

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 861-870

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 861

"He even said I couldn't get him even if I wanted to. Well, I don't even want him in the first place!"

"Cough, cough..." Nina pulled Diana's shirt. "Err, Diana..."

"Don't pull me." Diana pushed Nina's hand away, and continued complaining as she cleaned the house. "Don't you think so too? His face looks like an ice mountain, so hard and cold and stubborn."

Where did he get that confidence to say that I'm into him?

My career's doing much better than before, and I survived the challenging days of raising my children all by myself. I'm looking forward to better days ahead.

Why would I spend my day thinking of such a cold and stubborn old man?"

The thought almost made Diana laugh.

"No way, no way," she said between giggles. "It's impossible between us."

The moment she said that, she heard someone reply through gritted teeth, "It better be that way."

At once, Diana jumped in fright and looked up. "Why are you still around?"

Hadn't he left already?

Where was Nina?

Julian saw through Diana's thoughts. "She hasn't come clean about how she tricked Vans into stealing my toothbrush, so she scurried away like a rat."

He didn't need to say anything for Nina to slink away guiltily.

"I'm here to give you this," Julian said. He reluctantly took out a bracelet.

This was something Sean had worn since he was one month old.

The bracelet had a clover charm with the word “lucky” carved on it. Conversely, Betty’s bracelet had a little lock charm.

It seemed her son wanted to leave a memento behind.

The smile on Diana’s face deepened. She immediately stood up to take the bracelet, as if her unhappiness had all but disappeared.

Before she could take it, Julian flung it on the couch. The little bracelet disappeared without a trace.

Diana glared at him, seething.

Julian was indifferent. “Look for it yourself.”

Diana was furious. “That belongs to Sean! How can you be so careless with it?”

“I’m cold and hard and harsh, after all. It wouldn’t be strange for me to do that.”

Diana was stunned into silence.

Strange how he would always hear her speaking badly of him.

She knew she was wrong to begin with. It wouldn’t be good if things between them continued this way.

She didn’t say anything to him, and moved to the couch to look for the bracelet in between the gaps.

Julian left, but he felt stuffy and uncomfortable.

Even after he returned to Collina Villa, the fire in his heart continued burning.

“Mrs. Lay,” Julian instructed after sending the twins to their room. “Pay close attention. If Diana dares to come here to see the twins, chase her away.”

Mrs. Lay looked unhappily at Julian. “Sir, there’s nothing wrong with a mother visiting her children.”

He was being too heartless.

What's more, it had been proven that the twins were the Fulcher family's flesh and blood.

It was proof that Diana didn't betray Julian with Simon.

Mrs. Lay didn't understand why Julian had to be so cruel to Diana.

"Nothing wrong?" Julian sneered. "Mrs. Lay, let me ask you one question. Am I very old? Am I old and stubborn?"

Mrs. Lay was confused. But she was always on Julian's side, and was immediately upset on his behalf. "How could that

be possible?"

Her boss was devilishly handsome, so much so that even celebrities on television couldn't compare.

"Why not?" Julian said mildly, his voice reeking with resentment. "I heard someone describing me like that with my own ears."

Mrs. Lay's blood boiled. "Who could be so blind?"

Julian felt slightly better to see Mrs. Lay standing on his side.

He said casually, "Diana." Mrs. Lay was stunned.

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"Sir." "Yes?*

"Women need to be coaxed."

"Coaxed?" Julian didn't understand. "Coax who?"

Which woman was worthy of such effort?

"Grandma isn't around anymore, and Di..." He paused for a moment before continuing viciously, "Do as I say and treat Diana Winnington like she's dead "

Since their reunion, Julian knew Diana was no longer the same Diana he knew.

He didn't have a place in her heart. She would even criticize him harshly.

Mrs. Lay disagreed with him.

To her, Julian was being too harsh.

But before she could persuade him, he spoke first. "Mrs. Lay, if you gave birth, could you possibly not know who the biological father of your children is?"

Mrs. Lay shook her head, stunned by Julian's question. "No."

Julian said, "But that's what happened to Diana."

He acknowledged that she was a good mother, but it didn't mean he approved of her actions.

If she hadn't deliberately hid the truth from him, he would have reunited with his children much earlier. He wouldn't take so long to realize that the twins were his flesh and blood.

He wouldn't even need to be apart from them in the first place.

Diana was the one who stripped him of his right to be with his children over the past three years.

Rather than believing that she had come clean about the twins' origins and made peace with him because of her conscience, he would rather believe that her and Simon's relationship had gone wrong.

That was the only reason for her to think of him.

"Don't forget. She wanted to be my sister-in-law before. A week ago, she was acting right here-pretending to suffer from heat stroke," he said.

A drama queen had no right to expect people to believe her.

Mrs. Lay felt sensed something was wrong.

However, she couldn't say anything when faced with Julian's icy expression.

She could only do as she was told, and not take any liberties.

Right after Julian decided to ban Diana from entering the villa, Diana came calling the very next day.

The first day after the twins left, she didn't feel much.

In fact, she felt a relief she had never experienced before. After finishing up work at the studio, she immediately returned home and deep-cleaned her entire house from top to bottom.

As she lay on the clean floor, she looked around the empty and quiet apartment and the spotless kitchen that was worlds apart from the chaos of the past, when she had to prepare dinner for the kids. Somehow, she felt empty inside.

She stood up and gathered the toys the twins didn't like playing with.

As she did so, she began wondering how Betty was doing.

Did her condition worsen?

Or did it get better?

What about Sean?

Did he miss her?

Diana squeezed the clover bracelet Sean left behind, feeling increasingly uneasy with each passing minute.

Julian was a man capable of throwing away the twins' bracelets. Could he watch over the twins properly?

Would they end up getting hurt?

Collina Villa was so huge.

Would the twins get lost inside?

What did they eat? Did they eat well?

No!

The more she thought about it, the more her heart threatened to explode.

Diana immediately stood up. In the blink of an eye, she arrived at Collina Villa.

“Pardon me.”

The security guard stopped her outside the villa, forbidding her access. “Mr. Fulcher has ordered that dogs like Diana Winnington aren’t allowed in the villa.”

Dogs like Diana Winnington aren’t allowed in the villa...

Diana trembled, agitated.

Why did those words sound so familiar...?

She couldn’t help but crouch and hug her head. She could feel it buzzing painfully.

“I really need to see the twins. I’ll just take a quick look at them to confirm they’re alright, and then I’ll leave. Tell Julian Fulcher I won’t stick around and refuse to leave.”

The security guard ignored her, and shoved her aside. “I told you, you’re not allowed inside. Scram!”

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Diana didn’t expect the guard to get physical with her, and immediately fell back.

Her headache worsened so badly that she curled up into a ball, looking as if she was going to roll around at the villa entrance.

Julian looked at the real-time image from the surveillance camera, sneering.

This woman was addicted to acting.

He had no idea how he fell in love with her in the past.

He almost lost his life for her, too!

“Daddy.” Sean came in search of Julian, wanting to ask him about looking for a doctor for Betty.

Julian hummed in reply, and immediately switched off the screen.

He didn't want Sean seeing his mother in such an ugly state.

It would negatively influence his psyche.

Julian turned around and said, "The doctor isn't coming. I've asked him, and he said that the most important thing is to unravel the knot in Betty's heart. I'll settle it tomorrow."

He had the confidence he could cure Betty.

He wouldn't do a worse job as their father than Diana as their mother.

Plus, he'd make sure the twins stay here. He'd never allow them back with Diana.

But...

After Sean left, Julian switched on the screen again and looked at the guard who shoved Diana. He zoomed in on the image and sent it to Noel, his eyes cold and disdainful.

"Fire this man."

After dinner was prepared, Julian went upstairs to take the twins for dinner.

Betty was in low spirits, and her appetite had worsened.

The kitchen had prepared many different dishes over the past couple of days, but Betty didn't eat much.

Julian grew increasingly anxious with each passing day.

So, he decided to carry Betty in his arms and feed her tonight.

"Have some vegetables," he said. He had consulted a doctor, who advised him to ensure the twins have a balanced diet.

For children, feasting on meat and expensive delicacies wasn't necessarily a good thing. Seasonal vegetables were a necessity in their diet.

But Betty turned away, not willing to look at the food.

Julian coaxed her patiently, "Betty."

He looked at her petite face, and suddenly felt as if he was hugging a younger version of Diana.

He wondered if she once had chubby cheeks that made people want to pinch them.

Damn it.

What was he doing, thinking about that drama queen for no reason?

Julian shook his head and focused on feeding Betty. "Open your mouth," he coaxed.

He put Betty on his lap, and wrapped his arm around her. He held her chin with one hand, and positioned the spoon at her mouth with the other.

Before, he had instructed the kitchen staff to mince the vegetables, so they'd be easier to chew and swallow.

Some of the vegetables were cooked in creamy soup that was easy to drink.

All so Betty could eat a little more.

However, she didn't appreciate Julian's efforts.

She refused to eat, and shoved Julian's spoon away with all her might.

Crash!

The spoon and the vegetables fell on the floor.

The green vegetable juice, mixed with the soup, made a mess of the clean marble floor.

The servants were swift in cleaning up the mess.

Despite the herculean effort Julian was putting in, he couldn't make Betty take a single bite.

Sean couldn't bear to see things go on like this, and said, "Betty wants some meat. She doesn't like vegetables. She's always been like that."

Julian was upset. "And your mother doesn't care?"

No wonder the twins were picky.

She had spoiled them so!

He had been wrong when he said that she was a great mother.

That woman couldn't even get her life in order. How could she take on the responsibility of caring for the twins?

Thankfully, he brought the twins to his home.

If not, they would only suffer along with her!

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Julian grabbed a new spoon and continued coaxing Betty to eat. "Betty, be good."

This time, he didn't put her on his lap.

Instead, he placed her on a chair.

It was customized according to Betty's height.

By right, the twins should be able to feed themselves at this age.

But due to Betty's condition, Julian felt more at ease putting Betty in a high-chair and watching her eat.

Many little plates of different and adorable designs were placed before her.

Crash!

However, Betty pushed one of the plates to the floor.

The cutlery was made with ceramic. They broke into many little pieces when they crashed on the floor, and some fragments even pierced Julian's feet.

He wouldn't have gotten hurt if Betty hadn't chosen to open her mouth to swallow food at that moment.

Julian moved his feet in his excitement, and...

Psst!

The broken fragments pierced into his sole.

Blood immediately flowed from there.

Mrs. Lay was shocked, and immediately retrieved the first-aid kit to treat his wound. However, Julian stopped her. "Wait."

He noticed that Betty's eyes had lit up when she heard the cutlery dropping on the floor. Her appetite had returned as well.

"Let me feed her first."

He prevented Mrs. Lay from treating his wound, and seized the chance to continue feeding Betty.

Betty finally finished half a bowl more than what she usually did.

Nothing could compare to the happiness Julian felt at this moment, not even when he successfully bid on projects worth 150 million dollars.

Julian looked smugly at Sean, who never did anything to help. He didn't even care about the wound on his sole.

"See? Who said that Betty doesn't eat vegetables? You must have patience."

It looked like he was a far better parent than Diana!

Julian then instructed the servants to take the twins away.

He slowly lifted his feet to let Mrs. Lay treat his wound.

Thankfully, the wound wasn't deep. Mrs. Lay was done in no time.

"It'll hurt a little, since the wound is at the heel," Mrs. Lay said. "Just be careful when walking, sir."

Julian was about to nod when someone yelled from upstairs. "Sir! Sir, Ms. Betty keeps crying."

At once, he sprang from his chair and ran upstairs.

Mrs. Lay looked at his hastily retreating figure, and swallowed her warning. She wanted to tell him to watch out for his injury.

Sigh!

It wasn't easy being a parent.

Especially when one had to play the roles of both father and mother.

Julian opened the door and took Betty into his arms." What's the matter?"

With him there, Betty immediately stopped crying.

The servants were all shocked. "Strange! Ms. Betty was crying so hard just now. She stopped immediately when sir came in."

"Yes, yes. Although Ms. Betty can't talk right now, we can tell that she adored sir when she came here last time. She loves him, and she probably wants a hug from him."

Of course.

She was his daughter.

His biological daughter!

Julian waved his hands and dismissed the servants, leaving him alone in the room to hug Betty.

He wiped the tears on her cheeks and the snot in her nose, and prepared a basin of warm water to wash her face.

He finally found an opportunity to ask Mrs. Lay to bathe Betty.

After everything was done, he lay paralyzed on his bed, unable to move.

He hadn't felt like this in a while...

His arms ached.

It was if he had pulled a muscle.

He had always been physically fit. Although he seldom did physical labor, he had been diligent in exercising. Even so, he had never felt like this before.

Ever since he got ill years before, he had been more careful with his health.

In the end, he called Shiloh.

“It’s because you’re carrying children, Mr. Fulcher,” Shiloh explained. “When Kiki was a toddler, I’d carry her everyday until she was two to three years old. She refused to walk by herself. She got so heavy, that carrying her felt like carrying a sack of flour. Everyone in the family carried her all the way until she attended kindergarten. She saw her friends walking by themselves, and only after that was she willing to run around with her own legs.”

He then asked, “But who are you carrying? Is it Doreen?”

Shiloh was aware of Kiki’s desires and never failed to sing her praises and try to matchmake her with Julian.

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However, Julian Fulcher was impenetrable.

He never gave Kiki a chance.

“Not Doreen,” he said, “but my own daughter. My biological daughter.”

Shiloh was bewildered.

Had Diana returned?

Did she bring the twins that she was pregnant with as well?

So, they turned out to be girls...

Why hadn’t he heard about this from Kiki?

Shiloh wanted to ask more, but Julian had already hung up.

“Is Betty done with her bath?”

“She needs more time,” Mrs. Lay said. “Sir, please wait a while longer. I’m applying some baby lotion on her.”

Children's skin was soft and tender, and had to be protected well.

That was especially so for Betty, whose face had been injured by Doreen. Mrs. Lay had to apply the scar removal cream carefully to lighten the mark left on her face.

By the time everything was done, twenty minutes had passed.

The gears in Julian's mind shifted as he stretched out his arms.

He suddenly felt relieved.

Finally, he could have some me-time after a hectic day. He felt as if he had been granted great mercy.

He stretched his arms, and did some stretching exercises. He was about to check his phone when he remembered Sean, who was in the room next door.

Julian had brought the twins back home on account of Betty's poor condition. As such, he paid more attention to Betty.

Of course, there was another reason.

Sean spoke little, and never asked for anything. Sometimes, if he didn't appear, people might forget he was around.

Guilt rose in Julian's heart, and he immediately headed to the room next door.

"Done bathing?"

"Yes."

Sean insisted on doing everything by himself instead of bothering others, and that included feeding and bathing himself.

His actions were very much like Julian when he was younger.

Admiration flashed past Julian's eyes. "Shall I read some bedtime stories for you?"

This time, he took the initiative to read Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs before Sean could ask for it.

But after reading one story, his throat started feeling uncomfortable.

Sean's eyes were still wide open, looking at him.

Julian was shocked. "Why are you still awake?"

The last time he read Sean a story, the boy fell asleep by the time the story ended.

But this time, Sean still looked awake.

When Sean refused to talk, no one could make him open up.

He pulled his sheets and shook his head to indicate he wasn't sleepy.

After a moment's thought, he grabbed another book with the intent of reading in bed.

"That's not good for your eyes," Julian said. As much as it was good that Sean was eager to learn, there was a time and place for everything. "Get some rest."

Sean's brows furrowed, clearly upset. He refused to put down the book.

Julian grew even more displeased. "Sean Winnington!"

He raised his voice. "Put the book down and sleep!"

Yet, Sean refused to obey him.

He continued flipping through the pages, insisting on his way.

Julian was worried Sean would hurt his eyes and ruin his sleep. He pulled the book from the boy and said, "Read it tomorrow."

Sean didn't oppose him.

Upon seeing Sean so obedient, Julian felt apologetic. "I spoke too loudly just now. Don't be angry."

He tucked Sean into the sheets, then checked the room temperature to make sure it was neither too cold nor warm. "I'm doing this for your own good."

With that, he switched off the lights and left the room.

The moment he stepped away, he heard a click.

The lights in Sean's room were switched on once more.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 866

Julian could feel his head burning.

How could this child be so disobedient?

Sean pretended to obey him while opposing him behind his back. The boy was behaving just like Diana!

Julian immediately turned around and re-entered the room, fully intending to teach his son a lesson.

Sean stared at him, the book in his hands. He clearly didn't expect Julian to blow his top.

"I won't read anymore."

He pouted, and put the book down. Then, he laid on the bed and pulled up the sheets without a word.

The silence that followed was suffocating.

After a while, Julian finally realized something.

He had...

Flared up at his own son, whom he had just acknowledged a couple of days ago!

Sean was still so young.

What's more, he was a child who was sensible beyond his age. And yet, Julian yelled at him simply because he insisted on reading in bed.

Mrs. Lay finally found Julian in Sean's room after looking for him for a while. She hurriedly pulled him over and said, "Sir, Ms. Betty's crying again. None of us can calm her down. Please go and take a look at her."

Julian could feel his head buzzing when he heard that. His desire to apologize to Sean faded.

He was simply disciplining his own child.

He couldn't let Sean act like a hypocrite and carry that habit.

If he didn't be firm, Sean would grow up like an unpruned tree with many unkempt and disorderly branches.

'TH be right there," Julian said, his voice low. He gathered all the books in Sean's room and took them away before leaving.

That seemed to be the only way to show that he wasn't wrong for raising his voice at Sean and disciplining the boy.

Mrs. Lay carried the books in her arms, feeling slightly confused. "Sir, aren't these books meant for Mr. Sean?"

Julian had specifically sent someone to buy them. Sean enjoyed reading books about science, so Julian got someone to buy many of them.

When Mrs. Lay first saw the books, she was sure Sean wouldn't understand a single one. Yet, Julian said proudly that it was impossible, since it was his son they were talking about.

Even as a child, he had been very well-read.

Not only did he read many books, but the genres he read were even more diverse than what Sean read.

There was nothing bad about reading a lot.

But now, Julian wanted to take away all the books.

Julian stopped in his tracks, shooting a glance at Mrs. Lay that frightened her to silence. 'You've been talking too much recently, Mrs. Lay."

With two children in the house, there were suddenly so many more things to do.

The children were so adorable that when it came to them, Mrs. Lay couldn't help but put herself in the position of an elder.

But now, she knew she had crossed the line. Julian didn't need to say anything.

"I won't do it again next time, sir."

Working for Julian was different compared to the late Madam Fulcher.

Madam Fulcher was warm and kind, whereas Julian was more of an icy mountain. Mrs. Lay looked at his retreating figure, and began missing the Julian of the past before

Diana left him.

Ever since that happened three years ago, the house had grown a lot colder and quieter. Julian's temper had become more and more unpredictable.

Mrs. Lay sighed as she carried the books back to the study. By the time she exited the study, she heard suppressed sobs

from Sean's room.

Her heart leapt.

She knew she shouldn't be a busybody, but she couldn't stop herself from walking toward his room.

She then told Julian about it.

"You've been rather tired recently," Julian said. He didn't even look up at her as frustration mounted inside him.

Without any hesitation, he ordered, "Go back to Fulcher Manor and take a month's break, Mrs. Lay."

In other words, he didn't want her here to care for the twins.

Mrs. Lay was upset, but she didn't dare say anything.

She could only retreat apprehensively.

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Meanwhile, Betty was still awake.

Her eyes flew wide open the moment she heard about her brother crying.

She kept struggling to leave the room, looking as if she wanted to go and look for Sean.

Julian could tell what she was trying to do, but this time, he didn't let her have her way.

Julian carried her back to the bed, not even bothering to read her a story. "Betty, it's already past midnight. You must go back to sleep!"

He tucked her into the sheets, not taking no for an answer.

Before, Julian had never treated Betty like this. Although she was ill, she wasn't completely ignorant or unfeeling.

Especially now, with how frightening Julian seemed.

Her eyes welled up with tears.

The sight of her tear-filled eyes made Julian recall what Mrs. Lay had said about Sean crying silently in his room.

That wasn't how a man should behave!

He could understand why Betty cried, but not why Sean did the same.

Julian was very cross with Sean. "A boy who's completely spoiled by his mother. He has poor habits, and he doesn't have an ounce of masculinity in him!"

After finally putting Betty back to bed, Julian went to the corridor outside her room. He peeked into Sean's room to make sure the boy wasn't crying anymore and was fast asleep. Only then did he close the door, relieved. After that, he called Vans.

Vans was clearly unhappy at being rudely awakened in the middle of the night.

The moment he heard that it was Julian, he suppressed his fatigue and replied, "What exactly is the matter?"

Julian recounted what had happened today.

Nina happened to be sleeping right next to Vans.

The moment she heard Julian on the phone, her drowsiness left her. Her ears perked up, and she eavesdropped on the conversation.

After Vans finally hung up, she asked Vans eagerly, "Are both twins crying?"

Vans nodded. "They're little kids. I'm sure Julian knows what he's doing. Don't go texting Diana just because you heard that the twins are crying. I haven't settled scores with you over the toothbrush."

Nina was quick to defend herself. "If I didn't trick you into taking Julian's toothbrush for me, we wouldn't be able to confirm that the twins were his flesh and blood.

"Strange."

"What's so strange?"

"As their biological mother, why must Diana take a DNA test to know who the biological father of the twins are?" A gulp of refreshing cold water cleared up Vans's mind, and he said excitedly, "I know!"

Nina swallowed hard, clearly affected by his agitation. "What do you know?"

"Diana betrayed Julian!" Fury rose in his chest as he thought about how blind he had been about Diana. "And not just once!"

Nina found his words absurd. Her face contorted in anger.

Vans said confidently, "She got involved with too many men, she doesn't know who the twins' biological father is. That must be it!"

Bam!

Nina was so angry that she got out of bed, got changed, and left without even taking her things.

She didn't forget to fling a pillow at Vans before she left. "Damn all you men!"

Damn b*st*rds!

Not one man in this world is decent!

I already told you so many times that Diana lost her memories, but you refused to believe it!

You're even making malicious speculations about her!

How could I be so blind as to like you, Vans Stanley?!"

Had she known he was like this, she would have never reconciled with him!

They should've just kept their distance, just like how it was between them three years ago!

Vans wanted to run after Nina, but she was so furious that she immediately called for a taxi and disappeared from his sight.

He was left all alone in bed, replaying Nina's words over and over again in his mind.

Suddenly, a lightbulb flashed in his mind.

He was a doctor!

Since Diana insisted she had lost her memories and Nina trusted her so much to the point it affected their relationship, he could give Diana a medical check-up. i

He could verify her claims of amnesia through medical means.

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Nina was furious.

She couldn't stand listening her boyfriend insulting her best friend.

If that was the case, she would rather not have love!

"Miss, where are you headed to?" The taxi driver had driven her around the streets twice, but Nina hadn't told him the destination.

She turned around, and realized that Vans didn't come running after her.

She looked back at the driver and immediately said, 'To Cityscapes Manor.'

That was where Diana was currently staying.

She wanted to tell Diana all about the twins crying at Julian's home.

She wanted Diana to find a way to go to Collina Villa and stop the twins from getting mistreated.

After Diana listened to Nina, she couldn't sleep. She paced back and forth in the room, anxious.

"Nina," she said, on the verge of tears, "I placed too much faith in Julian. I thought he could take good care of the twins. I thought he could give them a better life than me."

Sean had thought the same, too. That was why he was so eager to acknowledge Julian as his father.

But now, Julian had broken his heart.

What about Betty?

Her health wasn't the best, and it probably worsened when Julian was fierce to her.

"Why was he so fierce to her?"

Diana's heart broke the more she listened to Nina.

When the twins were with her, she couldn't even bear to yell at them, unless they did something horribly wrong.

Julian had taken them for only two days, but he was already treating them poorly.

"I suppose he's treating them like they're his stepchildren since they're getting a new stepmother."

She was beginning to regret listening to Sean and retaking the DNA test. With this happening, the twins were obviously better off without such a father!

"Stepmother?" Nina was shocked. "Julian's getting married again?"

She didn't hear anything about that.

“Very soon,” Diana said. “He brought Ms. Jarvis to my shop, and paid a custom-order dress for her. Ms. Jarvis even held his arm, and they stood so closely to each other. They were clearly dating.”

Since they were already dating, marriage was probably in the books.

Nina nodded, and began regretting helping Diana steal Julian’s toothbrush. “In that case, you must go to Collina Villa to take a look! Stop Julian from becoming even fiercer to the twins. Since they couldn’t see their mommy, they probably feel very helpless.”

Diana was in dismay. Even Sean-her lovely, obedient Sean- was reduced to tears by Julian’s so-called discipline. What more of Betty? It was obvious how inconsiderate that man was to the children!

She then told Nina about the rejection she faced when she went to the Collina Villa. “Julian wouldn’t let me in. The security guard even shoved me away and told me to scram.”

Back then, she hadn’t been so angry about it. But now that she knew about Julian treating her children poorly, she was furious.

She wished she could charge to Collina Villa and rescue her children.

But now, she couldn’t even enter the gate.

“It’s all right.” Nina paused for a while before smiling slyly at Diana. “Diana, I’m a professional paparazzo. I’m great at disguising myself and lying in wait for my target. That’s the only way I can take photos in secret.”

Realization dawned on Diana. “You mean you can sneak me into the villa?”

“Of course I can!”

Nina pondered for a moment, feeling thankful that she stayed with Vans for the night.

“Vans said that Julian is currently looking for teachers for the twins, probably to take care of them. Many people will be going into the villa for interviews. If you can hide among them, you’ll be able to enter the villa and see your son and daughter.”

Diana looked uncertain. “Security is so tight there. I don’t think I can sneak in.”

“That’s why I’m here to help you,” Nina said. Both of them were wide awake, with no signs of drowsiness.

Nina pulled her make-up case. “Come on, let me put some makeup on you.”

Very soon, Diana turned into someone completely different yet bore an uncanny resemblance to her at the same time.

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She stared at her reflection in the mirror, and couldn’t hold back her praise. “Nina, you’re amazing!” “Look at you, a frog in the well.” Nina chuckled, but her face fell at the next second. “I wonder when you’ll recover your memories.”

Whenever Diana had to attend banquets in the past, she never bothered hiring a makeup artist. She would frequently call Nina to the Fulcher Manor to help her and Madam Fulcher with make-up.

However, the current Diana didn’t remember any of that.

Nina’s words made Diana melancholic. “It’ll come back to me. I’m sure about it.”

She needed time.

Most of her energy right now was focused on her twins.

“Maybe after I settle their kindergarten.”

Now that she knew about Julian’s poor treatment of the twins, she wasn’t sure if she’d be in the mood to act with him for the kindergarten interview.

The mere thought of him frustrated her.

“Anyway, after all these things are settled, I’ll definitely work hard to get my memories back,” she said, holding Nina’s hands. “Don’t worry. When that happens, I’ll remember all

the moments we shared.”

Nina nodded, smiling.

The first thing the next morning, Diana hailed a taxi and headed straight for Collina Villa without even bothering to have breakfast.

Indeed, there were people standing outside the door waiting to be interviewed by Julian.

However, the amount of people there was less than what she and Nina expected.

The compensation and benefits Julian put out were attractive, but their requirements were just as demanding.

Diana asked around, and found out that many decided to back out after hearing about the stated requirements.

This was bad.

As good as Nina's make-up was, it couldn't possibly change Diana's face completely. It could only change her aura and make slight adjustments to her features.

She could hide in a crowd-that was the plan. But now, there were less than ten people present for the interview.

Diana clenched her fists, not daring to look up lest someone recognized her.

Strangely enough, the security guard who shoved her before wasn't around.

The other security guards looked more pleasant. They gave the candidates a quick glance before letting everyone in.

When Diana walked away, the security guards looked at her retreating figure and whispered under their breaths.

'That lady's face is caked with make-up, but why does she remind me of Ms. Winnington?'

All of them had worked at Collina Villa for a long time.

Although Diana had thick make-up on, they were more or less able to recognize her.

‘That’s because she is Ms. Winnington,’ one of the security guards said. “You guys have no idea. Back then, Mr. Fulcher changed all the servants and security guards because of her. If not for her, we wouldn’t even stand a chance to work here.”

Not only did Julian pay them well, but the mere fact that they worked for him was enough for people to regard them highly.

With Julian Fulcher around, everyone had to look up to them.

They were riding on his coattails.

Some didn’t agree with his words. “But that was in the past. Mr. Fulcher said not to let Diana Winnington and dogs into the villa. Aren’t we explicitly disobeying his orders...?”

They would be fired if Mr. Fulcher found out.

The security guard who deliberately let Diana in was Chad Chalmers.

Chad yelled, “You morons! Do you really think the security guard was fired because he didn’t do his job well? He was

fired because he did his job too well! He dared to make a move on Ms. Winnington, and ended up getting the boot.”

Chad sneered, “Don’t you guys understand anything? Mr. Fulcher can give his orders, but we can’t just follow blindly and treat Ms. Winnington shabbily.”

What’s more, Diana wore thick make-up today.

She hid herself in the crowd, making it hard for people to recognize her unless they paid special attention to her.

The others nodded, not daring to speak anymore.

Diana knew nothing about their conversation. She was overwhelmed with nerves.

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Although Diana managed to get past the gate, she had to face Layla next. Layla was in-charge of all matters concerning Collina Villa, and she would surely be involved in recruiting a teacher for the twins.

When Diana got injured from the car accident, Layla stayed by her side and took good care of her. They could be considered familiar with each other.

Diana might have been able to fool the security guards at the gate, but if it was Layla...

Diana wasn't confident that she could fool Layla.

Very soon, someone came to tell everyone there to get ready for the first round of interview. Only those who passed could stay.

Diana clenched her fists. She stared at the dazzlingly white marble floor, feeling so nervous that her nose was sweating.

The interviewer saw that she wasn't responding, and said impatiently, "I'm asking you a question."

That was when Diana finally looked up. She quickly realized that the interviewer wasn't Layla.

She sighed in relief, her body relaxing.

Because she had personally raised the twins, she knew how to raise children and had practical experience. Answering the interview questions was as easy as pie for her.

She successfully passed the first round of interview.

However, her goal wasn't to be the twins' teacher.

She was here to see the twins.

In the best-case scenario, she could take them away from here.

Given her previous experience here, she knew that doing so was nearly impossible, especially since she was on Julian's territory.

She would be satisfied if she could see them and make sure they were fine.

During the interview, Diana made a mental note of the villa's internal structure. She guessed that the twins were probably on the second floor.

During the second round of interview, Diana answered two questions wrongly on purpose. The interviewers waved their hands impatiently and said, "You're eliminated."

That was exactly what she wanted!

Someone pulled her toward the exit, not allowing her to take another look at the other rooms. "This way to exit."

"Alright, alright," she said as she lagged behind.

She couldn't leave this place. She had to see her children!

Diana was about to look for the twins' room when the door of the villa opened, revealing a black limousine slowly grinding to a halt.

The car door opened.

Zachary stepped out.

What was he doing here?

Julian clearly knew what the old man had done. Why did he still let Zachary into the villa?

Seeing him, Diana couldn't hold in her anger. She wanted to give Zachary a piece of her mind, when she saw a figure with his back against the light.

It was Julian!

Frightened, she turned around and ran to hide behind a tree. Julian might notice her and chase her out. She was so scared, she didn't dare to breathe.

"Mr. Fulcher," Zachary said flatteringly. With Julian, he seemed like a different person than when he was with Diana.

He hobbled on his cane, bowing low as if he wanted to bury his head into the ground. "I'm honored to be invited here."

"Is that so?" Julian asked quietly. "How honored are you?"

“Mr. Fulcher, you’re making fun of me.” Zachary waved his hands to signal his men to move all the gifts he had prepared out of his car. “These are my tokens of appreciation for you.”

Julian ignored them completely. “Did I tell you to stand?”

Zachary was stunned, and his smile froze. “Mr. Fulcher, w-what do you mean by that?”

“Exactly as I said,” Julian replied. “Continue bowing.”

Zachary’s forehead broke out in cold sweat. “I don’t understand...”

Julian ignored him. He turned around and ordered someone to carry Betty downstairs. “Betty.”

Very soon, Julian had Betty in his arms.

“Betty.” Julian handed her a wooden stick. “Hit him.”

Betty didn’t take the stick. Instead, she stared at Julian in a daze.

Julian insisted on stuffing the stick in her hand, then pointed at Zachary. “Hit him, Betty!”

This time, Betty took the stick. However, her eyes were teary. She was terrified.