

## **Panicking 91**

Chapter 91: Wife Cheats, Husband Brings Birth Control Pills

"Juliana!"

Evan looked at her, his chest heaving violently.

Juliana pressed her face close to the narrow window gap, her smile so bright it was blinding.

"If I really roll down the window, do you dare to look?"

The coldness in the man's eyes suddenly dissipated, and he forced a smile.

"My Juliana wouldn't do such a thing."

Juliana instantly wiped off her smile, turning her face away coldly.

At this moment, Evan shoved a box of medicine through the car window.

"What's this?"

Juliana took it and looked.

Her view of Evan changed immediately.

A wife cheats, and the husband brings contraceptives. Is he planning to be cuckolded?

"Do you think that one affair each makes us even?" Juliana said mockingly, "You slept with Stella for so many years, what do you take me for? Can we ever be even?"

Evan suppressed the bitterness in his heart, speaking gently, "That's not what I mean. The morning-after pill is a protection for you."

"Do you think I can still have children?" Juliana's voice turned sharp.

Evan's throat felt as if it was blocked with lead.

Juliana mercilessly threw the medication out of the car.

"If I can get pregnant, I'd definitely keep it. If you don't want to be a laughingstock, you'd better get a divorce quickly."

With that, she slammed on the gas and drove away.

Evan seemed nailed to the spot, deep pain lingering in his eyes.

The taste of betrayal was unexpectedly so painful.

Yet he still couldn't bring himself to hate her.

"President Grant, the shareholders' meeting starts in half an hour."

Ethan's words pulled him back from despair.

Evan lifted his gaze, the afternoon breeze brushing past his cold and striking features, dispersing the brief vulnerability completely.

"Check who was in her car."

Ethan: "..."

No courage to look before, but curious afterward?

"Yes."

...

A while later, Juliana drove into The Ambrosia Hotel's parking lot.

Adrian sat up blankly, pulling the blanket off.

"Weren't you going to take me to Blackstar Tower?"

Juliana calmly replied, "We were being followed, I'll take you there later."

"Bringing me to a hotel like this doesn't make things clearer though, does it?"

Juliana wasn't sure if it was her imagination, but Adrian seemed a bit shy saying this.

"Wrap yourself in the blanket and follow me."

Juliana got a room card at the front desk and headed to room 508.

Quinn arranged everything well; the front desk didn't ask anything, not even daring to glance at her.

As soon as she opened the door, there was a woman with her hands tied behind her, sitting on the bed.

Adrian's breath caught, and he looked at Juliana with an inquisitive gaze.

Juliana ignored his look, closed the door, indifferent to the woman's terrified muffled cries.

"Yesterday should have been your death anniversary."

She tore the tape off the woman's face.

"Help, there's a murder in here..." the woman screamed.

Juliana watched her, face expressionless.

She waited until the woman's voice was hoarse, then crouched in front of her, lightly caressing the woman's tear-stained cheek with chilly fingertips.

"Know the best feature of a couple's hotel? It's the noise insulation. No one can hear you scream."

The woman's voice trembled, mixed with sobs, "I had no choice. My mom is sick, my dad is bedridden, and my brother is still in prison. I need a lot of money to save my mom..."

"Making money like this, you think you can live to spend it?"

Juliana hit the nail on the head, and the woman's psychological defenses crumbled, prompting tears.

"What's your name?" Juliana asked.

"April... April Preston."

"What kind of work have you done?"

"I've set up stalls outside schools, promoted for beauty salons, been to clubs, and so on."

April's voice grew quieter.

Juliana's eyes narrowed slightly.

With such a thorough confession, it seemed Quinn put in a lot of effort.

"Who ordered you?"

April suddenly trembled violently, "I can't say... She'll kill my whole family! She has my ID card, knows my home address..."

"Then tell me how you succeeded last night."

Juliana tried a different approach.

April's teeth chattered, unable to meet her gaze.

"I drugged several glasses of champagne, and in the chaos, passed one of them to you. It was all going smoothly until a man came and disrupted the plan. Please let me go. I need to tell my parents to move immediately."

Juliana chuckled coldly, "Describe that person—man or woman, how old."

This... she could say.

"A woman, very thin, seemed sick. Looked over fifty but probably in her forties."

Lily again?

Juliana wasn't satisfied with this answer.

Stella always managed to paint herself as utterly innocent, which was incredibly dangerous.

"April," Juliana locked eyes with her, "I know who she is and what she's capable of. Even moving your parents won't save you; there's only one path you can take."

"What should I do?" April's desperate eyes flickered with a bit of hope.

"She can threaten you only because of her husband's power. If you can deal with her husband, not only will you and your parents be safe, but you can also get some money to treat your mother as soon as possible."

April bit her lip for a moment, "Alright, tell me what to do!"

Juliana, suppressing a smile, looked at Adrian, "Can you find out George Grant's whereabouts?"

Adrian's eyes darkened slightly, "Piece of cake."

A moment later, the two left the room one after the other, leaving April behind.

Juliana walked quickly, but Adrian's long legs kept up.

"Are you about to say 'things have changed'?" Juliana asked.

Adrian didn't answer, remained silent for a short while, then suddenly asked, "How have you been these past four years?"

Juliana abruptly stopped, her gaze on him deep and intense, "Is it Adrian Langley asking, or is it Aidan Linton?"

"I..."

Adrian tried several times to speak the truth, but each time the words were swallowed back down.

Seeing he still wouldn't admit he's Aidan.

Juliana sneered, opened the car door, and got in.

Adrian didn't remove the blanket until he sat in the passenger seat.

The car drove all the way to Blackstar Tower.

"Take the side entrance."

Adrian had been silent until he finally spoke.

"Why not use the main entrance?"

Juliana adjusted the steering wheel.

Adrian looked embarrassed but didn't explain.

The car stopped.

He took a few steps inside, then turned back to Juliana and said, "The task you gave me, I'll handle it well. Though I can't be your support now, I'd go through fire and water for you as long as you ask."

With that, he went through the door.

Juliana glanced at the passenger seat, seeing he'd left his phone behind, and quickly got out to send it after him.

Catching up in the lobby, two meters away, just as she was about to call out to him, Adrian suddenly stood straight and lowered his head.

Following his gaze, she saw a dignified middle-aged woman entering the main entrance, surrounded by assistants and bodyguards.

The surrounding air stilled.

The woman, wearing high heels studded with pigeon egg-sized diamonds, was heading to the elevator when she saw Adrian and changed direction, walking towards him.

"Coming to work at this hour?"

She slightly raised her chin, her tone carrying an obvious reprimand.

"No, I had to attend to something earlier."

The woman scrutinized him from head to toe.

"Remember, every achievement you make at Blackstar is working for my son."

"Yes, Mother."

So this was the wife of Blackstar Technologies' chairman.

"From today, not only must you use the side entrance, but also the service elevator for all your comings and goings. The Langley Family doesn't keep idlers; we'll talk when you've contributed to the family."

"Yes, Mother." Adrian remained respectful.

Suddenly, Mrs. Langley's gaze turned guarded.

"Is this... your friend?"

She looked at Juliana.

Chapter 92: This Woman Is Cleaner Than Auntie Windsor

Juliana calmly put away Adrian Langley's phone and walked past him.

"I'm here to find someone."

"Who's Mrs. Grant looking for at our Langley Family's place?"

Juliana wasn't surprised she recognized her.

After all, four years of marriage, Evan Grant never deliberately hid her existence.

Moreover, with the recent scandals surrounding the Grant Family, it was a breeze for Mrs. Langley to uncover her opponent's circumstances with her network.

"I'm looking for Jared Langley."

Juliana remained composed, meeting her scrutinizing gaze.

Mrs. Langley curled her lips into a thin, cold smile. "As far as I know, Mrs. Grant rarely intervenes in the company's business. I wonder what's the serious business for you to come looking for my son?"

Juliana could hear the sarcasm in her words.

She wasn't angry, instead she smiled lightly and said, "Mrs. Langley knows all about other people's affairs, but if she understood her own son well enough, she wouldn't be saying this to me today."

After speaking, without looking at the other's expression, she turned and left.

At that moment, Jared Langley emerged from the private elevator, ignoring his mother, and chased after her.

"Miss Jacobs, wait!"

He finally caught up with her at the main entrance.

Juliana stopped, her gaze towards him remained calm and indifferent.

"Why didn't you call me first?" he asked.

Juliana glanced at the company's sign, "Is it embarrassing for you that I showed up here because of your company's strict hierarchy?"

"That's not what I meant, if you were coming, I would have asked my secretary to meet you downstairs."

Jared's words were gentle and polite, but Juliana only responded with a cold laugh.

"I'm not in a good mood today, let's talk another day."

Jared: "..."

Afterwards, Juliana returned to Aetherflame Dynamics.

Developing new energy heavy-duty truck batteries was just a means to solve the current predicament, far from her ultimate goal.

Summer Shaw stopped her halfway.

"Since you got out of the hospital, you've been so busy that you're nowhere to be seen. What have you been up to these days?"

Juliana glanced at her calmly; the less she knew, the safer she was.

"Handling a divorce, why?"

She brushed it off lightly, but everyone knew her divorce with Evan Grant wouldn't be easy.

Summer tactfully handed her an invitation.

"An invitation from the Helios Energy Council, inviting us to attend their business networking event."

"Hmm." Juliana turned to change into an anti-static suit.

"Is that all you have to say?" Summer was incredulous, "Do you know what entering their circle means?"

She lowered her voice excitedly, "The Helios Energy Council is ostensibly an investment organization, but its actual background is unfathomable. We're about to make it big!"

The scene from last night flashed before Juliana's eyes.

Under the influence of medication, not only did she invite Elias Langley to be unfaithful, but also sprayed him with water and shamelessly claimed she was going to get a gigolo...

These were things she would never do in a rational state.

Just her behavior last night might make the other party reassess the possibility of cooperation and investment.

Juliana ultimately didn't expose the harsh truth to dampen Summer's spirits.

"It's just attending a meeting; we're far from securing an investment. Let's focus on doing our jobs well first."

Summer playfully punched her shoulder, "Our Juliana truly aims for big things."

Juliana couldn't muster a smile.

...

Evening, The Gilded Goblet Room at Phantasm Bar.

The dim red lighting cast a veil of intoxicated haze, enveloping the indulgence and desire.

A few women held wine glasses, either playfully pouring wine by each other's lips or drunkenly singing off-key love songs, in a dizzying disarray, skirts swaying wildly.

In the shadows of a couch, two men sat facing each other.

Isaac Grant leaned idly back on the couch, flanked by two attentive women massaging his arms and occasionally feeding him wine at his lips.

He took a casual sip and said in a low voice, "I've already acquired 5% of the Cortexa Group's shares on the market, but we're still far from entering the board. The rest, I'll leave to father."

George Grant, without any women at his side by choice, was rubbing his glass thoughtfully before speaking, "Your Uncle Woodward is disappointed with Cortexa's current state and holds 8% shares. I'll invite him over for chess someday."

Isaac nodded slightly, his fingers nonchalantly slipping under the hem of the woman's skirt by his side.

After a pause, George asked, "After you replace your brother, can you spare him?"

Isaac exchanged flirtatious glances with the woman in his arms; hearing this, he laughed softly, "Did he spare me back then?"

Thus, of the two sons, only one could remain.

George lowered his eyes, hardened his heart, and downed his whiskey.

Just then, the door to the private room opened, and a woman in a red trench coat gracefully entered.

Two bodyguards immediately stepped forward to scan her with a detector, then gestured for her to remove her coat.

The woman nodded, took off her coat, and turned to hang it on the entrance rack.

A shimmering silver tight-fitting camisole dress accentuated her alluring figure.

She gave Isaac a slight nod and then sat beside George, pouring him more wine.

"I don't need it."

George placed the glass down, causing the woman's pouring hand to freeze.

Isaac chuckled, "Auntie Windsor is ill. Father's a normal man with needs; just don't let her find out. This woman is cleaner than Auntie Windsor."

George shook his head, "You and I have different views in these matters."

Isaac remained silent with a smile.

The woman brushed her long hair, releasing a strong perfume scent that wafted into George's nose.

He had an odd fondness for such fragrances.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have been fascinated by Lily Windsor, who worked in a massage parlor before.

His gaze was involuntarily drawn to her.

Only then did he realize the woman was also watching him, her gaze intense.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" George's tone was cold.

The woman gently pressed a glass of wine to his lips, leaning on his shoulder with a playful smile, "You're very handsome."

George wasn't pleased, but he still sipped the wine she offered.

The woman rose and moved behind him, her soft fingers lightly massaging his temples.

"I just want you to relax."

George took a deep breath with his eyes closed, "What's your name?"

"April Preston." Her voice was as sweet as honey.

Across from them, Isaac suddenly laughed, tossing out a room card casually.

"Take my father upstairs to rest well."

April supported George to stand up, and he did not resist.

The non-public area opposite the private room on the third floor.

Juliana clasped her hands in front of her chest, hiding in the darkness.

April's perfume and massage techniques were all arranged by her.

Adrian Langley stood beside her holding a glass of wine.

"Can April be trusted? What if she's caught by Lily Windsor and betrays you?"

"I've already arranged for her mother's hospital treatment," Juliana's voice was calm, "Since Lily Windsor was behind last night's move, let's deal with her first, anyway..."

A fierce light flashed in her eyes.

"... Some people's right-hand supporters need to be eradicated sooner or later."

Taking away George's affection would be a catastrophic blow for the terminally ill Lily Windsor.

Adrian, though unclear of her plan, felt a pang of sourness.

He asked her again, "These four years, what exactly have you experienced?"

The previous Juliana was naive and lively; she would never have been this deep.

Juliana's long lashes fluttered down, her voice brushed it off, "We all have to grow up. Have these years been easy for you?"

Adrian's heart tightened with even more sorrow.

"Let's go." She took the lead, "Thank you for your help this time; let's stay in touch less from now on."

The two walked to the entrance of the bar.

Just then, a group of drunk men and women stumbled in, swaying left and right.

Instinctively, Adrian extended his arm, gently shielding Juliana in his embrace.

Suddenly, a drunken woman staggered over, crashing Juliana into Adrian's chest.

Juliana cast an annoyed glance at the woman, ready to pull away from Adrian's arms when a phone flash went off with a "click," illuminating their entwined silhouettes.

"Well, well..."

Lily Windsor, having captured the photo, placed her phone in her bag as if handling a prized possession, wearing a triumphant expression as though she'd caught them red-handed.

"Finally caught you cheating duo!"

Chapter 93: Juliana Jacobs's Revenge

"Watch your mouth."

Juliana calmly stepped away from Adrian Langley's arms.

"You should go first."

Adrian noticed that Lily looked like trouble, "Are you sure?"

Juliana tilted her head slightly. Adrian knew staying would only be a burden to her, so he quickly left in the other direction.

"Why are you running? Got the nerve to run, adulterer?"

Lily tried to stop him, but Juliana stepped in front of her.

"Do you like chasing men that much?" Juliana mocked.

Lily immediately pointed at her, "My Stella kept herself pure for Evan, while you occupy Mrs. Grant's place but don't follow the wife's duty. Indeed, a lowlife born without proper upbringing!"

This time, Juliana wasn't angry; instead, she humbly replied, "In front of Ms. Windsor, I dare not claim the title of a lowlife. You're the model of a masseuse's rank, raising a daughter who still clings to her chastity at 25 to tie down a married man."

"Bitch, I'll tear your mouth apart."

Lily leaped in rage, raising her hand to slap Juliana.

However, Juliana pushed her hand aside and grabbed her collar, slamming her onto the ground.

Lily hit the ground heavily and gasped in pain.

"You..."

Seeing her about to cry, Juliana coldly said, "Does it hurt? This was how you threw me in the hospital room, Ms. Windsor, remember?"

Lily was stunned for a moment, recalling the incident after Juliana left the ICU, realizing that Juliana was taking revenge.

"Oh, everyone, come and see, this is how she treats her mother-in-law, I can't live anymore..."

Lily made a scene in public, attempting to morally blackmail Juliana.

But outside the bar, young people gathered, smirking at her as though she was mad.

At this moment, Ethan Carter arrived with bodyguards to disperse the crowd.

Evan Grant strode over, looking at Lily on the ground coldly, "Not embarrassed enough for the Grant Family?"

His aura was sharp, and Lily immediately stopped crying, even brightened up a bit.

She got up at once, taking out her phone.

"Evan, I just caught her hugging another man here, she hit me out of anger. Look, here's the evidence."

As soon as she unlocked the screen, Juliana snatched her phone, deleting everything, even the cloud storage.

Evan watched her swift actions, his eyes darkening.

Lily became even more agitated, "Evan, she and Adrian..."

Juliana interrupted her, "Who I'm with is none of your business. Jealous because I'm Mrs. Grant? If you want to marry your son's husband so badly, just say so, why play all these games?"

Lily was so enraged her face turned pale, blood flowed from her nostrils, on the verge of bursting.

Juliana clicked her tongue, "You've already signed up at The Reaper's Court, yet you're still more fiery than the living. Are you afraid you won't reincarnate as a beast in the next life?"

Lily held her chest, covered in her own nosebleed, unable to say a word.

"Alright, stop provoking her."

Evan pulled Juliana behind him, giving Ethan a look.

Ethan quickly called for an ambulance for Lily.

A few minutes later, Lily was carried onto a stretcher.

"No, I'm not leaving, I came to find my husband, he hasn't come home yet..."

At this moment, she remembered her purpose, but it was too late.

Watching the ambulance leave, Juliana turned to go, but Evan called her back, "Leaving just like that?"

Juliana turned back, her gaze without warmth, "I don't have the habit of spending the night at bars, of course, I'm leaving."

Evan tried to stay calm and asked, "Why did you come to the bar?"

Juliana's lips curved into a sarcastic smile, "Came to find a new stepmother for you, does President Grant believe that?"

"Juliana!" Evan's eyes flickered with a small flame, unable to extinguish.

"Your stepmother is about to die, shouldn't you hurry and divorce to marry her daughter for her joy, instead of minding my business?"

Confidently, Juliana left him behind and walked away.

Evan's face darkened, pulling at his tie, seething with anger without a direction for it.

Ethan cautiously emerged from the bar, careful not to provoke him.

"President Grant, Young Master Isaac hasn't been found, and just now someone deleted the bar's surveillance."

"Who did it?" Evan's voice grew colder.

"The monitoring room said it was someone from the Langley Family, they couldn't provoke them."

Evan's eyes grew darker and darker.

"Have you investigated who was in Madam's car?"

"The trackers didn't see the person clearly, but they went to a love hotel midway..."

Ethan glanced up and noticed his boss's expression worsen, so he lowered his voice.

"...Stayed for about forty minutes, then went to Blackstar Tower, finally seeing President Langley at the entrance."

Evan snorted coldly, "Coveting my woman, is he quite bold?"

Ethan lowered his head, "Currently, our Cortexa board is seriously divided, and there are rumors that Madam's Aetherflame Dynamics might cooperate with Blackstar Technologies. Perhaps... he thinks your influence is waning?"

Evan pressed his lips tight, his hand hanging down clenched until it turned white.

The Maybach slowly drove over, and without finding Isaac Grant, Evan and his party left.

In a car hidden in a nearby alley.

Juliana watched the departing Maybach with a sigh of relief.

Her phone pinged—it was a message from April Preston.

"He has concerns, wrapping it up soon, preparing to leave after a shower."

Juliana quickly replied:

"You've slept with him, and you have a grudge with his wife, tonight is your only chance. Either bind his heart to find yourself a protector or clean your neck and wait for her to come for you."

April sighed, deleted the message, and turned off George Grant's phone.

She poured a cup of hot water, grabbed a box of ice cubes, and walked into the bathroom...

Lily failed to contact George Grant all night, feeling frantic.

The next day, when Stella Windsor came to see her, she immediately grabbed her daughter's hand, refusing to let go.

"Didn't you say he loves me? Why did he stay out all night just after signing the divorce papers? Had I known, I wouldn't have signed it even if I died!"

Stella forcibly removed her hand, looking down at the red marks on her wrist, a flicker of displeasure in her eyes.

"Uncle Grant just can't be reached for now, don't overthink it."

Lily wouldn't listen.

"No, he definitely went to find a woman, because it's been a long time since he touched me, he wouldn't even let me use my hands."

Stella closed her eyes, suppressing the disgust in her heart.

"Even if it's true, you can't blame him. Who told you to let Juliana grind you into the ground every time?"

Lily grew angry, rummaging through to find her phone and handed it to Stella.

"Hurry and recover the data deleted last night, I want to expose Juliana's adultery to the world, I want her to be ruined!"

...

Juliana slept late yesterday; by noon, after eating at Aetherflame, she took a nap on the office sofa.

After just twenty minutes of sleep, Summer Shaw rushed in.

"Girl, your pants are on fire, how can you still be in the mood to sleep,"

Chapter 94: Give Her a Lethal Injection

Juliana slowly awoke from the chaos, pressing her fingers against her temples, rubbing them as she struggled to focus on the explosive trending topic on her phone screen:

#The Grant Group's Crown is Tainted! Photos Exposed of the Billionaire's Wife Meeting Privately with a Group's Young Master#

Her pupils suddenly contracted.

Two photos.

One was of Juliana holding the man's hand, their foreheads touching as they gazed at his palm, the background a hospital room.

The other was from last night at the bar entrance, showing Juliana leaning into a man's arms.

Both photos were taken with misalignment and candid techniques, making the two appear extremely intimate.

However, likely to avoid portrait rights disputes, the faces in the photos were quite blurry, especially Adrian Langley, whom even familiar people would take a while to recognize.

Clearly, the other party was afraid of offending the Langley Family.

"Who's trying to mess with you again?" Summer asked.

Juliana recalled the previous stunt orchestrated by Lily Windsor and chuckled coldly, "Can't settle down even on her deathbed."

Summer understood immediately, "Then what to do? Should I find someone to take down the trending topic?"

"I'm still Mrs. Grant, someone will be more anxious than you."

Summer clicked refresh.

Sure enough, the previously trending tag was gone.

But another tag replaced it.

#More Than Just Dinner? Passerby Finds Billionaire's Wife Alone in a Box with Heir#

"This is endless!" Summer stood up angrily.

Juliana glanced at the photo.

It was the day she had lunch with Adrian Langley.

Was Lily Windsor so skilled at tracking?

With another refresh, the tag disappeared again.

Couldn't be found even with a search.

At that moment, a call from Adrian Langley came in.

"The last photo was taken by someone passing by the box door that day. I asked the restaurant owner for the surveillance, but it had already been overwritten."

"You were suspicious then, why didn't you warn me?" Juliana asked.

Adrian felt regretful, "I suspected he was Jared Langley's spy at the time, but later when Jared called without knowing we were together, I paid no more attention. Juliana, I'm worried that someone particularly familiar with me might see the photos now."

Juliana understood what he meant.

But Grandpa doesn't surf the internet, and Rosalind Linton prefers short dramas, so chances are they haven't seen these trending topics.

Hanging up, her heart sank.

The last photo was taken by someone Jared Langley arranged.

If he's Lily Windsor's accomplice, getting rid of Lily would be difficult.

"I'm going out for a bit."

Juliana picked up her bag and headed out.

"Where are you going? Aren't you preparing to attend the entrepreneur gathering hosted by the Helios Energy Council tomorrow to see President Langley?" Summer asked.

However, Juliana's figure had already disappeared at the office door.

Cortexa Group's President's Office.

Evan Grant loosened his tie, his gaze fixed out the window, eyes cold as ice.

"Both tags have been dealt with."

Ethan Carter reported softly.

"Subsequent attempts to leak photos were intercepted by us at the first instance. I've already set the PR department to monitor 24/7, not letting this escalate. But Mrs. Grant indeed went too far this time; having an affair shouldn't have been..."

"Freeze all accounts under George Grant's name," Evan Grant interrupted coldly, "Some people... need to stay in their sickbeds to remain peaceful."

"But won't this affect Miss Windsor?" Ethan asked.

Evan coldly responded, "Will she die?"

Ethan shook his head, "Not likely."

Evan didn't give him any slack, "Then proceed."

...

Juliana called Jared Langley, but he didn't pick up.

Upon reaching Blackstar Technologies, the receptionist refused to notify him.

Juliana understood he was retaliating against her.

So she took out her phone and dialed Summer.

"Inform Manager Miller to notify Blackstar Technologies that they've been eliminated in the first round of selection."

Less than five minutes after hanging up, Jared's call came in.

"Miss Jacobs, anxious for a divorce? Blame me for no action these days?"

Juliana lazily sunk into the cafe's sofa, dappled light filtering through the glass roof onto her.

She swirled her coffee cup, "I'm at the cafe next to your company."

Soon, Jared pushed the door open, bypassing her position, sitting across from her.

A salty mint aroma wafted past Juliana's nose.

Many men liked the sea breeze scented cologne, but on Jared, it had a unique fragrance.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Jared Langley seemed a bit curious.

Juliana's smile didn't reach her eyes, "You're very handsome, but your heart is no good. What a pity."

Jared chuckled, "Bad men are in demand."

Juliana took a sip of coffee.

It was pure, very bitter, but invigorating.

"Your skills, President Langley, are enough to handle young girls and love-struck minds. If they were used in business..."

Juliana curled the corner of her mouth.

"...you'd only be fit to fawn over some aging rich lady."

Jared looked at her, his eyes gradually darkening.

"Weren't you the one who said you wanted to divorce Evan Grant? Evan's biggest weakness is his pride. I bought traffic, hyped up your scandal, and under the pressure of public opinion, he wouldn't be able to stand not divorcing you."

Juliana struggled to control her shaking fingers, "So, your way of helping me is by making me lose everything?"

"Don't put it so harshly."

Jared took a sip of his latte, his attitude utterly indifferent.

"These things are just like gossip in the entertainment industry, it might be replaced by another piece of news tomorrow, and no one will care. But the damage you've done to Evan Grant is engraved in his bones, irreparable, and a divorce is inevitable."

Juliana wanted to throw the coffee in his face but restrained herself.

"You never intended to help me at all; everything you do is just to attack Evan Grant."

"Didn't you know that from the start?"

A faint smile lingered on Jared's face, refusing to fade.

"That's why Aetherflame's decision not to cooperate with Blackstar was right; the character of the partners is also an important consideration for us."

A desolate smile appeared on Juliana's lips, and even the hem of her clothing as she left conveyed determination.

Jared suddenly felt something stuck in his throat, unable to cough it up or swallow it, leaving him a bit uneasy.

Juliana got into the car, closed her eyes tightly to drive away the tears welling up in them.

She drove the car all the way to the slum area on the west side of the city.

She honked twice at the intersection, and April came out from the alley.

Bowed her head in dejection when she got in the car, "Sorry, I might have failed."

Compared to today's blows, Juliana could accept any outcome.

"Tell me in detail."

April adjusted the kiss marks on her shoulder.

"We went crazy all night and only parted at noon. Before leaving, he asked where I lived, I said I rented a place in this slum area, he didn't say he'd change my environment, just gave me a 50,000-dollar card, but when I tried it earlier, I couldn't get any money out. He probably just wanted to toy with me."

Juliana tapped her fingertips on the steering wheel, thought for a moment, and the desolation in her eyes gradually turned to ice.

"Go to the hospital."

"Huh?"

April didn't understand what she intended to do.

Juliana started the car.

"Go give Lily Windsor a lethal injection."

...

At the hospital.

George Grant only arrived at the hospital in the afternoon.

He found an excuse, said a friend had some issues in the countryside, so he went to help overnight and his phone ran out of battery, which is why he missed her call.

Lily Windsor believed whatever George said as she loved him.

Stella watched silently, standing aside with a cold gaze as the two embraced and exchanged sweet nothings.

At this moment, a nurse came in, urging them to pay the fees.

Lily frowned, "Didn't I give you a card without a password? Just transfer the money to the hospital account."

The nurse returned the card to her, "It's been frozen, can't be used."

Upon hearing this, George felt uneasy, checked the transfer page on his phone and tried it.

Frozen!

"This is impossible."

George followed the nurse to the lobby to find an ATM.

Stella still hadn't won Evan Grant's love, had no leverage, and could only continue to persuade her mother.

"It's over, all of Uncle Grant's cards are frozen, the photos you took didn't work, Juliana whispers sweet nothings, and my brother still only listens to her. Without money for treatment, you'll be kicked out of the hospital."

"Then what should we do?"

Lily clutched the blanket tightly, her body trembling.

Stella took out a USB drive.

"That night Juliana did sleep with a man, but it wasn't in the room you arranged; it was on the top floor. I don't know the exact room, but when I had someone recover the deleted information from your phone, I also restored a segment of hotel surveillance; it shows her being carried into the room by a man. If my brother sees this video, I bet he'd want to kill her."

"Really?" Lily was excited.

"I know tomorrow Juliana is going to attend the entrepreneurs' networking event organized by the Helios Energy Council, and my brother will be there too..."

At this point, Stella suddenly leaned close to Lily.

"Do you dare to go in person and play this video on the big screen?"

Chapter 95: A Comprehensive Slaughter

In that way, Juliana Jacobs is finished, and Aetherflame Dynamics is also finished.

Lily Windsor said fiercely, "I'll go."

...

George Grant tried every card in his wallet at the ATM before confirming that his cards had been suspended.

The only person with the power to do this was Evan Grant.

Angrily, he walked out, intending to call that "unfilial son."

As he stepped down the stairs, he bumped right into April Preston.

George Grant cautiously pulled her to a corner on the building's side, and asked warily, "Why are you following me? What's your purpose?"

April Preston noticed his annoyance, took out the card he gave her from her bag.

"If you don't want any ties with me, just say so. No need to placate me with a card that can't withdraw money, here."

George Grant took the card, his face showing concern.

"I wasn't trying to placate you; all my bank cards were suddenly frozen, and I just found out myself."

April Preston's previously aggrieved look turned into disbelief.

"Really...then I wronged you. I wasn't following you; I was getting medicine. Last night you were too..."

April Preston spoke softer and softer, eventually becoming shy and turning away before finishing.

But after taking a few steps, she turned back, walked up to George Grant, and handed him her card.

"Here, this is the dowry money I've saved up from a few jobs, though it's only ten or twenty thousand since most of it went to my mom's medical bills. Take it for emergencies; you can pay me back after the rough patch."

After saying this, she turned to leave, but George Grant grabbed her wrist, pulling her through a side door.

In the distant shade, Juliana Jacobs quietly watched their entangled silhouettes disappear behind the door, a faint smile appearing on her lips as she turned and left.

It was over two hours later when George Grant returned to the hospital room.

He sat beside the bed, looking exhausted and extremely dejected.

"That unfilial son is getting back at me, froze all my cards, but I borrowed some money from a friend and have paid your medical expenses."

Lily Windsor was very touched and hugged him.

"Hubby, Juliana Jacobs doesn't like me, she's been whispering to Evan, and it dragged you into this."

As soon as she finished speaking, she froze completely.

George Grant, unaware, gently patted her back.

"It's alright, I'll head back to the antique shop to handle some items; I'll try to mend relations with Evan."

He made himself sound very busy and then told Lily to lie down before leaving the hospital room.

Sta returned with bubble tea, only to find Lily on the hospital bed convulsing.

She hurried over, pressed the call button, and asked, "What upset you?"

Lily gasped for breath, her voice trembling, "He... he had a lipstick mark on his neck... he really... has another woman..."

Stella's expression instantly darkened.

Lily grabbed her hand, "We can't let her take George away, help me kill her, kill her..."

...

The next day, Juliana Jacobs and Summer Shaw attended Helios Energy's entrepreneur fellowship in Kenton.

The venue was set on the riverside lawn, and the invitees were mostly influential and powerful figures in the industry.

Aetherflame Dynamics was supposed to be the shining newcomer at this fellowship, having succeeded in conquering heavy-duty truck battery technology.

However, when Juliana Jacobs stepped onto the lawn, she was met only with contemptuous gazes.

"Isn't that Aetherflame's technical director? Such a scandal just broke yesterday, and she's daring enough to show up today."

"Technical director? Does she really have any tech skills? Maybe she just slept with some big shot and stole the tech, haha..."

"Evan Grant is at least a respectable man, stuck with this kind of wife, what rotten luck."

The whispers among a few male entrepreneurs pricked Juliana's back, their eyes on her were full of mockery and disdain.

Meanwhile, the few female entrepreneurs were coldly distancing themselves from her.

Summer Shaw frowned, "These people, supposedly reputable figures, why do they all look at others with tinted glasses? Have they no basic judgment, only following gossip?"

Juliana Jacobs lowered her eyes, "In a male-dominated business jungle, a woman's moral flaws are always exaggerated. Don't mind their chitchat; behind the facade, they're ready to annihilate any competition."

Since Aetherflame had strong technology, it was seen as a formidable opponent from the start.

So Juliana's "scandal" was just a means for them to exploit the situation.

"Maybe you should leave first." Summer Shaw didn't want her embarrassed.

Juliana Jacobs smiled, "Leaving now would play right into some people's hands, wouldn't it?"

"True, our target is President Langley, not these people, no need to bother with them."

Summer Shaw led Juliana to the drinks area, handing her a glass of orange juice.

"Avoid alcohol, drink this instead."

Just as Juliana Jacobs was about to take it, a drink spilled onto her shoes.

She looked up to see a short-haired woman in her fifties, arrogantly tilting her chin as she smiled, "Oh, sorry."

"It's okay."

Despite hearing the provocation in the woman's tone, Juliana responded gracefully.

"I'll give you a good pair of shoes, leave now. With you here, it's demeaning." the woman said.

"Mr. Sterling's so witty." someone nearby laughed along, echoing her words.

Summer Shaw retorted angrily, "What do you mean, who are you calling trash? If you don't clear this up, this won't end here!"

"Young lady, do you think you can remain unstained coming from mud? Don't be naive, it's wise to distance yourself from such people early on, or your Aetherflame Dynamics will also suffer because of her." said Mr. Sterling.

Summer Shaw laughed at her words, "Suffer? Mr. Sterling, your company's 'new product' this year is just a recolor and a new shell, yet you dare call it a second-gen product. Are you afraid of being outpaced by our tech, so you're trying to drive away our key technical staff?"

Mr. Sterling didn't react, but nearby a company boss supported him, saying, "Since Mr. Shaw has come to this point, our raw material supply agreement ends here. We don't cooperate with companies of doubtful integrity."

Summer Shaw didn't expect they'd face an all-out assault.

How scared are these people of newcomers taking their profits?

She was about to speak when Juliana Jacobs stopped her, and then a commotion arose from the crowd.

It was Elias Langley and his secretary walking over.

The one to uphold justice had arrived.

Just as she was about to be pleased, Juliana Jacobs shook her head indicating otherwise.

"Mr. Langley," Mr. Sterling nodded in greeting, "I didn't realize companies like Aetherflame would also attend the fellowship. I personally detest individuals with moral corruption, I apologize for disturbing your guests."

Elias Langley's gaze slowly swept over everyone present, not pausing for a moment on Juliana Jacobs.

His lips held a faint smile, "In establishing oneself as an entrepreneur, ethics are more important than ability. A ruined reputation signifies a bankruptcy of trust. It's commendable for everyone to loathe evil."

Chapter 96: Miss Jacobs Is Too Troublesome to Be a Kept Woman

As his words fell, applause sounded all around.

Juliana Jacobs knew he had seen yesterday's hot search, and he believed it.

Her image in his heart was already poor, and now it had completely fallen to the bottom.

If she wants to change the status quo, she must prove her innocence.

But in the face of overwhelming malice and intertwining interests, such an action would only be another way to humiliate herself.

Juliana Jacobs lowered her eyes in thought, pondering how to carve out a path to survival amidst this siege.

"Can mere rumors determine a person's character? Do your magnanimities match your esteemed positions today?"

Evan Grant walked through the crowd, his voice cold but still carrying an undeniable pressure.

"Furthermore, standing here, how many of you can confidently say you have only one partner at this moment? Before the exposure, everyone acts like a saint."

The scene suddenly became so quiet that you could hear a pin drop.

Evan Grant's act of defending his wife was truly unexpected.

Elias Langley's gaze towards him also became profound.

"President Grant speaks not for a lover, but for his wife; he makes a good point."

Evan Grant ignored the mockery directed at him and instead looked at Juliana Jacobs, his gaze gentle.

But Juliana Jacobs turned her face away, not accepting his kindness at all.

Jared Langley finally seized the right opportunity to step out.

"President Grant is right; we are seniors. Why unite to suppress the juniors? Aetherflame Dynamics has only been established for a few years; there's no need for everyone to be so fearful."

He unexpectedly agreed with his nemesis's point of view, leaving everyone present puzzled.

Elias Langley's gaze swept over him indifferently, his voice steady yet weighty.

"Every participant here holds a distinguished status. Using slander and tricks to attack competitors is too negative; I believe none of you will do such a thing."

The words of the bigwig were instantly understood by the crowd.

Enough is enough!

So they each dispersed.

A few elderly businessmen surrounded Elias Langley, talking about the topic of new energy battery materials.

Juliana Jacobs wasn't swayed by Evan Grant and Jared Langley's defense; she turned to leave, but Jared Langley called after her.

"My secretary found a pair of new shoes, they should fit your feet."

Juliana Jacobs paused in her steps.

Evan Grant said unhappily, "Thank you for the kind offer, President Langley, my wife doesn't need them."

Jared Langley chuckled, "I'd rather hear Miss Jacobs' thoughts."

Juliana Jacobs turned her eyes towards Jared Langley, "Thank you for the trouble, President Langley."

"Please."

Jared Langley smiled as he led her to the side.

Evan Grant's face instantly looked unpleasant beyond words.

Serves him right!

Summer Shaw pressed her lips together and smiled, but didn't follow along.

The secretary jogged over with a pair of white leather shoes, panting slightly.

It was clear they had been urgently bought from a nearby place.

Jared Langley had experience with women. Even with little interaction with Juliana Jacobs, as long as he paid attention to her feet, he would know her shoe size.

Therefore, the shoes fit perfectly and matched her outfit today.

Jared Langley didn't boast in front of her that he had selected the shoe style from a video.

"A pair of shoes isn't enough to make up for my mistakes, whatever Miss Jacobs wants, feel free to ask." He said.

Juliana Jacobs put on his shoes, but her gaze towards him remained indifferent.

"Since it's been done, there's no need to pretend to make amends. I'm not a match for President Langley; even if the damage heals, it will leave a scar. I don't talk about letting go, just wish to become strangers from now on."

Having said this, she stood up, leaving behind the man whose gaze was fixed on her face.

"President Langley, this Miss Jacobs is difficult to handle," the secretary said.

But this is precisely what makes her intriguing.

Jared Langley withdrew his gaze and laughed darkly.

When Juliana Jacobs picked up her bag and returned to the lawn, Summer Shaw was already talking to the CEO about potential cooperation.

Thinking about the rumors surrounding her, Juliana Jacobs decided not to disturb them and prepared to leave by herself.

As she turned around, she met Elias Langley's gaze.

He stood with several bosses, including Mr. Sterling.

Their faces instantly reminded Juliana Jacobs of those harsh words.

She gave Elias Langley a slight nod.

This time, Elias Langley's gaze did not leave her face.

He spoke to her openly, despite the presence of the other bosses: "Aetherflame's technological breakthrough is indeed rare. But some tracks are inherently narrow; no matter how good a gun is, it can only be for display. Isn't it just like holding a golden bowl while begging?"

His words made several bosses laugh.

Juliana Jacobs was not annoyed and went straight to Elias Langley.

"Whether Aetherflame is a beggar or a golden bun will be proven by time."

With that, she pulled a brand-new men's shirt out of her bag.

"Sorry for making you wet that night, this is a bit of compensation. Because I don't want private interactions with you again, I can only give it to you in this venue."

Elias Langley stared at the shirt in the box but didn't reach out to take it.

In an instant, the faces of the attending bosses, including Mr. Sterling, changed dramatically.

Lost body??!!

So, was the man hidden in the hot search this person?

Quinn Shepherd noticed that Juliana Jacobs subtly set up his boss and immediately stepped forward to take the shirt.

"Director Jacobs, you're being too polite; it's just a wet shirt. It can still be worn after drying."

Juliana Jacobs chuckled, her eyes sweeping over Mr. Sterling, not letting her off.

"Mr. Sterling, as one of the few female entrepreneurs in the new energy sector, should understand the difficulties of starting a business as a woman, but I didn't expect you to know how to kill the same kind better than those men."

After speaking, Juliana Jacobs turned around, the hem of her dress cutting a sharp arc, as she left amid their stunned gazes.

Shortly after she left, Quinn Shepherd approached to report quietly.

"Earlier, a woman impersonated a waitress attempting to sneak into the venue, but was stopped by security. A video was found on her USB drive."

Quinn Shepherd took out his phone and played a video.

Elias Langley's eyes deepened.

"The woman has been driven away. We permanently deleted the content on her USB drive and injected a virus, so once she plugs it into a computer, even the backup will be destroyed."

Elias Langley nodded, indicating he did well.

"This Miss Jacobs has too many troubles, she's truly a hassle, not suitable for you to hide in your golden house; it's right to keep a distance," Quinn Shepherd said.

Elias Langley clicked his tongue and looked at him.

"Boss, your fertility test showed anomalies. The doctor suggests you adjust your lifestyle; you should take it seriously."

Just then, a burst of exclamations suddenly erupted from near the boxing machine provided for entertainment not far away.

Evan Grant, in a leisurely manner, shook his wrist, looking playfully at Jared Langley, who barely stood steady.

"Sorry, President Langley, missed my mark. But your body isn't doing well either, not sturdy enough."

Jared Langley wiped away the blood at the corner of his mouth and laughed lowly.

He certainly understood for whom Evan Grant threw this punch...

Juliana Jacobs didn't know what had happened after she left, but in the evening, Summer Shaw called her to tell her.

"You didn't see it, President Langley's face was swollen high on one side when he left. Your ex-husband may have given you a vent for your anger, but... could he still love you and want to reconcile?"

Juliana Jacobs was driving, responding without emotion: "You're overthinking. He doesn't love me; he just feels I'm tough, a sturdy scapegoat for his sister."

Speaking of which, Summer Shaw quickly added, "The matter you inquired about has results: the small piece of battery residue you took from the explosion site came from a lab in Oakhaven. This lab doesn't have any standout products but has always been supported by overseas funds."

Juliana Jacobs gripped the steering wheel tightly, "Send the name to me."

Within two minutes, Summer Shaw's text was sent.

As she was about to reach Celestial Vista, Juliana Jacobs slowly parked by the roadside.

Just about to tap the message on her phone, suddenly two people ran over and started banging on her car window.

Her car was modified, bulletproof all over.

Those two banged for a long time, not even leaving a dent.

Juliana Jacobs sat calmly inside the car, considering whether to call the police.

Suddenly, one of them pressed a phone against the car window.

In the video, April Preston was tied to a chair, her legs stretched out in mid-air.

And Lily Windsor was sitting on her knees, pressing down, causing her to cry out in pain.

Lily Windsor's bloodless face stared like a ghost into the camera, her expression twisted as she asked:

"Juliana Jacobs, do you still want this pawn?"

## Chapter 97: Lily Windsor's Final Act of Self-Destruction

Juliana Jacobs froze for a moment.

She had never expected April Preston to be exposed so quickly.

But by Lily Windsor? Did she really have that kind of skill?

"If you come to The Gilded Cage now, you might still see someone alive. I can't say what will happen if you're late."

The video call ended, and Juliana was left stunned.

The Gilded Cage is a private club.

Lily Windsor taking April there didn't seem like her style at all.

Juliana couldn't just stand by and watch a life disappear before her eyes.

She collected herself and opened the car door.

Just as she got out, someone landed a heavy punch on her face.

"Stupid woman! If you have guts, stay in the car forever!"

Juliana staggered back, and another person seized the opportunity to grab her and forcefully dragged her into a nearby car.

The Gilded Cage, private room.

April's legs had been pulled straight but now were bending down, unable to bear Lily's weight.

Seeing Juliana, she opened her mouth but couldn't make a sound.

Half of Juliana's face was stinging, but she couldn't care about that and instead looked calmly at Lily Windsor.

"What do I have to do for you to let her go?"

Lily Windsor's hand had an IV needle still taped to it.

Her eyes were filled with endless hatred as she looked at Juliana.

"You think by sleeping with my husband, he would leave me? Even if I kill this woman today, George Grant won't say a word!"

Juliana smiled slightly, a bit disappointed at the lack of effect.

"I don't know what you're talking about, but I'm impressed you have such connections, Ms. Windsor."

Lily took it as her tactics having successfully intimidated Juliana.

"Hmph, I'm just getting started."

She then looked at April.

"You want to take her away? Fine! You just have to sleep with these guys and record a video. Be on call for our business here from now on, and I'll let you leave."

As Lily finished speaking, four thugs that she'd brought along stood in front of Juliana and took off their T-shirts in unison, revealing densely tattooed bodies.

"You're forcing me into prostitution!"

Juliana instinctively took a few steps back.

Lily said proudly, "You look down on me for being a masseuse, think I'm low, think I'm dirty? Then I'll make you experience being a whore too, see if you'll still dare to mock me in the future."

Just as she finished, the tightly shut private room door was suddenly kicked open.

Adrian Langley saw the tattooed men closing in on Juliana and rushed in to shield her without hesitation.

"I've called the police. What are you planning to do?"

But the thugs laughed.

One of them said, "The police can't come in here, are you here to die?"

As he spoke, he swung a liquor bottle at Adrian's temple.

Juliana grabbed an ice bucket nearby to block the blow, and Lily's face darkened.

"You can't even handle these two losers! Are those tattoos just stickers?"

As the words fell, the other three thugs charged at them with bottles, and Julian's ice bucket was no match.

Adrian, quick on his feet, pulled Juliana into his arms, using his back to shield her from the attack.

At that moment, figures suddenly burst in from outside, and the four thugs went flying, crashing into each other.

The bodyguards steadied themselves, Evan Grant frowned and walked in.

His face slightly flushed as if he had just come from a drinking session.

"Evan, you're here. This woman..." Lily pointed at Juliana, "she's finding women to sleep with your dad, utterly immoral."

Seeing his woman in someone else's arms, Evan felt awful.

"The medication prescribed by your doctor is too good, giving you strength to act out and disgrace the Grant Family?"

"Evan, your wife cheated on you and you're taking her side? She and... this man!" Lily pointed at Adrian Langley.

"He was the one hugging your wife outside the bar that day. I had a video of him holding your wife to the hotel room, but someone deleted it this morning. Evan, this woman is rotten to the core. You should see it clearly."

Juliana calmly stepped out of Adrian's embrace, her voice cold.

"Ms. Windsor's standards of right and wrong are different from normal people; she should take care of herself."

As she spoke, she removed the necklace from her chest, revealing that the pendant was actually a miniature camera.

Lily's face went pale instantly.

"The police might not get in here, but they'll see this video. Charges of kidnapping, intentional harm, and forcing someone into prostitution are much more serious than defamation. Ms. Windsor might as well receive her second round of chemotherapy in prison."

"You tricked me again..."

Lily lunged forward to grab the necklace from Juliana's hand.

Evan dragged her aside, irritably tossing her to the wall.

Lily couldn't get up and began to cry.

"If I go to jail, Stella will be so upset, her depression will relapse..."

However, Evan seemed not to hear her, instead looking at Juliana, "Why call me if you were going to call the police?"

The police call was made by Adrian, but Juliana raised her chin, "So should I just let her harass me endlessly?"

Evan ground his teeth.

The sound of sirens blared outside, Ethan Carter rushed in, speaking quietly, "Young Master Isaac just left through the back door."

Evan frowned, saying to Juliana, "I'll arrange someone to take you back, stay away from places like this from now on."

Juliana was about to respond when Adrian's body suddenly started shaking violently.

"Aidan!" Juliana shouted, rushing to support him.

Aidan!

Evan suddenly remembered when Juliana was once trapped in a dark room and had a high fever, she kept calling out "yan."

He used to stay by her bedside, thinking she was calling for him in her delirium because she loved him so much, so he continued dutifully tending to Stella, ignoring Juliana repeatedly.

Only now did he realize, she had never been calling for "Evan," but for "Aidan."

She had never mistaken anyone.

"President Grant..." Ethan reminded him.

The belated pain climbed into his heart, Evan looked at Juliana, who was now watching over Adrian with concern, leaving two people to help wrap things up as he left.

With the video provided by Juliana, the police burst into The Gilded Cage, and the entire club descended into chaos.

Lily was pinned against the wall by two officers, hands cuffed behind her back, she screamed hysterically, "Do you know who I am? The Grant Family won't let you get away with this!"

The lead officer chuckled coldly as he tightened the cuffs with a click.

"The third son of the Langley Family reported this, and Mrs. Grant provided the evidence herself. Who do you think can protect you?"

Soon, an ambulance arrived as well.

April's legs were completely gone, only opening her eyes when placed on a stretcher.

Juliana kept reminding the doctors to be careful.

April gripped Juliana's hand and rasped softly, "I didn't say a word."

Juliana's nose felt stung, "I'll make sure you recover."

April shook her head, "My mom needs an operation to survive."

Juliana choked, "You'll both get treated."

"Then I'll testify and make sure Lily Windsor goes to jail."

With that, she passed out.

Juliana accompanied Adrian for a CT scan at the hospital.

Afterward, the doctor prescribed some blood circulation and clot-dissolving medication.

"Do you have anyone to apply it for you at home?" Juliana asked.

Adrian took the medicine, "It's not serious. But you, the Grants are not easy to deal with, if I hadn't happened to pass by and saw you being dragged into the car today..."

Juliana interrupted him, "I was supposed to go to Celestial Vista, are you sure you just happened to pass by?"

Adrian remained silent.

Juliana sat beside him, "Grandpa's coming for a follow-up soon."

Adrian remained silent, his fingers subconsciously rubbing the edge of the medicine box.

Juliana had always wondered about Adrian's disappearance.

"Why four years ago..."

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps interrupted her.

George Grant charged in aggressively, ready to grab Juliana's wrist.

"Go to the station, withdraw the case, release my wife immediately!"

Chapter 98: Returning to Platinum Bay Feels Like a Lifetime Ago

Just as he was about to grab Juliana Jacobs' wrist.

Adrian Langley raised his hand to intercept.

George Grant said sharply, "Don't meddle."

Adrian was about to speak when Juliana squeezed his arm.

"Thank you for today, I'll handle the Grant Family affairs myself, you should go."

Adrian knew that staying with Juliana would easily expose his identity.

So he shot George a glare and left.

"Who was that person? What's your relationship?" George asked.

Juliana retorted, "You're actually interested in digging up gossip? I thought Master George always had his mind on his wife."

"You..." George suppressed his anger, "You are still the Grant Family's daughter-in-law, and Lily Windsor is still your mother-in-law. She kidnapped you and arranged for people to attack you; it's ultimately a family conflict, taking it to the police is ridiculous."

Juliana lifted her eyes and gave a light laugh, "Are you saying that the law should make way for the Grant Family's dirty business?"

George's temple throbbed, "I haven't settled the score with you for finding April Preston to seduce me!"

After speaking, he turned to the bodyguards and roared, "What are you standing around for? I've arranged everything. Take her to the police station to sign the papers. I want the case withdrawn today!"

The bodyguards were about to move forward when suddenly a female voice was heard from the side.

"Because in your eyes, kidnapping and assault are trivial matters to be done at whim, so you indulge in them, appearing to be a loyal husband on the surface, but a beast in human skin at heart!"

"You..." George saw it was Mrs. Young and immediately lost his momentum, "You don't understand anything, why are you shouting?"

Mrs. Young stood beside Juliana, "I may not understand everything, but I can tell the difference between a good person and a bad one."

George closed his eyes, "What are you doing here?"

Mrs. Young continued to confront him, "It's none of your damn business, I don't want to see you, get lost."

George clicked his tongue, "Why are you talking to me in this tone? You don't even know what I'm dealing with, you..."

Before he could finish, Mrs. Young picked up a mop and started hitting him indiscriminately.

Protected by bodyguards, George retreated repeatedly, finally telling Juliana, 'You're lucky,' and left.

At this point, Juliana was convinced her intuition was right.

Mrs. Young didn't like Lily Windsor and George; there was a deeper reason for it.

Every time George appeared harsh towards Mrs. Young, he was actually giving in to her.

"Madam, are you alright?"

Mrs. Young's voice brought Juliana back to reality.

"Mrs. Young, why are you at the hospital? Are you feeling unwell?"

Mrs. Young shook her head but held her abdomen.

Juliana quickly helped her sit down on the bench, taking the crumpled ultrasound sheet from her hand, her fingertips trembled almost imperceptibly.

"You're pregnant, do you need to take care?"

Nearly three months along, this child must have been conceived at the old mansion.

Mrs. Young didn't avoid the question, "If you want to laugh, just laugh."

"Does the father know?"

Mrs. Young's husband had been dead for years, it's understandable if she found someone new.

Mrs. Young shook her head, "I don't want this child, but right now I can't have surgery, I have to be admitted to the hospital first. I need to go back to Platinum Bay to ask President Grant for leave."

A terrifying suspicion was growing wildly in Juliana's heart.

"But it says you need to be admitted immediately, or you'll risk a serious hemorrhage. And you actually just went and hit someone."

As Juliana spoke, she couldn't help but laugh.

Mrs. Young also laughed awkwardly.

"How about this, I'll go to Platinum Bay and take leave for you," Juliana said.

...

Meanwhile, George left the hospital.

Sitting in his car, he called, still sounding angry, "She refuses to go to the police station to withdraw the case."

Isaac Grant responded on the phone, "Whether it's withdrawn or not, my Gilded Cage has already been watched by the police and Evan Grant. Tonight, I almost ran into Evan head-on. After the fact, it's useless to try to make up for it. It might be better to remind your foster daughter not to cause me any more trouble in the future!"

"So... what should we do?" George asked.

"The Gilded Cage probably needs to shut down for a few days for reorganization. Might as well use these days to confront Evan."

Hearing this, George gripped his phone tightly.

Once things came to light, it meant he would become enemies with another son.

"But what about my wife, are we just going to watch her go to jail?" George asked.

"Why are you so worried about a dying woman? There are so many women in the world, why insist on that old hen?"

George opened his mouth, his throat somewhat choked.

Lily Windsor was still in jail, confidently waiting for him to bail her out.

"Then don't let Juliana off either," George said.

...

When Juliana returned to Platinum Bay, Evan Grant had yet to come back.

The entire house was so empty that footsteps echoed and seemed even colder than before.

In fact, if she counted, she'd officially left this place less than a month ago, but it felt like a lifetime.

She went to Mrs. Young's room and packed up her clothes into a luggage bag.

When she came out, the living room was already lit.

Evan had returned, sinking into the sofa.

His coat was carelessly thrown aside, the shirt collar open, and he seemed exhausted.

Ethan Carter stood three steps back, speaking softly, "President Grant, it seems someone will be plotting at the board meeting the day after tomorrow."

"The shares Felix Lawson and Garrett Woodward hold add up to only 13%. If they want to unite the entire board against me, they might have to persuade my father to do the lobbying," Evan said.

This made Ethan quite concerned.

"Young Master Isaac's return has always been kept secret by him, and due to Madam's situation, you and Master George have become more estranged. I fear Master George now leans towards Young Master Isaac."

Seeing Evan remain silent, Ethan suggested, "The obstacles in the heavy truck business are already a fatal blow to you. If Master George sides with outsiders, it would be akin to pulling the rug out from under you. How about doing Master George a favor first and getting Ms. Windsor off the hook for now, at least to stabilize one aspect of the situation?"

Juliana had no intention of eavesdropping, but upon hearing them talk about getting Lily out, and knowing Evan had the ability to do it, she couldn't remain indifferent.

She sneezed and walked out from around the corner.

Both men looked at her simultaneously.

Ethan was surprised.

Juliana, feeling a bit embarrassed, explained, "Mrs. Young is ill. I happened to meet her at the hospital, so I came to pack some things for her."

"Ethan, go to the hospital."

Evan watched Juliana, his gaze deep like the night sea, calm on the surface but with hidden undercurrents.

Understanding, Ethan took the bag from Juliana's hand.

Leaving the living room with just the two of them.

In a couple about to divorce, without an argument, the atmosphere felt strange.

Juliana didn't want to be alone with him, especially late at night, in the place they once shared their lives.

She was about to leave when Evan grabbed her hand, making her panic and shake it off as if electrocuted.

Evan wasn't annoyed, instead, he looked at her and laughed quietly.

"Why do you act like a child?"

Juliana didn't look at him, saying coldly, "Are you planning to get Lily Windsor out?"

"I have that in mind."

He was so straightforward about it.

"I hope she is held accountable for what she's done," Juliana said.

Evan gently picked up a strand of her hair by her ear, brushing it against his nose, and smiled faintly, "So are you ordering me as Mrs. Grant, or pleading as a soon-to-be ex-wife?"

Chapter 99: Yes, She's Easy to Fool, Yes, She's Cheap

Juliana looked at him with a cold, indifferent gaze.

"I know you have immense power, but now I ask you as a person, can you give the victim a bit of fairness?"

Evan Grant curved his lips into a smile, but there was an unfathomable light in his eyes.

"If I can't do what I want, what's the point of working so hard to get here? Was it for you?"

His words rendered Juliana silent.

The encounters along this path were all because she, with no background, was forced into this high society game.

"Juliana, being Mrs. Grant may bind you, but it can also bring you what you want, like wanting Lily Windsor to spend her life behind bars right now. But if you abandon the identity of Mrs. Grant, you can only be a doormat, swallowing grievances without being able to do anything."

Juliana's shoulders gradually sagged.

Only a few seconds later, she looked up again at Evan Grant, her gaze still stubborn.

"I don't care about being Mrs. Grant, nor do I regret my decision to divorce you. Evan Grant, after four years together, I've realized we're really not suited for each other."

After speaking, she turned to leave.

Evan Grant, however, pulled her back.

Failing to control his strength, she ended up crashing into his arms.

The scent of cedar mixed with body heat seeped into Juliana's nose.

It was a scent she used to like very much.

Juliana's inner alarm bells rang, and she pushed him away, raising her hand to give a crisp slap.

"We're over, don't you have boundaries?"

Several red marks appeared on Evan Grant's left cheek, and a dark, dangerous color surged in the man's eyes, which turned into an inexplicable expression when he looked at her again.

"It's raining outside. I wanted to ask how you got here?"

With his reminder, Juliana noticed the heavy rain outside.

How did she get here?

The car was parked by the roadside near Celestial Vista; she had taken a taxi.

"Stay, you probably don't have anything planned for today."

Juliana was about to speak when Evan Grant added teasingly, "Stay obediently tonight, and maybe I'll consider not interfering with Lily Windsor's situation."

Any adult understood the implication behind such a statement.

Juliana, enraged, was about to curse when his phone rang.

It was a standard ringtone.

Yet Juliana caught the name on his screen.

The caller was Stella Windsor.

Evan Grant walked to the window to answer it.

The voice on the other end was soft, the content unclear, but there was the faint sound of crying coming through the phone.

Evan Grant replied emotionlessly, "Got it," then hung up and looked back at her.

"With such heavy rain, don't leave. The master bedroom has always been left for you. I'll stay in the study."

After saying this, Evan Grant took an umbrella by the door and went out.

Juliana felt he probably wouldn't return, and with the rain growing heavier, she finally decided to stay.

Next morning, she woke up to her alarm, washed up, and threw the bedclothes into the washing machine.

Going downstairs, she found that Evan Grant had returned at some point and had made breakfast.

"Eat before you leave."

The man took off his apron, his distinguished face showing no trace of kitchen work.

Juliana said nothing, sitting at the dining table.

After a couple of bites, the taste was quite good.

"You can cook, so why did you always make me do it when Mrs. Liu took leave?"

Evan Grant laughed at what she said, "You love me and were willing to cook for me, so why are you questioning it now?"

True, she was easy to deceive, she was foolish.

Juliana stopped talking, focusing on her breakfast.

"Where are you heading? I'll drive you," Evan Grant said.

Juliana was about to refuse when the sound of a car door closing came from the lawn outside.

George Grant walked in, surveying the surroundings, and came to the dining room.

Seeing Juliana, he sneered, "Didn't you claim you wanted a divorce? Yet here you are, running back to climb into my son's bed to send your mother-in-law to prison. Juliana, you really are trying to have it both ways."

Juliana didn't have time to respond before Evan Grant spoke to her calmly, "You can leave first."

George's intentions were clear without needing to guess.

Juliana had just finished eating.

She picked up her bag to leave, but feeling dissatisfied, turned back and looked at George Grant.

"The Grant men's specialty is acting deeply in love in public while playing around privately. Did Master George come today to discuss with your son about framing the phrase 'shameless and unscrupulous' to hang in the ancestral hall for the Grant descendants to admire?"

George Grant's face turned white with anger. "Evan, look at her..."

Juliana snorted, then turned and left.

Evan Grant said indifferently, "If Father is here to talk about the matter concerning Aunt... I was present last night, and if I intervene, no one can take her away."

George got the message behind his words.

"Are you really willing to turn against me for a woman?" George was furious.

Evan Grant arched an eyebrow, "Wasn't it you, Father, who created the rift between us?"

"What... what do you mean?"

Evan Grant's tone remained calm, "What skills does Lily have to take someone to a place like The Gilded Cage? Wouldn't the methods she uses to torment people be taught by someone on your orders?"

George blurted out, "How could I let Isaac teach her to do such things!"

Evan Grant pursed his lips, his gaze on him as icy as a blade.

George, caught off guard, found himself lacking confidence.

"You know, I feel guilty towards your aunt, so pampering her a bit is normal."

Evan Grant slightly raised his eyebrows, "Are all your romantic debts for me to clean up? Am I supposed to bear this for you?"

Hearing this, George's expression subtly changed.

"Let's end it here; your aunt is someone I care about. Whether you save her or not will determine if we can continue being father and son. Think about it carefully."

After speaking, George left, while Evan Grant remained deeply contemplative.

Juliana first drove to Celestial Vista to get her car, then went to the city center.

Summer Shaw wanted her to get a few custom-made outfits.

Previously, she dressed casually without a problem, but now, as she had a career, she needed a few fitting clothes for formal occasions.

Entering the shop Summer recommended, the manager personally attended to her, taking her to the largest fitting room in the store.

Just after taking her measurements, a salesgirl hurried in to whisper something to the manager.

"President Grant's woman?"

The manager blurted out, and Juliana looked at him.

"This fitting room is reserved by Miss Jacobs; how can it be given to her?" the manager said with difficulty.

The salesgirl was also anxious, "But this mall is owned by Cortexa Group's shareholders. If we offend President Grant's person, our store..."

Juliana leaned leisurely against the chairback, tapping her fingers lightly on the armrest.

The manager approached with an apologetic face, "Miss Jacobs, there is a guest who wants to use this fitting room. Could you please..."

Juliana interrupted with a half-smile, "Since it's President Grant's woman, I'd like to curry favor too, let her in."

The manager pondered for a couple of seconds and complied.

Stella Windsor naturally didn't expect to meet Juliana here.

Upon entering, she froze for a moment.

With a faint smile on her lips, Juliana's eyes glistened with a chilling frost.

"Miss Windsor, you have quite the mood. While your mother is sipping tea in detention, you leisurely shop for clothes here?"

Chapter 100: Do You Still Want Your Mother as a Pawn?

Stella quickly took on a humble demeanor and bowed her head slightly.

"Sister-in-law, it was my brother who saw that my clothes were worn out and insisted that I come here to pick something new. You know how I always wore new season styles back in Aldoria."

Juliana heard the boast in her words but remained unfazed, "What styles did you choose? Let me take a look."

"Sure."

Stella walked over lightly and showed her the tablet in her hand.

"It's just a few items costing three to five million, my brother won't mind that I'm saving him money, right?"

Before she finished speaking, Juliana suddenly grabbed her collar and yanked hard.

Caught off guard, Stella fell to her knees, and the tablet flew far away.

"Sister-in-law..." her voice trembled.

The manager signaled to his staff, and none of them stepped forward.

Juliana leaned slightly, whispering in Stella's ear, "Do you still want your mother as a pawn?"

A chill spread throughout Stella's body.

"I don't know what you're talking about, sister-in-law."

Juliana's grip on her clothes tightened.

"No need to pretend with me. You've used every means to marry Evan Grant. Not only will I not expose you, but I'll help you. After all, scum and sluts deserve to be tied together."

With that, she pushed her to the ground.

Stella's chest heaved violently, but she didn't dare to ruin her image by getting angry at Juliana.

Juliana stood up, saying out loud, "I'm not interested in the title of Mrs. Grant. Anyone who wants it can take it, but if you can't win a man's heart yourself and want to use me as a stepping stone... your mother's fate will be yours."

With that, Juliana left the fitting room.

The manager and several sales assistants exchanged glances.

Turns out the one marching in with arrogance was the mistress.

Luckily, they didn't offend the legitimate wife.

At this moment, Stella felt utterly humiliated, as if a turmoil in her chest was crashing around, filling her throat with the taste of iron which she could only swallow down forcefully.

...

Late at night, Juliana arrived at the hospital.

The urgent DNA test from yesterday had come out.

Mrs. Young was carrying George Grant's child!

In other words, Evan Grant had another brother or sister on the way.

"Madam, I'm not a homewrecker. That afternoon Master George must have eaten something wrong and dragged me into the storage room..."

Mrs. Young's eyes were very red.

"I wanted to sue him, but he threatened me, saying I wouldn't win and he'd hand me over to his wife to deal with me."

As she spoke, Mrs. Young tightened the sheet with her hands.

"You don't know what Lily Windsor is like. A few years ago, a new maid came, and just because George looked at her for a second longer, the next day, Lily stripped her and threw her on the street. The maid couldn't handle it and hanged herself. I can't keep this baby; I can't let George know."

Juliana handed her a tissue to wipe her tears, "Did Lily suspect anything about this baby?"

Mrs. Young sniffed, "She just suspected me of seducing her husband, giving me a hard time all the while. The madam saw it all and, coincidentally, since Mrs. Lee retired, I was sent to Platinum Bay. It was only after I got there that I found out I was pregnant. Madam, you wouldn't tell President Grant about this, would you?"

If Evan Grant knew, then George would too.

In the past, Juliana would have consulted with Evan Grant.

But over the past month, she saw through the faces of the Grants under their masks.

The people she invested her heart and soul in never saw her as human, so why should she consider them?

"Mrs. Young, thank you for agreeing to the DNA test. Don't worry, I won't let Evan Grant know about this. As for you and George, I won't interfere or decide on the baby's fate. Right now, your health is the most important, but I suggest you consider changing hospitals."

Mrs. Young understood; there were no secrets at Mercy Hospital.

By the time Juliana left the hospital, it was nearly midnight.

The shadow of George visiting Platinum Bay that morning lingered in her mind.

She couldn't let Lily escape this hurdle.

After tracing through her connections in her mind, she finally dialed a number.

Adrian Langley was almost asleep when he saw her number and sat up immediately.

"Do you have any connections at the South Precinct?" Juliana asked.

Adrian remained silent.

"It's okay, I was just asking casually."

Just as Juliana was about to hang up, Adrian, making up his mind, said, "I do, what do you need?"

"I want to see Lily Windsor, right now," Juliana said.

Adrian sensed she was planning something significant and got up immediately.

"Wait for me."

He stopped at the large redwood door on the third floor.

After a few deep breaths, he gently knocked on the door.

After a short while, the door opened.

In the dead of night, Elias Langley hadn't changed out of his pajamas.

Charcoal gray slacks hugged his long legs, and the collar of his white shirt was slightly open, showcasing a mature man's understated allure through subtle lines.

Adrian lowered his head slightly, respectfully calling, "Uncle."

Elias Langley sized him up calmly and asked, "What is it?"

"A friend of mine's family member got into some trouble and is detained at the North Precinct. She wants to see them."

Elias Langley's voice was devoid of any emotion, "I don't make exceptions for anyone."

Adrian clenched his hand into a fist.

"Uncle, please. My friend is in a dire situation, every step is life or death."

Elias Langley's gaze remained on his face for two seconds, then he turned back to his desk, took out a business card, and signed his name on the back.

"Give it to her."

With that, he closed the door.

Adrian's forehead filled with questions: Does he know whom I need to give this card to?

Juliana waited for less than two minutes at the police station entrance before Adrian arrived, accompanied by a supervisor.

The supervisor was very courteous, leading them inside.

Juliana was about to ask with her eyes how he managed it, but Adrian slipped a business card into her hand, whispering, "This is a priceless treasure, keep it safe."

Juliana glanced at it; the three characters "Elias Langley" were forcefully written.

Lily Windsor was being held in a room like an infirmary, with even fresh fruit by the bedside.

Juliana had already anticipated someone would arrange her accommodations here since the incident had occurred over 24 hours ago, yet no one had informed her to cooperate with the investigation.

"Just half an hour, any longer wouldn't be good."

Juliana thanked the officer.

Lily awoke suddenly from sleep, and seeing Juliana and Adrian, her previously lethargic demeanor turned agitated.

"I knew there was something up with you two, just wait, tomorrow I'll let everyone know about your relationship."

Juliana's lips held a smile, but her eyes bore a chilling intensity.

"Do you think you'll get to see tomorrow's sunrise?"

Lily was startled but then calmed down.

"Do you think that scares me? Juliana, my husband and my daughter are not easy to deal with. Once I'm out, I won't let you go!"

"Out?" Juliana raised an eyebrow, "Your daughter is busy with custom designs, and your husband is busy with another woman. This door, they wouldn't even bother to come close to, let alone care about you."

"No way, you're lying to me!"

Blood rushed to Lily's head.

Some details she had deliberately ignored suddenly became sharp in her mind.

Indeed, since the incident, neither George nor Stella had shown up, nor had they sent a single word to her.

"They must be working on something..."

Juliana said flatly, "From the moment you acted under Stella's orders to break into my hospital room, drug me, and ruin my reputation, you've done so much for her, but now that you're in trouble, has she

ever been concerned about you? In her eyes, you're not her mother, just a pawn to be sacrificed for her sake."

"No... Stella isn't that kind of person."

Lily, overwhelmed with emotion, desperately tried to gather the light in her eyes that was about to shatter.

Juliana's eyes grew colder.

"Your husband is about to become a father again, and you—a terminally ill person near death—are no longer worth his concern."

Lily's chest heaved, the taste of blood spreading in her throat, yet she stubbornly refused to relent.

"Ha, you came just to enrage me, but I'm not falling for it."

Juliana threw a sonogram shot and a DNA test report with Mrs. Young's name erased at her face.

"See for yourself."