

## Chapter 35 Diary

In the living room, Julia sat back on the sofa frustratedly.

She felt just now that Robert was not as bad as rumors, but now it seems not. He is exactly as bad as they said.

Maybe it was all his self-directed plan, keeping her in the villa. She really didn't know what he was thinking.

"Mr. Adams, let me remind you once again, I have a fiancé, and you are just my ex-husband."

"Well, I know," Robert said indifferently.

Julia felt like she had punched into a ball of cotton.

She took a deep breath and fidgeted on the couch, her abdomen vaguely aching, but how could she tell him she was having her period?

Strangely enough, it never used to hurt when she had her period.

Robert noticed that she was out of sorts and walked up, "What's wrong? Are you uncomfortable somewhere?"

"My belly, my period," Julia said embarrassed.

Robert at this time directly picked her up from the sofa and hurriedly headed upstairs.

"Where are you taking me?" Julia asked.

"Your room."

Julia was shocked, her face changed, and she struggled, trying to get down: "Why are you taking me to my room?"

Robert looked at her face and knew she was thinking something wrong, his thin lips raised and hugged her tightly.

"The thing you need is in your room." Julia settled down.

Julia watched Robert fetch her Advil, heating pad, and tampon, her face heated.

Robert just found out that she was so easily shy and wanted to hold her for a while longer.

After that, Julia lay down on the bed while Robert brought a cup of water for her.

She had nothing to do and found a codebook in a drawer of the bedside.

Julia opened it up, and the old photos inside it suddenly fell down.

The yellowing photo showed Robert when he was young.

In the photo, he looked only nineteen or twenty years old, wearing a white shirt standing under a tree. The sun fell on his shoulders through the gaps between the leaves.

He was not as stern as he is today, and the bottom of his eyes seemed to be hidden with a sea of stars, like the dazzling sun in winter, so that people could not move their eyes from him.

A drop of tear slipped from the corner of Julia's eye at some point and dropped on the photo.

She looked back and scrambled to wipe the tears from her face, turned the photo over, and put it back.

And then she flipped through the diary.

In it were a girl's secrets for ten years.

"He is a gentle big brother, he asked if I wanted him to take me home, I was so nervous that I turned him down. I should let him send me home."

"... what to do, I seem to like him a little, I wonder if he will like me?"

"Lauren confessed her love to him, I was so sad, I wanted to tell him that it was me who saved him, but I promised my mom that the matter is over."

Then there were some empty pages.

"It was an accident but I don't blame you and I don't blame anyone."

"We're getting married, you don't love me, and I don't seem to know how to love you."

"Robert, it's my first time to be a wife, so please don't blame me if there's something I've done

wrong. I will change."

"..."

"Was I wrong to get angry, jealous, and even argue with you when you were out with another woman?"

The humble words continued.

Julia's heart burst into pain, she saw the last page: "I have brain cancer, I don't know how long I can live. I'm tired, Robert, I'm afraid I can't love you anymore!"

Julia looked at the diary she used to write; her eyes slowly turned red.

Before, she only knew from the Internet how badly her ex-husband treated her, but now she looked at the words in her diary and realized that he was really bad to her.

Just then, Robert walked in with a glass of water, he didn't realize the change on Julia's face, came to her and carefully handed it to her: "Drink it."

Julia looked at him with slightly red eyes, and when the glass reached her mouth, she extended her hand.

"Crack", the glass fell to the ground.