

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1141-1150

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1141

Sue didn't even say much. She simply told Diana that Shiloh couldn't be trusted, and that she hoped there wouldn't come

a time Diana begged at her doorstep.

Diana composed herself, and made sure she sounded normal before saying, "Sue... I mean, Mrs. Jarvis. Is she very

powerful?"

"Mrs. Jarvis?"

Julian paused for a moment, as if finding it strange that Diana suddenly asked that. But very soon, he gave her his

professional analysis.

"Mrs. Jarvis, or Sue Chimmery, came from a family of scholars in Jacroaof. Centuries ago, their ancestors went abroad to

further their studies. They then returned to Jacroaof to train many scientists, philosophers, and others who were

meritorious in their service to the country. They can be said to be a prominent family with a very low profile.

"When she married Cecilia's father, their marriage was seen as a union between two powerful families. The Jarvis family

was also seen as a literary family, but they appeared greater in scale compared to the Chimmery family that focused more

on honing talents in their own family."

"How were they greater in scale?" Diana asked.

"Unlike the Chimmery family who only selects and trains elites only from their bloodline, the Jarvis family trains

students of various abilities and knowledge. They pay close attention to young talent programs in remote regions, and

have students from all over the world.”

‘What does that have to do with Sue?’

The moment she asked that, Julian knew Diana didn’t understand what he had been saying.

‘You’ve always been smart. Why can’t you see it this time?’ Julian said with a smile. “Be it Sue or the Jarvises, who they

specifically are isn’t important. What matters is their family name. The combination of being a daughter of the Chimmery

family and the daughter-in-law of the Jarvises is enough for Sue to possess the best intelligence network in the world.”

“Intelligence network?” Diana’s brows furrowed.

Seeing her confusion, Julian said, “Let’s say you want to know something, or look into someone. With the Jarvises’

approval, you’ll definitely get all the information you want.”

‘Then why didn’t you go to the Jarvises for help to look for me?’

Thinking back on the three years she was forced to spend in Stirling City, Diana felt indignant.

She had willingly struck a deal with Kiki Stewart, lost her memories in the process, and left her home in exchange for a

chance for Julian to survive. Now that she was finally by his side and her happy days had returned, she felt she had

suffered too much in those three years.

“How strange,” she said, amused. “In the past, I never thought that taking care of the twins by myself was hard. I didn’t

think it was unfair at all.”

Yet now, she found herself feeling frustrated pretty often. In fact, she got quite angry when Julian told her that the Jarvises

had a huge intelligence network.

She pinched Julian's face mischievously. "Tell me. Why didn't you go to the Jarvises?"

"Did you think Simon took you to Stirling City purely by chance?" Julian asked, smiling. He didn't mind Diana's hand on his

face, allowing her to rub and knead it.

Diana shook her head. "No..."

Simon must have planned where he would take her with great caution.

"That's right. Stirling City is located along the border, and was governed differently. It's not an area the Jarvises would get

involved with," Julian said.

They couldn't bear to let the outstanding talents they painstakingly trained to be implicated or hurt in any way, just for the

sake of gaining intelligence.

Diana nodded in understanding. "True, the border has different rules."

Julian and Diana chatted on the road, and eventually arrived at the police station.

"Let's get out." Julian opened the door for Diana, blocking the edge of the door to prevent her from bumping her head.

Diana had long gotten used to his considerate habits. When they were married, he had been so good to her. That was

how she fell so deeply in love with him, she almost lost herself.

They exchanged glances, held each other's hands, and walked into the police station.

The police already knew that Julian was coming today. The leaders had arranged for someone to receive and host them.

“Mr. Fulcher.”

Julian nodded, and signaled for him to sit down. ‘We’re just here to talk about Matt Hughes. Don’t be nervous.’

The officer nodded, and relaxed. He took out all the information he could find on the case regarding Matt Hughes.

Julian skimmed through them. “Is this all?”

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1142

The officer nodded. “Yes.”

Julian did tell him to relax and not be nervous. Yet, Julian’s aura and deep eyes exerted such immense pressure on the

officer that he kept sipping water to calm himself.

Diana patted Julian’s shoulder gently, and he drew in his aura.

The officer shot a grateful look at Diana. “There are more documents, but they’re classified. We can’t show them to you.

They’re nothing much-they’re very simple, not much different from what I just showed you.

“Matt Hughes’ cause of death is very straightforward: he was poisoned, and he consumed the poison of his own accord.

Strictly speaking, it could be considered suicide. His social circle and family background are also nothing

special.”

“How so?” Diana asked.

Julian read through the documents in just a few minutes. He explained to Diana, “Matt Hughes has friends and family. All

his official identification documents are in place. He's from Jacroaof, and he grew up in a pharmacy in the south. Based on

the police's investigation, he was obsessed with medicinal herbs."

Everything Julian said flew right over Diana's head. Her attention was fully focused on the fact that Matt Hughes

was from Jacroaof.

Jacroaof.

Sue Chimmery was from Jacroaof, too.

Diana's voice went hoarse, and her panicked expression frightened Julian. "Shiloh Stewart. Where is Shiloh Stewart

from?"

Julian was stunned. He had never considered the answer to Diana's question.

Still, the answer was simple. He pulled his phone out, and searched for Shiloh's name. The results generated were very

comprehensive. "Richburgh."

So Shiloh wasn't from Jacroaof.

Julian knew something was wrong. After they left the police station, he forced Diana to look at him. "What's the matter?

You're hiding something from me."

When she heard about Jacroaof at the station, her face suddenly changed and she mentioned Shiloh.

Diana knew that even if she didn't say it, Julian would do his best to get to the bottom of whatever he wanted to know.

Rather than making him go to such great lengths, she thought it was better to just tell the truth.

So, she told him about what Sue said.

“I’ve been feeling uneasy because of that. So when you asked about Shiloh just now, were you wondering if Sue, Shiloh,

and Matt share a relationship unknown to us?” Julian said.

Diana nodded. “Yes, but after confirming Matt’s background and Shiloh’s place of birth, I’m not so worried anymore.”

Firstly, Matt did commit suicide. His background showed that he was obsessed with drugs.

What he said to Diana about a perfect product, juxtaposed against his life story, resembled something one addicted to

pharmaceutical research fabricated out of thin air.

Be it his social circle or family background, neither were as spotless as Julian had first assumed. Rather, it would have

been suspicious if they were spotless.

The information on Matt Hughes they got now, while abundant, was all too ordinary. They even found out about him

stealing money from his neighbors and getting beaten up for it.

“The police did a great job. They probably concluded that Matt Hughes died from suicide after many rounds of

investigation. From his background, it’s unlikely that he was controlled by an unknown mastermind,” Diana said.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1143

‘Then, his sudden appearance... Him giving you that pill that made you lose your memories, and his reappearance years

later to make you eat another pill...” Julian said.

Diana looked at Julian, and said, “He was just an obsessed pharmaceutical scientist using me to test out his drugs.

Anyway, the case is closed. We shouldn’t overthink things.”

They had remarried. The priority was to lead their lives well.

Diana didn't want to waste any more time and effort on these things.

"I've thought about what Sue said. I threatened her to call off the engagement using Cecilia's condition. She probably

didn't feel good about it. For all I know, she might have said it on purpose to make me feel uneasy. That would make her

feel better."

"As for Shiloh Stewart..." Diana paused for a moment." Although I think nothing of his daughter Kiki, he went out of the

way to report his own daughter to the police so she

won't repeat her mistakes. I think he's a good man."

At the end of the day, she still chose to trust him.

"I shouldn't have allowed myself to be disturbed by Sue's words," Diana said. She grabbed Julian's hand, and ordered

him, "Don't think about it, too!"

Sometimes, overthinking things might cause problems that weren't there to begin with. Often, it was for people to stay

calm.

The days went by; Julian and Diana were able to enjoy a period of peace and joy.

Diana shuttled between the kindergarten, her studio, and Collina Villa every day. After Sean's school went on a winter

break, she didn't even need to go to the kindergarten. She shuttled between her studio and Collina Villa instead.

Very soon, it was time to celebrate the new year.

Three years ago, Diana and Julian couldn't celebrate New Year's Eve properly. They even had a falling out. It had been on

Diana's mind until now.

She decided it was important for the family to have a good new year celebration this year.

Early in the morning of the new year's eve, Diana took out the decorations she prepared in advance. She dragged

Julian and the twins around the house to help put up the decorations.

This time, everything went smoothly. Things were livelier, too. Everyone was laughing and having fun. Diana was in

complete bliss.

The happy sight before her soothed the regret she had been feeling over the new year's eve celebration three years ago.

Joy and laughter filled the entire villa.

Looking at the festive decorations in the villa, Diana lamented, "If only Grandma were still around. She'd definitely be

happy to see the twins and how happy we are."

Hearing that, Julian put down the ornament he was about to place on the wall and hugged Diana. "Even if she can't see

what's happening now, Grandma would still be very happy."

He took her arm and added, "Come upstairs with me. I have something to show you."

"What is it?" Diana was confused. His mysterious expression made her glance at the twins. "Should we call the kids

upstairs, too?"

Julian shook his head. "Don't. I want to spend some time with you."

True, having children around was a happy thing. They brought joy different from when they were together as a couple. At

the same time, it made them miss their alone time.

Diana smiled. "Sure."

Julian brought her into a room, and took out a box. Opening it, he revealed a jade necklace lustrous and luminous. Light

danced off its glossy surface, giving the impression that it had a life of its own.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1144

The Richburgh Airport looked cold and empty, with hardly any people although there were still flights operating.

Today was the new year's eve. Many were busy celebrating with their family.

Each time this year, courier services throughout the entire country grind to a halt since they had to go on break too. Even

major shopping malls closed their doors. Public transport wouldn't be available as readily, too.

Today was a day of celebration for everyone in the country.

The Stewarts were no exception.

Kiki couldn't understand it. "Dad, why didn't we go back to our hometown earlier this year like always? Why must we fly on

the new year's eve?"

She mumbled about the airport being cold. Then she flung a jacket at Doreen, telling the girl to put it on.

Shiloh looked at her helplessly. "You're still young. Don't ask so many questions."

He seldom talked to Kiki in that tone. At once, Kiki became furious.

“I’m already 30! How am I still young? After what happened at Winding Highway, you keep picking on me and talking to

me so nastily! Are you still my dad?”

Seeing her mother and grandfather fighting, Doreen grabbed Mrs. Stewart’s hand. “Grandma...”

She wanted Mrs. Stewart to break up their fight.

But gone was Mrs. Stewart’s energy and vigor. She looked lethargic and low in spirit, and seemed just as helpless as

Shiloh. She took Doreen into her arms, and looked feebly at Kiki.

There weren’t many people at the airport in the first place. When Kiki saw how her parents just stared silently at her, she

felt afraid. Unease gripped her heart.

“Dad, did something happen in our hometown?”

Shiloh’s ancestors were from Jacroaof, but he attended a top university and received a national sponsorship. Under the

country’s special talent program, he changed his citizenship from Jacroaof to Richburgh.

In the past, they would always return to their hometown, filled with excitement and joy. What’s more, they had never

returned so late.

This year, it was different.

Shiloh looked up at his daughter. Thankfully, she wasn’t that stupid.

He looked up at his daughter standing before him. When he spoke, his voice trembled with age. “Kiki... Your brothers have

families and successful careers, and are leading happy lives. You’re the only one-“

Kiki was originally worried. The moment she heard this, she grew frustrated and spat, "Yes, yes! I've embarrassed the

Stewart family! I got pregnant out of wedlock, and I've brought shame to everyone!"

Kiki glared viciously at Doreen. It scared Doreen so much, she curled up tightly in Mrs. Stewart's embrace.

Mrs. Stewart hugged Doreen tighter, and threw Shiloh a helpless look. Kiki was seated a few seats away from them.

Shiloh's eyes glinted with tears-he looked like a candle burning its last.

Mrs. Stewart heard him mumble in a trembling voice, "It's retribution... Could Kiki lead a happy life without me?"

Even if he was her father, he couldn't block out the harsh sun and rain for Kiki her entire life.

"She refuses to admit her mistakes and correct herself," Mrs. Stewart lamented, her eyes welling up with tears. "If only..."

If only she hadn't given birth to Kiki back then. She didn't say that out loud, for the sake of her granddaughter in her arms.

Shiloh knew clearly what was on his other half's mind. "I wouldn't have been able to escape this, even without Kiki."

"This" referred to returning to their hometown in Jacroaof.

Back at Co Ilina Villa, Julian took the jade necklace and said to Diana, "This is the last betrothal gift I prepared for you."

Julian didn't take out the necklace when he gave Diana gold jewelry and rings while proposing to her before, as he wanted

to give it to her on the new year.

He knew that Diana would miss Grandma every New Year.

He missed her dearly, too. However, they needed to accept the reality that his grandmother was no longer around. The

only way they could remember her was by giving her belongings to Diana.

“This is something Grandma left behind. The one she wanted to give it to most is probably you,” he said.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1145

Aside from Diana, Grandma wouldn’t acknowledge anyone else as her granddaughter-in-law.

“But...” Julian said, his heart breaking, “She left us way too early.”

That was why she could never give the necklace to Diana.

Diana thought about the time Grandma left them. Her heart broke, too. Her chest felt tight and suffocating, as if someone

had stuffed wet cotton in it.

The two of them stared silently at the jade necklace for a long time.

“Grandma actually gave me a lot of jewelry. The funny thing was, I once thought of giving the earrings I got from her to my

mother Kate. However, she told me the truth and helped me see how stupid I had been. Grandma was so thoughtful of

me, I owe her so much,” Diana said, her heart breaking even further.

She suddenly had the urge to cry.

Her parents had never given her love and kinship. Grandma was the only one—Grandma more than made up for the

family Diana never had.

The two of them talked for a while. When they finally left the room, they bumped into Layla. She was almost done

preparing the New Year’s dinner.

“Sir, Madam, time for dinner?” Her gaze fell on the jade necklace Diana was holding. “Is this necklace...the one that

belonged to Madam Fulcher?”

Diana nodded.

Layla’s eyes flashed with guilt. “Sigh...”

She dragged Diana aside, and said, “Before, I thought the jade necklace Mr. Fulcher gave Ms. Jarvis was the same exact

one. I...”

She tried to explain herself, anxious, but Diana understood what she meant.

Diana remembered what Layla said before. It was precisely because of this jade necklace that she had become so furious

with Julian in private. She thought he gave Cecilia something Grandma left behind.

Now that Diana thought about it, she had been too petty. She was also too distrusting of Julian.

“It’s all in the past,” Diana comforted Layla, hoping that she would let it go. “Things are going well for me and Julian now,

aren’t they?”

They got remarried, and were happily ushering in the New Year.

Layla was reassured by Diana’s words, but Julian wasn’t too happy to hear it.

He was about to catch Diana at the corridor on the second floor and ask her about getting jealous over the jade necklace,

when an unwelcome guest appeared.

It was Simon.

Julian had given the security guards a break on the new year’s eve. Therefore, there was no one standing guard outside

the villa.

There were only a few bodyguards secretly stationed around. It was thus a lot easier for Simon to make his way in.

He was in his wheelchair, dressed in a thick padded jacket and a hat. He flashed Julian a bright smile and greeted, "Hey,

Brother. I'm here to celebrate the new year with you guys. You don't mind, do you?"

The cheek of him to drop by!

The cheek of him to call him Brother!

Julian's face darkened with displeasure at once, and he flared up at Simon. He looked ready to throw Simon out

immediately if the latter dared to take a step forward.

Diana, too, didn't expect Simon to come. After the truth behind the car accident was exposed, Diana hadn't seen him even

once.

Having regained her memories, her thoughts regarding Simon grew more complicated. After all, he was her best and most

dependable friend back at Stirling City.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1146

However, he had dragged her to the border, took her away from her lover during her pregnancy and labor, and stripped

her children of their rights to be with their father...

Yet, he never mistreated her throughout the entire time.

He even helped her a lot, aside from not taking advantage of her memory loss and crossing the line with her.

And Kiki...

If Simon hadn't suggested for Diana to lose her memories, she might have died along with her twins.

Just then, fireworks exploded in the sky, the loud sound ringing in the air. It was ear-splitting. Diana stood on the second

floor, drinking in the beautiful scene in the night sky.

What a lively and exciting night.

It must have taken Simon a lot of courage to come here.

Having spent three years with him, Diana knew the fragile vulnerability beneath his smile.

He was now a crippled man, too. Although he singlehandedly caused his own disability, in light of everything that

happened between them, she couldn't bring herself to label him a good or bad man.

Diana was torn.

Julian had the urge to charge forward and throw Simon out.

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dependable friend back at Stirling City.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1147

Even the wall decorations looked bleak and depressing.

Diana's heart leapt. What on earth was she doing?

It was so rare for the whole family to spend the new year's eve together so happily. Why was she making things

miserable, just because of Simon?

Yes, Simon wasn't that wicked. However, it was true that he had impure motives toward her. What was more, he put her in

harm's way and took advantage of her.

At the very least, Diana was capable of discerning right from wrong.

Still, she couldn't deny that Simon had taken great care of her during her three years in Stirling City. He had been a great

help to her. Her heart ached when he saw her turn away and leave in his wheelchair.

"Julian," she said, holding his hand. "I don't have anything to say to him. Let's go downstairs and call the twins for dinner."

Julian nodded, and went downstairs with Diana. It was just a few steps, but he walked very slowly.

It was only until they reached the first floor, until Simon's retreating figure almost couldn't be seen, that he suddenly said,

"Go on ahead."

Diana didn't understand him. "What? You want me to call the twins now?"

"No." Julian looked in Simon's direction. "He'll be gone for good if you don't go after him now."

Diana's relationship with Simon was complicated, but Julian's relationship with him was even more so. At least half of the

blood flowing through their veins were the same.

And yet, this younger brother of his...

Julian really couldn't find it in himself to acknowledge their blood relation.

However, Diana was different. Julian could tell that she had things to say to Simon, and that at one point, she had

developed feelings for him.

Indeed.

Today was supposed to be a happy day of festivities.

Three years ago, Simon gave up his status as the heir of the Channing family and drew the line with them. Clearly, it

wasn't appropriate for him to turn up at the Channing residence and enjoy a dinner with them on the new year's eve.

Although Julian didn't have his own family around, he had started a new family with Diana. He was now the father of a pair

of twins. He had a wife, and he had a new family.

But Simon...

He was indeed all alone.

It wasn't right of them to leave him on a night like this.

Surprised flashed past Diana's eyes. "You won't get jealous?"

"There's nothing to be jealous about," Julian said as he held her hand. "I trust you."

It was different from the past. He trusted her.

She was free to do whatever she wanted to do. Life was short, so she should live it with no regrets.

Diana's eyes lit up. She kissed Julian's cheek, then ran toward Simon.

"Simon!" She yelled out to him.

In the dark of the night, Simon's back shuddered. He was in complete disbelief.

Still, he turned around and said casually, "Diana."

It was good enough for him that he could see her today.

If she hadn't come out... Simon wasn't sure if he would make things worse than they already were.

Someone was already plotting against Diana and Julian. Simon didn't mind joining in for self-benefit, waiting for the day

Diana would beg him for help.

But now...

He might just be a bystander.

He would simply watch in safety while both sides fought it out, then reap the spoils when they suffer.

Although he wouldn't participate in the scheming, he wouldn't go to the extent of telling Julian and Diana everything.

Ultimately, Simon still couldn't let go of Diana

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1148-

Simon still wanted to claim Diana as his own.

He looked possessively-almost obsessively-at her. However, that look gradually gave way to clarity.

Diana didn't know what was going through Simon's mind, and didn't notice his obsessed expression. She smiled, and

said, "Please don't take it personally. Julian needs time, too."

Simon nodded in understanding. "It's good enough that you came out."

"Thank you for remembering the wall decorations," Diana said smilingly, taking hold of the wheelchair handle.

The wheelchair shook slightly. She had to try pushing it a few times before it could budge. Pushing it along the road, she

said, "Why did you leave right after sending your blessings?"

She chuckled, and her next words shocked Simon. "Didn't we agree to celebrate the new year together? We have to at

least have dinner together."

Never had Simon expected Diana to describe him as someone who would give others his blessings. It impacted him so

much, his hands started trembling.

He remained silent all the way as Diana continued pushing his wheelchair. Julian didn't even chase him out when Diana

brought him into the villa. It all felt so unbelievable.

Simon grabbed the armrest tight as he stared at Julian.

Julian didn't tell Simon to leave. Instead, he said to Diana, "Come and wash your hands. I'll call the twins."

Julian turned to glance at Simon, who remained unmoved. He looked like he had bestowed a great favor upon Simon.

“Did you cripple your brain on top of your legs?” he sneered. ” For you to willingly paralyze your own legs, your brain must be addled.”

He brought such misery upon himself, all for the sake of earning a woman’s pity. Julian didn’t know if he should call Simon

a fool in love.

Simon mocked him back. “Takes one to know one.”

In the past, when Julian took the knife for Diana, he probably didn’t even consider whether he would survive the attack.

Julian was stunned for a moment.

Simon refused to go further inside.

Julian sneered again. ‘The kitchen prepared too much food for dinner. It’ll go to the dogs if you don’t eat it. Just come in.’

Diana returned from washing her hands, and heard what Julian said. She rolled her eyes at him immediately.

He obviously wanted to ask Simon to stay for dinner, and invited the latter voluntarily. Despite that, he had to say such

nasty words to Simon.

She went to hit Julian, but he did not retaliate at all. Neither was he shocked- he acted as if he was used to such treatment.

He just turned around and called the twins.

Everything was happening out of Simon’s expectations.

He thought it was already good enough that Julian allowed Diana say a few words to him. That would already bring new

hope for him in this new year.

But now...

Simon picked up the spoon, and looked at the Fulchers seated at the table in disbelief. He suddenly didn't understand

what was going on.

"Having dinner with you doesn't mean I've forgiven you," Julian said. "Don't think too much."

Although Simon wasn't all out wicked, he was definitely no saint.

"And if you dare to do anything against us again," Julian warned, glaring at Simon during the meal, 'TH throw you into a

river full of crocodiles!"

Diana was flabbergasted to hear Julian talk about crocodiles when the twins were around, and during the new year eve's

dinner to boot.

What's more, Simon wasn't a child. Julian sounded like he was trying to frighten a kid.

She kicked Julian under the table. "Hurry up and eat."

Julian relaxed his tense jaw, and began eating. Things soon quietened down around the table.

Betty even offered Simon some food. "Uncle Simon, eat."

Children tend to be forgetful, but Betty still remembered her days with Simon in Stirling Cit

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1149

At that time, they would also gather for a meal on the new year's eve.

This time, Julian joined them.

Her real father.

Betty enjoyed her meal with great happiness.

Her pure, crystal-clear eyes brought a smile to Simon's face. He caressed her head. When he recalled what Diana once

asked him, his heart ached.

The twins...

Didn't seem to treat him very much differently.

Simon thought the twins no longer wanted anything to do with him after they acknowledged Julian as their father. He even

thought of leaving the twins behind in Richburgh as he took Diana away.

That would truly be tearing the family apart.

Compared to the warm happiness in the air right now, his original plan seemed inhumane-to say the least.

He almost couldn't taste the food in his mouth, save for a slightly bitter aftertaste.

Simon didn't eat much. After the meal, Julian wanted to bring Diana to launch the fireworks. "I've prepared everything."

He turned back to look at Simon. "Hey cripple, you coming?"

Diana smacked Julian's back. "Julian!"

"I know, I know. I won't call him that again," Julian said, although he clearly didn't intend to let Simon off.

Simon clenched and unclenched his fists over and over again. Eventually, he nodded, his face pale. "Yes, I am."

Julian spoke no further. He carried the twins in his arms and walked forward, with Diana and Simon following behind him.

“Don’t mind him,” Diana explained gently to Simon. “He’s just like that. He actually does welcome you to stay.”

“I know,” Simon smiled, hoping that Diana wouldn’t take it to heart. “I wouldn’t be able to enter the door if he didn’t agree

to it.”

All the more he wouldn’t be able to watch fireworks with them.

The fireworks this year were beautiful to watch.

Colors of the rainbow exploded in the sky; red, yellow, purple and light blue, in different shapes and patterns.

Most of them Julian used to confess his feelings to Diana. The fireworks formed phrases such as “Happy New Year,

Wifey”, “Honey, I love you”, and “Happy Remarriage”.

Diana was embarrassed by the flood of messages in the sky.

She knew Julian had something up his sleeve.

Not only did he allow Simon to stay for dinner, but he even welcome the latter to watch the fireworks. As it turned out... He

intended to stake his claim in front of Simon.

Thankfully, she didn’t notice any changes in Simon’s expression.

Sensing Diana’s gaze on him, Simon looked back and asked, “Did you two remarry?”

Diana nodded. “Yes. Some time ago, we registered our marriage.”

‘That’s good.’

She thought Simon might get agitated, so she didn’t expect him to give them his sincere blessings.

“If Julian really takes good care of you, and if this is the life you want, I give you my blessings,” Simon said. Smiling, he

added sincerely, "I wish you a very happy new year."

Soon, Simon left. After Diana was done washing up, she laid on the bed with Julian. She had a nagging feeling that

something was wrong.

"Why did Simon change so quickly?" she wondered.

He didn't seem to be acting when he gave her his blessings. Plus, he didn't look displeased when he saw the fireworks

Julian designed. In fact, he was oddly calm.

"What's the matter?" Julian pinched her waist gently. He wasn't very happy. "Are you disappointed that Simon doesn't like

you anymore?"

Diana immediately slapped his hand away. "Julian!"

"I'm just teasing you. Don't be mad," Julian said with a bright smile. He stretched his arms out, and hugged Diana. "I just

don't want you thinking of him when you're lying right next to me."

10/21/23, 7:33 PM Read Julian's Stand in Wife Chapter 1149

<https://en.novelxo.com/julian-s-stand-in-wife/r1019067.html> 3/3

Simon had already stolen Diana away from him for three long years. Now that they finally regained their quiet and happy

life, Julian didn't want Diana to be thinking about another man when she was with him.

His hands roamed around her body, interrupting her thoughts of Simon.

"Diana, can I go in?"

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1150

Diana was stunned.

Her face flushed red. Thankfully, the lights were off at night.

She suppressed the strange, nagging feeling she had of Simon, and hugged Julian's neck. Nodding, she said, "Julian,

let's have another baby."

"Another baby?!" Julian's voice rose to a high pitch.

Smack! The lights went back on. White lights flooded the entire room. The passion in the air dissipated at once.

Diana furrowed her brows in confusion. "What's the matter?"

Julian remained silent, his face tense. He threw open the sheets, and caressed Diana's stomach at the place where her

scar was.

Her physical condition was unique. As much as she used a variety of lotions and treated her wound with care, the scar

remained.

In the past, she didn't think much of it whenever she looked at it. Yet, Julian looked so solemn as he gazed intently at it.

Diana's chest tightened with emotion, and she asked indignantly, "Do you despise me for it? Are you worried that the

scarring will get worse with another child?"

She heard about that happening when she was hospitalized back at Stirling City. After experiencing natural birth, some

women would face their husbands' disdain over a lackluster sex life.

Women who went through cesarean delivery might face their husbands' complaints over a saggy stomach and a

frightening scar. Some husbands even refuse to look at it, saying that it was disgusting.

Diana didn't care about that in the past, because she didn't have a husband back at Stirling City. She couldn't even

remember who her husband was. The only thing she knew she had to do was to raise her children.

However, things were different now.

She had regained her memories and her husband. What she cared about now was her beloved husband, who was staring

at the scar on her stomach.

Indignation and anxiety rose in her chest. As Julian kept silent, the feeling gave way to anger.

She pushed him away, put on her slippers in a huff, and went to leave the bedroom.

'The twins are our children! I suffered so much giving birth to them. I don't mind if your heart doesn't ache for me, or that

you weren't around when I gave birth, or that you couldn't take care of me after the twins were born. But now, you...'

Her hand gripped her chest tight. She trembled.

"Now..." her voice choked. "How could you despise the scar on my body?"

Julian still remained silent.

It was only until she walked to the door, about to pull the handle and leave, that he reached out to hug her. "I don't hate

anything."

He smiled.

"Silly."

He hauled her up in his arms, and put her back on the bed.

The moment their bodies touched, the uneasy feeling in Diana's heart vanished, and the anger in her chest dissipated.

"You know I'm not that kind of man," Julian said.

"I wouldn't have married you if you were," she said.

"Then why did you get angry just now?"

"I..." Diana was almost rendered speechless. "I just felt uneasy when you keep being so silent."

The insecurities a wife felt when she didn't receive a response would often result in her flaring up at her husband.