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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1381

To be accurate, Betty needed her greatly.

Sean, on the other hand, had become independent way too early and was now in his own little world.

The thought made Diana feel slightly down.

Her children had all grown up.

She had to keep warning herself to retreat from their lives in a civil manner. That was her first lesson as a parent.

They were children she had painstakingly raised since their birth, and she had inevitably grown deeply attached to them.

Retreat from their lives... To learn how to constantly retreat and draw further away was truly tough.

Diana held back the tears in her eyes as she untied Betty's hair.

Betty's hair had just been washed this morning, and the sweet scent of her shampoo was still lingering in her hair.

Diana couldn't help but rub her nose at the scent. "Does the shampoo at our house smell so good?" "No." Betty shook her head. "The shampoo we use at home doesn't have a scent." Where did that sweet scent come from, then?

Diana could smell the strong fragrance of roses; it made her think of their vivid red color, even without seeing any.

Since the sweet smell wasn't coming from Betty's hair and wasn't the fragrance used in the room, where exactly was the scent coming from?

She was just wondering about it when she heard a commotion at the balcony.

She ignored it.

“I’ll take you to the shower,” Diana said, holding Betty’s hand and leading the girl to the bathroom.

She had booked a room with a bathtub. She had prepared a bubble bath sachet, which she placed in the tub and ran the water before telling Betty to go in.

Betty wasn’t used to using the shower gels from outside her house.

Diana packed Betty’s usual bathing mousse, which formed soft clouds of foam on her hand with every pump.

She had a lot of fun playing with the foam, she pumped a few more handfuls of it before transferring it into the tub.

“Mommy, you’re more playful than me,” Betty commented, pulling Diana. “Come in and bathe with me.” It had been a while since they took a bath together.

Diana always thought that adults’ bodies were dirty, and that little children, especially girls, had to pay special attention to their personal female hygiene.

Thus, she rarely took baths with her daughter.

In fact, she could count the times she bathed with Betty since the latter’s birth with just one hand.

Instinctively, she wanted to say no to Betty. However, Betty’s eyes were filled with expectations and desire.

Forget it. She was probably quite clean, anyway.

She pondered for a moment, before deciding, “Let’s not think so much.” Her daughter wanted to be close to her, and enjoy a happy time bathing with her. There was no need for her to dampen Betty’s enthusiasm.

“It’s said that some exposure to germs can build immunity,” Diana mumbled, trying to comfort herself. “If I’m too uptight and Betty gets underexposed to germs, it might not be good for her health in the long term.” Betty cupped her chin and leaned against the edge of the tub, looking gleefully at Diana mumbling to herself.

Betty didn't rush Diana for an answer. She just waited for Diana to take off her clothes. Then, she immediately grabbed Diana's arms and pulled her slowly into the tub.

"Mommy, be careful." Mommy couldn't afford to slip and fall. Daddy and Sean weren't around, so Betty had to shoulder the responsibility of protecting Mommy.

Absolutely no one, including herself, could hurt Mommy!

Diana saw Betty pout, looking all serious, and burst out laughing. "It's fine. I'm just pregnant. I'm not severely ill to the point I can't stand." Betty needn't be so anxious. Seeing such a small and petite girl with her face all flushed and anxious was such an adorable sight!

Steam rose from the water, leaving a mist on the mirror. Diana and Betty were having fun in the tub while the commotion at the balcony went on.

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Every room in this hotel came attached with a balcony. There was practically no gap between one balcony to another.

In fact, two balconies of two separate hotel rooms shared one single pane of glass. Essentially, one could effortlessly get from one hotel room to another just by jumping across the glass.

A woman in white uniform grasped the glass separating Diana's balcony from the neighboring balcony, and tried jumping a few times. Very swiftly, she leaped like a spring from the balcony to Diana's.

Right after that, someone handed her something. She reached out to take it.

Things continued being handed to the woman who jumped into Diana's balcony, and she continued taking them and putting them on the ground.

All of this made quite a ruckus.

Diana finally sensed that something was wrong, and she began to panic. She let Betty continue soaking in the tub, and said, "Mommy needs to head out for a while. I'll come back soon to shower you later." There was still a lot of foam on Betty's body, and she needed a shower to wash them all off.

Betty nodded obediently. “Yes, Mommy.” Diana stood up, cleaned herself up, and got dressed. Then, she opened the bathroom door. When she walked out, the commotion grew louder.

She was sure that someone had entered her hotel room!

Her brows furrowed. She immediately switched on all the lights in her room.

Her heart was in her throat.

Diana picked up the receiver next to the bed, and dialed for the reception. After the call went through, instead of speaking, she switched it to loudspeaker mode.

She placed the receiver on the table, so that whoever was on the line could hear the commotion in here.

The sound was coming from the balcony.

Diana clutched her chest, fearful, as she slowly walked toward the balcony.

The hotel suite wasn't big. The balcony was a little haven, attached to a smaller room.

The moment Diana walked out of the larger room, she immediately spotted someone at the balcony.

Not just someone, but several people!

This was her room! A room she booked with her own money!

Furious, Diana yelled at the phone, “Get your manager here right now!” Her voice was clear and crisp, piercing like the cold winter air, shocking everyone at the scene—including those standing at the balcony.

Very soon, a voice could be heard. “Ms. Winnington...” It was a female voice; one that sounded rather weak and feeble, clearly posing no threat to Diana.

Diana moved closer to the balcony. Just then, the curtains flew up in the air. She could make out the figures in the dark.

The owner of the voice seemed to be wearing white clothes.

Immediately, she recalled the maids busying themselves in the room next door when she brought Betty back.

What were those people doing in her room now?

They even barged into her balcony without permission! Diana found it terribly uncomfortable. She instinctively wrapped her arms around her stomach, and stood right where she was, no longer walking forward.

“Who are you?! How do you know my name?” The woman’s voice was still small and there was a trace of reverence in it. “The professor told me your name. We knocked on your door just now, but you didn’t answer us. So...” She sounded like she was put in a difficult spot. She added indignantly, “We had no choice but to jump in from the balcony.” They were on the nineteenth floor. If anything were to happen when they jumped, it may have been a matter of life and death.

But... “Professor? Are you working for Professor Hughes? Is Jim Hughes staying next door?” Diana asked.

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When they knocked, Diana and Betty were immersed in the fun of soaking in the tub.

Not only were the sounds blocked out by the room door and walls, but they were also blocked out by the glass door in the washroom.

What’s more, Betty loved chatting and singing in the bath. It was completely understandable that Diana did not manage to hear the knocks on the door.

Diana began walking closer to them. “Deliver some things?” She trusted Jim very much. She genuinely saw him as a friend. Upon realizing they were his subordinates, she relaxed. “What things? Why is Jim staying next door to me?” The woman quickly replied, “Professor said that booking both rooms on the left and right of your room and prevent random, dangerous people from staying next to you. It ensures a quiet and peaceful environment for you, and your safety.

You’re pregnant, after all. The professor was worried about you getting shocked, or if you might be in danger. He didn’t want to leave it to chance.” In

other words, no one wasn't staying in the rooms next door. He had booked them for her sake.

Diana looked at the figures standing outside at the balcony behind the billowing curtains. People who didn't know might misunderstand and assume they were trying to attack a pregnant lady.

She rubbed her belly, feeling the lingering fear in her heart, and mumbled, "I wasn't shocked until you guys came in." The ladies were stumped by Diana's comment.

They knew they didn't do their job well today, but they had too many things to deliver to Diana within a limited time. If they didn't manage to do it in time, they would be slapped with further rules and restrictions back at the Hughes residence.

For all they knew, they might even be punished. They didn't want that happening. Since they didn't bear Diana any ill will, they decided to jump onto her balcony.

Diana was rather curious. "What did you bring?" Until now, she still had no idea what they were tasked to deliver to her.

She genuinely thought that Jim was too thoughtful and considerate. Coming to Jacroaof was already thanks to him. Coupled with his care over her hotel stay, it made Diana feel bad.

Perhaps she should have followed the driver back to the Hughes residence and say hello to Jim.

She had rejected him before, and was now embarrassed to ask him about it again. She had no choice but to forgo the thought, and check out the things the maids delivered.

The maids showed everything they brought on the floor. In an instant, the floor was filled with many items spread out in a line.

There were strawberries, cherries, durians, mangosteens, and many fresh coconuts filled with juice. Each coconut was accompanied by a set of tools to crack it open. It was clearly prepared by someone thoughtful and detailed.

Jim immediately came to mind.

His bookish air and maturity of a professor was like a refreshing spring breeze.

Diana continued checking out the items. Aside from the fruits, there were also some snacks. They weren't the usual breads and biscuits, but hand-made buns and rolls. There were tiny and bite-sized, and looked as if she could eat them one after the other.

The maid could tell that Diana had her doubts, and quickly offered an explanation.

"These are handmade by the professor. They have no preservatives, and can only last for six days. After that, they'll do bad and you shouldn't eat them. We'll come by and deliver fresh buns to you regularly." Diana didn't care about the second half of what the maid told her.

All the more she didn't care about the timing. She thought the maid didn't know that she was just a tourist, and was going to leave in around five to six days. In fact, she was planning to stay for only three to four days.

The scenery at Jacroaof was pretty good, the mountainous views making one feel relaxed and cheerful.

Even so, Diana missed Richburgh and its cold, hard ridges. It gave her the feeling of home.

What's more, it was where her bossy, overbearing, and silly husband who couldn't sweet-talk her even if his life depended on it stayed.

Thinking of Julian, she blushed.

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The ladies found Diana incredibly beautiful.

No wonder their professor was spending so much effort on a pregnant woman!

"Over the years, the professor has never given anyone food he made himself," the woman said, trying their best to portray Jim in the best light possible.

"There are herbs in them, so the taste is extra special.

“They taste good, and are good for your health. Whenever you get hungry at night, feel free to take them to fill your stomach.” No wonder Diana felt like the buns smelled special. Even the strong stench of the durians couldn’t mask that special scent.

“Okay,” Diana said with a smile. She turned her attention to a huge gift box on the floor. “What is that?” “Birds’ nests and bedsheets.” The maids nodded at Diana as they spoke. With Diana’s permission, they entered the room to move everything slowly.

“These things are heavy. Please don’t touch them.” They rolled up their sleeves and grabbed brushes and disinfectant liquid. One of them handed Diana a room card.

“We’ve cleaned the two rooms next door. Professor Hughes might go into the room on the right to relax and drink some tea. He won’t go into the room on the left. You can go in there anytime to rest.” That was exactly what Diana could do right now. It would make it easier for them to clean her room.

Diana wasn’t a clean freak; she felt the room was fine, so long as it wasn’t dirty or messy. There was no need to go to the extent of ensuring that even the under sink pipes were clear of hair.

What’s more... “My daughter is still in the bathroom.” Diana began to understand why some of them gave way to her when she brought Betty back to the hotel just now. They had recognized her long ago.

This was a thorough demonstration of Jim’s thoughtfulness as a host.

Diana figured that whatever Jim was thinking, as long as she insisted he was merely doing his part as a host, their relationship would remain strictly as friends.

When Jim visited Richburgh, she and Julian would extend ten times the hospitality that Jim was currently giving her. Such debts could definitely be repaid, as long as she had the heart to do so.

“There’s no need to clean my room,” she told the maids.

The daily housekeeping was enough. Diana didn’t like having so many people invading her privacy, anyway. The reason she wasn’t angry at them for jumping on her balcony was because of all the gifts Jim was giving her.

“Please leave,” Diana said, opening her door. She kept the room cards with her.

“Tell Professor Hughes that I’ll visit him tomorrow.” If she didn’t say that, she was afraid these people might refuse to leave her room.

As she had expected, the moment they heard that Diana would visit Jim, all of them looked relieved.

Diana found it slightly baffling. She stopped one of the maids to ask, “Is Professor Hughes unfriendly?” “Huh?” She didn’t give Diana a direct response.

She simply looked at Diana, shocked. It was only when she realized who Diana was that she finally snapped back to attention, and said, “Professor Hughes is a very nice man.” It was an answer Diana expected.

Diana was relieved.

“I saw how all of you looked so nervous at the mention of his name, so I thought he was mistreating you.” She sighed in relief. “But Jim is such a nice man! He can’t possibly mistreat you.” The maid smiled, not saying anything.

It was only when she turned around that the smile on her face vanished, replaced with a look of melancholy.

Thankfully, she didn’t say anything wrong just now. Otherwise, she wouldn’t be able to escape the fate of taking a black pill once she returned to the Hughes residence.

She didn’t want that. Everyone who took that black pill ended up in a terrible plight.

Every one of them signed an agreement before working for the Hughes household. That agreement wasn’t for maids or bodyguards, but rather, for people trialing drugs.

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ily members would have no way of seeking compensation from the Hughes family, even if they pursued a lawsuit.

“Wait!” Diana yelled.

Seeing their clothes, Diana had a thought. Very soon, she caught up with the maid whom she spoke with just now.

The maid's back tensed up ever so slightly. She turned, around and asked, "What's the matter, Ms. Winnington?" "Your clothes." Diana pointed at their uniform. "Does everyone working at the Hughes household have to wear the same white uniform? Even the men?" This time, the lady didn't reply to Diana's question.

Diana explained, "I'm in the fashion design industry. I think the fabric used in your uniform is of great quality." She didn't even need a closer look to feel the fabric's smooth and silky texture.

The detailed embroidery on the uniform made it look very expensive.

Jim had used it in his uniforms.

The maid said, "Both men and women wear the same uniform, but in different colors." Diana thought of Jim. "What color is the men's uniform?" "I'm not sure. I'm new around here, and I haven't seen any male workers thus far." Diana nodded in understanding. She surveyed the maid before her from head to toe, ascertaining that the maid wasn't lying before finally letting her go.

She was probably overthinking things. Jim had already said that he didn't know who Matt Hughes was.

She shouldn't associate Jim and Matt Hughes just because of a black pill that was commonly-seen everywhere.

She was sure Jim bore no ill-intentions against her.

With that in mind, Diana apologized to the maid. "Sorry for bothering you. I'll take note of it when I go tomorrow. Your uniform looks very good." The maid smiled, and looked at her huge team that had gone ahead of her.

The team consisted of a grand total of 20 people, all dressed in white uniform embroidered with silver patterns on them. Their hair was coiled up in neat chignons, and they looked like an impressive army when walking together.

They were also very eye-catching.

The maid felt rather bad for lagging behind, and said, "If there's nothing else, Ms. Winnington, shall I leave?" Diana immediately stepped aside. "Sure. Thank you for today." Jim had delivered so many things to her, and tasked so many of his subordinates to tidy up the neighboring rooms. Diana knew she owed him big time.

She gripped the room card in her hand, and pondered over the most appropriate way to thank Jim tomorrow when she visited him. At the same time, she needed to reject his show of affection.

Diana was now very certain that Jim had feelings for her.

This time, Julian had gotten it wrong.

She came to Jacroaof to meet his rival in love.

Yet, that fool hadn't contacted her until now! He also showed no signs of rushing over here.

She looked at the blacked-out screen on her phone; then at the fruits, snacks, and daily necessities piled up at the side. Resentment gradually built up in her.

"Julian Fulcher! If you don't come soon, I'm going to get together with Jim!" she yelled.

That was what Betty heard Diana say the moment she came out of the bathroom.

Her eyes widened, and she covered her mouth in shock. She sneakily grabbed her phone, and switched it on.

During the entire process, Betty's mouth was wide open. She crossed her legs anxiously. Her brows were tightly knitted, but she didn't forget to cover the light shining from her screen to prevent Diana from finding her out.

Betty quickly typed out exactly what Diana had said in a text, then sent it to Julian.

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Julian was busy.

So much so, he didn't even have the time to check his phone.

The earlier he resolved the crisis that Fulcher Inc. was facing, the earlier he could get to Jacroaof and look for Diana and Betty.

He threw himself into working on Fulcher Inc.'s back-end financial system, tirelessly keeping an eagle eye on his technicians as they worked.

"This hacker is very cunning," the technician said.

It wasn't easy fulfilling the task this time round.

"We've never seen a destruction program in these settings, and it looks just like a children's game. It looks very simple—childish, even—but when we actually tried to decode it, we realized there was nothing childish about it. Little children have nothing to do with this level of difficulty." The technician's words erased Julian's doubts regarding Sean. His son couldn't possibly have done something so wicked to Fulcher Inc.

For all he knew, Sean was probably sound asleep right now, recovering from the fatigue of his training.

In reality, Sean was very tired indeed.

However, he wasn't sleeping.

He thought about it, and was determined to teach Julian a lesson through this cyberattack so that he would remember to take care of Sean's mommy!

Yet, he heard from Lucas that Julian still hadn't set off for Jacroaof.

Given Julian's abilities, Sean didn't think that his actions could stop Julian from rushing to Jacroaof to find Diana.

That is, unless Julian didn't want to go. He didn't find it urgent enough.

Otherwise, even if he had to crawl, he would have gone there!

He shuddered when he thought about what could happen to Mommy and Betty, who were all by themselves in Jacroaof.

The more Sean thought about it, the more worried he got.

His brows furrowed as he pondered if his reminder to Julian was strong enough.

Sean thought he had given Julian enough chances. Since Julian didn't take them, he would have to stand on Lucas' side.

"Do you have any other way to deal with Julian Fulcher?" Sean was determined to teach Julian a harsh lesson, so that he would always remember to prioritize Diana in all things.

Even his company wasn't as important as Mommy!

Sean did exactly what he thought as he looked innocently yet earnestly at Lucas, almost seeing the latter as his teacher.

Lucas asked, "Do you bear a grudge against Julian Fulcher?" That was Sean's father. How could he possibly have a grudge against Julian? If he really did, he would have bombed Collina Villa into pieces long ago.

Anyway, he knew the electronic programs of the inner rooms and main gate of Collina Villa, all thanks to Julian's previous efforts to test his computing talent.

Activating the programs right now was as easy as pie.

"No grudge," Sean said. Just some minor family dispute.

Sean's face puffed up, revealing innocence that could only be seen in children.

Lucas was beginning to like Sean more and more. He couldn't help it.

In the end, Sean was but a child. He definitely had his adorable side. The baby fat on his cheeks were especially cute.

It proved to be a weakness that even weakened Lucas had. He threw Sean an ointment, and said, "Don't let your injuries fester, especially the ones on your fingers. Otherwise, you won't be able to use a computer in the future." A rare genius like him had to be protected well. What's more, he was so small and so young.

The last time Lucas left this place, he thought that Sean wouldn't pose much threat or danger to him. He was way too young and way too small.

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Lucas heard that before, Sean couldn't even lift a bow and arrow.

Sean even issued Leonard a challenge, wanting to compete against him, but when the time of the match came, Leonard didn't appear.

He didn't even want to fight against this pipsqueak.

With that thought in mind, Lucas was more forgiving toward Sean. He even gave Sean a set of new clothes to change into.

"One week later, I'll let you out of this room." During this period... "You don't need to interfere with Julian Fulcher's affairs from here on." Lucas handed Sean a set of documents.

"Make it so that these two rooms in this hotel can only be unlocked on our end one week—no, three days later." Lucas thought through it. Nowhere was safe and private enough. He'd rather let Diana remain in that hotel all the way.

Anyway, he heard that the servants at home helped tidy up her room till it was spick and span. Jim even booked the neighboring rooms, which meant that Diana had a lot of space to move about.

Over the coming week, the Hughes family would reserve the entire hotel for their own use. Diana could then take Betty downstairs for some sunshine if the weather looked up. They wouldn't be bothered if they wanted to take a stroll, too.

Just... She wouldn't be able to leave that hotel before she gave birth.

Lucas had proposed this idea to Jim, but Jim had yet to give him a response.

However, Lucas was already beginning to put his plan in place.

Firstly, he had to first reprogram the lock of Diana's hotel room so he could be in full control of Diana's movements anytime.

Thankfully, Sean was sharp enough to ask, "Whose hotel room is this? Is it the room of Julian Fulcher's wife? Why do we need to change the passcode program of the door lock?" He could teach his daddy a lesson, but he didn't want to help others bully his mommy. He didn't even want to help others bully Daddy.

He was the only one who could bully Daddy and Mommy.

“Yes,” Lucas said, once again impressed by Sean’s intellect. “It is the room of Julian Fulcher’s wife, Ms. Winnington.” Sean’s hand, which was applying ointment, paused midair. Suddenly, he didn’t want to leave this room.

He couldn’t really figure out what Lucas wanted to do to Mommy.

“Her husband doesn’t know how to take care of her. Our professor said we have to teach Julian Fulcher a lesson, and make him anxious when he can’t find his own wife. We can’t let Ms. Winnington return to Richburgh so soon. We must let her have as much fun as possible here.” Sean asked, “What does this have to do with controlling the password to her door lock?” “I have no choice,” Lucas said with a shrug. “Ms. Winnington’s blinded by love. I heard the professor say that she’s anxious to return to Richburgh when she realized that Julian Fulcher isn’t coming.

“She wants to go look for her husband, but her husband didn’t even bother calling her. As her friend, the professor is angry and anxious for her.

“That’s why he wants to help Ms. Winnington. At the very least, he wants to stop her from returning so quickly.” Jim no longer trusted Julian. He didn’t think Julian was capable of ensuring a smooth pregnancy for Diana and keeping her in a good mood the whole time.

So, he didn’t intend to let Ms. Winnington go back. To him, he was helping Diana with her pregnancy. He was doing a good thing and fulfilling his responsibility as a friend.

“Oh, right.” Lucas was in complete agreement with Jim, and he sounded righteous as he spoke about forcing Diana to stay in Jacroaof. “That Julian Fulcher even said that he wanted to put his wife and daughter in our professor’s hands.” Lucas looked fiercely at Sean.

“Do you think Julian Fulcher is going to look for other women? Otherwise, how could he say something like that? Ms. Winnington will probably be very heartbroken if she were to return right now.” Sean looked more and more solemn as he listened to Lucas.

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No wonder people said that unfaithfulness and violence in a marriage were both completely unacceptable. If it could happen once, it could happen twice.

Over these two days, Sean made use of the internet to search through all the information he could find about the past between Julian and Kayla Winnington.

Although Julian wasn't exactly considered unfaithful at that time, Sean could tell that Julian had considered being unfaithful. He simply stopped himself before he made a big mistake.

Even so, the hurt that he caused Mommy was real.

Mommy gave him a chance, which was why he and Betty came about. And now, Mommy was pregnant with two more babies.

But now, Daddy wasn't cherishing her as he should!

The thought of Julian's disappointing actions infuriated Sean. "Probably!" Aside from being bewitched and blinded by another woman, what other reason could Julian possibly have for not rushing to Jacroaof the moment he had the chance to?

Why did he have to make Mommy and Betty wait here in disappointment?

The more Sean thought about it, the more angry he got.

"Don't you worry," he said through gritted teeth. "Leave Ms. Winnington's door lock to me!" This time, he was determined not to let Mommy go back so soon. He would wait until Julian admitted his mistake, and came begging Mommy to go back!

That day, Julian kept sneezing. Even his usually neat and tidy clothes were in disarray.

Noel urged him to go home and take a break. "Mr. Fulcher, I'll be here. Please go home first." How could Julian allow that?! He wouldn't be able to rest well at home, anyway.

He had to resolve Fulcher Inc.'s crisis as soon as possible, and make sure the company was fine. If Fulcher Inc. was fine, then Diana, as its main shareholder, would be fine.

Diana was his sole pursuit in life.

Julian's persistence stopped Noel from trying to persuade him.

Noel immediately drove back home to get some fresh clothes for Julian, mentally preparing himself to eat and sleep in the office over the next two years.

"It's good if we can resolve the crisis as soon as possible. Once we do that, I can go find Diana with peace of mind," Julian said to Noel. "The cyberattack is the main issue this time round. This proves that there's a huge loophole in our back-end system. We must seize this chance to upgrade our systems." It would be easily solved if it was just a problem with a lousy back-end system.

Fulcher Inc.'s financial settlement back-end system was very mature. It wasn't easy to find patches, optimize and upgrade a mature platform. With Julian monitoring and supervising the effort, it might lead to outstanding results that might come even earlier.

Noel understood how important the company was to the Fulchers. He said nothing more, except to remind Julian to take care of his own health.

"I'm fine," Julian said, as he took the clothes from Noel and glanced at him.

Noel worked for him over so many years. Julian trusted his working abilities.

Noel was even able to help him think through details in his personal life.

He was very pleased with his assistant.

"You, on the other hand," Julian said, glancing at the stubble growing on Noel's chin and the listless look in his eyes, "should be taking care of your own health as well." He pulled out a new suit from the clothes Noel just handed to him. "Go get changed." There was a changing room in the office, which made things convenient.

Noel was confused. "Mr. Fulcher..." The current clothes he was wearing were perfectly fine. There was no need for him to wear Julian's clothes.

"You've been wearing these for days," Julian said, mercilessly exposing Noel's unkemptness. "You'll turn smelly if you don't change out of it soon."

“Diana arranged a blind date for you today, so that you can forget about Cecilia as soon as possible. It’s three o’clock at the café by the road.” Julian glanced at the clock, and urged Noel, “Go for it. If you dare reject me, you can quit being my assistant.”

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That was impossible.

Getting Noel to quit being Julian’s assistant was worse than making him fall out of love. It was almost akin to murder. That would really make Noel lose all aim in life.

“Fine, I’ll go,” Noel said.

All he needed to do when he was there was to politely reject the lady. Not turning up for the blind date would indeed disappoint Diana.

Diana was so kind to him, so Noel couldn’t bear to make Diana appear dishonest.

However, he didn’t get changed. By the time Julian realized what happened, Noel was already on his way.

Julian decided not to pursue the matter.

Anyway, Noel’s blind date wouldn’t be able to see him.

To help Noel choose a better partner this time, the blind date Diana prepared involved a thick layer of curtain in between the parties. Only if both parties clicked and had much to talk about would they be able to proceed to the next stage.

Given Noel’s current state... He probably wasn’t in the mood to chat, especially so enthusiastically that it would lead to the curtains opening so that him and his date could see each other.

Julian wasn’t very optimistic about the blind date. He expected Noel to return very soon after the blind date.

The sun was shining brightly. Even in the afternoon, the sunshine remained bright and intense.

Cecilia was rather fearful of such weather.

Bright sunshine during summer meant heat.

Walking under the bright sunshine would make your skin sticky and sweaty, and the heat brought discomfort one couldn't shake off easily.

Even so, the blind date in the afternoon was very important.

It was with a partner that her mother had searched for very long. If she didn't go for it, her family would definitely nag at her for being unable to let go of Noel.

What was there for Cecilia to hold on to?

Noel was the one who had let her down.

Whenever she thought of him, she would get upset. Dark clouds would form above her head, giving her a solemn impression.

"Don't forget to smile when you reach the café and see your blind date," Sue reminded her Cecilia, handing her an umbrella. "It's very sunny outside. Don't get yourself too tanned." Cecilia nodded. "I got it." Although she knew she really shouldn't pick a fight with her mother, she couldn't help but tease, "If the other party is very ugly and has pockmarked skin, must I still smile at him?" "Forget about that." Sue gently pushed Cecilia's shoulder. "I've seen his photo.

He's very handsome." She reminded Cecilia again, "You'll see him seated at the last seat by the window, at the café by the road." She paused for a while. Ultimately, she still cared more for her daughter, and said, "If you really don't fancy him, you can choose not to enter the café and just come home." Sue had thought things through. If Cecilia really wasn't able to find a man she fancied, that would only be for the time being.

Sue would use everything she had—all her power and her network—to search for suitable men beyond the shores of Richburgh. As long as she could find someone suitable, she would immediately introduce him to Cecilia.

After trying thousands of times, Cecilia would definitely be able to find someone she fancied!

Cecilia was completely unaware of her mother's plans, but she held this blind date in high regard.

Since she didn't have a good eye for men, getting her wise and knowledgeable mother's help in selecting a handsome young man was definitely a good idea!

She asked the driver to drop her at the café by the road. After she got out of the car, she opened the umbrella to shield herself from the sun.

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hing about it was that it was by the road. In fact, it wasn't really by the road. There was actually a road stretching around it.

The owner of this shop was a holdout. When the government tore down the buildings in this area, he decided to build a road around the shop.

That resulted in a very interesting sight. Either way, it was clear to the original owners of the property that they could no longer live there. The only thing they could do was to rent out the property.

Over the years, they had many tenants.

However, the most successful one that became famous was this cafe.

Wealthy socialites, white-collared workers in the city, students, and even tourists from all over the world, would come to visit this café. It somehow became one of Richburgh's attractions. It came to the point that those who didn't drop by the café were considered to have never stepped into Richburgh.

Business at the café was therefore booming.

Cecilia had recently been busy thinking about what she could do to step out of her identity of being a rich heiress of the Jarvis family, who was naive and knew nothing about the world.

Now that she had a chance to visit this café, she wanted to check out its business model. The moment she opened the door, her attention was immediately drawn to the Terkland-style furnishings in the shop.

The vintage wave had passed. Simple minimalistic decorations became outdated fast. Thus, shops of many kinds began renovating themselves in many strange styles.

The furnishings of this shop were very special, unforgettable even after just one glance.

There were too many people in the café, just like what a tourist attraction should be.

Cecilia stood at the door, subconsciously looking at the seats by the windows so that she could catch a glimpse of her blind date. All she could see were the backs of many heads.

“Please excuse me,” she said as she tried walking into the café, resigned to the fate that she could only see her blind date when she found his seat.

Cecilia stood at the door, shouting at the people queuing up to buy coffee.

“Thank you, please excuse me, thank you...” When she finally managed to squeeze into the café from the entrance, she felt like the air was fresher.

Cecilia took a deep breath. She was about to order coffee, but her hand paused midair.

There were too many people in the queue. Perhaps she should wait for a while before ordering.

The blind date was important. She could drink coffee anywhere, anytime.

The thing was, she had read excellent reviews about the coffee here. Now that she was here, she really wanted to try it.

Seeing the long, snaking queue, she gave up.

“I wonder who chose such a place as a venue for a blind date,” Cecilia pondered as she walked on. “Forget it. This was planned by Mom. She probably doesn’t have much experience planning dates.” She thought to herself, while trying to tolerate the noisy environment. She soon found the seat Sue told her about, and sat down.

“Pardon me,” a waitress said, moving fast despite the huge crowd. She had appeared the moment Cecilia sat down. “I’m sorry, miss, but someone has

already reserved this table. Please find another table.” No wonder this seat was empty in such a huge, crowded café.

Cecilia looked up and flashed her signature, sweet smile. “Excuse me, but I’m the one who reserved this table.” The waitress shook her head. “That’s not possible. The one who reserved this table is a regular here.” Cecilia was embarrassed, but the waitress kept bowing and apologizing. “I’m so sorry, miss. Someone really reserved this table. This regular of ours comes every day.” The regular would definitely be upset to see the table gone.

Cecilia didn’t want to put the waitress in a difficult spot. She thought about it, then called Sue.

Sue said, “I didn’t make any reservation. I just told him to sit by the window.

Don’t you youngsters love sitting by the window?” Forget it.

This was her first time.