

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1481

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1481-But it was all right.

Even if she didn't make a move on him, Kenneth had the confidence that Fanny would share the recording to the world.

When that happened, Oliver would oppose her vehemently.

Kenneth was his father, after all. Oliver wouldn't want to see his father's reputation smeared after death. Their break-up would be inevitable!

If Fanny kept on by Oliver's side, she might take revenge and kill him in cold blood. That would be disastrous! The grudge between him and Fanny's family must not implicate Oliver in any way.

Kenneth was sure he had it all figured out.

Just as he had correctly guessed that Fanny was still alive, he was convinced he could make the most ideal arrangements for the rest of Oliver's life.

Yet, he forgot one thing.

He was old and advanced in years. So old that...he had become muddled.

Oliver had no idea about his father's plans. He was in the meeting room, discussing new operating procedures. Some doctors brought forth their proposals, but they were risky and he rejected them all.

While all of them were in deep discussion over new solutions that could help extend whatever was left of Kenneth Channing's life, Fanny's bodyguard knocked on the door.

Oliver was shocked to see him and immediately let him in, thinking that something might have happened to Fanny.

The bodyguard immediately handed a phone to Oliver; he was so anxious, he didn't dare look up. "Mr. Channing, something bad has happened."

Along the expressway, at the borders of Jacroaof, Noel's phone suddenly rang.

Before, he received a text from Cecilia, which was filled with gibberish and a mess of indiscernible numbers. He couldn't tell what the text meant.

And now, she was calling him.

He was slightly annoyed.

"Not picking up?" Julian asked with an arched brow, knowing immediately that the call was from Cecilia.

"No," Noel said, "Ms. Jarvis must be looking for someone to amuse her."

That time at the restaurant, he had tried his best to salvage their relationship.

But what did Cecilia do?

She once again humiliated him with her proud and haughty attitude.

Well, he wasn't so thick-skinned.

"She isn't the only woman left in this world. I'm not picking up her call."

Despite that, Noel kept glancing at his phone. The ridiculous thing was that his phone rang only three to four times, and then stopped ringing immediately.

Noel was certain that Cecilia was playing him for a fool. If he picked up, she might find another way to make a joke out of him.

He shook his head; he switched his phone off, trying not to think about her.

Cecilia was losing hope.

Larry was finally revealing his true colors. He had invited her to his house with ill intentions!

And yet, he was still pretending to be a good and honest man. Had it not been for her own stubbornness, she wouldn't have pursued the matter.

If they hadn't fought, she would still be in the dark and thought that he was a good man.

A good and honest man!

Thankfully, her phone was in her bag. Seizing the chance right after she smashed the vase on Larry's head, she called Noel once again.

She pressed and held on "1", which was the shortcut key she previously set for Noel's number.

Right now, her life was in his hands.

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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1482-After a while, Julian persuaded Noel, "If anything happened to her and you didn't pick up the call, you'll regret it your entire life."

He was more experienced in the area of romance.

Back then, had he been more patient in explaining things to Diana or communicated more with her, she wouldn't have had to suffer so much all by herself and even leave Richburgh.

Right now, it was clear that Noel was still unable to let go of Cecilia. Yet, he was pretending to be indifferent about her and insisting against picking up her calls.

It reminded Julian of how foolish he had been in the past.

Noel pondered over Julian's words.

Ultimately, he shook his head. “No, I won’t pick up her call.”

He continued driving. He then glanced at the GPS, and said, “But I want to use your phone to call her.”

He wanted to see if Cecilia would pick up the call of another person. With that, he could see if she was trying to play a prank on him or not.

“We don’t have each other’s number,” Julian said. It was ideal to use his number to call Cecilia. He handed his phone to Noel. “Dial her number yourself.”

Noel looked at the GPS, and noticed that they were drawing closer to the next rest area. He hurriedly dialed Cecilia’s number.

Her phone rang, but no one picked up.

He called again, and no one picked up this time, either. The call wasn’t disconnected, but it kept ringing. Yet, no one picked up.

He tried sending Cecilia a text. “Hello, your package has been delivered. Please come out and take it.”

He didn’t receive a reply to that, either.

If it were in the past, Cecilia would have eagerly replied.

The thing she looked forward to most was receiving packages and opening them. When she had a package in hand, it would usually take her less than two seconds to open it.

Yet now, there was no response from her whatsoever.

Noel began feeling uneasy.

Julian could sense the shift in his mood, and said, “Go back to Richburgh. No matter what happened to Cecilia, you should go back and take a look.”

With that, he got someone to locate Cecilia’s phone. That was when they found something strange.

“She’s in an old, dilapidated house along Second Ring Road. She wouldn’t usually go to places like that.”

People like her, who grew up in rich families, always hung out with people of their rank and status. It was unlikely for Cecilia to know someone living in such poor conditions, and even less likely for her to stay in a place like that.

At that moment, the image of that car they saw parked at the entrance of the ghetto where they were looking for Isaac flashed past Noel’s mind.

At that time...

He seemed to have seen Cecilia.

He thought he saw a chubby man seated at the driver’s seat.

He had found it strange at that time, and thought he must have seen it wrongly.

Now that he thought about it, the woman seated in the car must have been Cecilia!

“Something’s happened to her!”

Noel immediately came to the conclusion about Cecilia’s current plight.

He started to panic, but before he could say anything further, Julian said, “The next junction is the last rest area. We’ll arrive at our destination after we pass it.

You’ve accompanied me through the entire journey. Now, it’s time for you to go back and settle your affairs.” Noel was a salaried employee under Julian’s leadership. Even without accounting for his salary, given their close relationship, Noel couldn’t possibly leave Julian at a time when he needed help the most.

“So much danger lurks right ahead on this trip,” Noel said with a shake of his head. “I’ll get someone else to go to where Cecilia is right now. I won’t go back.”

“If you don’t and if something really happens to Cecilia, you’ll regret it your entire life,” Julian repeated.

She had called and even texted him. This proved that Noel was still the first person that came to her mind at the most critical moment.

Julian understood what it felt like to be so needed by another.

He also understood that even if Noel stayed by his side, his attention would be tuned in somewhere else. Noel would certainly be filled with worry.

“I’ll regret it my entire life if I go back,” Noel said, effectively stopping Julian from trying to persuade him further.

He immediately called the Fulcher family’s bodyguards, and tasked them to go over and check things out. Under his command, the bodyguards began heading out.

Noel sighed in relief, then said optimistically, “See, Mr. Fulcher? Our men can handle this easily.”

Even if something happened to Cecilia, it wouldn’t be anything too serious.

Meanwhile..

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1483

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1483-Larry was injured. He was struck by a vase, courtesy of Cecilia.

“I wasn’t thinking of hurting you,” Larry said. He just didn’t understand. Why did women reject him the more he tried to be nicer to them? “Can’t you feel that I’m trying to treat you well?”

He invited her to his house, and even whipped up a meal for her. He was even trying to decorate her room for her based on her tastes and preferences.

All he wanted was for their relationship to progress a step further.

“Since you’re hanging out with me and have feelings for me, is there a difference whether we get together today or tomorrow?”

Larry didn’t understand. The wound on his hand was gaping.

He found an iodine solution, and disinfected his wound. He waited for the pain on his finger to subside before looking at Cecilia. “Don’t try to injure me again.”

It seemed he wasn’t intending to harm her. Even the violent urges she saw in his eyes vanished after she smashed him with the vase.

However, she was still afraid. She tried to open her mouth, and realized that her throat was trembling from the turn of events.

She finally composed herself, and managed to pull herself together.

“There is a difference, Larry. Just because we hang out, doesn’t mean we must get together. We’re spending time together to figure out whether we should be together or not,” she said.

She had eliminated Larry from her consideration. It was a complete and utter elimination.

However, she didn’t tell him that.

She looked hopelessly at the locked door. That elimination would only be effective if she managed to make it out of this place safely today.

But...

She looked at her phone, which Larry confiscated had and placed on top of the cabinet.

Cecilia shook her head, desperation filling her eyes.

She didn't have the time to think things through when she was in a panic just now. Now that she thought about it, had she seized the chance to call her family members instead, she might have a chance of getting rescued.

Yet, she never changed the settings to the shortcut key ever since her break-up with Noel. That shortcut key just had to be his number.

He had already taken so much money from the Jarvises, and she even insulted him. Coupled with the fact that she didn't even make herself clear that she was in trouble, he would probably ignore her even if he guessed that something bad had happened to her.

There was bound to be another rich heiress somewhere in the world whom he could get his hands on.

A greedy man blinded by money like him would surely shift his target to someone else after realizing that he could no longer get anything else from her.

"I don't care," Larry said with a shake of his head. It was clear he didn't agree with what Cecilia said. He had his own way of thinking when it came to romance.

"You agreed to meet me, so that means you have feelings for me, and we will therefore be together. That day at my office, you pretended to be my girlfriend in front of my colleagues.

"If you didn't have feelings for me, you wouldn't have been able to do it so convincingly.

"That day, after I returned home from work, my colleagues texted to say that they envied me."

Larry had boasted so much, saying that they were about to get married, and that he would invite them all to his wedding banquet. He even sent them each a small sum of money as a token.

Recalling that, Larry smiled.

“Cecilia, don’t you worry. You’ll have the wedding ceremony that all other women have, too. My parents have already secured a venue for our wedding banquet.

After we’re done furnishing the house, I’ll bring you to the hotel to check it out.”

Hearing that, Cecilia thought there was hope in leaving this place.

She asked hopefully, “Really? When?”

Larry looked warily at her. “Very soon, but...” He hesitated for a moment before continuing, “I haven’t thought about whether I should put you in a luggage case or a bottle before bringing you there.”

He said it too casually.

So much so that Cecilia didn’t quite catch what he meant.

Very soon, however, she could sense that something was off.

The realization sent chills down her spine.

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“Why...are you planning on putting me in a luggage case or a bottle?”

She had legs, and she could walk by herself.

Why...

Why was he squeezing her in such tight spaces?

She was a fully-grown adult. How could she possibly squeeze in those things?

Larry chuckled. He chuckled so heartily and genuinely, anyone who saw him would praise him for being a simple and honest man.

But right now, this simple and honest man was making Cecilia's hair stand on end.

Larry scratched his head, as if he didn't care at all that Cecilia had just struck him with a vase.

"I either cut you up into pieces or burn you up. That way, I'll be able to keep you in a luggage case or a bottle easily."

Cecilia's heart shook in fear.

Her body trembled as she asked, "Larry... Are you going to hurt me?"

"I'm not hurting you," Larry said, "I'm just trying to find a way so that we'll never be apart."

He reverted to the logic he demonstrated earlier in their conversation.

"Didn't I make myself clear just now? Since you're willing to be with me, you'll definitely have to go with the arrangements I make."

What kind of logic was that?! Cecilia was utterly confused by him.

The moment she understood where Larry was going, she yelled furiously, "Larry Webb! I repeat, I never said I want to be together with you! I don't want to lose my life here!"

With that, she picked up a ceramic shard from the broken vase and threatened, "Don't come close! If you take so much as a step toward me, I'll kill you first!"

The shard wasn't large. Even if she managed to stab Larry with it, she probably wouldn't be able to cause much harm. What she was doing was akin to attempting to stop a moving car by standing right in front of it.

It made Larry think of her as even weaker and more vulnerable.

He easily closed the gap between the two of them.

Cecilia tightened her grip on the shard.

“Larry Webb!” she yelled at the top of her lungs. “Don’t come close! Do you hear me?”

“I didn’t plan on making a move on you today,” Larry said, sighing.

“But if you go on like this, others might think that I’m abusing my wife. I can’t let our relationship be smeared by malicious rumors. Cecilia, don’t worry. Whether I decapitate you or burn you alive, I’ll be very gentle and very careful. I’ll make sure you won’t feel any pain at all.”

With that, he stepped closer to her.

Before Cecilia had a chance to stab him, the sharp corners of the shard dug into her hand. Blood flowed down her arm, but she couldn’t care less about the pain.

Determination flashed in her eyes.

She had made up her mind. If Larry dared to come any closer, she would stab him!

She had to get out of this place alive before she had any possibility of talking about the future. If she could get herself back to her family, everything would be fine!

Reality, however, seldom matched expectations.

Larry’s chubby figure wasn’t in vain. When Cecilia moved closer to him, he preempted her next move by reaching out and grabbing her arm.

Cecilia felt a sharp pain on her wrist, which soon turned red.

“I’m sorry,” Larry said with feigned kindness. “Did I hurt you? I was trying to control my strength. Cecilia, work with me. If you do, it’ll hurt less.”

Cecilia was going mad.

The man before her was turning into the devil himself!

She was a goner.

As his grip over her wrist tightened, she screamed.

Bam!

Suddenly, there was a loud sound at the door.

Larry looked annoyed. He glanced at Cecilia, and covered her mouth with his hand.

“Cecilia, these people have come to tear us apart! Don’t make a sound! Just lean in my embrace and stay quiet, okay? As long as we stand firm and determined, no one can tear us apart!”

He was insane.

He was a raving lunatic!

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With his hand over her mouth, Cecilia found it difficult to breathe. She could only struggle with all her might.

“Mmm...”

But she was too weak, and all she could muster was some weak grunts.

The knocking soon stopped. Noticing the silence, the hope in Cecilia’s eyes dimmed.

Suddenly...

Bam!

The knocking on the door continued; this time, it was even harder.

“Delivery! Please open the door!”

Larry had ordered a bunch of room decorations before.

“Are they here already?”

They were very important. They helped to enliven the mood. He also hoped that Cecilia would feel happier upon seeing them.

Larry wanted a festive feel; he didn't want to feel miserable, especially with all the crying and shrieking that he was hearing right now. It made him feel as though he was a kidnapper and a murderer.

They were clearly in a relationship of their own will!

Cecilia came to his house of her own accord. He didn't kidnap her here.

Larry flashed Cecilia a smile. “Be good. Go to the bedroom and wait for me there.”

With that, he dragged her by force all the way to the bedroom.

Before Cecilia came, he had upgraded the locking mechanism of all the doors in the house. These special locks could only be opened with him standing outside.

No matter how much Cecilia banged the door from inside the room, she would never be able to open the door.

To prevent her from yelling out loud, he even taped her mouth.

He said valiantly, “I'm trying to work hard for our beautiful future! Cecilia, we're bound to suffer if we want to stay together. Don't panic, I'll be back soon.”

He said it so thoughtfully, with such a kind look on his face.

Had Cecilia not seen through how cruel he really was, she might still think of him as a simple and honest man until now!

She felt so much regret, she had the urge to jump down a building.

If she compared Larry and Noel, Noel's greed for money didn't seem like such a major problem. At the very least, he didn't try to kill her!

Thinking of Noel, her heart sank.

She finally had the chance to call him via the shortcut button, and even texted him. She was behaving so abnormally, yet he didn't respond to her at all. He didn't call her back, either.

He probably couldn't be bothered with her anymore.

Why was she always so unlucky? Each time she tried to look for a partner, she always ended up getting hurt.

If she had a chance to go home, she would never get into another relationship ever again!

All she wanted to do was to stay by her mother's side, and be a little girl forever.

But...

She seemed to have lost the chance to do that.

Cecilia sank in hopeless misery. Tears sprang into her eyes and regret filled her heart.

Meanwhile, Larry had opened the door. A bunch of men in black squeezed in through the entrance.

"Who are you?!" Larry yelled, trying to stop them from coming in. However, there were too many of them, and each of them were trained personnel.

They were the bodyguards of the Fulcher household. Right after Noel called them, they hurried over to Larry's place. The moment they opened the door, they saw the mess inside and a phone with a furry keychain placed atop the cabinet.

Their faces turned solemn, and one of them asked, "Where is Ms. Jarvis?"

Larry's eyes widened. "Ms. Jarvis? What Ms. Jarvis?!"

Seeing Larry acting dumb, they pushed him away and began searching for Cecilia in the house.

Very soon, a bunch of old men and women appeared at the door.

"What are you doing?! Everyone, quick! Come over and help! Larry's house is getting burgled in broad daylight!"

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These neighbors had lived next to each other for a long time, and they were always eager to help one another out when the situation called for it.

The moment they heard that burglars had entered Larry's house, many retired old men and women brought their pots and pans and came hobbling over on their canes.

All of them surrounded the bodyguards.

No matter how skilled the bodyguards were, none of them dared to make a move on the innocent old folks.

Larry remained silent, not offering any explanation whatsoever. He simply stood at the side, watching to see what would happen next.

The bodyguards tried explaining themselves, but the neighbors wouldn't have it.

The bodyguards had no choice but to retreat. They slowly exited the house.

To prevent them from charging into Larry's house again, many of the old folks continued keeping watch over the bodyguards.

The bodyguards were helpless to do anything.

They could only call Noel.

The chief bodyguard briefly described the situation as he broke out in a cold sweat. "There was no other way, Mr. Carter. This is a residential area, and it's filled with old folks.

If anything were to happen to them..." Things would become tricky to handle.

Noel understood. He pondered for a moment before instructing, "Retreat for the time being."

He also asked them about the situation at Larry's house. "Did you manage to see Cecilia?"

The bodyguards shook their heads. "No, but we did see a phone that looked like it belonged to a lady. There was a furry caterpillar accessory tied to it. It was placed atop a very tall cabinet, not somewhere one would usually place a phone." It was precisely because of the phone that they wanted to barge into the house.

"Oh, yes," they went on, "There were signs of a struggle in the house. There were smashed shards of a ceramic vase on the floor and some flowers on the ground that looked like they had been stepped on, but no one bothered to clear them up."

They concluded with their instincts.

"Ms. Jarvis. Js probably in the house."

It was just that none of them were able to enter.

“Should we call the police?”

Noel’s mind was in a mess. He didn’t want to care about Cecilia. Despite that, he couldn’t stop himself from worrying about her. Even his tone had changed.

The bodyguards could sense Noel’s anxiety, and subconsciously spoke in a gentler manner.

“It’s no use. We didn’t see Ms. Jarvis. Even if we called the police, the people here would in turn accuse us of trespassing private property.”

Despite the Fulchers’ power and influence, they couldn’t pit themselves against ordinary citizens.

Noel’s phone was on loudspeaker mode. Julian’s brows furrowed upon hearing the bodyguard’s update.

They had passed by the last rest stop, and the Hughes’ household was just a few hundred meters away.

He suddenly stopped the car, and glared at Noel. “What are you doing just sitting there?!”

Noel looked up, panic in his eyes. He seemed to know what he should be doing, but at the same time, felt so confused.

Dazed, he said, “So... Cecilia called and texted me because something happened to her, and she needed help...”

“Of course!” Julian yelled.

He never realized how foolish Noel actually was. Why was this man so slow on the uptake at such a critical moment?!

“Find another car and turn back!” Julian paused for a moment and amended his words. “No! Find a car and go to the airport.”

Noel could take any mode of transportation. It would be faster if he returned on a plane. Given Cecilia's plight right now, every minute mattered.

"Diana needs me too, so I won't be able to help you with Cecilia. But you must head back."

Noel wanted to say something more, but Julian had already kicked him out of the car.

"Don't leave any regrets!"

Julian drove off after yelling that to Noel.

He didn't give Noel any chance to react. Noel was worried about Julian, but he knew that right now, Cecilia needed him.

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Cecilia had been brought to another man's house, where many abnormal things had happened. Most worryingly, she tried to contact him, but he didn't pick up her calls.

Thinking of the calls he missed, Noel's chest tightened.

"Don't even think about chasing after me. I don't need you here. You, on the other hand, if you dare let anything happen to Cecilia such that the relationship between the Jarvises and the Fulchers sours, I won't spare you!"

That's right!

Something suddenly clicked in Noel's mind.

Even without his past relationship with Cecilia, she was still the heiress of the Jarvis family!

The Fulchers' relationship with the Jarvises had soured because of their relationship. If this time...

Noel immediately knew what his choice would be. He immediately texted Julian, telling him to be careful.

Julian smiled upon reading Noel's text.

He stepped harder on the accelerator as the car sped forward. In the blink of an eye, he was approaching Hughes Manor.

Hughes manor looked similar to Fulcher Manor, except that it seemed to have a more delicate aura. By the time Julian arrived, the sky had turned dark.

The gate of Hughes Manor was shut tight. Julian pressed down hard on the accelerator, and charged toward the gate.

Bam!

Everyone in the manor was shocked. Very soon, hordes of people started running out.

"Goodness! What's happening?"

"Call the police! Call the police right away!"

"Get out of the car! Do you know this is Hughes Manor?!"

No one in Jacroaof would dare to offend the Hughes family!

Julian smiled.

His fingers rested on the edge of his car window, and he glanced casually at them. "Where is Mr. Hughes? Tell Jim Hughes to come out and see me."

"He's not at home," the butler of Hughes Manor spoke up. He looked very traditional, fitting with the dark aura the manor exuded.

He arched his brow, making his long and skinny face look even more sharp and harsh. "Who are you? Who do you think you are, demanding Mr. Hughes to see you so arrogantly? Get out of your car right now!" He got his men to pull open Julian's car door.

Julian remained calm as he let them come at him.

However, the moment they came close to him, he lifted his leg to kick them.

Before they all knew it, they were all lying on the floor, squirming in pain. He would have kicked them harder were it not for the long hours of driving that he just went through.

They would be in far worse pain. Perhaps they might even lose their lives!

'You have exhausted my patience,' Julian said.

The moment he discovered that Jim was uncontactable by phone, Julian guessed that Diana might be in trouble. That was why he barged into the manor, crashing through the gate.

Since Jim was hiding from him, he had to appear before that man.

Julian's car engine was still running. He stepped on both the accelerator and the brake, making the car shake and buzz at the same time. Everyone around him shuddered.

"I'm giving you half an hour." Julian looked coldly at everyone around him. "If Jim doesn't appear before me in half an hour's time, I'll burn the entire manor down!"

No one doubted the veracity of his words.

Especially the butler, who had never seen someone so ruthless in his entire career. The murderous aura this man exuded made his legs tremble.

It seemed things tonight were about to get out of hand.

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When Jim received the call, he glanced at Diana.

Quickly lowering the volume of the phone, he sidestepped Diana and walked into the bathroom, asking, "What's going on?"

He was frowning as he asked the butler.

The butler hastily recounted today's events.

Despite that, Jim hadn't anticipated things to escalate this way when he returned home.

The front gate had been knocked down, leaving a large dent in the opposite wall. Julian was driving a heavily modified and high-safety off-road vehicle.

It seemed like he came prepared.

Their friendship had already reached a point of no return. Jim saw no reason to be diplomatic.

He said, "Julian, you entrusted Diana to me. It isn't that simple if you want her back now."

Jim would only let her go once she safely delivered the babies. If he lost Diana this time, he would never have the chance to be close to the child inside her.

No matter what, Jim wouldn't let go.

Seeing Jim reveal his true colors, Julian didn't rush into a confrontation. There was no point in arguing at this moment. He got out of the car, strolling towards the estate like he owned the place. Strangely, no one dared to stop him.

In the past, a family holding onto old societal rules would have likely ejected him, possibly without knowing his fate.

However, no one dared to confront Julian. His imposing aura was too overwhelming. It even caused the butler to subconsciously submit in his presence.

Simon, lurking in the shadows, glanced in their direction and chuckled. His gaze towards Julian was still filled with discontent, and there was even a hint of familiar disdain.

When Julian looked in his direction, Simon left for elsewhere without a second thought. Soon, his figure disappeared from Hughes Manor.

Julian was powerful, but this was Jim's territory. Moreover, Julian was alone. It seemed he didn't understand Jim deeply enough.

These days, Simon had been investigating this area. He gained a more profound understanding of Jim.

Currently, Jim's first concern was the babies in Diana's belly. The second was his laboratory.

Simon speculated that with Julian causing a commotion in the Hughes family, Jim, being cautious and meticulous, wouldn't just wait idly. It was highly likely that he would take Diana to the laboratory. After all, it was a good hiding place.

Simon arrived at the laboratory, and indeed saw a car he hadn't seen before outside. He didn't rush in, but observed from the entrance.

He confirmed that people were continuously unloading items from the car, including Betty's luggage. It was a yellow rubber duck suitcase, a limited edition gift Simon had given her for her second birthday.

Julian had bought her many valuable suitcases after she returned to the Fulcher family. Betty, despite her fickle nature, never replaced this particular one.

She held her uncle in a special place in her heart. Since she addressed him as uncle, he would be the one to protect them in the end.

A wistful smile played on Simon's lips, and he touched his pocket. After confirming the contents were intact, he breathed a sigh of relief.

It wasn't until the car drove away that Simon emerged from the shadows.

In front of the expansive laboratory, he moved like a phantom, seamlessly navigating through it. At each checkpoint, he would pull out a card from his pocket, then wait for the stone door to open, lifting his hand to input his fingerprint.

"Welcome, test subject."

After passing through five checkpoints, Simon smoothly reached Diana.

Meanwhile, Jim had invited Julian indoors.

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Julian didn't take a seat. Every moment without seeing Diana made him restless.

"If you don't hand over Diana and Betty," Julian warned, "this old manor will soon be razed to the ground."

He had said these words before, but this time, everyone could see that he was alone when he got out of the car, and he wasn't carrying any weapons. They couldn't believe that one person could overpower them and destroy the old mansion.

"Sir, don't talk big," the butler, suppressing the feeling of wanting to submit to Julian, retorted. "You should know this is our master's territory!"

Not only that, he had just informed the old madam.

Over the years, she had lived a secluded life. Despite that, she possessed powerful pharmaceutical skills, reaching the pinnacle of drug manufacturing. If she appeared, she could drug Julian without anyone noticing. At that time, only they would have the antidote.

No matter how domineering Julian was, he would be helpless!

Snap!

Julian glanced at the butler, and waved his hand. No one saw how he did it, but the cup that they had served tea to Julian was now in the butler's mouth!

Silence filled the room.

Jim was getting anxious.

He exchanged a look with the butler, signaling him to leave first.

Julian smirked, and looked at Jim. "Just now, were you asking him with your eyes if your mother had come?"

At the mention, Jim shuddered.

Over the years, his mother had lived in seclusion. She rarely appeared, and when she did, she never used the Hughes family's name or her real name.

She was fully dedicated to her research, leading many to believe she was dead.

Nobody knew her current skills or whereabouts, and nobody voluntarily brought up the topic of his mother.

But now, Julian casually mentioned it.

Jim was about to speak, when a strange sound came from above.

Rumble! Boom!

The sounds made it seem like a strong wind was blowing. The butler, who had just left the living room, hurried back. He removed the teacup from his mouth, and shouted anxiously, "Master!"

Jim furrowed his brow, impatient. A sense of foreboding was welling up in his heart. He got up, and walked towards where the butler stood. A casual glance turned into a shock that made his blood run cold.

'Mom!' he shouted loudly, his eyes filled with anguish.

"I thought you were an elegant and calm person, Professor Hughes. No matter what happened, you'd remain serene," Julian said with a smile, clapping his hands.

Soon, the thunderous noise grew louder.

It was a helicopter.

Hovering conspicuously above the Hughes family mansion was a helicopter.

Jim's mother was suspended by a thin rope, placed at the door of the vehicle.

"Return Diana and Betty to me unharmed, and I'll return your mother," Julian demanded.

Jim froze for a moment. Julian's abilities indeed exceeded his expectations.

However...

"She doesn't need saving." Jim returned to the room from the courtyard, and faced Julian. "For the sake of the great pharmaceutical experiment, she doesn't need me to rescue her. If she sacrifices herself for this cause, we'll consider it an honor."

Julian tightened his grip on the cup, which cracked in his palm.

“Are you saying you intend to use Diana and Betty for a pharmaceutical experiment?”

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1490

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1490-“It seems you’re not that formidable after all.”

Jim suddenly returned to the calm and collected man he usually was.

Julian still hadn’t figured out his intentions, indicating that the initiative was still in Jim’s hands.

Jim smiled casually, giving Julian an indifferent look. “Feel free to burn this house and eliminate anyone you dislike in this family. However, you won’t take Diana away from me.”

Julian was furious. With a wave of his hand, he instructed the helicopter to lower Jim’s mother a bit more.

The woman, accustomed to working in the laboratory year-round and rarely leaving even for a moment, was now suspended in midair.

The sight seemed to terrify her soul; her screams were even louder than the thunderous noise of the helicopter. A fleeting emotion crossed Jim’s face, but it quickly disappeared.

Julian observed every nuance of his expression, and he knew that the stakes weren’t enough. He made a gesture, and soon, Jim’s mother was dropped a bit more.

Now, her height was level with the roof.

“You should ask your mother yourself,” Julian looked at Jim, gesturing for him to approach. “Ask her if she’s willing to make the so-called sacrifice.”

Everyone knew that sacrifices were inevitable, but no one wished to be the one sacrificed. Jim's mother was no exception. She was now in disarray, flying around without any composure. Even her usual elegance and calmness were nowhere to be found.

"Jim! Jimmy! Save me! I have many experiments yet to complete. I want to shock the world with you. I can't die yet! I can't die!"

Jim was momentarily stunned, his eyes showing confusion.

"Mom..." he said, as he looked at his mother. "Why are you saying this?"

She had taught him from a young age that at crucial moments, one must learn to sacrifice their own life to protect their research.

Moreover, Diana was involved in such crucial research for them. If he made a deal with Julian to free his mother, he would have to surrender Diana as well.

At that time, it would truly be a wasted effort!

Jim refused.

"I think what you're saying is incorrect," he said. His voice was the same measured pace-polite, but every word was filled with coldness and cruelty.

"Even if you die, the research can continue. I'll definitely take up your mantle."

A trace of despair crossed Jim's mother's face.

"No! I don't want to die!" Suddenly, she shouted to Julian, "I'll tell you! I know where Diana is hidden!"

Julian's expression changed, and he immediately rose from his chair and rushed to the area beneath the helicopter.

Mrs. Hughes's hands and feet were bound with ropes, but Julian wasn't concerned about any tricks she might play. If she didn't cooperate and tried to deceive him, he would make her suffer even more!

When Noel returned to Richburgh, three hours had already passed. It was the fastest speed he could manage. Along the way, he hadn't taken a sip of water and dared not stop for a minute, forgetting even to use the restroom.

Not until he reached the front of Larry's house did he feel the urge to go.

Conveniently, it gave him a reason.

He knocked on Larry's door.

Larry was in the room arranging things. The visit from those people earlier today was suspicious.

Although he asked Cecilia and she claimed not to know them, he was still uneasy. He decided to quickly finish setting up the room and then dispose of Cecilia faster.

If you choose not to use the suitcase or the vase, then I'll make the decision myself." Larry glanced at her. "You're very pretty. I should keep your whole body."

After saying this, Cecilia fainted in fear. It took a long time for her to wake up.

Her eyelids felt very heavy. She had many wounds on her body, all from Larry dealing with her when she attempted to escape, and the situation only worsened.

At this point, she had given up on thoughts of survival. She knelt on the ground, her eyes brimming with tears.

Scenes of her life over the years flashed through her mind. Her heart hurt so much, to the point of suffocation.

How had the young miss of the Jarvis family fallen to such a state?

