

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1351

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Diana didn't think she should have said that.

However, she also didn't think she should apologize to Nina.

After all, she had Nina's best interests at heart.

It was precisely because she had experienced so much pain before that Diana hoped Nina's relationship would be smooth-sailing, and that she would end up happy.

...Instead of hopelessly waiting for Vans to fulfill his promise.

Hopelessly becoming a third wheel in someone else's relationship, treating whatever leftover moments she could have as happiness.

That was too cruel to Nina.

A pity Nina was too deep in her affections for Vans that she couldn't pull herself out of it.

Diana didn't open the door for Julian despite him knocking, and he had wanted to key in the password to enter the room. However, he was worried that she would be angry if he did that. He had no choice but to call Betty over.

He hoped Betty would be able to cheer Mommy up, enough that she would leave the room.

At the moment, Betty was playing in her room. Diana hadn't taken her to Fanny's funeral.

Julian barged into Betty's room in a panic.

Seeing him, Betty yelled unhappily, "Daddy!" Her voice was loud and clear.

Julian trembled in fright. He looked at his daughter, not daring to lift his foot to take another step. Shocked, he asked, "What's the matter?" Betty pouted, the annoyance clear on her face. "You didn't knock." A polite person always knocks before entering a room.

Julian could only enter after getting permission.

He and Diana had always treated their children that way, never disregarding their privacy.

Unfortunately, he had been too anxious today. That was why he barged in without knocking.

Before he had a chance to explain himself, Betty said huffily, "Go out and knock on the door." Who else could have such a hold over Julian, with the sole exception of Diana and his twins?

In the future, there would be two more to the list.

The thought of his two daughters in Diana's womb delighted him. He was more than happy to be bullied by his little darling.

Julian stepped out obediently.

Knock, knock.

This time, he knocked on the door.

However, no one opened the door.

Knock, knock.

He knocked again.

Betty didn't say anything to let him in.

Julian was getting anxious. He was hoping Betty would step forward and cheer Diana up, but Betty wasn't cooperating at all.

Julian was starting to panic. "Betty! Betty? I'm already knocking on your door.

Why aren't you letting me in?" Betty's childish voice sounded from inside, "I told you to knock, but I didn't say I'd let you in." Julian was stunned. "But Daddy has something to ask you. If you don't let Daddy in, how is Daddy going to talk to you?" "I don't want to talk to you," Betty replied.

Then, music started playing. It drowned out her voice in the room.

Betty had never behaved like this. Why did she keep shutting him out today?

Julian instinctively felt that something must have happened to Betty. For all he knew, she might be angry with him.

However, he couldn't for the life of him remember when he had offended this little princess.

He could only say pleadingly, "Betty, my darling baby, Daddy and Mommy needs you. Your baby sisters in Mommy's tummy need you as well. Can you please come with me to coax Mommy? I..." Before he was done, the door swung wide open.

He looked into Betty's red-rimmed eyes. "Mommy needs to be happy. Your baby sisters in Mommy's tummy need to be happy, too." Through Julian's daily brainwashing, Betty also firmly believed that Diana was carrying twin girls. She would usually call the unborn babies her sisters.

"What about me?" Betty looked at him, and added tearfully, "Daddy, don't I need to be happy too?" Hah!

That tone clearly betrayed her anger!

Julian felt his head throb, suddenly not knowing which one of them he should coax first.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1352

If only Sean were around!

Then, he and Sean could each coax one lady. If Sean were around, Julian wouldn't need to coax Betty.

All Sean needed to do was to stand right there, and tell Betty to smile. Right after that, she would definitely flash her brother her brightest smile.

Ever since Sean joined the training squad, there was no one else at home who could handle Betty.

Julian suddenly really missed his son.

Meanwhile, Sean had never felt so terrified in his life.

After he found Leonard's dead body, he didn't contact Oliver.

He was even seen as a suspect for Leonard's death, and was sent into the internal police station in the training camp.

It was clear that the training camp itself was a self-sustaining society. Everything here mirrored the actual society outside.

There were policemen who banned the suspect almost immediately.

Age posed no restrictions whatsoever here.

Abilities were the most important, followed closely by one's family background.

Nobody Sean Winnington was small in stature, with no powerful family to back him up. The moment he was treated as a suspect, he was taken away without given any chance to explain himself.

He was locked up in a small, dark room for an entire day, deprived of even a drink of water.

His lips were dry and cracked.

Sean had thought of various ways to contact Oliver, but when he finally managed to dial his number, he was notified that Oliver's phone was switched off.

The men guarding outside eventually realized that Sean had access to connection to the outside world, and cut off his signal source.

Someone from the police station came over to interrogate Sean. "Do you admit to committing murder?" If outsiders were to see a young boy in handcuffs being interrogated, they would probably find the scene outlandish.

However, the training camp was governed by its own set of rules.

In their law, their interrogation of Sean was reasonable. Being subject to torture was allowed, too.

"I do not," Sean said, still hoping to contact Oliver. That had been his only hope since he found himself implicated in this case. "I want to see the person-in-charge! Let me see him!" The interrogator chuckled. "What person-in-

charge?” He looked at Sean with a sneer. “I heard that a week ago, during the archery competition at the archery training arena, you said something to provoke Leonard. That morning, he even hauled you out of bed and threw you to the ground. It hurt you like hell, didn’t it?” He looked haughty as he spoke to Sean.

“It didn’t hurt like hell,” Sean corrected him.

He was fearful, but his gaze was firm.

It was this that angered the interrogator, who grabbed a finger trap and yelled, “Put this on him! We’ll see if this hurts like hell!” By this point, the interrogation had completely departed from its original intention. It was no longer concerned with Leonard’s actual murderer, but with someone like Sean, who behaved ignorantly even after being locked up in here.

He had to be punished!

Otherwise, the police station of the training camp would lose their authority!

The finger trap resembled ancient torture devices.

It was worn on the fingers, and when the strings were tightened, the bones in the fingers would be crushed in an instant.

Sean’s hands were still small.

The finger trap almost slipped off his hand when they tried to put it on him.

When they tried to tighten the strings, it completely fell off his fingers.

Annoyed, the interrogator said, “I’ll do it!” He grabbed the finger trap, forced Sean’s fingers through it and tightened the strings ruthlessly.

“Ahh!” Sean yelled in pain.

His face and lips paled immediately. Beads of sweat rolled down his face.

Within mere seconds, Sean looked as if he was hauled out from a pond. He didn’t even have the energy to keep his eyes open.

The interrogator finally smiled. He crouched before Sean, the scar on his face deepened with age. Sean, who was already in a daze, saw a blur of many

figures multiplied before him. The interrogator's face looked as though it was covered with scars, like a horrific phantom in the night.

Sean felt the kind of shock that one would feel when jolted awake in the middle of the night, by a sinister figure by the bedside who was chuckling ominously.

If only Sean were around!

Then, he and Sean could each coax one lady. If Sean were around, Julian wouldn't need to coax Betty.

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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1353

That shadow traumatized Sean deeply.

The interrogator was still chuckling smugly.

"Seems like you don't think this hurts like hell. I was wrong," he said, in a coarse voice that sounded like sandpaper. "I'm sorry, Sean. Will you forgive me?" Before giving Sean a chance to speak, he stood up and laughed loudly. "You didn't cry for Mommy despite it hurting so much." In fact, Sean didn't even have the energy to say anything. It hurt so much, he felt as though his blood stopped flowing and his skin started puckering up.

Sean slumped on the ground, his usual proud and cool demeanor all but gone.

Perhaps Oliver was going to break his promise, he thought.

Before, he promised Julian that he would keep Sean alive in the training camp.

But now... His life was on the line, and no one seemed to be coming to rescue him.

It hurt.

The pain spread from his fingers to his heart.

He finally found the energy to look at his own hands. His hands, that had been with him day and night over the past week, training alongside him.

Haha.

Even if he were to survive this ordeal, he would probably lose these hands.

What's more... He looked up at this man that had been nasty to him ever since the interrogation began, and arrived at a conclusion in his heart.

This man wasn't going to let him live.

His death would naturally account for Leonard's death. He would become the scapegoat and be accused as Leonard's murderer.

However, the true culprit behind Leonard's death was in fact the black pills he had been taking.

Those pills... What exactly were the story behind them?

What made these people so fearful, they had to hurriedly find a scapegoat to cover up Leonard's death?

No matter the reason, it no longer had anything to do with Sean.

Before the final vestiges of his consciousness left him, that man found another torture device to use on Sean.

He slowly inched toward Sean.

The tiny Sean, even with all the intellect and physical strength he had honed during the recent training, still proved too weak in the face of such a strong man.

He could only slowly shut his eyes, and wait for death to come like a helpless lamb.

Daddy, Mommy.

I'm sorry.

He had been too willful.

Had he listened to his mother right from the start and not joined the training camp at such a young age, would he have been stronger and therefore not be at the mercy of others, like he currently was?

If he hadn't been such a stubborn smart aleck, thinking that he would be able to exceed expectations and breakthrough the restrictions of age as long as he worked hard and persevered, training even when others were asleep... Would he be able to escape death?

Sean only realized that when he was on the verge of death.

Fear consumed him.

All the more... He missed Daddy and Mommy so.

He finally realized that he was only slightly older than three and a half years.

At that age, many children were still being fed by their parents, unfettered and unrestrained, and without a care in the world.

He, on the other hand, was going to die.

On this night, while his parents remained clueless to his plight... He was going to die in the hands of a man with a face full of scars.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1354

Julian crouched, and looked straight at Betty. "Of course. It's important that you're happy, Betty." "That's good." Betty's bright eyes glistened with unshed

tears as she opened the door to her room. "Please leave, then." Julian was stunned.

"I'll be happy once you leave," Betty said as she stared at Julian with her big, bright eyes.

She was waiting for his response.

Julian immediately felt defeated. "Betty, I..." He had hoped that Betty would come in handy to coax his wife.

As it turned out, Betty wouldn't even allow him through her door and was heartlessly chasing him out.

If he didn't leave, Betty's tears would fall.

Julian didn't get it. "Are you upset because I came into your room?" Yesterday, Betty was still his thoughtful little darling. Yet today, why did he feel like a criminal who had offended her?

Betty nodded. "Yes!" Julian was flabbergasted. What on earth did he do to offend her?

Upon seeing Julian still stunned, Betty urged, "Hurry up! You already said you wanted to see Mommy, my sisters in her tummy, and me happy. Now that I've given you the chance to make me happy, why aren't you taking it?" Tears started falling from her eyes.

It made Julian's heart ache, and he melted. He couldn't even bring himself to stand.

He felt terrible.

Betty choked on her tears; her shoulders shook, and she said indignantly, "Daddy, are you lying to me?" She looked so pitiful. Her large, round eyes were innocent yet serious. "You don't want to see me happy?" Julian sighed. "Don't cry." He couldn't stand seeing his beloved daughter cry, especially because of him. It made him feel worse than getting killed.

Although he couldn't accept that he was the culprit who upset his daughter, and the fact that she would be happy only when he stopped bothering her,

Julian had no choice but to obediently close the door and disappear from her sight.

His daughter had grown up.

Perhaps during certain periods, she wanted her own private space.

Thankfully, he had two more babies to look forward to.

When the time came, not only would he have two daughters who only had eyes for him, but he would also be able to go through the complete experience of being a father, starting from their births.

The thought of that made him feel less frustrated. Joyful expectation filled his heart.

“Have a good rest, then.” Judging from the expression on Betty’s face, Julian could sense that nothing had happened to her. She probably just didn’t want him entering her room.

All the more she didn’t want to help him. She was engrossed with doing her own things.

He had no idea what she was doing.

Julian was curious, but he didn’t want to invade her privacy. Thus, he didn’t insist on finding out. He thought he should give her some space.

What’s more... When he shut the door and placed his ear against it, he couldn’t hear any crying sounds. In fact, he heard Betty chuckling.

It seemed as though...she was watching cartoons while eating chips?

Chips were junk food. Diana refused to let Betty have them.

A few days ago, Betty earned a little red flower for the third consecutive day at her kindergarten. When she brought it back, Diana asked her what reward she wanted.

□

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1355

Betty held herself back from saying anything for close to half a day. Her mouth opened and closed, but she didn't dare to speak.

Under Julian's encouragement, she finally said, "Mommy, may I..." Julian thought Betty wanted a lot of money.

In fact, before Betty was done speaking, he took out his black credit card and stuffed it in her hands.

"Don't spoil her," Diana said, uncomfortable with letting Betty own a credit card at such a young age. "She has a seven-figure sum in her e-wallet alone." What chances would she, a young girl still in kindergarten, have to spend so much money?

Julian insisted that it was a token of good luck for her, even adding that children had to be inculcated with the values of wealth management from a young age.

Of course, they had to have wealth first before they could learn how to manage it.

Julian always had strange logic and reasoning whenever it came to the children, especially where Betty was concerned.

Thankfully, Betty didn't turn out spoiled. Rather, she was becoming increasingly confident, bright and bold.

Diana could see Betty's growth for herself, and therefore did not stop Julian.

But this time, she wouldn't agree to a Julian giving Betty a black credit card.

"Giving a child so much money will only invite trouble." That was when Julian finally kept the credit card. Feeling like he had let Betty down, Julian asked her, "What reward do you want then? If you don't dare to say it out loud, whisper it into my ear and tell me secretly." Betty shook her head. "It's not that I don't dare to..." Even after telling Daddy, Mommy ultimately had to approve of it. She would rather just say it directly.

"Mommy!" Betty grabbed Julian's hand and mustered up the courage to say, "I... I want..." She looked way too solemn. So solemn, even the tip of her nose started sweating.

Diana and Julian started feeling anxious.

What if Betty asked for a reward that was difficult to accomplish? If they couldn't get it for her, would that ruin their image in Betty's eyes?

As the two of them were immersed in their thoughts, Betty finally said, "I want... to eat a bag of chips." In all her life, she had never been allowed to eat chips.

She had never eaten instant noodles, too.

Because Julian had gastric problems, Diana had always paid much attention to the twins' health. She was worried that they might cultivate bad eating habits, which might result in a bad foundation for them.

She was considered lax regarding other matters, but she exercised strict control over their diet.

Betty's request stunned Julian. "You just want a bag of chips as your reward after doing well in kindergarten for three consecutive days?" If Betty had been disobedient, she could've bought some chips in secret and eaten them without anyone knowing.

Yet, she asked for it as her reward. She even requested Mommy for approval.

Diana was so touched, she waved her hand and said, "Of course! Not only that, I'll reward you with two bags!" "Yay!" Betty danced with joy, her cheerful countenance recovering. She was no longer worried and anxious.

She gave Diana a huge hug and planted kisses all over Diana's face, which was soon covered with her saliva.

That night, Julian had to wipe Diana's face clean.

Come to think of it, he was truly of the lowest position in the family.

The memory of these amusing happenings made Julian chuckle.

However, Betty couldn't bear to eat the chips even after buying them.

Now that Betty refused to let him in and was giggling so happily in her room, Julian guessed that she was finally enjoying them for the first time.

For all he knew, she might very well be eating the chips, licking the crumbs off her fingers and hugging her pudgy feet while watching the television.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1356

That was the freedom Betty had been looking forward to for a long time. It was time she had to herself to let her hair down.

Julian didn't want to interrupt her.

Julian left her door and turned to walk back to the master bedroom he shared with Diana. He lifted his hand, and knocked on the door.

Diana heard the knocks, but didn't stand up. "What do you want?" She sounded sullen and clearly upset, which frustrated Julian.

"Diana..." he coaxed in a low voice. "Open the door for me, come on." Everyone in this house was ignoring him, and it was souring his mood.

He had seen that Diana was clearly in a bad mood, but because he wanted to see Nina off first, he didn't rush to talk to Diana about it.

"Nina has something she wants me to convey to you." Nina... Diana thought again about her best friend, who said such hurtful words not long ago. She suppressed the pain overflowing from her heart, and said, "There's nothing to be said. I want to be alone." "What exactly happened between you and Nina?" Julian leaned against the door, trying to talk to her through the barrier.

"Nothing much." Nina did say unpleasant stuff about her.

On the other hand, she too had said something unpleasant about Nina. She actually called her a third wheel, and insisted Nina to give up on her relationship with Vans.

Even when she knew very well how much Nina loved Vans.

It wasn't easy to give up on someone you love.

She shouldn't have thought that Nina would heed her advice. That was easier said than done.

Ultimately, things on Jim's side had gone wrong.

She had pleaded with Jim to talk things through with the Jennings. However, there was no news from him, even after so long.

She thought about it, and finally called Jim.

It had been over a month since she last met Jim.

During this period, Diana never initiated contact with him.

Of course, that was true of Jim, too.

Diana thought Jim wouldn't answer her call. Much to her surprise, he did—very swiftly, too. His voice was warm and soothing as he asked, "Ms. Winnington?" Diana nodded. "Professor Hughes, it's me." Diana found herself shameless for calling him only when she needed help.

Suddenly, she found herself unable to voice the doubts in her mind.

Jim beat her to it. His voice filled with expectations and concern, he asked, "Ms.

Winnington, have you been well recently? How are your babies doing?" Diana held back the words at the tip of her tongue, and hurriedly responded, "Good, good. Thank you for your concern, Professor Hughes. The babies and I are fine. The check-ups have all gone smoothly, too." "You're welcome," Jim said.

It sounded as though he had some alcohol. His voice sounded slightly gravelly, magnetic even. It was as pleasant as Julian's voice.

In fact, he was as superior a man as Julian was. He was on par with Julian, worthy to stand by Julian's side.

"I will always be concerned for you." His words sounded so ambiguous that it made Diana's heart jump.

She instinctively wanted to switch the call to loudspeaker mode, and look for Julian to listen in on the rest of the conversation.

Jim continued talking, leaving Diana no chance to act. "Ms. Winnington, you and the babies must stay safe and sound. Only that will make me rest easy." Diana had no idea when she became so close to Jim.

Perhaps he was just being polite.

She really shouldn't be so sensitive, thinking as though every man in the world had feelings for her.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1357

That thought made her relax and give up on the urge to find Julian. She continued talking to Jim. "Professor Hughes, how have you been?" "I'm fine," Jim said with a smile. "In fact, I'll continue being very fine from now on." His health was something he had the most confidence in.

"Have you found your father, Ms. Winnington?" Jim always asked the most private questions.

The strange thing was, Diana didn't feel offended by it. She could even sense the genuine concern in his voice.

"No," she answered honestly, opening up to him gradually. "Something happened to a friend of mine recently." Firstly, Noel broke up.

Then, Fanny passed away. Diana didn't sleep very soundly during the rainy night last night.

"Julian and I didn't have the capacity to deal with this." She grew up not experiencing the love of her biological parents.

Now that she thought about it, life would always go on, whether she could find her parents or not.

"It seems you haven't been in a good mood recently," Jim said, a trace of displeasure in his voice. "Julian isn't taking very good care of you." If outsiders were to listen in on the conversations, they might think Jim was someone very close to Diana. In reality, they were only acquaintances who had met two to three times.

Diana could blame her own husband and be displeased with Julian, but Jim had crossed the line saying that.

Diana felt defensive. She was about to speak up for Julian when Jim went on, "If a pregnant lady is in a bad mood, it will negatively affect the fetus." Diana's anger dissipated immediately.

Perhaps Jim wasn't really blaming Julian. It was merely his occupational hazard.

He was used to thinking of things from the point of view of one's health, and used to first thinking of her status as a pregnant lady and of the babies in her womb when talking to her.

"I'm going to give you a present to put you in a better mood." In a tone that refused to take no for an answer, he continued, "You should be receiving a text right now. Follow the instructions on it, pack your things, and walk to the entrance of Collina Villa. Someone will pick you up." With that, he hung up.

Diana wanted to ask about the Jennings siblings and about Vans, but she didn't have the chance to.

She couldn't possibly call Jim so quickly again. She could only read the text Jim mentioned just now.

The moment she clicked it open, she was shocked to see that the text contained three flight tickets.

The text also wrote: "Welcome Ms. Winnington and Mr. Fulcher, together with their beloved daughter, to Jacroaof for a holiday!" Given Diana's financial capabilities, she didn't need someone to give her the money to buy these three flight tickets.

What she needed was Jim's thoughtfulness.

This friend was a pretty good one.

At least better than Nina, who hurt her with her words.

Since things weren't looking so rosy in Richburgh recently, Diana considered accepting Jim's tickets and going to Jacroaof for some fresh air.

"Thank you for this present, Professor Hughes," Diana texted him back. "I like it very much." With that, she pushed her door open, wanting to tell Julian about flying to Jacroaof with her.

However, Julian was no longer waiting outside the door.

It was Layla. "Mr. Fulcher has gone to the Channings." She went on, "Before he left, he told me to tell you not to contact him for the time being if there's

nothing urgent.” Diana knew Julian had been getting closer to Oliver as of late. Perhaps, Oliver was in deep sorrow.

Julian was probably there to keep him company.

She didn’t know how many days Julian was going to be there for.

Most likely, Oliver wasn’t in a very good state.

Of course, Diana knew it wasn’t a good idea to call Julian back.

However, Jim’s tickets were for this afternoon. She would make it if she packed her bags and rushed to the airport right now.

Since she had never been apart from Julian like this, she thought it might be a good idea to seize this chance to experience how “absence makes the heart grow fonder.” “Call Betty here,” Diana instructed Layla, “I want to bring her to Jacroaof.” This time, she would go for a trip with just her daughter.

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At the airport, Betty looked excited. She hadn’t been far from home in a long time.

“Mommy, is it really just going to be the two of us?” Layla was done with check-in, and was giving Diana the travel documents.

Diana took tidied them up before replying to Betty, “Yes, just the two of us. Don’t you want that?” Betty clasped her hands together. “Of course, I want that!” It’s just that... “It’ll be even better if Daddy comes along.” If Sean were around too, it’d be perfect!

However, Betty didn’t dare bring up Sean in front of Diana.

The few times she did that, Diana would sob uncontrollably. Since then, she never mentioned anything regarding Sean before Diana.

She missed Sean.

Mommy missed Sean even more.

Thinking of him, Betty’s heart sank. But very soon, her disappointment was replaced by the excitement of new adventures awaiting her.

“But it’s alright even if Daddy doesn’t come along.” Betty was a sweet-talker. She saw the in Diana’s eyes, and immediately hugged Diana and gave her mother cheek a little peck. “With me around, we’ll have lots of fun, Mommy!” Diana smiled and caressed Betty’s head, leaning forward to kiss her daughter.

Then she said to Layla, “Don’t worry, just head back home. I’ll be with Betty.

There’ll be no problems.” Despite Diana’s assurance, Layla couldn’t bring herself to not worry.

She felt troubled throughout the whole journey. “Mrs. Fulcher.” Layla’s brows furrowed, her fingers intertwining with each other and her face all wrinkled. “Why don’t I...give Mr. Fulcher a call first? We should at least inform him about something as major as you taking Ms. Betty out for a holiday.” “No need,” Diana said with a wave of her hands. She placed her hands firmly on Layla’s shoulders, and turned her in the direction of the exit of the airport.

“Layla, go back in peace. I’ll tell Julian about this. He won’t blame you, even if he finds out.” Julian knew Jim, anyway.

There was no reason for him to worry about her going for a holiday.

More importantly, Oliver really needed the company.

Diana felt assured knowing that Julian was with Oliver. Perhaps the two of them could do something for Fanny.

“I’m not worried about Mr. Fulcher blaming me,” Layla said, beginning to panic so much that her voice broke.

“You’re pregnant, and with twins to boot. The flight takes a few hours, and you need to take care of Ms. Betty as well. How can I feel assured? Why don’t you let me come along with you? How about that?” Diana rejected Layla at once. “No need.” She was going to impose on Jim, and he was bound to host her and extend hospitality to her. If she brought another person he didn’t invite, it might seem rude.

Diana didn’t want to trouble Jim too much.

“I’ll be fine by myself,” she said. “We’re taking business class, and the flight attendants can help me. Betty doesn’t even really need me now. Layla, please don’t worry.” Diana lifted her fingers, and swore to Layla, “I’ll take care of

myself and Betty, and make sure that nothing happens to us.” With that, she gave the chauffeur a look. “Take Layla back.” It was about time for them to board the flight.

Staying in Richburgh would make Diana keep thinking about Fanny and Nina.

One made her lament about the uncertainties of life, bringing her indescribable regret and pity, while the other hurt her heart deeply.

The human tongue was like a sharp blade, capable of piercing her heart and making her feel terrible. Leaving Richburgh for a while would prevent her from thinking about these things and give her a breather.

Seeing Diana’s determination, Layla gave up trying to persuade Diana. She turned back to look at Diana many times as she walked out of the airport.

The concern Layla had for Diana warmed her, and she could feel the pain in her heart slowly healing.

Soon, the plane shot into the clouds.

Diana placed her hands on her belly, worried that the flight might negatively affect the fetuses.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1359

The flight went smoothly, and Betty was very cooperative.

Despite being just slightly over three years old, Betty was sensitive and caring.

She knew who was at the top of the food chain at home. With Julian, he was at her beck and call But with Diana, she was active in showing concern in many ways.

“Mommy, are your legs sore?”

“Mommy, are you tired?”

“I’ll rub your shoulders for you.” “Mommy, do you want some water? I’ll order a glass of water for you, so that the pretty lady can send it over to you.” Diana was well cared for throughout the flight, and she was very comfortable.

“No wonder your dad loves you,” Diana sighed. “A daughter is sweet and thoughtful indeed.” Betty chuckled inwardly, thinking, “Hmph! Daddy is a big fool! If he’s around, I wouldn’t bother taking care of him. He’d be the one taking care of me instead!

But it’s not my choice. Daddy’s happier taking care of me than being taken care of by me!” As Daddy’s super beloved darling, of course she had to do things to make Daddy happy!

“Good day, ladies and gentlemen. The plane is about to land. Please fasten your seat belts.” A sweet voice sounded through the speakers, informing Diana and Betty that they had arrived at Jacroaof.

This wasn’t Diana’s first time coming here, but it was her first time coming here to see a friend and specially to take a breather.

She brought Betty along as they disembarked the plane.

Despite being pregnant with twins, she still felt rather energetic.

Who said pregnant ladies couldn’t take long-distance flights?

Diana felt that in light of the question of feasibility, one’s mood was the more important question.

Diana and Betty didn’t bring much luggage.

They just brought a small, light carry-on luggage bag that they didn’t need to check in. They were thus able to make a beeline for the airport exit right after leaving the plane.

The moment they exited the airport, it suddenly occurred to Diana that while Jim did book flight tickets for her and invited her to Jacroaof, he didn’t tell her what to do after she arrived, and if she should contact him.

Diana suddenly felt embarrassed.

She belatedly realized that it seemed like a bad idea to not bring Julian along.

With him around, he could contact Jim anytime without crossing any boundaries or feeling embarrassed about it.

Without him around, Diana was a little shy to talk to Jim, especially when Jim never reached out to her despite her already arriving at Jacroaof.

Forget it.

She won't look for him.

Since she had the money, she decided to just take her daughter around for some fun.

She decided to wait for a bit before contacting Julian, and ask him to send over some of Richburgh's specialty goods that she could gift to Jim. That would neither be too much nor cross any boundaries, and would serve as a token of her appreciation for the money Jim spent on the flight tickets.

With that idea in mind, Diana brought Betty to the washroom.

Airports nowadays were designed more thoughtfully. Aside from the gents and the ladies, there was a family room as well.

Usually, a diaper changing station, a kid-friendly toilet, and an adult-sized toilet could be found in family rooms.

Everything that parents taking their children out for the day would need to wash up and maintain hygiene could be found here. They didn't need to worry about leaving their children outside, and risking the children getting abducted by strangers.

However, there weren't many of such family rooms around. Diana had to queue up and wait for her turn.

What made things worse was that it seemed like there was an infant in the room right now, and the queue wasn't budging at all.

Pregnant ladies tend to visit the washroom very frequently.

What's more, Diana was carrying twins. They were pressing onto her bladder.

If she had to wait any longer, her bladder might burst anytime soon.

□

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1360

Diana couldn't wait any longer, and pulled Betty toward the ladies. "Betty." She repeated herself many times, saying cautiously, "If you don't need the toilet, wait for Mommy outside. If anyone calls you, don't just leave with them. Do you understand?" Betty nodded. "Mommy, I'm not stupid." Although she wasn't as smart as Sean, she had some basic knowledge. How could she let herself get abducted by a stranger?!

Diana felt a little more assured, but her mind was occupied by her full bladder.

"Wait for me. I'll be out very soon." She had been holding her pee in for so long, she couldn't even walk straight.

Her gait was crooked. The moment she saw the washroom, she rushed in.

But... She had walked into the wrong place!

It was the gents' room!

Diana stood right outside, looking at the urinals in shocked silence.

If only Julian were here right now. He would surely haul her into his arms and take her away at once!

But now... She could only stand there in a daze, looking at the men walking in; they seemed even more shocked than her. She simply stood where she was, at a complete loss.

Suddenly, a loud shriek sounded. That was when Diana snapped back to reality, her face pale.

She took a few steps back, and stumbled out of the gents.

She couldn't even register the pressure on her bladder anymore. All she felt was red-hot embarrassment.

Betty saw Diana covering her face with her hands as she leaned against the wall. She asked thoughtfully, "Mommy, what's the matter? Are you done using the toilet?" Using the toilet... She didn't have the cheek to use the toilet again.

Diana nearly ran out of the washroom, pulling her luggage behind her and urging Betty to follow close to her as they left.

When they finally left the airport, she felt the flush on her face fading.

Back there in the gents... The men had their backs to her. Now that she thought about it, she probably didn't see anything much.

After a while, she relaxed. She took her phone out, wanting to share about what had happened to Julian.

However, the call didn't go through. Diana wondered if that meant Oliver was in a worse state than she expected.

Perhaps he was.

She herself, as Fanny's partner and friend, felt such sorrow over Fanny's death.

Her heart was stuffy.

What more Oliver?

Diana decided not to bother Julian anymore. She kept her phone, and decided to first find a hotel where she and Betty could rest in.

Here, it was easy to hail a cab.

Someone saw them exit the airport, and walked toward them. "Need a ride?" Diana nodded, and was about to get into the car when someone stopped her.

It was someone she had bumped into right after she rushed out of the gents, when she realized she walked into the wrong washroom.

He was around six feet tall, clad in a neatly-ironed shirt of excellent quality that the average Joe wouldn't wear.

"Ms. Winnington?" the man asked with furrowed brows.

Diana was stunned, and instinctively pulled Betty behind her. She looked at the man warily, and asked, "You are?" "I'm the driver sent here by Professor Hughes," the man said, sighing in relief.

"I've been waiting here for a while since your scheduled time of landing. When I finally managed to find you..." Before he could finish speaking, Diana's face flushed again. She knew what he was about to say.

When he finally managed to find her, he saw her running out of the gents.

That... Probably looked as silly as she imagined it to be.

She was utterly embarrassed.

Diana laughed awkwardly. "Please help me thank Professor Hughes for his kind intentions, but I won't be dropping by today." □ □