

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 841-850

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 841-Julian grabbed her shoulder, his hot breath scorching against her skin. He snarled, "Diana, how many men do you want before you're satisfied?"

At this moment, they could hear Simon outside. He was trying to appease the customers.

'Is this man saying that because he's...jealous? No, that's impossible.' Diana quickly shook her head, pushing this absurd thought out of her mind.

Julian despised her. He even said he'd never have any contact with her again.

Their encounter today was because the woman he brought wanted to buy Diana's dress. It was how they ended up meeting.

Someone who hated her couldn't possibly be jealous.

Diana couldn't stay with him. Once she did, she would easily overthink things.

With that thought in mind, she pushed Julian harder. She tried to open the door so she could leave.

His warm breath sprayed against her shoulder, making her hot and itchy.

She could only turn her head to the side. She moved her shoulders, trying to alleviate the discomfort. At the same time, she kept pushing him away. His heavy body continued to press against her.

Julian didn't move, his deep eyes glued on her. He didn't miss any of the subtle changes on her face.

She explained helplessly, "Look, you're really overthinking. Whether it be Simon or Oliver, we have no romantic relationship. When I said I'd marry Simon before, it was just a misunderstanding. As for you..."

She took a deep breath. "After the paternity test results came out, I decided to stay far away from you. The further, the better."

Especially after Nina told her they had once been husband and wife.

The discovery only strengthened Diana's determination.

"The further, the better?" Julian's voice suddenly grew louder. His mouth was near her ear, and she winced at his volume.

This time, she acted quickly and covered his mouth. She glared at him, hissing, "Lower your voice!"

Since he was trapping her, she couldn't escape.

Diana decided to make things clear to him. "Julian Fulcher, I'm not a tool for you to vent your anger on. You suddenly dragged me here and treated me badly. You're not making any sense!"

Seeing how stubborn she was being, Julian decided to tell it to her straight. "Sean already told me."

Diana got more confused the more she listened. "Sean?"

What did he tell you?"

Sean had been acting strange today. He called Julian "Daddy ", and had apparently spoken to Julian as well. Didn't she just put him in the room? When did he sneak out to find Julian?

Julian was annoyed with how Diana was always looking confused and pretending not to understand anything.

He smirked sarcastically. "What do you think he said to me? Didn't you teach him? He said he switched the DNA samples. He requested me to redo the paternity test."

How could a toddler of around two years old have such thoughts? And switching DNA samples, too. It was utterly ridiculous!

When Julian heard Sean's absurd words, he knew it was Diana's doing. She wanted to use Sean to get another chance for a new DNA test, so she could manipulate the results.

"I'm genuinely curious," Julian said, looking at the bewildered Diana. He was deeply impressed by her acting skills—she was great at pretending to be innocent.

He leaned closer to her neck, laughing mockingly.

“Three years ago, you left me and started a new life with Simon. You even had children with him. Why did you suddenly come back to Richburgh and claim you have nothing to do with him, when he was the one who betrayed me?”

Did she think he'd believe her just because she said so?

“Maybe...” Julian continued darkly, “After Zachary went after you, you thought Simon couldn't help you fight the

Winningtons. So, you quickly abandoned him. You wanted me to be the father so you can get payback against that old man, didn't you?”

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 842-“What a pity! Looks like Simon wasn't sincere about liking you either,” Julian said. “If he really wanted to help you get back at Zachary, he'd have found plenty of ways.”

After all, Simon had spent New Year's Eve with Diana right under Julian's nose. Later, he took her away from Richburgh and even had a child with her.

Thinking about it filled Julian with disgust-even the air around them made him sick.

He turned around abruptly, and pulled the door open. “I came to the studio today purely for Ms. Jarvis. Don't read into it too much.”

He told Diana he would no longer have any contact with her, and it still held true.

“I hope you won't get any ideas about me from now on.”

Diana's expression twisted in anger. ‘This man rambles on and on, and says whatever he wants! I was never into him, and I never thought of using anyone to get back at Zachary. Betty's my daughter—I'll fight anyone who hurts her with my own power!1

It was the reason Diana struggled so hard to establish herself in Richburgh. Life was difficult enough for women. Only by toughening up could they avoid getting harassed and protect their families.

Julian, who stood in a position of power, kept making baseless assumptions about her, someone in a vulnerable position.

“I already told you,” Diana repeated, “Simon isn’t the father of my children.”

‘There she goes again! Looks like she’ll keep on lying. If not Simon, who else? No one could look so similar to me! Is it my father? Hah. He passed away years ago. If Sean wasn’t Simon’s son, then there’s no way he could look so much like me when I was a child,’ Julian thought angrily.

He firmly believed that Sean and Betty were Simon’s children. Sean wouldn’t trust and be so close to Simon otherwise. The difference in the way Sean acted with Simon compared to him was like night and day.

Julian sneered, “So, who’s their real father?”

Diana blushed. “I... I don’t know.”

“I guess you still have some brains, seeing as you didn’t come up with a random man to deceive me,” Julian said. It was clear he didn’t believe Diana. “If you dare use the children again and say ridiculous things like swapping DNA samples, you won’t need to leave on your own. I’ll personally make sure you can’t stay in Richburgh!”

His heartless words weighed heavily on Diana’s heart. She didn’t say anything, and didn’t even look at him.

All she did was excuse herself and walk past him, leaving the changing room.

Simon was waiting at the door. He didn’t follow her in to avoid affecting her business. It hadn’t been easy for her to rebuild the studio, and he didn’t want to ruin her hard work.

He was worried about her safety-especially with Julian around-and waited outside the whole time.

Seeing her come out unharmed, he immediately sighed in relief. He took out a band-aid for her. “Your skin’s delicate. Put this on your wrist.”

Otherwise, the wound might swell and scare the children.

“Thanks.”

Diana was silent. Right now, she didn't want to talk about how Simon lied and hid things from her. Even if he had done all that, it must've been for her own good.

Any man was better than that fickle and heartless Julian Fulcher!

Simon said hesitantly, "Why are you still so reserved around me? If you want to leave Richburgh, I can..."

"No."

Even if Diana earned enough to pay Fanny Smith back, she didn't want to leave. She wanted to stay here and get back her memories. In time, she would have her children and their real father stand before Julian, and show him the truth!

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 843

Diana had never lied to Julian, whether it be about her amnesia or that Simon wasn't the children's father.

"The most important thing right now is for me to get back my memories," Diana said.

Simon's hands shook. "How do you plan on doing that?"

Diana was silent. She clutched the hair she had taken secretly from Julian earlier. She knew Sean wouldn't lie-the original sample had a problem, so she had to start from here and redo the paternity test without anyone knowing.

Maybe this could be a breakthrough in her search for her lost memories.

Simon put his hands behind his back. "Since you don't want to say it, I won't ask anymore. If there's anything you need help with, you can contact me anytime."

Diana nodded. She wanted to take Simon to see Betty, but he left before she could say anything.

He didn't even say goodbye.

Diana stared at his retreating figure-he looked like he was running away. She stood there alone, lost in thought.

After he left the studio, Simon couldn't calm down. His hands trembled as he opened his phone and searched for the hypnotist's number. He hadn't called it in a very long time.

Julian left after Simon did.

Diana looked at her spacious studio. Due to Julian's interference, many customers had left. She was in no mood to continue working, so she closed up shop and went home.

Betty was still the same. Every day, she stared blankly into nothing. Even when her name was called, she wouldn't react. However, loud noises would scare her and make her tremble.

Every time Diana saw her daughter in this state, she wished nothing more than to march to the Winningtons and tear Zachary apart.

But now wasn't the right time yet. She needed to get back her memories and remember her past first. Only by that could she better understand her relationship with the Winningtons.

After that, she would use all the resources at her disposal and make Zachary pay!

Sean followed her closely, and Diana knew something was on his mind. She waited for him to speak.

Sure enough-in the evening, Sean couldn't hold it in anymore and confronted her.

"Mommy."

"Yes?"

"Has Mr. Julian told you when we can do the DNA test again?"

"Why? Are you hoping that he's your father? If we can't do it again, will you be disappointed?"

Sean nodded.

Diana continued to press on. "But I thought you didn't like him?"

Sean was a little embarrassed.

“I didn’t like him before...but I like him now.”

“Why?”

“Because,” Sean said, “he’s very powerful, Mommy. If he becomes our daddy, no one can bully you and Betty again. I’m still too young. I want to protect you, but I can’t...”

Hearing this, Diana became teary. She didn’t consider herself weak or overly sentimental, but she would always be moved by how much her children cared for her.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 844

Diana was willing to give up her life for these moments. What was a secret paternity test compared to that?

She would do it a hundred times if she had to.

“The sample thing isn’t your fault, and neither is what happened with Zachary,” Diana said gently.

She held Betty with one arm and Sean with the other, feeling like she had the whole world in her arms.

“Don’t put so much pressure on yourself. With Mommy around, you don’t need to worry about anything, okay? If you want to find your real father, Mommy will support you all the way.”

Even if redoing the paternity test was just a waste of time, and that Julian couldn’t possibly be their father, Diana would respect Sean’s desire to reconfirm it.

Diana thought for a bit, and decided to be straightforward.” I’ll handle the DNA test. But if we confirm that you and Mr.

Julian aren’t father and son, please don’t be sad, okay?”

Sean nodded. “Okay.”

He just wanted the result to be true, and not because he had swapped the samples and couldn't get the correct answer.

"No matter what the result is, I'll accept it," he said. He took Betty's hand, and led her to play with building blocks in their room.

With the children occupied, Diana had time to prepare ingredients for tomorrow's breakfast. She had a lot of bread, which she intended to make sandwiches with.

After trying for so many days, she still couldn't recreate the sandwiches Julian used to make. In the end, she gave up and made cheese sandwiches. She paired them with milk- they were simple but nutritious.

After taking care of the children's breakfast, Diana went to hail a taxi outside. She saw Simon waving at them.

"Something urgent came up at the company yesterday, so I couldn't see Betty," Simon explained. "I'm here to take you to the studio and see her at the same time."

He brought out a bunch of Barbie dolls. Though Betty didn't speak, she visibly relaxed. Diana picked two pink ones and placed them in her arms, and she hugged them.

There were some things Simon didn't talk about in front of Betty, because he didn't want to upset her. Regardless of her response, he was patient with her and made her happy- just as he had always done.

Seeing this, Diana scolded herself for suspecting him. She had been in the wrong.

Yesterday, she thought Simon's hasty escape meant he felt guilty about what he had done to her. Now, she realized it was just because of a problem at work.

Why would his life revolve around her every day?

It's a good thing he could go about his own business.

Perhaps with time, he would treat her as his former sister-in-law and stop thinking about confessing his feelings to her.

The week passed calmly. Julian didn't appear before Diana again, just as he had claimed.

However, Diana was troubled.

She had received the latest paternity test result. It showed that Julian was truly Sean and Betty's biological father.

This was too surreal!

To confirm the accuracy of the results, Diana asked Nina to get her Julian's toothbrush. She used his DNA on it to redo the test.

After that, she was forced to accept the truth.

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Julian was indeed Sean and Betty's biological father.

When Sean heard the news, he maintained his cool expression. During lunchtime, he visibly ate more. It seemed a weight had been lifted off his little shoulders.

Diana couldn't stop worrying. She didn't know if Julian would refuse to believe her even after knowing the results. He might even accuse her of trying to trick him again. That would surely hurt Sean's feelings.

She had to ensure Julian treated the children kindly. She couldn't have him coldly deny their relationship in front of the children when they meet again. It was important for her to think carefully on how she could achieve that.

The kindergarten teacher noticed her daydreaming, and called her several times. "Ms. Winnington, are you paying attention?"

Diana quickly nodded. "Yes, of course. Your teaching staff is excellent, and your education philosophy of connecting with nature to nurture children's instincts is wonderful."

"That's good to hear," the teacher responded kindly. "Before the start of classes in September, please keep an eye on our enrollment information. Once it's open, many people will sign up. Make sure not to miss it."

Diana nodded. "If I want to enroll my children, what are the requirements?"

“We require a Richburgh household registration and the property certificate of a nearby residence, commonly known as double certificates.”

“Double certificates,” Diana muttered. “So, I can’t apply without these two documents?”

“That’s correct.”

She had already given up on marrying Simon. As for the children’s household registration... She could only hope Julian would be willing to accept the transfer of their household registration.

But now, he had Cecilia Jarvis by his side.

It would be good enough if he could accept the paternity test results and treat the children kindly. Diana didn’t dare to think about the household registration transfer.

As for the property certificate...

At first, Diana thought she could afford the properties in Richburgh. After looking around, she discovered that even a regular three-bedroom apartment would cost almost a million dollars. She had seen almost all the houses near the kindergarten, and the conclusion was clear-they were beyond her means.

Over the years, she had saved what she thought was enough for a comfortable life in Stirling City. Upon arriving in Richburgh, she realized more was needed.

She felt defeated-her dream of sending her kids to a public kindergarten in Richburgh was shattered. She had to shift her focus to private ones instead.

Private kindergartens didn’t require a household registration or a property certificate. Plus, she could afford the tuition fees for each semester. With the children starting school in autumn, she couldn’t delay anymore.

She hurriedly screened through several kindergartens, and finally settled on an international bilingual one near her studio named Bilingo Kindergarten.

The enrollment officer was kind to her. “Before the autumn enrollment, we need to meet the children and conduct an interview. Are you okay with that?”

“Of course,” Diana replied.

She had been running around all day to find an appropriate kindergarten for her two precious children, and she was exhausted.

“Then let’s meet in the office tomorrow...”

Before the enrollment officer could finish, Diana heard the sound of high heels clicking on the floor.

Turning around, she saw a woman approaching her. The woman turned to the enrollment officer and said haughtily, “I object to her children attending this kindergarten!”

Diana’s eyes widened. “On what grounds are you saying that? It

Was this another person with a grudge against her?

The woman, Kiki, looked at Diana disdainfully. “On the grounds that I know your children don’t have a father.”

Kiki turned to the enrollment officer, sneering. “According to the kindergarten rules, children with disabilities or from broken families aren’t accepted. One of her children has autism and can’t speak. They don’t have a father, and were raised in a single-parent family.”

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Seeing the kindergarten she had just selected about to slip away, Diana wished she could silence this woman.

Why did she have so many enemies in Richburgh?

What’s more, she didn’t recognize a single one of them!

Diana grew even more concerned about her amnesia.

She bit her lip, clenched her fists, and stared intently at the enrollment officer.

“What’s wrong with disabled children? They’re also angels! They’re the hope of a family, and they’re equally precious. Why won’t you accept them?”

“Ms. Winnington, please don’t misunderstand. We don’t accept disabled children because it’s a rule in Richburgh. Children with special conditions need to go to special schools, which is better for them. As for families, that’s a

rule set by our founder and headmaster. The headmaster is a foreigner who values good familial relationships.”

“My daughter isn’t disabled,” Diana said. “She’s just going through a temporary phase. She’s a bit closed off and wouldn’t come out of her shell.”

The enrollment officer was aware of it. “The child’s current condition aside, is it true that you come from a broken family?”

This was the most stringent requirement.

A broken family wouldn’t qualify for enrollment.

This kindergarten was suitable in terms of faculty, teaching environment, tuition fees, and distance.

If Diana couldn’t get her children enrolled here, she wasn’t sure she could find another suitable kindergarten before autumn. She had to make sure Sean and Betty could start school smoothly.

The doctor told Diana that Betty should have more contact with peers in a safe environment. That would be beneficial to her recovery.

“That’s not true,” Diana said.

She thought for a while. Then, she took a deep breath and looked firmly at the enrollment officer. “My children has a father, and we live in a happy family.”

The enrollment officer smiled. “That’s good. Next Monday, you and your children’s father are welcome for an interview with the children.”

When both parents and children pass the interview, Sean and Betty could enroll in the kindergarten.

“About my daughter...”

“I’ll explain the situation to the headmaster in advance, but the final decision will be based on his assessment during the interview.”

Kiki mocked Diana in front of the enrollment officer.

“Just wait and see!” she sneered. “I don’t believe a divorced woman like her can put on a show of a happy family.”

Unless Diana married Simon within this week.

As it stood, she had too many enemies.

After what happened with Zachary, Diana wouldn't act rashly without understanding her opponent's background. This time, she resisted the urge to retaliate against Kiki and left quietly.

As soon as Diana left, Kiki immediately called Simon. "I just ran into Diana. You should thank me this time! I've helped you again."

She explained the situation, and added confidently, "Within this week, Diana will definitely bring up the topic of marriage with you again."

When Diana left the kindergarten, she instantly regretted her actions. She shouldn't have tried to show off. She couldn't even begin to guess how Julian would react to the latest paternity test. And yet, she still pretended she had a happy family.

She had to bring the children's father for the kindergarten interview next week.

And the father of the children was none other than Julian Fulcher.

No, she couldn't wait any longer!

She had to show him the paternity test results.

She decided to visit Julian. To be safe, she didn't take the

two children with her. Nina offered to look after them after hearing about her problem.

"Julian doesn't believe in your amnesia, but I do," Nina said. "Before you lost your memories, we made a deal that I'd be your children's godmother. Now that you're busy, it's only right for me to take care of them."

But...1

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"But nothing! Just do whatever you want, and be brave about it."

Even though Nina said that, she couldn't be sure how Julian would treat Diana.

Diana felt equally uneasy.

Soon, she stood at the entrance of Collina Villa. She pressed the doorbell gently.

When Mrs. Lay told Julian that Diana had arrived, he didn't believe it at first. "Mrs. Lay, I told you I have nothing to do with that woman."

Plus, he had warned her in her studio not long ago.

"I hope you won't get any ideas about me from now on."

Then, she had been furious. But only after a short time, she came knocking on his door shamelessly once more.

He didn't care about her relationship with Simon.

He only knew that there was absolutely no possibility of him meeting her again and listening to her endless stream of lies!

"Sir," Mrs. Lay said. She had been hesitating at the study door since the start of lunch.

Julian looked at her pacing back and forth, which made him uncomfortable. "What's the matter? Speak."

Mrs. Lay said anxiously, "Ms. Winnington hasn't left yet."

"It's none of my business whether she leaves or not," Julian sneered, glancing at the time. It was already one o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun was scorching. He grew impatient and said, "When it gets too hot for her to bear, she'll leave."

Another hour passed.

Mrs. Lay didn't mention Diana again.

Instead, Julian began to look at the study door repeatedly.

Mrs. Lay saw his expression and smiled slightly, but she didn't mention Diana. Instead, she asked, "Sir, I see that you keep looking up outside. Are you thirsty? Would you like me to bring you some water?"

Julian hesitated. His face was a bit red, as if something was choking him. "Yes, I'd like some water."

Seeing the smile on Mrs. Lay's face, he added, "I'm very thirsty."

"Yes, it's hot outside." Mrs. Lay pointed at the blazing sun. "Ms. Winnington doesn't seem to be bothered by the heat at all. She hasn't even asked for a sip of water after all this time."

Julian was baffled. "Is she still here?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Lay replied.

"Didn't you just tell me she didn't seem bothered by the heat?"

"That was before." Mrs. Lay placed the glass of water on the table, but refused to look outside the window. "Now, I have no idea if Ms. Winnington has left. Oh, my! It's so hot

outside. Maybe she fainted. Maybe that's why she hasn't asked for water!"

Unconscious people couldn't do that.

"Why don't you go out and check?" Julian asked.

Mrs. Lay straightened her back and said solemnly, "As servants, we shouldn't care about the things our master doesn't care about."

"You're right."

Another ten minutes soon passed.

Within those ten minutes, Julian had looked up more than ten times.

Mrs. Lay's smile almost split her face.

Yet she stood still at the study door, showing no intention of going to the villa's entrance to check the situation.

She was waiting.

Waiting to see when Julian would lose his patience and ask her to bring Diana inside.

That wasn't all.

She was also waiting for something else.

Waiting to see when her master, the seemingly heartless

and loveless Mr. Fulcher, would come to his senses. He couldn't forget Diana at all, and he couldn't break free from his feelings for her.

Being too heartless now would make winning his wife back in the future much harder!

Regardless of the recent encounters, Mrs. Lay believed in the late Madam Fulcher's judgment and Diana's character.

After a while, the sun got even higher.

The sunlight on the ground felt like a scorching carpet, warping the surface.

Julian raised his head, and glanced at the temperature displayed on the computer. "Forty-eight degrees."

Forty-eight degrees?!

That woman must be trying to die at his doorstep and dirty his path on purpose!

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"Mrs. Lay," Julian ordered, "go and check if she's dead. If she's not dead, drag her inside. If she's already dead from the heat, call the funeral home to collect the body!"

When Diana came in, Julian was still shouting at the top of his lungs. The vast living room echoed with his displeasure.

She hesitated.

“Mrs. Lay...” Diana stood awkwardly in place, her eyes filled with hesitation and anxiety. Since the paternity results came out, she had been running around non-stop, trying to enroll her children in kindergarten.

She didn't even have the time to sit down and think about it carefully. Accepting Julian as the biological father of her children came naturally.

Now, after hearing Julian's voice, the situation became clearer.

At present, she and Julian were already divorced. However, they had two children. And now, she was actively coming to acknowledge that he was their father.

Yet, she didn't even know what had happened between her and Julian in the first place.

The only thing she knew was what Nina had told her before; that she and Simon had betrayed Julian together. She even faked her death!

These memories-or rather, bits and pieces of information she heard from Nina-suddenly became real at this moment.

And now, she had gone through so much trouble just to see him for a moment. Her clothes had long been soaked by sweat. They stuck to her body like slimy squid ink, and she felt terribly uncomfortable.

She was scared.

Diana stood rigidly in place, not moving.

Seeing her standing there in a daze, not speaking or looking at anyone, Mrs. Lay grew anxious. 'Ms. Winnington, are you okay?'

Did she really have heatstroke?

As Julian still couldn't hear any movement, he finally exited his study.

The first thing he saw was her rosy face.

It was obvious she was feeling warm.

Her hair, sticking tightly to her scalp and forehead, looked as if it had been splashed with water.

Clearly, it was a sunny day. She looked like a drenched kitten because she was sweating too much.

Julian glanced at Mrs. Lay, who immediately understood his intentions. She quickly brought Diana some cooling medicine.

The smell of the medicine was pungent and choking.

As soon as it was placed under Diana's nose, she shivered. She lifted her head to look in Julian's direction.

"M-Mr. Fulcher..."

Seeing her so weak, Julian immediately became nervous. Much of his impatience from before disappeared.

"Mrs. Lay, hurry and help her onto the sofa. Don't let her die in our house. It'd tarnish our reputation," Julian said.

Hearing his harsh words, Diana was convinced that pretending to have a heatstroke was the wisest thing she had done.

Feigning illness was a bit shameless, but...

At the moment, it was the best way for her to successfully get close to him and find an opportunity to explain the paternity test to him.

Diana nearly slumped on the sofa.

She pushed away the medicine and said weakly, "Mrs. Lay, this medicine smells too strong. I can't drink it..."

She licked her dry lips and asked, "Could I just get some plain cold water?"

"You should drink the medicine first."

Mrs. Lay was convinced that Diana had a heatstroke. This summer was unusually hot, and Diana encountered it at the worst time. What's more, she stood at the door waiting for a very long time.

Mrs. Lay was starting to blame Julian. "Sir, if something really happens to her, what should we do?"

She was about to pour water for Diana.

Julian stopped Mrs. Lay, and said condescendingly, "Don't let her drink anything. If something really happens, just bury her. What else can we do?"

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This man always spoke so coldly and heartlessly.

Diana dared not think about how she could be married to such a man.

What's more...

When his sharp, eagle-like gaze fell on her face, Diana clasped her hands together and looked pitifully at Mrs. Lay. "I'm thirsty."

Hearing this, Mrs. Lay quickly handed her the cup.

However, Julian intercepted it and smiled mockingly. He stood before her, looking at her as if he had seen through her.

His presence was too overwhelming.

Diana regretted pretending to have a heatstroke.

"Do you want some water?" he asked.

She nodded. "Um... I'm a bit thirsty."

"Alright, I'll let you have your fill," Julian said, amused.

Splash!

A stream of water poured down from above.

Julian Fulcher...

He had poured water all over her.

Diana was completely soaked from head to toe, but Julian acted as if nothing had happened. He even crouched and asked with a smile, "Still thirsty?"

Diana clenched her fists, trying to control her temper. She thought of Sean, who longed to be recognized by Julian, and did her best to calm herself. "Mr. Fulcher, what's the meaning of this?"

"Signs of heatstroke are twitching limbs, eyes rolling back, and foaming at the mouth," Julian replied nonchalantly. "Ms. Winnington, do you show any of those symptoms?"

Hearing this, Diana's anger disappeared. She could only curse herself for being so dumb.

She dared to pretend to have a heatstroke without even understanding the symptoms-she actually tried to deceive Julian, who was known for being sharp.

Now, she was exposed.

She had no right to complain when he doused her with water.

She struggled to find an excuse, trying to save herself from embarrassment. "I..."

"What about you?" Julian asked, cutting her off.

After thinking for a while, Diana couldn't come up with a reasonable explanation for her foolish behavior.

She couldn't say that she realized the gravity of the situation once she arrived at his doorstep-that he, her former husband, was the father of her children, and that she panicked and decided to pretend to have a heatstroke.

Julian wouldn't believe it.

Subconsciously, Diana tried hard to roll her eyes back and make her limbs twitch. "I... I do feel uncomfortable."

She continued to play sick.

Julian saw that she wouldn't admit it, but didn't expose her increasingly clumsy acting. "Is that so?"

Three years had passed.

In the three years since they last met, she seemed to have become more and more unpredictable.

The mocking smile on his lips was still there. He turned to Mrs. Lay, who was already dumbfounded, and told her to bring a towel to wipe Diana's wet hair with.

"Since our guest is feeling uncomfortable, I can't neglect her. Mrs. Lay, bring the hairdryer."

He wanted to blow-dry her hair?

He wanted to blow-dry her hair!

Diana felt a chill as the hot air blew against her back.

Although she acted stupidly, she wasn't actually foolish. She was sure he had seen through her acting. But instead of getting angry, he was now blow-drying her hair...

The torture was worse than having him tower over her and talk her down ruthlessly.

"Don't move."

Seeing her fidgeting anxiously, Julian pressed her shoulders. His long fingers gently threaded through her hair.

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Julian's fingers brushed against her neck as they combed through her scalp.

That day in her studio's dressing room, his breath was just like the hot air from the hairdryer, spraying forcefully all over her skin.

Diana wriggled her shoulders.

Julian's hold on her became gentler.

She dared not move at all.

When her hair was almost dry, Julian suddenly said, "Before, I used to blow-dry your hair. I was also a jerk. Seeing your hair wet like this makes me uncomfortable."

His self-deprecating words softened his harsh demeanor.

She could feel the tenderness from his fingertips lingering on her scalp.

Diana couldn't help but glance at him. "Julian...?"

"Hmm?"

"Why did we get divorced before?"

This woman was just like muddy ground; if he gave her a little leeway, she would climb along the pole.

Julian put away the hairdryer immediately. "Have you become addicted to acting?"

Diana choked.

She had just remembered.

He didn't believe she had amnesia.

If it were in the past, she would have definitely argued with him.

But today, she couldn't refute his sarcastic remark-not after she had pretended to be sick.

She could only move on, and act as if she hadn't asked anything.

She shouldn't have asked.

He already had Cecilia and his new life. Her visit today was already impolite; there was no need to drag him into the past again.

She was the only one who wanted to recover her lost memories.

Julian didn't care about the past.

He must despise her a lot.

However, she still told him the words she wanted to say. "I didn't betray you."

She stared straight into his eyes, her own sparkling brightly.

Julian was momentarily taken aback by her gaze. His tightly pressed lips betrayed his emotions.

"Diana, stop lying to me," he snarled.

The paternity test had already revealed the truth. No matter what she said, she couldn't change the fact that she had betrayed him!

Reluctance crept in her heart, but she could still feel his warmth on her neck. She mustered her courage and repeated, "Julian Fulcher. Three years ago, I didn't betray you."

She took out the paternity test report she had kept with her all along. "Take a look at this."

Once upon a time...

On the day he asked her for a divorce...

She had also shown him a document at that time.

Back then, Julian didn't know that the document she wanted to show him was a pregnancy test report.

So many things happened because of that misunderstanding.

It caused her to lose the children in her belly.

Recalling that painful time, Julian's heart softened instantly.

He reached out and took it. "What is this?"

Diana originally thought he wouldn't look, but it went so smoothly. Her frustration from standing outside the door for so long didn't matter anymore.

She quickly said, "Open it and take a look."

It couldn't be a new pregnancy test report.

Thinking about their current situation, Julian's heart ached painfully. His moved even more quickly. "A paternity test report?"

His eyes gradually changed, and he asked, "Diana... What's the meaning of this?"