

## Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1251-1260

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1251-Diana absolutely couldn't let Nina get hurt!

She had to help Nina.

Help her fight for the right to be with Vans.

Help her cut off the flies that kept hanging around Vans.

But Lina was interested in Vans. It wasn't that easy to make a move on her.

Unless...

Diana thought of Enzo, who Julian had beaten black and blue a few days ago.

Since Enzo was Jim's man, Diana could ask Jim for a favor, right? She could make a deal, and Enzo wouldn't let his sister continue to get close to Vans, right?

After all, Vans had already made up his mind.

Even if Lina married him, they wouldn't be happy.

Setting aside the grudge between Diana and the Jennings family, Vans would be the main culprit of Lina and Nina's misfortune.

How unfortunate!

It was a pity that Diana's best friend, who was like family, fell for a man like Vans.

Diana couldn't do anything to Vans. She could only do what she could, hoping Vans would return to Nina before they married.

"Will Enzo really listen to Jim and make his sister give up Vans?"

If Lina voluntarily gave up on Vans, that was the only way the Stanleys wouldn't claim it as Vans's fault. With that, him and his mother would be safe.

"I'm not sure," Diana replied, "but we can try."

Diana was determined to do something once she said it out loud. After confirming that there were no issues with the pregnancy test, Diana and Nina left the hospital.

Then, she immediately called Jim.

“Ms. Winnington, I expected you to call earlier.”

Diana was surprised. “You knew I was going to call, Professor Hughes?”

Upon hearing her words, Jim felt confused. “Ms. Winnington, didn’t you see the folder I gave you?”

It was an apology gift from Jim.

After receiving the folder at the funeral, she had been caught up about Sean joining the training squad, and had completely forgotten about it. i

Now, when Jim brought it up, she felt her face burn with embarrassment. “Sorry, Professor Hughes,” Diana admitted truthfully, “I forgot to look at it...”

She couldn’t even remember where she had put that folder.

Jim’s expression changed slightly. “You never looked at it all this time?”

Diana replied softly, “No.”

“Then, why did you call me?”

“It’s nothing,” she said.

If she didn’t even value the gift he gave her, she certainly couldn’t be so shameless as to ask him for help today. She decided to postpone the matter of Vans and Lina once more.

“I just wanted to ask how you’ve been in Richburgh. If you need a guide, I’d be happy to assist.”

Jim smiled. “Of course, that sounds great. So, Ms. Winnington, shall we meet tomorrow?”

Diana hadn’t expected Jim to be so straightforward. Her smile froze for a moment, but she quickly recovered.

“Sure. Where would you like to go? Just let me know, and I’ll prepare an itinerary to show you around tomorrow.”

After hanging up the phone, Nina glanced at her.

“Did it not go well?”

“It’s not that,” Diana replied. “Give me a few days, Nina. Let me get closer to Professor Hughes and familiarize myself with him before I ask him for a favor.”

She reassured Nina, but her own heart was in turmoil.

Where had she put that folder?

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1252

Diana had casually tossed aside a gift from someone else. And now, she couldn’t even find it!

She was too embarrassed to admit this. She silently swore to herself that she would find the folder and take a serious look at it before meeting Jim tomorrow.

She was curious to see what kind of apology gift Jim had sent.

The more she thought about it, the less sense it made.

Diana remembered that the folder was thin; there seemed to be just a few sheets of paper inside.

Maybe it was a property deed or something. Her thoughts were becoming increasingly absurd, and she sighed as she touched her belly.

“Since becoming pregnant, I feel like I’ve become more relaxed. I’m not as stressed at work, and my mind keeps wandering.”

She wondered whether the babies inside her were boys or girls, and what kind of clothes she needed to prepare. She hadn’t wanted to find out the gender yet, wanting to keep a sense of surprise, like opening a mystery box where you can’t guess what’s inside until you open it. She also found herself daydreaming about what it would be like when the two little ones grew up, and couldn’t stop herself from thinking about other things at the same time.

Sometimes she would even consider getting a couple of pet rabbits, just because she saw some carrots on the table.

Having four children watching the little rabbits eat carrots together would undoubtedly be adorable.

Now, I'm even fantasizing about a man I just met giving me a property deed," she joked.

She already had her own house now.

Although it wasn't as large as Collina Villa, and the entire value of her house couldn't match a single piece of porcelain displayed in the Fulcher Manor, it was still hers.

Whenever Diana thought of that house, she felt like she had a reliable fallback option even without a natal family. Just in case she and Julian ever had a fight in the future over childcare, she could retreat to her own little home to clear her mind. He would have to come over multiple times to convince her to return! For now, indulging in fantasies wasn't appropriate.

She didn't really think the folder contained a property deed. She didn't want another house. The main concern was that if it truly was a property deed, she'd be so terrified that she'd hand it over to Julian like a hot potato, asking him to return it to the sender. But her jest was overheard by Layla, who had been feeling guilty towards Julian for the misunderstanding over the jade and the quarrel it had caused between him and Diana. Moreover, over the past year, Layla had witnessed Julian's unwavering kindness and love for Diana.

So, when she heard Diana's comment, Layla immediately took it to heart.

A gem like their young mistress couldn't be swindled away by another man. As Layla contemplated who might have gifted Diana a house along with a property deed, she began her pretence of searching the house for the missing folder.

"Madam, I still can't find it," Layla reported.

Diana was starting to feel anxious. If she couldn't find the folder, how was she going to explain things to Professor Hughes when they meet tomorrow and ask

about the apology gift?

She couldn't afford to offend him; she needed his help!

While Diana was struggling to recall where she might have placed the folder, Julian was also going through a tough time.

He had promised to accompany Diana to every prenatal checkup, but it hadn't taken long for him to break that promise.

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As Julian drove to drop Sean off, he couldn't help but feel regretful.

He should have suggested Diana postpone her checkup by a day, so he could be with her.

Sometimes, waiting a long time in the hospital could give rise to leg and back pains. He could have bought her water and chocolate if he had been there. He could even have massaged her legs.

Glancing at his well-behaved son and daughter sitting in the car, however, he quickly reprimanded himself.

Diana and Nina were perfectly capable of handling the checkup on their own. His responsibility today was to settle his son's affairs. Even being a doting husband had its own timing. He couldn't be absent-minded on the day he was bidding farewell to his son. i

Sean was exceptionally intelligent. If he noticed that Julian's mind was elsewhere, he might start worrying for no reason.

"We're almost there," Julian said, pushing thoughts of Diana from his mind. He turned his attention to the road, and began discussing things Sean needed to be aware of when he joined the training squad.

Sean looked at Julian and said, "You and Mommy don't need to worry so much.

Even if I share a dorm with others and don't get along with them, it doesn't matter. In any place or social setting, personal ability is what matters most.

“As long as you excel, people will naturally come to talk to you. They also won’t dare to look down on you because of your age or size. But if you’re not outstanding, it doesn’t matter if you know many people or how good you are to others. You can still be considered disposable trash in their eyes.”

Julian was shocked by Sean’s words. How did the boy come up with such profound thoughts at such a young age?

However, it was Julian, not Diana, sitting with Sean right now. He was far more rational than Diana, and quickly pulled himself together.

“Sorry, I said too much,” Julian said, reaching out to hold Sean’s small hand as he

saw the tension on the boy’s face. ” Sean, you’re already very intelligent.

You’re not an ordinary child. Whatever you say or do, there’s always a reason behind it. Starting today, Daddy will treat you as a young adult.

“But this also means that the expectations placed on you would be higher, and that’s the price for entering the training squad. Everyone around you will have higher expectations and demands from the moment you step in. Are you really ready for this?”

Sean liked the way the conversation was going. It made him feel like he had control over his own life. For the first time with Julian, he felt the towering presence of a mountain guiding him forward.

His cool little face broke into a smile. “Don’t worry, Daddy. I’m ready.”

He needed to spread his own wings in the world. He had confidence that he could quickly improve himself in the training squad.

However, reality had a way of being different from one’s expectations. When they reached the accommodation, they realized that the living conditions were even more basic than what was depicted in the brochures.

The place they were assigned to was worse than where Julian and the others had stayed in their early days. The room was plain, with only four bare bunk beds and a small shared closet with two doors.

Julian noticed something when he opened the closet.

Although it was meant for three people, Sean's clothes were the only ones inside. In this place, even closet usage had been distinguished between the strong and the weak.

Only the strong could use it, and the weak...

They had to fold and store their clothes under the bed, alongside washbasins and toothpaste.

This room didn't even have a sink!

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"The bathroom and sinks are outside.

Sean and Julian had just walked in when a boy with an even fouler expression burst into the room.

The boy stormed in, forcefully kicking the door open, which was already shaky to begin with. He was taller than Sean, and looked at Sean like the latter was a helpless little boy.

At this moment, Julian could clearly sense the fear emanating from Sean.

No matter how strong one's mentality was, witnessing everything here and feeling the social dynamics and atmosphere could induce a fear that one had left the safe world behind.

As Julian observed whether Sean could withstand the pressure from the boy before him, he silently thanked his lucky stars that Diana hadn't accompanied them. She might have been unable to resist demanding that Sean return home immediately.

After a moment of hesitation, Sean looked up and said, "Hello, I'm the new member of the training squad."

With that, he disregarded the brief surprise in the other boy's eyes and climbed up to the top bunk.

The room had only one bed, and it appeared to have been vacant for a long

time. Spiderwebs covered the bed entirely. Sean had never experienced such an environment, so it was impossible for him not to feel repulsed.

Still, Julian was right behind him. Any sign of hesitation, and Julian might take him back.

In truth, Diana wasn't entirely supportive of Sean's participation in the trainingsquad. However, Julian was a devoted husband. If he supported Diana's

thoughts and took advantage of Sean's current emotional fragility to ask him to return home, Sean was afraid...that he might not hold back and would indeed give in to Julian's suggestion.

But that wasn't what Sean wanted. He had fought hard for the opportunity to join the training squad, so he couldn't let it slip through his fingers.

Sean tried not to think about the cold sensation when he had climbed onto the chilly bed frame and the spiderwebs he had inadvertently grabbed. After a

moment of calming himself down, he turned to Julian and said, "Daddy, please pass me the bedding."

Julian finally snapped out of his daze.

It seemed Sean had passed his first test.

Julian offered to help him set up the bed, but was promptly refused. "You can't help me forever," Sean said.

Sooner or later, he would have to do these things on his own.

Fortunately, Sean had gathered enough information about the training squad from the internet when he was at home.

He had been consciously observing the housekeepers handle household chores, and had learned how to make the bed and arrange the bedding.

However, the boy on the floor had a sharp gaze.

Every time he glanced at Sean, it felt as if he could burn a hole in Sean's back. Survival of the fittest was the rule here. This extreme sense of insecurity made Sean's small hands tremble.



Still, he persisted in making the bed, even if the result was a bit messy.

“At least you can still sleep in it,” Julian teased him and reached out his arms. “Let Daddy carry you down.”

Sean shook his head, his stubbornness evident. He clung to the cold bed frame, carefully making his way down. He was small and had short legs compared to

the bunk beds. His movements, while climbing up and down, were enough to make people watching him feel apprehensive.

After witnessing this scene, the boy on the floor laughed mockingly.

Sean stiffened noticeably, and Julian briefly contemplated carrying him down forcefully and taking him home.

However, he restrained himself.

Sean was so persistent, so determined.

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Julian could see that Sean was trying hard not to panic or be afraid. He decided to respect Sean’s decision, but he couldn’t bear to see his usually cool and confident son looking so small and vulnerable at this moment.

Julian turned away and stopped looking at him.

Finally, Sean stood back on his feet. Much to Julian’s surprise, there was no sign of defeat in his eyes. In fact, there was a strange triumphant glint in Sean’s eyes.

“Daddy, let’s go.”

They had made arrangements with Oliver.

Since Oliver couldn’t come to the dorm as the person in charge, the four of them would go out for a meal together. Julian had never imagined that he would sit at the same table with Oliver and interact peacefully with the man.

Of course, the first thing he did upon meeting Oliver was to ask about Oliver's wife, deliberately avoiding any mention of Diana, while subtly asserting that he was Diana's husband with every sentence.

Julian's cautiousness amused Oliver, but beneath his smile, there was a hint of sadness.

Lately, Fanny had been asking relentlessly about what his father had done back then. It got so bad, he didn't know how to deal with it.

During the meal, Oliver assured Julian that while he couldn't show favoritism, he would ensure Sean's safety.

His assurance gave Julian some peace of mind. Julian allowed the two kids to continue eating in the private room by themselves, and stepped out of the room with Oliver, 1

Click.

Both of them lit their cigarettes. The flames illuminated their sharp features for a moment.

Their handsome features and dominating presence attracted quite a few glances.

Julian led Oliver to a corner before saying, "It's not just about his safety. Can you promise that Sean won't get hurt?"

As a father, hearing someone say that he could only guarantee Sean's survival was tormenting in itself. Sean would undoubtedly go through a tough time here,

but this child had no intention of compromising. He was determined to stay here. "That's not possible," Oliver said, taking a deep breath and extinguishing his cigarette, tossing it into an iron trash bin.

The smell of smoke made Julian uncomfortable. He hadn't smoked in a long time, not since he remarried Diana. After all, there were kids at home. And now, Diana was pregnant.

Taking up smoking again all of a sudden made him feel a heavy tightness in his chest.

But Sean refuses to leave.”

Julian was known for his decisiveness in the business world. Many, including Oliver, had been trying to find vulnerabilities in the Fulcher family, hoping to replace the mighty Fulchers. But Julian always intercepted their efforts, turning crises into opportunities.

He was the man who appeared invincible in the eyes of others. Yet now, for his son, he felt a helplessness he had never experienced before. “Then let him stay,” Oliver suggested. “Let him go through this. He will naturally want to return home when he can’t take it anymore. At that time, I’ll send him back immediately. It seemed like the only option. Julian decided not to smoke and extinguished his cigarette, tossing it into the trash bin.

He couldn’t resist asking Oliver, “You don’t seem very used to smoking, either. Have you stopped for a while?”

Oliver replied, “Yeah, I’ve been busy.”

Despite his words, it wasn’t as if he was so busy that he didn’t have time to smoke. It was more like he had reduced his smoking frequency for a certain someone, and eventually quit altogether.

A genuine smile spread on Julian’s lips. “It seems you’ve found the one you truly belong to.”

Oliver retorted, “I found her a long time ago. Diana is the one I belong to.”

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Like a switch that had been flipped, Julian instantly became alert. His expression changed, shaking off his previous nonchalance.

“Oliver, what do you mean by that?”

Julian looked tense, and even his jawline seemed sharper than usual. Oliver couldn’t help but laugh. It had been a while since he felt this relaxed, and even Julian’s reaction made him feel a bit giddy.

Julian seemed to think that Oliver was laughing because of him. However, it was a gentle and good-natured laugh.

“Are you not only interested in Diana, but also in me...?”

Oliver's laughter grew louder, so much that his entire frame shook. He had to try to suppress his laughter. He smiled at Julian, saying, "You don't have that much appeal."

Julian's shoulders slumped instantly. "Well, I was afraid that since you couldn't win over my wife, you'd try to win me over instead as a last-ditch effort."

"Does having a wife make you so special?"

It seemed Julian only talked about Diana from day to night.

Oliver didn't expect Julian's response.

"Of course! It's the best!" Julian bragged.

He had worked hard to win Diana back and remarried her, so why shouldn't he proudly talk about his wife?

"I have a wife too," Oliver said; he couldn't stand Julian's smug demeanor.

He couldn't let Julian be victorious in both business and love.

But after saying that, he regretted it. He did have a wife, but his situation with Julian was different.

"But my wife might leave me at any moment," Oliver added, which instantly made Julian choke on his words.

At that moment, Julian sensed Oliver's helplessness, and his expression became serious. "What's going on?"

"Why do I feel like you care more about my wife than I do when I mention her?"

Oliver asked.

"Of course," Julian said boldly. "If your wife doesn't leave you, it reduces my number of rivals."

He had figured it out. Oliver's interesting remark earlier was a way to rile him up when he saw that Julian was romantically content.

With this in mind, Julian became even more enthusiastic. He couldn't help but pat Oliver's shoulder.

"Come on, spill the beans."

Two handsome men were now huddled together in a corridor corner, whispering in secrecy. With their behavior, it was hard not to stir up people's imaginations.

Oliver could sense the increasing curiosity of those around them.

He decided to push Julian away with his finger.

"Ahem, give me some space."

He was embarrassed.

The fact that Oliver was feeling embarrassed in front of him was quite surprising to Julian. The distance between them had suddenly shrunk, and any past animosities seemed to have disappeared.

"You actually seem quite endearing when you're embarrassed," Julian said, surprised.

Oliver's face turned red from his somewhat ambiguous tone.

The next second, however, his sharp tongue left Oliver speechless.

"I finally understand why you can't win over my wife. You two are fundamentally similar, and my wife likes someone who is shameless and strong like me. You, on the other hand...are too gentle. My wife doesn't like that."

Oliver was stunned. "Do you have to keep provoking me?"

"No, that's not it." Julian waved his hand quickly. He didn't want to invite a love rival for himself. "Come on, why is your wife about to leave you?"

"My father..." Oliver paused, casting a glance at Julian. After a brief hesitation, he decided to lay it all out. "My father did some unforgivable things to my wife."

Julian instantly tensed. "Father-in-law and daughter-in-law... Seriously? The Channings wouldn't go that far, would they?"

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1257

Seeing Julian's thoughts drifting off into outer space, Oliver couldn't help but groan miserably and say, "Why are your thoughts so bizarre right now?"

"Sorry," Julian replied, his hands in his pockets.

Julian was dressed in a black shirt that highlighted his sculpted body, making him look irresistible to onlookers. Only Oliver knew how much of a troublemaker this man was right now.

Oliver even subconsciously didn't want Julian to continue speaking, but Julian had already started, "I have a wife and children at home. I spend a lot of time with them. It sometimes makes my thoughts wander. You know, women and kids have a lot on their minds."

Julian was once again indirectly boasting about his affection for his wife and children.

Oliver was utterly speechless about Julian's behavior. He lowered his head and muttered, "I'll probably have children eventually."

A genuine smile gradually spread on Julian's lips again. He had been waiting for Oliver to say those words. It was like receiving a promise from him, an indirect signal to Julian that Oliver no longer had any intentions regarding Diana. He had his own family to manage, and his own emotions to maintain.

This made Julian more confident about entrusting his son to Oliver.

After all, who could forget the unattainable first love they had first chased?

Oliver remained downcast while Julian's mind was already racing, just like in the business world. He could grasp the subtlest hints and intentions of the other party and seize the opportunity.

Julian knew Oliver would certainly be especially concerned about Diana's child.

He glanced toward the private room, where Sean and Betty were still eating quietly. They seemed to sense the pain of parting, as Betty was notably quieter than usual. Even Sean's demeanor was more somber than usual.

Even though he hadn't officially joined the team, he had already felt the harsh atmosphere of the training squad.

And there was the boy they had encountered earlier.

Julian's heart tightened. He couldn't help but feel that the boy they had encountered might be a threat to Sean. Upon closer inspection, everyone was essentially an adversary in a training squad. The boy's hostility and his contempt for Sean were normal, i In the end, whether Sean could withstand the training squad and avoid harm depended on him.

Julian's mood also fell, putting him in the same gloom as Oliver.

Oliver couldn't help but glance at Julian. "What's the matter? Don't you believe I'll have children?"

Julian replied, "You're being too sensitive. I didn't mean it that way." He then cast a glance toward Oliver's lower body. "I can tell that you're quite capable."

"...Well, I am indeed quite capable."

However, Fanny had refused to share a room with him for the past few days, leaving Oliver alone in an empty room.

But he didn't want to tell Julian that, lest Julian start boasting again.

Julian also had no interest in hearing Oliver boast. In his opinion, Oliver was the kind of person who basked in the sun and shone brightly when given even a little attention.

"What's going on with your father and your wife? How did you get involved in it?"

Considering Oliver's help in looking after Sean, Julian was currently more concerned about Oliver's affairs.

However, Oliver's expression became instantly uncomfortable.

"It's my father..."

Julian couldn't stand Oliver's hesitance. "What happened exactly? If you don't tell me, I'm leaving."

"Please don't." Oliver grabbed his arm. "You manage your marriage so well, I'd like some advice."

Oliver swallowed harshly, finding it hard to speak. But in the end, he said, "Fanny's parents...died at my father's hands."

The noise from the bustling corridor suddenly fell away from Julian's attention, leaving only silence ringing in his ears.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1258

It was so quiet, one could hear a pin drop.

Even someone like Julian, who was accustomed to grand scenes, was thunderstruck by Oliver's words.

His eyes widened. His usual cold demeanor was absent; there was a hint of anger in his voice as he asked, "And Fanny has no idea? She even regarded your family as benefactors?"

Oliver remained silent. Although summarizing the situation this way seemed a bit absurd, it was the truth-especially when it came from someone else.

It made Oliver feel that the Channings, his own family, was heartless.

"We owe her a lot."

Julian couldn't help but get angrier. "That's not the only thing! This is a fraud!

There's a clear feud between Fanny and your family!"

This was precisely what Oliver was afraid of. Judging by Julian's explosive reaction, he dreaded the consequences if Fanny were to find out about everything.

"She's been asking a lot of questions lately," Oliver admitted. "If this continues, I'm not sure how to keep things from her."



“Don’t tell her,” Julian said firmly. “If you don’t want to lose her, bury this secret deep within you. From now on, spend your life making it up to her and treating her well.”

What else could they do?

Both of them had feelings for each other, especially Fanny.

“Back in the entertainment industry, she was a top-tier female star. Later, she lowered her value, accepting numerous low-quality ads and television productions. Was it because you needed the money at the time?”

At that time, Oliver was already entangled in the family feud. The early stages of becoming the heir required substantial financial support.

Julian had been furious with Oliver for involving Diana in the Pabian family’s affairs, and had taken direct actions against the Channing family.

That caused the Channings’ finances to suffer greatly, both internally and externally. During that time, the funds they required to keep afloat were astronomical, and they couldn’t even afford to spare the smallest expenses.

Furthermore, the income Fanny generated on her own through acting fees and endorsements was sufficient to match the cash flow of an entire company.

The reason she was willing to compromise her reputation to make money was probably connected to Oliver.

Oliver nodded. “Yes.”

It was because of her actions that Oliver realized that Fanny’s feelings for him were more than just sibling affection. However, at that time, he still had lingering feelings for Diana. Despite marrying out of guilt, he had never fully committed to the marriage during the first three years.

Everything changed when he met Diana again.

Upon discovering this, Fanny requested a divorce. It was then that Oliver realized Fanny wasn’t just a sister in his heart, but a wife.

His true wife.

The one he loved.

His frustrations didn't escape his father Kenneth's notice.

The man had summoned Oliver and said, "I won't allow you to divorce Fanny!"

At first, Oliver thought his father was concerned about their family's reputation and didn't want Oliver's personal life to tarnish their image.

However, the old man's next words pushed Oliver into a world of torment.

"You need to atone for me. Fanny likes you, and you have to treat her well! You must treat her well for the rest of your life! N Never had Oliver heard Kenneth talk about Fanny with such intensity. The old man's aged face was trembling so violently. His mouth opened and closed like a dying fish, and even breathing seemed difficult.

Oliver was terrified. He quickly called for a doctor.

Over the past few years, Kenneth's health had been deteriorating.

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Kenneth had thought he would meet his end that day, so he finally said the words he had kept hidden in his heart for a lifetime.

"Do you think I'm a kind person?" Kenneth asked his son.

"No," Oliver answered sincerely.

In Oliver's eyes, Kenneth was a shrewd businessman, and that could be seen from how he treated Simon. The secret adoption of Simon years ago was also motivated by the benefits the Fulchers offered.

"Why do you think I would adopt Fanny out of the goodness of my heart?"

Oliver was instantly struck by this question. It was as though a hammer had hit him on the head, and his temples were pounding.

He instinctively asked, "Why?"

"Because her parents were killed in a car accident caused by my drunken driving."

Back in the early days, the city's surveillance system was not yet as advanced.

There were many areas lacking camera coverage.

At the time, if an accident occurred and the parties involved were quick to respond and had enough money, they could cover up any wrongdoing.

Fanny's parents were one of the poor people who had been run over by Kenneth's car, an incident which had been covered up for over twenty years.

As for their daughter...

"For all these years, I have never mistreated her."

Oliver didn't understand how Kenneth even managed to smile as he narrated his story.

"I even gave my most outstanding son to her. I think I'm actually a kind person."

A kind person? i Would a kind person pay off their sins after killing someone's parents in a car accident?

Would a kind person bring the daughter of those they had killed into their home, and make her call him father as she sought vengeance?!

Oh, what a truly kind person he was!

Oliver laughed sarcastically, unable to bear looking at his father's demeanor any longer. He forcefully pushed the door open, and stormed out of the room. His mind was in turmoil.

From that day on, he never mentioned divorce again and prohibited Fanny from bringing it up. Oliver thought that this matter would quietly pass, but he never imagined that Fanny would overhear his conversation with his father at the office door.

From then on, she repeatedly asked him what sins Kenneth had committed against her.

This put Oliver in a difficult spot. If he opened up about it, everything between him and Fanny would crumble.

And Fanny...

She might break down as a result. Who could accept falling in love with the son of their enemy? Who could accept recognizing the enemy as their father for so many years?!

"This script is good," Fanny commented after reading the script and handing it to her agent. "This kind of relationship has a lot of dramatic potential."

She summed it up for her agent.

"A wife unknowingly marries her the son of her father's killer's, and recognizes the enemy as a father. I mean, she marries the son! Why won't it be popular?"

Especially when the wife has been secretly in love with her husband for a long time, and they had a contractual marriage because her husband hasn't forgotten his first love."

This secret love story reminded her of her own experiences. Fortunately, she didn't have any enmity with the Channings.

Fanny quickly decided, "This drama will be a key project for our studio. We'll push it forward in the coming months, and as for the cast... We'll assign it to one of our current rising starlets."

She had a feeling this drama would be a hit!

When the time came, she would invite Oliver to visit the set. With a story this intriguing, he might also be interested.

While Fanny was energetically advancing the project on her side, Oliver was discussing countermeasures with Julian. Both of them had worried looks on their faces.

"Everything you said today, I'll pretend I didn't hear," Julian told Oliver. "Let's just forget about it all."

Only by keeping the secret could Oliver continue his relationship with Fanny.

Though it was far from an ideal solution, it was a necessary one.

Just as Oliver was about to agree, a young voice spoke up," Daddy, Mr.

Channing, are you trying to deceive someone?"

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Julian turned around in a hurry.

"Betty! Why did you come out?"

He had no idea how much of his and Oliver's conversation she had overheard. It was a good thing Betty was the one who came out. Even if she had caught some of their words, she was probably too young to fully understand.

It seemed Diana and Julian's intelligence had all been passed on to Sean, who had upgraded himself to be better than them. Betty, on the other hand, was like a slowly blooming flower bud.

As long as Julian could change the subject quickly, he was confident Betty wouldn't pester him with questions.

"What's going on?" Julian crouched down to look at his adorable daughter. He couldn't resist pinching her chubby cheeks. "Daddy saw you happily eating in the private room just now. Why did you suddenly come out? Do you need something?"

Betty nodded, indicating she was on board with Julian's approach.

"There's Daddy's favorite meat."

She took hold of Julian's hand, and led him back into the private room while looking like she was about to drool. "I love it too. If you don't come and eat soon, I'll drool so much! I want to eat it all!"

Betty smiled shyly. "But I want to save the last few pieces for Daddy."

Compared to her previous liveliness, Betty was becoming more and more like a demure little girl. She spoke with a softer, more tender tone that made people's hearts feel just as tender.

Julian's voice unconsciously softened, carrying a touch of gentleness one would use when talking to a little girl.

“Is that so? I see that you love Daddy so much. What should I give you to show you how much I love you too? Should I buy some new dolls for you?”

“I don’t like dolls as much I used to.” Betty thought for a while. Then, she looked up with a mischievous smile and sparkling eyes. “As long as Daddy’s happy, that’s the best reward for me.”

This girl...was so cute and sweet!

Who wouldn’t want such an affectionate little one to call their own?

Oliver felt a twinge of envy. He wished he could rush home right now and have a baby with Fanny.

However, he still needed to make arrangements for Sean. Though when he said “arrangements,” it was actually quite limited.

“Ultimately, you’ll need to do everything yourself. Many difficulties will require you to overcome them on your own.

What I can do is give you the location of the training squad’s medical room. If there are any issues, you must prioritize your health and see a doctor immediately.”

Julian knew his son was very capable and resilient.

In fact, Sean would become even more outstanding than his peers. He would surpass them by a considerable margin once the training with the squad was complete.

Ideally, having such a talented child should have filled him with anticipation and joy. However, he couldn’t find it in himself to be happy at this moment.

He found it difficult to listen to Oliver and Sean’s conversation. From a father’s perspective, imagining his child getting injured in the future was just too cruel.

In the end, it was Sean who comforted him.

“Daddy.”

Sean straightened up, like a young man.

Julian glanced at him, and nodded. “Yes?”

“What people call talent is ninety-nine percent hard work and one percent talent.

If I don't work hard, others will eventually overshadow my intelligence. Daddy, I know where I'm headed. Trust me and let me stay. In a year, I'll definitely come back to you and Mommy.”

Once Sean finished speaking, he hesitated for a moment.

Then he turned away, not looking at Julian's reddened eyes.

What had Sean been thinking in the past?

How could he have thought that Julian didn't love him?

The love Julian had for him was clearly displayed.

There was no favoritism towards his sister like he had imagined.

Julian was just...

It was his first time being a father.

Sean and Betty were different in terms of personality and gender. Because of that, different approaches may be required when dealing with them in the same situation.