

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1361

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1361-She had already decided to take Betty out for fun by herself.

Now that she knew Jim had made such detailed arrangements, she found it inappropriate for her to bring her daughter with her to his place.

What's more... The driver had seen her walking into the wrong washroom. She really didn't want to go to the Hughes household.

"I'll definitely visit the Hughes household in a few days' time." She was thinking of going over to say hi to Jim after she was done getting some fresh air in Jacroaof and right before she left for home.

"But," the driver said, looking like he was put in a difficult spot when Diana rejected him. Jim had sent him on a mission. "Professor Hughes said that he has prepared a gift for you..." Diana was confused. "Weren't the air tickets the gift?" The driver chuckled.

"Of course not," he said, as though he had found a reason to persuade Diana to go back to the Hughes household with him. "The professor said that you'll find out what the gift is when you arrive at his home. He said you'd definitely be pleased." Diana grew curious.

But... "About me walking into the wrong washroom..." she began, embarrassed.

The driver almost couldn't hold back his laughter at her comment. However, he did his best to keep his face straight. He said seriously, "Ms. Winnington, since when did you walk into the wrong washroom? I never recalled such a thing happening." Jim's driver caught on fast.

Diana was still reluctant. "I still can't go with you." At the end of the day, she and Jim were but ordinary friends. He didn't need to buy flight tickets for her and prepare presents for her.

Knowing that the flight tickets weren't the present, she didn't feel right. To think Jim had made such careful arrangements, to the point his driver knew how she looked like and could recognize her in such a huge airport, and that the real present was in the Hughes household.

She had to receive it in person by visiting the Hughes family.

The driver was stunned. "Why not? Our professor seldom gives gifts, and is seldom so thoughtful to others. You're the first and only one he spends so much effort on." The more the driver explained, the more Diana felt uneasy.

"Please help me thank Professor Hughes for his kind intentions," she said. She thought about it, then asked the driver to convey a message on her behalf. "My husband was held back by something at the last minute, and couldn't reach here the same day I did." She kept her explanation vague, and left out the fact that Julian wasn't coming to Jacroaof. She tried to create the false impression that Julian would definitely come soon.

"When he comes, I'll definitely go and visit the Hughes household and accept the gift." Shock filled the driver's eyes. "You have a husband?" Diana said, "Not only do I have a husband, but I have children, too." She pushed Betty in front of her. Betty immediately greeted the driver.

The driver was flattered. "Please don't, it's alright." He was of a lowly status. Those whom Jim Hughes cared much for were of highly respected status, no doubt. Even though this woman was already married with kids, he couldn't let her child greet him like this.

The driver waved his hands. Seeing how firm Diana was, he had no choice but to give up on driving her to the Hughes household.

Diana thought that was the end of it.

She thought of taking Betty around for some fun over the next two days.

She decided it was best to leave as early as possible. She even gave up on the idea of visiting the Hughes household or gifting Jim some specialty goods.

It would be terrible if Julian had misjudged, and that Jim really had feelings for her.

All she could think of right now was how there were some men who fancied other people's wives, while some men fancied pregnant ladies.

That frightened her somewhat. If Jim had any ill-intentions toward her... Diana shuddered, suddenly regretting bringing Betty here so rashly. She began to wonder whether she should take Betty back to Richburgh.

She was still deep in her thoughts, when she saw the driver lifting her luggage into the car. "Since you're not going, I'll send you to your hotel. I'll be at your beck and call no matter where you go during your time here." Diana had seen many things, being with Julian for so long. The driver's attitude was sending alarm bells ringing in her heart.

Jim... It didn't seem as though he was bringing her to the Hughes household because he liked her. Rather, it seemed more like he was getting someone to monitor her closely.

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Through the driver's attitude, Diana sensed something was out of the norm. She tried to probe.

"We haven't made plans on where to go, and we don't know when we're heading out or which hotel we'll be staying in..." "That's alright," the driver said. "I'll just wait right downstairs at your hotel.

Anytime you need a car, just tell me. If you don't, I'll just wait downstairs." He was definitely not allowing Diana out of his sight.

The alarm bells in Diana's heart rang even louder, but she knew she couldn't say no to him. She could only go into the hotel and get some rest first before playing it by ear.

Jim didn't expect Diana to not follow the driver back home. Thankfully, his subordinate was quick-witted enough to not leave Diana alone outside.

He wouldn't feel at ease leaving a pregnant lady all by herself.

Thinking about it, he told the driver to book a room right next to Diana's hotel room. "After I'm done with this experiment, I'll head over. Make sure she stays safe when I'm not around. If you need help, seek my approval anytime." The driver nodded, but he looked as if he had something more to say.

Jim could sense something wrong in his voice. "You have something to say?" He paused for a moment and said with rarely-seen patience, "Tell me." The driver said, "Professor, Ms. Winnington has a family. She's pregnant, too..." "If she wasn't pregnant, I wouldn't have invited her to Jacroaof." Jim could sense

that the driver was trying to dig information from him, and his tone chilled. "I'll find someone to replace you." In other words, the driver just lost the chance to drive Diana around. He had also just lost his job in the Hughes household.

The driver wanted to contest Jim's decision, but suppressed his anger at the thought of how ruthless Jim could get. He could only get out of the car angrily and walk away all alone.

Meanwhile, Diana and Betty rested in their hotel room for an entire afternoon.

By the time they had their fill and walked out of the hotel, the streets were already lit up.

This hotel was located in a busy area of the city center. The moment they exited the elevator, they could sense the bustling crowd around them.

They were right in the middle of the holiday season.

Diana held Betty's hand, and walked to the end of the street. They paused for a moment when they saw the car sent over by the Hughes family, but realized that there was no one in the car.

Diana heaved an inward sigh of relief. Perhaps she was being too tense.

The driver said that he would be at her beck and call anytime, but he couldn't even wait for a short time.

How could he possibly be monitoring her, when there was an empty car parked there?

It must be the novels she had been reading that filled her mind with conspiracy theories.

Diana was no longer anxious about not being able to contact Julian. She could very well bring Betty around the place for a leisurely stroll.

She would go according to her original plan and visit the Hughes household before leaving Jacroaof.

She would also... Seize the chance to ask about Nina in person.

After Diana had made up her mind, she picked Jim a gift while she was shopping. It was a simple document folder.

Jim was frequently engaged in experiments, so he would surely have a use for this. Giving him this didn't seem too elaborate or overly-flattering. It was a thoughtful gift, too.

When she visited the Hughes household and saw Jim, it would be easy to talk about Nina and the heartless thing that happened.

Betty saw Diana decide on a gift, and waited for her to make payment.

There were many people lining up to buy things, and they needed to join the line.

Betty stood at a side and waited. While doing that, she took a photo of Diana and sent it to Julian. She had been sending Julian messages since they boarded the plane in the morning.

"Daddy, Mommy and I are boarding the plane." "Daddy, I'm rubbing Mommy's shoulders." "Daddy, I'm massaging Mommy's back." "Daddy, are you resting well? I kind of miss you. Don't worry, I'll definitely take good care of Mommy!" The moment Julian clicked open his messaging app, he saw the strings of texts Betty sent him. He didn't respond to any of her messages.

Betty wondered what Daddy was doing. She was really beginning to miss him.

She hurriedly took a picture of Diana carrying some bags and lining up to make payment.

"Mommy's buying a present for you! Reply to my messages the moment you see them!"

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"Kissy kiss! I miss you!" Julian's phone started beeping, and many messages started popping out on his screen the moment he switched his phone on.

Aside from missed calls, all other notifications were for the texts that Betty sent him.

He glanced through the messages quickly, a warm smile appearing on his face.

His wife and child kept him in mind even when they were out. Not only did his wife was so thoughtful to prepare a gift for him, but even his daughter sent him so many messages telling him she missed him.

Very soon, he sensed that something was wrong.

Wait! Did the mother-daughter pair just go on a holiday by themselves?

Diana was a pregnant lady! Pregnant with twins, no less!

What's more, she was going overseas right after what happened with Fanny and Nina.

Diana was already in a mentally unstable state. It would be terrible if she met with any problems while overseas!

Julian quickly dialed a number on his phone.

His phone had just started ringing when Oliver came out of his room, his face pale.

Julian was worried he would do something rash.

Despite being worried about Diana, he knew what was more urgent. Right now, Oliver needed him more.

"Your wrist is still injured," Julian said as he switched off his phone. He hurriedly helped Oliver back to his room. "Just stay in there and don't go anywhere!" "I miss her," Oliver said, looking at Julian.

His face was ashen, and it reminded Julian of how he first looked when Julian rushed to his place. At that time, he had just slashed his wrist. A thin trickle of blood flowed from it.

Blood didn't gush out like a fountain, but it dripped from his wrist like a broken tap that refused to stop leaking.

Julian hurriedly called for help. He forcefully bandaged Oliver's wrist, and finally managed to stop the blood from flowing.

He didn't have time to even drink a sip of water.

He was too preoccupied with Oliver, fearing the man might take his own life again.

Thanks to Julian, Oliver managed to survive. Without Julian, no one would dare to go against Oliver's wishes and treat his wounds as they should.

"I know you miss her," Julian said. He couldn't bring himself to comfort Oliver with kids. That was too pretentious and disgusting for both him and Oliver.

He spoke to Oliver in a casual tone, one that sounded a little like he was reprimanding his subordinate, "But Fanny's already dead. As the one who's still alive, you should live on well." Oliver looked at him. "Julian... Must you remind me of the fact that my wife is dead so blatantly?" "But it's true that she's dead." He could have said it in a gentler way, but no matter how nicely he put it, the truth hurt. He almost couldn't bring himself to say such difficult words to Oliver.

"Oliver." Julian was suddenly at a loss as to how he should approach Oliver. After struggling for a long time, he finally said calmly, "Whatever it is, you have to live on well." Oliver could see the solemnity in Julian's eyes. In truth, the funeral and his wrist-slitting were all done to turn Fanny's fake death into reality.

Even if Fanny could contact someone right now, no one would care.

After all, she was dead to all who knew her and knew her name.

Her fans even held an online memorial service for her, led by Cecilia Jarvis.

Fanny... She would never be able to leave that room ever again. No one would be able to help her. As a dead person, she wouldn't be able to contact anyone.

She would belong entirely to him her whole life!

She would submit to him!

That thought alone made the pain in his wrist subside. He looked at Julian, and said with a teary half-smile, "I used to have feelings for your wife. Don't you want to take this chance to see me die?" □ □

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“That was so long ago,” Julian said with a disdainful roll of his eyes. He stuck his hands in his pockets, and stood up from the bed. “As long as you survive this ordeal and overcome the sorrow in your heart, I won’t be scared, even if you start having feelings for Diana again.” A smug smile stretched across his face. “Anyway, Diana’s mine. No one can snatch her away from me.” He even showed Oliver the photos Betty just sent to him. “See? My wife went overseas, and even thought of buying a present for me.” He looked so proud of himself.

If Fanny had really died and her death wasn’t a lie that Oliver fabricated, Oliver would probably die of anger, with how he kept showing off his lovey-dovey life with Diana.

Thankfully, Julian had a modicum of conscience left in him. He belatedly realized that he shouldn’t have done that in Oliver’s face.

He quickly kept his phone in his pocket. “Whatever it is, Oliver, I want you to be well. As for Fanny, for all we know, she’s in heaven waiting for you until the day you die—until both of you are reincarnated as husband and wife in your next life.” Oliver said flatly, “Don’t comfort others if you don’t know how to.” It wasn’t that Julian didn’t know how to comfort others. Rather, he didn’t know how to comfort men.

If Diana was the one who had her heart broken, he would have a hundred ways to cheer her up. He would be able to help her walk out of her sadness in the shortest time possible.

Despite Julian’s clumsy efforts at comforting him, Oliver looked to be in better spirits.

At the very least, the light had returned to his eyes.

Julian was glad to see Oliver like this, and felt more reassured. He tightened his grip over his phone, and reminded Oliver firmly, “Don’t try to take your own life again. I’ll head out to make a call. I’ll come back again soon.” Oliver nodded. “I won’t.” He laid on the bed, his entire head covered by a soft pillow. Only a small part of his face was exposed, making for a silly sight.

“If Fanny saw you like this right now, she definitely wouldn’t bear to leave,” Julian lamented, before finally leaving to call Diana.

After Julian left his room, Oliver ordered his servants to lock his door and leave.

He pulled out a laptop connected to the surveillance camera, wanting to see how Fanny was doing alone in the room.

There was no one in sight.

Oliver switched on the surveillance video. Then, he saw Fanny curled up into a ball on the couch, her body covered with injuries.

Her long hair was draped across her back, revealing only a small part of her fair, dewy neck. It looked so snowy white and tender in Oliver's eyes.

Very good.

She had stopped thinking about escaping.

The past two days, she had been very obedient.

Perhaps because she sensed someone was watching her through the surveillance cameras, she glared at it with a burning gaze. Furious, she snarled, "Oliver Channing!" Although she couldn't leave this place, that didn't mean she couldn't receive any messages from outside.

Everyone had been talking about how she, Fanny Smith, had died!

Dead!

Even the television programs were talking about how the A-list female celebrity of the past, Fanny Smith, who left the industry after getting married, slipped and fell on a rainy day. She had died along with her baby in her womb, leaving her husband so desperately miserable that he committed suicide at home in hopes of dying with his wife.

The news didn't mention her much, and instead sung praises of Oliver.

They praised him for being such a dedicated and loving husband, on top of being an elite and a wealthy heir in Richburgh.

Hah!

Dedicated and loving?

Would a dedicated and loving man lock his wife up in such an empty room?!

Would he disregard the fact that she had a miscarriage, and only care about locking her up?!

He even wanted her to give birth to another baby for him!

He spread news that she had died, just so he could lock her up in here without mercy!

Could such a man be described as dedicated and loving?

He should be described as ruthless and vicious instead!

“One day, I’ll make you and your father pay the price! I’ll have you all punished by the law!” To prevent Julian from getting suspicious and coming into his room, Oliver switched off the volume of the surveillance camera footage.

Even though he was only reading Fanny’s lips, he could make out what she was saying.

“Go on and try,” Oliver taunted with a casual smile.

The vulnerability and paleness on his face vanished in an instant, replaced by an excitement that glinted in his eyes.

He would never give Fanny a chance to leave that room her entire life.

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Whatever he had said about letting her give birth to another baby before letting her out was a lie.

In truth, he wanted to lock her up there forever.

Until she loved him again.

Only when she finally let go of her hatred toward the Channings would he be able to let go of the hatred he felt over her killing their baby.

Oliver couldn’t hear her voice, but Fanny could hear his.

The phrase he muttered under his breath, taunting her to go on and try, was a switch that triggered an explosion within her.

She grabbed the cup next to her and flung it to the surveillance camera.

It had only been two days.

Two days!

She was on the verge of going crazy!

This place was so quiet, she could hear her own breath. The pin-drop silence was such, even a tiny sound was as loud as a bomb. It pierced her very soul.

And... Her injuries.

Oliver showed no concern for them.

He had gone completely insane.

Perhaps he was already a madman to begin with.

His father wasn't a decent person, anyway!

How could a healthy, normal person pretend nothing happened and take in the child of the people he killed?!

The more Fanny thought about it, the more she was in pain.

She even lost the energy to throw another cup at the surveillance camera.

She was in despair.

Sorrow seeped through her heart. She had loved Oliver for so long... "How could you..." Her sudden show of vulnerability was a hammer hitting Oliver's heart. He tried his best to read Fanny's lips, but her head was bent down.

She refused to look up, no matter how loudly he yelled her name.

After a long time, she finally looked up.

He could see her eyes filled with tears. Her eyes were akin to a galaxy filled with glistening stars. Seeing them, his breath got stuck in his throat.

He and Fanny... Fanny had it coming.

Even though she knew that his father had done wrong unto her family, she shouldn't have exacted revenge on their baby.

Oliver was certain that Fanny was heartless, and kept reminding himself not to be bewitched by her tears.

She just wanted to escape the room.

If she left... Things would be over between them!

He would never be able to have his own children his entire life.

At that moment, she seemed to want to show him what she was saying. She moved her mouth very deliberately as tears fell down her cheeks.

"How could you...tell everyone...that I'm dead..." She was still alive and well!

Claiming that she was dead was akin to cursing her!

And the one who cursed her was the son of her parents' enemy, the man she had loved for so many years, and her husband over the past four years.

He was also... The father of the baby she lost.

The moment he took her out from the filming site where she fell, the moment he refused to bring her to the hospital, she should have seen him for his true self.

"Oliver, you really have never loved me since the beginning." If she was given another chance, she would never have naively thought that she would be able to melt the heart of a man who didn't love her, that she could take the place of the love of his life.

The moment Oliver forced her to go through dilatation and curettage, then locked her up all alone in this place, Fanny started hating him and Diana.

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The weather at Jacroaof was different from that of Richburgh.

Although it wasn't cold, the change in temperature made Diana's nose itch. She kept sneezing.

"It's humid there," Julian voiced his doubts. "Why does your nose still itch?" Betty listened in on their conversation. Hearing her daddy's question, she subconsciously glanced at Diana.

Mommy didn't look too well.

Quick-witted Betty immediately got on tip-toes. Before Diana had a chance to reply to Julian, she said, "Daddy, don't you know why Mommy doesn't feel well?" Julian replied, "Of course I do. It's just, she's at a different place. Her nose has always been sensitive. When she was a child, she suffered allergic rhinitis, but she didn't take care of it. She—" Beep.

Before he was done talking, Diana hung up on him.

True, she suffered from allergic rhinitis. Her condition couldn't be treated completely, even after trying over so many years. She would always suffer from a relapse during seasonal changes.

Still, the relapses were never severe. She would sneeze and suffer a runny nose for a few days, and would usually recover very quickly.

This time round, she was slow to recover because her immunity had taken a hit due to her pregnancy. Not only did her allergic rhinitis worsen as she advanced in her pregnancy, but it was slow to recover each time.

Each relapse was worse than the previous.

Julian didn't realize that her allergic rhinitis was related to her pregnancy. The thought of associating both of them never crossed his mind.

Because of that, Diana felt that he didn't care enough about her.

She was pregnant!

And she was his wife, no less.

How could he disregard her this way?

She couldn't take it lying down! She had to punish him.

Julian thought Diana had hung up on him because the signal was poor, and immediately called her back again.

However, Diana rejected all of his calls.

That was when Julian belatedly realized that he might have touched a nerve and upset Diana.

But his conversation with her had been brief, and he uttered less than ten sentences to her. He ran through everything he said in his mind, but he couldn't find anything wrong in what he said.

If there was anything he did poorly... That would be... He smacked his forehead, and immediately identified the problem.

"Betty!" He video-called Betty, wanting to speak with the mother-daughter pair.

However, Betty refused to answer his call.

On account of him being her father, she reminded him with a text. "Daddy, did you forget what changed when Mommy got pregnant?" Julian pondered for a moment. What changed?

"Is Mommy angry because I said that she got fat?" He paid special attention not to say anything like that, precisely because he was worried about angering her.

And yet, why was she still upset?

Julian texted Betty. "How about this? Answer my video call, and let me tell Mommy that she got fat. That would make everyone happy, wouldn't it?" Diana must be upset that he hadn't been paying enough attention to her, and failed to realize what had changed about her.

If he pointed out the changes, wouldn't that solve the problem?

Betty looked at Diana, who had leaned over and was staring at the screen. Her hands were trembling with frustration.

The last thing she texted him was a furious "Shut up!", and then she switched off her phone.

Betty grinned at her mother. "Mommy..." "Hmm." Diana nodded, unable to smile.

That darn Julian! How dare he tell Betty that she got fat?

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Wasn't it normal for her to get fat when pregnant?

She didn't expect Julian to pay so much attention to her figure.

When they first found out that she was pregnant, he even told her that no matter how she changed, he would always find her as beautiful as she had been when they first got to know each other.

Yet now, despite her efforts to keep her weight under control, he could see that she had grown fatter.

Was he really that indifferent about it?

Diana was very frustrated.

She wished she could throttle Julian right there and then, and stuff his face in a toilet bowl.

A pity she could neither grab his hair nor any part of his body right now.

To be fair, Julian couldn't touch her as well.

Diana decided that over the next few days, she wouldn't answer his calls or talk to him.

With that determination, she switched off her phone. She even did the same with Betty's phone.

"Don't you dare secretly contact Daddy," she warned.

That was fine for Betty. She was confident Daddy could contact them regardless.

But... "If our phones are off, how are we going to take photos?" Betty was vain, and she paid special attention to the pursuit of beauty. When she just

turned one and learned how to walk, she would hold onto Diana's bag and saunter around the house.

She even tried wearing Diana's high heels, crashing onto the floor each time she tried to take a step.

She loved beautiful and sparkly things.

When she grew older and knew how to use a phone, she fell in love with taking selfies.

She would make all sorts of poses using various selfie apps, picking photos she liked for Diana to print so she could insert them into an album and look through them whenever she felt like it.

In fact, taking her on a holiday but stopping her from taking photos was worse than leaving her all alone at home while the whole family went out on a holiday.

"We have a camera," Diana said, pulling a camera out from her bag. "You can take selfies with it. Try it. The effect's the same as when you insert filters in your photos. They look great." Before Diana was done speaking, Betty had already positioned herself before the lens.

Her fair and round face filled the screen, her cheeks blushing bright red, and her large eyes sparkling like the sea under the sunlight. She looked so vibrant and full of life, anyone who saw her wouldn't be able to look away.

Diana looked at her daughter affectionately, immediately forgetting the displeasure that she felt over Julian.

Betty was completely captivated by the camera. She kept tinkering with it and posing before it. She took many photos, and was happy with every single one of them.

"These look even better than the ones taken with the phone!" Betty was in love with the camera. She would ask Diana to take photos for her at every scenic spot they went.

The daughter-mother pair enjoyed their time, but Julian was steeped with anxiety. He realized he couldn't contact them anymore.

Oliver had just calmed down, and Julian didn't dare to leave him alone for too long. He could only keep trying to contact Diana while walking back to Oliver's room.

The moment he pushed open the door to Oliver's room, he saw Oliver still lying on the bed.

The man was lying on the pillow, with nothing in his hand. His face was still slightly pale, his eyes all hollow and empty.

When he saw Julian come in, light entered his eyes. "Were you able to contact Diana?" "Yes, I was," Julian said with a nod. "Both of them are off on a holiday." Julian explained Diana's current situation to Oliver. "She was quite affected by Fanny's death." Diana had lost a child before. Although she turned out fine, what happened to Fanny reminded her of her painful memories.

She considered Fanny a friend, and they were business partners who appreciated each other. It was inevitable for her to miss Fanny after the latter's death.

"Diana doesn't look like someone who'd go on solo trips," Oliver said.

She preferred staying at home rather than going out. The most she did was go to her studio to work. She seldom headed out by herself, especially when she was in low spirits.

What's more, she was currently pregnant with a child in tow.

Oliver's words served as a reminder to Julian.

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That was true.

Julian gradually realized what was amiss. "She didn't even tell me about it before leaving, or discuss it with me." He had been eager to have a good conversation with Diana, but he overlooked the simple logic behind her travel decision.

"No, I need to contact Layla first." He felt an urgent sense of being caught off guard that left him vulnerable.

Fortunately, Layla answered quickly. "Sir, I finally got in touch with you!" After Diana boarded the plane, Layla had been worried all day. What if something happened to Diana and Betty?

Julian hadn't followed them. What if something really did happen?

Layla quickly updated Julian on Diana and Jim's interaction, and how Jim had booked the tickets for them.

Julian immediately caught on. "Jim Hughes invited Diana to Jacroaof?" "Yes. There was originally a ticket for you too, but Madam couldn't reach you and was afraid of delaying the flight, so she left with Betty first." It was just a plane ticket. Couldn't the Fulchers afford that?

It was clear Diana deliberately took Betty to see Jim.

A bitter taste spread in his mouth, and Julian tried not to grit his teeth. It gradually turned into a horrible aftertaste.

"I'll contact Diana again. I'll go to Jacroaof and look for her," Julian reassured Layla.

Since she didn't contact him, he would go find her.

Betty knew Julian wouldn't just sit back and do nothing. Taking advantage of Diana's lapse of attention, she opened her phone and checked the latest message from her father.

He said he was coming to find them.

And so, Betty stopped worrying.

After all, no matter how angry her parents were at each other, they would quickly hug and kiss as soon as they met.

Seeing them like that made Betty feel rather embarrassed. She would turn her face away, pretending not to see anything.

Anyway, the first rule for Fulcher children was: never get involved in Mommy and Daddy's fights, and never take either side.

Mommy and Daddy were always a team! If they showed favoritism to one side, they would only end up hurting themselves! A couple's teamwork was the best.

Betty understood this principle very well.

After confirming that Julian had taken action, she secretly turned off her phone again and put it back into Diana's bag.

Sigh.

It was tough.

Sean wasn't here.

As the younger sister, there were many things she needed to worry about.

Betty sighed again. She couldn't help but frown. When she noticed her mother looking at her, she immediately put on a smiling face.

However, in the end, the smile on her face quickly collapsed.

"Mommy." "Hmm?" "I actually..." Betty knew she shouldn't say this, but looking at Diana, she couldn't hold back. "...kind of miss Sean." She lowered her head, looking very sad. Even without seeing her face, one could tell that her bright eyes were probably filled with tears now.

Diana couldn't bear to look; she, like Betty, missed Sean greatly.

Her son had been away from home for so long, and she couldn't even contact him with a phone call.

Now, she regretted not going with Julian to send him off that day. She wondered if he had gotten thinner during training.

Sean had definitely lost weight.

Now, he was a bag of bones. There were scars on his body, making him resemble a pitiful little dog. He had to use a dog bowl to eat, and had to lie on the ground to consume the food.

Despite this, he was satisfied.

After all, he survived, right?

Even the slightest movement of his fingers caused excruciating pain.

He could only prop himself up with his elbows and then lower his head into the bowl, licking and eating bit by bit.

His feet were also badly injured.

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However, he couldn't keep up even such simple movements for too long.

When one had reached the edge of life and experienced the sensation of imminent death, they would realize that so-called dignity and the insistence on eating cleanly was all nitpicking.

Thinking about it now, that wasn't anything but simply finding fault.

Eating was just about filling one's stomach. Only by filling one's stomach could one endure. Only by enduring could one survive the training team.

Then, he would be able to go out and see Mommy, Betty, and Daddy.

And also... The two little babies in Mommy's belly.

As a big brother, Sean also wanted to give the two little babies a gift.

He must survive, no matter what!

Even if he had to live like a dog, he would endure and survive.

— When Julian returned home, Oliver finally turned on his phone. He had switched it off in the past few days.

As soon as it turned on, he saw numerous messages and missed calls. He couldn't be bothered to check all the missed calls; they were probably work related things or greetings from colleagues.

Oliver wasn't in the mood to deal with these people now. He ignored them disdainfully, choosing to delete all the missed calls and messages without even looking at them.

His notifications were instantly cleared.

Sean's distress messages were deleted with the press of a button, vanishing completely from Oliver's phone.

Now, his survival at the hands of his interrogator was entirely due to his computer talents.

"What's that thing on your wrist?" At that time, the iron tongs heated by the fire were about to fall onto him.

Sean, however, noticed the object on the interrogator's wrist. Although it was worn on the wrist, it didn't look like a watch.

It was... "A mini-computer?" When the surface lit up, there was even a tiny "Hughes" blinking in the lower right corner.

The interrogator was stunned. "Do you recognize this thing on my hand?" Someone from Jim Hughes's laboratory gave him this mini-computer. Everyone thought it was just an ordinary watch, but in reality, it was a mini-computer.

The interrogator had been wearing it for so long, yet no one had ever noticed it.

This time, a child of just over three years old immediately saw through it.

Sean nodded. "Yes, I recognize it. I can help you improve it." Hearing Sean's words, the interrogator suddenly came to a realization. Sean was young, yet he had entered a training team filled with talents and prestigious families. For that to happen, he must have something unique about him.

After all, the training camp never took in talentless people. Perhaps because of Sean's age, they had overlooked his abilities.

They even thought of making Sean take on the blame for the deceased Leonard, so that people wouldn't associate Leonard's death with the black pills.

They could only ensure the pills' increasing popularity if they distance Leonard's death from it.

As a result, Sean turned out to be surprisingly useful. Finding a scapegoat was easy, but finding talent wasn't.

The person in charge of the interrogation understood this principle well. He spared Sean's life, but took away his dignity and the right to undergo normal training in the training team.

Instead, he kept Sean locked up in this warehouse. He treated Sean like a caged dog, where everything from eating to personal needs happened within this confined space.

Sean had never experienced hardship since childhood, especially after returning to Richburgh. He had been pampered, and this was a considerable test.

Fortunately, he held on.

"A true man can bend and stretch, and age isn't the measure of his abilities.

"Only through enduring the harshest hardships can one become an exceptional person." Sean remembered these two phrases he had read before.

More importantly, he firmly believed in the conservation of energy principle in life.

He was convinced that his parents were too perfect. His lineage, talent, appearance, and intelligence were all outstanding.

So, heaven had sent the trials of this training camp to torment him.

As long as he endured it, he believed he would emerge even stronger than before.

By doing so, he would become the true backbone of the Fulchers' next generation!