

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1301-1305

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1301

Oliver couldn't fall asleep.

He stood up, and walked to the balcony to smoke a cigarette. Smoke billowed around him.

He hadn't smoked for a while, and suddenly found the smoking choking. His throat even started itching as he coughed a few times.

Oliver looked back at the woman lying on the bed in the room. He thought back to what happened on the bed just now.

The chemistry between them and the impact brought to the depths of the soul made him lift his hand and stub out the cigarette.

Ever since he saw Julian last time, he had been getting better at coaxing Fanny.

Fanny never brought up what she overheard from the conversation between him and Master Channing.

They seem to be ignoring the blurry past laden with hidden bombs.

That made Oliver mistakenly think that he had a peaceful, quiet, and respectful marriage.

Yet, today...

Fanny's so-called acting destroyed his previous thinking.

Was her acting...really so good?

Oliver couldn't hold himself back from calling Julian.

At that time, Julian and Diana had just finished their dinner.

They were supposed to take an evening stroll, which had become a habit.

Because it was raining, they couldn't head out to the yard. They were stuck in their house, chatting leisurely with each other. 1 Betty was playing with her toys on the floor. Diana was lying down on the couch, resting. Julian was doing work on his table.

It was still early.

The windows were open, and the house was filled with the coolness of the summer rain. Time seemed to have stopped at that moment.

It felt so peaceful, it made many envious.

When Oliver called, Julian's ringtone sounded like an alarm, piercing through the quiet atmosphere.

Julian subconsciously glanced at Diana before picking up his phone. He took the initiative to inform her, "It's Oliver."

Diana's brows furrowed. She found it really strange. Since when did Julian get so close to Oliver?

Although she was curious, she didn't stop Julian from answering the call. She even took Betty out of the room to make it convenient for Julian to talk.

"What's the matter?" Julian asked bluntly, knowing that Oliver wouldn't call for no reason.

"Nothing," Oliver said, feeling a little embarrassed at the start.

He remained silent for a few moments before saying, "Cough, cough... How do women behave after they get pregnant...?"

Julian was pleasantly surprised. "Is Fanny pregnant? Good on you."

Oliver was way faster than that blockhead Noel.

The last time they met, Oliver was sharing about how things weren't going well with Fanny. Now, they were expecting a child.

Julian lamented about it and, upon hearing Oliver turn anxious, said, "Beg me."

Oliver was stunned. "What did you say?"

“Beg me,” Julian said, the smile on his face widening. “We used to be rivals in love. I handed my son to you last time, and even helped you come up with an idea. We’re even.”

“And now, you want to ask me a question.”

“Shouldn’t you plead with me?”

Oliver choked on Julian’s words.

He used to be a doctor. By right, pregnancy issues shouldn’t baffle him. He was able to operate on a pregnant lady, so figuring out if a lady was pregnant was nothing to him.

Yet, after leaving the industry for so many years, he was beginning to doubt his own knowledge in the field. When faced with the likelihood of his own wife being pregnant, Oliver found himself unable to make a rational judgment. He could only ask someone else with experience.

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Oliver didn’t expect Julian to ask him to beg him.

Well, he wouldn’t do it.

He pondered for a moment before hanging up.

Julian was about to open his mouth to say something, when he saw his screen darken.

“Hello?” he yelled, but he didn’t receive any response.

That Oliver Channing!

He couldn’t even adapt to circumstances for the sake of his wife! Did he really want to be a good husband?

It seemed Oliver and Fanny had a long way to go!

Even more so for Oliver, if he wanted to be a good husband like Julian!

Back at the Channing household, Oliver didn’t call Julian again after hanging up.

His face turned even colder. It was just a matter of figuring out whether Fanny was pregnant. Was that so hard for a doctor like him?

Oliver left the balcony and looked at Fanny, who was still asleep. He stared at her stomach for a long time, before going to the study and retrieving his work journal.

In it was some information regarding pregnant ladies and labor in it.

Reading through it could help bring back his memories and revise past knowledge, and hopefully help him assess whether Fanny was pregnant or not.

He wanted to see if...

If she was acting, or if she really had discovered the truth behind her parents' death that the Channings had kept under wraps.

On the other end, Noel was pacing back and forth in front of a cafe.

He had gradually gotten on track with Julian's advice and suggestion. After pondering over it for a day and a night, Noel quickly texted Cecilia to ask her out sincerely.

"Cecilia," he crafted his message to send to Cecilia. "I want to kiss you! Let's meet at the cafe a week later. I'll give you a surprise!"

Cecilia replied to him very quickly.

When she said "Okay", it sounded indifferent-but it also sounded like she was pretending to be calm.

It rippled through Noel's heart, and agitated him.

After such a long and torturous wait, he could finally meet Cecilia again!

Today was the day he and Cecilia were going to share their first kiss!

To create the atmosphere, Noel even prepared a bouquet of roses.

It was suggested by the flower shop assistant. She told him that roses were fiery red and passionate. They signified a thriving romance.

As for his clothes, he spent some effort to match them to the theme, and specifically pinned a leaf-shaped brooch encrusted with gems. He even sprayed some breath spray in hopes that the kiss today would be a success.

He took a deep breath, and pushed the door open.

A lone figure seated in the cafe.

Just that... Her style of dress today appeared more mature than her usual sweet socialite look.

Cecilia was dressed in a dark-colored tweed two-piece suit. She was probably looking forward to their first kiss today very much! Perhaps that was why she was dressed more grandly than usual.

The thought made Noel's palm start sweating. He couldn't help but feel nervous.

He tried his best to calm his pounding heart as he walked toward her.

As he drew nearer, his hold over the bouquet of flowers tightened as he stood behind Cecilia.

"Ce..." Before he uttered her name in full, he bent forward, wanting to kiss her cheek and give her a huge surprise.

He was still a distance away from her, but his heart was already in his throat.

Her fragrance drifted into his nose.

Noel felt his blood grow hot as it coursed through his veins. His lips were about to land on her soft cheeks...

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Yet...

Crash!

Noel, who almost shut his eyes, took a few hasty steps back as the bouquet fell from his hands. The bright red roses scattered on the floor, looking just like sorrowful tears.

“Mrs... Mrs. Jarvis...?” Noel almost lost his tongue as he stuttered, his hands trembling.

Damn it!

Thankfully, he didn't end up kissing her. Otherwise, things would have ended in a tragedy.

Noel's eyes widened as he spoke, his throat parched. “Why... why...”

Before he could bring himself to ask her why Sue was here, she stood up.

She was wearing a pair of heels and a dark-colored tweed two-piece suit. Noel could see traces of Cecilia in her, but there was an air of matured, dignified grace about her.

Her eyes weren't vicious, but her stare was akin to the lash of a whip. His face turned bright red from the scrutiny.

“The brooch on your chest,” Sue said, ignoring Noel's rude attempt at kissing her.

She simply looked at him calmly.

“It's Julian's reward for you, no? He bought this brooch at a sky-high price at an auction back then. I thought he'd use it himself. Turns out that he gave it to you.”

Noel didn't know where this brooch came from. If it weren't for the situation right now, he would have been elated to hear that. But now, his heart was sinking into a deep, dark place.

Reward...

Sue didn't look disdainfully at him, and her tone was very flat. She was clearly telling the truth, but it made Noel feel terrible.

To her, the brooch that Julian gave him didn't indicate how close they were.

Rather, it was merely a reward from a boss to a subordinate.

Just like how kings bestowed rewards upon their knights, and how masters rewarded their servants.

To Sue, Noel was Julian's servant, a mere lapdog.

He wasn't a living, breathing man who was capable and dignified by his own right and achieved success by his own merits.

Sue Chimmery, in her identity as Mrs. Jarvis, looked down on Noel. She didn't say much, but she destroyed Noel's pride even in her silence.

"Mrs. Jarvis," he said, "where is Ms. Jarvis?"

Was she not holding onto her phone when he texted her that day?

Sue saw through Noel's thoughts. She knew that he must be feeling very awkward.

However, she had to make things clear, lest Noel continued being delusional. In the long term, making him face reality as soon as possible was for his good. Sue placed Cecilia's phone on the table. "She won't be coming to see you. After she sent you that text, she had been thinking about how best to tell you clearly to your face.

Noel, Cecilia wants to break up with you."

Things were going well when they bid farewell that day.

Why did she suddenly want to break up?

Noel didn't believe Sue. Driven by his love for Cecilia, he said boldly, "Mrs.

Jarvis. A week ago, when I texted Cecilia, were you the one who replied to me?

Where was Cecilia at that time?"

Sue remained silent.

She glanced at Noel before looking at a bag, out of which she retrieved a check that she placed on the table. "This is for you. Take it as compensation for the break-up. As for Cecilia's condition, I beg you not to tell anyone about it."

Sue still wanted to arrange a good marriage for Cecilia in the future.

Cecilia's condition was a point that acted fatally against her. Even so, Sue wanted to keep it under wraps as much as possible.

Noel looked at Sue, bewildered. He then glanced at the check-it wasn't a small sum.

450 thousand dollars.

Noel laughed.

He took the check. "Fine, I'll accept it."

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Sue didn't know what to say when she saw how quickly he took the money.

She couldn't utter the words she had prepared beforehand.

She could only nod and say, "Okay." Noel smiled; he pushed the check back to Sue, his eyes bright and forthright.

"Were you hoping I would say that?"

Sue was stunned. "What do you mean?"

That was 450 thousand dollars he was talking about!

The last time she went to the countryside to take Cecilia back, she saw the conditions Noel's family lived in.

Although Albert Carter had served as a butler at the Fulcher household for a long time, he probably didn't bring home much money.

The houses in Richburgh were expensive. Sue didn't believe that working for someone was enough for him to afford a house.

As for Noel...

He was a capable man indeed. The fact that he managed to stay by Julian's side for so long was proof of his skills.

Yet, no matter how capable he was, the maximum he could earn would be about 300 to 450 thousand dollars a year.

“If you don’t earn that much, I can give you more.”

Her serious face made Noel burst out laughing.

He probed further, “How much more can you give?”

Indeed, no one could resist the temptation of money.

Sue doubted Cecilia’s taste in men.

The first man she liked was Julian, who already loved Diana. He was an indirect cause of her illness. In the end, he withdrew without any hesitation and even volunteered his assistant.

To Sue, Julian’s actions were no different from treating Cecilia as a pitiful beggar.

A pity her daughter was no beggar.

No matter; she would make a way for her own daughter if she needed to.

“1.5 million.”

She was willing to spend any amount of money for the sake of her daughter’s happiness.

“I can come up with that much money, too,” Noel said.

Facing Sue, he was suddenly fearless. He was giving off an air of confidence and certainty. It was as if he had arrived at a negotiation scene he was familiar with; his eyes glinted with confidence.

At that moment, Sue saw the light emanating from this man.

A pity he was the son of a butler who wasn’t of a good character. Their social status was enough for Sue to object to Noel’s relationship with Cecilia.

At the very least, Cecilia had to marry the son of a wealthy family. He had to come from a wealthy background, with parents of the same social circle as the Jarvises. That would make it easier for them to click.

Simply put, all the sons in their social circle were better than Noel.

Sue forced herself to focus and not lose her objectivity.

“How much can you fork out?” She calmed herself down and waited for Noel’s reply.

“Priceless,” Noel said. ‘The relationship between Ms. Jarvis and I is priceless.

So...” He pushed the check further away from himself, all the way back into Sue’s hands.

“1.5 million dollars can’t buy a break-up between us.”

Priceless?

Sue laughed. “Cecilia wants to break up with you. What gives you the confidence to say that it’s priceless? Are you over-confident, or are you shameless?”

Upon realizing that money was of no use, Sue forsook her genteel upbringing.

She was determined to carve out good prospects for her daughter’s future today.

And Noel was the greatest barrier in her daughter’s prospects.

“Let Ms. Jarvis and I talk over the phone,” Noel said. The rose petals were trampled to pulp after just this short period. It made his heart sink. “I want to ask her personally about the break-up. I will only acknowledge it if she does.”

Sue didn’t expect Noel to be so stubborn. She had thought that things would be settled after she gave him the money.

Not only did he refuse the money, but he even wanted to call Cecilia.

This man was very detailed and sharp-minded.

He clearly thought of the possibility that Sue was putting a spoke in their wheels, but he didn’t expose her.

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He simply requested to talk to Cecilia.

He said it neither in a servile manner nor with an air of arrogance.

Sue was more interested in Noel in his current state compared to when he was stuttering just moments ago. 1 A pity that one's family background couldn't be changed. His parents were doomed to be a mark that couldn't be erased since his birth. No matter how outstanding a butler's son was, he couldn't be compared to a rich heir of a wealthy family.

That was especially since Noel was inextricably linked to the Fulcher family.

Sue thought of Jim Hughes.

The thought of those people who couldn't escape death the moment they got involved with him made her shudder with fear. When she next looked at Noel, the admiration in her eyes vanished.

"Fine. I'll let Cecilia tell you herself," Sue said as she dialed the number to the landline in her house.

Cecilia answered the call in no time.

"Hello," she greeted a second after the phone rang.

Noel said, "It's me."

Cecilia was on the verge of tears the moment she heard his voice and confirmed that it was Noel.

The past few days felt like years to her. Every day and every second was torture.

At one point, her condition almost relapsed again.

Sue immediately called the doctor over to administer tranquilizers to Cecilia, which managed to bring her condition under control and avoid a relapse.

However, Cecilia was still troubled. She knew she couldn't escape things this time round.

Her mother's determination to stop her and Noel from being together was getting stronger, like never before.

Sue even swore viciously that she would die if Cecilia dared to keep her seeing Noel!

Sue had always behaved in a dignified manner, never stooping to threatening her daughter with her death. She didn't want to stoop to saying such things to Cecilia.

Cecilia knew that her mother wasn't joking.

In fact, the moment she answered the call, even her father, who seldom interfered in her affairs, stood right next to the phone.

He could catch everything that Cecilia said clearly. 1 She really wanted to tell Noel how much she missed him.

How indignant she felt!

How much she wanted to be with him, to let him hold her hands right!

She even wanted to tell him how much she wanted to kiss him back, too.

Yet, she could say none of that.

She could only press on. Pretending that nothing happened and swallowing her indignation, she said in a tone that sounded happier than before, "I'm sorry, I couldn't tell that it was you. Can you tell me your name?"

Noel was stunned.

He couldn't believe Cecilia couldn't even tell his voice apart after such a short time.

If he had been in denial just now, telling himself that Sue was deliberately tearing him and Cecilia apart and telling him that Cecilia wanted a break-up...

Yet, as it turned out...

Everything wasn't what he thought.

The expectation in his eyes vanished. He immediately switched his manner of address in a rational manner. "I'm Noel Carter, Ms. Jarvis."

Cecilia's heart tightened at how distant he sounded.

She put in so much effort to pursue Noel, and make him believe that she loved him!

Yet now, their romance had to come to a bitter end.

She didn't want to marry anyone else aside from Noel!

But she only dared to tell herself that.

Tears welled up in Cecilia's eyes. She turned her face away, not wanting her father to see her in her current state.

She was about to buckle down and tell Noel that she wanted a break-up, as what Sue wanted her to say before leaving the house, when Noel beat her to it.

"Ms. Jarvis, have you been well? When I was dating you before, I might have offended you. Please forgive me. I hope we can break up as amicably as when we first got together." i Noel gave up so quickly and so firmly.

Compared to how heartbroken Cecilia was, he sounded so casual—as if he had never loved her.

Perhaps her mother was right.

A man born of a poor family could never resist the temptation of money.

Cecilia shut her eyes, heart-broken. That 450 thousand dollars...

Noel must have taken it.