.

As soon as he finished writing the three characters, he withdrew his hand, as if afraid of hurting her by staying a second longer.

"Thank you."

Juliana bowed to him.

She knew she was in a sorry state at that moment and didn't have the energy to properly thank him.

If there's fate, she would repay him next time they met.

"Boss, still leaving?" the secretary asked with a smile.

"You don't know my schedule today?"

Elias Langley withdrew his gaze and closed the car window.

The secretary said, "Miss Jacobs' eyebrows and eyes slightly resemble the AI-simulated adult portrait of madam, perhaps it's fate."

Over the years, they've tested dozens of girls who resembled the AI simulation, none turned out to be her.

Eventually, they deemed the AI simulation unreliable and abandoned that searching method.

The secretary said this, teasing the boss's different treatment towards this woman compared to others.

Elias Langley looked at him lightly, "Have you finished all your work, so now you have time to tease me?"

The secretary straightened up immediately, "What about Wayne Paxton? His acts of detention and electric shock are outrageous, yet he's tied to the Paxton name."

"Give the bank supervisory authority a heads-up. Garbage expelled from abroad shouldn't be employed again. As for the rest..." Elias Langley smiled faintly, "let the Paxton Family hold Evan Grant accountable for this."

....

Apartment.

Juliana walked out of the bathroom, toweling her wet hair, the steam finally bringing some color to her pale face.

"How do you know someone like Elias Langley?" she asked.

Summer Shaw handed her a glass of milk.

"Ah, at the hospital entrance, I bumped into his car. His secretary left a business card for me. Do you know his status? He's the president of the Helios Energy Council, a goldmine many new energy companies want to cozy up to."

"I've thought it over; neither my brother nor the police could fully guarantee your rescue. Only he could. So I gave it a shot and called. Who knew Elias Langley, what a nice man."

Summer chuckled as she spoke.

"Juliana," she sat beside Juliana, calculating meticulously, "if you're going to find a man again, find someone like President Langley. Having him is like having armor."

Juliana took a sip of milk, smiled at her words.

"Don't dream; there's no chance. I saw the ring on his left ring finger."

After what happened with Evan Grant, Juliana doesn't want to marry; she wants to be alone.

"Is that so..."

Summer was a bit disappointed.

During the more than a day Juliana was imprisoned, Wayne Paxton gave her no food, but because they used a lot of drugs, she didn't feel hungry.

The drug effects have a limit; she changed clothes, put on gloves and a mask to cover the injuries on her face, and hurriedly set off to the convention center with Summer.

But at the entrance, they were stopped.

The staff looked at the invitation card in Summer's hand, and regrettably said, "Sorry, the Aetherflame Dynamics invitation card has been invalidated."

Chapter 78: Her Counterattack—Fierce and Unyielding

"Why was it invalidated? This came from your organizers."

Summer Shaw was anxious.

"Did Evan Grant tell you to do this?"

The staff did not explain, instead pushing them aside, allowing other corporate representatives to enter the forum.

At that moment, a man stopped in front of them.

"Miss Jacobs?" Jared Langley tentatively asked.

Juliana Jacobs was wrapped up tightly; she met his gaze and nodded, "President Langley."

Jared Langley saw them standing outside and gave a slight smile, "Evan Grant made it clear he wants you blocked. Do you still intend to persist?"

"Does President Langley have a way to let us in?" Juliana asked.

Jared Langley raised his eyebrows without speaking.

Juliana knew the cost of asking for his help, "I will definitely repay your favor."

"Without the support of a husband and no social status as Mrs. Grant, what can you offer me?" Jared Langley asked.

Juliana knew he was refusing, so she averted her gaze, preparing to think of another way.

Just then, Jared Langley told the staff, "These two are my friends."

The staff immediately smiled politely, "Blackstar Technologies has four invitation slots; you're welcome to enter with your friends."

Reality is indeed this pragmatic.

Juliana and Summer Shaw followed Jared Langley into the venue. Without the name tag for Aetherflame Dynamics, they didn't even have a seat.

Fortunately, the summit wouldn't officially start for another twenty minutes, so many corporate leaders were still outside viewing products at the display stands.

Jared Langley looked at Juliana with a smile, "Continue with me?"

But that would come with a price.

Juliana bowed her head slightly, "Thank you, President Langley, for getting us in. We won't trouble you with what's next."

"Then good luck to you."

Jared Langley smiled, walking away with a hint of arrogance with his entourage.

Juliana immediately split up with Summer Shaw.

Summer Shaw received a titanium alloy box from the company secretary at the side door, and the two hurried towards the core display area.

They needed to seize the ten minutes before the official start of the summit to unveil Aetherflame's newly developed heavy-duty truck battery in the core exhibition area.

As they jogged through the service passage, Juliana staggered, and Summer Shaw quickly supported her.

"Can you still hold up? If not, I'll go."

Juliana took a couple of breaths, "It's nothing. I can do it."

Seeing her pushing herself to the last breath, Summer Shaw's eyes turned a bit red.

As they turned a corner, two security guards approached them.

Summer Shaw cleverly stuffed the box into a nearby cleaning cart, then wobbled as if she were about to faint.

"Oh no, I seem to have heatstroke, I'm going to faint, going to faint."

The two security guards hurriedly helped her to the rest area, and Juliana was ignored.

Juliana picked up the heavy titanium alloy box, almost losing balance, gritting her teeth as she quickly ran into the core exhibition area.

Inside the exhibition area, Evan Grant and the summit host Dr. Gale were walking together.

Dr. Gale was a leading expert in the field of new energy batteries.

"Nowadays, the development of new energy heavy trucks is nearly complete, leaving battery technology as the decisive factor. If the power and temperature control challenges of special operation vehicles are conquered, it will surely 'bloom alone and kill all to awe'."

Evan Grant nodded, "Whoever can achieve a technological breakthrough will surely become the industry leader."

But Dr. Gale sighed, "However, as far as I know, there has been no progress globally in the relevant technologies."

As soon as he finished speaking, he noticed a familiar figure on the second floor, then said goodbye to Evan Grant and left.

Ethan Carter approached and whispered, "President Grant, the people from Aetherflame Dynamics still got in, couldn't stop them."

Evan Grant's expression turned grim for a moment; just as he was about to speak, a clear female voice came from the Titan Heavy Industries' platform, "President Holt, can your company's new energy heavy truck achieve 800 kilometers range with a 15-minute rapid charge?"

Stanley Holt looked over, unable to recognize Juliana as she was fully armed, but found the voice familiar.

The assistant stepped forward, "Are you here to cause trouble? Where are the security guards, where..."

Stanley Holt graciously stopped his assistant and looked at Juliana, "Then why don't you show us?"

Juliana's heart raced, knowing the medication was nearing its end.

After taking a deep breath, she quickly took out a battery module from the box.

Everyone was astonished.

This set of non-lithium solid-state battery systems had a smaller volume than the various brands of heavy-duty truck lithium battery modules currently on the market but boasted a higher density of functionality.

Juliana swiftly assembled the equipment and was about to demonstrate when Jared Langley's voice came from the audience.

"If it's a breakthrough product, why not show us the entire test results?"

Juliana looked at him; Jared Langley smiled nonchalantly, as if watching a show, yet also seemed to be giving her a chance to demonstrate.

But that would require using a professional transparent test chamber.

Dr. Gale turned to the man next to him, "Mr. Langley, do you think such a product exists?"

Elias Langley showed no facial expression, "The purpose of the summit is to acquire breakthrough products. If it's false advertising, just throw it out."

Immediately, Dr. Gale took out a wireless microphone, "Then let's use the transparent display chamber."

This implied that the upcoming summit would be delayed for her.

Juliana was startled for a moment, seeing Elias Langley, and her eyes welled up with gratitude.

"President Grant, is the person on the platform your wife?" Ethan Carter thought the voice sounded like her.

Evan Grant pressed his lips together, remaining silent.

"Hey, even with a mask on, why would Mrs. Grant come here to make a fool of herself?" Ethan Carter sighed.

Both he and Evan Grant believed that a full-time housewife of four years could not possibly develop a successful product in a short time that professional teams had failed to achieve over the years.

After the battery module entered the display chamber, Jared Langley quietly instructed his assistant, "Set the temperature range to -50 degrees to 70 degrees."

The assistant's heart jolted.

This would simulate extreme conditions from polar regions to deserts, a test no existing battery could withstand.

He couldn't understand if the boss wanted to boost Juliana's reputation or embarrass her, but he immediately agreed, "I'll get on it."

Juliana noticed the temperature being reset, but it was too late.

Summer Shaw squeezed her arm, "Damn! We've never done this extreme test before..."

Juliana wiped away the cold sweat on her forehead and pressed her trembling wrist.

"Don't panic; we'll just get test data now?"

She focused on the blinking indicator lights inside the chamber as the light in front of her flickered back and forth.

Just as her legs started to go weak, the temperature curve finally stabilized within a safe threshold, and the chamber indicator light turned a stable green.

Summer Shaw widened her eyes, "It... it succeeded?!"

A confident smile bloomed on Juliana's lips.

On the data screen, performance parameters were even 5% higher than at normal temperatures.

Jared Langley stared at the report on the display, his gaze gradually deepening, "Interesting..."

Dr. Gale couldn't hide his excitement, "This is... a groundbreaking new technology astounding the world."

Meanwhile, Elias Langley observed the woman on the platform, devoid of desire or hostility, calmly deconstructing her unexpected variable presence.

Leaning on Summer Shaw for support, Juliana turned towards the crowd, her slightly hoarse voice carrying an edge.

"Thank you to the summit organizers for allowing us to demonstrate. Aetherflame Dynamics fully owns the entire chain of independent intellectual property for this technology. We are now seeking an exclusive strategic partner globally. But I must emphasize, we will not collaborate with the Cortexa Group under any circumstances!"

The words fell, causing a stir in the crowd.

This final statement undoubtedly put an end to Evan Grant's heavily invested core project.

Juliana's retaliation was ruthless and resolute.

She began to breathe heavily, and Summer Shaw quickly supported her through the service passage.

"I informed my brother; he should be at the entrance soon. Do you want to..."

Summer Shaw hadn't finished her sentence when someone grabbed Juliana's shoulder.

"Four years pretending to be an unworldly housewife, was it all just an act for me?"

Evan Grant pulled her forcefully back.

Juliana seemed to lose weight, falling back from Summer Shaw's support.

However, Evan Grant didn't catch her but grabbed her wrist, yanking off her glove.

"This skill of yours..."

The glove slipped off, revealing net-like bruises on the back of her hand from being struck.

Juliana hit the wall, her mask slipping, revealing her pale face with a purple bruise.

Evan Grant's reprimand was abruptly silenced...

Chapter 79: Evan Grant's Regret and Kneeling Down

"Evan Grant, do you want her to die?"

Caleb Shaw rushed up from behind, swinging his fist.

But Evan Grant reacted quickly, grabbing his fist in an instant.

In terms of fighting, Caleb Shaw was no match for him.

Caleb Shaw decisively shook off his hand and turned to support Juliana.

"Electric shock injuries can easily lead to delayed death. Why didn't you go to the hospital immediately? Why did you try to tough it out?"

Juliana lost consciousness and slumped down along the base of the wall.

Caleb Shaw quickly picked her up.

"The ambulance is right at the door; we need to get her to the hospital for emergency care immediately."

Juliana's arms hung limply at her sides.

The ashen skin and the blackened red scabs under her fingernails pierced deeply into Evan Grant's eyes.

He grabbed Summer Shaw, "What happened?"

Upon hearing this, Summer Shaw got angry.

She yanked his hand away and grabbed his pristine suit.

"You were the one who let Wayne Paxton take her away at the dinner party. You don't know what happened? Or did Wayne tell you that taking her egg cells only required electric shocks and no physical contact, so you agreed?"

Evan Grant was too shocked to speak.

Summer Shaw's eyes were red with rage.

"If it weren't for you relentlessly blocking our company, would Juliana have disregarded her life to present her life's work to everyone? You aren't her husband; you're a devil!"

Evan Grant ignored her words and turned to leave.

The ambulance wailed all the way to the hospital.

Juliana was directly wheeled into the emergency room for multi-departmental rescue.

Not long after, a doctor came out holding a critical condition notice.

"The patient has internal organ damage and severe abdominal burns, accompanied by vascular and nerve damage. The situation is grim. We need a family member to sign this notice and prepare psychologically. Who is the patient's family?"

Evan Grant stepped forward and said, "That's me."

The doctor gave him an incredulous look. She rarely watched business news and didn't recognize Evan Grant.

"Are you her husband?"

Evan Grant nodded.

The doctor's tone was somewhat harsh, "Did you cause your wife's injuries?"

Evan Grant didn't respond, but his eyes turned slightly red.

"Of course not," Ethan Carter said from the side.

"Your wife has suffered from illegal abuse, and our hospital recommends calling the police."

The doctor handed him the pen.

Evan Grant had never imagined his hand would tremble while signing something one day.

Each stroke of the pen felt like it was piercing his heart deeply.

He suddenly remembered how, in the past, she would come to him with red eyes, asking him to blow on cuts from paper.

He couldn't imagine how someone so afraid of pain could continue to preserve the will to live and persist in self-rescue under repeated electric shocks and shattered dignity.

The doctor took the signed critical condition notice and told him unemotionally, "Your wife's endometrium is also damaged. The other party's methods were extremely malicious. If she cannot bear children in the future... please treat her well."

Evan Grant felt as if he had been choked and couldn't speak.

At this moment, Caleb Shaw led in a team of professionals in white coats.

"These are top cardiology, neurology, and burn specialists from Kingsford. They will now take over the emergency room."

Ethan Carter was surprised, "We haven't had time to ask the hospital to organize a medical team yet. How did they come?"

"I don't know either, but from now on, she's not alone with you guys anymore."

After saying this, Caleb Shaw led the medical team into the emergency room and then stepped out himself.

Evan Grant still appeared wooden.

Summer Shaw couldn't take it anymore and rushed up again, pointing at his nose, "To get the Titan Heavy Industries contract, she got drenched in the rain outside a restaurant, while you hugged your mistress delaying time on purpose, letting her get a high fever. The next day, on the golf course, you intensified your torment. She fainted, but you only showed her your departing back."

"She fainted?" Evan Grant frowned, "I... I didn't know."

Summer Shaw sneered.

"When she was on the mountain top at the hot springs, didn't you know that after you left, she almost got pushed off a cliff?"

Evan Grant opened his mouth, unable to make a sound.

"Each danger she faced came from you. Yet every time you managed to perfectly miss it! As for that delicate mistress of yours, if she lost a single hair, you'd rush to her side. You say you love Juliana, but every action of yours speaks to a greater love for that shameless woman."

"If Juliana doesn't divorce you, is she supposed to be tormented to death by you? Evan Grant, go live your damned life cuddling your mistress! Leave Juliana alone, will you?"

Evan Grant fell to his knees as if his soul had been drained. He paid no attention to the expensive suit rubbing against the grime at the edge of the emergency room door.

He mechanically lifted his hand as if to grab something, but only grasped empty air.

Just like these past few years, he believed the marriage was secure in his hands when, in reality, it had long worn away with each inflicted wound.

And today, every word from Summer Shaw turned into a sharp knife, nailing him to the pillar of shame as a "perpetrator," leaving not a shred of room for defense.

"Juliana..." his voice trembled.

"You don't deserve to call her! Evan Grant, divorcing is the only kind act you can do in this lifetime; don't let her get hurt because of a scumbag like you anymore."

"Miss Shaw, President Grant is already very upset, please don't blame him anymore."

Ethan Carter couldn't bear watching any longer.

He had never seen his boss look so anguished.

"If he knows what it means to be upset..."

Summer Shaw was about to continue, but Caleb Shaw stopped her.

Caleb Shaw shook his head at her. To stab with intent requires precision; a wound that is neither too shallow nor too deep can inflict lasting pain without killing.

At this time, George Grant jogged over, as if searching for something.

Seeing Evan Grant, his eyes lit up.

Just...

"Evan, why are you kneeling on the floor?"

Ethan Carter quickly helped Evan Grant to his feet and asked on his behalf, "Master George, is there something you need?"

"The company is trending online, saying our major investment project took a huge hit. The board is in chaos, and Stella was worried about you. She got hit by a car while going out to find you and is now upstairs receiving treatment. I just heard from a nurse that the top expert team from Kingsford has arrived. I want to ask them to consult for Stella on behalf of the Grant Family immediately."

Before Evan Grant could speak, Summer Shaw scoffed, "What a poetic car accident, and the mistress isn't even dead."

George Grant flared up instantly, "You ungrateful girl, the Grant and Shaw families have been family friends. Why would you team up with that woman to set Evan up?"

"Tsk," Summer Shaw retorted, "Isn't Grant family etiquette about biting others and then blaming them for fighting back?"

George Grant raised his hand in anger, and Caleb Shaw stepped forward.

Slap!

George Grant's slap landed heavily on Caleb Shaw's shoulder.

"Father..."

Evan Grant spoke, but his tone was heavy.

"The doctors here were saving lives before the expert team came to Kenton. If you truly care about someone, you should be waiting outside the treatment room."

George Grant exclaimed anxiously, "But that's Stella! If the person inside were going to die, they would've died already. What's the harm in borrowing an expert?"

Chapter 80: Juliana Jacobs: I Don't Want Him Anymore

"Master George, the person inside is your wife," Ethan Carter reminded from the side.

Upon hearing this, George Grant was taken aback, and then he actually started laughing.

"Is karma happening so fast? Great! Get the experts out, we won't be resuscitating."

Ethan Carter closed his eyes briefly, "Master George, the experts in Kingsford weren't called by us, and they won't give you face."

The smile on George Grant's face froze, "Juliana has no family, no one will help her. Who called the experts for her?"

Ethan Carter replied politely, "If you are self-aware, you wouldn't ask that question."

George Grant: "..."

"Ethan Carter," Evan Grant's voice turned colder, "get security to throw him out!"

George Grant: "....."

Shortly after, the door to the emergency room suddenly opened.

The leading expert removed his mask, a heavy expression still lingering on his face.

"The patient's condition has been stabilized, but we'll need to observe for a few more hours. If all is well, she can be transferred to the ICU."

Evan Grant's Adam's apple rolled, and the hand hanging by his side was clenched to the point of turning white. In the end, he only nodded slightly, "Thank you..."

The expert studied him several times, and his tone grew more solemn.

"Although the patient is out of danger, she's been repeatedly experiencing stress reactions while comatose, incessantly shouting 'No.' This level of post-traumatic stress may accompany her for a long time. If you're her family, consider thoroughly how to help her overcome this hurdle."

Evan Grant's eyes were bloodshot, with veins bursting like a spider web at the bottom.

He looked at Caleb Shaw, "Please watch over her for a moment."

After saying this, he walked out.

"Where are you going? Your wife hasn't even come out yet. What's more important than her?"

However, Evan Grant did not respond, and his silhouette disappeared down the hallway.

"He's probably still tangled up with that bitch," Summer Shaw mocked, "The Grant Family's inherited shamelessness, always eating shit. You should stay away from him, and if you dare to treat my cousin that way, I'll have our parents kick you out!"

Caleb Shaw: "..."

Southwood Estate Villa Basement.

Wayne Paxton was blindfolded and thrown to the ground.

He cursed while tearing off the blindfold.

When he saw who was in front of him, he was momentarily stunned and then laughed.

"So it's President Grant. If you wanted to see me, a phone call would have sufficed. There's no need to use such methods to arrange a meeting, right?"

He attempted to stand but was kicked in the knee pit by Ethan Carter and knelt again.

"Juliana is my wife," Evan Grant said emotionlessly.

Wayne Paxton pretended ignorance.

"Is that so? Didn't you personally admit that the woman beside you that night was your wife?"

Slap!

Ethan Carter gave him a slap.

"How long have you been eyeing her? Stop playing dumb here!"

At Ethan Carter's prompt, the horse-faced female doctor was thrown in front of Wayne Paxton.

The woman's face was battered and bruised, and she was so scared she couldn't even stand.

"Boss, he wants to cut my hands off! Save me!"

"The electric shock was your idea, and you were the one who drugged and brought her. Over the years, I've acted per your instructions."

"I don't even know who she is, this has nothing to do with me..."

Wayne Paxton got angry, "Shut up!"

After saying this, he looked at Evan Grant, no longer pretending.

"You were the one who ordered Aetherflame Dynamics to shut down, otherwise she wouldn't have come into my view. You also hinted at the dining table that she was a woman you didn't want, which is why I targeted her. If you're going to retaliate against me, why not start with yourself?"

Evan Grant squatted halfway in front of him, let out a cold laugh, and his knuckles creaked.

"I indeed deserve retribution, so now I'll personally take out the trash."

As he said this, he punched Wayne Paxton in the stomach, causing his features to contort with pain.

Evan Grant wiped his hands as he stood up, the horse-faced female doctor next to him trembled in fear.

He gave a faint smile, his eyes filled with murderous intent, and asked, "Do you wish to die?"

The woman quickly shook her head.

"I'll give you two choices: either you give him a vasectomy or I'll chop off your hands."

The horse-faced female doctor gasped sharply.

Wayne Paxton panicked.

"Evan Grant, does being the richest man in Kenton make you amazing? With a flick of a finger, the Paxton Family can turn you into a pauper! Are you a fool, throwing away your business empire for a woman?"

However, Evan Grant seemed to not hear him at all.

He looked at the environment of the basement, his heart already ablaze with fury.

Juliana had suffered inhuman abuse in such an environment for over a day, crying out in vain...

He hated himself to the core.

"I don't have much patience," he said to the horse-faced female doctor.

The female doctor steeled her heart, "I'll do it!"

In less than an hour, on the bed where Juliana had been pressed down and subjected to electroshock trauma, Wayne Paxton experienced a gender conversion.

"President Grant, will you let me go now?"

The doctor was covered in blood, and Evan Grant found her so repulsive that he didn't want to spare her a glance.

He instructed Ethan Carter, "Send her to Starkharbor."

The doctor was shocked, as that place was a market for trading internal organs.

"Once in that place, there's no coming back. You promised, as long as I did it, you wouldn't kill me..."

Evan Grant's face carried a shadowy smile, "I'm not killing you now, am I? Whether you survive there has nothing to do with me."

The horse-faced female doctor: "..."

...

Hospital.

After Juliana's observation period ended, she was transferred to the ICU, but was stopped at the room's entrance.

The nurse complained to the room, "This was prepared for Mrs. Grant, how can you do this?"

Then Lily Windsor's voice rang out, "Where is there a Mrs. Grant in the Grant Family? Open your eyes, the person lying on the bed is the one President Grant truly cares about. Don't flatter the wrong person and lose your job."

As it turned out, just two minutes before Juliana's bed was wheeled in, Lily Windsor had arranged for her daughter to occupy the room and refused to move for anyone.

The hospital had only this one ICU room left, leaving the director at a loss for what to do.

Caleb Shaw frowned, finally understanding why Juliana was insistent on divorcing Evan Grant.

With in-laws like these, it was suffocating.

Summer Shaw couldn't tolerate it at all and stepped forward to argue, but was stopped by Juliana, who woke up in the middle of it.

"Go to Room 547,"

Summer Shaw fumed, "They're going too far."

Juliana mustered her strength, "I don't want him anymore. Let him keep the garbage to himself."

Summer Shaw gave a snort, pointed at Lily Windsor's nose, and said, "So experienced at snatching hospital rooms, why not try stealing an ice coffin from the funeral parlor, you mother-daughter pair should aim for cleanness next reincarnation by becoming laundry detergent."

Lily Windsor was so furious she almost had a nosebleed again.

When Evan Grant returned to the hospital, the entrance to the ICU had returned to normal.

Even Caleb Shaw hadn't told him that Juliana switched hospitals.

Inside the room, there was no one else, silent enough to hear a pin drop.

Evan Grant walked to the bedside, held the pale hand exposed from the quilt, and softly called, "Juliana."

The woman on the bed, wearing an oxygen mask, turned her head slightly and weakly called out, "Brother..."

Evan Grant jerked back his hand as if electrocuted, furious.

"How can it be you!"