

## Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1231-1240

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1231

He still had to wrap things up with Enzo.

Julian hit him twice more, but Enzo didn't dare to fight back.

"Seems like Jim is really very powerful," Julian said as he crouched down and looked at Enzo lying on the ground, covered in wounds. "You're so badly injured,

but you don't dare to fight back at all despite being so far away from him. Aside

from being business partners, you two..."

Julian leaned into Enzo's ear, and added, "...Probably have some dealings concerning life and death, I'm sure."

Enzo grunted, even though he wasn't physically hit.

Seeing his response, Julian understood everything.

He seized the chance to say, "Anna Lemmington's death definitely has something to do with you and Jim."

Enzo became agitated at the mention of Jim and Anna's names, like a dog that

had its tail stomped on. "Don't talk nonsense! Professor Hughes wouldn't stoop

so low!"

"He wouldn't stoop so low to do what? Kill someone?"

Enzo's eyes widened. He refuted Julian's words with all his might, "It was Anna

Lemington who was courting death!”

Julian chuckled. “That’s good.”

It seemed Jim really had something to do with Anna’s death.

Whatever the specifics, Julian was sure he wouldn’t be able to get more information even if he did beat Enzo to death.

Confirming that Jim wasn’t as simple a man as he looked was enough for now.

Julian would be more guarded against him.

The moment Enzo heard what Julian said, he immediately understood that he had fallen into Julian’s trap.

He had been too agitated just now. Julian probably got the answer he wanted from his reaction.

This man was too cunning!

As Tommy helped Julian hobble out of this place, Enzo wished he could kill Julian right there and then.

For some reason, Jim was doing things differently from his expectations.

Jim’s goal was clearly Diana, but he didn’t want her husband and children getting hurt. He didn’t even have thoughts of taking advantage of the situation.

Enzo could only bear with the humiliation he was suffering right now.

But Julian wasn’t about to let things end like this. “Enzo Jennings.”

Julian raised his voice.

“I will make you pay the price for causing Professor Lemington and his

daughter's deaths.”

Enzo didn't believe Julian one bit.

Jim was the only one who could punish him and make him pay the real price of

his actions. No one else could, no matter how much evidence they gathered!

Because...

Jim's reach in Richburgh was far more extensive than what Julian could imagine!

Last night, Jim stayed at Enzo's place. He saw Enzo coming back wounded all

over; as if he had expected this to happen, he said indifferently, "I hope you'll remember your lesson this time. In the future, don't make a move on Julian Fulcher so casually."

Enzo didn't understand. "Why not? Why should we be so passive? If you want to build your presence in Richburgh, you must trample Julian under your feet.

What's more, he's Diana's husband. If you get rid of him, Diana..."

"What about her?" Jim looked at Enzo and chuckled out loud, his laughter clear

and bright. "Do you really think I fancy Diana Winnington?"

Enzo's face flushed red at Jim's question. "Isn't that the case...?"

True, Jim paid Diana so much attention over the years. Information about her filled his study in Jacroaof.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1232

From when Diana fell when she was younger, to when she had her fill of food and when she felt hungry, even when she didn't have an umbrella on a rainy day, all the way to her growing up and arriving at Richburgh to find her family and eventually getting married to Julian.

Everything in Diana's life was documented clearly through both texts and photos.

Jim didn't answer Enzo's question. He simply laughed louder and heartier. He laughed so innocently, others who see him might think of him as kind-hearted and pure.

"Don't do anything to make her upset or sad before she gives birth."

Jim walked out of his room, dressed in all black; it was a stark contrast with his

pale, almost translucent, skin.

He glanced at Enzo, and commanded, "You should even protect her where necessary, and ensure that she has a smooth delivery."

After Jim left, Enzo couldn't help but complain to Tommy. "Is this not love? How

could he say that he doesn't love Diana Winnington?"

"He didn't say he didn't like Diana," Tommy said, recalling what Jim said.

"But...he didn't say he liked her too... But I think he does like her. Otherwise, why would he make us protect Diana and forbid us to touch those around her?"

The two of them were so busy discussing the matter, they forgot about their

wounds and simply returned to their room in a daze.

Now that they had received Jim's instructions, they no longer dared to make a move on Diana before she gave birth.

Enzo was still curious, though. He couldn't help himself, and ran out of the door

in the direction Jim left.

"Professor Hughes."

"Yes?"

"Where are you planning to go today? Julian and Diana may not welcome you as warmly as you expect."

Jim didn't care about what Julian thought of him. All he cared about was the baby in Diana's tummy.

'That's fine. I'm just going there to give Diana a present.'

She would probably be very happy receiving it, he thought.

The babies would be able to feel the happiness of his mother, and thereby grow

happily in their mother's tummy.

It was drizzling during Professor Lemmington's funeral, sweeping away the suffocating heat of the summer day.

Diana and the rest were donned in black, standing before the tombstone to bid

Professor Lemmington farewell.

Julian held an umbrella up for Diana. "Be careful."

It was wet and slippery everywhere. It would be terrible if Diana were to slip and

fall. Julian didn't dare to shift his gaze away from her.

Diana found him too exaggerated, and was worried that Mrs. Lemmington might

find them impolite amidst her sorrow.

Contrary to Diana's expectations, Mrs. Lemmington was glad to see them like that. She wasn't on the verge of collapse, as Diana had expected her to be.

Diana even thought that she might follow in Professor Lemmington's footsteps.

But Mrs. Lemmington held on until now, and was even gradually regaining her spirits.

At times, a woman could be both tender and strong at the same time. When the

tenderness disappeared, strength would emerge from her like a soldier emerging from the earth, making others see her in a new light.

That was precisely the case for Mrs. Lemmington.

She was like the stubborn weeds poking out from in between the stones in this

graveyard, exuding tenacious vitality that was clear for Diana to see.

"Mrs. Fulcher, you and Mr. Fulcher are so close, just like how me and my husband were in the past.

"When I was pregnant, he didn't let me touch cold water at all. Our living conditions weren't that good at that time.

“I wanted to eat roasted sweet potatoes in the middle of summer, and he rode the bicycle given to him by his company around the entire city just to buy that for me. He was drenched in sweat when he came home, but he was all smiles as he told me to eat them.”

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1233

Subsequently, Mrs. Lemmington, who was an art teacher, drew the scene of her

husband at that time and titled it” Joy\*.

The husband depicted in the painting was handing his wife a peeled sweet potato. He was all covered in sweat, yet joy emanated from his eyes. The lady before him was all he had eyes for.

Their love, depicted in that scene, was clear to all who saw the drawing.

That was the romantic ideal of an artist.

After that, they thought that their family would only become happier with the birth of their child. They didn’t expect their child to be born with a birthmark that

was positioned in such a way that surgery wasn’t recommended. No matter which method they tried, they were unable to make their daughter feel confident

and bright with her birthmark.

Subsequently, she got acquainted with Enzo Jennings.

“After Enzo Jennings appeared, we haven’t been happy ever since,” Mrs.

Lemmington said. There was agitation and sorrow in her eyes, as if she had

thought of the demon himself. "He's the devil who destroyed our lives! I want him to go to hell one day! Mrs. Ful..."

Mrs. Lemmington was about to ask if footage from the surveillance camera at the door could suffice as evidence

for the police, when she saw a man approaching them.

He was also dressed in all black, and donned a suit. His suit was paired with a tailcoat, making him look like a pristine spirit floating in the air.

His eyes, fair skin, and voice felt so spiritual.

"Mrs. Lemmington, my condolences," he said, as he handed her a bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums that symbolized sorrow.

Mrs. Lemmington thanked him, finding this young man before her oddly familiar.

Unfortunately, she couldn't pinpoint who he was. Perhaps he was one of the students she and her husband taught before.

Since he was here to pay his respects, Mrs. Lemmington felt that she shouldn't

be impolite. As such, instead of asking Jim who he was, she placed the yellow chrysanthemums he presented her before Professor Lemmington's tombstone,

and had Jim bow before it.

Subsequently, many people streamed in, and Mrs.

Lemmington decided to deal with matters concerning Enzo another time and instead focus on bidding her husband goodbye in peace.



She kept herself busy, bringing guests to bid her husband farewell.

In the drizzle, Jim walked toward Diana.

Somehow, Diana felt that his previous suit with the mandarin collar suited him better than the tailcoat he was currently wearing.

Jim lived up to his image as a professor, always exuding a scholarly air about him. Yet, his sharp and exquisite features worked against that aura, making him

a handsome yet bookish-looking young man. He looked as if he had walked out

of a picture.

Everyone enjoyed looking at good-looking people. Diana was no exception.

She smiled, and nodded politely at Jim. But when she took a step back, she noticed Jim taking a step closer to her.

Diana stopped in her tracks. "Are you here to look for me?"

Julian, who was busy holding up an umbrella for Diana, immediately looked up,

his eagle eyes fixed on Jim. But when Jim turned to look at him, Julian immediately relaxed his jaw and looked completely unguarded. He nodded at Jim, too.

"Professor Hughes, thank you for your treatment. I feel much better now, and the discomfort I felt before is all gone."

'That's good,' Jim said with a smile, but he kept his gaze on Diana.

The look in his eyes wasn't like that of a man looking at a woman, filled with hidden desires. In fact, his eyes were surprisingly crystal clear.

It made Julian feel like he was being too petty.

"Mr. Fulcher," Jim said as he looked at Julian, "could you please let me talk to Mrs. Fulcher for a second, on account of me helping you cleanse your body of those unpleasant substances?"

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1234

Julian hesitated for a moment.

He didn't want to agree to it.

However, Diana beat him to it. "Julian."

She didn't say anything further, but her intent was clear. She wanted to know what Jim wanted to tell her.

Julian had no choice but to agree to it.

"I'll send you both over there where there's shade," Julian said as he looked up

at the sky. "It's raining, and I can't let Diana catch a cold."

Jim agreed to it.

After Julian left the both of them in the pavilion, Jim handed Diana a document.

"What is this?" Diana said curiously.

The document looked way too formal. It was sealed up with tape, looking just like a piece of confidential document.

Rather than being in a rush to open it, Diana glanced at Jim and asked, "What is this?"

"A present for you," Jim said with a small smile that looked so natural on him, it didn't seem impolite at a funeral.

Everything he did was always so appropriate and fitting with the occasion.

Diana was shocked to receive a present from him. "Mr. Hughes."

She tightened her hold over the document, her curiosity toward Jim surpassing

her curiosity over the contents of the document. "Do we know each other?"

She did nothing to deserve this present.

What's more, as far as she could remember, yesterday was the first time she met Jim.

Why did he give her a present upon seeing her today?

It even looked as if he came to this funeral specifically for her.

Diana wasn't a narcissist.

What's more, Julian also told her that the look in Jim's eyes whenever he looked

at her wasn't a look of lust that men would have toward women.

She trusted Julian's judgment.

It made it all the more strange that Jim suddenly gave her a present upon seeing her today.

How were they related to each other?

How could she just accept this document?

Jim didn't seem to have heard her question. He didn't answer.

He simply said, "I'm making amends on Enzo's behalf. He offended you and Mr.

Fulcher, and even made a move on your children. You two didn't report him to the police on my behalf, and I'm very grateful for that."

That explained why he gave Diana this document as a present. He felt guilty toward her and wanted to make it up to her.

That lessened the worry in Diana's heart. It also gave her the guts to accept the

document.

"Mr. Hughes, what's inside?"

"You can take a look at it anytime."

Diana was finally curious enough about its contents to open the envelope. Just

then, Sean walked toward her.

Both Sean and Betty were dressed in black, as they were attending a funeral.

Betty still looked as adorable as always despite being in all black, and not in her

usual pink and white colored dresses. Her puffed up cheeks made her look just

like an adorable little animal.

Sean, on the other hand, looked even cooler and colder in black.

Even Diana felt slightly taken aback at first glance by the cold aura Sean was

exuding. She immediately crouched low, subconsciously wanting to hug Sean.

But Sean took a step back and warned, “Mommy, be careful with your tummy.”

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1235

Seriously!

Although Sean and Betty gradually didn’t want hugs from her, Diana was used to hugging them. She would always instinctively stretch her arm out for a hug every time the twins felt unwell.

She couldn’t help but feel like the saying was true. It’s not the child who couldn’t

bear to leave the mother, but the mother who couldn’t bear to leave her child.

Even though she was bearing twins, Sean and Betty were still children who needed a mother’s hug in her eyes.

But in reality, they were already so tall...

Sean sensed disappointment rising in Diana’s chest, and almost held back what

he wanted to say further.

The whole family started leaving the funeral and heading toward their car.

Everyone was gathered together; since it wasn’t mealtime, no one’s appetite would be affected.

Sean thought there wasn’t going to be a better time than this. He decided to speak up.

“Daddy, Mommy.”

‘Yes?’ Diana couldn’t help but pinch her son’s cheeks.” What’s the matter? Why

so serious?”

Her heart started thumping hard.

Sean paused for a moment, seeing the hesitation in Diana’s eyes, but he went on, “Daddy, Mommy, I want to join a training squad.”

‘Training squad?’ Diana instinctively glanced at Julian.” What is a training squad?”

“A strict training regiment invented by Grandpa to put the mind and the body to

the test,” Julian said. “I participated in it when I was young. It was called

Successor Training Camp back then, but because it was so grueling, the son of

a wealthy family died. After that, it was modified and slowly evolved to the training squad it’s known today.”

“What does it train?” Diana still couldn’t figure it out. “Sean, why do you want to

join it? You’re still so young! Where did you hear about it from?”

“I read about it online,” Sean said honestly. “Mainly because I find myself very weak.”

He couldn’t do anything when he and Julian were deep in danger yesterday. He

was even beaten up by Tommy and Enzo.

“It’ll take too long to wait for me to grow up. Mommy, I want to become stronger.”

Diana remained silent as she felt anger rising in her chest. But she held herself

back, not wanting to flare up before Sean.

The moment she got out of the car, she dragged Julian along and slammed the

door shut.

“Honey, do I not treat Sean well? Why does he keep wanting to grow up? Have I

failed as his mother?” Diana felt upset and indignant as she vented her frustrations on Julian.

She was someone without a childhood. She thought that having raised Sean and Betty by herself, she had never mistreated her children in both physical and

emotional aspects.

Yet, Sean had mentioned more than once that he wanted to grow up, despite his

tender age.

If it were in the past when they just arrived at Richburgh, Diana could still understand why Sean would say something like that. They had suffered a lot during that period. Even Zachary could knock on their door to harass them.

But now that he had her and Julian, why did Sean still feel so insecure?

“Did Sean feel scared again because of my negligence yesterday?”

Diana was raising all those questions, but she had no intention of hearing Julian’s answer. She kept pacing back and forth in the room.

Julian stared at her stomach, worried she might affect the fetuses in her agitation. He wouldn't be able to take it if she were to start bleeding again.

"Sit down first," he said as he clutched his chest, forcing Diana to sit on the bedside.

Diana refused, and slapped his hand away.

"Don't touch me! It must be you! You must have accidentally hurt Sean's heart again! That's why he wants to grow up quickly and take part in that training squad! That training squad sounds so grueling already! He's still so young..."

Diana pushed Julian toward the door.

"I don't care, go and persuade Sean and stop him from joining! Sob... Julian, go

on! He's still so young... Sniff..."

"Children who join the training squad are all very young," Julian said, not daring

to leave Diana in her current state for fear she might accidentally hurt herself.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1236

Julian handed Diana a napkin to wipe her tears. "Oliver and I joined the training

when we were very young, too."

"You're lying!" Diana shoved him away, and Julian almost lost his balance.

The equally indignant look on his face made Diana feel bad.

She knew both of them were unable to change Sean's mind once it was made up, but she couldn't stop herself from venting her anger on Julian.



He forgave and tolerated her even more so than the twins did.

He never got angry with her, no matter what she did. He was her rubbish dump,

her vast ocean that had the capacity to take all of her tantrums. She was the fish

who could swim wherever she wanted in his deep, deep love, i

Julian had returned to her side like a tireless soldier, dedicated to giving her a constant sense of security.

Diana was worried about him, and pulled him over to check if he bumped himself just now. She sighed in relief after confirming that he didn't hit the table

next to him just now. She had clearly calmed down a lot.

"You were clearly a lot older at that time, around seven to eight years old. How

could that compare with Sean, who's just three?"

"No matter how grueling the training squad is, it's nothing compared to the training boot camp of the past. That's why children attending the training squad

have been getting younger and younger. Actually, I think it's not a bad thing that

Sean's proactive about joining," Julian explained patiently.

As the eldest son of the Fulcher family, Sean was handsome, smart, and displayed extraordinary computing talent. To Julian, he was the best candidate

to inherit the Fulcher family business. It wasn't a bad thing for Sean to break

through his limits at a tender age.

Conversely, it could allow Sean a chance to deepen his skills and train his physique. It would lay the foundation for safer and fuller growth in his life from here on.

On the other hand, Diana didn't think so. As a mother, all she wanted was for her children to be by her side longer. She would be content just seeing her children safe and sound, growing up healthily within her sight.

As for how successful Sean might be when he grew up, that wasn't something within her consideration and imagination. She just wanted to see her children growing up happily and healthily.

As such, she was very displeased with Julian's words.

"Although I don't know the specific curriculum of the training squad, I know it's not easy. Wouldn't Sean get injured?"

Julian remained silent.

Not just get hurt or wounded. The training squad was formerly the successor training boot camp, and children had been known to die of fatigue from it.

Even after being modified over the years, and with the Fulchers no longer having control over it, the brutality of the training squad remained clear for all to

see.

However, children who could withstand the training were bound to benefit.

They would see themselves soar to greater heights, both in terms of physique

and intelligence.

Sean was his son. Julian himself was able to withstand the grueling training from before, and stand out amongst his peers. He believed Sean was capable of defeating his opponents.

Seeing Julian remain stubborn and wanting to let Sean join the training squad made Diana anxious. She expressed her concerns, and even tried trapping him

with her charm. She wanted Julian to be on the same line as her.

She grabbed his hand, and looked pitifully at him.

“Julian, we clearly have the ability to not let Sean go through that kind of suffering. Why must we push him into the fire? Shall we just be his guardian angels his whole life? As long as we’re alive, our children can grow up healthily

under our care. He doesn’t need to suffer so much. He...”

Her hands were soft and tender. They felt like warm, flowing water wrapping around his arms.

Julian’s heart melted. He looked at his wife, not bearing to say what was on his mind.

He could only caress her head as he hugged her. When he sensed that she had

calmed down, he asked thoughtfully, ” Diana, can you protect Sean for life?”

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1237

Diana shuddered.

She couldn't help it, despite being in Julian's arms.

She...

Couldn't.

"Just like yesterday, we tried so hard to protect him, but..."

Enzo was still able to find a chance to hurt him. Sean still ended up getting beaten up.

Even though Julian had already punished Enzo by beating him up far worse than he did Sean, and even though Sean had already been given treatment as

soon as possible, it remained a fact that Sean had been hurt.

Given Sean's character, was he sad about the physical hurt inflicted upon him?

No.

"Sean is a natural leader," Julian said, his voice was water gushing through a dam. No matter whether Diana listened to it, his voice surrounded her like a vast ocean.

She had no choice but to take it as it came.

She was depressed.

Julian kept patting her back by way of comfort as he went on, "A leader will not

be happy being trapped in a well.

Loving a child is to make long-term plans for him.

"Diana, I know you can't bear to do so, but since Sean is intent on it, stopping

him will only make him feel terrible. The happy and fulfilling life that you want to

give him... The kind of life we want to provide him with is not what he wants.”

Many parents often find themselves gravely mistaken in bringing up their children. They always like to impose their thinking on their children.

For example, some children like to sleep in and therefore skip breakfast, but parents always dig them up from their beds first thing in the morning in the name of their good. Parents always feel much better when they see their children eating breakfast, and would go on to say, “Go back to sleep.”

How could the children go back to sleep?!

Because of that meal they didn't want to eat, they often end up in a bad mood and poor spirits the entire day.

Yet, they couldn't flare up at their own mothers.

Mothers would always claim that they do things for the good of their children!

Diana was behaving just like that sort of parent.

She always thought of herself as an open-minded mother, one dedicated to the

happiness and joy of her own children.

Yet now, she found herself strangely trapped in the circular thinking of doing things for the good of her children.

If she didn't agree to Sean's request and stopped him from participating in the training squad, thinking that it was for his good, how different would she be from

those mothers who snatch their children's blankets and pull open their curtains

when they were fast asleep just to eat breakfast?

Children were independent entities.

They were their parents' children, but not so at the same time as well.

They would eventually be an eagle flying freely in the air. Even if they didn't become eagles, even if they failed to soar up to the sky their entire lives and could only be ordinary people, they would have their own plans and dreams, too.

Sean was simply too smart. He merely brought forward the sprouting of his plans and dreams.

Betty, who was the same age as Sean, only cared about eating, sleeping, and going out to play. Buying new dolls was her greatest interest.

She also liked sticking to Daddy and Mommy, and looking for Sean and behaving coyly around him.

But these weren't what Sean wanted.

He was only over three years old, but he was already starting to plan for his future. He wanted to become stronger, and that was in line with his wish to grow

up faster.

In Sean's world, growing up and becoming stronger were interdependent.

Diana was the one who couldn't catch up with his growth.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1238

Diana was the one who kept treating Sean as a baby who needed protection and had to be in her arms, whether the situation called for it or not.

Yet Sean had already taken the first step bravely, charging forward and waging

war against the future.

Diana had mixed feelings about it.

Rationally speaking, she knew she had to do as Julian said and let go of Sean.

She needed to respect her son's opinion and thoughts. Emotion wise, however,

she was unable to separate from her children so soon, and let him face such cruel and strict training.

"If he really joined the training squad, he couldn't come home for at least one year, right?"

"Yes. He'll come home once a year. When his training ends depends on the child's wishes and speed of growth," Julian said.

That was what Julian knew.

Many families in Richburgh would choose to send their children to it.

Sean was indeed a little too young. However, that only meant he would receive

more training and become stronger than others.

"But I have some good news that might make you feel better."

Diana was feeling so down, but Sean was still outside waiting for her response.

Her mind was in a mess, and even Julian's words failed to lift her spirits. She said listlessly, "What good news?"

Could Julian change Sean's mind?

Being an open-minded mother who could catch up to her child's pace was so difficult.

She began regretting insisting on getting pregnant back then.

Could she really...

Be a good mother?

Diana began having doubts about herself.

'The Channing family is in charge of the training squad.

Oliver Channing is the one overseeing things," Julian said, looking at Diana's crystal-clear eyes.

His wife was so tempting.

She had become plumper since she got pregnant, but that only made her more

attractive to him.

He just couldn't get enough of her.

Diana wanted to pull her hand away from him, but he refused to let her.

Diana could only look at him, her eyes glistening and tempting Julian even further.

She was always so fatally attractive to him.



Having been his wife for so long, Diana knew what Julian was thinking of right now. She pinched him, and said, "I'm being serious with you here. Is what you said about Oliver being in charge of the training squad true? Tell me, quick!"

Diana almost broke out in a cold sweat from panic.

Julian was very approving of Sean joining the training squad, and he thought that Sean was fully capable of adapting to the environment there. To him, this was just a matter of him and Diana giving their nods of approval as Sean's parents.

He wasn't anxious about it at all. In fact, he was in the mood to tease Diana.

"Of course it's true. But why are you getting so agitated at the mention of Oliver?"

Seems like your memories are truly back. You got so agitated when you hear his

name that you're pinching me."

Diana yelled, "Julian Fulcher! What nonsense are you spouting?"

Was this the time to get jealous? They were discussing their children very seriously!

"I don't care." Julian was bent on being shameless and put his face right in front

of Diana. "Kiss me, and I'll tell you if it's true or not."

He was all smiles, as if he wasn't concerned about this matter at all.

It only made Diana even more anxious and frustrated.

Still, she knew this man well. He yielded to coaxing, but not coercion. If she

refused to kiss him, he might really end up getting jealous.

“Fine,” Diana said.

She looked up, tip-toed, and gave him a peck on the cheek. However, Julian didn't think that was good enough.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1239

Julian tilted his head, grabbed the back of her neck, and aimed straight at her lips.

He had always been like that.

Aggressive and passionate.

From when they first got married till now, he had always been passionate about

Diana.

Diana felt dizzy from his aggressive attack, and even forgot about her son joining the training squad for a few seconds.

But the moment Julian left her and gave her some air, the gears in her brain started shifting again.

“Julian.” She grabbed his collar. “Quick, tell me.”

She truly didn't know how tempting she looked right now.

Julian stared at her tummy, feeling slightly annoyed.

It was all this pregnancy's fault!

He hadn't slept with her for a long while. The lust rising in his chest was enough

to burn all reason in his mind.

Yet the culprit, Diana, looked completely ignorant of what she had done. She stared innocently back at him with her swollen red lips, waiting for his answer. He had to give it to her.

Julian undid his tie and rushed to the washroom to wash his face before coming out and telling her, "It's true. If you don't believe me, you can call Oliver and ask him about it."

With that, he even pulled out Oliver's number from his phone. He reassured her,

"I won't get jealous about it."

Diana asked, "Can I really call him? You really won't get jealous?"

"I really won't."

Diana was about to dial Oliver's number when she changed her mind.

"Forget it." She returned Julian's phone to him. "It's better that you say it."

She suddenly remembered that Oliver and Fanny had been married for a long time. It wouldn't be good if she suddenly called Oliver and caused a misunderstanding with Fanny.

Julian rejected her.

"You probably have more questions about the training squad, such as its curriculum, living conditions, and membership structure. Just talk to him about it.

I can say hello first."

Otherwise, Diana would just be staring at him throughout the entire

conversation. The pitiful and yearning look in her eyes would make him burn with passion again.

Diana nodded. "Okay!"

Fanny surely wouldn't mind if she and Julian called Oliver.

"Your phone's ringing," Fanny said as she jabbed Oliver.

Oliver looked at his phone, and hung up. "I'm not taking the call."

"Why not?" Fanny demanded. Jealousy gave way to calm. "Because the one who's calling is your rival in love, and

you're scared of hearing about Diana from him?"

"Fanny!"

Oliver glared at her and stood up. He did so swiftly, without any affection, i

It was just like his style over the years, less and less like the Dr. Channing of the

past and more and more profit-driven and business-oriented.

Aside from being more emotional about things that had to do with Diana, Fanny

sometimes felt as though he was becoming more and more socially distant.

Even she had become his pawn.

Alas, she was too deeply entrenched and unable to escape.

That was why their marriage had remained loveless till now. Her heart was painfully empty.

Oliver was getting angry with her again, all because of Diana. Fanny didn't know

whether to laugh or cry about it.

“My Oliver is finally getting angry.”

From what she could remember, the last time he got angry with her was after he

met Diana, on the day she asked for a divorce.

Oliver was glaring at her in the same way he glared at her back then, too.

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Fanny felt uncomfortable under Oliver's glare.

She pushed him lightly. Out of spite, she grabbed his phone.

“I'll help you call him back.”

There was no need for him to glare at her like that.

Fanny didn't want to give him. She did love him, but it didn't mean that she accepted his behavior-especially when it involved another woman.

She wasn't so desperate to the point of being unable to live without him.

Oliver held her hand down.

“My anger just now had nothing to do with Diana, but everything to do with your

attitude,” Oliver said. He looked straight into her eyes, as if wanting to see

through her.” Fanny, there's no need for you to get sensitive every time you hear

Diana's name.”

She was a good woman in her own right. Why did she have to live in Diana's shadow?

In fact, the two of them were rarely associated with each other. Aside from the dividends issued by the studio, they were practically strangers.

Fanny burst out laughing.

Oliver was being overly serious.

“I got it,” Fanny said, grateful that he clarified himself right at the moment of conflict.

It was the same a year ago, when she asked for a divorce. He explained himself

immediately, and said that he no longer loved Diana. He wanted her to tell him if

he did anything wrong, or made her upset. He would correct himself immediately.

In other words, he wanted this marriage to continue on.

After that, Fanny remained emotional for a long time.

She was so happy, she couldn't sleep the entire night. She had loved him for so

long; and now, he was finally willing to look at her.

On the second day, she told him that she was willing to continue their marriage.

Since Oliver was willing to turn back, what reason did she have to give up on their marriage?

This went on for another year.

Up until the past few days, Fanny was still happy with things between them. She

had made the right decision to give up acting and transit to working behind the scenes. The peaceful and harmonious married life she currently enjoyed was what she wanted.

She didn't have a happy childhood. Despite being adopted by the Channings, she suffered living under someone else's roof. It was only until she got married

to Oliver that she felt completely accepted by the Channings.

Everything was going great.

As usual, she drove to Oliver's workplace after finishing up her work to wait for him.

Things had been like this over the past year.

They would go to work together, and leave work together.

It felt like they had gone back to when they went to school and returned home together. Back then, Oliver would always call her Fanny.

Fanny never addressed him as her brother. She didn't want him to be her brother.

After they got married, she would sometimes suddenly address him as that. It felt like a term of affection that only they would understand.

Her calling him her brother seemed to bring them back to their days of youth, when Oliver had been exceptionally tender and gentle.

Fanny thought everything was going well.

But that day, when she walked to the door of his office, she heard him talking to

Master Channing. Master Channing's health had been deteriorating over the years, and he was greatly dependent on medication to survive.

He usually didn't appear in the office.

The fact that he was here probably meant that he had something important to discuss with Oliver.

Fanny stood at the door, not in a rush to interrupt them.