

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1181-1190

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1181

Mommy already said that she didn't want to leave. Couldn't he hear her?!

Julian stared at Sean's angry little face, and asked the obvious, "Angry?"

Sean refused to reply, and instead studied his surroundings swiftly. He then looked down, and tapped on his smartwatch.

He had modified this watch.

A few days ago, after Julian gave him the laptop, he connected the watch to the laptop. This meant that he needed neither

his laptop nor to be in Collina Villa to control the laptop remotely.

Very soon, a line of code appeared on his smartwatch. Sean had previously written this code, and just needed to retrieve

it from his laptop.

Immediately after, the door unlocked with a click.

Sean's tense face relaxed. He glared at Julian, and marched into the living room.

Mommy had been forcefully brought back to her room.

Sean was furious!

He tapped on his smartwatch as he walked.

Very soon, all the electronic locks in Collina Villa started beeping. Some even started issuing reminders to reset the

password. Some even gave warnings that the wrong password was keyed in, and that the police alarm would be

triggered.

Chaos ensued as the alarms blared across the villa.

Noel was confused. "Mr. Fulcher, what's going on?"

He instinctively felt that it had something to do with little Sean.

Still, he had to ask Julian for details.

The look of certainty on Julian's face told Noel that Julian knew exactly what was going on.

Julian said, "It was the right decision to make you change all the locks in the villa to electronic ones after the previous locks were broken."

Smiling, he looked admiringly at Sean and asked Noel, "Noel, do you think Sean is like me?"

"Of course," Noel replied after a brief shock.

The older Sean grew, the less he looked like Diana, Not only that, the shape of his face and the way he walked looked

especially identical to Julian!

Sean was but a small boy, but he already sported an impressive aura.

Julian didn't think so. "He's not like me at all."

He stood in the courtyard, and added affirmatively, "He's way more outstanding than I am."

Noel was shocked, and finally understood what was going on.

"Did you throw Sean outside the house as a test, sir?"

"Yeah." Julian led Noel into the living room. "I definitely won't be wrong. Sean has outstanding talent in computing."

But for a child, being talented didn't necessarily mean that everything was smooth-sailing. Be it in the past or right now,

the principle that talent without proper training and education would wither remained.

For young celebrities who entered the industry at a tender age, many of them never end up becoming successful

celebrities after they grow up.

There were also many young children who published books and even wrote poetry series in their tender age. Yet they

never managed to create any impressive works after they grew up, eventually becoming no different from ordinary people.

All these were due to parents who didn't have foresight to make long-term plans for their talented children.

As a father, what Julian had to do right now was to cultivate and steer Sean's talent. Julian needed to help Sean realize

the full potential of his talent, and lead his life to the fullest.

He wanted to help Sean build a powerful internet network that could expand and spread, opening up new horizons for

him.

At that time, Fulcher Inc. would surely become even bigger than it was now!

Julian smiled brightly at Noel. "We have a successor for the company!"

Noel didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Sir, you're not that old to be thinking about a successor."

Julian chuckled when he heard what Noel said. "That's true. I'm thinking too much."

He got ahead of himself when he saw Sean sending all the electronic locks in the house into chaos and opening the lock

of the main door, destroying the security system he had spent much money on, all within five minutes of standing outside

the house.

Noel and Julian chatted as they walked to the living room. They were about to enter, when they saw Sean charging toward

Julian with hands poised to attack.

“Julian Fulcher! Give me my mommy back!”

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1182

The moment Sean yelled, Julian heard Betty’s voice in the midst of the choruses of the electronic lock warnings.” Daddy!

Sniff... Come quickly! Mommy... Mommy’s bleeding...”

Bleeding?

Julian’s face turned ashen immediately.

The image of Diana bleeding on that rainy day emerged in his mind.

No!

Impossible!

She wasn’t pregnant this time.

How could she be bleeding?

She couldn’t be having a miscarriage, either!

“Let me take a look first,” Julian said, striving to keep his composure. He yelled to Diana to stop her from her wild

counterattacks, and hurried over to her.

At the next second, his countenance changed.

His face paled.

How did this happen...

How did this happen?!

Diana really was bleeding. Her blood was bright red, a sharp contrast from her skin.

Julian almost fainted from the shock.

He quickly hauled Diana up in his arms and yelled for Noel, instructing the latter to fetch the car and take them to the

hospital.

When he tried to stand up, he realized that his legs were too weak to support him. He simply crouched there, hugging

Diana.

The image of Diana having a miscarriage on that rainy day kept playing non-stop in his mind, making him as tense as a

bowstring.

He seemed to have lost all energy.

“Mr. Fulcher,” Noel held him up, and stretched his arms out. ” Let me help you...may I?”

If it were in the past, Julian would never allow Noel to hug Diana.

But now, there was crippling fear in his heart.

Julian had never feared anything in his life. Yet, at the thought of anything that had to do with Diana and anything that

could happen to her, he found himself growing increasingly fearful.

‘Yes,’ he said, although he had no idea how he managed to squeeze out that word.

He found himself feeling increasingly faint amidst the chaos and children crying around him. It took him all the energy

left in him to walk in step with Noel toward the car.

Right before Julian stepped into the car, Sean grabbed the door handle and said icily, "I don't want you coming! You keep

hurting Mommy!"

If Julian hadn't insisted on locking him outside the door and dealing with that damned electronic lock, Mommy wouldn't

have fainted!

A never-seen-before coldness filled Sean's eyes.

It sent chills down Julian's spine.

It was like a warning to him.

Just look at what you've done to your wife and child!

Just look!

This time...

Sean was probably never going to forgive him!

Julian was greatly upset, but he couldn't explain himself.

It was true that he was the cause behind what happened just now. Diana did object to him throwing Sean out of the house,

after all. She was very agitated just now.

And yet, Julian ignored her.

He was bent on having Noel send her to the living room.

He was a bastard through and through!

Even so, he had to get into the car.

If it really was...

It was a miscarriage.

No! Diana wasn't pregnant!

This couldn't possibly happen again!

In spite of that, she was indeed bleeding from down there...

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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1183

What if it was something even more severe than Julian had imagined?

If so, how could he be assured of sending the twins and Noel to the hospital by themselves?

Julian's face was pale as he forced Sean's hand away from the door handle.

At that, Sean grew even more displeased.

Betty kept holding her momm/s hand. Seeing her father and brother looking unhappy, she kept silent. She could only

stretch her little arms out and silently pat each of them.

Sean and Julian never spoke to each other all the way until they got out of the car.

When they arrived at the hospital, Vans hurried over to receive them.

After an hour of torturous waiting, Vans came out with the results and stared straight at Julian. He didn't look very pleased.

Julian's heart sank.

He was deathly nervous as he asked Vans, "How is it?"

"Not too good," Vans said, his words sending Julian straight to hell.

Julian's entire body trembled. "How so?"

He grabbed the results from Vans's hands, vexed. His face paled as he read through the report.

At the Jennings household, Enzo was displeased to see Lina returning home with her clothes all wet.

“How dare those old fogies be so ungrateful when all I was trying to do was be nice to them!” Enzo spat. “How dare they

seek Julian Fulcher’s help to pressure us!”

Enzo was no longer the same man he was before. Even Julian Fulcher couldn’t possibly bully his sister!

“Hurry and take a hot shower, then have a warm meal,” Enzo told Lina. “Have a good rest. I’ll take you to the Fulchers to

settle scores with them!”

Lina felt gleeful.

However, her fear for Julian still lingered. She didn’t dare to be so arrogant, and said cautiously to Enzo, “But is Julian

Fulcher...someone we can afford to offend?”

She shook out her wrists, and went on, “He and his men went all out when they fought us. Just looking at my wrist makes

me shudder in fear. How can someone dislocate my wrist so casually, and then pop it right back...”

She felt like a doll that could be dismantled and put back together easily.

Julian Fulcher was certainly capable of sending chills down anyone’s spine.

“Hah,” Enzo sneered with a smile, the look in his eyes dark and insidious. “You think too highly of him.”

Julian Fulcher.

He was nothing but a pitiful bastard who was about to lose his precious wife!

What authority?

What richest man of Richburgh, or rather, of the whole world?

That was just superficial.

There would always exist a group of powerful figures who could subdue nations while keeping their real identities under wraps.

Take, for example, Jim Hughes, the real owner of Jennings Pharmaceutical Co. He was a mysterious, yet more powerful presence compared to Julian.

Julian, who was being played for a fool by the Hughes family, was nothing but trash to Enzo!

All he was doing was taking his sister along to clean up the trash.

There was nothing to fear!

There was nothing that was impossible!

“Haven’t you wanted to check out Collina Villa for the longest time?” Enzo said, his eyes narrowing. “Don’t worry, I’ll let you check it out to your heart’s content!”

After Lina was done cleaning herself up, Enzo set off with her and his dedicated team of bodyguards in tow.

There were more than 20 bodyguards in his team.

They needed five cars to fit the entire entourage

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1184

Enzo stopped the car, then let Lina out before alighting himself. He walked toward Ian’s house, and stood right outside the door.

What a familiar place it was.

Lina didn't notice the disdain in Enzo's eyes at all, and mumbled, "Those two old fogies were so arrogant! They even said

that their ugly daughter had a fling with you."

The moment these words escaped her mouth, she knew they were inappropriate. She hurriedly added, "Not a fling, but

"You're not wrong to say that," Enzo said, not minding Lina's vulgar choice of words.

Both of them didn't excel in school and weren't exceptionally cultured people. They were considered academic failures by

the world's standards.

Despite that, they lived comfortable lives thanks to their parents and the Jennings family's wealthy background. But when

the Jennings family became bankrupt a few years ago, they descended to the bottom rung of the social ladder.

Heavens knew what Enzo did to climb up from that bottom rung to where he was right now.

He had heard worse than Lina's vulgar words. "You're not wrong to say that. I did have a fling with their ugly daughter."

The moment Enzo said that, the door opened even before Lina could react in shock.

A figure popped out from inside—it was Ian himself!

Ever since Julian and Diana left, Ian had been keeping his wife company in the room as she recuperated. He was on the

way to the yard to keep their laundry when he saw someone approaching their house.

He felt uneasy, especially after the incident with Lina, so he decided to take a look.

That was when he overheard what Enzo said.

Ian pointed at Enzo with a trembling finger. "You're inhumane!"

He raised his hand, and slapped Enzo. Although he didn't manage to hit Enzo right in his face, it was enough to infuriate

Enzo.

A vicious gleam filled Enzo's eyes as he held his cheek that was scratched by Ian's nails. He spat on the floor, and yanked

the old man out of the door.

'You old foggy! I'm a human! But you'll soon no longer be one!'

He was going to turn this old man into a ghost today!

With that, Enzo lifted his foot to kick Ian.

Just then, the bodyguard that Julian arranged beforehand stopped Enzo. "Mr. Jennings, please show some self- respect."

Ian knew immediately that this man was someone Julian left behind. He felt even more grateful to Julian.

However, Enzo disregarded the bodyguard completely. He stretched his arm out to call for all his bodyguards in the cars.

Very quickly, the team subdued the two bodyguards Julian had left behind.

"Me? Self-respect?!" Enzo patted the two bodyguards' faces, then slapped them a couple of times.

That was for Lina!

"Self-respect, my ass!" He laughed insolently. "I'm afraid even Mr. Fulcher wouldn't ask me to show some self- respect

when he sees me!"

With that, he shot his bodyguards a meaningful look. They almost crippled Julian's bodyguards.

The air was filled with the sound of physical combat, sending chills down people's spines. This time, it was Julian's

bodyguards who were on the receiving end of the beatings.

Very soon, both of them were covered in wounds and injuries.

Seeing them in such a terrible plight, Ian felt miserable. His eyes welled up with tears. He looked at Enzo, and said in

panic, "Stop fighting! Stop fighting!"

Enzo naturally ignored Ian. Instead of asking his bodyguards to stop, he even instructed them, "Hit them where it hurts!

Just leave them with one final breath."

Enzo wanted Julian to know that he and his family weren't to be trifled with!

Ian couldn't bear to see others implicated because of him. What's more, the two bodyguards were people Julian sent to

protect him and his wife.

He didn't expect Enzo to come back so soon with Lina, and behave so viciously at that!

Ian couldn't possibly allow something bad to happen to people who protected him so fiercely!

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1185

Ian dropped on his knees and begged Enzo.

His face turned red as he pleaded, "Please, stop hitting them! Stop hitting them!"

Enzo was elated. "Oh dear, you old fool. You despised me so much back then, and kept telling me off even when I

kneeled before you. What's happening now? Why are you kneeling before me?"

Ian's heart was burning, but he knew that what was happening today wouldn't be so easily resolved. Not just for the two

bodyguards who were badly beaten up, but also for his wife in the house.

He couldn't let his wife see Enzo.

If she did, she would surely demand to see their daughter.

If Enzo got even more irritated, he might even...

Ian dared not think further. For the first time in his honorable life, he kneeled to another man. "Mr. Jennings, I was wrong.

Please, I beg you. Please let them go. They'll die if you keep up with this!"

'That's certainly doable," Enzo said. "You slapped me when you opened the door just now. That's not the way to treat your

guests. The Lemmingtons pride themselves in being courteous and gracious. You should apologize to me for your

misbehavior."

He pointed to his own face, and added, "Slap yourself ten times and eat up all the oranges my sister delivered to you

before, then I'll let them go."

Those oranges...

They were all stomped to mush by Lina!

Noel had picked them up and thrown them into the trash can by the door.

Ian thought that Enzo didn't know, and was about to explain things to the latter. Just then, he saw Enzo instructing his men

to pick out the oranges from the trash can and throw them to him.

Enzo said viciously, "Eat them!"

Ian finally understood. Enzo was here today to humiliate him!

Those two young men were still being beaten up...

They were clearly losing their lives.

Ian didn't hesitate any further. He suppressed the disgust and hatred he was feeling, and slapped himself on the face. He

continued doing so until he slapped himself ten times.

By the time he was done, his face was all swollen.

That delighted Enzo. He grabbed a bunch of mashed oranges and stuffed the handful into Ian's mouth, gleeful. "Eat

them, you ungrateful old fogey! Eat them! Eat them all!"

Not only were the oranges all mashed up, but they also smelled awful since they came from the trash can.

Ian couldn't take it, and vomited everything out. The torture was enough to kill him. Very soon, his eyes started swelling

up.

Enzo finally lost interest. "Forget it."

He clapped, and pulled Lina toward Ian. "Take a good look! This is my sister. In the future, should she knock on your door,

you better quickly open up! Otherwise... I'll torture you till you wish you were dead!"

Ian was heartbroken.

Never had his dignity been trampled upon like this his entire life.

Enzo had forced him to slap himself and eat those disgusting oranges from the trash. It made him unwell, but he felt

worse at having to kneel before a wicked man who had hurt his daughter!

How could Enzo be considered a man?!

Just as Enzo was about to get into his car and leave for Collina Villa, Ian suddenly grabbed the leg of his pants. ” Enzo

Jennings!”

Ian’s eyes were bloodshot, and he looked just like a demon from hell seeking revenge.

An old man who had lived a dignified life, driven to bite back ferociously, was a fearsome sight indeed.

It shocked Enzo so much, he almost tripped and fell.

That shock soon gave birth to murderous thoughts.

He had sacrificed so much to get to where he was right now, not to be frightened by a mere old man

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1186

Ian yelled, “Where is my daughter? Where is Anna?! You two have already returned to the country, so why hasn’t she

come to visit us yet? What exactly did you do to bewitch her? Give me back my daughter!”

His heartbroken interrogation made Enzo change his mind.

He smiled as he casually pushed Ian’s hand away from his pants, and replied in a low voice, “Anna...”

Then, he laughed. “Hahaha! You stupid old man! Do you still think Anna is alive?”

Ian’s face turned ashen. ‘You... What do you mean by that?!’

“Nothing,” Enzo said, “I’m just telling you this out of the kindness of my heart. I had enough of sleeping with that

ugly daughter of yours. Since I got tired of her, she died.”

‘You bastard! Bastard!’

Enzo crouched to Ian's shoulders, and whispered into his ear, "I wasn't the one who killed her. She loved me so much, she was willing to test some trial drugs for me."

Viciousness seeped through every word he spoke. It sent chills down Ian's spine.

Enzo went on, "She died from trying out drugs."

Ian's eyes turned bloodshot. He was on the verge of collapse. He grabbed Enzo once again, struggling to strangle the latter.

'You're spouting nonsense! Give me back my daughter! Give me back my daughter!'

"I can," Enzo said. One of his bodyguards subdued Ian.

Enzo went on, "Go to hell, and you'll find her there. That's a way to return her to you, right? Ian Lemmington, I'm in no

mood to lie to you. Your daughter is really dead. All of your students know about it. Anna Lemmington never went abroad!"

Ian was about to collapse.

How could it be possible?! How could it be?

The sudden collapse of his spiritual pillar of support made him struggle like a fish out of water.

'You're lying to me...you're lying!'

"I'm not lying to you," Enzo said, caressing the scratch marks on his face.

He looked back at the familiar house, and reminded Ian in a tone of mock kindness, "She was in a terrible state when she

died. She ingested such a large pill, and the toxins even eroded her birthmark such that it turned a purplish red color.

Seriously... She looked even uglier than she usually did.

“Only you and your wife would treat such an ugly woman as treasure.

“Haha!

“Back then, you two didn’t approve of me trying to date her.

You kept your guard up like I’m a thief.

“Haha!

“If you hadn’t stopped me, for all you know...”

Ian’s eyes shone.

If he hadn’t stopped them back then, would his precious daughter be good together with Enzo?

Was he wrong?

At the next moment, Enzo smashed his thoughts to smithereens. “If you hadn’t stopped me, your precious ugly daughter

might have died even earlier. Hahaha...!”

Ian was still in shock, even after Enzo’s entourage disappeared in the distance.

He finally understood everything.

His daughter had never gone overseas.

There was no pursuit whatsoever.

Enzo Jennings had decided right from the start that he wanted his precious daughter to trial his drugs.

Anna never got an ounce of love from Enzo, even till her death.

That silly girl!

Stupid, silly girl!

“Pfft!”

Fire burned in Ian’s chest, and he spat out a mouthful of blood. It formed a shocking contrast against the concrete at the main entrance.

It was this shocking sight that greeted Winnie when she walked out.

Her husband, who always looked clean and tidy, was all disheveled. Bits of mushed orange and blood hung from the corner of his lips.

Winnie’s knees almost gave way.

She immediately crouched low, and helped her husband up. Her fingers were trembling, and she was too frightened to touch his shirt.

“Ian, Ian...”

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1187-

She yelled repeatedly, “What’s going on? What exactly happened?”

Ian had no strength to even speak. He could only look at his wife.

What could he say? How could he tell her?

Their daughter was no longer around.

The daughter they looked forward to seeing once more was never coming back...

Pain filled Ian’s eyes as he looked at his wife. He wanted to lift his hand to caress her face, but he found himself unable to

do so.

Eventually, it took his final breath for him to whisper to Winnie, “Find that pill. Anna... Anna once brought a pill back

home...”

With every word he said, he panted heavily. Tears fell down Winnie’s cheeks as she cried, “Stop talking, stop talking!”

She pulled out her phone with trembling hands, feeling remorse over not hearing the commotion outside earlier and

leaving her husband to suffer all by himself.

She began tapping on the number pad with trembling fingers, trying to call for an ambulance. Yet, her fingers keep slipping

away.

She just couldn’t manage to press the numbers.

Tears were welling up in Winnie’s eyes, and it blurred her vision. She tried so many times, but failed to call for an

ambulance.

Winnie was on the verge of collapse.

Meanwhile, the sun was shining viciously above them.

Her husband, who had been by her side for almost her entire life, was like a deflated balloon. He was losing signs of life

with every passing moment. Sensing what was happening, Winnie tightened her hold over her phone.

Fear and sorrow were best friends, standing by the side as they laughed at a human’s vulnerability.

Winnie held her husband’s hands tight, no longer able to hold back her loud, sorrowful cries.

Ian could sense it too.

Upon hearing that his daughter died, the lifeline that he had been holding on tightly to finally broke.

He and his wife... Didn't have much time left, anyway.

It was a pity.

"I never expected myself to leave before you."

The one left behind was always the one who suffered more. Ian never wanted to leave his wife behind all alone.

He wanted to take care of her till her death, and give her an honorable burial. He would then commit suicide, be it by

taking sleeping pills or filling his room with gas.

He wouldn't leave her all alone, even in hell.

To do that, though, he would need to take care of her his entire life. He would personally take care of her until she left this

world.

But now...

He couldn't do that anymore.

His heart throbbed in pain. With every passing moment, the pain intensified.

Ian knew what was coming. 'Winnie.'

He called his wife, but she couldn't stop crying.

He had to yell, "Winnie! Pull yourself together!"

He was worried that she might lose the will to live after he died.

He sighed, and said calmly, "I don't have much time left."

He could feel his life ebbing away slowly.

'Winnie, I'm sorry. I have to make a move first.'

Ian grabbed her hand tight—her hand, that he held for almost his entire life.

He could never bear to let his wife cook and clean for him. But from now on, he could no longer take care of her.

Winnie's lips trembled. She knew she had to stop crying, but she couldn't.

A small hammer seemed to be knocking her head repeatedly.

This was her lover.

Her lover!

She hugged him tight, hoping to shield him from the cold.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1188

A smile appeared on Ian's face.

Dying in his wife's embrace, he felt content.

But Winnie...

Holding her beloved in her arms, watching him gradually gasping for breath... It was a pain that cut deep into her heart.

Her tears fell like beads, hitting her husband's hand relentlessly.

His heart ached too.

But he had no choice.

The end was near.

He knew he couldn't endure this ordeal after he heard about his daughter's death.

Fearing that Winnie would follow him, he forcefully instructed, "Don't follow after me... Our daughter...is still waiting for

you."

He couldn't bring himself to say that their daughter, Anna, had already passed away. He had to continue deceiving his

wife.

He coughed. “The one who hurt me... The one who made me like this, it’s En...Enzo... He’s not our son-in-law! He never

was!”

Even in death, Ian wouldn’t acknowledge that malicious man!

At that moment, Winnie seemed to realized something, but she didn’t say anything.

She tightened her grip on her husband, and heard him continue, “You must never meet Enzo alone... He’s too malicious.

Go find Julian... He’s a good man.”

With his last bit of strength, he added, “Take that medicine... The one Anna brought back...”

In the end, he couldn’t finish his sentence. His life came to a complete stop.

Winnie cried till all her tears had dried up.

However, she knew she had to stay strong. She took shaky steps as she headed towards Collina Villa.

She remembered her husband’s last words. He had told her to go find Julian, the young man who had helped them put up

the decorations during the new year.

At the hospital, Julian clenched the medical report in his hand, looking at Vans in disbelief. “This... This can’t be true, can

it?”

Diana had just told him that she wasn’t pregnant.

How could...

How could there suddenly be a little baby in her belly?!

Seeing that Julian was still struggling to comprehend the truth at hand, Vans led him away from the two kids.

He pulled Julian towards a corner of the room, and asked, "Julian, what's wrong with you?"

Julian's eyes were blank. All he could think of right now was Diana, covered in blood.

This was bad.

He had actually...

He had once again harmed his own child!

Julian's eyes widened, and he looked in the direction of the hospital room in disbelief.

Diana was inside.

Yet again, he didn't have the courage to face her.

Vans was infuriated by Julian's state, and punched him. "Pull yourself together!"

Julian was in a panic, the remorse in him nearly making him lose control.

"Pull myself together? How can I pull myself together! My wife and my child... Once again, I've hurt them! There was so

much blood! The child... Our child..."

How pitiable they must be!

How pitiable Diana must be!

Vans just smiled.

"Julian," he said, placing his hand on the latter's forehead. "What on earth are you thinking?"

He wasn't running a fever. Why was he entertaining such chaotic thoughts?

Julian slapped away Vans's hand. "What else can I think about? Diana was pregnant. But once again, the child died

because of me!"

Vans said, "Seriously? Why do you talk about death every day and moment? Are you cursing your own child?"

He snatched the medical report. "Take a closer look! Diana and the child are both fine!"

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1189

Julian was stunned.

Both of them were fine?

They were fine, so why had Diana been bleeding?

But then, he looked at the report again.

It was true!

The medical report clearly stated that the patient was pregnant and needed care.

He had been too worried and anxious, jumping to conclusions too quickly.

The weight that had been hanging over his heart suddenly lifted.

Julian pushed Vans aside, about to run into the hospital room.

He wanted to see Diana! He wanted to see her and the child!

However, Vans held him back again.

"Julian," he said with a serious expression.

His intense gaze made Julian impatient. He pushed Vans away and said, "What's going on? Can you please just tell me

everything?"

The eerie atmosphere made it seem like something bad had really happened to Diana. It had also made Julian worried in vain.

“Have you ever thought about why Diana was bleeding?” Vans asked.

Yeah. She had been bleeding, and it was because of the bleeding that Julian had been so worried.

He had an inkling that it might be related to him, so he looked at Vans with a guilty expression. “Why? Is it because she was angry?”

He knew he was wrong. Next time, he would never casually leave his son outside the door. Even in moments of excitement, he needed to exercise restraint.

“That’s not it.” Vans rolled his eyes at him. “It was too intense.”

Julian’s face instantly turned red, and he blurted out, “Too intense?”

Vans said, “In these past couple of days, did you two...”

At that point, Julian immediately caught on.

“Today... Cough...” He hesitated, feeling a bit embarrassed to say it. “Yes, this afternoon at home...”

“That’s it,” Vans said. “Be more careful in the future!”

He patted Julian’s shoulder. “You have to exercise some restraint! This time, you were lucky to save the child because we caught it early. But if it happens again...”

Vans paused for a moment, not finishing those ominous words.

When he looked at Julian, he couldn’t help but emphasize again, “The first three months are especially important. You

can't afford to be reckless anymore."

Julian felt both embarrassed and relieved. "So, the bleeding this time was because of me... Because of me and Diana..."

"Yes," Vans replied. "It has nothing to do with being angry. Diana bled because it stimulated the baby."

Regret crossed Julian's face. "We both thought Diana wasn't pregnant."

Even today, while he was showering, Diana had agreed not to have a child. Little did they know, they would suddenly be

informed that she was pregnant again.

That was really...

Julian couldn't describe his emotions at this moment.

Diana even more so.

She touched her abdomen, feeling complicated. She found it hard to imagine another child growing inside.

By now, the twins had entered the hospital room and were looking at her with teary eyes.

Betty hugged Diana's arm. "Mommy, are you still in pain?"

Bleeding was very painful. Betty remembered how she had a small drop of blood after getting a shot, and it hurt so much.

And now, Mommy had bled so much.

Betty was heartbroken; tears were about to spill down her face.

"It doesn't hurt. Mommy isn't in pain." Diana quickly touched Betty's little cheek and placed her daughter's hand on her

belly. "Sweetie, you're going to be a big sister!"

Betty didn't understand. She shook her head and said, "I'm not a big sister. I'm a little sister. I have a big brother."

Diana was speechless.

Sean, being the clever one, chimed in, “Mommy, you’re pregnant!”

He said those words confidently.

Diana smiled, and nodded. “Yes, I’m pregnant.”

She had been worried about Sean’s mood earlier. Seeing her son’s unchanged expression, her heart instantly eased.

At the same time, she motioned for him to come close

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1190

Diana placed Sean’s hand on her belly, and said, “When Mommy’s belly gets a little bigger, you’ll be able to feel it.”

“Feel it?” Betty looked curious. “Why can we feel it?”

“The little baby will grow and swim inside Mommy’s belly, just like you and Sean did. It will have tiny feet and tiny hands,”

Diana explained, her mind echoing back to the time when she was pregnant.

Back then...

It was actually a very happy time.

She used to run around in Stirling City every day, with the two little ones in her belly. It was a bit tiring, but whenever she

touched her belly and sensed something move inside, she felt like she was filled with something special.

“Mommy, you should rest,” Sean said, interrupting Diana’s reminiscence.

He pulled the blanket for her.

“When you’re not in pain anymore, I’ll take Betty to sit on the sofa outside for a while.”

This was a VIP ward, which was also a suite. Beside the room with the sickbed where Diana stayed, there was also a

space resembling a living room. There were sofas, televisions, and everything one could ask for.

Diana nodded; she was indeed a little tired.

And...

The person she most wanted to see hadn't arrived yet.

When Julian returned, there were some things she wanted to discuss with him-just not in front of the children.

So, she nodded and said, "If you need anything, just call me."

Then, she held Sean again. "Sean, about what your daddy did just now..."

"It's okay. Dad explained it to me," Sean reassured Diana. "He wants to tap into my talent with computers, and see how

quickly I can crack security systems under extreme conditions."

Still, Diana didn't hide her disapproval of Julian's actions." But his actions and methods were a bit drastic. Sean, tell

Mommy. Are you angry?"

Sean didn't hide his feelings, either. "I'm angry, but this doesn't concern you."

He patted Diana's hand. "Mommy, you should rest. I'm over three years old, and I can take care of myself."

Diana was speechless. A child who was just over three years old was giving her the impression of being mature beyond

his years.

"So, at such a young age, you don't need Mommy anymore?"

"It's not that," Sean frowned, a bit exasperated about how clingy Diana was being. "You're not feeling well, so you need to

rest.”

It meant he wouldn't discuss anything else with Diana now. Nothing was more important than rest.

Diana was deeply touched by her son's concern.

“Thank you, Sean. After your daddy comes in, Mommy will scold him for you!”

Sean nodded, and didn't say anything more. He turned and held Betty's hand, and they left the room.

It was precisely at this moment that Julian entered. Seeing the twins, he felt a bit guilty, especially towards Sean.

Julian crouched and said, “Sean, I'm sorry. Whatever I do to you in the future, I'll definitely discuss it with you in advance.

It

Sean's eyebrows remained furrowed, and he said seriously to Julian, “I hope you keep your word.”

Julian breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing this. It was good that his son wasn't furious with him.

The next moment, Sean asserted dominantly, “This time, Mommy is fine. If anything happens to her, I'll never forgive you.”

“That kid says the harshest words in the calmest tone,” Julian said. He served Diana some fruit as he described his

conversation with Sean.

Diana didn't want to eat, and told him to set the apple aside.

“In the future, you can't treat Sean like that anymore.”

“I know,” Julian admitted. “When you had that incident, I reflected on it. No matter how outstanding our child is, I shouldn't

be as strict as my grandfather was.”

When dealing with children, a balance of firmness and gentleness was necessary.

Diana finally nodded in relief.

Then, her face turned slightly red, and she lowered her voice as she asked, "Did Vans tell you everything?"

She spoke in a hushed tone, afraid that the children might overhear.

Julian also lowered his voice as he replied, "Yes, he did."

He assured her, "I'll definitely hold back for the next three months."