

## **Panicking 81**

### Chapter 81: I Will Make Up for All the Wrongs She Has Suffered

Stella weakly removed her oxygen mask and was just about to speak when Evan mercilessly turned and walked out of the ward.

George Grant and his wife arrived at the door of the ward at that moment.

Lily Windsor saw Evan and was somewhat agitated.

"Evan, you finally have time to see Stella. She heard that Juliana Jacobs embarrassed you and ran out to find you, ending up getting hit by a car..."

Lily Windsor covered her face and wept bitterly, but Evan remained indifferent, looking towards George Grant.

"Did you have her admitted here?"

George Grant's mouth twitched, "Stella's condition is very serious."

Evan's gaze darkened, "From now on, not a penny of your family's medical expenses will be charged to my account, including this time."

Lily Windsor's crying came to an abrupt stop.

George Grant's breathing hitched, as if stabbed in a vital spot with a scalpel.

This time, Stella's hospitalization incurred unnecessary expenses amounting to tens of thousands, and Lily Windsor's illness was a bottomless pit. If he didn't cover it, he'd have to pay out of pocket.

"You're my son, you..."

"You reap what you sow, don't throw it onto me."

Throwing down these cold words, Evan left.

Throughout it all, he didn't leave a single word of concern for Stella.

"Husband, what's going on here? Juliana Jacobs almost made him bankrupt, and yet he still can't part with her?"

In response to his son's words, George Grant's face turned frighteningly grim.

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Hospital 547 Intensive Care Unit.

Besides being too weak to stay awake, Juliana Jacobs couldn't sleep at all.

So, just after settling down, she awoke again.

Caleb Shaw glanced at the instruments and said to her, "It's very safe here; you can rest assured."

Juliana Jacobs' face was bloodless, and she spoke with great difficulty, but each word that trembled from her lips was steeped in soul-crushing hatred.

"For his sake, you altered my medical records, hiding that a miscarriage was performed during the emergency surgery. Dr. Shaw, are you at peace when you think of my child?"

Caleb Shaw's complexion changed at her words.

"You... How did you find out?"

Summer Shaw widened her eyes in disbelief, "Brother, you actually did this?"

Juliana Jacobs, "I didn't report you because I knew that even if the child could be saved, Evan wouldn't let me keep it. And you are a good doctor; I didn't want you to ruin your future over this."

So that's why, after waking up in the basement last time, she had been cold and aloof toward him.

Evan had always tried to hide the truth about the miscarriage, but she already knew.

Caleb Shaw felt overwhelmingly ashamed.

Juliana Jacobs gasped for air, "So you can go. I resent everything and everyone related to him, including you."

"Juliana, I..."

Caleb Shaw looked up, only to meet Evan's abyss-like gaze, and promptly said to Summer Shaw, "Take good care of her."

He pushed Evan, who had one foot inside the ward, out.

"Why are you not in the other special care ward with your sister, running here to do what? Aren't you tired handling both ends?"

Evan's jawline tensed, "Our business doesn't concern you."

Caleb Shaw gave a light scoff, "Then why did you have me cover up the miscarriage caused by your negligence in the first place?"

Evan pressed his lips together, not answering; Caleb Shaw inhaled sharply.

"Did you know she was in danger, and intentionally wanted to sacrifice her?"

Evan didn't directly respond but merely said, "I'll make up for all the grievances she suffered."

Caleb Shaw looked as though he heard a joke.

"Just because you always believe everything can be compensated, you never care about the hurt you caused her. Evan, even if she overcomes crisis after crisis, the scars will follow her for a lifetime. If the heart is broken, you can't piece it back together even if you pick them up kneeling!"

"I must have really been out of my mind to become an accomplice with you!"

With that said, he left without looking back.

In the ward, Summer Shaw gently brushed Juliana Jacobs' hair.

"You handled it beautifully today; you finally broke ties with him completely. We'll take our time with what comes next. You are still under observation, so get some rest; I'm staying here with you."

"I'm very tired, but I just can't sleep. Every time I close my eyes, it feels like I'm being held down and that thick piercing needle..."

At the mention of this, Juliana began to tremble all over unconsciously.

Fearing she would end up in the emergency room again, Summer Shaw called in doctors, hoping they could give her medication to stabilize her mood.

Fortunately, the expert team from Kingsford hadn't left, waiting to return until Juliana was completely out of life-threatening danger.

"The dosage of the drug injected into her was too high; blood concentration monitored shows it will take over ten hours to be completely metabolized. For now, let's use acupuncture to regulate her nervous system."

After saying this, the expert had his assistant bring in his sandalwood acupuncture box.

As Summer Shaw watched the doctor perform acupuncture on Juliana, she softly asked, "Who sent you?"

The doctor gave her a glance, only smiling without saying anything.

But Summer Shaw wasn't foolish; she guessed it probably had something to do with the person in Kingsford.

But why did he intervene twice to save Juliana? The first time was when she begged him, but what was the reason this time?

After medication, Juliana finally fell asleep.

Summer Shaw stayed to accompany her, but having been exhausted throughout the day, she fell into a deep sleep on the accompanying bed.

She wasn't even aware of Juliana moaning and sweating in her sleep...

The next day, as the effects of acupuncture faded, Juliana opened her eyes from a nightmare, finding the sky just starting to turn light.

Summer Shaw was snoring lightly on the accompanying bed.

She slept so deeply, so who was it that wiped her sweat last night, who held her while gently patting her soothingly, repeatedly saying "I'm sorry"?

Could it have been...

Juliana's breath caught.

At that moment, the door to the ward was gently pushed open.

Adrian Langley's face appeared through the crack in the door.

Both of them were surprised for a moment.

Seeing Juliana sitting up in bed, he quietly walked inside.

"I heard you fainted yesterday; I came to check on you," he said softly.

"Did Jared Langley tell you?" Juliana asked.

Adrian Langley didn't reply, but seeing the bruises on her hands and collar, he could only imagine how severe the ones on her body might be.

Unconsciously, he clenched his fists tightly.

"Is he treating you poorly?"

Juliana was calm, "How I'm doing... Does it have anything to do with you?"

Adrian Langley hesitated to speak.

Juliana, feeling tired of sitting, leaned back against the bedhead, her eyes never leaving him.

"You came because you heard I was dying, right? To see me one last time?"

"You won't die."

Juliana chuckled at his words.

"Vice President Langley, we aren't close, your sneaking in to see me first thing in the morning might mislead me into thinking we were once intimate."

Adrian Langley's lips trembled at her words.

At this time, Summer Shaw awoke.

Seeing Adrian Langley's face, she blurted out without thinking, "Aidan Linton, have you risen from the dead?"

"No, you've got the wrong person."

Adrian Langley's voice turned cautious.

He turned his gaze towards Juliana, obscured by an unreadable fog of emotion.

"My brother sent me. Now that I know you're okay, I'll leave."

With that, he strode out.

Summer Shaw finally cleared her head but remained puzzled.

"The Younger Langley died at the hands of the Elder Langley, and this newly risen Langley bastard is fighting viciously with the Elder Langley. How can he come to see you for his brother?"

Could he have some reason not to admit he's Aidan Linton?

Juliana paused and then turned to ask her, "Did anyone else come last night?"

Summer Shaw thought for a moment, then affirmed, "No."

"I'm hungry, go buy something to eat," Juliana said.

Summer Shaw thought the same.

A lot happened yesterday; she didn't eat much dinner out of worry. Now, her stomach was practically glued to her back.

As soon as she stepped into the stairwell, she saw Adrian Langley and Evan grappling with each other.

She shouted, "Oh my, stop fighting, you two!"

Chapter 82: When Are We Getting the Divorce Certificate?

The police arrived quickly and rescued the disadvantaged Adrian Langley.

Juliana Jacobs sat in a wheelchair, watching Evan Grant leave with the police. Their eyes met briefly, then there were no more words.

At this point, what was there left to say?

His reputation and career were ruined by her.

Juliana felt that the only thing left to discuss was divorce.

Summer Shaw didn't go to buy breakfast.

She encountered the Shaw Family's nanny at the elevator entrance.

The nanny brought her nourishing soup, enough for two.

She also brought her a change of clothes.

Drinking the soup made personally by Mrs. Shaw, Juliana understood her intention.

Caleb Shaw altered medical records to hide her miscarriage; she had said she wouldn't pursue it and wouldn't break her word.

"Adrian Langley is seriously injured and needs hospitalization. The Grant and Langley families don't get along, so the Langley Family won't let this go lightly. This time, Evan Grant will be overwhelmed," Summer Shaw said.

Juliana showed no emotion.

In the following days, she fell into heavy sleep more frequently.

But each time she awoke with a start from nightmares, unable to hold on physically, and slept again.

After three or four days of this cycle, she finally recovered a bit.

Her physical injuries were also healing quickly.

By the time she was transferred to a regular ward, the team of experts from Kingsford had left, but the hospital assigned her the best attending physician from the department.

As for Summer Shaw, she was also incredibly busy these days.

Ever since announcing the search for an exclusive partner at the summit, both her and the company's phones had been ringing off the hook.

Juliana felt for her and hired a nurse, not letting her come to stay overnight, but they called each other several times a day.

Summer Shaw brought her significant news: Evan Grant was facing a crisis of being ousted and was at his breaking point.

Moreover, if Aetherflame signed a strategic agreement with another company, it would deal a crippling blow to Cortexa Group.

Juliana was noncommittal about this news.

The doctor had just finished his rounds when the ward door was pushed open.

Juliana looked up, meeting Jared Langley's gaze. She sighed and slowly looked away.

"What, seeing me gives you a lot of pressure?"

Jared spoke as he walked in with ginseng and deer antler.

"Can't you wait until I'm discharged to collect your debt?" Juliana replied.

Jared laughed, not denying his purpose, placing the supplement by her bedside, "Afraid you'll forget if I wait too long."

Juliana picked up her phone and called Summer Shaw.

"Did Blackstar Technologies send a letter of intent for cooperation?"

Without having to recall, Summer replied, "Yes, but they were excluded from our first-round selection because their heavy truck business has just started and lacks competitiveness."

"Let them have a try. I owe President Langley a favor."

After saying this, Juliana hung up the phone.

Jared's smile faded, "Just like that?"

"Your company's situation doesn't meet our standards; it doesn't even qualify for screening. Now it does. Isn't that repaying your favor?"

Jared remained silent, his face a cold, lifeless calm.

Juliana sighed and called Summer Shaw again, "President Langley isn't satisfied with my favor. Kick them out, and I will repay him with myself."

"Juliana!" Jared's usually stable emotions broke, "Who would covet you?"

Juliana didn't get angry; instead, she smiled, "You only have two choices."

Jared closed his eyes, "We aren't afraid of competition."

Juliana laughed as she hung up the phone.

Jared pointed at her, "That's the second time!"

Juliana's smile persisted, "Whether you believe it or not, there will definitely be a third time."

No woman had ever dared to be so audacious in front of him.

Jared didn't know whether to be angry or laugh.

"Then what about the favor you owe Adrian Langley? How will you repay him?"

Seeing Juliana's confusion, he added, "Just because he spoke a few words for you in front of Evan Grant, my brother is still in the hospital."

Juliana blinked, "Oh, I see. You're worried that I would give the cooperative favor to your brother and not to you?"

Jared, at least outwardly well-mannered, maintained composure in front of ladies.

"No man likes a woman who is too smart."

He had said this to her before.

Juliana casually replied, "I just need to love myself. I don't need anyone else's love."

Jared squinted, "I hope you treat my brother with the same attitude."

Mentioning Adrian Langley again, Juliana fell silent, not knowing what she was pondering.

It was Jared's second time experiencing frustration with Juliana.

His assistant could tell by his expression that he had been stung by Juliana again.

A housewife cherished for four years, entering the workplace with that kind of impact?

"President Langley, how about investigating the relationship between Miss Jacobs and the third young master?"

Jared paused in his steps...

Juliana's physical condition had already reached the point of discharge.

But considering the high-level attention, the doctor suggested staying one more day just to be cautious.

Juliana's sleep in recent days was irregular, entering slumber when weary and waking in terror from nightmares.

In the evening, after the nurse completed routine checks, she fell asleep again.

Once more, she dreamed of a steel needle piercing her abdomen, causing unbearable pain.

Juliana awoke in a dark haze, gasping heavily.

The man's hand rested on her forehead, unable to retract in time, and their eyes met.

Juliana was the first to gather herself, pushing his hand away, touching her abdomen as she sat up, her gaze turning wary.

"I...I just wanted to see how you are, to make sure you're okay."

Through the window, the streetlight cast a glow on Evan Grant, sitting stiffly by the bedside.

Juliana pressed the bedside switch, and warm yellow light spread out. Evan instinctively shielded with his hand, but she still saw his haggard face.

At that moment, Evan resembled a wolf under immense pressure yet refusing to fall.

She recalled their early marriage days, when company strategy adjustments had cornered him by the board's obstinate shareholders.

Back then, Juliana ached for him, quietly supporting him as a good wife, sharing his burdens.

Now, seeing him like this again, her heart was unmoved.

"Without you, I'd be better off. When shall we get the divorce certificate?"

In Evan's bloodshot eyes, a struggle was evident, his lips pressed tightly as he spoke with a hint of desolation, "I don't want to divorce."

Juliana lost her calm, eagerly questioning him, "Why can't we divorce?"

"Juliana," a pang of bitterness spread in Evan's heart, "I still love you."

Juliana felt as if a bolt of lightning struck her atop her head.

"You love me? You handed me over to George Grant's family, let them extract my marrow; that's love?"

"Or did you always know there was danger around and never warned me; that's love?"

Recognizing my pregnancy, secretly arranging an abortion while I was injured..." she said.

"No," Evan interrupted her, "I didn't know about your pregnancy beforehand. Your injuries were too severe, the child couldn't be saved, so I had Caleb arrange an abortion for you. I didn't want you to be sad, so I had him keep it from you. We will have children in the future."

"Will I still be able to have children?" Juliana, eyes reddened, looked at him, "Did you already write a script, that when I can't bear children, you'll let me raise your sister's illegitimate child and expect me to be grateful?"

"No, I never thought of this."

Juliana's smile turned bitter, "Or is it because you haven't found a suitable scapegoat for your sister, and you're using me until I'm expired and only then willing to let go?"

"No, it's not..." Evan's emotions began to fluctuate violently.

"Not?" Juliana sneered, "Dare you deny your concern for Stella Windsor surpasses my life?"

Chapter 83: Driving Him to Desperation

Her words pierced Evan Grant's chest like a dagger.

Evan found himself unable to respond, his face twisted with grief and confusion.

After a long while, he finally uttered the words "Juliana."

"Don't call me!"

Juliana lifted her shirt, revealing the hideous scars on her abdomen.

"I'm a living, breathing person who feels pain every time I'm hurt. Considering all the scars I've endured for you, can't you just agree to the divorce and give me a chance to live?"

All of Evan's defenses crumbled in front of the scars that spread across her waist like gnarled branches.

Just as he was about to embrace Juliana, his phone rang.

It was Ethan Carter calling.

"President Grant, Miss Windsor's depression has flared up. She refuses treatment and hasn't eaten for three days. The psychologist is at a loss; only you can handle this at the hospital."

The agony in Evan's eyes vanished instantly, replaced by a whirlpool in his dark gaze.

"If she insists on seeing me... let her wait."

Evan hung up, steeling himself with resolve to say to Juliana, "I'll give you an explanation. Then you can decide about the divorce."

Juliana felt a headache coming on.

She had already exposed his affair with his stepsister and cut off his company's financial channels. How could he still think there was a chance for them?

After some thought, she picked up the phone and called, no matter the hour.

Eventually, Summer Shaw's drowsy voice came through, "Aren't you discharged yet? Is your sleep disorder getting worse?"

"Issue another statement: We will not consider collaborating with any company that has dealings with Cortexa Group."

Summer was instantly invigorated, "Sis, you're really going to crush him!"

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Mercy Hospital, a private room.

Stella Windsor finally saw the person she had been missing.

With a bandage on her hand, she noticed the bloodshot eyes and dark stubble on the man's chin, feeling a deep pang of sympathy.

"Brother, I'm sorry. When Mom put me in the ICU, I didn't know that room was reserved for your wife. I've moved out now, but I'm sorry for causing her to misunderstand you again."

As she spoke, she covered her chest.

Usually, Evan would immediately call for a doctor.

This time, however, he just stood by the door without reacting.

"Brother," Stella cried, "seeing you like this breaks my heart. I shouldn't have clung to this familial tie. I'll apologize to your wife; I'll do whatever she asks, as long as you two can live happily."

"Stella," Evan's voice was hoarse but still devoid of warmth, "once you recover, go abroad. Just like Isaac, deregister and don't come back."

Stella's breath hitched.

Evan avoided looking at her shocked expression and turned to leave.

Lily Windsor walked in, somewhat surprised.

"Why did the conversation end so quickly? Juliana's pushed him to the edge; when will they divorce?"

Stella, her sickly demeanor vanished, replied, "Divorce? Juliana won. We're done."

"What?" Lily was stunned.

"It's your stupidity, constantly overshadowed by Juliana, unable to uphold the Grant Matriarch's dignity. Now Evan isn't covering your and Uncle's expenses anymore, and I'm being sent away. Your illness won't have the money for treatment; you're left to die."

"How could this be? It's impossible!"

Lily feared death immensely.

Though her sickness was advanced, she still relentlessly invited domestic and international experts to Kenton for free consultations.

Whenever she heard of effective medicine, regardless of price, she strived to obtain it.

Because with Evan Grant as their benefactor, money was never an issue.

Stella looked meaningfully at her mother, "Now it's Juliana who decides if you live. Use your brain; arguing with her is pointless. Being impulsive won't help; it just gives her the upper hand."

Lily's nails dug into her pale skin, blood slowly seeping from her palm.

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Early the next morning, Aetherflame posted that announcement on its website.

For an empire like Cortexa Group, a small jab from Aetherflame wouldn't cause much harm. But it showed a stance, making the market even more pessimistic about Cortexa's future.

The Cortexa board fell into more intense conflict.

At nine that day, the group announced a halt in stock trading.

What kind of turmoil Evan was facing, Juliana had no time to care; she was busy packing to be discharged.

Hearing someone enter, Juliana assumed it was Summer Shaw coming to pick her up and said without lifting her head, "The discharge procedures have been handled. Do you know who did it? This person..."

"Watch out!"

She was interrupted by Adrian Langley.

Turning around, Juliana saw Adrian Langley, whom she hadn't seen in days, standing there, holding the knife in Lily's hand with his bare hands, shielding her.

She picked up a stool to hit Lily.

Lily was startled and quickly let go of the knife, trembling, "I came to see her; why are you stopping me?"

Adrian, still agitated, said, "I won't let you hurt her!"

Lily quickly explained, "I... I came to apologize. Give her the knife. She can do whatever she wants to me, as long as Evan doesn't cut off my medication."

Juliana found this woman's reasoning absurd, put down the stool, and checked Adrian's hand.

"Grabbing the blade, are you stupid? Don't you know to grab her wrist?"

Juliana called a nurse to have him bandaged.

Once done, she looked at Lily, "What does your illness have to do with me? Did I cut off your medication? Get lost and stop disgusting me."

Lily was about to speak when Peter Dawson interrupted.

"Young madam, the old matriarch sent me to take you home."

Juliana knew she had severely shaken Evan's foundations and that the Grant Matriarch would certainly seek a conversation.

She texted Summer Shaw, telling her not to come to the hospital, and left with Peter Dawson.

Once they left, Lily hurriedly took out her phone and called, "Did you get it all?"

Whatever was said on the other side made Lily beam, "It doesn't matter if I kneel; did you get photos of her with that man?"

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The West Flower Hall at the Grant family ancestral home.

The flowers here bloomed even more brightly than when she left, but today the ground was covered with a layer of waterproof plastic.

The old matriarch sipped tea, but today it was perilla tea to remove any fishy smells.

And there was none for Juliana.

"You swore to me you wouldn't do anything to harm the Grant family, yet you've broken your word," the matriarch said.

Juliana lowered her eyes, "I'm sorry, madam. Circumstances forced my hand."

The matriarch let out a cold laugh, "My grandson is talented in business but utterly foolish in matters of the heart. He loves you, is committed to you, and won't let go. If you had guided him well, how could he be facing today's predicament?"

So the matriarch blamed everything on her.

Juliana calmly replied, "Madam, you once helped me during my hardest times, a kindness I've never forgotten. Today, I've wronged you. Whatever punishment you deem fit, I'll accept."

The matriarch smiled approvingly, "At least you're straightforward."

As she spoke, Peter Dawson came with a cup of green porcelain tea, placing it before her.

The matriarch said blandly, "This is a high-concentration Poisonous Plant extract. Drink it and stay here for four hours. If, by then, you're still alive, I will overlook all past transgressions."

Chapter 84: Was the Child Juliana Jacobs Miscarried Yours?

Juliana Jacobs stared at the poison subtly swirling in the teacup. She knew Old Mrs. Grant was gambling with her life.

Old Mrs. Grant saw her hesitation and sneered, "I am old, but not useless. I need to protect the Grant Family for my husband and will not allow anyone to threaten it. Since you touched my bottom line, I can only painfully let go."

Juliana contemplated briefly, calmly picked up the teacup, her pale fingers brushing over the rim.

"I'll drink this, but from now on, I owe nothing to the Grant Family, and nothing to you."

One sentence severed everything.

Old Mrs. Grant nodded, "If you don't die, then go pursue your bright future."

Juliana raised the teacup to her lips, ready to tilt her head back.

"Wait!"

Evan Grant strode over and with a "bang" knocked the poison tea from her hands.

"Drinking it would kill you, but you would drink it anyway. All your intelligence is saved for dealing with me?"

The poison from the teacup spilled all over the ground, and Juliana had no intention of arguing with him, so she remained silent.

Old Mrs. Grant shook her head in disappointed frustration at her grandson. "She's willing to die to sever ties with the Grant Family, and you still won't let go?"

Last night was too dark, and it was only now that Juliana noticed Evan Grant had lost weight recently, his jawline becoming sharper which made his entire face appear even more cold and stern.

"Grandmother, I forced her into it, it's not her fault."

Because of his words, Old Mrs. Grant let out a mocking laugh, "You think only about her even though she has set you up twice, and you still defend her."

Evan Grant concealed the bitterness in his eyes, "I owe her."

Juliana felt not the slightest bit moved and looked elsewhere.

"You are infatuated yet you let another woman hurt her."

As soon as Old Mrs. Grant finished speaking, Ethan Carter entered.

He glanced at Old Mrs. Grant, then Evan Grant, hesitating to speak.

"Everyone here is family, there's nothing that can't be said." Evan Grant said.

Regardless, Ethan Carter lowered his voice, "The stocks you pledged have nearly reached the liquidation line, and the board has just initiated a vote to remove you."

Evan Grant pressed his lips together, saying nothing.

Old Mrs. Grant took a deep breath and said, "The heir to the Grant Group, and yet you risk our downfall for a woman. Evan, you've greatly disappointed me."

As she spoke, she signaled to the butler.

This time, Peter Dawson brought out a cup of poison tea and a divorce agreement.

"I'll give you two choices: you either sign the divorce papers, and I'll use my old connections to settle the board matters; or you drink this Poisonous Plant tea meant for her, and I'll find another heir for the Grant Group." Old Mrs. Grant stated.

Juliana furrowed her brow.

Evan Grant stared at the cup of poison glinting with cold light, suddenly chuckling, then tore the divorce agreement into pieces.

He placed the teacup to his lips.

Juliana wanted to stop him but ultimately only said softly, "Letting go is good for both of us, why insist?"

Evan Grant said nothing, but after holding the teacup to his lips for a while, he turned it and poured the poison tea onto the ground.

"Grandmother, I won't relinquish the Grant Family burdens, nor will I let go of Juliana Jacobs."

With that, he suddenly dropped to one knee.

"Today I vow here, within three months, I'll put Cortexa back on track and let the Grant Family flourish once more. If I fail, I'll sign the divorce agreement!"

Old Mrs. Grant's eyes sharpened instantly, but she remained silent.

Juliana Jacobs gaze fell on Evan Grant's face for two seconds before she knelt down.

"Thank you, Old Mrs. Grant, for saving my grandfather's life in a time of crisis years ago. May you enjoy longevity and prosperity. Juliana Jacobs... bids farewell here."

Married to Evan Grant for four years, her conscience was clear.

With this kneel, the debt was repaid, and the affection ended.

After bowing her head, Juliana stood up to leave.

Evan Grant grasped her hand.

Juliana turned to look at him, "We must divorce, no matter the method."

Evan Grant wasn't as agitated as last night, "I'll give you time and space, when you've calmed down, we can talk again."

Nothing more to say, it's actions that matter.

Juliana pulled her hand away and left.

Old Mrs. Grant coldly snorted, "Years ago your grandfather showed mercy, keeping Isaac Grant, only to be killed by him. I thought you were different from him."

Evan Grant bowed his head slightly toward her, "Please, grandmother, don't harm those I care about."

Old Mrs. Grant raised her eyebrows, "Do you care more about her or more about Stella Windsor?"

Evan Grant didn't respond but left with Ethan Carter.

Peter Dawson stepped forward and whispered, "Luckily you notified the young master in advance. It's clear he is wholeheartedly devoted to the young mistress."

Old Mrs. Grant withdrew her gaze, "So what if he is? The Jacobs girl is loyal but inherently fiery and unyielding. If he continues to be entangled with the Winshires... losing this wife will be his own fault."

Just as she finished speaking, George Grant came in from another direction.

"A perfectly fine company, insisting on pursuing this new energy project, and look what it's led to: the stalwarts who helped build the empire with father are now disheartened. Meanwhile, he's indulging himself in women. That woman will only bring disaster; does she think she can cage Evan forever with such tactics? What a dream!"

Old Mrs. Grant regarded him with indifference, "Are you awake yet?"

George Grant looked uncomfortable, "Mom, I'm thinking of the Grant Family. Evan is great but obstinate, unable to distinguish right from wrong, still like this at 28, this child can't be saved."

Old Mrs. Grant heard his insinuations and glared at him sarcastically, "So you're thinking of having another child with Lily Windsor to inherit the Grant Family assets?"

Everyone knew Lily Windsor was dying, how could another child be conceived?

"Mom, Isaac made mistakes when he was young, but he's thrived abroad in recent years, I believe he's truly repentant..."

"Do you have eyes?" Old Mrs. Grant interrupted with, "You have eyes to marry a woman whose morals have been eaten by dogs? Juliana insists on divorcing your son, and your son refuses. Even if you had 0.1 vision, you wouldn't speak such nonsense."

"I see you not only have lost your eyes, but your brain has atrophied. Before he passed, your father instructed that whoever mentions that ungrateful son in the Grant Family will be kicked out."

"Peter Dawson," Old Mrs. Grant was getting increasingly agitated, "Dismiss him for me, don't let him return without my permission!"

George Grant: "..."

After finishing a call, Juliana Jacobs walked to the old mansion's entrance. She hadn't driven there, intending to call a car, but a Jaguar pulled up in front of her.

Jared Langley's face appeared at the rear window, "Miss Jacobs, let's talk."

Juliana crossed her arms over her chest, "President Langley, first show your cards, I'll see if it's worth getting in."

Jared Langley laughed at her words, "I'll help you divorce; you provide exclusive rights to the heavy-duty truck new energy battery collaboration."

Juliana raised her eyebrows, with a faint smile, "Opposing Evan Grant, when has President Langley become so capable?"

A momentary stiffness touched Jared Langley's smiling face, "Miss Jacobs, if your tongue were a bit sweeter and you understood some charm, you wouldn't be plotted against by Evan's venomous stepsister."

This one is no less deceitful.

Grinding her teeth, Juliana heard the slow approach of a Maybach behind her.

She opened the rear door of the Jaguar and got in.

The car drove away.

Ethan Carter looked at Evan Grant, who was about to get out of his car, "Is madam planning to work with the Langley Family to continue dealing with us?"

Evan Grant didn't speak.

At this moment, his phone suddenly vibrated, and an anonymous message popped up.

"You think the child Juliana miscarried is yours?"

Chapter 85: She's Bad but Not Annoying

Next was a photo where Juliana Jacobs and Adrian Langley's foreheads were touching, and she was lowering her head, carefully cradling his hand.

The background was inside a hospital room.

Evan Grant's eyes darkened abruptly.

But it was only for a moment, like a sharp blade that was quickly sheathed.

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At this moment, Juliana Jacobs and that troublesome bird were sitting in the car.

Jared Langley looked several times before speaking, "I can pick you up right at the Grant Family's front door because I'm not afraid of Evan Grant. You can trust my sincerity."

Juliana had a faint smile on her face, "You suddenly become assertive, isn't it because the Cortexa Group is currently in turmoil? I dare say that if Evan Grant stands firm against the pressure, you would immediately back down."

To outsiders, Jared Langley was seen as a man with a strong presence.

As the eldest son of the Langley Family and having risen to power through intense family feuding, he exuded a charisma that could oppress those around him with only a lift of his hand.

But Juliana Jacobs simply ignored him.

Jared's gaze fell on the woman's face beside him, seemingly brewing with countless emotions.

"Can you... give me some face?" His voice carried a hint of hesitation.

Juliana curled the corner of her lips on the left side, "You were the one who first used ugly words to stab me!"

Jared laughed quietly, "I've found you're quite devious."

Juliana leaned toward the car window, "I'm a mirror to all of you."

If you are white, I am white.

If you are black, then I am ink.

"It's almost noon, shall we have a simple lunch together?" Jared suggested.

"I wonder what method President Langley plans to use to facilitate my divorce from Evan Grant?"

Juliana declined his invitation in her words.

Jared thought for a few seconds, "I plan to have my brother take your case."

Juliana lightly laughed.

"What, you don't want to face Evan Grant in court?"

Juliana smiled and said, "I thought you'd have a more brilliant plan, but it's just this. You don't need to worry about the lawyer, I'll represent myself."

"But even if you self-represent, you still need legal advice. My brother is one of us, it's more convenient."

"Still don't need it," Juliana insisted.

At this point, the car stopped at the entrance of a commercial street as Juliana mentioned.

"When President Langley has a practical solution, we'll talk about battery cooperation."

With that, she got out and left.

After walking a bit, she looked back.

Jared's car had already driven away.

A few minutes later, Juliana entered a private room in a private dining restaurant.

Adrian Langley was busy ordering on his phone.

Juliana's gaze fell on the bandage on his hand.

"What did the doctor say? Any dietary restrictions?"

This time Adrian didn't pretend to be mature as he did the first time they met.

"He said it's nothing, just insisted I come out for this meal, you're treating."

Juliana poured herself a cup of tea and looked at him without speaking.

Only then did Adrian put down his phone and ask, "Is there something else?"

Juliana looked at his hairline, "I want a strand of your hair for a DNA test."

Adrian glared sharply at her, "Are you planning to team up with Jared to go against me?"

Juliana was taken aback.

At this moment, the waiter came in to serve dishes, and a passerby took a glance inside.

Adrian's brow instantly furrowed, and his tone was no longer as relaxed as before.

"Jared has been investigating me for quite some time; it's unsafe for anyone close to me. Maybe we should meet less in the future."

Juliana understood instantly.

An illegitimate child without family support, fighting alone in the wolf den of the Langley Family, every step he takes is like walking on thin ice.

Jared always had his secretary ready when he went out, but perhaps Adrian didn't even have a confidant.

"What are you after? Do you enjoy living like this?" Juliana asked.

Adrian did not respond to her question, taking out a card instead, "Withdraw from this in emergencies."

Juliana didn't take it, "We just have an ordinary relationship. You're hurt because of me and even give me a card. Aren't you afraid Jared will suspect something?"

Adrian remained silent.

...

Outside the restaurant, in the Jaguar car.

The secretary received a text, turned around, and said to the man in the back seat, "President Langley, it turns out Miss Jacobs went to meet the third young master."

Jared looked at the restaurant's window dishes, saying nothing.

"President Langley, Miss Jacobs is cooperating with you yet keeping unclear ties with the third young master, she's too sly. Can you trust her words?"

She had witnessed the interaction between the two in the car just now and felt that her boss seemed disadvantaged.

Jared withdrew his gaze from the restaurant.

"She's a bit devious, but not in an unpleasant way — even a bit naively foolish."

At least among the various people he'd encountered, she was the one least likely to hide her cunning from him.

She even engraved her dislike for him in her eyes.

From another perspective, she was quite sincere.

Thinking of this, a smile unknowingly appeared on Jared's face.

"Have they started eating?" Jared asked.

The secretary sent a message to confirm.

"They just finished serving the dishes."

Jared took out his phone, found Adrian's number, and dialed it.

Inside the room.

Juliana used public chopsticks to serve a piece of squirrel fish into a bowl for Adrian.

"I have a friend who loves fish and can cook it even better. The taste of this dish isn't even a third as good."

Adrian looked at the fish in the bowl, stayed silent for a few seconds, and just as he was about to eat, his phone rang.

Looking at the name, he gestured to Juliana to keep quiet.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Where are you?" Jared deliberately asked.

"Having a meal with a friend," Adrian replied.

"Is it a girlfriend?" Jared teased.

"I'll hang up if there's nothing else," Adrian said.

"Uncle is back, staying at The Apex Hotel. Dad wants us to invite him home."

"Now?" Adrian was a bit surprised.

"Yeah, where are you? I'll come pick you up."

"I'll... check, and text you the exact address."

Then Adrian hung up the phone and stood up.

"I've already paid. Take your time eating."

Juliana indeed didn't plan on going hungry.

However, she gripped the chopsticks tightly.

"Since we're cutting ties, we should cut them cleanly. Take back the card. I can take care of my elders myself."

Adrian's body stiffened for a moment, but he still left the card and exited.

He walked through two blocks and exited through another door of the mall, getting into Jared's car.

Jared sat lounging in the car and asked, "Have you eaten?"

Adrian remained serious, "Not yet."

Jared's face showed a smirk, "I haven't eaten either. Let's discuss something together."

Adrian looked at him cautiously, "What are you up to now?"

Jared said, "Juliana Jacobs wants to divorce Evan Grant. Didn't you say the other day that you'd take her case? I support you."

Adrian looked at him without speaking.

Jared explained, "Blackstar's heavy truck business just launched, and although qualification is insufficient, if she can divorce Evan, she might consider cooperating with us in the new energy battery business for the heavy trucks."

Adrian scoffed, "You're in charge of the heavy truck business. If it's successful, Dad will only praise you; what does it have to do with me?"

"Third brother," Jared said sincerely, "Dad is not confused; how would he not know it's your credit?"

Adrian stayed silent.

Jared said, "You can think about it slowly; let's find a place to eat first."

Adrian frowned, "Aren't we going to see uncle?"

Jared smiled, "I called uncle's secretary; he's busy today, but he'll attend an auction cocktail party tomorrow evening. Happily, it's at the same hotel as where he's staying, so we'll intercept him then."

Adrian felt annoyed, "Then why did you hastily drag me out?"

Jared said, "I'm still starving; why should you get to eat first?"

Especially with her.

Adrian: "..."

Juliana had just finished lunch when she received a call from Rosalind Linton.

"What auction cocktail party? Explain clearly."

Chapter 86: Let Evan Witness Her Messing Around with Another Man

The phone call didn't clarify things, so Juliana personally went to Celestial Vista.

And she took along the deer antler essence that Jared Langley had given her a few days ago.

Rosalind Linton teased, "Oh, our Juliana has bought things at a higher level now."

"It was a gift from a foolish friend."

Juliana brushed it off lightly and then inquired about the painting from her grandfather.

Old Man Linton seemed in good spirits, although his expression was somber.

"The 'Snow Creek Hidden Inkstone Painting' is an ancestral piece from the Linton Family. But when the family fell on hard times, I had to sell it for the sake of our livelihood. Now I hear it will be at an auction tomorrow night, and I've saved a little..."

He placed a card in Juliana's hand.

"With Aidan gone, I feel I've let down our ancestors. There's a hundred thousand on this card. If you can buy it back, it would be something to make our ancestors proud. If not... so be it."

Old Man Linton looked profoundly sorrowful.

Juliana thought of the card Adrian Langley had left her, with five million on it.

She said, "I'll take a look. If it seems right, I'll buy it."

The following evening, at The Apex Hotel, The Lunar Hall.

This was an exclusive private auction, with only about thirty guests invited.

Juliana wore a deep blue French-style dress.

The simple cut accentuated her slender waist, the square neckline subtly revealing delicate collarbones, and her jade-like wrists under the three-quarter sleeves. With each step, the discreet swirl of the skirt displayed her elegant, well-proportioned calves.

Evan Grant knew every advantage of her figure, so whenever he brought her to events, he always arranged for dresses that concealed all her advantages, making Mrs. Grant appear as just an ordinary woman in the eyes of others.

But attending this event alone, all the beauty he had deliberately hidden spilled forth with the sway of the skirt, drawing the eyes of the entire room.

"Sister-in-law, are you here too?"

Stella Windsor held her mother's hand, walking happily towards her, as if there were no grudges between them.

Lily Windsor also smiled, "Juliana, if you had told me you were coming to the banquet, we could have come together. Evan promised Stella that she can buy any gift she wants at the auction. What are you planning to buy? Does Evan know?"

Recently, the Grant Family had been caught up in many scandals, and this mother and daughter seized the opportunity to clean their image.

Juliana saw through them clearly, refusing to be their detergent and not intending to endure Lily's barbed words.

She smiled coldly, "You two can't live a day without leeching off men, I dare not compete. Don't smile at me like working girls do, I find it disgusting."

Her words made the nearby onlooking guests burst into laughter.

Juliana glanced at Evan Grant, who was talking business with friends not far away, and walked off as if she didn't know him.

Stella walked over to Evan with grievances, "Brother, sister-in-law she again..."

Evan looked at Juliana's back, eyes deep as he sipped his champagne, cutting her off, "I promised you a farewell gift, and I won't go back on it. I have matters to discuss with Mr. Wyatt. Whatever you want to buy, tell Ethan Carter."

With that, he went to the adjacent lounge with someone who looked like a corporate executive, not even sparing her a glance.

Stella's mask almost cracked in anger, and she turned all her fury towards Lily.

"See that? He still only sees her. Is this the method you racked your brains to come up with?"

"No, I even sent him the photos of her with another man, and he's still not angry, I..."

"If you don't have the brains, just give up. I'll still have a life of luxury even if I'm sent abroad, but you..."

Stella chuckled.

"I might still have a chance to come back and manage your funeral."

She took a glass of champagne and went to look at the exhibits alone.

Lily Windsor breathed heavily, the hatred in her heart spreading...

On the second floor, Elias Langley stood by the window of the lounge, looking down at the hall.

The secretary, after pondering his expression for a while, whispered, "This Miss Jacobs resembles the lady by three parts, her personality is quite amusing too. It seems she definitely intends to divorce Evan Grant. Actually, since madam has been missing for so many years, even if you kept a stand-in by your side, nobody would say anything."

Elias Langley's eyes were as calm as still water, "If I hadn't thought it through back then, I wouldn't have taken her memorial into the house. Since I did, whether I find her or not, I'll remain faithful for a lifetime. You've been single for too long; even a robot looks good to you now. Go find yourself a girlfriend before you get too frustrated."

Quinn Shepherd's smile froze for a moment, "The eldest and third young masters will also come tonight, probably to persuade you to go home again."

Hearing this, the faint unperceived smile on Elias's lips gradually faded.

...

Juliana quickly found the 'Snow Creek Hidden Inkstone Painting.'

As she observed it, Jared Langley's voice came from behind, "That's a piece by Qingdale Painter Louis Yates, over three hundred years old, Miss Jacobs has good taste."

Juliana smiled, "Not as much as President Langley, with business progressing smoothly, to have such leisure."

Jared, accustomed to her jabs, did not get angry but smiled instead, "My brother has prepared the divorce papers for you two. When can you discuss it?"

Both being wily foxes, Juliana saw through his intentions.

She looked at the painting, her gaze calm, "I've already filed the personal lawsuit today, no need for President Langley to worry."

Jared pursed his lips, "The more friends the better."

Juliana raised her brows, "Aren't President Langley and I in a transactional relationship?"

At this moment, the lights in the hall dimmed, and the auction began.

The first few items were quickly sold.

When the 'Snow Creek Hidden Inkstone Painting' appeared, Juliana was the first to raise her paddle.

"Five hundred thousand!" the auctioneer called.

Stella promptly followed, "Six hundred thousand!"

Juliana knew she would cause trouble, lucky that Adrian Langley's card still had ample funds.

However, just as she raised the bid to seven hundred thousand, Lily shouted, "One million!"

Juliana was caught off guard.

Then Lily, brimming with pride, said, "Whatever Stella wants, Evan wants. Let's see who dares to compete with her!"

The implication being, what value does Juliana, this Mrs. Grant, even hold?

The guests unfamiliar with the Grant Family began whispering, seemingly convinced of the stories of Evan's favoritism towards his half-sister over his wife.

On the second-floor lounge, Quinn stated softly, "Weren't you also interested in this painting? If you could let someone have their way..."

"She's Evan Grant's woman, the one who should be letting people have their way isn't me."

With that, Elias Langley turned and left.

At that moment, Evan received a message from Ethan Carter and arrived at the auction scene.

"Actually, if sister-in-law likes it, I can also give it to her."

Stella, appearing unworldly, left the matter to Lily.

Lily quickly said, "This is what Evan promised you; don't worry, he won't break his promise. Right, Evan?"

Evan's gaze swept coolly over Lily, finally landing on Juliana.

Juliana put down her paddle, her expression full of disappointment.

She couldn't manage either to return the painting to her grandfather or to reclaim her recognition as a granddaughter.

However, just as the auctioneer was about to drop the gavel, Evan suddenly approached Juliana, raising his hand to signal.

The auctioneer, excitedly, called out, "President Grant lighting the lantern for his wife!"

Immediately, applause filled the room.

"That's more like it. What's a half-sister compared to a legitimate wife, who is the one with true dignity?" someone in the crowd shouted.

Stella stood frozen, while Lily went pale.

But Juliana, with a tranquil expression, told Evan, "I've already filed for divorce, consider this painting as a farewell gift."

"Juliana..."

Not wanting to hear more, Juliana turned to handle the paperwork backstage.

Guests continuously offered her champagne in congratulation; she barely managed to finish two glasses before finding a moment to escape.

Evan watched her back, ultimately not following.

He thought, give her some time, let her see his changes, she will return.

Stella stood there, looking innocent, unsure whether to stay or go.

Evan looked at her, his tone icy.

"You have no right to tell her to give up anything to you. What she doesn't want, you may not necessarily have."

With that, he went back to the lounge for business discussions.

"See? If your 'brilliant ideas' worked, would I be humiliated like this?"

Stella gritted her teeth in frustration.

Lily quickly said, "Don't worry, I just gave Juliana spiked wine and booked her a good room with her lover. When Evan sees her fooling around with another man, I don't believe he'll hold back. They are definitely getting divorced."

...

With the painting in hand, Juliana felt unwell, heated and heart pounding.

After just a few steps, dizziness took over, and she reached out to brace against the wall.

"What's wrong with you, are you feeling unwell?"

Chapter 87: Let's Have an Affair Together

Juliana looked towards the sound, and saw it was a passing waitress.

"Excuse me, can you take me back to the hall?"

Although she felt dizzy, her safety awareness was still intact. To get back to the hall meant returning to the sight of others, which made danger less likely.

"Then follow me."

The waitress took a couple of pictures and sent them to her employer while Juliana wasn't paying attention, then deliberately slowed her pace so that Juliana could keep up.

After walking for a while, they arrived in front of an elevator.

Juliana remembered that the place where she had completed the procedures and the hall where the auction was being held were on the same floor, so there was no need to take an elevator.

Realizing there was something wrong with the waitress, she turned to leave.

But the other party forcefully dragged her into the elevator.

"Don't be afraid, just go to the room and have a good sleep. Everything will be fine tomorrow."

"Who told you to do this?"

The other person didn't answer, and Juliana couldn't struggle. As she watched the elevator doors close slowly, a wave of panic surged in her heart.

So careful, and yet she's been outmaneuvered...

Around the corner, as the elevator went up, Adrian tried to shake off Jared's hand.

"Juliana is in danger, let me go!"

"You haven't even gone to that room, what danger could she be in alone? Besides, the other party tricked you, they're certainly going to lure Evan to 'catch an affair' next. In a moment, her husband will find her, what could happen to her?"

Jared's words calmed Adrian down.

"But her body has just suffered severe trauma, and now she's been drugged. Who's trying to kill her?" Adrian said.

Seeing that Adrian had stopped trying to chase the elevator, Jared released him, took a couple of deep breaths, and squinted his eyes slightly.

"You care so much about her, what's your relationship?"

Adrian's gaze suddenly straightened.

"Whatever your relationship with her is, that's what mine is too. Don't think I can't see through it; you asked me to be her lawyer, said all those dignified words, but really it was just for yourself."

Jared scoffed lightly, "You're smart, someone just tried to trick you into going to a room upstairs. If I hadn't stopped you, you would have fallen for it, idiot."

Adrian's mind was on Juliana, so he didn't argue with Jared.

"That kind of drug is very harmful to the body, it's better to go and tell Evan Grant."

Saying this, he was ready to leave.

Jared laughed mockingly, "Then you'll have to explain to Evan Grant why the other party wanted to put you and Juliana in one room and not someone else?"

Adrian stopped in his tracks because of his words.

Jared leisurely walked towards the elevator.

"The drug in Juliana's system, they as husband and wife will solve themselves. The most important thing for us now is to persuade uncle to go home. If we return empty-handed tonight, we won't be able to explain it to father. He wasn't seen at the auction; we must go look elsewhere, and not waste any more time."

...

The elevator had just ascended one floor when it stopped.

The waitress, gripping Juliana, was a bit nervous.

The door opened, and Elias Langley and his secretary were about to enter.

Juliana, dazed but managing to recognize him, made a spontaneous effort to break free from the waitress's hand and leaned towards him.

In desperation, she shouted out charmingly, "Husband, why are you so late?"

This call left the man, who was accustomed to storms, stunned in place.

The waitress, thinking he was really her husband, panicked immediately, released Juliana, and slipped out of the elevator.

Quinn saw her trying to escape and quickly ran to chase her.

Before leaving, he pitched his voice and shouted, "Husband, save her first!"

Elias Langley snapped back to reality, took a few steps into the elevator, and caught the now-unsteady Juliana.

Seeing her face flushed, he simply picked her up.

"Did you eat something bad?"

The man asked while pressing the elevator button for a floor.

He glanced at the panel; it seemed the waitress intended to take her to the 9th floor.

Juliana nodded, "A lot of people handed me drinks, and they wouldn't let me leave if I didn't drink. I thought it was a crowded place, casually took it, figured it wouldn't matter."

Elias snorted, "They surrounded you just to be courteous. But the one that made it into your hand, that one's definitely a problem."

His words made sense, but Juliana was too uncomfortable to care.

She hugged his neck and rubbed against it.

Her lips were very hot.

"Behave yourself."

The man softly scolded her, quickening his pace back to the room.

Juliana understood that at this point, she had no choice.

Her body wasn't just hot, it was as if thousands of ants were crawling inside her, causing an urge to find release.

She had been so well-behaved for 26 years, and still ended up meeting a jerk.

So what was the point of behaving?

"Elias Langley!"

"Hmm?"

He smelled nice.

Juliana took a deep breath at his neck again.

"Let's cheat together."

As soon as she said this, she was heavily placed on the bed.

"Truly the age for wet dreams."

The man's deliberately cold voice was low and enticing.

Juliana didn't know where her audacity came from; she reached out and grabbed his tie, pulling him back down as he was trying to stand.

"Let me be a bad girl this first time, don't refuse me."

Elias Langley propped his hands beside her shoulders, using his waist strength to avoid crushing her.

She didn't realize how enticing she looked at the moment.

Her hair was messily sticking to her sweat-damp neck, and her gentle eyes were misty, with a soft glow.

As she exhaled, a soft, warm scent of champagne lingered from her lips.

Elias Langley's brow twitched slightly.

The light from the bedside lamp streamed over from the rear right, quietly tucking away those emotions that were about to spill into the shadow cast by his arm.

"Your husband is a jerk, you can betray him, but I'm a good man, I won't betray my wife."

Even as the heat overwhelmed her senses, Juliana realized he had rejected her.

A woman has pride.

She released his tie, rolled off under his arm to the edge of the bed, and wobbled as she got up.

"Fine, if you won't, I'll call for a gigolo."

She staggered towards the door, her fingertips just touching the handle when "ding dong" the doorbell rang.

Juliana laughed hazily, "Oh, that was fast?"

Elias Langley's pupils narrowed sharply.

He had always avoided romantic misconduct, and he wouldn't ruin his reputation for her.

He swiftly stepped up and caught her wrist.

But it was too late; the electronic lock clicked open with a beep.

Thinking quickly, he used his body to push Juliana against the adjacent wall.

The door slowly opened, pinning Juliana between the door and the wall.

Jared and Adrian Langley appeared at the door.

"Unc..."

Jared just got the first syllable out before his mouth seemed to stop obeying.

Their uncle had always stayed away from women and, even from the age of eight when he knew he had a "little wife," had kept his chastity waiting.

Even when the girl disappeared for over a decade, he remained pure.

But tonight, there was a smudged lipstick mark on his neck, so...

"Uncle, are you hiding a mistress?"

Adrian was less composed than Jared; he asked while peering inside.

Elias Langley frowned in displeasure.

Jared hurriedly pointed to the mark's location.

It was only then that Elias recalled Juliana had rubbed against him when they came in; the lipstick mark must have been left then.

Elias Langley hardened his expression, his tone stern, "Nonsense, it's red ink..."

"Hmm~"

A soft moan suddenly emanated from behind the door.

The air solidified in an instant.

Chapter 88: Pressed Tight Against His Chiseled Chest

Jared Langley and Adrian Langley's expressions froze simultaneously.

Both of them stared inside wide-eyed.

It seemed like they both wanted to see what kind of delicate woman could make a sound that even their second uncle couldn't resist.

Jared suddenly realized something was off and quickly covered for Elias Langley, "Did Second Uncle get a cat?"

"What nonsense, since when do cats go 'hmm~'?"

Adrian's naive mind didn't catch on, and he tried to mimic the sound awkwardly.

Jared was about to scold him when Elias Langley coolly said, "It's the AI voice assistant."

Then he slammed the door shut with a "bang"!

"What kind of smart voice sounds so seductive?" Adrian muttered to himself.

Jared glanced at him like he was an idiot, then walked away.

...

Juliana Jacobs was trapped in the cramped space behind the door, pushing hard, but it wouldn't budge.

"Elias Langley!"

Just as she was about to push harder, the door suddenly closed, and she stumbled forward.

Elias Langley quickly caught her by the waist and lifted her up effortlessly, carrying her horizontally.

"Put me down!" Juliana struggled and kicked, her voice filled with annoyance, "It's none of your business if I look for other men!"

Elias ignored her resistance and strode towards the bathroom, speaking calmly, "You need to calm down."

The shower was turned on; he had pre-set the water temperature to 37 degrees, letting the warm water pour down.

But Juliana still shivered, having never been showered so unceremoniously, as if she was a trouble that needed to be forcibly suppressed.

She snatched the showerhead from him and aimed it at him.

"Can't you see I'm upset? What good is spraying this thing going to do!"

Elias reached out to shut off the shower, but his tailored shirt was already soaked and clung to his well-defined chest.

Yet he stood there calmly, without even furrowing his brow, his dark eyes quietly watching her.

Juliana's anger suddenly deflated.

She slowly slid down the wall to sit on the ground, cradling her throbbing head, her voice softening.

"Thank you for getting me out of that situation, but I'm in a bad mood right now... Can I use your bathroom for the night and handle it myself?"

"I'll pay you for the room," she added.

At that moment, the doorbell rang again.

The deep dusk in Elias's eyes faded away. He left her in the bathroom and went to the door.

When he opened the door, Quinn Shepherd and a doctor both froze for a moment.

"Boss, are you already wet?"

Elias ignored his words, turning his gaze to the doctor beside him with a calm tone, without a hint of emotional fluctuation.

"She's in the bathroom, try to use little or no medication, but help her relieve it."

"Understood, Mr. Langley."

The doctor, a woman, immediately grabbed her medical kit and headed to the bathroom.

Leaving him and Quinn in the living room.

Quinn handed him a towel and whispered, "The runaway waitress has been caught. She only said someone paid her to take Miss Jacobs to room 9021."

He paused and continued, "The person plotting against Miss Jacobs is very insidious. According to her, she had already lured another man to 9021 earlier. If Miss Jacobs hadn't run into you tonight, the consequences would be unimaginable. Unfortunately, she refuses to say who paid her. Should we use some methods?"

Elias waved his hand, his face indifferent, "The answer does not concern me; let her find out herself."

Quinn nodded, "The person wants to ruin Miss Jacobs's reputation and integrity. They will definitely inform Evan Grant to go to that room, but if Evan doesn't find anyone there..."

Before he could finish, Elias already anticipated the turn of events. He picked up his phone and dialed a number.

Outside the hotel, Jared's phone rang.

Seeing Elias's name, he took a deep breath before answering.

"Second Uncle."

"Go to the ninth floor and get something for me; I'll be down in half an hour."

"Alright."

Quinn understood immediately and quickly went to make arrangements.

Elias walked to the bathroom door and knocked.

The female doctor came out, "Mr. Langley, acupuncture combined with physical methods to dissipate heat is effective; she's feeling better now."

"Prepare a change of clothes for her. Once she's stable, you can leave."

The female doctor nodded, "Rest assured."

The people he uses are trusted not to leak information.

Elias looked at the tightly closed bathroom door, then turned around to change clothes in another room.

Twenty minutes later, he got into Jared's car and returned to the Langley Family estate.

Elias's presence was overwhelming, and Adrian sitting in the passenger seat didn't dare to move.

"The competition in the new energy heavy truck market is already intense; 30% of companies won't last a year. Whose idea was it for Blackstar to enter this market?"

Usually, Elias hardly cared about the Langley Family's business affairs, so Jared immediately replied, "Uncle, chaos is opportunity. Once I sign the exclusive contract for solid-state batteries for heavy trucks with Aetherflame Dynamics, we'll have our trump card."

"Is it again to compete with Evan?"

Jared tightened his grip on the steering wheel, a sharp glint flashing in his eyes.

"The Langley Family won't always lose to him."

Whether it was for the family's reputation or to secure his status with performance, Elias saw through it but didn't expose it, a mocking smile tugging at his lips.

"You have a strong backbone; I have faith in you."

At the auction venue.

The guests had all dispersed, but Juliana's figure was nowhere to be seen.

Ethan whispered beside Evan, "After signing for the painting, Mrs. didn't return. The surveillance shows she didn't leave the hotel, but a staff member saw..."

"Get to the point."

Evan's knuckles turned white, his watch reflecting a cold light under the lights.

"Mrs. might have gone to the 9th floor."

Not far away, Stella sat quietly, as if nothing was wrong, her fingertip unconsciously rubbing the bandage.

Lily, however, was a bit nervous and whispered, "The person we arranged ran off with the money, and no one hinted to Evan that Juliana was fooling around upstairs. What do we do?"

Stella's expression was calm, her red lips slightly moved, "With your brain, just wait for Juliana to come kill you when she realizes it."

Lily felt a chill all over, adjusted her emotions, and walked over to Evan.

"I just saw Juliana making eyes at a man..."

She deliberately paused and sighed.

"When a woman changes her heart, her body is no longer reserved for anyone. Evan, let's not wait for her, let's go."

Evan's gaze darkened, "Go to the 9th floor."

Lily secretly rejoiced.

But upon reaching the 9th floor, not knowing the room number, Evan stopped in his tracks again.

Lily couldn't hint anymore, or it would expose them.

Ethan had just answered the phone and promptly reported, "A lot of surveillance was deleted, but we saw President Langley visit this floor, although it's unclear which room he went into."

Lily blinked: Wasn't it Tristan? How did it become Dean?

Could it be both brothers together?

She was instantly thrilled.

"If you don't know the room number, can't you listen for sounds?" she suggested.

Evan's cold gaze swept across the empty corridor, pausing silently for a full half-minute. The half step he had taken forward retracted after his face was lined with frost.

In the end, he didn't have the courage to investigate.

Because, subconsciously, he began to accept the fact that Juliana no longer loved him much.

"She cheated on you, and you're just going to let it go like this?" Lily couldn't hold back.

Stella silently cursed her stupidity.

Evan looked at Lily, "Are you very sure?"

The man's eyes gleamed with a subtle light, prompting Lily to quickly explain, "I just think it's not worth it for you, especially for Stella. She likes you, and for so many years, she hasn't even touched another man's hand..."

Evan's face was expressionless as he retreated to the elevator.

The next day, when Juliana woke up, the room was empty except for herself.

Aside from some fatigue in her limbs, her body felt fine.

A set of brand-new clothes was neatly arranged on the bedside table, complete from top to bottom, without anything missing.

She glanced at the dress thrown aside, a cold smile on her lips, quickly changing into the clothes and tidying herself up meticulously.

No evidence, but that didn't mean this account could be easily settled.

Holding her painting, she stepped out of the hotel door when a Maybach rushed out from the side and stopped in front of her.

The car door opened, and Evan, with a cold face, pulled her inside.

"What were you doing upstairs all night?"

Evan's voice was as cold as it had been dipped in ice.

Juliana fell into the back seat, the explanation that had come to her lips suddenly swallowed when she met the coldness in his eyes.

Her lips curved slightly, her eyes mocking, she spoke lightly:

"Slept with a man, so what?"

Chapter 89: The Words "Divorce Agreement" Burn Like Fire

"You..." Evan's eyes were filled with a ferocity that almost tore her apart, "We're not divorced yet!"

Juliana raised an eyebrow, smiling alluringly.

"Oh, so what?"

"For four years, haven't you been flying to Aldoria every month to be with your stepsister?"

"When you and she went back to the villa late at night, did you ever think about being married?"

"At her one call, you ignored me lying in the ICU, barely alive, just to be a good brother in her bed."

"Evan, is your face plastered with your sister's abortion papers?"

Evan's temples throbbed, but he suppressed his temper with great restraint.

"I haven't touched Stella!"

Juliana remained indifferent, "I know, I know. You've said it many times, you've never touched her in front of others, because after all, you don't have a fetish for performing in public."

"By destroying your reputation to retaliate against me, what do you gain?" His voice was hoarse.

"Pleasure!" Juliana laughed as if nourished by a fierce spring breeze, "Multiple pleasures, he lasts longer, is better than you, and his skills surpass yours."

"Juliana!"

Evan's pupils shrunk suddenly as he grabbed her neck, pulling her in front of him.

Gasping for air, Juliana still managed to keep a hint of a smile on her lips.

"You can't take it? But every time you hurt me for your sister, my heart was tortured inch by inch, and I had to endure it?"

"I..." The fury in Evan's eyes gradually faded, and his hand around her neck slowly loosened.

Tears welled up in Juliana's eyes, her smile bittersweet yet sharp.

"Don't act so wronged with a green hat on, Evan. What I've done doesn't even amount to a fraction of the harm you've caused me."

Evan's hand dropped helplessly, and for the first time, his confident face showed a near-broken expression.

After a long pause, he managed to utter in a hoarse voice, "Who is the man?"

Juliana sneered lightly, "You're not qualified to know."

Saying that, she prepared to get out of the car.

But the door wouldn't open.

She turned her gaze to the dejected man, delivering another blow to his heart.

"I'm covered in his scent now, are you sure you still want to share a car with me?"

Evan punched the leather backrest, gritting out a word, "Get out!"

As his voice fell, the car's central lock clicked open.

Juliana got out of the car, turning to bend over.

In those seemingly energetic eyes, countless tiny bloodshot veins were hidden.

The smile on her face was gone, replaced by deep-seated hatred.

"Evan! These four years of marriage, what you brought me was endless persecution, unavoidable drugging, nightmares night and day!"

"My life because of you has been nothing but blood, tears, and disgrace, so why would I need a jinx like you?"

"Prepare to answer the lawsuit, soon-to-be ex-husband."

After venting, she felt much better inside, slammed the car door shut, and walked away without looking back.

Evan's heart felt as if it were being squeezed by an invisible hand, a bitter regret washing over him like a tide, choking him with pain.

"President Grant," Ethan softly asked, "Are you going to let it end like this?"

Being cuckolded is not something any man can easily get over.

Evan had already adjusted his emotions, his gaze terrifyingly dark.

"Go to The Empyrean Pavilion."

Isn't that George Grant's antique shop?

Ethan was puzzled but still responded, "Yes."

After being driven out of Celestial Vista, the Grants temporarily stayed in the back of the antique shop.

The small rooms were cramped and uncomfortable, but they were reluctant to move elsewhere and lose rental income.

After all, they no longer had financial support from the Grant Family.

"Evan, what brings you here?"

George was on the phone and hastily hung up upon seeing him.

"Where's Lily?"

Evan was tieless, the collar of his shirt loose, with dark circles under his eyes from a sleepless night.

George didn't understand his intent, "Why are you looking for her?"

"Evan," Riley came in holding a cup of tea, "Are you here to see your father?"

Her eyes even welled up slightly.

"You two are ultimately father and son, the bond of blood cannot be cut. You can't possibly abandon your father just because of a few careless words, right?"

Stella followed quietly behind Lily.

Seeing Evan's displeasure, she just called him "brother" softly and stood aside, trying to become invisible.

Evan took the tea from Lily and suddenly swung it back, the cup smashing to pieces on the floor.

Lily was so frightened that she pushed against her husband.

"What are you doing?" George barked angrily.

Evan did not answer but threw the document in his hand onto the table.

"Sign it, and I'll restore your allowance, and we can still be father and son."

The large words 'Divorce Agreement' were strikingly eye-catching.

George was so shocked he almost couldn't speak.

"Why... Why should I divorce your aunt?"

Lily also panicked, "Yes, I love my husband dearly, why must we be separated?"

"Do you even realize what you did last night, or do you just not care?"

Lily turned pale instantly but, realizing he had no evidence, began to play the victim.

"Your wife spent last night with another man in room 9021, what's that got to do with me? I only said a few words of warning to you out of goodwill, how can you suspect me?"

Evan's eyes suddenly turned chillingly cold, his voice carrying restrained anger.

"We didn't find out which room she was in last night!"

Lily paused, covering her mouth.

She had been taking a lot of medicine lately, her mind wasn't clear, and she made a slip.

Stella secretly cursed "idiot" and began plotting her next move.

George understood everything, gripping the agreement with trembling hands.

"About this... I... I can discipline her."

Evan sneered, "Grandma said it's either her or the Grant Family."

George closed his eyes, unwillingly taking out a pen.

Lily, already looking sickly, turned even paler like a ghost, clutching George's right hand in desperation.

"Husband, we've been together for ten years, I love you deeply, you're my world, my everything, you can't leave me."

George held her wrist, "But you'll ruin me, getting me disowned by the Grant Family."

If disowned, he would lose all his assets and properties under his name.

Lily cried bitterly, without the marriage, she'd have nothing left too.

"You have ten minutes," Evan said flatly.

"We are father and son, do you really have to push me like this?" George's face was grim.

"If you choose this woman, you are no longer part of the Grants, and I will have no obligation to cover for you," Evan said expressionlessly.

George shuddered.

"Husband, I'm sick, you can't abandon me."

Lily clung tightly to George's hand holding the pen, and Stella stepped forward to gently hold her mother's arm.

"Mom..." her voice trembled, "If you really did that to my sister-in-law... then I... I think my brother is right."

Lily was stunned, "Stella! You too..."

"You're my mother, of course I don't want to see you divorced."

Tears rolled down Stella's face, yet she still insisted on finishing her sentence.

"But if you really hurt my sister-in-law, what face does my brother have left, what face do we have to stay in the Grant Family?"

Lily knew she'd been given up on, and her face turned ashen instantly.

George looked at Stella's red eyes and Evan's resolute expression, took a deep breath, and forcibly pried Lily's hand away.

"Fine!"

He looked at Evan, knocking his knuckles heavily on the agreement.

"I can sign the divorce agreement, but I have one condition."

## Chapter 90: He's My Lover—Want to Meet Him?

"Stella is a sensible child. Even if I'm divorced from your aunt, you must continue to take good care of her. That's my only condition."

Stella took a deep breath, tears welling in her eyes as she looked at Evan.

The man's face was stern, his expression obscure and unreadable.

After a moment, he spoke indifferently, "I'll ensure her wealth and luxury for a lifetime, but she must go abroad and never set foot in the country again."

Stella's body staggered, tears streamed down her face.

"Thank you... brother."

George Grant gritted his teeth and signed the divorce agreement.

Lily Windsor slumped to the ground, numbly signing her name, as if all her strength had been drained.

Evan took the agreement, a cold smile curling at the corners of his lips.

"Congratulations, Father. In a month, you'll be a free man again."

George turned his face away, unwilling to look at him.

As he passed by Stella, Evan didn't pause, coldly tossing out, "Once you're healed, leave the country immediately."

Stella bit her lip, her fingers clenched until her knuckles turned white.

The Emyrean Pavilion closed its doors, ending business early.

Lily broke down crying, "Husband, I can't bear to leave you..."

"Enough!"

Having been suppressed by Evan, George's temper flared up too.

"I don't care who you drugged, but after you do it, you must clean up the mess. Look at Evan's attitude today... I've never been so humiliated in my life!"

After finishing, he stormed out in a fit of rage.

Lily clutched her chest, grabbing her daughter's hand.

"Stella, are you giving up on Mom too?"

"Mom," Stella said emotionally, "we've been manipulated by Juliana again. Right now, the only way to protect ourselves is to comply with my brother. You have a month. As long as you can ruin Juliana's reputation and make my brother disdain her, there's still room for negotiation with Uncle."

These words hit Lily where it hurt most.

The most important thing to her was this marriage with George.

She had worked hard for ten years, and besides her, there was no other woman by George's side.

Lily's eyes filled with intense hatred, "Juliana, I'll fight you to the death."

...

Juliana returned the painting to Celestial Vista, along with Old Man Linton's bank card.

Rosalind Linton was surprised, "You didn't spend a single cent?"

"I'm leaving with nothing. Consider this painting as my breakup fee."

Rosalind was very dissatisfied, "Evan can squander billions on a mistress, it's only right for you to ask for billions in alimony! Spending four years with him, leaving with nothing, are you stupid?"

Juliana's gaze remained calm, "I only married him to save my grandfather, not for his money. This was an unequal marriage from the start. Now that it has ensured my grandfather's well-being, four years is worth it."

Old Man Linton nodded, "Juliana is right. We shouldn't covet what isn't ours. Nothing is more important than Juliana being able to divorce smoothly. Next time, I will personally vet her fiancé; no matter how rich, a jerk is not acceptable."

"Dad, I'm only thinking of Juliana's future. A woman remarried is always a notch lower, and without money, her in-laws would despise her even more."

Old Man Linton got angry, "Money, money, money. You're so clear-headed when advising others, but what about when that man dumped you? He married a wealthy woman, did you ask him for a breakup fee? Did you tell him you were pregnant?"

Rosalind felt a bit awkward, "Because I truly loved him."

Juliana cut in, "Auntie Linton, what's Aidan Linton's father's name?"

Rosalind warily asked, "Why do you want to know?"

Juliana teased, "Just seeing if there's still a chance for you two to reunite."

Rosalind's face showed a flicker of awkwardness, "It's been too long, I don't remember."

Juliana said, "Aren't you worried he'll regret not knowing he has a son?"

Rosalind tilted her head, hiding the regret on her face.

"I didn't take good care of my son, even if there's a chance, I have no face to tell him."

Juliana wanted to ask more, but her phone rang.

It was Quinn Shepherd calling.

She stood up and bid farewell to her grandfather, answering the call as she left Celestial Vista.

"Miss Jacobs, the waitress who was supposed to take you to the room last night is in room 508 at The Ambrosia Hotel. Mr. Langley said to leave it to you."

Juliana half-squinted her eyes, her fingertips turning white.

"Thank you, Secretary Shepherd."

The call ended on the other side.

Quinn Shepherd looked at Elias Langley, "She only thanked me, didn't mention you at all."

Elias Langley focused on his document without moving, "Does her concern matter?"

Quinn Shepherd was silent, "..."

Just as Juliana reached her car in the parking lot, she caught sight of a figure approaching rapidly in the reflection of the car window.

Her heart tightened, and instinctively, she clutched her handbag firmly.

The next moment, a stranger's hand landed on her shoulder.

Juliana spun around swiftly, pressing the high-voltage stun gun in her hand against the person's waist.

"Ah~~~~ Juliana..."

"Why is it you?"

Seeing it was Adrian Langley, Juliana quickly put away the stun gun.

Adrian clutched the spot where he was shocked, his legs turning weak, and as he was about to fall, Juliana quickly opened the backdoor, half-supporting, half-pushing him into the car.

Adrian broke out in a cold sweat on his forehead, sinking into the seat, gasping for air.

Juliana questioned coldly, "Why were you sneaking behind me?"

Adrian took a long while to respond, "I... waited here especially for you."

"How long have you known this location?" Juliana's voice suddenly deepened.

However, Adrian did not answer her question.

"Last night..." He stared at the car roof, his Adam's apple moving, "I saw you being taken into the elevator, but..."

His fingers unconsciously clenched into fists.

"Sorry, I'm useless. I was worried about you all night."

Because he was worried, he exposed his whereabouts just to chase here to ask if she was okay.

Why was he afraid to admit he's Aidan? Juliana couldn't figure it out, but his concern didn't move her at all.

"I'm fine, can you walk on your own?"

Adrian tried to stand, but his legs were too weak.

"Give me... two more minutes."

Juliana chuckled lightly, "Where to? I'll take you."

"Blackstar Tower."

She grabbed a blanket to cover him, then closed the door and turned to the driver's seat.

Juliana's car had just turned out of Celestial Vista's underground garage when a black Maybach suddenly cut in from the side, skidding to a stop right in front of her.

Ethan Carter quickly got out of the car and opened the back door, and Evan Grant stepped out with long strides.

Juliana muttered "persistent ghost," glanced at Adrian in the backseat, and rolled down the car window by a finger's width.

The chill between Evan's brows hadn't dissipated since this morning.

He knocked on her window, "Roll it all the way down."

Juliana remained still, her fingers tightly gripping the steering wheel, calmly asking, "Do you need something?"

"I don't like talking through a window."

Juliana looked straight ahead, "Then you better get used to it."

Evan's jawline tightened sharply, his knuckles pressed heavily against the window sill.

"Who's in your car?"

Juliana suppressed the panic rising in her heart and turned to meet his gaze, her lips curving into a provocative smirk.

"It's my lover, want an introduction?"