

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1331

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1331

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.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1332

On that rainy night, the roads were practically empty.

Rain fell like shards of glass illuminated by the streetlights, making one feel light-headed.

Oliver stepped all the way on the accelerator.

Fanny was slumped across the back seat, grasping her stomach in pain as she groaned in disbelief. "Oliver..." No matter how many times she called out to him, he continued driving like a lunatic.

He refused to look back at her.

Fanny curled herself up into a ball as the pain became increasingly intense. She felt as if her body was all drained of blood and her breath was taken away. Her body trembled with excruciating pain.

"Oliver..." she cried, tears streaming down her face.

Oliver continued looking straight ahead as if he heard nothing, accelerating like a madman.

Yet, it hurt so much.

"Our baby..." The baby was gone.

The baby was gone!

She could sense life slowly ebbing away from inside her.

As Fanny sobbed in pain, Oliver finally responded.

He turned his face around.

Gold-rimmed glasses rested upon his nose bridge, while raindrops hung on the hair that rested on his forehead. There was a vicious look on his face when he turned back to look at Fanny.

Fanny had never seen him like this before.

“I know...the baby’s gone.” Compared to the panic Fanny was feeling, he sounded calm.

So calm that it made Fanny’s heart explode in the middle of the rainy night. She felt broken, bitter, and in deep pain. Knives were carving her heart, layer by layer.

She was in both pain and shock. She didn’t understand.

“Oliver, why are you looking at me like this?” She was carrying his baby... She had wanted to tell him the good news on his birthday, and present it as his gift.

However, she didn’t expect...to lose the baby today.

Pain and tears made her choke up and unable to talk.

Oliver was still staring at her.

He was staring at her with a cold look, as if he were looking at his worst enemy.

“Don’t talk to me about the baby,” Oliver said, in a tone that remained calm and composed.

Yet, he spoke through gritted teeth.

As if all the muscles on his face were trembling.

The pain Fanny was feeling started fading, giving way to shock and heartache.

She felt as if someone was suffocating her, making her unable to breathe.

She stared wide-eyed at him, feeling hopeless and in shock as blood continued flowing from down below. “Why can’t I talk to you about it? Our baby is gone.

Gone!” She repeated it so many times!

Her body was in such a terrible state. Could he hear and see it?!

The direction he was pulling her in wasn’t the hospital, either.

He was driving so quickly in the rain, almost racing, as if he had a death wish.

The feeling he gave Fanny was that he didn't want to treat her or bring her to the hospital.

Rather, he wanted to die with her!

The car sped along the road. In the suffocating silence, Oliver finally spoke again, "The baby's gone. Isn't that exactly what you wanted?" Otherwise, she wouldn't have hidden her pregnancy from him!

She had been planning this since the last time she put up an act before him!

She had been planning to let him witness her miscarriage, see their baby die before his eyes, and bring him pain!

That was the revenge she had in mind!

Rain fell from the sky, down the windows and onto the floor.

Silently yet swiftly.

It mirrored the atmosphere in the car. It felt like an arrow on the verge of leaving its bow, aiming straight for the heart.

The pain Fanny felt was suffocating. She curled her body up tight as tears streamed down her face.

She was still as beautiful as fallen petals of plum blossoms during wintertime, but Oliver didn't find her beautiful. In fact, he found her broken and hideous

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1333

Fury burned in Fanny's heart.

"Exactly what I wanted?" Fanny sobbed as she bore with the overwhelming pain spreading from her womb. She crawled up from the backseat, and grabbed Oliver from behind. "Exactly what I wanted?! Oliver Channing!" She was consumed with anger.

Her arms were like bands of steel as she wrapped them around his back, as if trying to break his shoulders.

“Our baby is gone! The baby is gone! How dare you say that it’s exactly what I want?!” She felt like dying!

Her heart and body were both in agonizing pain. Even her arms that were wrapped around Oliver hurt!

Tears, along with the rain falling down the windows, blurred her vision.

The smell of blood filled his nose, and choked him. That was... The child that he and Fanny were losing.

Oliver’s body stiffened.

Pain.

He felt pain all over his body.

He felt pain in his heart, too!

The pain he felt wasn’t less than that of Fanny.

He was even entertaining the thought of dying with her!

That way, they wouldn’t be bothered about the past. He wouldn’t need to think about how vicious Fanny was in trying to kill her own baby!

Silence ensued in the car.

The wheels of the car kept screeching against the asphalt road. Fanny took a deep breath, and tightened her hold over Oliver. “I don’t know why you think this way, but I never thought of not having this baby.” “You never thought of not having this baby?” Oliver said, a smile finally appearing on his face.

Yet, it was a sneer.

“Then what did you mean by those words you said to me a month back?!”

“You clearly said it before!”

“You said that you wanted to kill my baby and bring me pain!”

“That would be your revenge!” Fanny’s stomach hurt more and more. She almost couldn’t bear it any longer.

Her grip over his clothes slowly relaxed.

“Revenge? What revenge? I was just acting for you to see...I...” Bam!

The moment she said so, Fanny collapsed back into the backseat.

Rain poured down.

Oliver stopped the car along the roadside, the rain completely drenching him.

He looked at her pale face, and the blood pooling below her.

He recalled the moment she fell on-site while visiting the crew.

The site was clearly on flat ground.

It was brightly lit as well. The chances of her tripping and falling were very low.

A person who was standing there properly couldn't possibly fall so suddenly.

There were canopies set up to cover the crew from rain during the filming. The rain was heavy, but the ground wasn't that slippery and puddles did not accumulate.

How could one trip and fall under such circumstances?

The only possible explanation was that Fanny had done it on purpose.

She did so just to miscarry her baby!

The moment Oliver saw the blood flowing from Fanny, he felt like his brain was electrocuted.

Despite having looked through so many medical resources.

Despite having read so much about pregnancy.

Despite his past occupation as a doctor.

He didn't realize that Fanny was pregnant, even after so long!

At that time, Oliver looked down at her, his face as pale as that of Fanny. “Did you deliberately hide your pregnancy from me and not tell me about it?” The fall had a direct impact on Fanny’s stomach.

Sharp pain shot across her womb, as blood pooled around the lower half of her body.

The pain was excruciating.

She bit her lip, no longer having the energy to explain to him about keeping her pregnancy a surprise until his birthday and presenting it to him as his gift.

She nodded, and said, “Yes.” She would explain things slowly to him after they arrived at the hospital, and after the doctors checked up on her and her baby’s condition.

However, she didn’t expect her answer to be like a hammer that hit Oliver so hard, pain emanated through his body.

It demolished all sense of reason he had. He didn’t intend to save her tonight.

He wanted to see immense pain overwhelm her, because she killed her own baby. He wanted to see her suffering a slow, painful death!

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1334

Oliver wanted to see her bleed herself dry!

Boom!

Thunder struck even harder on this rainy night.

There was no one on the roads. The heavy rain blanketed the entire place, making it difficult to see a distance away.

Oliver didn’t know how long he stood in the rain.

The only thing he knew was that blood kept flowing from Fanny, combining with the rainwater and flowing from the backseat to his feet, staining the ground a dark red.

The smell of blood was becoming increasingly intense.

It resembled the fishy taste of a fish he hated eating when he was young. The memory almost made him gag.

Oliver shuddered, as if electricity shook through his body.

Raindrops trickled from strands of his hair. He finally bent over to look at Fanny, slumped across the backseat.

She looked as pale as a porcelain doll. Her skin looked so fair and transparent, so fragile, as if it would break with a light touch.

Oliver's heart was breaking.

He just didn't understand.

He didn't understand why his father treated Fanny this way.

He didn't understand why things between him and Fanny ended up like this.

Was it enough for him to bring some secrets to his grave?!

No!

Not enough!

Far from enough!

If you don't want anyone to know, don't do it.

Fanny used her child's life to teach him the harshest lesson of his life!

The child... He looked at the blood around him.

Reality finally hit him.

This blood... Was his child!

He finally cried out loud.

The baby was gone.

The moment Fanny fell and started bleeding heavily, Oliver knew the baby was gone.

He had done so much research and thought back on so much during this period, just to confirm whether Fanny was really pregnant.

However, she didn't expose herself to him at all.

He didn't even get the chance to touch Fanny's belly and talk to the child, and now, the child was gone.

Did the baby look more like him or Fanny?

He would never know.

Fanny had succeeded in her revenge.

The pain of losing one's kin felt was akin to having one's limbs were being battered endlessly with a hammer!

It was so heart-wrenching!

Oliver ran his hands over the bloodied rainwater, trying to scoop them up and hug them like a madman. He wanted to feel what it was like to hug the baby that belonged to him and Fanny.

Yet, the water flowed right out of his fingers, leaving his hands empty.

"Brother..." Fanny was soon woken up by Oliver's cries.

The rain was so heavy, but Oliver's cries pierced through the sound of the rain falling. It was as if he were the only person in pain in this world.

It was heart-rending and hopeless.

He felt as though he was at the edge of a cliff with no escape.

Even Fanny was infected by his sorrow and wanted to comfort him despite the pain she was feeling.

Oliver heard Fanny's voice, and the sorrowful and painful look in his eyes froze.

"Don't call me that." He wasn't her brother.

“You clearly know the kind of relationship we’re in. Don’t you find it disgusting calling me your brother?” She lost the baby she was so excited about on a rainy day.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1335

She saw the man she loved since she was young look at her with coldness she couldn’t even imagine possible.

It was a chill that pierced straight to the bones.

The kind of chill that came from being flung into the deep end of the ocean, and almost drowning in it.

“Why do you find it disgusting?” Fanny demanded.

Since she lost her baby, Oliver didn’t offer a single word of comfort, not to mention show any concern for her body.

She already felt so insignificant and lowly. She felt miserable to no end, and pain filled her heart too.

She looked at him, and asked again, “Why do you find it disgusting?” Fanny clenched her fists, curling her body up into a ball as she stood in a stance clear opposing Oliver.

Her expression was broken, telling of her sorrow and confusion.

And... Hatred that billowed like waves inside her.

She was in such great pain, yet he didn’t show any concern for her. She even had to ask him why he said it was disgusting.

Why did he find her calling him brother disgusting?

“Still acting?” Oliver forced a smile on his face, which made him look even more menacing. He drew closer till he was right before Fanny, his hands that were cold and wet with rain landing on Fanny’s neck.

He tightened his grip!

Fanny felt her pain intensify. She felt even more suffocated as her breath was taken away.

Tears welled up in her bloodshot eyes as she looked at this man who strangled her at her weakest and while she was on the verge of death.

He felt like such a stranger. It felt as if she had never known him, even after so many years.

Not to mention, the fact that she saw him as a brother in her heart, the man who slept next to her every night.

“How am I acting?” She squeezed her words out from her throat, which was still in his tight grip. “Also...” She was right under him.

She bore with the extreme pain, and forced herself to remain alert as she asked him, wide-eyed, “Why did you say that us losing our baby is my revenge?” Her stomach was still throbbing with pain, but it was nothing compared to the pain she felt in her heart.

Oliver’s face was so cold.

His expression felt like daggers piercing through her heart.

“Why?” A smile spread across Oliver’s face again, the look on his face even more hideous. “I didn’t know you have masochistic tendencies. Fanny Smith, you just have to hear it from me despite already knowing the truth, is that it?” Fanny had a feeling she had accidentally opened up a Pandora’s box.

If she really let Oliver go on, everything between them might break into pieces, leaving behind only hatred and pain. The happiness they finally managed to find between them would vanish into thin air.

Fanny wanted to yell out loud shut him up.

However, the pain she felt in her body was so overwhelming that she couldn’t open her mouth to speak.

She could only open her eyes wide like a fish on the verge of death as she lay across the backseat, waiting for Oliver to throw out that bait that was going to tear her mouth open when she bit it.

She could sense that her life was slowly ebbing away in his hands.

Oliver’s hand relaxed, giving Fanny some time to breathe.

He also wanted her to focus on listening to him.

He wanted her to remember every word he said.

His words were like blades slashing across her heart.

“Fanny Smith,” he said as he leaned over her ear, speaking words that sounded like they were from the devil from hell himself. “When did you know...that my father was the one who killed your parents?” Bam!

Shock flashed past Fanny’s eyes.

His face was so cold and hard, and his words hurt her so badly.

She felt as though someone had cut off all her limbs.

Oliver was no longer throttling her, but she still felt like she couldn’t speak.

Extreme shock, mixed with an unimaginable sense of ludicrousness, made her throat feel as though it was stuffed with cotton. She felt both suffocated and great pain, and she wished she could die right this moment.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1336

Diana had said that she felt so much pain during childbirth, she had wanted to jump down the building with the baby in her womb.

At that time, Fanny only asked if it really was that painful.

But now, Fanny was feeling that pain herself despite not actually giving birth.

She was experiencing agony such that she wished she were dead—she wanted to jump off a building!

“Your father...” she choked.

And yet, she felt like crying would make her too lowly. She couldn’t cry. Even if she wanted to die with her baby right now, she couldn’t cry!

“How did he kill my parents? Why...did he take me in? Because of guilt? To make himself feel better?” she asked.

That was utterly cruel to her!

Calling her enemy her father for over twenty years!

Even if she died right now, Fanny wouldn't dare to face her parents in hell.

The thought of her parents, whom she had never met but instead died in Oliver's father's hand, suddenly gave Fanny a surge of energy.

She couldn't die!

She couldn't die, no matter how much pain she was in!

She had to live on well, just like Diana had done!

She suddenly grabbed Oliver's collar. "Tell me! How did my parents die?!" At that instant, Oliver thought Fanny might really be clueless. Perhaps her losing the baby was truly an accident.

When the smell of blood rushed into his nose, it woke him up again.

How could that be?

It was impossible that Fanny could have accidentally fallen under those circumstances.

Viciousness filled Oliver's eyes again. He was as swift as a wolf running across the fields as he lifted his hands to throttle Fanny again.

He spoke coldly, "They were hit by my dad's car." It seemed it was true. Oliver's tone didn't sound like he was lying to her.

Fanny clenched her fists, trying to curb the urge to kill someone. Even her eyes turned bloodshot.

"Oliver," Fanny said, her teeth chattering.

The pain in her womb had vanished. It was nothing compared to the pain she felt in her heart. That pain tore her entire body into shreds.

"When did you know about this? If it weren't for the baby, would you have hidden it from me my entire life?" After so many years, she didn't know how vicious and savage the Channings could be! His father killed her parents, but his father took her in and let her be his daughter-in-law.

How smug had he been each time she called him father?!

And... Oliver Channing!

How did he see her each time she looked happy, like a fool?!

“Since that day my father and I were in his office, and he apologized to you.” Oliver still didn’t believe Fanny’s miscarriage was an accident. He persisted in the belief that this was her revenge.

He confined her in the backseat, holding her down with both his arms so that she could not move.

Despite how pale she looked, Oliver didn’t care about it at all.

He looked at her coldly. “And when did you find out? Both Julian and I thought it was best to bring the secret of my father killing your parents to our graves.

Fanny Smith, I was once determined to lead my life with you well.” Lead his life with her well?

Her whole family was ruined because of his father. How was she going to lead her life well?!

Fanny was on the verge of collapse.

It was only a mere few hours.

In that instant, everything that she worked hard for, that she had been proud of, her thinking that everything was looking up and her family that would only become happier and happier in time, were all pulverized to bits!

She wondered if her own body could still recover after the trauma of this rainy night.

She felt empty.

She could only converse with Oliver with a heart filled with hatred and rage.

She glared at him, feeling a hatred she had never felt before toward this man.

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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1337

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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1338

Oliver didn't believe it.

Whatever Fanny said must be a lie!

His birthday was still a whole month away.

If she wanted to tell him then, her pregnant belly would have become unmistakably noticeable and impossible to hide.

Clearly, she wanted to get rid of the child during this time!

Why would she wait until his birthday to inform him? That wasn't what she intended at all!

A surprise?

Hah!

There would never be any surprises between him and Fanny now.

If anything, it would be a shock.

The rain drenched her clothes, and it gradually became colder.

Oliver reached from the car. He grabbed Fanny, trying to pull her towards the side of the road.

His fingertips were still so warm. When they landed on her skin, it felt like they left a scalding imprint, almost turning her skin red.

For a moment, Fanny felt sad and wanted to cry again.

However, the tears never fell.

She thought of her parents that Oliver's father had killed.

They... Must have been suffering for over twenty years after dying in vain, didn't they?

They must have been in great pain.

Watching their daughter mistake the enemy for her father, and seeing her get pregnant for the son of their enemy.

They must be feeling so much hate up in the heavens, and couldn't rest in peace!

The small part of her heart that had softened now turned hard again.

Fanny took a deep breath, enduring the pain coming from her stomach. Slowly turning around, she faced him with a pale face.

"I agree to the divorce," Oliver said as he looked up. The rain continued to pour down, but the man seemed untouched. "But not now." After saying that, Fanny felt like the world was spinning in her eyes. She didn't know how much time had passed, but it felt like her heart had stopped beating.

And then, in the next moment, her heart restarted, causing her to gasp for breath instinctively.

By the time she returned to her senses, Fanny was already inside the car. The doors were securely locked and tightly closed.

No matter how much she pounded on the windows, Oliver refused to open them.

“Take the medicine.” Oliver produced a medical kit from somewhere. He took out a few pills and handed Fanny a cup of water. “After you eat this, you won’t die.” It was still a lifeless, cold persuasion.

It seemed he didn’t care whether she lived or died. What he cared about was that she shouldn’t die right now, especially not in his car.

“Your clothes are all wet.” Oliver tossed a set of clothes to Fanny, urging her to change.

The heavy rain washed away everything, and only the blinking lights of traffic signals were reflected on the car windows.

Even though the inside of the car shouldn’t be visible from the outside, the idea of undressing inside the car made Fanny feel awkward. Even the car’s sunshade was not lowered.

Oliver clearly had no intention of lowering it. He wanted her to undress directly in the car, changing the clothes stained and soaked with blood and rain.

Moreover, his eyes were fixed on the rearview mirror. Once Fanny took off her clothes, he could see everything clearly.

An indescribable sense of shame descended upon her.

Fanny tried to lower the sunshade to block Oliver’s view.

“Since we’re going to get a divorce, we should avoid situations that could lead to misunderstandings.” It seemed the medicine was working well.

Fanny had just taken it not long ago, and her voice now sounded clearer and more determined. She didn’t sound as weak as before.

It seemed his medical skills hadn’t deteriorated as much as expected, even after all these years.

“Heh.” Oliver laughed lightly. His tone was full of mockery. “Avoid misunderstandings? It’s not like it can change what has already happened.” He glanced at her and didn’t let the sunshade come down as she wished.

“Just undress.” The clothes on her body felt heavy. Indeed, it was icy.

Fanny glanced out the window. The rain was pouring heavily. She didn't hesitate any longer. She simply raised her arms and removed all her clothes. Then, under his watchful gaze, she slowly slipped on the change of clothes he had given to her.

Throughout the entire process, she didn't show a hint of guilt. She didn't even blush.

Oliver still remembered it vividly.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1339

He didn't turn off the lights the first time they were together.

Fanny had pulled the blanket over her face, and asked softly, "Turn off the lights, okay?" Oliver didn't listen the first time. He had rejected her.

"If you call me honey, I might consider." At that moment, he was already advancing on her. Fanny didn't expect Oliver to be so vigorous during their first time. She even heard the sound of her clothes tearing.

Thinking about what was about to happen, she trembled nervously. But his vigor extinguished her nervousness, leaving her only feeling shy.

She tried many times, but the words "honey" just got stuck in her throat.

It wasn't until he said he was going in that Fanny, as if suddenly feeling blessed, reached out and hugged him.

"Honey..." she called out hesitantly.

Oliver immediately smiled, and his actions became gentler. However, Fanny couldn't help but let out a painful cry.

She had been in the entertainment industry for many years, yet she was still a virgin.

Oliver was indeed somewhat surprised.

He looked at her, and his gaze and movements softened.

“Shh, it’s okay,” he comforted her as he once did, soothing her, “don’t be nervous.” Even though Fanny didn’t say anything and looked indifferent, Oliver knew that she wasn’t as calm as she appeared.

She wasn’t someone who could casually undress in the car from head to toe.

Slowly, she put on her clothes. Despite the medicine taking effect, the pain in her stomach and the emotional ache were not things that could disappear overnight.

As time passed, the psychological pain even intensified.

That child... The one who hadn’t stayed in her life for many days, had been harmed by her fall.

How could she not feel guilty? Amidst the guilt, there was also hatred.

Oliver... He could have saved her earlier!

“In your heart and your father’s hearts, have you ever felt guilty towards me?” If they had any sense of remorse or guilt... If they had it, they wouldn’t have let her stay with the Channings for so many years like a fool.

They wouldn’t have allowed her to be foolish enough to happily treat that scoundrel as her father.

“Yes.” Oliver understood best what could hurt Fanny’s heart the most.

“Otherwise, I wouldn’t have maintained this marriage with you until now.” Yes.

Otherwise, he wouldn’t have maintained this marriage with her until now.

If the previous pain she felt was like a knife to her heart, the current pain was like someone had grabbed her heart and torn it right out of her chest.

She felt like she couldn’t breathe.

So, he was only willing to maintain the marriage with her until now because of this!

“I didn’t know...that this marriage was your charity to me.” The Channing family was truly interesting. They harmed her to this extent, yet arrogantly considered themselves her saviors.

“Does your father think the same as you? Did he think that by adopting me, letting me eat and live with the Channings, and even arranging for his son to be my husband, he was being generous to me?”

“Did you both think you were my gods? Did you two expect me to be grateful to the Channings for a lifetime?” “You don’t need to thank us,” Oliver ignored her words.

To him, they were now even.

“My father harmed your parents, and you harmed my child.” Oliver remained expressionless, his voice devoid of any emotions.

“Fanny, you don’t need to thank me from now on, and I don’t need to feel guilty towards you. We’re even. But before we divorce...” Perhaps he would never know how cruel he was on this rainy night.

“You...” he addressed Fanny slowly. “Before we divorce, my father is your father. As long as we’re not divorced, he is your father.” This statement almost made Fanny nauseous, causing her to vomit everything she ate yesterday.

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His father had harmed her parents.

And now, she was forced to continue pretending to be blind and ignorant. She had to keep recognizing that bastard as her father.

“The Channings shouldn’t hurt people like this.” Oliver found Fanny’s words somewhat amusing, “Didn’t you also do the same to me?” The image of blood flowing from Fanny beneath him resurfaced in his mind.

That blood.

It was his child.

His flesh and blood... The happy family life he once hoped to create with Fanny... It was all gone now.

All gone!

The only thing lingering in Oliver’s heart is hatred.

He hated Fanny.

He hated her for causing the death of their child. He hated her revenge. He also hated himself. He hated his father for taking Fanny in after causing the accident that killed her parents.

Vroom!

The car suddenly started moving.

Fanny was caught off guard. She lurched forward from the car's momentum, and hit her head hard against the back seat.

Thud!

Fanny winced in pain. Her brows were furrowed tightly, and she was dizzy.

If it were before, Oliver would definitely stop the car. He wouldn't immediately ask if she's in pain or would he comfort her right away, but he would carefully inquire about her current symptoms.

That was his habit from his time as a doctor.

In contrast to those comforting gestures, he cared more about her overall health.

If Fanny had a slight headache, Oliver would be overly concerned, pulling her to check this and that.

But now... The sound had been loud.

Even the rain hitting the car window couldn't drown out the sound of the impact.

Fanny's face turned pale from the pain.

However, Oliver doesn't ask a single question.

He was focused solely on driving forward.

"We're here." After who knows how long they've been driving on the rainy night, Oliver woke Fanny up. She had curled up in the back seat once again.

Without saying a word, he picked her up.

Fanny's stomach started hurting again.

She wasn't the only one who thought about the pain; Oliver also thought of it.

"It probably hasn't cleared out completely," he said calmly, "You might need a dilation and curettage procedure, or else, you won't be able to conceive in the future." His tone was so indifferent. Yet, it carried a chilling undertone that Fanny couldn't ignore.

"Oliver..." Her voice was hoarse, and her body was burning up by now. She was feverish all over.

"What do you mean by saying this?" She grabbed his arm, incredulously asking, "You...still want me to get pregnant?" Oliver nodded, his gaze devoid of resentment or love.

He replied flatly, "Yes. After you give birth, I'll consider your debt settled. We'll divorce then." "You're insane!" Fanny frantically pounded on him.

The intense movements caused her stomach to ache sharply. Oliver forcefully restrained her, rendering her unable to move, only able to make small, restrained noises in his arms.

She wasn't a threat to him at all, let alone escape from his embrace.

He held her like that, confidently moving towards his intended direction.

"Oliver! I won't get pregnant again! I won't have your child again! There's... There's such a deep hatred between us! I want your father dead, do you understand? I want all of you dead!" How could he?

How could he be so cruel as to make her bear another child for him?!

"I don't owe you anything!" Fanny shouted hoarsely, her voice strained. "I don't owe you anything!" "Whether you owe me or not, it's not for you to decide." Oliver's gaze fell onto her stomach. Finally, there was a slight change in emotion.

"Only I can decide whether you owe me or not. Be good." He lowered his head beside Fanny's ear, speaking as though he was coaxing her. "As long as

you give birth to one, just one, I'll divorce you. Then, you can do whatever you want to the Channings. To my dad. I'll leave it to you." He had gone mad.

He must be mad!

After Oliver threw Fanny into a room, her conviction about this idea grew stronger.

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