

## Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1391

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1391

Cecilia kept comforting herself after hanging up the phone. Her mom had it tough, too; at such an old age, she had to arrange blind dates for her.

As the saying goes, familiarity comes with repetition. If this blind date didn't go well, she would surely arrange a better one next time.

"Sorry." This time, it was Cecilia apologizing to the waitress. She felt a bit embarrassed. "This seat isn't the one I reserved, I made a mistake. But..." Her gaze swept around the coffee shop.

"I'm here for a blind date. I..." There were no available seats before her. Where would she go for the blind date now? And where would she wait?

If things didn't work out, she might as well just go home. Even if she had to endure Sue's nagging, it was better than trying to squeeze in a place that was like a crowded marketplace.

Already having second thoughts before starting her entrepreneurial journey, Cecilia looked around the coffee shop again.

She rubbed her temples, feeling a headache coming. "Is this even a coffee shop? It's more like a market." The coffee shop seemed to have been turned into a market, emphasizing quantity over quality.

Instead of getting angry at her complaint, the waitress flashed her a relaxed smile. "Oh, a blind date! You should have said so earlier!" The waitress became even more enthusiastic, especially after sorting out the seating issue. She wasn't as tense anymore when facing Cecilia.

"Follow me. People who came for blind dates don't stay here, they're on the second floor." Saying that, she led Cecilia a few steps backward. She turned a seemingly sealed door, and it rotated at a forty-five-degree angle—the whole thing was like a mechanism in reality shows on TV.

A breeze blew, and the wind chimes hanging above rang. There was a vast expanse of white and sky-blue, reminiscent of the sky. One could hear the sound of cars honking and accelerating. Occasionally, one could also feel the wind.

As it turned out, the highlight of this coffee shop was on the second floor.

Cecilia's eyes lit up; the thought of leaving completely disappeared. She was completely captivated by the scenery in front of her.

At the same time, she was quite afraid. The surroundings were covered in large floor-to-ceiling glass windows.

With just one glance, a wide road stretched out before her. Standing here, she felt like she could collide with the speeding cars at any time. In reality, there was an entire floor of distance between her and those cars.

Excitement surged in her.

She really wanted a cup of coffee to wake herself up and clear her mind. This thought flashed in her mind, and she instantly understood the deeper business strategy behind this coffee shop—creating demand.

Not just creating demand, but even seizing control of the high-end blind date market in Richburgh.

"Miss," the waitress said, as she led Cecilia to a corner.

Cecilia had arrived late; as there were no other available seats, she had to settle for this corner. However, it was still a window-side position. After all, the glass was so large, covering entire walls.

It felt quite secure in the corner.

Cecilia was satisfied, but she couldn't help asking, "Why are all the tables separated by bamboo curtains?" Wouldn't the person sitting across her not be able to see her face? How could one go on a blind date like this? Forget a blind date, even enjoying proper coffee here felt stifling. Even the good view outside the window was mostly blocked.

How could a blind date work in such a setting?

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1392

The waitress noticed the diminishing excitement and anticipation on Cecilia's face.

With a clientele as diverse as theirs, there was a familiar routine and explanation.

“It does block the view, but it’s intentional,” she explained. “Today happens to be our coffee shop’s weekly collective blind date day. On this day, all the customers on the second floor become participants in a blind date. Our boss specifically set up these bamboo curtains to help everyone quickly find a compatible match.

It’s convenient for those attending the blind date not to judge based on appearances.” “Not judging based on appearances? How can you determine compatibility without seeing each other?” Cecilia placed a lot of importance on a person’s appearance. She couldn’t tolerate an unattractive appearance for even a minute.

At the very least, the person should have a decent appearance to be likable.

Now that she couldn’t even see the faces, what if she found out the person was unattractive after the revelation?

Wouldn’t that be a waste of time?

After all, her mom hadn’t shown her any photos yet.

Sue had seen them, but her preferences leaned towards sturdier gentlemen. It was a bit different from Cecilia’s preference. Cecilia liked prettier and more delicate men.

So, the suitability of a blind date partner and whether they were visually appealing needed to be evaluated on the spot.

“We’ll let you see your date,” the waitress said with a smile. “But only after you both have compatible views. Wouldn’t it be even worse if you only judge based on looks and fall for him, only to later find out he’s a scumbag?” The waitress’s words struck a chord with Cecilia.

Twice.

She had chosen two men herself—both times purely based on their attractive faces, only to be deeply hurt in the end.

One taught her the pain of unrequited love, and the other taught her the power of money.

Listening to the waitress, it seemed that checking if her suitor's values and thoughts matched her before anything else was a good idea.

"Alright." Cecilia nodded in agreement. "Can I order a cup of coffee? I can't just sit here without ordering anything." The waitress smiled. "Your family arranged this blind date for you, right?" "Yes." "In that case, you don't need to place an order. Whoever arranged it has already paid after registering." The waitress then asked for Cecilia's details. "May I have your name?" Cecilia lowered her voice, not wanting to disturb others, and whispered, "Cecilia Jarvis." — "Cecilia?" Noel smiled bitterly.

He thought about her in her dreams, but did he have to hallucinate hearing her name in reality?

He had already asked around on the way here. This roadside café was famous for its matchmaking events every Tuesday. The participants in this event were the wealthy, as the café's owner had already screened them in advance.

It was quite reliable.

Richburgh had too many outstanding young men and women of marriageable age, and it wasn't easy to be part of this matchmaking event.

He figured Diana must have put in a lot of effort to get him here. Diana and Julian had always treated him so well. He couldn't be ungrateful.

After some thought, he decided to stand up and wash his face in the bathroom.

It would be a shame to appear spiritless when talking to his potential date later.

Even after washing his face, he still looked disheveled.

Noel faced the mirror, forcing himself to smile. "Smile. I need to start a new relationship, a new life." Only by doing so could he not disappoint Diana's well-intentioned efforts.

He promised himself to take this blind date seriously. Taking it seriously also meant distancing himself further from his first love, Cecilia Jarvis.

Noel suppressed the sadness in his heart, and rallied his spirits. Then, he washed his hands and walked out of the washroom.

The second floor was becoming more crowded.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1393

More and more bamboo curtains were being lowered. This meant that the collective blind date in this café was about to begin.

Cecilia never expected that her first blind date would turn out to be a group event. Sue probably had no idea about the nature of blind dates in this place.

Well, that was okay.

Cecilia had no plans to explain it to her mother when she got home. After the incident with Noel, Cecilia's mindset had matured. She was no longer the girl who used to share every detail with her mother.

One must walk their own path in life.

A cup of Cloud Peak Coffee was soon placed in front of her. Its aroma wafted through the air, and Cecilia's interest was suddenly piqued even more.

She grabbed the waitress. "Who's the owner of this place?" Not only could the owner run a flexible business and explore new models, but he also maintained a high standard of coffee quality. It was a bit regrettable that she didn't know the owner.

"Our boss is an old man," the waitress said, smiling. "He says he's getting old, and doesn't like to show his face, so..." The waitress hesitated, shaking her head. "Ms. Jarvis, I'm afraid you won't be able to meet him, even if you wish to see him." Cecilia immediately expressed understanding. "That's okay." In reality, she just wanted to ask some business advice from him. With Diana not around recently, and Fanny... She couldn't think about Fanny.

Her heart felt heavy whenever she remembered Fanny, who had passed away just two days ago. Fanny was a star she admired so much. They had become friends after sharing a meal together, too.

Now, Fanny was gone.

Life was unpredictable. Thus, one had to distance themselves from negative people and things.

For example, Noel.

Cecilia made a firm decision; she would never see him again in her life! She wouldn't give a man who took advantage of others to climb higher in life any chance.

When her blind date began later, she would make sure to have a proper conversation. She didn't want to end up with another man whose values were incompatible with hers, and thought that taking money from her parents could buy off emotions.

"Here." The waitress found Cecilia easy to talk to. She wasn't like those women who had harbored ill intentions toward their boss. And so, the waitress had a favorable impression of her.

"Put this on." She helped Cecilia put on a small earpiece microphone.

Cecilia was surprised. "What's this? Do we need to use a microphone for the blind date?" "It's not a microphone," the waitress explained. "It's a voice changer." "A voice changer?" "Yes. You can choose to use it or not. See, this..." She pressed a button. "When you turn it on, you can choose various voices. Cute, sexy, and even a rough tomboyish voice." This way, not only appearances but even voices could be manipulated. The subsequent conversation could also be deceptive—like a form of disguise.

Cecilia's confidence in this blind date suddenly diminished.

She became more indifferent. "I don't want to wear it." Even though she couldn't see her suitor's face or show hers, she wanted to have a genuine conversation using her own voice.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1394

The waitress didn't rush to leave.

She stood by Cecilia's side, still demonstrating how to use the microphone.

“There’s no harm in wearing it. Just think: if someone can accept a voice that’s difficult to listen to, that’s when genuine feelings develop. Not just based on the face, but also the voice.

“For two people to last long together, they must share similar values and have similar thoughts. Only then can they get closer over time. Otherwise, they’ll inevitably go in opposite directions.” The more Cecilia thought about it, the more she felt it made sense.

“Thank you.” She took the device from the waitress, and operated it. “Do I use it like this? If I do this, I can have an unpleasant voice?” Completely disguising herself, testing, and probing from an onlooker’s perspective seemed like a good idea.

“The prerequisite for love is to stay calm. Only then can one avoid pitfalls.” The waitress affirmed Cecilia’s technique, and added, “After all, there are so many scumbags in this world. It’s good to be cautious.” Cecilia agreed once again. The voice changer felt like a powerful weapon. She gripped the switch, already thinking about what to do during the upcoming blind date.

“Wait!” Cecilia suddenly realized something. She grabbed the waitress’s clothes.

“Since it’s a group blind date, how can we ensure that the person sitting across from me is the one my family selected for me?” Her suitor had passed her mother’s inspection, and now, needed to pass hers.

Only screened individuals would be more reliable, right?

The waitress smiled, and winked at Cecilia. “You can relax. Fate is predetermined, and the man destined to be by your side won’t be able to escape.” The waitress’s way of speaking was a bit peculiar, but that was just how it was.

Cecilia’s doubts were quickly smoothed over.

Whatever.

Regardless of who sat across her, he would be quickly eliminated if she couldn’t have a meaningful conversation with him or if he had incompatible values. He wouldn’t be allowed to open the curtains and unveil her face.

She wasn't in a hurry.

She would take it slow.

The second floor of the coffee shop was gradually filled with the rich aroma of coffee. More and more people had arrived.

She could see faint figures moving around from behind the bamboo curtains.

Across her, a man also took a seat.

Judging by his figure, he wasn't short. In fact, he was similar to Noel's height.

What a jinx!

She was here to start anew and look for a fresh beginning. Why did she immediately run into someone who reminded her of Noel?

The more she tried not to think about it, the more thoughts related to Noel surfaced in her mind.

When she said she was cold, he tightened his coat around himself and urged her to go home. When she wanted to hold hands, he kept avoiding her.

In the end, he stuffed a small stone into her hand and said, "I noticed that you always want to grab something, so holding a stone will keep your hand busy." It seemed he was afraid Cecilia would find it repulsive. He even took the time to explain.

"I've personally polished this stone with care, so feel free to hold it. It's not dirty." Finally, Cecilia got annoyed and gave it to him straight. "Hold my hand already!" Her hand was so delicate and soft. Holding it felt like holding a small and soft treasure.

When Noel caught her hand, he grew tender and weak. His eyes glimmered slightly with tears. They quickly disappeared, giving way to joy.

"Thank you for wanting to hold my hand." Cecilia was silent. Sometimes, it was better not to say anything.

What did he mean by that?!

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1395



He was a man! Couldn't he take the initiative?

Just as she was thinking this, Noel reached out with his other hand and held hers.

He looked at her with bright eyes, just like he had done when she was sick, and announced, "Cecilia, I'll treat you well for a lifetime!" What was the use of such a solemn promise?

Just like his efforts when she was sick, everything had been done deliberately with ulterior motives!

He had only wanted to elevate his status by becoming the Jarvis family's son-in-law.

Marrying her wasn't important. What mattered was that by marrying her, he could transform his status as an assistant in the Fulcher family to the distinguished son-in-law of the Jarvis family.

With just one wedding, Noel could shake off the traces of his roots and transform into something so much better.

This was the result of Sue's analysis for Cecilia.

"Sweetie." That was a term of endearment for a girl in the South, something commonly used when they were young, but less so as they grew older.

When Sue called her that day, Cecilia was immediately moved—she felt as if she had returned to her childhood. There's no one in the world as good as her mother.

She nodded. "Mom." Sue patted her hand. "You might think I'm exaggerating, but I've walked a longer road and seen more marriages than you can imagine. In marriages where the families don't match, very few last. As for you and Noel... He couldn't even pass the test of taking money. Do you expect him to marry you, take care of you, and love you for a lifetime?" Cecilia's heart was completely shaken after hearing these words.

Yes, Noel took the money. The moment he took money from the Jarvises, there was no doubt he desired something from them.

Despite having a substantial amount of money himself—judging by his salary and the restaurant he owned—he was still after the Jarvises' wealth.

Such a greedy man had no worth!

Cecilia calmed herself. She clenched her fists, and focused on the man across from her. He was the blind date her mother had chosen for her.

No matter how absurd it was, it couldn't be Noel.

The curtain was thick. Cecilia couldn't see his facial features, no matter how much she strained to look. She couldn't even make out the color of his clothes.

Everything was all blurry, with only a very general outline.

What could a silhouette indicate?

Northern men were generally tall, and many had a build and height similar to Noel's. It might just be a similar silhouette.

Cecilia told herself not to overthink, and just focus on waiting for the upcoming conversation.

Soon, the waitress who had led Cecilia to the second floor started speaking with a microphone in the middle of the floor. When she spoke, her voice reached every corner of the second floor.

"Now, everyone who's here for blind dates has arrived." The number was even more than their boss had expected. Although everyone would report their names to the boss before coming here for reservations, their boss was a drunkard... He was only good at coming up with business ideas.

For actual operations, the café relied on these employees and professional managers.

This time, so many people came for blind dates. It set a record for the café.

The waitress couldn't help but complain inwardly about her boss, who drank all day. The old man had said that only by getting drunk could one escape the pain of life.

With so much money, what pain could he possibly have?!

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1396

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## Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1397

People wouldn't realize the importance of having a good spouse until they were old and unable to move about freely.

Having children was good!

In short, the more parents worried about their children, the more successful the café become.

Fine, then!

Isaac Larson, the boss of the roadside café, simply stopped doing anything. As long as they weren't bad people or people he found too disagreeable, he let everyone in for blind dates.

Let the café become as cramped and noisy as a marketplace! Who would want to bring their children here for blind dates if that happened, huh?

The waitress, Ginny, didn't need to guess to know that her boss was the reason for today's noisy and cramped venue. He had arranged the blind date scene in a desperate attempt to become poor.

Unfortunately for him, these people who came for blind dates didn't feel disgusted at all. On the contrary, they cooperated well.

It was mainly because Ginny was competent and not at all clumsy in handling things.

Under her coordination, these people were well-organized. Ms. Jarvis was especially so; she seemed displeased in the beginning, but later on, she became more and more cooperative.

Most importantly, she was beautiful. Yet her eyes revealed her foolish naïveté— she was as immature as a college student.

Ginny couldn't help but step in to help Cecilia and give some hints. She hoped that Cecilia could find a suitable match in their café.

Ginny returned to her senses, and focused on the task at hand. She repeated the blind date rules.

“If you’re interested in each other after chatting, you can lift the curtain to see each other’s faces. Just press the pink bell next to you. As soon as the bell rings, I will come over and help you lift the bamboo curtain.” “Alright.” “Got it.” Everyone nodded, officially entering the blind date session. The coffee was rich, and the surroundings were arranged to feel secure.

Cecilia quickly relaxed, and focused on chatting with the person opposite her.

Noel didn’t wear a voice changer. However, having been Julian’s assistant for so many years, he had seen and experienced everything. He had a wide range of knowledge.

Since Julian had worn a voice changer when he wanted to invest in Diana’s studio in the past, Noel was familiar with it.

Someone wearing a voice changer spoke differently from normal. Noel had a good intuition, and could tell right away.

“Are you wearing a voice changer?” Cecilia was stunned, wondering why this man seemed a bit straightforward.

Not only did the silhouette resemble Noel a bit, but even his impolite and tactless directness was somewhat similar to Noel’s.

However, it couldn’t be him. To Cecilia, an ambitious man like him who aimed to use others to elevate his status wouldn’t come to this mixed blind date event.

Moreover, it was a working day. Noel was Julian’s assistant, and Julian wouldn’t let him take time off during the workweek so easily.

Wage earners and people like her, who lived a privileged life, were different.

Cecilia’s thoughts grew clearer: she and Noel were never meant to be together.

Just as Sue had said, they should never have started dating in the first place.

“Yes.” The man’s directness was quite refreshing. It was better than evasive types.

Those were difficult to handle.

Thinking of this, Cecilia relaxed quite a bit.

She smiled, and asked in return, "Do you mind?" Noel shook his head. "I don't mind. I just noticed that your tone's different from your normal speaking voice, and I wanted to verify if my assumption was right." Working alongside Julian, he always had to think about improving his abilities.

Only by becoming powerful and indispensable would he become the irreplaceable assistant by Julian's side.

He wanted to be someone who could help Julian solve many problems.

Noel was genuinely grateful to Diana and the Julian family.

Therefore, he treated the blind date Diana had arranged for him more seriously.

This time, he could finally use the skills he accumulated from work in his personal life.

"If you mind, I can also wear a voice changer," he offered.

"No, there's no need for that," Cecilia said.

She didn't know why, but she suddenly found this man quite amusing. She had just spaced out for a moment, and couldn't quickly respond to his words.

However, he assumed she was upset about his question.

He was quite the thoughtful man.

Totally different from that blockhead, Noel!

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1398

t saying you should have worn a voice changer. I didn't want to wear it at first, either. It was the waitress who suggested that wearing it would make blind dates more fun. So I thought, 'Yeah, wearing it will give it a cosplay vibe.' So, I decided to wear it.

"As for whether you wear it or not, it doesn't matter. The most important thing is whether we can have a good conversation.

“If two people are in love, then voices...” Cecilia trailed off, and her voice suddenly became melancholy.

Inevitably, her thoughts turned to Noel.

Noel was Cecilia’s first true love.

She had liked Julian before, but that didn’t count as love and didn’t leave a deep impression in her heart.

Noel, on the other hand, was someone who made her feel happy and experience the pain of happiness being shattered because of love.

Such a profound past couldn’t be ignored.

At that moment, she was sitting across a man.

She couldn’t help but compare them.

Comparing them in conversation.

“If two people are in love...” They certainly wouldn’t be like Noel, accepting the Jarvises’ money and putting them both in an impossible situation.

“Don’t talk about voices. Even if there’s a disparity in family background, appearance, or even one being disabled and the other having a mental illness, or maybe if one is ordinary and the other a genius, they can still be together.” As long as they loved each other.

Unfortunately, she didn’t have that kind of luck.

On the other hand, Diana and Fanny seemed to have found men who didn’t care about anything and still wanted to be with them.

— Meanwhile, Fanny was lying in despair in the villa.

She didn’t even go to bed. Every day, she lay on the floor.

In the summer, it was stifling to stay outside the window.

The room didn’t have air conditioning on. Lying on the floor wasn’t cooling. In fact, it made her feel uncomfortable all over, but she didn’t care.



She just wanted to get out of here.

Yet every exit, the walls, the windows, and even the sewer, had been rechecked by Oliver's men. They were all sealed airtight.

It was as if he wanted to imprison her until she died in here.

Could it be...?

Must she really give Oliver another child?

He had said that as long as she got pregnant again and gave birth to their child, he would let her go.

However, there were too many things she hadn't done yet. She didn't even know the surname and name of her own parents, or whether they were properly buried after the accident all those years ago.

These things were all unclear.

She must seek revenge for her parents and make the man she had called Dad for over twenty years pay the price!

Most hateful was... The fact she had to bear a child for the son of her enemy.

That pained her. It suffocated her!

The phone was already in her hand.

Fanny bit her lip, and tightly clenched her fist.

Finally, she called him.

"Hello... Oliver." There was no affection in her tone, like there had been when they were siblings.

The adoration in her voice when they were married was also absent.

She sounded like she had been thrown into icy water in winter.

Oliver, who should be happy to receive her call, couldn't muster any joy at all.

An invisible heaviness and gloom enveloped him.

His heart grew colder. "What's wrong?" He sounded impatient. Disgusted, even.

Fanny gripped the phone even more tightly. "Was what you said before true?" "What did I say?" She hesitated, finding it difficult to speak.

In an instant, Oliver seemed to suddenly realize something.

Did Fanny calling him mean she had completely changed her mind?

Did she want to reconcile with him?

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1399

"You want to...?"

"You said if I really give birth to a child for you, you'll let me go. Is that true?" She didn't want to spend her entire life in this empty villa, nor did she want to be treated by all her relatives and friends as if she were dead.

She was clearly still alive. Rather, she had exerted a lot of effort to live her life.

Why should Oliver's words erase all her efforts and sacrifices. Why should everything about her disappear with just a word from him?

Fanny wanted to get out of here alive!

She wanted to walk out of here alive and tell everyone... She wanted to tell everyone how hypocritical the Channings were, even Oliver!

She had to destroy all the commercial success she had helped Oliver establish!

Provided she could get out of here, of course.

"If it's true, I'm willing to have a child with you," she bit out.

"Heh." Oliver actually thought she would give up everything and get back together with him.

From her words, it seemed like she hadn't given up on revenge.

Well, that was fine. If there was hatred in her heart, she wouldn't seek death.

Oliver nodded. "Okay, let's have a child." "Then, sign a contract with me." Fanny bit her lip. She knew she was in the lowest position right now. Even if she signed a contract, it would be difficult for her to leave if Oliver changed his mind later. But what if...

What if she could contact someone one day?

With this contract as evidence, it could prove Oliver's crime of declaring her, a living person, as dead!

If she got lucky could send Oliver into prison, this contract could also be used as evidence.

Oliver chuckled. "Sure, whatever you say." He acted as if he were very indulgent towards her.

Indeed, after acting for so long, had she started to believe that it was real?

Fortunately, Fanny was already awake.

Oliver...wasn't in love with her at all!

Fanny told herself not to care about everything he did. What she had to do was focus on getting pregnant, bear a child, and leave this place as soon as possible.

Once she left this place, she would make Oliver pay for his wickedness a thousandfold! She would make him suffer more than she did!

"I'll come over tomorrow." Oliver sighed, and gave her a time.

Fanny didn't want to say another word to him. She hung up straightaway.

This phone had been specially modified. Besides being able to call Oliver's mobile, no one else could receive calls from the number it dialed.

She didn't waste her effort. Since she had a goal, she had the strength to do things now.

She got up from the floor and slowly walked into the kitchen.

First, she needed to eat something. Being full would give her the strength to do things and to think.

But there was no one in this villa except for her, and no one had lived here for such a long time.

Oliver had brought her here so suddenly. She dragged her heavy and injured body downstairs to think about whether just drinking water could fill her stomach.

When she opened the refrigerator...

It was actually fully stocked.

Fruits, vegetables, and even yogurt were all there.

When did Oliver fill the refrigerator?

Her body was still too weak, and she hadn't taken care of herself these past few days. Even though she had been standing for just a short while, sweat kept pouring down her forehead.

She couldn't cry out in pain.

Doing so was useless.

From now on, she really had no family.

Those she used to get along with, those she trusted, and those she should be grateful for... All of them became enemies overnight!

Only endless hatred remained!

She leaned against the table, trying to make herself more comfortable. Then, she picked up the yogurt from the refrigerator and looked at the date.

"June 8th."

What was today's date?

She didn't have a phone by her side, and there was no computer here for her to check. She could only count from the day she joined the film crew with Oliver.

That day...was the day she lost her first baby.

## Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1400

A belated, heart-wrenching pain flooded over her.

Her lips and face turned incredibly pale, and she instinctively touched her stomach.

Not long ago, there was still a baby in there. In such a short time, it had become empty and deflated. There was nothing left.

Her child, her love, and the life that she had once thought would continue happily—all gone.

However, there was no time to grieve.

Fanny held back the tears in her eyes, and began to check the date on the yogurt.

Today was already June 17th.

The yogurt had a shelf life of only seven days. It would have been fresh when it was first bought.

Now, she couldn't eat it anymore.

It was fortunate that she couldn't take anything cold right now. She took them out, and threw them into the trash. Besides the yogurt, there were also some vegetables and meat.

These should be fresh.

Supermarkets dared not sell things that had been there for a long time. If they did, these things would cause stomach problems after a while.

However, when she took them out and looked, the eggplants were all withered.

The bread had some mold, too. The coriander and other leafy vegetables also had varying degrees of rotten leaves.

Since they were all molded and rotten, they should have been bought around six to seven days ago.

Could it be...

She opened the box of vegetables, and found the date at the bottom.

Sure enough...

These things were bought together, and around a week ago.

The fridge had been left open for a long time, and a warning alarm sounded.

Cold air seeped out.

Fanny stood before the refrigerator, dazed. She could feel the chill from head to toe.

Oliver...hadn't just decided to imprison her the day before yesterday.

He already planned this a week ago.

Was her fall on the set truly accidental...? Or did Oliver plan it in advance, intending to make her miscarry?

Did he then take the opportunity to take her away, fabricate her death, make her disappear in everyone's eyes, and let everyone believe she was truly dead?

And then, he trapped her here.

Fanny's hands and feet were ice-cold. Even her face and eyes were stiff and chilly. Yet, Fanny still felt nothing.

She only felt a stifling headache.

She didn't dare to think about the bits and pieces of her past interactions with Oliver.

This man...was too terrifying. So much so, he could manipulate even his own flesh and blood.

To the point that, despite knowing the deep-seated hatred between them, he still wanted her to bear his child!

More importantly, he didn't love her.

Fanny stood still for a long time, silently swearing in her heart that she would never fall in love with Oliver again in her life.

She had to constantly remind herself the ruthlessness of this man.

She needed to always remind herself that one day, when she could leave this villa, it would be Oliver and his family's downfall!

One should never underestimate the power of a woman—especially the power of a woman who had lost a child, her parents, and had been deceived for more than twenty years.

— When Oliver arrived, it was noon.

The sunlight bathed the entire villa in warmth.

For so many years, Oliver found this villa cold and desolate. Normally, no one wanted to come here.

Upon Fanny's arrival, however, everything here came to life