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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1261

However, that didn't mean that Julian was biased.

They were all his children. How could he not care for any of them?

Rather, he just saw Sean as a man.

As a man to another, Julian was more reserved in expressing his emotions.

Sean deliberately turned his face away, giving Julian some time to calm down and pretend not to see the boy's eyes turn red.

Oliver patted Julian's shoulder, saying, "See the way Sean talks. His logic and way of thinking isn't like a three-year-old at all.

"I used to hear about children skipping grades in school and being seen as prodigies after graduation, but I had my doubts.

"After seeing Sean, I finally understand how different talented people can be.

"Just because you've never seen it, doesn't mean that others are lying."

Julian glanced at Oliver.

"You've only just realized? Seems like I've been too kind to the Channings. To think you just understood the huge disparity in intelligence between people through my son."

Oliver suddenly had the urge to sew Julian's mouth shut, and open it back only when necessary.

Julian's mood got better after insulting Oliver. He looked at Sean, and said, "I know what you mean."

Suddenly, he couldn't bear to leave his son-especially under such circumstances.

He quickly composed himself, and assured Sean, "If you face any issues that you can't solve, reach out to Mr.

Channing immediately and get him to call Daddy and Mommy, okay?

“Don’t force yourself.

‘You’re still very young, and you should be asking adults for help. Doing that isn’t shameful.

“What’s shameful is forcing yourself to solve a problem that you can’t, and end up losing your life. Once that happens, everything will be gone.

“Remember this, Sean. Your life is very important. Do you understand what Daddy means?”

Julian’s words shook the emotionally strong Sean to the core. He pondered solemnly for a few moments before finally nodding.

“I will.”

During the training, he would do his best to preserve his life and understand his limits.

Betty gave Sean a hug, too. Unlike Julian, she couldn’t hold back her tears; she had already started crying five minutes ago, when they finished their meal. She wrapped her arms around Sean’s neck, refusing to let go. The brother-sister pair hugged each other, and walked out.

Soon, all four of them exited the restaurant.

For some reason, Sean kept feeling that someone was staring at him.

He turned around, and saw that it was his roommate; the one who more than a head taller than him, whose cold eyes were filled with disdain whenever he looked at others.

Shouldn’t he be at the dormitory?

And yet, that boy kept on staring at Sean. When his gaze landed on Oliver, it deepened.

“Can I just go out anytime I wish during the training?” Sean asked. He turned away, trying to keep a casual expression. He didn’t forget to pat his sister’s back, and tried not to let Julian and Oliver notice anything was amiss.

Oliver shook his head. "Of course not. Whoever leaves the squad without permission will be punished accordingly.

Before one year is up, no one can come and go as they please*

It seemed that within the training squad, there were things even Oliver couldn't see.

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This seemed to be a case of the lower downs having ways to get around established policies.

Sean suddenly became even more curious about the inner workings of the squad. At the same time, it made him more cautious.

However, sometimes, simply being cautious wasn't enough.

He recalled the older boy's cold eyes, and tried his best to suppress the uneasy feeling in his heart as he waved Julian and his sister goodbye.

"Daddy, Mr. Channing. Quickly take Betty back home. I'll be fine in the training squad. If you don't go back now, Mommy might think something happened and get worried."

Diana was pregnant, and it was of paramount importance that she remained in a good mood and emotionally stable.

Just like that, Sean bade them farewell.

Julian and the rest finally drove away, and Sean's little figure disappear in the distance. The entire time, Sean never looked back.

Julian couldn't help but say to Oliver, "What a calm and composed boy. He'll certainly be more successful than I am in the future."

Oliver agreed. "I'll strive to have a child of my own soon." Seeing Julian interacting with his two children made him envious.

As for the sins his father committed, Oliver decided to do as Julian suggested and carry the secret to his grave.

Back at home, Fanny had been waiting for him. By now, Oliver had gotten used to the feeling of having someone waiting for him to return.

He pushed the door open, and walked in. "Still awake?"

It was already late at night.

Fanny paid a lot of attention to maintaining her beauty, and would insist on putting on a face mask every night.

No matter how tired or sick she was, she would never neglect doing that.

Her beauty sleep was all the more important to her.

Ever since she stopped being a celebrity and no longer needed to attend events and filming sessions, her body clock fell into a fixed routine. She would often fall asleep with the mask on as she waited for Oliver to come home from work.

It was rare to see her with so much energy at such a late hour.

Fanny immediately grabbed his arm the moment he returned, pulling him to the couch with her. "Today, I came across an excellent script!"

Oliver didn't get to wash his hands yet, and that made him feel uncomfortable.

Upon seeing the elation in her eyes, as if she had found a long-lost treasure, he decided to bear with it.

"What's the matter? What kind of script can excite you so much?"

Fanny held the script up for him to see. "Our studio can definitely use this to boost an actress to stardom. Take a look! You can give your opinion from the perspective of the audience."

If the feedback received was good enough, the script could still be changed before the cameras began rolling.

Oliver smiled. "Sure."

He took the script over, and read it carefully.

Compared to Oliver's house, Collina Villa was further away from the training venue. By the time Julian reached home, it was already past midnight.

Diana was worried about Sean, but she stopped herself from calling Julian. She waited alone on the bed for so long, she eventually fell asleep while sitting against the headboard.

Layla found Diana fast asleep when she came to clean the room. She hurriedly woke Diana up, and helped Diana lie down on the bed to sleep better.

It would be dangerous if a pregnant lady fell from the bed.

Pregnancy was tough; it was demanding both emotionally and physically.

Diana was so tired, she laid on the bed in a daze with Layla's help and fell right back asleep. By the time she opened her eyes again, she could see streaks of light shining through the curtains.

The sun hadn't completely risen yet. The sky wasn't completely dark, but it wasn't completely bright either.

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The dark sky looked as if a huge hand had torn a hole in it. Everything was still hazy and gray; Diana could barely see the flowers that had bloomed outside the window.

She pulled the curtains close and glanced at Julian, who was deep asleep.

Quietly, she tiptoed out of the room.

Diana had no idea what time Julian returned home. At first, she really wanted to wake him up and ask him about Sean.

Seeing him sound asleep showed her how tired he was. Sean had just joined the training squad and didn't come back with Julian, proving that he didn't change his mind at the last minute as Diana had secretly hoped.

She and her son were probably going to meet only one year later.

The thought made her uncomfortable.

She could only try to distract herself by not thinking about what could happen to her son at the training squad.

As she forced herself to calm down, a thought sprung to her mind. Suddenly, she recalled where she placed the folder Jim had given her.

She smacked her forehead. The folder was in the car!

When she came back from the funeral, she was so anxious to talk to Sean that she chucked the folder into the car's glove compartment.

What's more, she was scheduled to meet Professor Hughes today.

Once that realization dawned upon Diana, she quickly got changed and headed to the garage.

Collina Villa had been renovated after Enzo made a mess of the place, and there were many thoughtful and enhanced features added in the process.

For example, a thick carpet layered the floor. When Diana stepped on it, she felt very comfortable.

The woven carpet didn't feel warm despite the early summer. In fact, it felt slightly cool on her soles; it was very cozy.

She walked out of her room and into the courtyard. After going through a long corridor, she finally reached the garage.

There were many cars parked inside. Diana had to spend some time to find the one that they drove yesterday.

All the cars were equipped with an automatic car lock feature that didn't require a key, and Diana had previously input her fingerprint. Right after she touched the door handle, the lights blinked and the car door opened with a click.

Diana pulled the car door open, and bent inside. Pulling the glove compartment open, she found the folder almost immediately.

It was still early in the morning, and everyone was still in bed. Diana wasn't in a rush to get back, and decided to just sit in the front passenger seat and open the folder.

As she had guessed, there were papers inside.

However, they weren't property deeds. They were long-winded documents.

Diana was about to buckle down and read them properly when she heard Layla calling.

"Mrs. Fulcher, why are you here at the garage early in the morning? It's cold here!"

Layla grabbed a shawl, and walked toward Diana.

"Don't think you can ignore the morning chill just because the weather's getting warmer. You're pregnant, so you must be more careful."

Diana didn't expect Layla to wake up so early.

Layla was showing concern for her, and she couldn't possibly disregard that.

She could only put the papers back into the folder and follow Layla back to her room.

Under Layla's watchful gaze, Diana changed and washed up.

Right after that, Betty woke up.

Betty didn't feel good on her first night apart from her brother, and didn't sleep well. The moment she heard a commotion outside her room, she jumped out of bed.

She hugged Diana's leg, then sat on Diana's lap. "Mommy, do you miss Sean?"

Diana felt her face freeze. Tears welled up in her eyes and fell down her cheeks.

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Diana hurriedly wiped her tears away, then gazed at her daughter. She calmed down, so that Betty wouldn't become more upset.

"I'm okay. Come here."

She carried Betty up on the stool before the sink.

“Mommy will help you squeeze out some toothpaste and brush your teeth.”

Betty behaved and did what Diana told her to, but she was clearly in low spirits.

Memories of Sean kept running through her mind. She remembered how she would stand at the sink and brush her teeth with him by her side.

Sean had been with her ever since she was a zygote. Now, she suddenly found herself apart from her brother after being with him for four years.

“Sean’s heartless,” she said out of the blue, not in a rush to brush her teeth.

Her brows were knitted tightly, and she was pouting so hard that her lips could pull a horse cart.

Seeing her daughter looking like that, Diana’s low spirits were lifted. She pinched Betty’s cheeks.

“Sean just left and here you are, badmouthing him and saying he’s heartless.

You brat! You’re heartless, too.” As if realizing what she had just said, Betty stuck her tongue out and smiled.

“You’re right, Mommy. I’m as heartless as Sean. I’m still the same as Sean, hehe. I can’t call Sean heartless. I have to say he’s good-looking, which means I’m good-looking too!”

She looked at her reflection in the mirror and even kissed it, saying vainly, “Beautiful! Kissy-kiss!”

Diana chuckled at her daughter’s antics. While Betty brushed her teeth, Diana took the chance to braid her hair.

Betty’s hair was in great condition. It was thick and lustrous, and ended at her waist.

Betty liked tying her hair up in different styles. Today, Diana did her hair into two braids that hung down her shoulders. Coupled with her long lashes and huge eyes, she looked like a beautiful doll. She looked like an online child model, as lovable as could be.

“Mommy, I’m done brushing my teeth,” Betty said after spitting out all the toothpaste and washing her face. She was waiting for Diana to rub oil on her face.

Betty used to do that herself. Diana was only in charge of tying her hair.

Now that Sean was no longer around, she had become more clingy to the point that she wanted her mother to rub oil on her face.

Betty couldn’t bear having Sean leave her.

At the same time, she finally had the chance to monopolize Mommy and escape the one who always watched her. Now that Sean had left the house, she could finally let herself go and be free!

Diana saw through Betty’s thoughts.

She began rubbing oil on Betty’s face as thoughts about Sean flooded her mind.

She wondered if he slept well last night. Was he already up now? Had he grown used to the food and the accommodation there?

“Did you see mattresses on the bed frames when you visited Sean’s dormitory?”

Diana asked.

“Mattresses?” Betty shook her head. “No.”

Right after that, she corrected herself. “Yes.”

Diana asked exasperatedly, “Is that a no or a yes?”

Betty scratched her head sheepishly, and even started feeling bad for making Diana rub oil on her face. “Mommy... I forgot.”

The moment she said that, she clapped her hands and yelled, “But! But I remember! I remember!”

Even her cheeks flushed red with excitement.

Diana probed her, "What do you remember? Take your time and tell me all about it."

She thought Betty would say something that had to do with Sean, but she didn't expect to hear the words that soon came out of her daughter's mouth.

"Daddy and Mr. Channing lied!"

That was the last thing that happened yesterday, and it had left the deepest impression on Betty.

She spilled the beans, and described the situation back then to Diana. She even imitated Julian, and said, "Carry the secret to your grave!"

Betty rubbed her arms.

"Sigh! It sounds strange trying to carry something like that!"

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Diana wasn't in the mood to banter with Betty. Her mind was in a mess.

"Your daddy and Mr. Channing said that they were going to lie to someone else?"

Betty nodded. "Yep!"

Betty didn't remember what specifically they were planning to lie about. At that time, all she cared about was the meat on the table that was disappearing fast.

She didn't have the mind to pay attention to what they were saying.

All the more she didn't keep what they said in mind.

She only told Diana about it because she felt embarrassed about not remembering a single thing during her trip to send Sean off. That was what drove her to eagerly tell Diana about whatever she managed to remember.

Julian and Oliver...

In Diana's impression, those two men didn't share a good relationship. In fact, they didn't share much of a relationship at all.

Yet, they were working together to lie to someone.

Who would they lie to?

Were things at the training squad worse than she imagined?

Were Julian and Oliver in cahoots to lie to her and pretend that everything was well with Sean, to stop her from banning Sean from the squad or bringing Sean home?

Diana's heart ached tremendously.

She finally gave in to the strong urge to rush upstairs, and pulled the sheets off Julian's body.

"Wake up!" she yelled.

The mother-daughter pair stood by the bed and glared angrily at Julian.

Julian rubbed his eyes, wondering if he was seeing things.

"Betty, why are you up so early today?"

Before Betty could speak, Diana interrupted their conversation. "Julian, I'm asking you. What exactly is going on with Sean? Why are you working with Oliver to lie to me?"

'Yes!' Betty said self-righteously, transforming from an adorable doll to a loudhailer. "Daddy, quick! Tell us! What exactly are you and Mr. Channing lying to Mommy about?"

Julian was utterly confused by their accusations.

He didn't have enough sleep, and now, his brain was getting hazier with the questions the mother-daughter pair was throwing at him.

He sat up. "What did I do?" How did he end up lying to Diana with Oliver?

Diana saw Julian still putting on an act, and was on the verge of angry tears.

Her eyes turned red with indignation, and it made Julian's chest tighten.

He stood up, and pulled Diana into his embrace.

He rubbed her shoulders. "What's wrong? Don't cry, please don't cry." What he feared most was Diana's tears. Seeing them was more painful than piercing his fingers with needles.

It was so early in the morning, yet Betty was already seeing Mommy getting upset and Daddy getting even more upset than Mommy; it made her upset, too.

She quickly struggled to squeeze in between the two adults, who were locked in an embrace.

Julian had to carry Betty up with one arm, but his effort was met with cold looks from both ladies, as if he had done something unforgivable.

"I heard it myself," Betty said with all seriousness. "You and Mr. Channing are going to lie to someone."

Julian thought that Betty wouldn't care about anything she heard, and would forget about it immediately. He didn't expect this mine to blow up.

"I'm not lying to your mommy. Wait, I'm also not the one lying," Julian said, deciding to come clean to avoid digging a deeper hole for himself.

"Honey."

His eyes were dark and deep.

From afar, it made one think about a tunnel in the forest. A wide and endless tunnel.

But up close, there was warmth in his eyes.

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It was a warmth exclusive to Diana and the twins.

The chaos in Diana's mind was immediately soothed.

She looked at Julian and asked, "What exactly is going on? Does it have anything to do with Sean? Was everything alright when you sent him to the training squad yesterday? Why did you return so late?"

Diana shot him with many questions at one go.

That was when Julian realized that she must have felt miserable the entire day yesterday. Her imagination must have run wild, especially when he returned so late.

At the end of the day, she was just worried that something might have happened to Sean.

Yet when she saw that he was still asleep after a late night, she couldn't bear to wake him up early in the morning despite her worries.

She must have heard something from Betty. Unable to bear it any longer, she threw his sheets aside.

Julian looked at Diana even more tenderly.

'The fact that I'm able to fall asleep shows that it has nothing to do with Sean,' Julian said with a sigh. He coaxed Betty to follow Layla out of the room before explaining things to Diana.

Diana was shocked upon hearing his explanation. "How is that possible...?"

Fanny's background..."

She finally managed to be with Oliver, and Oliver liked her back.

And yet, something so shocking had to happen.

Diana couldn't bring herself to accept it. "But can you lie and hide the truth for life?"

Julian shook his head.

He had no idea. 1 However, that was the only path they could take.

No matter the consequences, no one was able to predict what would happen in the future.

Diana sighed, feeling terrible for Fanny.

Fanny was the one who extended a helping hand to her and invested in her business at the lowest point in her life.

Now that Fanny was faced with troubles of her own, Diana found herself unable to help her. Worse of all, she had to do what everyone else was doing and hide the truth from her.

Diana's heart was heavy; she was troubled for a long time, until she had to leave the house to meet Professor Hughes. By then, her mood had lifted slightly.

She wasn't able to help Fanny, but at least she was able to help Nina.

She had to try her luck with Jim.

Diana got her hands on the folder once again, and began reading it thoroughly in the car. She didn't leave out a single word written on the document. She didn't want to end up stammering and looking ignorant when Jim asked her about it later.

But...

The more Diana read on, the paler her face became.

The contents in the documents...

It was completely different from what she had imagined!

Just moments ago, she and her husband felt pity for another woman's background. Diana even planned to hide the truth about it from her with Julian.

Now, retribution had come so swiftly.

She clenched the papers in her hand, almost tearing through them.

James Winnington wasn't her biological father.

Julian probably sensed it a long time ago, yet he said nothing about it to her.

Julian Fulcher...

Had Julian known since long ago that James wasn't her biological father?!

No...

No, that wasn't right.

How could James not be her biological father? She resembled him so much.

Even Kayla, like her, resembled James.

If they weren't his biological children, how could they be so similar in their facial features?

Most importantly, why did Julian hide it from her?

Could it be that her biological parents were enemies with the Fulcher family, just like how things were between Fanny and the Channings?!

Diana shuddered, immediately halting the bizarre thoughts emerging in her mind.

It was impossible.

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How could things be so far-fetched?

What's more, was it true just because Jim claimed so?

Diana bit her lips, and decided to discuss the matter with Julian at home. She couldn't distrust her own husband while trusting another man whom she just got acquainted with so easily.

Jim arranged to meet her at a very surprising choice of location.

It was the weekend. The zoo was crowded, as if everyone in the city was gathered there. People were everywhere.

Diana stood at the entrance, looking at the bustling crowd as her hair stood on end.

Had she known that there were so many people here, she would have suggested an alternative meeting place.

Jim, on the other hand, was very excited. He stood in front of Diana with one arm outstretched, helping her block off surrounding people that might bump into her, in a considerate and gentlemanly manner.

At the same time, he didn't forget to keep his distance from Diana so that she wouldn't feel uncomfortable.

"There have been new additions to the zoo exhibits, including swans, flamingos and even alpacas," Jim said as he pointed to the general direction of the exhibits. He smiled warmly and kindly. "Children love them."

He looked at Diana's stomach, as if seeing her unborn children through her stomach.

That overly excited and happy look on his face made Diana feel uneasy.

But she immediately felt like she was overthinking things.

Jim was very thoughtful toward her.

Perhaps it was his innate kindness and thoughtfulness that made her wrongly sense that he was paying too much attention to the babies in her stomach.

"Come over here," Jim said, as he led Diana to the swan lake.

There was a crowd gathered there, but Jim managed to secure a good viewing spot.

He kept looking at Diana's stomach as he talked to her, softly explaining to her about the different species of swans, their fur, and history.

His voice sounded so tender. Yet, he remained clear and articulate as he presented Diana with a host of interesting information.

Even children around them started to gather to listen to Jim.

However, Jim continued staring intently at Diana's stomach, ignoring the attention he was drawing from the surrounding children.

He continued explaining things patiently to her.

No.

He wasn't talking to her. Diana was very sure he was talking to her stomach.

The realization sent shock waves through her body, and made her hair stand on end.

“Professor Hughes,” Diana said, though she felt bad cutting him off. “Are you...talking to the babies in my stomach?”

“No,” Jim said as he looked up, his eyes so crystal clear they reflected the flustered look in Diana’s eyes.

She caressed her stomach, her face pale as she looked uneasily at the man before her. “Then why do you keep staring at my stomach?”

His overly direct gaze felt intrusive to Diana. However, his straightforward expression made her wonder if she really was overthinking things.

“I didn’t keep staring at your stomach,” Jim said, as he looked behind her. He reached out and pulled a child toward him. ‘There’s a child behind you.’”

What he meant was that Diana kept feeling that he was staring at her stomach because the child behind her was of the same height as her stomach.

Jim was looking at that child, and not her stomach.

That child was clearly attracted by Jim’s explanation. His parents were standing right next to him.

This proved that Diana was making a mountain out of a molehill.

She didn’t know how to justify her rude accusations, but Jim simply laughed it off. “It’s fine. As a mother, it’s instinctive to protect your children. It’s good.”

He was so forgiving, Diana felt bewildered.

Jim saw the embarrassment on Diana’s face; a hollow flash appeared in his eyes, but it vanished without a trace.

It seemed he had to hold himself back even more. He couldn’t display such strong interest in her unborn children so early.

He had to stop Diana from being guarded against him. If that happened, it would be difficult getting close to her in the future.

How would he be able to watch the babies in her stomach grow up?

The babies were his priority.

He had to wait for Diana to give birth, so that he could pick one of them and take the child away!

Given his relationship with them, he couldn't bear to miss a second of their lives.

The babies in Diana's stomach couldn't do without him!

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If Diana saw through his intentions and had her mood ruined, it wouldn't be good for the growth of her babies.

Jim's worry made his smile even warmer and kinder. In turn, Diana felt even more embarrassed.

"Professor Hughes," Diana explained anxiously, "I..."

"I know." Jim stopped her from going on, and brought her to another corner of the zoo.

It was where visitors could feed the alpacas.

Many children were carried in the arms of their parents as they fed the alpacas.

The adults were all smiling so kindly as the children played happily.

The atmosphere was cheerful, and lifted the moods of all who were there.

Jim made sure Diana was following closely behind him. "You're pregnant, and there's many people around. Be careful."

He led her to a place that was less crowded, and sat her down so that they could look at the children feeding the alpacas.

The alpacas had long necks. The scene of their mouths moving as they chewed was so adorable, Diana suddenly regretted not ever bringing Sean and Betty to the zoo.

The regret grew stronger in her heart the more she thought about it. It instantly soured her mood.

Jim came over and asked, "Mrs. Fulcher, are you happy with my gift?"

Diana was stunned, only realizing that Jim was talking about the information on her family background a couple of seconds later.

When she was reading the documents in the car just now, aside from the shock and her doubts and anger about Julian possibly hiding the truth from her, she also felt bone-deep fear because of Fanny.

Now that she had calmed down, her initial uneasiness had faded. Her eyes flashed with a strange glint.

"Professor Hughes," Diana said, in a voice like a gentle breeze across a lake, calm yet capable of sending ripples down the water. "Why did you investigate me?"

Which normal person would think about digging these things up?

Diana herself never thought of the possibility that James Winnington wasn't her biological father. Anyone who saw how they looked wouldn't say that they weren't biological father and daughter.

Yet Jim, whom she only just got acquainted with, threw her such a huge bomb.

Diana didn't dare take on the bomb just yet.

Jim chuckled at her question.

"For no particular reason, but only because I'm very interested in you," Jim said.

"In fact, I've known you for a long time. It's just that you don't know me."

Diana's face changed drastically. "You've known me for a long time? Since when? How do you know me?"

"Since you were young," Jim said after pondering for a moment. "Or rather, I should say that since James abandoned you at the amusement park, I knew you."

Diana tightened her grip over the arm of the chair.

She had long accepted the fact that her father had abandoned her heartlessly when she was young.

However, having a near-stranger tear apart the wound in her heart made her upset. The long-lost feeling of being abandoned struck her in her heart.

The sudden pain left her dumbfounded.

She was already a mother herself, and soon, she would be a mother of four.

All the more she found herself unable to accept the fact that James had once abandoned her in a park.

She bit her lip, suddenly regretting meeting Jim today.

Perhaps today wasn't a good time.

Forget talking about Nina, she couldn't even string a complete sentence together. She could only stare at the kind and happy parents who were holding their children in their arms.

The pain in her chest grew.

She started to believe more and more in the documents Jim gave her.

"Who are my biological parents?"

Jim didn't expect Diana to change the topic.

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She asked such a sudden question, it took Jim by surprise.

He thought that if Diana continued probing further, he would come clean about how things between them started.

But now, she avoided the topic. Instead, she seized the chance to ask a question she was most concerned with.

"Professor Hughes. Since you investigated me, you must know who my biological parents are! Who are they and where are they right now?"

She had so many questions to ask him. She wanted to meet them, too.

She wanted to see if they were like these ordinary parents, filled with love and expectations for their children.

Or were they like James, abandoning her when she was young?

Her expectations and fantasies about her parents emerged quietly in her heart once more, in this crowded zoo where families gathered and enjoyed each other's company.

"If I'm not James's biological daughter, why do we look so alike?" she pressed.

"I haven't found out the truth behind your questions," Jim said, smiling comfortingly at her. However, his eyes turned cold.

He didn't like Diana being so agitated. That wasn't good for her fetuses.

He hoped Diana would be a qualified and worthy pregnant mother, all the more so a worthy 'vessel'.

The fetuses in her stomach had to go through the most ideal pregnancy and the most stable and safe delivery as they came into this world.

Nothing bad should happen to the two fetuses before he made his selection as to which of the two he would take away.

Even their mother Diana had no right to allow any accidents to happen, or influence them negatively.

Jim didn't like that.

His face turned dark.

"I'll send you home."

He suddenly stood up, cueing for Diana to follow behind him. "Your husband knows the answer to your questions better."

Did Julian have a clearer picture about her family background than Jim did?

What secrets or difficulties did her partner who slept next to her every night have, that he had to hide something like this from her?

Back at Collina Villa, Julian went back to sleep after Diana woke him up.

By the time he woke up again, the sun was shining high up in the sky.

Golden rays shone on the flowers outside the window, making them glisten and glow in the sunlight.

Everything looked bright and cheery, and it lifted one's mood instantly.

Julian wanted to share such a beautiful moment with Diana.

He turned around, got changed, and rushed downstairs in search of his wife, completely ignoring the need to brush his teeth and wash himself up.

He searched the entire villa, but didn't find Diana.

"Mr. Fulcher," Layla said as she stood right before him.

Julian stood still with a cold expression, which accentuated his sharp features. Whenever Diana wasn't around, he always looked so fearsome.

Although Layla had only just bidden Diana farewell, she suddenly missed the latter. She hoped that Diana would always stay by Mr. Fulcher's side.

That way, Mr. Fulcher would always be in a good mood. In turn, that would make life easier for everyone working in Collina Villa.

"I think someone..." Layla paused for a moment when she saw Julian furrow his brows at her.

He clearly wanted her to go on.

Layla mustered up her courage, and said, "Someone gave Mrs. Fulcher a house, placing a property deed in a folder for her. Sir, don't you think you should be more cautious and think of a gift for Mrs. Fulcher too?"

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Layla didn't want Julian to lose to another man, especially since Mrs. Fulcher was such a good catch.

Mr. Fulcher was, after all, a formidable candidate.

It was just that after being married for so long, neglect was inevitable.

“Before, Mrs. Fulcher insisted on buying a house for herself. Perhaps she has an obsession with houses and likes them. Why don’t you give her another one?”

Layla suggested, speaking her mind.

Rs 0 Brokerage & Account Open A storm brewed in the depths of Julian’s eyes. “Did you say that a man gave Diana a house? Where is she?”

It was so early in the morning, but he couldn’t find her even after searching for her for so long.

Where did she go?

“Mrs. Fulcher went out,” Layla said. “I think she went to meet the man who gave her the house.”

To think Julian was laughing at the problems between Oliver and Fanny just yesterday, thinking they were no match for the love and mutual respect between him and Diana.

Yet today, he felt as though he was slapped in the face.

“When did she leave the villa?” he asked, going upstairs to get changed.

Layla almost had to run to catch up with him. “Not long after you fell asleep again.”

That was still early in the morning. A few hours had passed since then, but Diana was still not back yet.

Which man was trying to seduce his wife?!

Julian sifted through all the men whom he and Diana had come across, but at that moment, he couldn’t think of anyone who might have designs on her.

Still, that didn’t stop him from acting.

He washed up swiftly and picked a set of clothes Diana adored the most. Then, he combed his hair down before heading to the garage.

Julian usually preferred driving cars that were more low-profile, generally favoring comfortable vans.

But today, he chose a red sports car that revved loudly. The color of the car was so bright, it was impossible to ignore; especially with its deafeningly loud engine.

Julian sat in the driver's seat, a pair of sunglasses perched on his nose. It formed a sharp contrast against his fair skin. Even his dark hair glinted under the sunlight.

Seated in such an attractive car, he looked even more outstanding.

Diana and Jim noticed Julian the moment they exited the zoo.

His car was parked amidst the crowd. He was wearing a black shirt, his long and svelte fingers wrapped around the steering wheel.

That was Diana's favorite shirt amongst all his tailor-made shirts.

It was also the first and only men's shirt she designed. There was only one such piece in the entire world.

Diana's earlier doubts and confusion over Julian's behavior vanished without a trace. The unease in her eyes faded. She always felt more at ease whenever he was around.

If she asked him about her family background, he would surely tell her all about it.

A crisp and deep male's voice broke her train of thought.

"Honey, I'm here to bring you home."

Julian stepped out of the car, and grabbed Diana's hand right in front of everyone.

It made for an outstanding scene—a handsome man and a beautiful woman standing in front of a sports car.

All the more, as sparks flew between Julian and Diana as their gazes met. The air crackled with their chemistry as temperatures rose.

Thankfully, Julian had assigned men in secret to keep Diana safe. That was how he was able to find out where she was immediately.

Otherwise, he would have no idea where to look for her- and Richburgh was such a huge place!