

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1321

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1321-It was a silent admission to Cecilia's question.

Noel was indeed the boss of this restaurant.

Cecilia nodded. "It's probably him." Now that she thought about it, what she said to Noel earlier along the corridor probably sounded like a joke to him.

"How evil could he be?" Cecilia snarled, angrier than she was before.

Even her heart was thumping madly, rising to her throat. She felt embarrassed, amidst mixed feelings.

Diana became increasingly confused. "How is he cruel? Did your chat with Noel not go well? You didn't reconcile with him?" Reconcile?

Cecilia sneered, then looked at Fanny. "You're more familiar with business. How much money do you think is needed to open a restaurant like this?"

"From investment to promotion, which is akin to going from zero to one, which includes rent, renovation, various materials and prepayment of labor, it's around 1.5 million." 1.5 million.

What a familiar figure.

Cecilia turned to look at Diana.

"He took 1.5 million from my family to invest in opening this restaurant. Isn't that cruel enough?"

He's clearly the boss of this restaurant, but he remained silent when I told him that the manager knows me but not him. He must have been mocking me in his heart. Isn't that cruel enough?!" Diana didn't quite understand Cecilia.

"Noel took 1.5 million from your family to open a restaurant?" The sound of it alone seemed far-fetched.

Diana tried explaining things to Cecilia.

"Noel's annual salary is pretty high. He's no billionaire, but having worked for so many years for Julian, it's not impossible for him to have a few millions in liquid cash. There's no need for him to take money from your family. Is there

some misunderstanding somewhere?” “Not at all!” Cecilia denied instantly. “My mom told me herself. Noel took the check for 1.5 million to break up with me. When I said this to him, he didn’t deny it.” She looked at the money that the manager sent on a tray. “Does rejecting this bit of money while taking that 1.5 million earn him his so-called dignity?” What a joke!

The moment he took that 1.5 million, he had no dignity to speak of whatsoever!

Diana still thought there must be a misunderstanding somewhere.

However, the look of certainty on Cecilia’s face prevented her from saying any further. She could only urge everyone to eat and not be angry.

Fanny saw the dark look in Cecilia’s face, and knew that she was still fuming mad.

“Today’s only the first time we’ve met, but I really like you,” Fanny said, patting the bag Cecilia gave her. “I’ll definitely carry this often. I’ll also invite you to visit my production team at our filming site next time. Please come.” She grabbed Cecilia’s hand, and placed it on the glass. “Have a drink, and eat some salmon. I heard foie gras, salmon, and caviar taste great when paired with sweet prawns.” Eating and filling one’s stomach would make one feel better.

“You can’t eat that.” Diana stopped Fanny from taking the salmon, looking at her stomach. “If you’re really pregnant, eating raw fish might cause a parasitic infection. That would be terrible to the fetus.” Fanny’s heart shook. “Do you have to watch out for so much when pregnant?” Diana glanced at her. “What else did you expect? Do you really think it’s easy for a baby to grow in your womb?”

“Not just pregnancy! Don’t underestimate childbirth and think it’s easy, just because many women go through that. In fact, it hurts badly.

“You’ll understand when you experience it yourself.

“How should I put it?” Diana didn’t dare to take the raw sashimi. She placed it in the boiling pot and cooked it thoroughly before serving it to Fanny and herself.

“Let me put it this way. I felt contractions before I went under the knife. The gynecologist was still in the middle of another surgery. Although I was prepared, I had to wait atop the operating table.

When I started feeling the contractions, only one thought came to mind: could I jump off a building together with my babies?

It hurts so much, I don't want to give birth anymore.” Cecilia was stunned. “It's that painful?” Fanny's face scrunched up, feeling as though her stomach was no longer her own, spasming uncontrollably. Her knees went weak.

“Yes, it was that painful,” Diana said. “But when I was injected with anesthesia, it immediately felt like heaven. I went numb, and fell right asleep.” However, there had been tears in her eyes when she fell asleep.

“I still feel pain and lingering fear when I recall what happened then.” Cecilia became even more confused. “Since childbirth was such a scary experience, why do you want to get pregnant again?”

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What misunderstanding could there be?” Cecilia didn't believe in that.

“No one would reject money. The 1.5 million my mom offered him allowed him to open such a huge Japanese restaurant in all its glory.

“Even if it wasn't used to pay for this restaurant, he could buy himself a small house in a decent district.

“Whatever it is, he can certainly put this 1.5 million to good use.

“Those from poor families always need a lot of money to be with people like us.” She ate up the caviar in one bite and wiped her mouth, stopping Diana from saying anything as she went on, “If anyone thinks there’s ever too much money, then there would be no need for Fulcher Inc. to continue running.

“Even if Fulcher Inc. closed its doors, you and Julian can retire with money that can’t be spent even over ten lifetimes.

“But will Julian want that?”

“No one will give up a fortune right before them.” Not to mention Noel, who came from a humble background and became who he was now through much hard work.

To Cecilia, Noel taking 1.5 million from her mother was the mark of a man who came from the countryside and attained success in a big city!

Diana didn’t agree with what Cecilia said.

She swallowed her food, then turned to look at Cecilia and said calmly, “Julian would be willing to do that. He isn’t actually the one calling the shots.” Diana told the two ladies about Julian transferring all his shares to her. She successfully earned wide-eyed stares from them.

“Are you serious?!” The shares of Fulcher Inc. were equivalent to the value of an entire gold mountain! And yet, Julian gave it all to Diana without leaving any behind for himself.

Cecilia was envious. She no longer felt any regret or indignation toward Julian, just that Julian was born to be with Diana.

They were a match made in heaven.

She couldn’t come in between them.

A pity she had never encountered such a passionate love!

“I am,” Diana said with a nod, a warm smile on her. “Julian is a great man and a great husband.” That being said, the sheer amount of money involved was shocking for anyone.

“No wonder you want to get pregnant and go through the pain of childbirth again! It’s because your man is too good, and makes you feel assured and confident,” Cecilia said. “But I’m not that lucky.” She wasn’t getting any younger, but she couldn’t seem to meet anyone suitable.

“My mom’s been arranging blind dates for me during this period. I hope this time, I can find a husband as good as Diana’s.” She paused for a moment, realizing that she might have said something inappropriate, and added, “But I’m not thinking about Julian. I really don’t have any feelings for him right now. I just think he’s an excellent husband.” “I know.” Diana tried to reassure Cecilia. “Julian’s an old man. He’s not worthy of you. You’ll certainly find someone younger and better. But...are you really not going to consider Noel?” Cecilia’s face turned cold when she heard Diana trying to speak up for Noel again. “Don’t mention his name again!” She never wanted to hear that man’s name ever again!

They had been enjoying the meal and the company. Yet, the moment Noel’s name was brought up, the mood turned strange again.

The more they spoke, the more they disagreed.

Cecilia started becoming angry.

She was certain Diana wasn’t a genuine friend. Rather, this woman’s ulterior motive was to put in a good word for Noel!

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“He’s just a poor loser who found success in this city, and is trying to climb the social ladder by sticking to my family. I’ll never give him the chance!” Cecilia yelled.

Diana fell silent. Noel was not someone like that.

He wasn’t poor right now, either. The various investments he made and the bonuses he earned were equivalent to the profits of a middle-size company in the market.

Rather than a poor man who found success in the city, he could be considered a golden bachelor.

Cecilia’s face darkened with displeasure.

If Diana went on with the topic, not only would Cecilia refuse to listen, but she might also detest Noel even more.

“Please don’t misunderstand,” Diana said gently as she held Cecilia’s hand, trying to resolve the misunderstanding with utmost sincerity. “I do want to mediate things between you and Noel, but I genuinely want to be your friend, too.

“If you really don’t think that there’s any misunderstanding between you and Noel, and you really don’t want to be with him anymore, I won’t talk about it anymore in the future. Please don’t feel uncomfortable.” Otherwise, Diana would feel as though she was forcing Cecilia into a corner.

She couldn’t do such a thing.

Cecilia nodded. “Yes! I really want to break up with Noel. No matter what you say or how much you try to persuade me, I won’t get back together with him again.” “Even if there really is a misunderstanding?” Diana asked.

“There can’t possibly be one!” Cecilia insisted stubbornly, refusing to give Noel a chance.

Upon reaching home, Diana told Noel about what happened that day. Noel wasn’t the least bit surprised. “I expected things to turn out like that.” “Look at the wound on my hand.” Noel showed Diana his hand, and went on with a bitter smile. “Cecilia stomped on it.” She was utterly ruthless to him. If she kept doing it, she might have injured his bone.

“Cecilia did this?!” Diana said in disbelief. “How could a weak and vulnerable lady like her...” “She even smokes now,” Noel said. “I snatched the cigarette away from her, but she refused to let me. She seemed so familiar with lighting the cigarette...” “It’s clear that her hatred for me over these past few days is overwhelming.

“She really believed what her mom said about me taking 1.5 million from her family just to break up with her.” “Have you tried explaining things to her?” Diana was shocked to hear what Noel told her. She felt as if the Cecilia whom Noel was describing was different from the Cecilia she knew.

Still, there were traces of stubbornness and insanity in her. That was demonstrated clearly after Julian splashed paint on her. It was also what caused her to go mad, and marked the start of her affection for Noel.

Even so, Diana didn't expect things between Cecilia and Noel to turn out like this, all because of Sue's machinations.

"No," Noel said, "there's no use explaining. Cecilia wouldn't believe you."
"How would you know explaining is useless if you don't try?" "I..." Noel shook his head. "Whatever it is, it's useless. I don't want to think about anything related to Cecilia." Despite that, he didn't treat the wound on his hand. His clothes were still in disarray.

He clearly didn't care about the state he was in right now. Rather, his mind was probably still occupied by Cecilia.

Even his brows were subconsciously furrowed, looking crestfallen.

He couldn't get out of his funk, no matter how hard he tried.

All he said about not thinking about Cecilia was because he was at his wit's end.

This time, Noel was thoroughly heartbroken.

Before this, he always looked bright and lively.

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He was like a robot always on standby, ready in his best condition to double down and work.

Yet, this time, he looked so distracted.

Sometimes, even when there was a commotion outside, Noel would continue standing rooted to the spot in a daze, as if he didn't hear anything at all.

Seeing him so unlike himself, Diana sighed. She decided to let Julian talk to Noel.

Julian's words carried more weight to Noel. Noel might heed his counsel, and give himself and Cecilia another chance.

Julian disagreed, however. Diana out, he analyzed the situation for her. "He wouldn't listen to me. You don't understand. Firstly, his pride has suffered a beating. Secondly, he felt like he was let down for trusting her." The problem between him and Cecilia wasn't going to be easily resolved.

“Noel’s probably going to feel down for a period. The Jarvises clearly have a hand in this, in an attempt to stop them from being together.” New problems would arise even after resolving this misunderstanding.

Whatever it was, the Jarvises would never let Noel be with Cecilia.

“Oh, right,” Diana said.

At the mention of the Jarvises, something clicked in her mind. She suddenly recalled what Cecilia said during their meal.

“It’s not just Noel. Right now, the Jarvises don’t even want you and I to be in contact with Cecilia.” She was able to invite Cecilia out because of Fanny.

Julian knew about it, but didn’t expect that Cecilia’s refusal to see Diana was caused by the Jarvises.

“She said that our meetings in the future will have to be in secret, so that her mom doesn’t find out.” Diana found it strange. “Cecilia’s already a grown-up, but her family watches her so closely. Wouldn’t there be problems in the future?” “This isn’t the problem. The problem is that the Jarvises don’t want Cecilia in contact with anyone from our family. I suspect that aside from looking down on Noel and his family background, they’re still bothered by me calling off the engagement with Cecilia.

“For all we know, they think that I’m urging Noel and Cecilia to get together. Ever since then, they’ve hated us so intensely they don’t want us in contact with Cecilia,” Julian said.

Given the grudge between them and the Jarvises, it made sense to Julian and Diana that the Jarvises refused to let Cecilia contact the Fulchers.

They didn’t think any further.

That night, although both of them were concerned about Noel and were busy thinking of solutions for him, their hearts didn’t feel so heavy.

They continued doing everything they often did in an orderly manner: rubbing stretch marks oil, washing and drying her hair, talking gently to the babies in Diana’s womb, and so on.

It was a quiet night.

After figuring out a way to help Noel, they fell into a peaceful slumber.

At the same time, Sean, who was all the way at the training camp, couldn't seem to fall asleep.

He was terrified.

It wasn't because he was being bullied. Although he didn't really get along with his dorm mates, none of them actually physically attacked him.

Yet, at the same time... No one talked to him, either. He was isolated from everyone in the dorm.

Sean didn't feel good about it.

Especially after he utterly exposed the "chief" of the dorm... It made things even worse for him.

He couldn't sleep well or eat well, and he was losing weight rapidly. He looked so small amidst a crowd.

When they were training, no one saw him as a worthy opponent.

But if Sean went on without an opponent, it would be pointless for him to be in the training camp. Instead of becoming stronger, he would become even more vulnerable.

He needed to turn the tables.

He needed to prove himself, and show everyone that he was a worthy opponent despite his tender age.

The archery competition tomorrow in the training squad was his chance.

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He looked at the "chief", who was fast asleep.

Everyone else in the dorm was asleep.

Sean stepped out of bed, and carefully walked down the metal stairs.

All was silent.

Sean's feet finally touched the ground.

He walked on tiptoes to the bed of Leonard Mason, whom everyone saw as the chief of the dorm, and secretly pulled out a small packet of pills from above his pillow.

The pills inside were black.

Sean put it to his nose, and took a whiff. It smelled surprisingly sweet and refreshing, unlike the bitterness that he had in mind.

Each time he saw people in the dorm eat the pills, they would furrow their brows.

No matter what the pill's ingredients may be, Sean was convinced that whoever ate them would become stronger and more powerful during their training.

Tomorrow was the start of a new match.

He wanted to try and see if the pill really had such an effect.

Thus, he chose to seize the chance in the middle of the night while everyone was asleep. After that, he tiptoed back to his bed, finally ready to sleep in peace.

The next morning, before he had the chance to open his eyes, a huge hand hauled him out of bed and flung him to the ground. "Hey, nepotism boy!" Ever since Leonard saw Sean with Oliver at the hotel entrance, he had been calling Sean that.

Bam!

Sean fell to the floor.

Leonard glared at him, wide-eyed. "Where are the pills?!" Sean's bottom hurt. He rubbed his tailbone, his face crumpled with pain as he yelled furiously, "What pills? Why did you throw me off my bed?" With that, he scrambled back up on his feet and glared back at Leonard.

Seeing that, Leonard suddenly felt worried. Wasn't this guy the one who took the pills? Aside from Sean, he didn't find anyone else in the dorm suspicious.

Sean's fearless expression made Leonard think twice. Could this midget speak so self-righteously if he really took the pills? Normally, he would be frightened out of his wits after being flung out of bed.

Yet, he was talking back so furiously.

Leonard studied Sean.

Whether Sean took the pills or not, Leonard couldn't be bothered to apologize to him. After all, he was no match for Leonard. He wasn't worth the thought.

He was just a midget who got in here through nepotism. He would probably hang in for one month at the most, and would soon leave.

Leonard ignored Sean. Not bothered to get an explanation from Sean, he left.

Meanwhile, Sean's hand was sweating from panic. No one saw his trembling hands that he hid behind his back. Thankfully, he managed to stand his ground.

Just like Daddy.

Recalling how Julian looked when he negotiated business helped Sean imitate him. Honestly, he didn't expect to be able to fool Leonard.

After Leonard left, Sean sighed in relief.

His eyes gleam with a sly confidence—something that had never happened before. He wanted to see if Leonard could still come out on top in all the matches!

Today's match revolved around archery.

This sport was no longer practically relevant in today's society.

Policemen used guns to subdue bad people, accountants used computers for managing numbers, while soldiers used various high technology on the battlefield.

Archery, on the other hand, put one's balance and focus to the test. It was also a test of one's strength and stamina, especially in the use of arms.

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Archery was a sport Sean really liked.

But... “You can’t even pull a bow, and you want to compete?” “Not just that. He’s barely as tall as the bow!” “What is he doing here, trying to act tough at his age?” “I heard there’s some nepotism involved. He’s just here to try things out. He won’t stay for long.” Everyone at the competition murmured under their breaths, mocking him.

They wondered how rich his family had to be to send him into the training camp to pick up skills necessary for a successor at such a young age.

“Which family could it be? Leonard knows every rich and powerful family there is in Richburgh, but we’ve never seen him talk to this kid.” “Yeah, and his surname’s Winnington.

“I’ve asked around. Among the Winningtons, there’s no one called Sean.” Everyone looked at Sean in disdain, as rumors about his origins started spreading.

The training camp itself was a mimic of society. It was filled with relationships, networks and social hierarchies.

Oliver never stepped in, because this was implicitly allowed.

Only by getting used to such conditions will these children familiarize themselves to the rules of society when they grow up. They would be akin to fish in water, slowly conforming to the rules of the world.

Thus, things like prejudice, looking down upon others, and various unspoken rules abound in the training squad.

To all these people, Sean was at the bottom of the food chain.

So what if he got in through nepotism?

Anyone who was part of the training camp came from a powerful family.

Part of the game involved comparing whose family was more powerful.

Sean wasn’t even a member of the Winningtons. No one thought he was from a family of higher status.

Sean wasn't sad about it. His brain was like a machine, precisely filtering out all unfriendly voices so that he could focus, focus, and focus.

"I can't lift the bow," Sean admitted, not the slightest bit embarrassed. "It's too heavy." He even laughed. Everyone thought he was trying to ingratiate himself with them.

"If you can't lift it, Carrot Head, then just forget it. Just go home and be with your mommy. Watch out, you might die here without anyone noticing!" Sean laughed. "I won't die. There'll be an archery competition a week later. At that time, I'll see you in the arena. I'll be able to lift the bow and arrow by then, and I can even take aim accurately." What arrogance!

Everyone in the camp had been training for at least one month to be able to lift the bow and arrow and shoot accurately.

And yet, what did Sean say?

He boasted that he just needed one week!

Given his short stature, how could he possibly lift a bow that was taller than him, pull it, and shoot the arrow accurately?

"You show-off!" "Nonsense!" "Carrot Head must be dreaming. Does he even know what a bow and arrow is?" Sean was unfazed by the comments. "I don't, but I will tomorrow. By next week, I'll be able to combine theory with practice and do it well." His claim drew even Leonard's attention, who was in the middle of drawing his bow.

The next second, he shot the arrow out.

Whoosh!

It sliced through the air like a blade slashing across the surface of the ocean. At that moment, time seemed to have stopped. Shockwaves reverberated across the air.

Bam!

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The target board fell to the ground with a crash.

Everyone's attention was drawn to Leonard, and they cheered, "He must have scored 10 points again!" "Exactly! Leonard always comes out on top in every match. No surprises there!" Leonard was the only one who knew how badly his heart was shaking.

He only...had one pill left.

He didn't take any today, and he clearly felt weaker and less focused than usual.

Toward the end... At his last shot, when the arrow left the bow, the impact was so strong that his feet shifted and he lost his balance.

Thankfully, he had a good foundation and could keep his feet grounded. He didn't end up embarrassing himself.

Otherwise, his reputation would have been tarnished.

If the Mason family back in Jacroaof were to hear about it, they would definitely find him useless and take him back home.

If that happened, there would be no place for him in the family—a boy whose mother had died, and whose father got bewitched by another woman and remarried.

Leonard had to stay in the training camp.

He had to be number one in all things.

Not only would that guarantee bright prospects for him, but it would also preserve his life.

But... Would he put his title of number one at risk with this shot?

Leonard clenched his fists as he glared fiercely at every single person present.

Who exactly was it...?

Who touched his pills?!

When his gaze landed on Sean, Sean looked back at him fearlessly.

Strangely, it was Leonard's first time being provoked by such a midget.

No one in this training camp dared to look right back at him like that. Well, except this carrot head.

He disregarded that weakling, and turned his face away expressionlessly. He couldn't care less about Sean, who posed no threat to him, and looked back at the target board that had fallen to the ground.

Someone had seen his results on the board.

"Ten points! Right on the bullseye!" Leonard heaved a quiet sigh of relief.

Thankfully... He barely secured victory.

It seemed the Masons weren't able to make a move on him yet.

If he couldn't get his hands on more pills, it would be tough for him to come out tops all the time.

That was what Leonard Mason wanted! Being number one all the time!

Just as he was recovering from the shock, Sean stood next to him, and said in a firm, small voice, "Ten points on the bullseye. I can do that next week, too." His voice was so small, but Leonard heard it loud and clear. He couldn't ignore it, even if he tried.

He finally looked at the little boy, who was more than a head shorter than him, and said disdainfully, "Do you think this is very easy?" "Not at all," Sean said sincerely, as always. "But it's precisely because it's not easy that I want to do it." What was the point of doing things that were easy?

From next week onward, he would make everyone remember his name!

Leonard didn't take Sean's words to heart. He didn't think that what Sean said would come true.

But Sean's firm voice inevitably resounded in his head, making Leonard subconsciously glance at Sean.

Sean was now very certain that Leonard would head out to get his hands on some pills. He had exhausted his supply. Without his pills, it was clear that he struggled to achieve victory.

Even before the judge announced his results, Sean paid special attention to Leonard and realized that his stance was unstable.

In fact, after they woke up in the morning, he realized that Leonard wasn't in very good spirits.

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That definitely had something to do with the pills.

Sean didn't care about others. He only cared about Leonard.

Defeating Leonard was akin to defeating everyone else in the training camp.

Knowing oneself and one's enemy guarantees success all the time.

Sean was now certain that Leonard couldn't succeed without those pills. He needed to find out where those black pills came from.

This potentially involved all the rich heirs of reputable families across Richburgh and even the whole of Jacroaof. How many of them relied on those pills? The answer to that would reveal the pills' effectiveness.

However, Sean never expected to stumble upon a shocking discovery.

Those black pills came from the Hughes family of Jacroaof!

Almost half of the members of the training camp were taking them. They were almost as expensive as high-end drugs.

Could something with such an explosive effect considered medicine?

Sean grew increasingly worried.

On a rainy night, Sean saw Leonard take the black pills he just purchased. Right after that, he also witnessed Leonard dying.

Blood streamed from his wide-open eyes and nose. Very soon, the blood stained the floor and spread to Sean's feet.

It gathered into a red pool that reflected Sean's face, now pale with shock.

Lightning flashed across the sky, lighting it up before it went dark again.

It made Leonard's body look even scarier!

Sean was so frightened, he couldn't even scream. He stumbled out of the dorm room, the blood on his foot staining the corridor a bright red. As he ran, he yelled, "Someone died! Someone died!" Meanwhile, lights shone brightly in the night sky.

"Lightning keeps flashing outside," Diana said.

She was five months into her pregnancy, and her stomach was getting bigger and bigger. She had undergone an NT scan and NIPT, and was expecting an anomaly test next. The two babies were growing well inside her.

She and Julian chose to do the NT scan in the private hospital that the Fulchers were used to, which allowed Julian to see the babies in Diana's womb. They had started kicking.

Julian couldn't help but talk to them, and he was surprised to see a response.

But... The babies refused to turn, making it difficult for him to see if they were girls or boys. He wanted to go through another scan, but Diana didn't agree.

"Let's keep it a surprise." She wanted to keep the suspense.

Since his wife expressed her desires, Julian didn't say any further. In the following days, Julian became even more adamant at calling the babies girls.

Outside, lightning flashed across the dark night sky. Rain pitter-pattered on the roof.

Diana rubbed her stomach, and buried her head in Julian's chest as uneasiness washed over her. "Why do I have a bad feeling in the pit of my

stomach?" "I'll cover your ears." Ever since she got pregnant, Diana had become more timid. She had also become more feminine.

Julian had never felt so protective over her.

Her fair and dewy skin seemed to have a layer of snow over it, glowing so brightly that it was making his heart burn with desire.

He shifted his gaze away from Diana's blossoming figure, and focused on covering her ears. "This way, you won't hear the thunder. Still scared?" "I don't feel scared." Diana looked up from Julian's embrace, her brows furrowed. "I just have a strange, bad feeling in my heart." "Strange, bad feeling?" Julian didn't think much of it. He was right next to her. Why would she have a bad feeling about anything at all?

He continued teasing her, "I'm uneducated. This is my first time hearing about strange, bad feelings being triggered by thunder and lightning. How does that even feel?" With that, Julian started moving his hands around Diana's body. "Does it itch, or does it hurt?"

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1330

He tickled Diana under her arm, making her feel itchy.

She couldn't hold back her laughter. She launched a counterattack, wanting to make Julian regret it.

He chuckled along with her.

The lightning and thunder outside seemed less threatening with the peals of laughter sounding from their villa. Diana started feeling tired and slumped against Julian's torso, rubbing her stomach and panting.

"Take a rest," Julian said, pulling her back to the bed and making her lie down.

He pulled her legs onto his lap, and massaged it out of habit as he comforted her gently, "It's getting late. You can't forego sleep just because it's raining." Diana was getting a little tired.

Julian was getting increasingly better at massage. Very soon, she felt sleepy.

Just when she was about to fall asleep... Bam!

Loud thunder sounded.

Diana's eyes popped wide open, as if she had witnessed a scary scene. She sat bolt upright and yelled, "Sean!" Uneasiness spread across her heart.

Her forehead broke out in cold sweat. She wiped the sweat away, unable to dispel the shock she was feeling. She subconsciously looked out the window, and saw that the rain had eased off.

That thunder she heard seemed to have deliberately woken her up.

Diana's heart thumped as she asked Julian anxiously, "Are there any updates about Sean recently?" Julian's face changed at the mention of Sean. "No." It had been a month since Sean joined the training camp. He never did receive any news about Sean.

"No news is good news." When he sent Sean there, he instructed Oliver to contact him if anything happened. Since Oliver didn't contact him, it meant that Sean was adapting well to life over there.

Diana shook her head. "I thought so too, but today, I feel really uneasy. I'm clearly sleepy, but just can't fall asleep." It wasn't just because there was a thunderstorm.

"That sudden thunder seemed to be reminding me to think of Sean." Diana became increasingly uneasy by the minute, and started to panic when Julian said that there was no news of Sean.

"Quick, call Oliver right now," she urged. "Ask him if everything is fine with Sean at the training camp." "It's already very late now," Julian said, still undecided. "Oliver might probably be resting for the night." "I'll call Fanny, then," Diana said. "Coincidentally, I didn't think about asking her if she was pregnant the last time we met. I can seize the chance to ask her that this time." Julian pressed Diana's hand, stopping her from making a call. "Isn't that very impolite? If Fanny really is pregnant, she should be resting at this hour." Julian pondered for a moment, letting Diana bury herself in his embrace. He picked up his phone and said, "I'll do it. Let me talk to Oliver." If the two of them had retired for the night, waking Oliver up was a better idea than doing that to Fanny.

Julian was the considerate and thoughtful one, as usual.

Diana was greatly distracted. Thoughts of Sean occupied her mind. Even her lips started going pale.

Her heart rate was so high, she felt terrible. If she didn't receive news about Sean today, she wouldn't be able to fall asleep.

Julian was worried about health, and dared not delay. He grabbed his phone and called Oliver immediately.

Oliver answered the call almost immediately, his voice clear and bright. It seemed he hadn't retired for the night, either.

Julian sighed in relief. "Oliver, do you have news about Sean as of late?" "Sean?" Oliver repeated what Julian said, but Julian couldn't hear Oliver's voice any longer.

There was a buzzing sound, showing that he had lost signal.