

## Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1221-1230

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1221-"I really want to know," Diana said.

"Just don't get angry," Julian replied.

"I won't be angry. Tell me."

"Enzo gave Sean a similar drug to the one you took, the so-called second phase experimental drug that hasn't been approved for sale yet."

"The drug I took?" Diana was a bit confused. "What did I take?"

Seeing her confusion, Julian tapped her nose with his finger. "The drug you took

before, remember? The one that caused you to lose your memory four years ago. The one Kiki prepared for you."

Upon hearing this, Diana immediately rolled her eyes and denied Julian's claims. "You're overthinking it."

"How?"

"All of these drugs are made from traditional ingredients. To better mix various drugs, they're often shaped into small black pills. The pink pill Jim gave you is already quite unusual in appearance. Although the pills may look similar, the herbal composition and effects can vary greatly."

Despite Diana's explanation, Julian wasn't entirely convinced. His furrowed brows revealed his skepticism.

After thinking for a moment, Diana said in annoyance, "The truth is, it's not really

about the medication. You just don't trust Professor Hughes because of his

connection to Enzo, right?”

Julian didn't want to deceive her. Under her watchful gaze, he nodded slowly.

“I don't care,” Diana insisted. “We have opposing opinions. I think Professor Hughes is quite good.”

When one's wife spoke, the husband should listen.

If Julian continued to argue, the next step might be a push off the bed. So, he wisely chose to stay silent.

When Diana fell asleep, he continued to contemplate Jim Hughes.

Jim's sudden appearance, his assistance in dealing with Enzo, and his assertion

that he wouldn't allow Jennings Pharmaceutical Co. to go public were all quite abrupt.

Could he truly give up such substantial profits?

There were many puzzling aspects to this man.

Julian stood by the window, quietly observing Enzo and Tommy, who were still

kneeling in the yard.

The two of them had been kneeling for more than ten hours. Normally, even an

hour of kneeling would cause severe knee pain and physical exhaustion. Enzo's

visible trembling was evidence of that, but he still dared not stand up.

It was evident that Jim commanded great authority. He could make someone as

thoughtless as Enzo remain obedient.

There was no way he was just an ordinary professor, as Julian and Diana had initially assumed.

However, what was his purpose for appearing by their side?

Could the strange pill Diana had taken and Matt Hughes's mysterious death be

related to Jim?

Julian looked at his sleeping wife. Then, he lit a cigarette and dialed Noel's number.

"How are things? Did Sue agree to meet with me?"

Since Jim had appeared from the Jarvis family, Julian decided to go there to gather information. As he couldn't leave at the moment, he had Noel go first.

It was already quite late.

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Noel should have returned from the Jarvises by now, but he was still downstairs

at their place.

Cecilia was holding his hand, refusing to let him leave.

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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1222

In this situation, receiving Julian's call made Noel feel somewhat negligent.

He apologized, "I'm sorry, sir, but Mrs. Jarvis didn't agree. She said she wouldn't

interfere in any matters related to the Fulcher family."

This was becoming even more strange. Based on Julian's understanding of Sue, despite her resentment, she wouldn't stay silent after Diana had kneeled.

It seemed like she initially planned to tell Diana something, only to have a change of heart later.

Julian felt he might have touched on the crucial point of the matter.

'Noel."

"Yes?"

"When did Jim appear at the Jarvis family?"

"I couldn't get inside then, so I don't know the details. It was probably right after

Sue wounded Mrs. Fulcher's forehead."

Noel remembered this clearly, because Cecilia had witnessed Diana's head injury. She knew Noel cared about Julian and everything related to the Fulcher

family.

Besides, it had been a long time since the Cecilia had slapped Diana. Cecilia had already let go of any lingering resentment between them since then.

Sometimes, she even called Diana to complain about how straight-laced Noel was when they were dating. After that, Diana would help her tease Noel. The

next day, during their date, Noel would still act very straightforward, but it would

lead to more comedic situations that give Cecilia joy.

Therefore, when Diana got injured, Cecilia immediately contacted Noel to help him come up with a plan to get Diana away.

But at that moment, Jim arrived and helped Diana up in front of Sue. He also tended to her injury.

Julian took a deep drag of his cigarette. He kept thinking about the pills Jim carried, the ones Diana and he had taken, and the pill left by Ian's daughter.

"Noel, find out if Jim knows Anna."

"Anna?"

"Yes, Professor Lemmington's daughter." Julian's gaze briefly turned toward

Enzo, but he quickly turned away. "I can't help but feel that everything

happening around us isn't just related to Enzo. Even though Jim has been open

about his connection with us and Enzo, I sense that he appeared because he has something against Diana."

Until he fully understood Jim, Julian wouldn't rest easy.

He added, "Anna's death is also suspicious."

How could a professor's daughter simply die after eloping with a man? Given

Enzo's reckless behavior, it was hard to

believe he could have covered up a person's death discreetly.

There must be someone meticulous behind the scenes.

Anna was already dead. And now, Jim had his eye on Diana...

The thought sent a shiver down Julian's spine.

After hanging up, Noel's expression became even more serious.

Investigating Jim was proving challenging, because the man had a spotless record. Based on the information gathered so far, he was just a university professor specializing in pharmaceutical research. Even his graduate students led quite normal lives.

The only difference was Jim's propensity for making investments.

He had played a key role in the establishment of Enzo's pharmaceutical company. Despite Enzo now being on the Forbes list, Jim had shown no interest

in seeking the limelight, fitting his character perfectly.

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He appeared to be a scholar with an air of nonchalance—a quality nurtured under

affluent circumstances. He was someone comfortable with where he stood currently in life.

Both Julian and Cecilia had this characteristic to some extent.

Seeing Noel's furrowed brow, Cecilia couldn't help but draw closer. Under the moonlight, she held his hand and gazed at him intently.

"Noel, are you worrying about Mr. Fulcher again?"

He nodded, and didn't conceal his worries. "Yes. I was born to live my life for Mr.

Fulcher."

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1223-Now that Julian was worried, Noel couldn't rest well either, even at this late hour.

Cecilia asked, "You were born for Julian? If so, what about me?"

Why was he such a devoted servant to Julian? And why did a wealthy heiress like her fall for such a humble servant?

Cecilia held his hand. They were hiding beneath her courtyard wall, and she was unwilling to let him leave. She didn't want Noel to be preoccupied with Julian while they were together; she wanted him to think about her.

Alas, Noel was a man of few words.

He looked at Cecilia. Then, he thought about Sue's attitude and his own inability

to marry Cecilia to this day.

He abruptly pushed Cecilia's hand away. "Ms. Jarvis, please have some self-respect."

Cecilia was nearly livid when she heard this.

She had worked so hard to avoid her mother and the house staff, sneaking out

like a thief just to spend more time with Noel. However, he became completely detached after he answered Julian's phone call.

He told her to behave with self-respect, even going so far as not allowing her to

hold his hand.

Was this how love was supposed to be?

Cecilia had consulted several people around her, and none of them mentioned

that a woman should be reserved during the dating phase.

They all said that love should be allowed to burn passionately.

She had thrown caution to the wind, just to be happy with him. How could holding hands be considered a lack of self-respect?

Noel probably had some hidden reasons. He was always one who thought too much, and had a strong sense of modesty. Perhaps his self-esteem had been hurt.

As much as Cecilia wanted to get angry, she couldn't. After all, she had worked

so hard to get him as her boyfriend.

Initially, he couldn't believe that she liked him. He might appear bold, but in reality, he was quite timid.

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Just as she and Diana had discussed, if Cecilia couldn't take the initiative, Noel

wouldn't dare to hold her hand even if a hundred years had passed.

Only in a good mood could Cecilia take the opportunity to hold his hand, causing him to push his boundaries a little.

So long had passed, and they hadn't even kissed yet!



Cecilia looked at Noel's handsome face, and thought about how seriously he had answered Julian's phone call. She couldn't help but find it amusing. How could there be someone in this world like him, who took every word to heart? Cecilia had asked him this question. Noel had explained that if he received a salary, he needed to give back an equal amount in return.

What seemed like a monetary transaction revealed Noel's honest and reliable qualities—he often overlooked his own strengths while magnifying others'.

Sometimes, when he looked at her, he would suddenly praise her kindness.

Cecilia asked him, "How am I kind?"

Noel stumbled over his words, unable to explain. The man was clumsy, adorable, and a bit vexing at times. Plus, he never treated her as someone who

with a mental illness.

Noel was an excellent man.

"Noel," Cecilia said, seeing him furrow his brows in the moonlight.

She knew his thoughts had likely returned to the tasks Julian had given him, and

wanted to redirect his attention. Under the moonlight, she hugged her arms tightly and said, "What's going on? I'm feeling a bit cold."

Noel instantly chuckled. "Well, that's great."

He adjusted the zipper on his clothes, saying, "I'm wearing one more layer than

you, so I'm not cold."

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1224-Cecilia muttered, "You're not cold? Fine! I hope you freeze to death on this

summer night!"

What a stupid man! She never wanted to see him again!

As Cecilia turned to leave, Noel quickly grabbed her arm.

"Ms. Jarvis!"

This blockhead seemed to have realized she was upset, and was trying to stop

her from leaving.

Cecilia was delighted, though she still showed an angry expression.

"What is it?" She intentionally turned her body away, not in a hurry to look back,

hoping he would coax her.

As long as he managed to coax her, she wouldn't return home for now. After all,

it wasn't easy to slip away like this. She hoped to experience a breakthrough with him tonight. She wanted to know what it felt like to have her boyfriend kiss

her on the cheek.

The more she thought about it, the more she felt a thrilling sensation she hadn't

experienced in all these years. She had always been too obedient. After meeting Noel, this was her first time going against her family.

It was also the second time she had bravely pursued a romantic relationship.

The first time she had bravely tried had been with Julian, but she had failed.

This time, she hoped Noel wouldn't let her down.

"Never mind," Noel said as he stared at her back. He scratched his head, looking troubled. "It's so late, and you must want to go back to sleep."

He looked up at the sky. "I don't think it's cold at all, but you just said you were cold."

He was also in a difficult situation, and he continued to persuade Cecilia to return home. "You should return home. It's warmer inside."

If possible, Cecilia would have gnawed through her lips with how hard she bit it.

Her romantic fantasies were all gone! And it was all due to Noel's infuriating mouth!

In the end, she couldn't bear to return home like this. Cecilia hesitated for a moment, and decided to give them both another chance.

"So, why did you call out to me?"

At Cecilia's persistent questions, Noel had no choice but to voice his thoughts.

"It's nothing. I just thought... Can you help me ask about Jim Hughes...?"

The more Noel spoke, the quieter his voice became. "This man..."

"Okay, then," Cecilia said, quite surprised. "I always thought you have a one-track mind, but now, you're trying a more indirect approach. Knowing it won't work with my mom, you want me to quietly gather some information. Julian's orders seem more important to you than I am."

To make Noel, someone who usually had a single-minded approach, consider a

different strategy, was indeed surprising.

Noel didn't argue, though. "I'm used to it. I have to do what the boss orders."

As for dating... In all honesty, he still didn't know how to navigate that. He just wanted to live each day and treat Cecilia well each day.

However, treating a young lady well required a financial foundation.

By excelling in his job, he hoped to earn a higher salary from Julian soon. That

would ensure that Cecilia's life wouldn't take a nosedive if she chose to be with

him. In Noel's eyes, ensuring their financial security and working diligently was the ultimate way to take responsibility for Cecilia.

However, this was the honeymoon phase of their relationship. Noel was a blunt,

straight shooter, and he wasn't about to tell Cecilia these things directly.

If he did, would she find him boring? Would she begin to doubt her own judgment...?

Meanwhile, Cecilia had her own thoughts.

Was she always choosing men who weren't right for her?

Until she figured this out, Cecilia didn't plan to help Noel.

She had her pride.

She could defy her mother to be with Noel. She could pick up knitting needles she'd never used before to knit him a scarf for winter. She could even call him first to make sure he was always thinking of her.

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### Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1225

However, she couldn't use her family's information network to help him while her

own love life was in turmoil.

If anything went wrong, it wouldn't just affect her, but also her entire family-the same family that adored her.

"That'll put you in a difficult situation, right?" Noel rubbed his hands, feeling awkward.

It was really strange. He wasn't cold earlier, but now, he felt like stomping his feet on the ground to keep warm.

"If I made you uncomfortable, I'm sorry. You don't have to worry about it," Noel

said, trying to ease the situation.

He was grasping at straws.

He pushed Cecilia inside the gate and said, "You should go inside. It's cold out

here."

He didn't say he couldn't bear to part with her, nor did he request a hug, even though he wanted one.

Cecilia watched his retreating figure, increasingly convinced that this wasn't what dating should feel like.

It was almost less passionate than when they were in the early stages of

courtship. Back then, she would have occasional relapses, and Noel would monitor her meals and prepare gloves for her when it got cold. He would even put on a suit and make funny faces to cheer her up if she was feeling down.

“I really thought I was the most important person to him,” Cecilia said. She couldn’t help but call Diana and tell the latter what had happened.

Diana was half-asleep when she picked up the call. She listened to Cecilia’s words, absentmindedly responding now and then.

When she reached out to touch Julian, she expected to find a warm body.

However, the other side of the bed was empty.

The covers were cold. Julian hadn’t been in bed the whole time.

Diana instantly felt more awake. Holding the phone to her ear, her eyes darted around the room. She eventually spotted Julian on the balcony, standing alone

in the night, looking somewhat desolate.

He was clearly troubled by something.

Diana got out of bed to go to him.

However, Cecilia could sense Diana’s distracted state.

“Diana! Are you even listening to me?” Cecilia asked.

“Of course I am,” Diana replied.

Although they weren’t particularly close friends, their interactions were now quite

peaceful. It was probably because Noel was someone they both knew. Since

Cecilia and Noel started dating, she was particularly interested in discussing

Noel's affairs with Diana.

She even asked Diana for advice, saying, "How did you manage to tie Julian down so tightly?"

Cecilia had come to terms with Julian's character, accepted his and Diana's relationship, and knew that Diana wouldn't steal Noel from her.

She used to worry that Diana might be a sly fox, but that was pure nonsense. It

was just that when one was in love, there would be a time when everything they

did seemed wonderful in one's eyes, regardless of what everyone else said.

Even if one's beloved was taking a dump.

Cecilia realized that her metaphors have become cruder since she started dating. It was quite miraculous that she didn't mind it.

Perhaps it was because she had played the role of the polite and sensible Jarvis

family heiress for so long, occasionally letting herself go and thinking about crude things felt rather liberating.

Cecilia would sometimes wonder about what Noel looked like when he was using the bathroom.

Ahem!

Okay, that was getting too vulgar.

Cecilia's cheeks turned red in embarrassment.

Diana was unaware of Cecilia's amusing thoughts, but she didn't dislike Cecilia.

She even felt like a protective older sister at times.

Cecilia was a beautiful and polite girl, who occasionally sent nutritional supplements to Diana and bought Betty's favorite dolls.

It was hard to hate such a considerate lady.

Moreover, Diana always felt slightly guilty towards Cecilia because of past events. So, Diana was very indulgent with her.

That was why she answered Cecilia's call, even in the middle of the night. This

was a level of attention even Julian didn't receive.

Diana had a slight backache from sleeping, and a bit of an odd taste in her mouth.

These days, she was eating better than before.

She casually grabbed an avocado, and started munching on it. This fruit was high in nutrients and good for the babies

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Diana didn't like the taste, but she kept eating it in big bites.

"There are no tricks or secrets." Diana took a few bites and shared her so-called love experience with Cecilia. "He just likes me."

When she thought about her relationship with Julian, they had actually skipped

the dating phase and went straight into marriage. If Kayla hadn't interfered at the time, they probably would have adapted very well from beginning to end.

Her answer only served to irritate Cecilia.

"Diana!" Cecilia didn't seem very pleased with this. "So, are you saying Noel



doesn't like me enough? He doesn't even want to kiss and hug me, and now, he's even thinking of using me to complete Julian's assigned task!"

"I don't think it's bad enough to say he's using you..." Diana slowly put on her shoes, threw on a coat, and then headed towards the balcony. "Why don't you think that when Noel made this request, he no longer sees you as the Jarvis family's heiress, but as one of his own?"

With a single sentence, Diana immediately allowed Cecilia to see things clearly. "You're right, Diana! Thank you!"

Cecilia grew up pampered, but it gave her the biggest advantage of being able to take in what others said. Now, she almost wanted to crown Diana as her mentor.

"I'll come to you for advice in the future!"

Diana hung up, and pushed open the balcony door.

Julian saw her coming out and immediately reached for her hand, afraid the summer night breeze would harm her. He then hurriedly led her back to the room.

"Having a cold during pregnancy is very uncomfortable, and you're restricted to

medications you can take," Julian said as he brought her back to the room.

"Why didn't you continue sleeping?"

"Cecilia called." Diana smiled helplessly. "I guess I owe it to her. No matter how

late it is, as long as she calls, I can't ignore it, or I'll feel uneasy."

“Cecilia’s illness didn’t really have anything to do with you.”

Julian didn’t want to see Diana burdened by this matter.

But Diana shook her head. “I know.”

She just thought Cecilia was rather cute.

“Just consider it as me getting a little sister,” Diana told Julian, implying that he didn’t need to convince her further.” If it makes her happy, it makes me happy too.”

Maintaining contact with Cecilia wasn’t such a bad thing, as long as it could improve her mood.

But it was so late. Julian couldn’t help but feel a bit unhappy.

“Why did she call?”

“It’s nothing.” Diana repeated what Cecilia had said to Julian. “It’s just that Noel isn’t very experienced in dating, so she came to seek advice from me.”

“You’ve become her teacher,” Julian chuckled. “Next time she contacts you, just transfer the call to me.”

“Why?”

“Because you haven’t pursued men. It’s been me pursuing you all along,” Julian said.

“...You’re kidding.”

“Where have I deceived you?” Julian hugged her, and placed her back on the bed.

The entire room was temperature-controlled, and the blankets were just right. It

was neither too cold nor too hot. It was comfortable to lie down.

“Come in here too.” Diana liked nestling in his embrace.

Julian was still thinking about their earlier conversation. “I really haven’t lied to you, you know? Think about it. From the time we got married, haven’t I treated you better?”

He took care of everything for her.

Besides the initial attraction being superficial, his subsequent desires to be with

her were all because of his affection and thoughtfulness.

His actions seemed to have caused her to fall into a trap, and she was unable to

extricate herself.

What he provided for her far exceeded what she had in the first eighteen years

of her life.

The air suddenly fell silent.

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Diana remained silent for a while.

Julian thought he might have said something wrong and quickly laid down, allowing her to rest comfortably in his arms.

He occasionally poked her petite nose, and asked, “What’s wrong? Are you

suddenly feeling upset?”

“It’s nothing.” Diana nuzzled in his arms cutely. “I just suddenly thought about my parents.”

Perhaps it was due to her being pregnant again. This time, with her husband by

her side, a child to look forward to, and friends like Nina as her support, it seemed like Diana now had everything she didn’t have before.

“...And Simon.”

The man she met briefly during the new year, and hadn’t seen since.

Julian smiled. ‘ Do you miss him?’”

“Yeah,” Diana admitted.

Before Julian’s eyes could darken, she quickly pecked his face and continued, “I

do miss him, but only as a friend, or even a sister-in-law.”

Humans were emotional creatures. Even now, Diana’s feelings about Simon were still quite complicated.

Julian responded with a low hum. At the same time, he lowered his head to kiss

her.

Their married life had reached a happy balance through this kind of long-term understanding, making Diana feel warm inside.

“You can miss me,” Julian said, “but you’re only allowed to miss him for one minute. So now, let’s talk about something else to distract you.”

After learning about Diana's pregnancy, Julian had become noticeably gentler.

Diana liked the way he was handling things now. His actions made it seem as if

he could solve everything they needed to deal with.

She followed his pace, and asked, "What do you want to talk about?"

"Your parents." Julian cleared his throat gently, and continued, "I've actually been looking for them recently."

Hearing this, Diana looked at him in disbelief. "Why are you looking for them?"

Lately, perhaps because of her pregnancy, she often thought about her parents.

Even so, that didn't mean she wanted to see them.

Compared to Kate and James, it was better for Diana to think about her adoptive parents. It was a pity they had passed away due to an accident a long

time ago. That was the only warmth she had during her childhood.

So, thinking of them now made her eyes feel teary.

"It's nothing." Julian didn't want to share his suspicions with Diana without proper confirmation, and burden her.

So, he simply said, "After all, they're my in-laws. What I fear the most is not knowing anything about them when you talk about them, like now. Especially when you're about to give birth... I've seen many expectant mothers who want their own mothers with them, and I—"

"I don't want her to be with me," Diana told Julian. "You can rest assured. I don't

want her to be with me, so please don't look for them anymore. It's a waste of time and energy."

Since they had abandoned her again, she saw no reason to keep seeking their

approval.

"What if..."

"What if, what?"

What if they weren't your biological parents?

Julian really wanted to say these words, then reveal his suspicions about the twins and their connection to family.

He wanted to tell Diana that her father was likely also a twin, and that James was actually her true father's twin brother.

That was why she looked so much like James, but had no emotional connection

with him.

It was all because of their blood relation.

It was the reason James never had the inclination to be as close to Diana as he was to Kayla.

However, there was no concrete evidence yet. Julian didn't want to raise these

suspicions with Diana so quickly.

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Julian didn't want to give Diana false hope. He knew that deep inside, she still

wished to have family who cared about her.

If he denied the blood relationship between her and James, it would be equivalent to giving Diana hope that her biological parents were different individuals who might love her.

“What if, what? Why aren’t you saying anything?” Diana pressed.

“What if, at Professor Lemmington’s funeral tomorrow, we suddenly see James?” Julian asked.

“How would that be possible?” Diana chuckled, and hit him playfully. “They didn’t even want Kayla. How could they possibly come to Professor Lemmington’s funeral just to see me?”

“You’re right,” Julian laughed. “Go to sleep. Your parents are definitely not like that.”

Since they left quietly in the past and discarded her when she was a child, it was

impossible that they would suddenly appear just because Diana mentioned them.

Diana also laughed after hearing this. Her voice was soft as she said, “It seems

like you understand them well. They never visited their daughter in prison, so there’s no way they’d come to see me.”

Fortunately, her children wouldn’t have parents like that in the future.

Diana held Julian’s hand and placed it on her lower abdomen, as though doing

so could provide the babies in her womb a sense of security.

“Go to sleep,” Julian said.

He took the avocado pit Diana had finished eating and tossed it into the trash.

Then, he wiped his hands with a wet towel. Gently touching Diana’s abdomen, he suddenly bounced up from the bed as if shocked.

“Diana!”

She was startled by his exaggerated reaction. “What’s wrong?”

Julian was ecstatic, gesturing and hopping on his feet as he told Diana, “The babies kicked me! They kicked me!”

“That’s impossible.”

She turned so Julian could see her belly, and said, “I haven’t grown any bigger

yet, which means they aren’t fully formed. Besides, you’d have to wait until the fourth or fifth month to feel fetal movements.”

Four or five months...?

Julian counted the days. “We haven’t even reached three months yet, have we?”

“Yeah,” Diana said. “We’re only at ten weeks. The babies are still very small.

You must have felt it wrong just now. It

might have been my stomach digesting. Sometimes, it gurgles and vibrates.

That’s probably what it was.”

Julian refused to believe it. “No way! That movement just now felt so real. My



children are definitely calling for me. They're eager to meet me!"

He had never experienced pregnancy with Diana before. At this moment, his paternal instincts were at their peak.

Diana couldn't bear to correct him and spoil his good mood. She just held his hand and said, "Then touch it some more, okay? Talk to them more. Make them

remember your voice. After they're born, they'll be more inclined to listen to you

when you try to soothe them."

Julian listened with a bewildered expression.

"Really?"

Would the babies remember his voice through their time in Diana's belly?

"Of course it's true," Diana said seriously, looking completely sincere. "Starting from today, you need to consistently provide prenatal education for them."

Julian agreed, and added this to his daily routine.

"It's getting late," Julian said, addressing Diana's belly for a moment. He then applied some oil to her skin, hoping to reduce the number of stretch marks this

time.

After all, Diana cared about her appearance a lot. Julian would do his best to maintain her beauty.

After applying the oil, he also massaged his hands. "You should sleep now."

He urged Diana to rest, because he was concerned she might feel

uncomfortable if she didn't get enough sleep.

However, he couldn't stop talking.

"I apply so much oil for you on a daily basis. My hands will be softer than now by

the time you give birth." Then, he addressed her belly. "Kids, what do you think?"

Diana patted him on the shoulder. "Don't be silly. Go to sleep. It

was getting late, and she was beginning to feel tired.

Julian noticed Diana's fatigue; he couldn't help but grumble inwardly at Cecilia for calling in the middle of the night. He followed Diana's lead, and laid down as

well.

"We have to get up at six tomorrow," Julian said, as he set an alarm. "If you feel

tired, you don't have to go."

Diana said, "That's not possible. Tomorrow is Professor Lemmington's official burial and farewell. I should go and keep Mrs. Lemmington company."

However, Enzo's men had taken away Sean and Betty.

Because of that, Diana's day had been quite chaotic, and she hadn't had a chance to see Mrs. Lemmington yet.

"Regardless, we must properly bid farewell to Professor Lemmington tomorrow.

But his daughter..." Diana couldn't help but glance in the direction Enzo was kneeling. "How did she really die?"

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"It's still unclear," Julian said, thinking about the pill. "They say she died from testing the drug, but Enzo..."

Enzo wasn't involved in drug manufacturing, so why was Anna testing drugs for

someone?

The answer behind it was almost obvious. Diana knew Julian was about to mention Jim again.

She immediately silenced him by covering his mouth. "Go to sleep. Don't think about insulting Professor Hughes."

Julian replied, "What about Enzo? Is he just going to kneel downstairs forever?"

"Yeah, let him kneel," Diana said. "The direction he's facing while kneeling points at the Lemmingtons' house."

So let him atone for one more night.

However, Enzo couldn't kneel all night.

Julian had a very accurate biological clock, and woke up at five o'clock every day. He had set the alarm for six o'clock last night specifically for Diana.

As for himself, he woke up at five and went straight downstairs after getting ready.

Julian had considered it. Diana was pregnant now, and some things might

agitate her and affect the babies. So, he wanted to handle these matters before

she woke up.

Downstairs, Enzo and Tommy had been kneeling on the ground for so long without drinking any water, and they were starting to struggle. Julian approached them. He noticed that Enzo's face had turned white, and his back was bent forward to reduce the pain in his knees.

Tommy, though in better physical condition, had been whipped and was sweating profusely in the summer night. His wounds looked like they were about

to burst open, making him appear even more miserable and disheveled than Enzo.

Nevertheless, they continued to kneel. Even though they were trembling, none of them slacked off.

"How much of your company does Jim own?" Julian got straight to the point, lighting a cigarette and holding it right in front of Enzo's nose.

He held it there like a threat. If his answer displeased Julian, his cigarette ash would fall on Enzo's skin and burn his flesh.

If it were in the past, Enzo would have knocked the cigarette out of Julian's hand.

This man was ruthless.

He cared about no one except Jim.

“Eighty percent,” Enzo replied. He couldn’t quite fathom Jim’s intentions, but he

could tell that his actions, like kidnapping Diana’s child and injecting Julian with

drugs, had upset Jim.

It was why Jim had thrown him to Julian without any intention of taking him back.

Enzo knelt in Julian’s manor, seemingly atoning for his crimes against Julian’s family. In reality, he was kneeling for Jim. He was hoping not to be reduced to a

useless and abandoned pawn.

“Where is he from? When did you meet Jim? What’s his purpose for suddenly appearing in Richburgh?” Julian demanded, but Enzo remained silent.

Julian sneered. Enzo wouldn’t talk, no matter how many questions he asked.

Then again, if it were that easy, he wouldn’t have sent Noel to investigate.

However...

Bang

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Julian punched Enzo on the nose, causing it to bleed.

Tommy glared at Julian; he attempted to rise several times to defend Enzo, but

Enzo stopped him each time.

“Let him hit me,” Enzo said, gesturing Tommy to stop.

At that moment, Julian delivered a strong kick that sent Enzo flying to the corner

of the room. Enzo writhed in pain, unable to muster the strength to get up.

“This is for my son,” Julian growled, glaring daggers at Enzo and Tommy.

He then slapped both of them. The more he hit, the angrier he became. The pain they were enduring was nothing compared to what Sean, who was much younger, had suffered.

How dare these two adults go to such extremes?!

“You’re avenging your son?” Enzo sneered, looking at Julian in disdain.

“You’re

so biased, to the point you’ve hurt your own son! Why don’t you beat yourself to

make it up to him, huh?”

“Did Sean say that to you?”

“He didn’t have to. We all saw it with our own eyes,” Enzo mocked. “Your son claimed to be the heir, but I’ve never seen an heir so weak and disliked!”

While Enzo spoke, his gaze was fixed on a pillar behind Julian. Julian realized something was amiss, and instinctively turned his head to find Sean standing there.

Although Enzo wasn’t retaliating physically, he seemed intent on using his words

to sow discord between Julian and Sean.

Julian didn’t want Sean to get hurt again, and decided to be straightforward.

“Sean is the heir of the Fulcher family and my most promising son,” Julian said.

“As for your claims of favoritism and weakness, they don’t exist. Don’t think you

can use words to ruin our father-son relationship!”

Despite his tender age, Sean had a good understanding of the vast scope of the

Fulcher family’s businesses. Adding to that, Diana was pregnant with two babies, essentially giving Julian four children.

Yet now, Julian was openly declaring Sean as the heir of the Fulcher family.

In that instant, Sean’s view of the world seemed to expand.

He found himself to have been...petty. He always thought that Julian favored his

system, but...

In reality, Julian openly declaring Sean as the heir today was also form of favoritism against Betty and the two babies in Diana’s belly.

Sean didn’t act arrogantly or defiant, but bravely admitted his mistake.

“Daddy, I

was wrong. I won’t bring up your

favoritism again, neither in words nor in my thoughts. I won’t give anyone a chance to sow discord between us. But- deciding on the heir is something I hope you’ll consider carefully.”

Sean felt that the responsibility of being the heir was truly overwhelming.

“These matters shouldn’t be decided hastily,” Sean sighed.” Deciding now would

be too impulsive.” 1

Julian listened with a smile. Sean always managed to surprise him. He went to

Sean, and knelt down to look at the boy in the eyes.

“The reason you told them you’re the heir was to protect your sister, right? You

wanted to use this special status to shoulder more of the harm that might come

to her, correct?”

Sean hesitated for a moment. Under Julian’s encouraging gaze, he nodded.

“Yes.”

He was a big brother. Protecting his sister was only natural.

Julian patted his head. “Good boy. Are you still in pain?”

“It doesn’t hurt anymore,” Sean shook his head, then hesitated again. “But…”

“But?”

“It’s nothing.” Sean bit his lip. “I’ll tell you and Mommy together after Mr. Lemmington’s funeral is over.”

Sean was obviously troubled.

But he wasn’t willing to talk about it right now, and Julian didn’t push him.