

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1441

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.

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Cecilia didn't hold Larry's arm, but she walked close to him.

Her subtle fragrance wafted into Larry's nose. It differed from the perfume that Lulu wore. Lulu's smelled cheap, while Cecilia's came from premium sandalwood.

It was subtle and sweet, just like her.

Cecilia was classier and better-looking than Lulu in all aspects.

“Watch out!” Larry yelled. There was a bump right ahead of them, and he stopped Cecilia from taking a step further. She had been so close to tripping and falling.

When Cecilia heard Larry’s warning, she stopped dead in her tracks and patted her chest in lingering fear.

Thankfully, she stopped right in time. Otherwise, she would have fallen flat on her face and embarrassed herself.

Even at such a critical moment, Larry didn’t touch her. He was clearly not one who would try to take advantage of others.

Cecilia was overjoyed to see that.

She stood even closer to Larry.

Sensing the change in Cecilia’s demeanor, Larry felt elated. She was so kind-hearted, understanding, and trusting of others. She was innocent and naive, a perfect match for someone as honest and down-to-earth as him.

Pleased, he became all the more careful with his manners.

At the same time, he shared his work experience enthusiastically with her.

“Swipe this card to enter the office. The first level is the design department. My colleagues would have just arrived and not yet busy with work. I can bring you around and introduce you to them.”

The culture at the anime-related company was relaxed and liberal. It was worlds apart from the industries that the Jarvises were familiar with.

In fact, the employees of the company had hair colors of the rainbow, very much like the comic characters that Cecilia liked so much.

She was so happy, she ordered milk tea for everyone in the team.

“A beautiful woman who’s also thoughtful is a rare gem,” someone teased Larry.

“Your girlfriend is better and way more likable than your previous one!”

The colleague deliberately mentioned Lulu before Cecilia, in an attempt to sow discord between the two.

Larry wasn’t good with words and looked anxiously at Cecilia, worried that she might be angry.

However, Cecilia didn’t mind. Larry was no longer young, and it was perfectly reasonable for him to have an exgirlfriend. Cecilia had an ex-boyfriend herself.

She found no point digging into the other party’s past relationship. What mattered most was the present.

Larry’s face flushed with anxiety.

Cecilia lifted her arms, and wrapped them around Larry’s. To others, they looked extremely intimate.

Cecilia looked like she was leaning on Larry. Though the angle made it seem like she was holding him, there was actually a significant gap between them.

Despite the distance, her sweet perfume kept wafting into Larry’s nose. She was close enough for him to see her skin up close. It was so fair and so smooth! He couldn’t even see so much as a pore.

It seemed she had no makeup on; as her skin was naturally fair, dewy and perfect.

Larry smiled, joyful from the bottom of his heart. As long as he treated Cecilia well, he was confident that she would be moved by him and eventually be willing to marry him.

What Cecilia did made everyone else in the office envious of Larry.

“Larry has quite some luck in the relationship department.”

“Exactly! The moment Lulu left, Cecilia came. And both of them are so beautiful, more so than normal women.”

Cecilia’s grace and poise wasn’t something ordinary women had. She clearly came from a wealthy family of a high status.

“Richburgh really is a great place with many choices for its people, not like us.”

“We’re not that bad,” a colleague said, trying to smooth things over upon hearing everyone else’s bitter tone. ‘We’re designing this blind box with the aim of capturing the hearts of young girls everywhere.’”

He turned to look at Cecilia, and asked, “Isn’t that right, Ms. Jarvis?”

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“Do you think our designs look good?” he asked.

“They do,” Cecilia replied sincerely. “I really like them, which is why I pleaded with Larry to bring me here. I hope I’m not bothering any of you.”

Her words were appropriate, and put Larry in a good light.

Larry felt himself straightening up.

When he brought Lulu to his workplace in the past, she wasn’t the one who asked to come over. Conversely, Larry had to beg her and even buy her a bracelet to make her go to his office.

Yet when she arrived, she behaved proudly and arrogantly, and even ignored his colleagues who greeted her.

At that time, he felt embarrassed and awkward.

Things were vastly different now, with Cecilia making him look so good.

Determined, Larry said, "Cecil." He inadvertently changed the way he addressed her, and Cecilia didn't correct him. She seemed to have figured it out.

Although many of his colleagues liked to tease him, they were all rather polite to him.

The moment they stepped into the design department, many people had been stuffing snacks in Larry's arms. In just a while, Larry's arms were filled with three apples, two oranges, and a few packets of biscuits.

He might be rather stiff and dull, but that alone was enough to prove that he shared a relatively good relationship with his colleagues.

Cecilia became even more pleased with him.

"What's the matter?"

They were standing so close to each other, they looked like they were whispering secrets to each other.

With a beautiful lady in his arms, everyone was envious of Larry.

Larry felt even more delighted. He rubbed his nose, and said, "Nothing. I just wanted to say that I'll buy you a bag after work today." Women love bags.

Larry was determined to buy everything Cecilia liked and wanted.

The moment he said that, Cecilia recalled the piles of branded bags back at home. LC, Hames, and Agucci bags were stacked up high in her room. If she had to be honest, she didn't like carrying bags when she went out.

She felt secure just bringing her phone out. With it, she could buy anything she wanted.

Nevertheless, she was touched by his offer.

“Won’t it take your entire month’s salary to buy a bag for me?” she asked.

“Bags have become more expensive nowadays,” Larry said frankly. “Perhaps it might take one and a half month’s salary.”

What a silly man he was! He wouldn’t know how to scheme even if his life depended on it! He was willing to splurge on her, and he even told her how much he earned a month.

More and more, Cecilia was certain she didn’t turn up for the blind date in vain.

Having hung out with Larry for the entire day today, she found him increasingly adorable.

“I don’t want it,” Cecilia said, not wanting Larry to spend the money. She pointed at his company’s latest product, and said with bright eyes, “Just give me a blind box. I want this series. I just can’t find it anywhere.”

This particular blind box series couldn’t be purchased at usual market prices.

However, it was possible to buy it if someone was willing to pay a few tens of dollars more.

It was way cheaper compared to branded bags.

“Cecil, you’re completely different from other girls. You’re not vain at all,” Larry commented gratefully. “Thank heavens our paths crossed!”

When Larry reached home at the end of the day, he was extraordinarily jubilant.

His parents were elated to see him in such a good mood. ” Larry, did things between you and Lulu progress?”

“No,” Larry replied honestly, “I broke up with her.”

His parents' faces changed. They were about to chide him when he went on, "But I already have a new girlfriend, and the wedding will go on. She's very kind and thoughtful, and will never leave me her whole life."

This was exactly what youngsters were prone to do. They recovered from a relationship so quickly.

Larry's mother chuckled upon hearing what he said. "You're talking about a whole lifetime when you just started dating her?" Larry nodded. "Yes."

He walked to the kitchen, grabbed a knife, and placed it on the table.

"Should I kill her with this knife, or make her overdose on sleeping pills?"

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Larry's parents were shocked.

"What...what do you mean by that?!"

The old couple saw the crazed look in their son's eyes, and were so frightened their hands started trembling under the table.

Larry smiled, telling them not to be afraid.

"I'm just asking." Cecilia hadn't said yes to marrying him yet. He wasn't in a rush to kill her.

The moment she agreed to marry him... No, the moment she agreed to be with him, he would make his move.

He would never allow any accidents to happen until they got married!

Meanwhile, Julian and Noel stepped out of the car.

This area hadn't been developed, and mud was all around. Noel was worried about dirtying Julian's shirt. "Mr. Fulcher, shall I grab you some shoe protectors?"

Julian glanced at him as he continued walking forward. "I'm not that particular."

Just as he said that, he stepped right on the side of the drain with his newly bought hand-made Italian leather shoes.

Julian mumbled, "Perhaps I do need shoe protectors."

The shoes themselves weren't the problem. The problem was that Diana was the one who bought the shoes for him.

He didn't want the shoes to be destroyed before Diana had the chance to see him wearing them.

After wearing his shoe protectors, he and Noel continued walking deeper into the area.

The road started getting narrower. By the time they entered the middle part, the path was only wide enough for one person.

They saw no one else along the way.

"It's daytime now. They've probably all gone out to work," Noel said.

Everyone who stayed here were migrant workers who left this place early in the morning and came back only late at night. This area was but a place for them to rest their heads at night.

Julian nodded, and asked Noel, "Are we almost there?"

They were seeing fewer and fewer houses the deeper they walked in.

Noel looked at the numbers of the units around them, and walked a few more steps before saying, "Here!"

He yelled for Julian to come over. "Mr. Fulcher, this is the one!"

Julian nodded. The door opened even before he knocked on it.

A courtyard surrounded by four houses greeted them.

Given who Julian was, Noel thought he might not know about the living conditions of a place like this, and hurriedly explained, “The whole household lives in one house, not just one person.”

Julian nodded. “In which house does the boss of that cafe stay?”

Noel shook his head. “His employees said they don’t know. All they can tell me is this address.”

“Just call him,” Julian said as he stood in the courtyard. ” Who’s the boss of the roadside cafe?”

Julian stood straight, emanating an air of grandiose and authority. He was a complete mismatch with his surroundings.

Isaac looked out the window when he heard Julian’s voice. He spotted Julian, but didn’t remember seeing him before.

But this had come all the way here to find him, and anyone who dropped by was a guest. Isaac didn’t like mistreating his guests, and would always extend hospitality to them.

“Hey!” He grabbed a beer bottle, and pushed his door open. The door creaked as he said, “I’m here. Come in!”

He offered the beer to Julian, but Julian didn’t take it.

Isaac was annoyed.

“What?” He spotted the shoe protectors that Julian was wearing, and disdain filled his eyes. “Aside from the ground, do you find me dirty too?”

He had never drank from this beer bottle!

What an ungrateful scumbag!

Issac decided not to bother with Julian, no matter how important a figure he could be.

Bam!

Isaac slammed his door shut, then downed an entire glass of beer.

Noel, who saw everything that happened, stood there in shock. Julian was in no better state.

Shock was written all over both their faces.

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After a while, Julian turned around and left the courtyard.

The shocking scene from just now lingered in his mind. That was so for Noel, too. It was only after both of them got into the car that they spoke almost at the same time.

“Mr. Fulcher, did you see that just now?” “Noel, did you see that just now?” Noel replied to Julian first. “I did. That man's house was filled with beer bottles.

The smell of alcohol hit me the moment he opened his door. It was so strong, I almost fainted.” Noel's reply gave Julian some time to collect himself.

He pinched his thigh hard.

He could feel the pain. This proved that everything was real.

That was when he said, “What about the boss of the cafe? Did you see that?” Noel fell silent.

He saw it.

But he...didn't dare say it.

Julian immediately understood. "Did you get a good look at his face?" His voice was soft, as if he was mumbling to himself.

Despite that, the sound sent shock waves into the air.

Noel nodded. "I did." "He's not James," Julian, a good judge of character, concluded.

Be it the aura Isaac exuded, his gaze, and his personality, he was worlds apart from James.

"But... He looks identical to James," he added.

Julian thought about what the doctor said about family heredity after Diana got pregnant.

Twins.

That definitely ran in her family.

When Julian found out that James wasn't Diana's biological father, he found himself at a dead-end. When he saw that man just now, a spark ignited in his mind as a clue seemingly emerged.

Agitation filled Julian's eyes.

"No."

He instructed Noel to drive back to the office to keep an eye over the programmers who were working full speed ahead. Then, he took out his phone and called Diana and Betty.

To his frustration, no matter how many times he called, all he received were notifications that Diana's phone was switched off, and that her number couldn't be reached.

Left with no choice, Julian could only text Betty in hopes she was online on her tablet so she could tell him what was wrong with their phones.

Yet, no one replied to his texts.

Julian grew more anxious, and started calling Jim.

Jim glanced at his phone, and rejected the call nonchalantly. He even told Simon, “A call from Julian.” A smile crept up his face. “Strange. He’s already put Diana and Betty under my care. Why is he still calling me? Doesn’t he know how annoying he is?”

Simon furrowed his brows, then shook his head. After he took all the black pills Jim gave him, he couldn’t speak or hear.

No matter how hard he stared at Jim, all he could make out was the latter’s lips opening and closing. He ran through the movements in his mind, and finally pinned down on a keyword that kept appearing: Diana.

Simon’s face changed. With trembling hands, he grabbed a pen and paper, and scribbled, “Don’t touch her.”

Don’t touch Diana.

Otherwise, he would haunt Jim’s dreams after he died!

Jim wasn’t afraid of ghosts, which he firmly believe to not exist. They were merely figments of people’s imagination that served to ignite fear.

Could ghosts be scarier than the human heart?

No matter how powerful an immortal was, could it be compared to someone standing on top of the food chain, with all the power and authority humanly imaginable?

Being in that position was Jim’s ultimate goal. That untouchable position that was greater and more powerful than any deity.

To achieve that, Diana and her unborn babies were his most important pawns.

Jim looked at Simon with a warm smile. The gold-rimmed glasses perched on his eyes made him look exceptionally genteel and bookish.

“Of course, I won’t touch her,” he said softly. “In fact, I want to take very good care of her.”

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Jim’s words were strange, and Simon shuddered in discomfort. However, he wasn’t able to pinpoint exactly what was wrong.

Jim was temperamental. While he looked bookish on the outside, he was vicious through and through.

Simon said nothing more, and decided to just wait and see.

At the very least, he was right by Jim’s side. If Jim really made a move on Diana, he would find out immediately.

What Simon didn’t realize at that point was that his phone couldn’t receive any signal.

That was the case for Diana, too.

Her phone was no more than a block of metal.

She could surf the web and watch videos, but she was unable to leave comments, make calls, or log into her social media accounts.

It was the same even when she tried it out with Betty’s phone. She couldn’t contact Julian, and wondered if he even came at all.

Diana felt uneasy as she laid on the bed with Betty in her arms, trying to put her daughter to sleep. When Betty finally fell asleep, she in turn was unable to sleep.

She caressed her swollen tummy.

The thought of James losing his memory, of Simon being uncontactable, of how both hers and Betty's phones were behaving strangely, all filled her with unease.

Diana held her stomach, then glanced at her daughter. She grabbed her phone, and walked out of the room. The door shut with a click.

The moment Diana left the room, Betty's eyes popped open.

Daddy!

She had been waiting for Julian's reply all day, but received nothing from him at all.

She cupped her chin in her palms and laid stomach-down on the bed, feeling slightly forlorn.

Very soon, tears filled her huge eyes.

Pitter-patter.

Hot tears rolled down her cheeks and fell on the bedsheets. Just like snowflakes falling into a huge fire, they vanished in an instant.

Her eyes turned red, and it made for a heart-wrenching sight.

Diana walked along the corridor with her phone in hand.

She remembered that when she first checked into this hotel, there were many guests streaming in with their luggage. The hotel's business seemed to be thriving.

But today, as she walked along the corridor, she noticed that the entire corridor was in pin-drop silence. It almost felt eerie, as though she was the only one staying on this level.

But... That was strange.

She had seen through the booking app that all the rooms in this hotel were fully booked. It was impossible that there were empty rooms.

Perhaps the sound-proofing was done too well?

Diana could only comfort herself that way, but it did little to erase the uneasiness in her heart.

She felt her stomach tightening. She had a short cervix that often tensed up whenever she walked when she was pregnant. Now that she was an experienced mother, she felt bolder and became less cautious when she walked.

What's more, she had been in a good mood since she arrived at Jacroaof. She was so busy walking around with Betty, she forgot about her two tormentors in her womb.

She had just taken a few mere steps when her babies started issuing her warnings.

Diana knew that she might have exercised too much over the past few days.

She wasn't in a rush to head downstairs, and instead sat down on a bench next to the elevator to rest.

As she took a break, she found it even stranger. Throughout the entire 10 minutes, she didn't see the elevator move.

This hotel was situated in the city center, boasting mesmerizing cityscapes and fantastic word-of-mouth reputation. It was impossible that no one was around.

Yet this elevator seemed stuck in place, not moving an inch.

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The numbers on the screen never moved, too.

Sean sat on the floor as he applied ointment on his wounds. He did as Lucas told him, and did something to Diana's phone signal.

He did it in cooperation with the professor, to remind Julian to take care of his wife.

However, Sean had thought about it. Lucas was an outsider, after all. His words couldn't be entirely trusted. Therefore, he decided to play some tricks of his own, like causing some commonly-seen faults in the hotel, including stopping an elevator from operating.

If Lucas had other ulterior motives or intended to harm Diana, Sean hoped that Diana would realize something was off upon encountering those faults.

He couldn't do anything in here right now. Although he didn't know what was happening outside, not causing trouble to Daddy and Mommy was his priority.

As it turned out, Diana did realize something was wrong.

This hotel felt just like a huge tomb to her.

It was too quiet.

So quiet that it was eerie.

Her stomach felt much better, and the sense of urgency had eased by much.

Diana stood up and walked to the elevator. After confirming that there was no sign indicating an elevator fault, she lifted her hand and pressed the button.

She pressed the button for the first floor.

Right now, it wasn't just about finding someone to ask about the phone signal.

She had to check out the reception and ask if something had happened to the hotel. Otherwise, how could there possibly be no one around?

When she reached the first floor, the grand lobby greeted her.

Diana remembered that this place was crowded when she first arrived to check in. She had to wait for a while with Betty before she could receive the card for the room she had booked in advance.

But right now, the lobby was empty except for one person seated at the reception, who was dozing off.

This didn't look normal.

Diana walked toward the receptionist. "Hello."

When she put her hand gently on the counter, it glowed under the light there.

The receptionist woke up immediately, and looked reverently at Diana. "Ms.

Winnington!"

This receptionist wasn't the one who checked her in. At that time, it was a man.

He spoke in a unique accent that Diana found very special. Yet, this receptionist called her name so accurately.

Unease grew in her heart. "How do you know my name?"

"The professor told me," the receptionist said with a smile. " He said that you're pregnant, and we must pay careful attention to what you eat and use. All the staff here have seen a photo of you so that we can all serve you better."

So, this was all Jim's arrangement. He was always so thoughtful and considerate in all things.

Diana kept this debt she had chalked up with him in mind, and pulled out her phone.

“What about this? My daughter and my phone can only watch videos and surf the net, but we can’t make calls, leave comments, or log into our social media accounts.”

One entire day had passed. She hadn’t contacted Julian at all.

There was a limit to how much of a princess tantrum she could throw. A measured degree made things fun between a husband and wife, but anything that crossed the line would be worrying.

Diana didn’t want Julian worrying about her, so she wanted to fix her phone quickly and ask Julian if everything was alright with him, and if he still wanted his pregnant wife.

The receptionist tapped her phone. After a while, she said, “I have no issues with mine.”

She shook her own phone, then asked her other colleagues.

The conclusion they arrived at was that Diana’s phone was the only one with issues.

Did both hers and Betty’s phones malfunction at the same time?

Diana thought about it, then left the reception. She wanted to check things out outside the hotel and find a phone shop within sight.

She didn’t feel assured leaving Betty sleeping upstairs all alone. If there was a phone shop nearby, she could call for a courier and a brand-new phone could be delivered to her within ten minutes.

The moment she stood at the entrance of the hotel, she saw James hurrying over to her.

“Ms. Winnington, do you need a ride?”

No matter how humble James was behaving right now and how sincere he looked, Diana couldn't bring herself to smile at him. In fact, she felt even more disgusted with his overly- humble facade.

"No need."

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She waved her hands, suppressing a sudden wave of morning sickness that hit her.

Strange.

Did her babies know that she was feeling disgusting right now?

Diana didn't want to be in the same place as James. She stepped back, clearly expressing her intention to avoid James.

James looked hurt.

He looked exactly the image of a middle-aged man who was wounded by his loved one. It repulsed Diana even more.

"Even if you've lost your memories, there's no need to act pitiful with me." If James of all people claimed to be pitiful with her, no one else under the sun could be considered pitiful.

James finally said, "You know me?" An expectant look flashed past his eyes.

Diana knew how that felt. When she lost her memories in the past, she eagerly looked forward to anyone who could tell her anything about her past.

It was as if knowing her past could help her piece together a something was missing without her memories.

It was a very strong sense of lacking.

Right now, James was looking at her with the same expectation.

Diana said with disdain, “You didn’t have much of a conscience in the past.” She threw him a distant, cold glare. “You were a man who could abandon his own three-year-old daughter.” After pondering for a moment, she remembered what Julian said about her birth circumstances, and corrected herself, “ You’re not fit to be a father, and you’re not actually the girl’s father.” James lost his memories, but his mind was still working fine.

Diana’s attitude made something come to his mind. “You’re that girl, aren’t you?” He looked agitated.

It was an expression only a loving father would have, and it was something Diana desired desperately when she was looking for her family.

Back then, she was only 18 when she stood at the door of the Winningtons’ residence, filled with hope and expectations. She thought the moment she opened the door, she would be greeted with her father’s loving look, filled with joy.

Yet...

James was agitated. He shooed her away, panicked. Meanwhile, Kate stormed toward her and slapped her hard in a bid to please him. Both of them were scared of upsetting Kayla, and hurriedly shut the door to coax her.

The memories of the past still remained clear in Diana’s mind.

Despite knowing that this man standing before her wasn’t her biological father, Diana could not erase the anger and disappointment that she felt so deeply.

She began feeling discomfort in the stomach once more.

Diana uttered a silent apology to her babies, comforting and telling herself that there was no need to get angry with James and hurt herself. She turned away, no longer wanting to see James.

James came closer, and asked again, “Ms. Winnington, do you need a ride?” He didn’t bring up the past again. He simply looked on cautiously.

How ironic.

Diana used to see James treat Kayla the exact same way, with the same caution that a parent would exercise when cajoling their child, for fear the child would get angry.

Right now, she no longer cared for that. She didn’t want it anymore.

Yet today, it happened so suddenly, right in front of her. She was frustrated to no end, and immediately lifted her arm to hail a taxi. She wanted to just hop onto a car and leave this place for a while.

But when a taxi stopped upon seeing her raised arm and the driver took a good look at her face, he immediately drove off as if he’d seen a ghost.

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Diana was confused.

James said, “Ms. Winnington, the professor has given instructions that you can only head out in vehicles belonging to the Hughes household. This is to prevent any accidents that might happen if you were to ride in other vehicles. You’re pregnant, and protecting you is a priority. It’s always good to be careful.” He wasn’t wrong to say that, and Diana could sense the genuine concern in his voice.

Diana suppressed the strange feeling creeping up in her heart. She didn’t even have the capacity to sneer at James.

All she could feel was an inexplicable chill down her spine.

“At this point...” Her face had turned pale, and she glared angrily at James. “Are you trying to protect me in my pregnancy, or monitoring me instead?” With that, she stomped back into the hotel. She headed to the reception, and asked a question she did not ask before.

“Hello,” she greeted.

The receptionist saw Diana return, and straightened before greeting her back respectfully. “Ms. Winnington! How may I help you?” “Your hotel... I seem to be the remaining guest in this hotel. Did this hotel turn into a luxurious jail overnight?” However, she swallowed the question that was at the tip of her tongue, and asked instead, “Am I the only guest this hotel is serving right now?” She went on with a smile, “You seem quite free, and I don’t see any guests around.” The warm look in Diana’s eyes made the receptionist lower her guard, and she didn’t think much of it. She simply thought that Diana was someone very important to Jim.

Jim was probably a very close friend of Diana’s. With that thought in mind, the receptionist didn’t neglect putting in a good word for Jim.

“Yes, Ms. Winnington. The entire hotel is booked by Professor Hughes. We’ll be serving you exclusively until you give birth.” From now until she gave birth...

Diana clearly told Jim that she would only be here for a few days.

Having heard the receptionist’s explanation, she thought about the ladies she met along the corridor and the strange happenings, and her face changed.

Could her spontaneous trip to Jacroaof be in fact a trap she had unwittingly fallen into?

But Jim...

Diana didn’t make things difficult for the receptionist. still sleeping before using the phone in the hotel room to call Jim.

“Jim.” She asked directly, “Do you like me?” Ever since Cecilia visited Larry’s company, she felt like she had gotten to know Larry on a deeper level.

‘He’s a good man,’ Cecilia thought as she laid on her princess bed. ‘He’s simple, honest and thoughtful. He’d never abandon me for money like Noel did!’ Cecilia’s expression turned cheeky. She then ran to the cellar of the house that had been unused for a long time to pick up Larry’s video call.

“This is where I stay,” Cecilia said, and she showed Larry her dilapidated cellar through the video call.

She bit her lip, her eyes bright and innocent. She was filled with expectations and indignation.

“Will you look down on me, given how poor I am?” “You’re a princess living in the ghetto,” Larry said without the slightest hint of disdain. “Ms. Jarvis, although I’m not very rich, I’ll do my best to give you the happiness you deserve!” He told Cecilia about the conditions Lulu previously raised.

“I’m not getting any younger, and I’m dating with marriage in marry me, my parents won’t have to live with us. The betrothal gifts...” He paused for a moment to calculate the sum that he and his parents could fork out.

“We can offer \$120,000. Your family may not be wealthy, but your parents have raised you well. They probably spent a lot of effort on you. You can just take this sum and give it to your parents for their retirement.” Larry’s words made Cecilia all the more certain that he was a practical and sincere man. He was also unexpectedly considerate and thoughtful.

Although \$120,000 wasn’t even enough to buy a bag, it was probably a significant sum to Larry. He didn’t chase after money like Noel did.

That made Cecilia even more pleased, and her voice subconsciously turned sweeter.

“Larry, are you making me give the money to my parents so I don’t need to visit them after we get married?” “Of course not!” Larry said anxiously. “I’ll put you in my pocket and bring you everywhere you want to go, not to mention your parents’ home. We can even go back every other day if you wish.” When the time came, he would bring her ashes everywhere. Her parents would definitely find him faithful and persistent, just as she thought of him right now!

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Back to Diana’s phone conversation, Jim chuckled when he heard her question.

Aside from his laugh, Diana could make out some other sounds in the background.

It sounded like someone was chatting. Either that, or there was an ongoing discussion. Or perhaps even some gossiping.

Diana suddenly felt antsy. “Professor Hughes... Are you...are you teaching a class right now?”

If she remembered correctly, Professor Hughes was addressed as such because he was indeed a professor in a college.

Although Diana heard that he seldom lectured and that his title was just a form of address, there was still a remote possibility that he might be in a class.

“I am in a class,” Jim admitted. He switched out of loudspeaker mode, and the noises in the background suddenly disappeared.

All that was left was Jim’s voice echoing into her ear drum.

It felt like a hard slap on Diana’s cheek.

Goodness!

What in the world did she just ask him?

She asked him if he liked her when he was in a class!

“Ms. Winnington,” Jim said, his magnetic voice ringing in Diana’s ears. “If I remember it correctly, this is your second time asking me this.”

Diana rubbed her nose awkwardly. Was that so?

“My memory has deteriorated since I became pregnant. I...”

Diana was about to apologize, when Jim spoke up again, “ But it’s all right.

Facts are facts, and nothing will change no matter how many times you ask the same question.”

Diana’s heart leapt at Jim’s words.

“What do you mean by that, Professor Hughes?”

Jim laughed. “Take a guess, Ms. Winnington.”

Diana was stunned.

It was precisely because she couldn’t figure out what Jim felt of her that she had to be direct in questioning him. Yet now, Jim’s answer was still so vague. It frustrated her to no end.

Perhaps because Jim sensed the shift in Diana’s mood, the smile on his face faded slowly.

He looked up at the students in front of him. He seldom gave lectures, and all the students in the school had gathered for his class today.

“I’ll go find you later after class.” With that, Jim hung up. He turned his attention back to the lecture.

He was focused on giving the lecture, but his students weren't interested in listening any longer.

They teased, "Professor! Is the lady who called you just now your girlfriend?"

Many girls in our college fancy you, and us guys have fallen out of favor. Hurry up and announce that you're taken, so you can give all of us a chance!"

Even the girls started teasing him. "Exactly!"

This was how things were in a university. It enjoyed an open-minded culture, and the atmosphere in classes felt carefree. Lecturers and students could banter with each other.

Jim didn't get mad at the students, and his warm smile remained on his face. He looked just like a gentlemanly scholar.

Someone once said of him, "When Professor Hughes stands at the podium, he looks just like a lecturer from the 80s, and a very handsome one at that!"

Someone gave an even more vivid description, "A pretty boy, if we use today's language. Also one with knowledge and charm."

"But anyone who knows about Professor Hughes' career and his achievements in the medical field wouldn't dare to call him a pretty boy to his face. Most would probably cry out loud and call him Chief." Jim didn't take all these remarks to heart. He had only one thought in mind: to do his own research well.

No matter what it takes.

"She's about to give birth," Jim muttered before turning around and continuing with the lecture.

He hadn't seen Diana since she arrived two days ago.

