

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1291-1300

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1291

Simon's face changed.

He couldn't bring himself to laugh.

He felt as though something was stuck in his throat, and he needed to spit it out.

However, he held himself back and said, "It's normal having those things in a lab. Anyone involved in a drug trial has signed an agreement and is voluntarily trying out the drugs. They even get paid. There's no need to talk about dying and souls."

"Hmm." Jim nodded. Suddenly, he asked, "What about newborns?"

He deliberately scared Simon, misleading the latter into the direction of a far fetched idea.

"What do you think of newborns being made into specimens?"

What did he think?!

Simon could no longer hold himself back, and rushed to the washroom to puke his guts out. By the time he returned, Jim was still on the phone.

The man was incredibly stubborn, indeed!

If he weren't, he wouldn't have quietly observed Diana for so many years.

At that thought, the hair on Simon's arms stood on end in fright.

He finally said, "Pardon me, Professor Hughes. I can't accept newborns being made into specimens."

"That's alright," Jim said kindly. "Many doctors who first started out would vomit and feel terrible when they see such things. Some even have nightmares about it, not to mention someone who isn't well-versed with the medical field like you."

>

He added understandingly, "I'll keep the specimens when you come over, Mr. Channing. Please come and visit with a peace of mind."

Simon didn't expect Jim to be so easygoing.

Had he misunderstood the man?

Jim had merely been observing Diana over the years. He hadn't actually done anything dangerous to her.

Even during his visit to Richburgh this time, Simon's spy didn't report Jim doing anything bad to Diana.

No.

That wasn't right.

Diana was pregnant! She had babies in her stomach!

Simon's heart turned cold at the thought of what Jim said about newborns as specimens.

Had he been wrong since the beginning?

Jim's target had never been Diana.

It was Diana's babies!

Otherwise, why would he bring Diana to the zoo?

Why would he give Diana so many health supplements?

Why...

Countless whys emerged in Simon's mind and tangled up in a huge mess, magnifying the fear in his mind.

Even his fingers started trembling.

Perhaps...

Simon was the supposed uncle of the babies in Diana's stomach.

He thought of how happy Julian and Diana looked together, and could no longer hold himself from calling Diana.

At that moment, she had been lying on the bed for a while. However, she just couldn't fall asleep. She was originally exhausted, but somehow, she felt energetic the moment she laid down on the bed.

She was about to pull out her phone, which she had turned to silent mode, to look through her socials. Suddenly, the door to her room was pushed open.

It was Julian.

Diana retracted her hand from under the pillow before she even managed to touch her phone. It caused her to miss Simon's incoming call.

The call ended up unanswered.

Simon was disappointed.

Having stolen three years of Diana's life, he didn't want to ever bother her again, especially after seeing how happy she was at that meal. 1 Still, he wanted to contact her after thinking through things regarding Jim.

Unfortunately, Diana didn't pick up his call.

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Perhaps Simon was overthinking things.

Before this pregnancy, Diana had already given birth to Sean and Betty. If Jim really wanted to do something bad to Diana's children, he would have made a move long ago.

That thought made Simon less anxious.

He must have been traumatized by the ancient punishment methods he saw during the meal at the Hughes' residence.

He stared at his phone screen, no longer anxious to call a second time.

Perhaps he should visit Jim's laboratory first before arriving at a conclusion about Jim and what the latter wanted with Diana.

At this moment, Diana didn't realize what she had missed in this ordinary afternoon.

She was basking in her happiness, completely ignorant to the heart-wrenching pain of being horrendously suppressed.

She looked contentedly at her lover seated next to her, and smiled sheepishly at him.

"Julian..."

"Why aren't you asleep yet, even after lying on the bed for so long?" Julian asked disapprovingly. "Are you secretly playing with your phone?"

Diana denied vehemently, "No!"

Julian immediately turned tense. "You can't sleep even though you're not playing with your phone. You don't look good. Are you feeling unwell?"

"Don't be paranoid," Diana said with a chuckle, sitting up. "I don't feel unwell. I just don't really feel sleepy. Maybe I'm a little tired from the trip to the zoo."

Julian immediately pulled her feet out from the sheets. "Why didn't you say so earlier?"

If he had known, he wouldn't have talked so much with Noel.

Julian wondered if Noel would do as he said, given how stiff he was.

Wasn't it a better idea for him to accompany his wife instead?

Nowadays, Julian enjoyed being with Diana more and more, especially in the presence of their babies in her stomach.

He massaged Diana's legs as he looked at her stomach.

His eyes bright, he said, "Babies, come out soon. I'll tie your hair after you're out. I style your sister's hair so well."

Julian was beyond salvation. He was completely obsessed with having two more daughters.

Diana couldn't hold herself back, and interrupted Julian's reverie. "If they turn out to be boys, are you going to tie their hair too?" Julian immediately refuted Diana's claim. "Impossible! They can't possibly be boys!"

He was utterly resistant to the idea.

"They must be girls!" he exclaimed as he rubbed her belly. "Girls, don't be scared. Mommy was just joking with you.

Please don't turn out to be boys. Worse comes to worst, you can be opposite-sex twins like your elder brother and sister."

However, the chances of that were very slim.

Diana was carrying identical twins this time, and it was cast in stone that they were having twins of the same gender.

It was rare to see Julian so excited and expectant about something.

Diana couldn't bear to douse his excitement. She could only rub her own stomach and call her babies girls, as she knew that was what Julian wanted to hear.

Julian's smile widened.

The atmosphere in the room was warm and cozy. Diana still didn't feel sleepy.

Julian seized the chance to bring up her birth origins. "I've spread the news that I'm looking for James Winnington. I'll let you know once I have updates."

'Who are you asking for help? The Jarvises?' she asked. "No," he replied. The Jarvises would never agree to help.

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Julian had enough self-awareness to know that.

"You'll have to wait for Noel to make a good showing and become their son-in-law before the Jarvises are willing to help us."

This seemed rather challenging for Noel at this point. Julian was frustrated over how slowly Noel's mind moved in the area of relationships.

"I found someone else to help. Don't bother asking about it. Whatever it is, when I receive news about it, I'll update you. Don't worry about it before that happens."

Diana was still pregnant. Although her work at the studio was getting on track, she still had to meet deadlines in drawing her designs and supervise production work at the factory.

An entire day's work was still tough for her to go through. However, she was happy to do it and didn't want to close the studio.

Julian saw how the studio was thriving, so he didn't stop her from working in it.

Although he didn't think it earned much, it was her hobby after all.

"I know," Diana said. She understood full well that Julian was worried about her health, and if her birth circumstances would make her feel terrible.

In reality, she felt rather happy knowing that James Winnington wasn't her biological father.

Only, she didn't know if her biological father had treated her as badly as James Winnington did...

Still, she didn't want to worry about it before she could wrap her mind around the situation.

She decided to change the topic. "Will you come with me to the next check-up?"

"Of course," Julian said, and he told her the details of the next appointment.

"From the next appointment onward, I won't miss a single check-up. When you're in labor, I'll definitely be by your side. I won't miss it for the world!"

The days passed. In a week's time, stretch marks started showing on Diana.

Perhaps because of her skin sagging from the previous pregnancy, it started showing way earlier this time round.

She had developed stretch marks after giving birth to Sean and Betty.

This time round, Julian paid much attention to rubbing stretch marks oil on her stomach every day from the start of her pregnancy. Said oil came from a reputed brand imported from overseas.

Diana saw it from magazines, and was about to order it when Julian informed her that he had bought all remaining stocks.

Today was their first time using the oil after so much had happened over the past few days.

“After rubbing it once now, we’ll rub it again tonight,” Julian said. “Rub it twice a day, and perhaps the stretch marks won’t grow this time.”

He poured out the oil in his palm, and slowly massaged it onto her stomach.

His palms felt warm to the touch. He rubbed her stomach gently, the sensation like a cloud billowing across her skin.

She felt so comfortable, she almost shut her eyes.

His hands became even gentler.

Diana unknowingly fell asleep. By the time she woke up, it was already evening.

She could smell the aroma of food from downstairs.

She wanted to eat, but couldn’t bring herself to do so the moment she sat at the table.

“The twins in my stomach are starting to act up,” Diana complained to Julian, upset over her poor appetite, 1 Julian thought Diana ate little to control her weight gain. He belatedly realized that she really was starting to lose her appetite.

Over the past week, she hadn’t been eating much. Her complexion was turning sallow.

“You can’t go on like this.”

He wanted to call Vans to ask if he had any solution, but Vans's phone was off.

Perhaps he was in the middle of a surgery.

Julian didn't think much of it, and simply brought Diana to the hospital that night.

Diana trusted public hospitals more, so Julian decided to bring her to one and queue for a number with her.

Upon reading through Diana's check-up results, the doctor asked, "Why did you come only now?" Julian's face immediately changed.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1294

"What's wrong?"

The coldness in Julian's voice made the air in the clinic turn chilly.

Julian and Diana were dressed in high-end, tailor-made clothes. Both carried a noble air about them. Their furrowed brows made the doctor anxious.

The tension in the air was suffocating.

At the sight of the doctor remaining silent, Julian's voice turned a pitch higher.

"Why are you not talking?"

What else could the doctor say? He was on the verge of passing out at Julian's frightening aura.

Before they went to the public hospital, Diana had given Julian a stern warning.

The doctors in public hospitals had to see many patients. Be it the nurses or the doctors, their attitudes wouldn't be as servile as those in private hospitals.

Given that this was her third pregnancy and that she was carrying twins again, she found that giving birth in a public hospital with a neonatal department and a blood bank was a more reliable choice in her situation.

Yet, Julian was already displaying such impatience at his second visit.

She reprimanded Julian coldly, "If you don't even have an ounce of patience, go wait outside! Doctors are very busy. Even if there really is something wrong, you still have to give the doctor time to think through his words instead of just showing him attitude right from the start."

A look of gratitude flashed past the doctor's face when he heard what Diana said.

It was tough being a doctor these days. Even more so in a public hospital.

Many patients consider themselves a paying customer of the hospital and demand top-notch service, making things difficult for the doctors.

In cases where patients couldn't be treated, some family members would even threaten them with physical harm.

People like Diana who spoke up for the medical team and scolded their own family members were few and far between.

The main thing was...

The doctor couldn't help but look up to Julian. This man was outstanding in both his looks and aura.

When Diana berated him just now, far from getting upset, he actually gave a guilty smile and swung Diana's arm consolingly. "Honey, I'm just concerned for you. I'm just too anxious. I'm not impatient or frustrated at all."

He even looked pleadingly at the doctor, and apologized, "Doctor, my tone made you uncomfortable just now. Please forgive me."

For some reason, Julian's apology made the doctor feel as though his life was being cut short before his eyes.

He immediately waved his hands, and said, "It's alright. Your wife's condition is very straightforward. The twins need a lot of nutrition to grow. At this stage, they need a large intake of micronutrients."

He tapped on his keyboard, and went on, "Look at this list of micronutrients.

Your wife needs two types of micronutrient supplements. With regard to the thyroid, your wife also has signs of hypothyroidism in pregnancy."

By right, Diana should have done a check-up for her thyroid in the twelfth week of her pregnancy.

However, her medical records showed that she hadn't gone through that. Her numbers during this check-up were a lot higher compared to what was normal.

"I've prescribed her some medicine," the doctor said, as he glanced at Julian.

"Proceed to make payment, and remember to drop by the pharmacy for the medicine. Do take the medicine on time. She'll have to come back every month to check her thyroid. Otherwise, it might affect the fetuses' mental development or cause postpartum preeclampsia."

Diana didn't care about her own health. She felt more upset over what the doctor said about affecting the fetuses' mental development.

Since the start of her pregnancy until now, her babies in her womb only recently started torturing her.

It was unlike her pregnancy with Sean and Betty, during which she feared every little thing and wanted to go to the hospital for a check-up. She was clearly less anxious during this pregnancy.

She didn't even bother going for some tests in the twelfth week of her pregnancy.

She didn't expect problems to arise with her thyroid, which was precisely what she neglected her check-ups.

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"Will my neglect cause them to become mentally retarded?"

If her babies became mentally challenged because of her, even dying a thousand times wouldn't be enough to make up for it!

Fear and remorse overwhelmed Diana.

Seeing how solemn the doctor looked, she grew even more anxious.

When Julian saw her on the verge of tears, he turned back from making payment. A vicious look flashed past his eyes.

The doctor felt as though someone had put a knife against his neck, and gasped in shock.

“I didn’t mean that,” he explained immediately. “I just meant that it may affect the fetuses’ mental development. It’s not to the point of being mentally retarded.” i He kindly handed Diana a napkin.

“Mothers give their all to their children, but they should also remember to be kinder to themselves. As long as you take the medicine on time, there shouldn’t be a problem.

“Just remember not to miss your check-ups in the future. Don’t think that you can be careless just because it’s your third pregnancy and that you’re now an experienced mother, or because your second pregnancy went smoothly. You should still be careful when the situation calls for it.”

The doctor’s throat was already parched from talking for an entire afternoon.

Yet now, he had to say so much to comfort this mother.

He really wanted to tell her that she was completely fine. All she needed to do was to collect her medicine, go home, and take it.

Upon seeing Julian’s expression, though, he swallowed his words.

After the couple thanked him, they finally left the clinic.

Even after they were long gone, the doctor was still wondering how a tiny woman like Diana was able to conquer a cold, hard man like Julian.

Perhaps, opposites attract?

Julian was holding Diana’s hand, shielding her from the crowd with his arm and carefully guiding her downstairs to the pharmacy to collect her medicine.

Meanwhile, Diana was still caught up in her emotions.

Her eyes were still red, and she was holding her stomach. She was clearly still deep in remorse.

“I really was careless with this pregnancy.”

It wasn’t just about her thyroid.

Diana wondered what she should do if she missed other check-ups and ended up causing irreparable damage to her babies.

Fear started gnawing at her. She felt as if even taking medicine wouldn't be of help.

"Julian, even if the babies won't be mentally retarded, will they end up not as smart as they should be? It's all my fault. I should have come to the hospital the moment I got exhausted. I..."

"It's not your fault," Julian said, looking solemnly at her. "Didn't the doctor make himself clear? You're fine. Just take your medicine and calm down. In fact, if you keep getting agitated, it'll be even worse for the babies."

Diana nodded at Julian's words. However, she still remained uneasy.

Julian looked at her with furrowed brows.

"The doctor also said that if you don't take care of your thyroid and keep the situation under control, you might have postpartum preeclampsia. Why are you only concerned about the babies? Why are you completely unbothered about that?"

N | M "Don't always be so occupied with the children. Since they made it into your womb, they aren't that vulnerable," Julian said in a low tone. He drew closer to her ear. "They're children that you got after piercing the condom, after all. Their growth will be as strong as your will!" Diana didn't expect Julian to say that.

Somehow, his words made sense...

"What's more, Sean is so smart. It's enough proof that our combined genes bring extraordinary results. Even if the fetuses develop slower than their peers because of your thyroid, I'm sure they won't fall below average."

It was already very rare and precious for a family to raise a genius.

Julian didn't want for anything else.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1296

His only hope was for Diana and the babies in her womb to grow up well.

When the time came, the family would visit Grandma and tell her of the good news of the arrival of the twins. That was enough for Julian.

As for the children's intelligence...

"They won't be mentally retarded. They can't possibly be that vulnerable."

It was, after all, Julian's first time going through the entire pregnancy process with Diana and accompanying her for all her check-ups.

He did feel worried when he heard what the doctor said. Still, she was already worried enough. He couldn't possibly show her his worry.

"After one month, we'll come back for a follow-up check on your thyroid condition. You'll definitely be fine."

If her thyroid condition remained the same and showed no improvement, he would seek advice from other experts.

To tease her and lighten the mood, he said, "We have the resources and the money. Trust me. Many times, money can buy us many things and even life. It can buy us top-notch medical resources."

Diana had no cause for concern. Given the Fulchers' wealth and network, getting her to a private hospital was no issue. Even though she was now with a public hospital, Julian had his way of bringing her to a private hospital for her condition. Before, Diana gave birth in a public hospital. As such, she trusted the institution. He didn't want to argue with her about that.

"Don't be nervous." He held her hand as they walked past the crowd. "Things are different this time. Be it during your pregnancy or your labor, I'll be with you."

No matter what happened, she had someone to discuss things with and someone to lean on.

Diana's wavering heart finally calmed down.

That was true.

This time, no matter what happened, with Julian around, every problem could be solved.

“When I go into labor, keep me company in the delivery room,” Diana said, after he collected the medicine from the pharmacy.

Julian didn’t catch what she said, and turned around to look at her in confusion.

“What did you just say?”

However, Diana didn’t think Julian didn’t hear what she said.

Perhaps...

He didn’t really want to.

She had read about it online. Although many husbands accompanied their wives to the hospital, the majority of them didn’t want to be present during the labor.

Some men found the smell of blood too pungent, while some men were scared of having nightmares after witnessing labor and no longer being sexually attracted to their wives.

They didn’t think about how their wives simply needed a familiar figure next to them when surrounded by a bunch of strangers during labor.

“Nothing.”

Perhaps she was being too idealistic. Julian did love her very much, but... i In regard to giving birth, he might be like other men and was resistant to the idea of witnessing such a bloody scene.

Although she was due for a cesarean section, the sight of her slit-open stomach...

It would probably traumatize him psychologically.

Perhaps it was better for her to go into the delivery room by herself.

Disappointment seeped into her heart. When she reached home, she looked weary.

Julian thought she was still overcome with remorse over the impact that her thyroid condition might bring, and didn't know what to say to comfort her. He pondered for a while, and ended up letting Betty stay with her to cheer her up.

The moment Betty entered the room, Diana's spirits lifted considerably.

She busied herself with playing with her daughter, replying to all the little girl's questions. Toward the end, she felt rather exhausted.

"Let Mommy rest," Julian said.

He poured a glass of water and entered the room, letting Diana take her medicine.

"You must take the medicine on time. From now on, I'll remind you to take them at this time every day. I'll bring in a glass of water for you, too. Just relax and don't worry about a single thing. You and the babies will definitely grow up healthily."

As proof, Betty was a big girl now.

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Betty even had her own messaging apps. She knew how to use the phone, the camera, and take selfies.

Now, she could sense the concern and love that Julian was showing Diana.

"Awesome," Betty said. She couldn't help but be in awe.

Diana turned to look at her daughter, puzzled. "What's awesome?" "Daddy's so good to Mommy," Betty said, admiration and hope in her eyes. "My future husband must treat me this well, too!"

Husband?! Thinking of her future husband at such a young age?

Julian's face darkened with displeasure.

His kind and loving expression vanished without a trace as he asked Betty sternly, "Betty, do you know what you're saying? Do you know what a husband is?"

Betty wasn't afraid of Julian at all. She knew he looked tough and scary on the outside, but was a softie inside.

Many people bowed down to him and feared him. Many pursued him relentlessly, fighting for the chance to serve the great Mr. Fulcher.

But at home, he was her daddy, he was Mommy's husband, a man who was at their beck and call.

The key was, he tolerated all of their tantrums and temper.

He would even think about what he had done wrong to make his wife and daughter so mad.

Betty pouted as she wrapped her arms around her legs.

Smiling cheekily, she said, "I know what a husband is. He's a man I'll get married to. I'll wear a wedding dress, and you and Mommy will bring me to a beautiful stage.

"Flowers will fall from the sky and surround us.

"Then..."

Betty paused for a moment.

She was so excited, she almost choked on her saliva. She had to cough a few times before going on, "Then, Daddy will hand me over to my husband..."

Her voice was childish and cheeky.

All that talk about flowers and the stage betrayed her innocence as a child. One could also sense that compared to this so-called 'husband', she clearly fancied pretty and shiny things.

Yet, Julian didn't feel good about it at all. The thought of handing Betty over to another man upset him.

"No way," Julian said, feeling his nose aching. He added seriously, "I won't hand you over to another man."

Trying to brainwash her, he said, "Betty, actually, you don't need to get married.

It's great being single."

What was that about?

How could a father stop his daughter from finding a partner just because he couldn't bear to see her leave?

Diana smacked Julian to stop him from brainwashing Betty. "Don't stop her from growing up." She added fiercely, "It's her choice whether she wants to get married or not. You can't lie to her and brainwash her with those ideas."

Julian didn't concede defeat, and countered with a question, "Then, wasn't she also brainwashed by the idea of having a husband since young?"

Diana fell silent.

That made sense.

All Betty heard about and witnessed day-in, day-out was a family structure made up of a husband and a wife. She had long gotten used to that as she grew up.

That was a form of cheating and brainwashing, too.

Diana came to a compromise. "Fine. You can occasionally raise that suggestion to Betty. But once she goes to school and gets a boyfriend, you can't break them apart just because you can't bear to see her marry!"

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1298

Julian immediately protested. "I would never do that! How could you think of me that way?"

That was true. Julian might be a doting father, but he couldn't possibly be that extreme. Diana knew she was overthinking things.

The next moment, Julian showed her the true definition of being extreme.

Julian smiled wickedly. His expression was a mixture of smugness, the unwillingness of a father to part with his daughter, and determination. "I won't break them apart. I'll just make sure she doesn't even have a boyfriend to begin with!"

Not just that.

He crouched, and looked at Betty. "When you grow up, I'll set a curfew for you. If you don't come home by seven in the evening, I'll go wherever you are to look for you."

How was he behaving like a father? He was behaving more like a stalker and a control freak!

Diana couldn't help but roll her eyes at him.

She looked at Julian doubtfully. "Are you being serious?"

"I am," Julian said, as he looked at Betty with an arched brow. "If you don't believe me, we'll just see when Betty grows up."

"Daddy, I'll definitely grow up," Betty said. She could only catch a few easy words from Julian and Diana's conversation, and was unable to fully understand what they meant.

Regardless of what they said, she had started hugging Julian's neck. She even gave him a wet kiss on the cheeks.

"When I grow up, I want Daddy to be with me. Daddy has to be wherever I'm at."

"What about after you get a boyfriend?" Diana asked.

"Boyfriend?" Betty was stunned for a moment, as if only just pondering the meaning of the word. "Nothing's more important than Daddy. I only want Daddy."

She was no longer hung up about a husband, nor was she talking about getting married to someone else in the future.

Julian was satisfied.

He shot Diana a challenging look. "See? That's my good daughter!"

And he was going to have two more of such darlings!

Julian looked expectantly at Diana's stomach, his gaze red- hot.

Diana was rendered speechless.

Forget it. She'd let Julian think whatever he wanted.

For now, she would just act as if she really was carrying a pair of daughters.

"If you don't impose a curfew for them in the future, I'll make sure to laugh at you," she said. She planned to wait and see how this father was going to keep his daughter's heart and body by his side forever!

"What a joke!" Julian chuckled gleefully. "Just you wait."

The thought of having three beautiful daughters soon made Julian set his mind on putting in effort in this regard.

He was deathly afraid that the daughters he spared no effort to raise would be stolen away by rascals!

Meanwhile, the atmosphere at the Channings was in stark contrast with that of the Fulchers. The air there had been strange as of late.

Oliver had read the script Fanny was exceptionally excited about.

The plot...

Was exactly the same as his life with Fanny!

Was she...

Really clueless?

It concerned the enemy who killed her father!

Would Fanny really not do anything and simply focus on preparing for a movie if she knew the truth?

Oliver was greatly troubled by the doubt brewing in his mind. He could hardly concentrate on his work. All he could think about every day was to talk things through the moment he saw Fanny.

However, seeing her laid back expression made him swallow his words.

He could only keep his thoughts to himself, which made him turn colder and more distant day by day.

“What exactly is the matter?” Fanny asked him. She had long sensed that something was wrong with him, especially today.

Oliver looked even more displeased after she suggested taking him to visit the crew on-site.

“Don’t you think well of the movie?” she asked again. Her eyes were crystal clear.

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It was like a shining, unpolluted pond reflected the rays of sunlight.

Even after being steeped in the entertainment industry for so long, her clean and pure aura remained preserved.

At that moment, a certain thought came to Oliver. Perhaps the script was merely a coincidence.

Fanny loved him so much. She couldn’t possibly lie to him.

Oliver felt relieved.

Fanny grew anxious upon seeing Oliver falling silent.

This movie was a major project for her studio this year, and a lot of funds had been invested in it. If it failed, her assets would be in the red.

No one was more concerned with the success of the movie than Fanny herself.

Oliver’s attitude toward the movie made her, the investor and producer, very nervous.

“Oliver,” Fanny called after he remained silent for a long while.

She thought he had major objections against the movie and was too embarrassed to say it.

On impulse, she acted out a segment of the script. Her intention was to put Oliver in the mood, and urge him to be frank with his thoughts about the movie.

The segment she chose was one of the climax of the script.

The female lead, who had been adopted and lied to all along, finally discovered that her own parents were killed by her adoptive father. She had even married her adoptive father's son, and called her enemy "father" for so many years' It was very easy to emote in this movie. If the actors did their job well, the audience would experience a heartache never before felt.

The pain of being betrayed and tortured would be portrayed to everyone through the actors' interpretation in the most heart-wrenching way.

It was just a pity...

The emotions conveyed in this scene were too complex. It was challenging to act them all out.

Thankfully, Fanny was an outstanding actress. She was able to rise to the top of her game and best many of her peers precisely because of her acting chops. i Especially since...

The female lead of this movie was an adopted child like her.

That point of similarity alone gave her the foundation to empathize with the female lead.

Empathy with a character that one was about to act out was a great foundation to start with for an actor.

Oliver looked up; coincidentally, he caught the complex emotions in Fanny's eyes.

She looked...

Broken.

Hatred was written all over her face; irrevocable pain slashed across her face like lightning, tearing her apart. She glared at Oliver as if he were her greatest enemy.

“I’m asking you. When exactly did you start lying to me?!”

How is that bastard of your father worthy of your defense?”

She accused him with tears in her eyes, as if she was truly in agony. Tears streaked her beautiful face as pain tore through her.

Boom!

Thunder boomed outside as lightning flashed across the sky, its light shining right into her eyes.

The hatred in her eyes swelled.

Oliver was sure she would turn into a vicious ghost at the next moment, and rip his head off his neck.

Not just him, but she wouldn’t even spare his father!

“Tell me!” Fanny shook all over as she glared daggers at him. She was clearly crying, but there wasn’t any sadness in her eyes.

Hatred just kept growing and growing... Until she could no longer suppress its overwhelming effect. Eventually, all that hatred exploded in the air.

“It’s fine if you don’t want to talk.”

She smiled viciously.

Pain was etched all over her tear-streaked face, made even more shocking under the booming thunder and flashing lightning.

“A life for

No data found.