

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1431

Even if Jim created some questionable medicines in the process, it wouldn't matter. After all, he wouldn't be the one to suffer the consequences of the experimental drugs.

Take Simon, for example. After consuming the latest concoction from Jim's research, he transformed into someone incapable of uttering a word.

Even when Jim asked him to leave the pharmaceutical laboratory, Simon refused to budge.

Little did Jim expect that Diana would call Simon. Jim glanced at Simon, his eyes an indescribable emotion.

Eventually, his mocking tone turned into sarcasm.

"You seem to have deep feelings for her." Simon smiled, neither confirming nor denying Jim's words.

Whether the feelings were deep or not, Simon couldn't even figure it out himself.

He recalled that warm Christmas dinner, unsure whether he should continue treating Diana as a woman or regard her as his sister-in-law.

Hah...

Even if he wanted to see her as a sister-in-law, Julian probably wouldn't agree.

Thinking about Julian's disapproving face and the tacit approval he received during the dinner at the Fulcher family table, a warmth he couldn't express flowed within him.

Throughout his life, it seemed like he was always compared to Julian. Because of this comparison, he sought recognition from the Fulchers.

Now that Madam Fulcher was no longer around and Julian's parents were gone, the only recognition he sought was from Julian.

His brother.

Simon silently pronounced the word in his heart, and his smile widened.

In fact, saying that word felt quite pleasant. His mouth was filled with sweetness, and the sharp burning sensation in his throat was gone.

He was halfway reclining on the sofa. After a few minutes of silence, Simon picked up a black pill in front of him. He grabbed a glass of water, and tilted his head back to swallow it.

Fanny had another dream.

In her dreams, there was always a child crying out for his mother.

He was so small and chubby. Sometimes, he glowed white, as if he was radiating light. Other times, he seemed to frown.

His eyes kept staring at her, and he never stopped calling out, “Mommy!

Mommy, why don’t you want me?”

Fanny watched as he crawled towards her with great effort.

She really wanted to hug him, but she couldn’t control her body. She kicked at him, telling him to go away.

The child cried even louder. His chubby body wasted away rapidly, finally turning into something resembling only human skin.

She woke up abruptly. When she realized it was just a dream, her forehead and back were already soaked in sweat.

The room was pitch dark. When she tried to get up and turn on the light, she couldn’t find the switch.

In a daze, she saw a figure crouched at the foot of the bed and thought she must be mistaken.

She rubbed her eyes, but it was real!

There was a figure at her feet!

The image of the baby from her dream flashed before her eyes again, and Fanny screamed. She covered her head in agony.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry! Mommy didn’t mean to…” She was in pain too, having lost the baby.

Yet, she had no choice.

Perhaps the fall on the set was fate...

It was fate that allowed her to see through the demon with a human face, Oliver Channing!

Oliver was awakened by Fanny’s scream.

In fact, he had never left. He had only gone out to buy something to calm the nerves.

After he and Yvonne saw Fanny, both thought Fanny didn't look well, especially with the dark circles under her eyes. Plus, judging from her attitude towards Yvonne after he left, he was convinced that Fanny needed a good rest.

So, he brought something to calm her nerves.

When he returned to find her asleep, he couldn't resist giving her a foot massage.

That was what the doctor told him when he bought the scented candles for Fanny.

Massaging certain acupoints on the soles of the feet was effective for mental well-being, and could help with better sleep.

Subconsciously, he had been massaging her feet for an hour.

During that hour, Fanny slept remarkably well. Her complexion even gained a healthy pallor.

Oliver felt a weight lift off his chest. He planned to buy more of these scented candles for her in the future.

He looked around the room, and realized there were many things to add- such as a wool blanket with a genuine leather sofa on the balcony for Fanny's afternoon naps and beauty rest.

Knowing her love for beauty, he would need to bring over some face masks and seasonal cosmetics. She also liked wearing various colored silk nightgowns.

She didn't just like wearing them, but also enjoyed collecting them. In the evenings, she used to try on each one for him to see.

Oliver thought about it, and decided that he needed to bring all those nightgowns from home the next time he came.

The tenderness in his heart expanded further at this moment. It brought him back to the past when he and Fanny had just married.

At that time, she would secretly follow him. She would wait until he fell asleep, then massage him with a massage guidebook in hand.

Fanny was exceptionally beautiful, with a natural talent for becoming a star. Her debut idol drama immediately propelled her to the status of a rising star in the entertainment industry.

Later, the dramas she starred in were all successful. None of them flopped.

However...

When he was financially strapped, she willingly downgraded herself from a top tier female celebrity. She took on less prestigious projects and various advertisements.

Oliver always remembered how she came to Channing Inc. with money in hand.

“Hey, Oliver. I heard you offended Julian because of Diana, and it made things exceptionally difficult for you now. Many of your business partners have cut off your funding, and they no longer give you advance payments and require settlements in advance. Channing Inc. needs a considerable cash flow to get through this period.”

Extending her pale fingers, she placed her bank card on the table and slid it in front of him.

“Why not try spending my money?”

Oliver had still viewed her as his little sister then, and he told her not to joke around.

She then said with a serious expression, “I’m not joking. Marry me.”

She confessed earnestly, “I’m not giving you this money for free. Marry me, and fulfill the dream I’ve had for years of being your wife. I won’t lose out.”

In Oliver’s eyes at that time, Fanny’s words were no different from incest. They had grown up together and had always treated each other as siblings.

How could they become husband and wife?!

“Don’t joke around,” Oliver said as he put the bank card in her palm. “We can’t get married.”
“Fine.” Fanny remained calm. “Then I won’t give you my money.”

Even if it was taking advantage of the situation, she still wanted to achieve her goal-to experience what it was like to be married to Oliver.

But later on, Fanny did experience it and was left heartbroken.

Hugging her knees, she thought about the past and the unfortunate child in her belly. Considering Oliver’s attitude toward her miscarriage at that time, her heartache intensified.

At one point, she even felt the urge to open the window and jump out.

It was Oliver’s voice that pulled her out of the intense grief of losing a child she had been avoiding.

“Fanny,” his voice was cold, devoid of any warmth, “are you insane?”

She shouldn’t think of using such means to deceive him!

He would absolutely not let her leave this place!

Only then did Fanny realize that the figure at the foot of her bed wasn't the child from her dreams. There was no child crawling towards her, crying for his mother.

A sudden, deeper pain gripped her heart.

This was an absolute awakening and agony. She looked at the man who had once deeply loved her, and slapped him without hesitation.

“Who told you to enter my room?!” He had said they would wait until she was in better health before engaging in such activities. The psychological preparation she had made with that timeframe collapsed.

Now, in the middle of the night, the sorrow in her heart was magnified infinitely.

Forget about sleeping together, just sharing a room with him made her nauseous!

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1432

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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1433

"You're the same as your father! You're both murderers!"

One watched and did nothing as her unborn child died. The other caused a hit and-run and killed her parents!

Oliver's face was slightly tilted from the impact of the slap. The fiery pain on his face couldn't match the anger burning in his heart.

"Stop pretending to be normal! Stop pretending to be pitiful! You want to blame the child's death on me?!" Oliver pressed her hand, eyes filled with scorn.

“Fanny, you tripped yourself! You did it on purpose! Seeking revenge is one thing, but how could you resort to such a disgusting method? You killed your own flesh and blood! Now, you’re pushing the blame onto someone else?!”

You’re despicable!”

She found him disgusting.

He found her even worse than that!

He still didn’t believe it. His heart seemed ironclad.

He didn’t allow her to feel the pain of knowing the truth about her parents. He didn’t allow her to have any hatred in her heart, either.

Fanny’s eyes widened. She gritted her teeth, and hissed, “Oliver, you’re so shameless!”

How could his father live such a good life after killing her parents? She had even looked up to him as a father figure!

“I hope your father suffers a miserable death! I hope your family ends up with a tragic end!”

She wished everyone in the Channing family would die!

When she shouted, her voice was so loud that her whole body trembled. Her frame was small, to begin with. These days, her body, weakened from continuous injuries, was fragile.

As Oliver looked down at her, he couldn’t help but feel that she was like a small, delicate girl by his side. If he didn’t firmly hold onto her, she might disappear.

He was afraid of losing her.

He didn’t want her to harbor any hatred towards the Channing family by keeping her here, and he was also afraid of her leaving.

However, he never intended for her to suffer so much.

Watching Fanny’s pale face covered in tears, Oliver’s heart felt like it was being stabbed with needles.

“Fanny…” His trembling hands gently touched her soft hair.” Just like before…

Call my name like you did when we were siblings, okay?”

They could pretend nothing had happened between them as long as she still saw him as her brother. Only this time, she didn’t need to propose.

He would take the initiative to hold her hand, and maybe continue to walk down the path of life with her.

That was too absurd.

Fanny shot him a disdainful look. “Oliver, is your family addicted to acting?”

Did he forget that just a couple of days ago, he had said to her face that she was nothing more than a tool for childbirth?

She was just a consolation prize for him after failing to get Diana.

He even said she was dead!

He had imprisoned her here, publicly announced her death, casually severing all her achievements and emotions from the past two decades.

He turned her into a corpse.

She was alive, yes, but she was worse off than being dead.

“Don’t use this hypocritical act on me.” She once again took off her nightgown, revealing her entire body. “Isn’t it what you want? For me to have a child? I’ll do it! Come on!”

“Fine.”

A hint of teary emotion flashed in Oliver’s eyes, quickly dissolving into the darkness of the night.

He reached out and forcefully pressed her against the wall.” Since you’re so despicable, I’ll fulfill your wish!”

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1434

The wall felt like ice.

When Fanny’s hot skin pressed against it, she shivered. Instinctively, she tightened her hold on the man in front of her.

The place where she grabbed him hurt, and Oliver hesitated for a brief moment.

His grip on her tightened.

Numerous red marks appeared on their fair skin.

Neither of them paid any attention to it. They just stared at each other, as if trying to engrave the other into their eyes.

However, there was no love in their actions.

Only anger and hatred.

He pressed Fanny hard against the wall, fiercely biting her as if he was trying to devour her whole.

At first, she resisted. Then, she slowly gave in. Only a pair of lifeless eyes stared at him, like a puppet.

“Oliver.”

He didn’t listen, nor did he consider her current emotions. He just said, “You brought this upon yourself.”

His voice was hoarse and deep, and she used to love that the most. But now, it was like a sword piercing in and out of her body.

Each thrust was accompanied by pain.

She...had just miscarried not long ago.

Yet, he could still treat her like this.

He really didn’t love her.

Fanny felt like a broken puppet. His hands were like nails, nailing her hands to the wall.

Outside the window, the moon rose higher.

The cold light penetrated the embroidered curtains, casting numerous fragmented pieces on the ground, much like her heart.

Broken, unable to be pieced back together.

Oliver considered stopping, but was repeatedly provoked by Fanny’s indifferent attitude.

“Look at me,” he said. He held her face, his eyes carrying a hint of longing.

But Fanny turned her head, and continued looking at the moonlight outside the window.

Oliver became more ruthless, and attacked once again.

The coldness in Fanny's eyes grew stronger. Like a spreading wildfire, it burned away Oliver's hopes and left only panic.

"Fanny," he breathed heavily, leaning on her shoulder.

Strands of hair covered his nose, but he didn't care. He just wanted to indulge in this night, even if it meant dying together. Nothing mattered, as long as they were still together.

If they were discovered tomorrow, he would say he died beside Fanny.

"I might..." He seemed to be trembling, and the words he was about to say were so difficult to utter. "I might really not want to lose you."

It wasn't just about wanting her to have a child. He truly wanted to be with her for a lifetime, just like Julian and Diana.

Like many ordinary couples in the world, walking hand in hand through life.

"Pfft." Fanny chuckled.

This was the first genuine smile tonight, without any hint of mockery. It just struck her as amusing.

"Oliver." She even willingly wrapped her arms around his neck. Her warm breath fell on his ear like a breeze. "You're so funny."

Oliver remained silent, and his expression noticeably soured.

Fanny grabbed his hair, playing with it like a child playing with toys. She pulled on it occasionally, causing him to thrust forward when she did.

"Fanny, I'm not joking," he said.

Yet, she didn't believe him.

His actions weren't expressions of love.

He had a strong physique from years of working out, and supported her body with one hand. He lit a cigarette with his other hand.

He had quit smoking since they got married, even refusing Julian's offer last time.

This time, he willingly smoked again.

□ □ □

Right now, Oliver was tired; so tired, even his fingers trembled. The cigarette ash fell and burned his leg.

Oliver quickly withdrew his leg, and looked down. When he ensured that the ash hadn't gotten on Fanny, he relaxed.

"It doesn't matter if you believe it or not," Oliver said indifferently.

After all, she couldn't leave. As long as she stayed here, she was his.

Oliver noticed her frowning whenever he lit a cigarette. After some thought, he silently extinguished the cigarette and hugged her tightly.

Actions spoke louder than words.

Fanny endured it passively, not saying anything. After landing on her tiptoes, she went to the bathroom for a quick wash. Then, she lay down on the bed, lifting her legs and resting them against the wall.

She just had surgery not long ago. Her body wasn't yet fully recovered, and now, she was putting it in an uncomfortable position.

His anger surged again as he glared at Fanny.

"What are you doing?"

"Handstand," Fanny replied, seemingly indifferent.

She had given up on her own body. She felt guilty towards her parents and the child who had slipped away from her.

"I have to get pregnant as soon as possible, and you'll let me go." Fanny looked at Oliver.
"Starting from tomorrow, come here every day."

If they did this every day, she would conceive soon enough.

In her condition, doing this every day would eventually ruin her.

"I wasn't wrong about you, Fanny." Oliver threw the cigarette ash away. "You're just despicable."

With that, he slammed the door and left. Soon, the sound of a car starting echoed from the yard. Fanny breathed a sigh of relief, and the tears that had been in her eyes finally fell.

The door creaked open again, and this time, it was Yvonne.

“Oh dear! You should come down quickly,” Yvonne saw Fanny lying on the bed in such a handstand position, and felt pity for her. “You just had surgery. You need to take care of your body.”

Yvonne’s attitude showed she didn’t take Fanny’s indifference towards her earlier seriously, and that warmed Fanny’s heart slightly.

Fanny didn’t engage in further conversation, and obediently sat up straight. After tonight’s ordeal, she was already exhausted. Now that Oliver had left, she finally relaxed.

She felt exhausted, and her body was beyond uncomfortable. Her legs felt weak and sore, not to mention her stomach, which had recently undergone surgery.

Seeing Fanny’s pale complexion, Yvonne helped her lie down on the bed and fetched a straw for her water glass.

“Madam, please drink some water.”

Fanny cooperated this time and quickly took a few sips, feeling considerably more comfortable.

Observing the improvement in her complexion, Yvonne left the room briefly and returned promptly. Standing by the bed, she seemed hesitant to speak.

Yvonne was an elderly woman with a broad and kind face. Thinking of her own mother whom she barely remembered, Fanny suddenly felt her heart soften.

“Yvonne, if you have something to say, just say it. It’s only us two in this house, and there’s no need to be overly cautious.”

Yvonne nodded, looking embarrassed. “Actually, Master Oliver is very good to you, Madam. You should learn to act demure and proper with a man. As long as you show some weakness, he’ll surely be even more tender towards you.”

Yvonne’s words brought some clarity to Fanny.

Even if Yvonne was kind and treated her well, it was all for Oliver’s sake. This woman was still on Oliver’s side.

Every word, whether explicit or implicit, subtly pressured Fanny to yield.

Fanny couldn’t smile. “And then? After I act weak for him, will he immediately let me out of here and allow me to seek revenge on his father?”

Yvonne hadn’t mentioned anything about Fanny’s revenge.

Considering Oliver had probably briefed her on Fanny's situation before she arrived, and she still stood on Oliver's side, Fanny thought she didn't need to be too kind to Yvonne.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1435

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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1436

"You just had surgery, and Master Oliver instructed me to make sure you take this medicine."

She brought over a glass of water, intending for Fanny to take a sip and wash down the pill in her hand.

Fanny lowered her head, and looked at the white pill. "What kind of medicine is this?"

She currently harbored deep resentment towards Oliver. Of course, she wouldn't take medicine given by her enemy so easily.

Yvonne looked a bit embarrassed. "It's medicine that's good for your body."

Fanny turned her head. "I won't take it." Yvonne became anxious.

"Madam, if you don't take it, you won't be able to maintain your health. If you get pregnant in this condition, you wouldn't be able to keep the baby, either. You must take care of yourself first before thinking about getting pregnant. I'm a woman too, and I understand the pain of childbirth and miscarriage. About your previous child with Master Oliver..."

"He is also heartbroken about it. When he came by yesterday and mentioned that child, his eyes were red." "So, you want me to take this emergency contraceptive pill?" Fanny raised an eyebrow, interrupting Yvonne.

She didn't want to hear a long lecture from Yvonne. She also didn't want Yvonne to keep mentioning Oliver. No matter how much he cried or claimed to be sad, he was just a hypocrite!

If he really cared about that child, he should have taken her to the hospital early!

In case there was still a chance...

“I won’t take it,” Fanny refused. “If I take this pill now, does that mean I have to take it every time? My goal is to get pregnant again soon. If getting pregnant too quickly endangers my life, so be it! It’s better to die than to be kept here forever!”

Seeing her firm attitude, Yvonne didn’t know what else to say, and just muttered, “Master Oliver can’t bear for anything to happen to you. Madam...”

The clashes from the past flashed through her mind.

Fanny felt extremely worn out. Mentioning that man only caused her pain!

Fanny didn’t want to hear anything more about Oliver. She picked up the nearby cup, and smashed it fiercely against the wall.

“Go away!”

Yvonne stood on the first floor, recalling Fanny’s outburst just now. The cup had come dangerously close to hitting her forehead.

If it were someone else, Yvonne would have lost her temper long ago. Yet Oliver had repeatedly instructed her that Fanny’s emotions were unstable, and that she should be treated with extra care if there were any issues.

Thinking about how Oliver had pleaded with her so kindly, Yvonne ultimately suppressed the urge to confront Fanny upstairs.

However, she called Oliver on her phone. “Master Oliver, Madam refuses to take the medicine.”

Oliver hummed, and said, “Grind the medicine into powder and mix it with her food.”

Before Yvonne arrived, there wasn’t much to eat in the house. Fanny herself wasn’t particularly skilled in cooking. During the time they were married, they mainly had instant meals. Fanny would heat them up, and present a variety of dishes on the table.

Oliver wasn’t picky. As long as there was a hot meal, he was content.

Coming home from work, he had gotten used to sitting at the dining table with her, taking a few bites, and then enjoying a comfortable hot bath before sleeping.

However, now in the villa, Fanny didn’t have the chance to buy pre-made meals.

Her phone had its SIM card removed, and the villa didn’t have internet access.

Fanny couldn’t contact the outside world, let alone order takeout.

These past few days, she had been hungry all along. Even with Yvonne's visit today, she had only managed to have one full meal.

Perhaps she had been hungry for too long. When Yvonne brought up the bird's nest, Fanny felt a strong pang of hunger. She rarely ate supper, but the delicious aroma made her drool inwardly.

Yvonne was tactful, and didn't linger by her side. She left after placing the bowl and spoon down.

The bird's nest was well-cooked, and it looked delicious. After a few moments of staring at it, Fanny couldn't resist any longer.

She picked up the spoon and took a bite. It was quite delicious.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1437

However, there was a strange aftertaste.

Perhaps the type of bird's nest was different, and it tasted somewhat distinct from what she had eaten before.

She didn't mind, and quickly finished the bowl. This time, she could truly say she had eaten her fill.

Fanny rolled off the bed and walked to the bathroom, thoroughly washing herself. There were still some scars on her body, and her skin looked quite unsightly, with patches here and there.

Having been a lover of beauty all her life, she found it difficult to endure this current difference. After drying herself and changing into a fresh set of clothes, she wrapped herself up before heading out.

Yvonne was downstairs arranging things.

Fanny approached her, and said, "I need a medical kit."

Yvonne thought she had misheard, "Madam, are you talking to me?"

Her expression was a mix of joy and excitement, making Fanny almost feel like she was the savior.

Fanny awkwardly avoided Yvonne's gaze and repeated, "I need a medical kit."

Yvonne nodded repeatedly. "Okay, no problem! Madam, please wait a moment."

Saying this, she quickly walked over to the entryway cabinet and brought back a white medical box.

Fanny opened it to find common cold medicine and various nutritional supplements for body conditioning. At the bottom were many scar removal creams, and some external use medicines.

Even...

She rummaged deeper, and unexpectedly, there were products for treating bruises and abrasions.

Her heart suddenly became gloomy. "Did Oliver prepare this? » It seemed he could always anticipate what she needed and deliver it to her in advance. Fanny had to admit that this feeling wasn't pleasant.

If it were in the past, she might have happily held onto his neck and called his name repeatedly.

But now...

She was no longer the little sister who grew up in the Channing family. She carried the anger of her parents' wrongful death, the grief of being deceived by the Channings over the years, and the intense, unshakeable hatred for Oliver.

She could no longer go back to the past.

Yvonne was eager to speak well of Oliver, and said, "Yes!

Master Oliver prepared all of this. He said you love maintaining your beauty, and that once you feel better, you'll definitely need the things inside this medical kit."

She pulled out another bag.

"These are all face masks. Master Oliver made sure they were all for moisturizing. He didn't just buy them randomly. Oh, and take a look here."

Yvonne showed Fanny what she had in her hands.

It turned out to be nightgowns.

They weren't the ones Fanny had worn before. He hadn't had time to sort those out yet. It seemed he had bought these nightgowns recently; they were all made of cotton, giving a hazy and beautiful feeling when worn.

Oliver had once watched her wear these nightgowns, and even said he hoped she would wear them for a lifetime.

Fanny had agreed. The past expectations and promises wouldn't change, nor would they be lost.

But their hearts and feelings...

Both had been lost.

Fanny no longer wanted to face her former, naive self.

“Put them away,” she said, her expression growing colder. “I’ll wear them when Oliver comes.”

If he wanted to see...

make him feel something...

Then, she would cooperate as much as necessary.

Just like using the ointment in her hand.

She would let Oliver do whatever he wanted now, as long as it could help her get pregnant.

As long as it could get her out...she was willing to do anything!

“You just had surgery, and Master Oliver instructed me to make sure you take this medicine.”

She brought over a glass of water, intending for Fanny to take a sip and wash down the pill in her hand.

Fanny lowered her head, and looked at the white pill. “What kind of medicine is this?”

She currently harbored deep resentment towards Oliver. Of course, she wouldn’t take medicine given by her enemy so easily.

Yvonne looked a bit embarrassed. “It’s medicine that’s good for your body.”

Fanny turned her head. “I won’t take it.” Yvonne became anxious.

“Madam, if you don’t take it, you won’t be able to maintain your health. If you get pregnant in this condition, you wouldn’t be able to keep the baby, either. You must take care of yourself first before thinking about getting pregnant. I’m a woman too, and I understand the pain of childbirth and miscarriage. About your previous child with Master Oliver...

“He is also heartbroken about it. When he came by yesterday and mentioned that child, his eyes were red.” “So, you want me to take this emergency contraceptive pill?” Fanny raised an eyebrow, interrupting Yvonne.

She didn’t want to hear a long lecture from Yvonne. She also didn’t want Yvonne to keep mentioning Oliver. No matter how much he cried or claimed to be sad, he was just a hypocrite!

If he really cared about that child, he should have taken her to the hospital early!

In case there was still a chance...

“I won’t take it,” Fanny refused. “If I take this pill now, does that mean I have to take it every time? My goal is to get pregnant again soon. If getting pregnant too quickly endangers my life, so be it! It’s better to die than to be kept here forever!”

Seeing her firm attitude, Yvonne didn’t know what else to say, and just muttered, “Master Oliver can’t bear for anything to happen to you. Madam...”

The clashes from the past flashed through her mind.

Fanny felt extremely worn out. Mentioning that man only caused her pain!

Fanny didn’t want to hear anything more about Oliver. She picked up the nearby cup, and smashed it fiercely against the wall.

“Go away!”

Yvonne stood on the first floor, recalling Fanny’s outburst just now. The cup had come dangerously close to hitting her forehead.

If it were someone else, Yvonne would have lost her temper long ago. Yet Oliver had repeatedly instructed her that Fanny’s emotions were unstable, and that she should be treated with extra care if there were any issues.

Thinking about how Oliver had pleaded with her so kindly, Yvonne ultimately suppressed the urge to confront Fanny upstairs.

However, she called Oliver on her phone. “Master Oliver, Madam refuses to take the medicine.”

Oliver hummed, and said, “Grind the medicine into powder and mix it with her food.”

Before Yvonne arrived, there wasn’t much to eat in the house. Fanny herself wasn’t particularly skilled in cooking. During the time they were married, they mainly had instant meals. Fanny would heat them up, and present a variety of dishes on the table.

Oliver wasn’t picky. As long as there was a hot meal, he was content.

Coming home from work, he had gotten used to sitting at the dining table with her, taking a few bites, and then enjoying a comfortable hot bath before sleeping.

However, now in the villa, Fanny didn’t have the chance to buy pre-made meals.

Her phone had its SIM card removed, and the villa didn’t have internet access.

Fanny couldn't contact the outside world, let alone order takeout.

These past few days, she had been hungry all along. Even with Yvonne's visit today, she had only managed to have one full meal.

Perhaps she had been hungry for too long. When Yvonne brought up the bird's nest, Fanny felt a strong pang of hunger. She rarely ate supper, but the delicious aroma made her drool inwardly.

Yvonne was tactful, and didn't linger by her side. She left after placing the bowl and spoon down.

The bird's nest was well-cooked, and it looked delicious. After a few moments of staring at it, Fanny couldn't resist any longer.

She picked up the spoon and took a bite. It was quite delicious.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1438

Noel was very efficient in handling matters. He quickly found the home address of the coffee shop owner.

The company's affairs could be put on hold for another two hours before they started surveillance. Julian decided to take advantage of this time to go and take a look.

Although Julian was usually forward-thinking in his actions, Noel still didn't quite understand him.

"He's just a coffee shop owner. Do we really need to rush to see him?" Noel asked.

Given Julian's status, there was for him to meet anyone in such a hurry. On the contrary, anyone who wanted to enter the economic apex of Richburgh wouldn't be able to avoid Julian or any of the Fulchers.

Julian didn't even lift his head.

He held his phone, figuring out how to message Diana and tell her that he would be delayed for a couple of days. He hadn't sorted out the proper words yet.

Frowning, Julian turned to Noel. "Fine. Let me ask you this, then. Even with the company's resources at your disposal, have you found any private information about this owner?"

After searching extensively, all Noel could find were things easily available on the internet.

He wanted to report this coffee shop for selling customers' personal information.

However, when he explained the situation to the police, they waved it off as soon as they heard it was a roadside cafe.

“Impossible! That man is a great person. He donated a lot of money to our area’s streetlights, roads, and various government and private charity events.

Plus, he hates money the most. It’s impossible for him to engage in selling customers’ privacy just for a little profit.”

With just a few words, they smothered Noel’s intentions before anything started.

Noel was Julian’s personal assistant, and this position had remained unchanged for many years.

In other words, when Julian wasn’t around, Noel was the most prominent figure in Fulcher Inc. Furthermore, Fulcher Inc. was a major taxpayer in Richburgh.

Despite that, the police had dismissed his words for the sake of a coffee shop owner. They didn’t take him seriously, and didn’t bother running an investigation.

Noel slowly came to terms with this, and shock flashed across his face.

Julian glanced at him through the rearview mirror.

“Be vigilant and stay humble. Richburgh doesn’t revolve around us. Just like Enzo, his pharmaceutical business soared to the forefront when we least expected it. If this time... If another remarkable figure emerges in Richburgh and I know nothing about it, we might quickly be left behind.” In business, one needed to be humble and maintain a constant sense of crisis.

Even if Fulcher Inc.’s business didn’t overlap with the cafe, Julian felt it was necessary to meet the person behind this praised establishment.

Moreover...

What he didn’t tell Noel was that he had a strange feeling about this cafe owner.

As if, in some mysterious way, a force was guiding him to meet this person.

Noel hadn’t been particularly focused on his work recently. After receiving Julian’s reminder, he quickly took it to heart.

“Yes, sir!”

He had to set aside his problems with Cecilia, and stop thinking about a woman who didn’t even trust him!

Meanwhile, Cecilia seemed to be getting along well with Larry.

Despite his plump appearance, he was witty and humorous. His position in the company might be related to computers, but his company was actually oriented towards anime culture.

The blind boxes and other products produced inside were popular among the younger generation. They also sold some cute dolls.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1439

It was precisely the kind of things Cecilia liked.

Upon learning that it happened to be one of her hobbies, Larry expressed great joy.

“If you don’t mind, you can come visit the company with me.”

“Really? Your company allows outsiders in?”

“We have a family open day every week,” Larry paused, sound a bit embarrassed. “Non-employees can come, but they must be our family members. If not family, well... At least a girlfriend.”

Before Cecilia could speak, Larry quickly clarified, “Don’t get me wrong, I’m not asking you to be my girlfriend. I just want you to pretend to be my girlfriend at the company. I’ll take you to see the production line and the design process for various blind boxes.”

Cecilia was initially inclined to refuse. She felt that even if it was just pretending, things were progressing a bit too quickly. She wanted to learn more first.

However, Larry’s following words caught her interest.

“I can see the design process too?”

“Of course. Our company has a standardized process, from design to production, to the finished product. Our designers are quite young, and I believe you’ll enjoy your time there.”

Cecilia thought she would really like it.

In her room, besides various dolls, she had many products from blind boxes. All kinds of anime figures were neatly arranged in a glass cabinet.

Despite buying so many things, she knew nothing about the stories behind them. With nothing much to do at home and her business ideas not yet taking shape, the only person she considered consulting, the cafe owner, had now offended Sue.

The man's words had been outrageous, and Cecilia was uncertain on whether she should call him for advice.

So, taking this opportunity to explore the world of anime that she enjoyed seemed like a good idea. Who knows, there might be business opportunities there.

Besides, the Jarvises had money and connections. She figured that if she wanted to start her own anime company, she could collaborate with the company where Larry worked.

However, she didn't share these thoughts with Larry.

After the incident with Noel, Cecilia became more cautious. She didn't plan to reveal her identity as the Jarvises' heiress so quickly. There were still many things she wanted to investigate about Larry.

"Okay," she said, agreeing to Larry's proposal. "So, will you pick me up tomorrow?"

Larry was more than willing. "Sure!"

On the following day, Cecilia left home early and went to a slum area. This place was filled with migrants who had come to Richburgh, and the living conditions here were far from good.

Cecilia stood in front of various low-rise buildings, waiting for Larry to arrive.

From a distance, Larry could already see her. Honestly, Cecilia's demeanor didn't match this place. Also, the fact that she could attend elite blind dates at that roadside cafe proved she had some influence.

"I initially thought you were beautiful, and that your family background must be good," Larry said, stopping the car in front of Cecilia and opening the door courteously for her.

"But..." He glanced at the slum buildings, scratching his head awkwardly.

"Seeing you live here, I feel more at ease."

Regardless of how Cecilia entered the high-end blind date event at that roadside cafe, living here suggested that her family background might not be that good.

A girl like her would easily be seduced with promises of some benefits.

That was one aspect.

More importantly...

Larry looked at Cecilia, his smile becoming more sincere.

Even if he killed a girl like her, her family probably wouldn't be able to make much noise. Perhaps it could be treated as an accident.

Larry truly felt that the time for him to render Lulu dumbfounded, please his parents, and have a beautiful, graceful wife forever was approaching.

Noel drove Julian through winding streets, eventually heading towards the slums.

In recent years, Richburgh had undergone extensive development. Places with a mix of flat and low-rise buildings like this were becoming scarce. However, due to the poor environment, rent was cheap here. Because of that, many residents were still attracted to places like this.

At one point, Fulcher Inc. considered whether to use this area as a new development point.

Yet, when they considered Diana's past struggles without a home, it became easy for them to empathize with those who couldn't afford proper housing in the big city.

For these people, having an affordable place to rest after a hard day's work was a source of happiness.

Julian couldn't bear to disrupt this small happiness.

However, at this moment, he needed to meet the owner of the cafe.

"Noel, why did you bring me here?"

"This is the owner's address."

Noel had to exert significant effort even for a small piece of information like this.

He had even humbled himself to consult Ginny.

The thought of how he had once threatened to report their irregularities and shut down their shop in front of them made Noel bow lower before Ginny.

It was then he realized...

"All the people in that cafe seem to play by their own rules."

The more he thought about it, the more Noel felt that Julian's decision to meet this owner was correct.

"Even that waitress seemed a bit off."

"How so?"

“She was always very calm. The glint in her eyes... It felt like she was an outsider in every situation. She seemed very detached from everything she was looking at.”

Noel scratched his nose awkwardly. “Sometimes, I even feel a bit uneasy in front of her.”

That waitress had an ominous aura around her.

Understanding Noel’s hesitation, Julian didn’t press further on the topic.

Regardless, the man behind the cafe was worth further investigation.

“We’re almost there.” Julian instructed Noel to park the car outside the entrance.

“It’s not convenient to drive inside.”

Noel followed the instructions, and immediately spotted a vacant parking space.

It so happened that a car had just left. It was a black-gray Volkswagen, a mid range model costing around forty-five thousand dollars.

Could someone afford to drive such a car in a place like this? Could the person inside be the owner of the cafe?

Noel was afraid of missing the person they were trying to meet. He drove in that direction while keeping an eye on the car that was about to pass him by.

The person in the driver’s seat looked quite young-chubby, with a friendly face.

However, his specific features were unclear. Noel could only see a general outline.

It was apparent that this person wasn’t elderly.

As for the person in the back seat...

Was that Cecilia?!

Noel wanted to take another look, but he found it absurd. Cecilia was a rich heiress. She would never come to a place like this, let alone sit in a Volkswagen!

The license plate of Julian’s car was quite unique, and it was an extended Lincoln.

Cecilia had seen it once, and hadn’t forgotten. Whenever this car was out and about, Noel was always behind the wheel.

Cecilia’s gaze swept over the car, and she involuntarily leaned slightly towards the window. At a certain angle, she caught a glimpse of Noel driving.

The extended Lincoln had tinted windows. If Noel hadn't lowered the window earlier, Cecilia wouldn't have seen him. Now, she couldn't even see Julian sitting in the back.

She thought Noel was the only one in the car. Julian had always treated Noel well. Even if Julian had his own needs, he would surely allow Noel to use this car.

It seemed Noel had come specifically to find her today. Cecilia carefully recalled when she might have leaked her whereabouts for Noel to find her.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1440

Noel drove Julian through winding streets, eventually heading towards the slums.

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It seemed Noel had come specifically to find her today. Cecilia carefully recalled when she might have leaked her whereabouts for Noel to find her.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1441-This man...

A sneer crossed Cecilia's face. Her assumption of Noel as a greedy, shameless, and poor loser of a man strengthened. She would never give him the chance to take advantage of her again!

The two cars drove past each other, one driving in and the other driving out.

"Drive faster," Cecilia told Larry.

She didn't want Noel seeing her in this car. She had to leave as soon as possible!

Larry could sense where Cecilia was looking. Ever since that limousine passed, she had been staring at it. She was overly focused on it.

Larry said bitterly, "That car looks pretty good."

Lulu probably ran away with a man with a car like that.

Hatred flashed past Larry's eyes, but it vanished in an instant.

Cecilia was so occupied by thinking about Noel, and didn't notice the look in Larry's eyes. She continued talking to him, saying, "It's not bad, but I don't like it."

Her words lifted Larry's mood in an instant. "You don't like rich people?"

What should she say to that? She herself was rich. How could she not like rich people?

"Yeah," Cecilia said, then questioned him back ingeniously, "I like poor people."

Never seen someone like me before?”

Larry was elated to hear that. “I never expected you to be so nonchalant about wealth. You really are a great woman.”

Perhaps because of his work, Larry spent most of his time with computer programs and seldom talked. When he did, he spoke simply and honestly.

Although his appearance was nothing to write home about, he looked and sounded very comforting.

Cecilia accepted his praise. “Thank you. I think I’m a good person, too. What’s so good about wealth? Riches and expensive cars cannot be compared to a sincere heart.”

That resonated strongly with Larry.

He felt even more satisfied with Cecilia. He should be looking for a woman just like her. Only a woman like her was worthy of him!

After ‘marrying’ her, he would definitely treat her well!

Cecilia felt a change in how Larry treated her after saying those words, as he became more enthusiastic and eager to please her. He even bought her a cup of milk tea along the way. In fact, he had placed the order in advance so that they didn’t need to waste time lining up.

The tea was cherry flavored, and covered with a thick layer of milk ice-cream.

The bright, tangy flavor lifted her mood instantly.

It tasted pretty good.

Larry spotted cotton candy sold on the street side, and stopped the car to buy one for her. He even requested for it to be shaped like a doll.

“For you,” Larry said, almost embarrassed to look Cecilia in the eye.

What a kind and thoughtful man he was! He was truly different from Noel!

Cecilia was thankful that she ignored her mother’s advice and didn’t break things off immediately with Larry. For all she knew, by a stroke of fate, things might just work out between them.

Cecilia was still a little girl at heart.

Novels and drama series she watched in the past ran through her mind, and she was all the more certain that she was fated to meet Larry.

“Thank you!” Cecilia thanked him profusely as she accepted the cotton candy from him. “I really like it!”

Larry smiled shyly. “That’s great.”

They were almost at the office. He parked the car in the underground garage, and handed Cecilia an employee card.

“Take this. If someone asks you later, don’t forget to say…”

He felt embarrassed to go on.

Cecilia completed his sentence naturally, “I won’t forget. I’m your girlfriend for today.”

Larry smiled shyly.

