

## Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 871-880

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 871

It all began the moment Betty saw Zachary.

Before that, her little mind replayed every detail of how this old man had hurt her and her mother. Now, she longed to be embraced by someone trustworthy.

Unfortunately, her mommy wasn't there.

So, she threw away the wooden stick and rushed into Julian's arms.

Being suddenly embraced by the child, Julian could feel her trust and affection.

Betty hadn't shown her emotions for a long time. Since their reunion, she had been passive. Julian had to take the initiative to hug, speak, and interact with her before she showed any reaction.

But with Zachary's appearance, Betty had changed.

This proved that Julian's approach was correct.

The doctor had said that in order to recover, Betty must first resolve her emotional entanglements.

In Julian's eyes, Zachary was the problem. He was convinced she would regain her strength and courage once she faced the man who had hurt her and Diana. Her condition would then make significant progress.

Thinking about this, Julian's face turned cold. He hardened his heart, and reigned in the tenderness he felt for his daughter.

He put her down on the ground again, and handed the small wooden stick back to her, saying, "Good girl. Go and hit him.

Hit him as much as you want."

He held her hand, and slowly guided her toward Zachary." With Daddy here, you don't need to be afraid. Just let it all out."

Release all the fear and terror in her heart!

Every time they took a step forward, Betty would retreat slightly.

Her small hand gripped the wooden stick tightly, and she looked anxiously at Julian.

That was good. She was starting to express her emotions again, and her face was no longer blank.

Julian decided to pick her up and placed her right before Zachary.

The old man was bent over with his cane, his face covered in a long, white beard like a rope. The sight shook Betty's little heart. She looked up, and burst into tears.

Julian was unwilling to give up on his progress and continued to persuade her. "Betty, be a good girl. Pick up this wooden stick and hit him. With Daddy here, he won't dare to harm you."

Zachary also understood what was going on.

He was invited by Julian today, but it wasn't a joyful occasion.

It was to vent his anger on Betty's behalf.

"Mr. Fulcher," Zachary pleaded earnestly, "this child is Diana's illegitimate child from another man. Please don't be deceived! The other day, I hit her and her mother to help you clean up the mess!"

Julian's eyes turned red upon hearing his words. "Zachary!"

The scene where Zachary had hurt Diana and her two children played vividly in Julian's mind. His veins throbbed, and he snarled fiercely, "Say one more word, and I'll cut out your tongue!"

"But...but..."

This child really wasn't Julian's! When Zachary went to Diana's house to pick her up before, she explicitly stated that these two children had nothing to do with Julian.

Yet somehow, that despicable wench made Julian accept them.

Zachary was always scheming, and his face had a cunning look devoid of any righteousness.

Betty looked at him as if he was the big bad wolf that swallowed Little Red Riding Hood. She was scared out of her wits, and the small wooden stick in her hand shook violently.

Julian continued to urge her sternly, "Betty, listen to Daddy.

He hurt you and Mommy, so you must fight back!"

This was a lesson his grandfather had taught him repeatedly since he was a child. Now, he would teach Betty the same. He wanted her to become strong on her own, and never allow herself to be burdened by the trauma of being bullied.

However, Betty wasn't like him.

She stared at Zachary with wide eyes as she held the stick, her little face turning white with fear.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 872

"Enough!"

Diana couldn't bear it anymore, and stepped out from her hiding place.

In that instant, Julian thought he saw the Diana of the past. Whether it was her temperament, figure, or even her expression... Everything was exactly the same.

In the past, he once took Diana to attend his grandmother's private banquet. Originally, the banquet was only for his grandmother's close friends.

But some of her friends had ulterior motives; they brought their granddaughters, hoping to introduce them to Julian and potentially secure a good marriage. At that time, Diana and Julian had just gotten married. Nobody believed their marriage would last.

No one took Diana seriously.

Madam Fulcher had been angry about it too, and even broke off contact with her friends for a while.

However, she couldn't reprimand everyone individually at the banquet.

"Julian, if you want Diana to establish her position as a prominent member of the Fulcher family, it's up to you and her. No matter how much I say, it won't be as effective as you two showing your affection for each other. By doing that, you'll stop attracting rotten people like them," Madam Fulcher had said.

Julian had understood Madam Fulcher's intention, so he appeared at the banquet with Diana.

That day, Diana put on the same elegant makeup. It was different from her usual appearance, but it was also quite like her. He thought she might feel timid, scared, and at a loss when facing the scheming women. He expected her to seek his protection.

Yet, she didn't.

Instead, with just a few words, she put all those women who wanted to attach themselves to him in their place. In fact, she even became the host during the latter half of the banquet.

She stood gracefully under the colorful glass lights, and in front of everyone, she reached out to him and asked, "Honey, would you like to dance with me?"

At that moment, Julian's eyes were filled with admiration.

Seeing that he did not react even when she held Betty, Diana couldn't help but feel more upset. "Julian! What are you daydreaming about?"

She had given him the children.

Was this how he treated them?

When Nina told her that the two little ones were crying last night, Diana thought it might be because he couldn't take care of them properly and so ran into some problems.

Now that she was witnessing how Julian treated a sick child who was frightened out of her wits, the anger in her heart exploded into a blazing inferno that was ready to burn everything in its path.

Julian remained indifferent. “Diana, put Betty down. There are some things she must face on her own. Otherwise, her emotional scars will never heal.”

She held Betty tightly, trying to give her daughter a sense of security. “Her emotional scars? Let her handle it on her own?!”

She shot Zachary a sneer. “Is this your idea of being brave? To have such a young child confront an elderly person who caused her psychological trauma?”

“An elderly person? Hah,” Julian sneered. “He’s just a thing unworthy of respect.”

All the money he had used to support the Winningtons for years was nothing but a waste. He never expected them to come after his daughter after he had fattened them up so much!

“You’re being completely unreasonable!” Diana yelled.

She realized he wasn’t even considering Betty’s actual problem, and decided to ignore him completely. She headed toward the living room with Betty in her arms.

“Where are you going?” Julian called after her, but then realized something else. “Wait, how did you get in?”

Diana didn’t answer. Her greatest fear was not being able to see her children. Now that she had seen them, there was nothing in the Fulcher family that she feared—not even Julian.

She wasn’t afraid of him at all.

Her only fear was that Betty’s condition would worsen.

She didn’t even bother to acknowledge Zachary.

Diana only wanted to hold Betty tight, and give her the comfort she needed to calm down as soon as possible.

Julian followed behind her relentlessly.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 873

“Diana! Stop right there! Do you hear me?”

Diana continued walking forward, still ignoring him. She still had to find Sean.

“Shh, don’t cry. Everything’s okay now. Mommy is here. Daddy was a big bully. He hurt you, right? But my darling doesn’t want to hit anyone. My baby is a good girl. Mommy knows that,” she comforted Betty as she slowly climbed the stairs.

Julian followed behind her, intending to stop her. As he watched her move skillfully through the mansion, his gaze turned sarcastic.

Seriously, hadn’t this gone on enough?

She was clearly maneuvering through the place with familiar ease. He would be the biggest fool in the world if he believed her claim of being amnesic!

Finally, Diana found Sean.

He hadn’t gotten out of bed yet, and was wearing a patched- up pajama with cartoon patterns she had deliberately added to cover the holes. His pajamas were a far cry from the luxurious and exquisite children’s room he was in.

Seeing it made her uneasy, so she turned her face away and took a deep breath.

But at least, she found them. She was with her children.

Her tightly wound heart finally relaxed a little. Her eyes wandered around the room, finally locking onto the bare bookshelf.

She knew Nina wasn’t lying last night.

Julian not only scolded Sean, but he also confiscated Sean’s books!

This man’s need for control was too strong. He even wanted the children to obey him without question. If they couldn’t do it, he would resort to force.

This was not being a father; it was the same as how he would oppress his business opponents!

The more Diana thought about it, the more her heart ached. The children were still so young.

She touched Sean's head, then reattached his little lucky bracelet. "Sean, put on your clothes. Mommy will take you away."

Sean hesitated for a moment.

At that moment, Julian pushed the door open and walked in.

"Diana, you're trying to take the children from me again when you have no right to do that!" His cold voice was filled with disgust, freezing Diana in place.

"I'm not trying to take them from you," Diana retorted, holding Betty tightly and not letting Julian touch even a hair on her. "I'm giving the children a choice, just like you did."

She crouched, and looked at Sean. "Sean, do you want to go with Mommy?"

He was scolded harshly last night, and cried alone for a long time. He must be feeling frustrated, and was no longer willing to stay here.

Suddenly, Julian became nervous.

However, Sean still stood firmly by Julian's side.

"Mommy, I don't want to go." He looked at Diana, and then at Julian, and added, "But I also don't want you to leave."

His face was calm, and he held his head high. He was clearly making a request, but there was a natural air of condescension on him.

At this moment, Diana had to admit that sometimes, some inherited traits couldn't be avoided. It was something no amount of education or influence could change. Sean was so much like Julian.

"Your daddy and I," she started, her throat tight, "we're already divorced."

"I know that divorced means we can't live together anymore," Sean said, "but you can live in the basement. That way, it doesn't count as living with us in this villa."

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 874

Diana was shocked.

She couldn't believe these were words coming from Sean's mouth. Astonished, she asked, "Sean, do you know what the basement is?"

"I know." Sean nodded. He often heard about it in bedtime stories. "It's very cold, dark, uncomfortable, and there are mice."

Diana felt even more upset. "Then why did you say that you want Mommy to live in the basement?"

He held Diana's hand. "That's the only way you can stay. Betty and I need you, Mommy."

To fulfill his needs, he was willing to let her live in a basement with mice. His words sent a chill up her spine. Was this the same boy who once said that he would protect her?

Diana tightened her grip on his small hand. "Then why don't you leave with Mommy?"

Sean shook his head.

"I need Mommy, and I need Daddy too." He stood by the window, and pointed downstairs. "Look at that bad man. He doesn't dare to be arrogant in front of Daddy."

The shadow Zachary cast over the two children was too significant. It made Sean believe that he was safer with

Julian than with Diana.

His perception broke Diana's guard. What right did she have to blame Julian? Both she and him were inadequate parents.

While she was lost in thought, Julian took the opportunity to take Betty from her arms.

He was feeling triumphant because Sean refused to leave with Diana, but Betty suddenly started crying. She was even more frightened than before.

Diana didn't have time to think about anything else. She smacked Julian and snarled, "Julian!"



This time, she didn't need to say much; Julian voluntarily handed Betty back to Diana.

Just like before, Diana held Betty tightly and comforted her, walking several circles in the room until she finally calmed down.

Diana tried to control her emotions, not wanting to shout and make Betty feel worse. She shoved down her anger and glared at Julian.

"Do you realize how ridiculous you were to force Betty just now?"

Julian regretted it somewhat. After all, Betty was a little girl, and his methods had been a bit too harsh. Still, he didn't want to admit defeat.

"I'm still more successful as a parent than you. Otherwise, Sean wouldn't be willing to let you live in a basement with mice," he boasted.

His words hit a sore spot in Diana's heart. Though she loved her children, she didn't indulge them. Sean's willingness to sacrifice others' opinions for his own desires was problematic.

She was about to say something to Sean, but he turned to Julian and said, "Daddy, why don't you clean up the basement quickly?"

Even after Julian had scolded Sean last night, the boy didn't hold a grudge against him. Julian considered Betty's current condition, and felt relieved.

"The basement is damp and cold. Even if we clean it, it's hard to control pests," he said.

If Diana stayed there, the two children would likely be exposed to bacteria should they visit her frequently.

"The guest room would be a better option."

The mansion had so many rooms, there was no need to trouble themselves. Julian didn't want to make the children suffer.

Sean looked back at Julian, smiling faintly. "So, you agree to let Mommy stay here? As the saying goes, a spoken word is like a thrown stone. Once let go, it can't be taken back.

Thank you for fulfilling my wish, Daddy."

Julian was speechless.

Sean turned to Diana and said, "Mommy, let me see Betty quickly. Let's call the doctor. Betty looks so pitiful now."

Ultimately, Julian decided to let it go.

Seeing how Sean had transformed from a silent child to one willing to express his wishes, Julian pushed aside the idea that Sean might be manipulating him again.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 875

Sean was just a child.

The ability to get around problems was a sign of intelligence. Why should Julian be at odds with him?

If Julian suppressed him too much, he would become more and more repressed. He won't dare to think of such clever ideas anymore.

Diana seemed to realize this too. Her son didn't want her to live in the basement on purpose. Rather, he was trying to find a roundabout way to make Julian take the initiative and let her stay.

'Oh my God... Why does it feel like Sean was getting increasingly smarter?'

Smart, unlike the daughter she gave birth to. It seemed he had inherited his intelligence from Julian.

No doubt, a man who could single-handedly bring Fulcher Inc. to its glory wasn't to be underestimated. Naturally, his descendants would be extraordinary as well.

Even though Diana felt a bit uneasy about her son's behavior, she still apologized sincerely to him. "Mommy just misunderstood you. I'm sorry."

"Misunderstand what?"

"Thinking that you don't like Mommy, and don't care about Mommy anymore." She hugged him, as if she was holding the most precious treasure in the world.

Julian saw the two of them hugging, with Betty in Diana's arms. His eyes stung. "Ugly."

He separated them forcibly, called someone to summon a professional pediatrician, and told Diana to wash off her makeup. Don't think he'd feel nostalgic and waver if she applied the same makeup as before!

"The more you try to scheme, the less I'll look at you," he declared.

Diana was speechless.

This man was really crazy!

He was pushing her to the edge!

Always putting himself in a good light, as if all the women in the world wanted him!

When she washed her face, she saw the doctor arriving at the children's room within two minutes. Her anger subsided a bit.

Julian had arranged for the doctor to come early today, in preparation for Betty's condition. However, Betty's reaction was completely the opposite of what he expected. Instead of getting better, it had worsened.

Even without her saying anything, Julian was already blaming himself.

He urged the doctor to quickly diagnose Betty. "How is she?"

The doctor shook his head. "It isn't good. In the coming days, she mustn't be exposed to any more stimuli. It's best if..."

"If what?" Julian asked anxiously.

"It's best if both parents can care for her together. It'd be of great help to her condition." The pediatrician paused and continued, "Don't think that children are too young and don't understand anything. They may be young, but they're not stupid. If they can live in a relaxed environment, they will be at ease."

Creating such a relaxed environment required the family's joint efforts, especially the parents. Children who grew up in a happy family were noticeably more cheerful, tolerant, and confident than those raised in a gloomy environment.

This was a perfect opportunity for them, as they needed to attend the kindergarten interview. Julian decided they should take advantage of this chance to stage a

harmonious family performance. Not only would it increase the chances of both children getting into Bilingo Kindergarten, but it would also benefit Betty's recovery.

After the doctor left, Julian personally called the principal to secure an interview.

He followed Sean's request, and didn't use his identity and wealth to pressure the principal. Instead, he sincerely requested the interview as a father.

Julian hung up, and told Diana, "The principal agreed. We'll go for the kindergarten interview the day after tomorrow."

It seemed simple, but playing the role of a happy family with Diana was something Julian really didn't know how.

#### Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 876

It was already late afternoon when the family left the room. The scorching noon heat had passed, but Zachary was still hunching in the yard. He was clearly on the verge of exhaustion.

He didn't see Julian, but he noticed Diana approaching with Betty in her arms. He was quick to use his seniority to manipulate her. "Diana, I'm your grandfather. Why don't you help me to the nearby bench to rest?"

He thought he had played his cards well—if Diana helped him, he could argue that he wasn't disobeying Julian's command.

Diana saw through his intentions. She couldn't believe she had a relative like him. Had he asked about Betty's condition or showed the slightest bit of concern, she wouldn't despise him to this extent.

Diana held Betty in a shaded area, watching Zachary stand under the scorching sun. "I won't. I'm not here to help you. I'm here to see how miserable you are."

Julian had already made him stand for six or seven hours. Given his age, if he continued like this, he would be severely dehydrated-or worse.

“Sweetie, look at that trembling old man. He’s not scary at all,” Diana said patiently to Betty. “Mommy’s holding you, okay? When you look at him, doesn’t he resemble a fluffy

little dog?”

The word “dog” perked Betty’s interest. She had always liked furry things, and was sensitive to such words.

Following the advice of the renowned doctor under Julian’s hire, Diana associated Zachary with a dog. It seemed to be effective.

She had to admit, the medical resources on Julian’s side were infinitely better than the ones she had found. Even bringing Zachary here wasn’t a wrong move on his part.

However, his method of forcing Betty to overcome her fear was too harsh. Children needed to be gently guided through such issues.

Diana’s analogy infuriated Zachary. He fumed, “You stupid girl! How dare you call me a dog! I’m your grandfather!”

Diana had asked Simon before, and he told her that the Winningtons never treated her as family. Why did this old man keep insisting on being her grandfather, as though it mattered?

Zachary probably figured out that she was of some use now, which was why he referred to her as family. If not, he would immediately turn hostile and disown them, leading to their current predicament—just like last time, when he thought the two children weren’t Julian’s.

Diana had no intention of addressing him as her grandparent. She smiled as she watched him almost roast under the scorching sun.

She said to Betty, “Look, dear. He’s still barking at us, but we’re both fine, aren’t we?”

Betty still didn’t respond, but Diana could sense that she wasn’t as tense as when she stood before Zachary before.

Diana relaxed slightly and said, "Zachary. I'll let you go for now, but it's not to save you. I'm keeping you alive for future revenge."

For the slap he gave her and the fright he caused the children that day, she would repay it to him twofold with her own strength.

As for Julian's punishment, it was probably enough. If it continued, it might lead to a tragedy. The psychological trauma for the children might grow even greater.

She glanced in the direction of the second floor. There was a figure lurking there.

It was Julian.

Julian wondered how she could read his mind so well. Just as he was about to open his mouth and let Zachary leave, she waved her hand towards someone. Zachary's chauffeur immediately took him back to the car, driving him away from the villa.

In the past, she had always understood Julian the same way. Whenever he got angry, she was the first to notice. Whether he wanted to reward or punish someone, she would be the first to detect it. Sometimes, she would give her opinion. She always had that ability.

On the surface, she seemed delicate. In reality, she was strong and determined.

A typical example of how wrong it was to judge a book by its cover!

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 877

Julian looked at Diana, who stood downstairs.

As always, she had guessed that he would let Zachary go today.

He became more certain that she was faking her amnesia. She was making such a fuss, always looking for ways to benefit herself and never hesitating to do whatever it takes- just like the rest of the Winningtons.

She actually thought she could use an excuse as ridiculous as amnesia to bury the past, and return to his side.

He would never accept it!

During their meal, he treated Diana with indifference. At first, Diana didn't care about his cold attitude. However, she thought about the doctor's advice and looked at the two kids sitting at the table. They didn't say anything, but they could sense the tense, unpleasant mood around them.

She smiled, picked up the spoon, and took the initiative to serve Julian some soup. "Here, let me feed you."

Julian tensed up. "What are you doi--"

Before he could finish speaking, she pinched him hard and gave him a signal with her eyes.

"Eat it!"

It meant she would act with him. It was a preparation for the kindergarten interview.

He turned his head away, and secretly touched the spot she had pinched him under the table.

That hurt!

Julian gritted his teeth and said coldly, "I won't do it."

Whether they loved each other or not, or had a perfect family, or were in harmony, these weren't things that could be acted out.

He hadn't sunk so low that he would pretend to make something fake real!

"You won't drink the soup?" Diana smiled at the two kids, then turned back to him with a fake smile. She placed the spoon against his lips. "Be good."

She was acting as if she was coaxing a child. No, it was something more than that.

Diana kept on smiling, her bright eyes sparkling and pure.

"Be good. Open your mouth," she insisted.

He didn't want to!

This woman was too good at acting. He absolutely couldn't be fooled by her!

Seeing his hesitance, Diana thought Julian had forgotten the doctor's advice.

Forget telling him about creating a relaxed environment for Betty, they wouldn't stand a chance during the kindergarten

interview if they continued to be so stiff. They needed to at least get along a bit before the interview.

She leaned closer to Julian. A gust of warm breath rushed past his ears. He grew dizzy from the closeness, tempted to surrender to her whims.

"Ah," Diana demonstrated, gently pinching his face. "Open your mouth."

"Ah," Julian said, copying her. He still hadn't reacted when a spoonful of warm soup entered his stomach.

The warmth spread from his throat to his belly, all the way down, carrying her tender sweetness.

Ugh!

Tender sweetness?

It was all an act!

Julian wanted to spit out the soup.

"Why did you force-feed me?" he demanded unhappily. "I don't like this soup."

"You should have said so earlier."

She knew he was particular about things, but she didn't expect him to be this particular!

Still, they were in front of the kids right now.

It was the first time the children saw them interact this way. Sean and Betty stared at them, looking solemn and curious.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 878



Diana suppressed her anger. She put down the spoon, smiling, and asked Julian patiently, "So, what do you want to eat?"

He didn't want to eat anything.

And he definitely didn't want her to look at him like that.

"Something green," he replied reluctantly.

Despite saying that, he still opened his mouth and waited.

Seeing that he expected her to feed him again, Diana shuddered uneasily. If it weren't for the kids being present, she would've asked him if he felt anything towards her, and if he planned to do something that would betray Cecilia.

That made her feel disgusted at him.

Julian noticed that her expression was off. He belatedly realized that he had obediently followed her whims again, implying that he wanted her to feed him.

It didn't matter; he would just treat her like a servant.

Having discovered that Diana had found a way to enter the villa, he let her stay. He also sent all the other childcare candidates away.

With her as free labor, why waste money on others? Besides, who could be a more reliable caretaker for the children than their own mother?

With that thought, Julian felt much more at ease.

"Quick, give me some vegetables," he ordered.

Diana's hand paused, but she quickly picked some spinach and put it in his mouth. She maintained the smile on her face. "Is it good?"

"No," he replied as he quickly swallowed, "I want something else."

Diana sneered, "If it's not good, why did you eat so much? You have a good appetite."

Julian ignored her sarcasm. The more unhappy she looked, the satisfied he felt. After finishing one bite, he wanted another. "I want more."

By the end of the meal, almost everything he had eaten was spoon-fed by Diana. In the end, Diana hadn't eaten much herself.

Sean was puzzled. "Daddy."

His son called him "Daddy" again. Whenever Diana was around, Sean would call him "Daddy" more frequently.

Julian found it pleasing to the ears. He wiped his mouth with a napkin, his elegant gestures completely natural-as if he hadn't been fed by someone else just now.

"What's wrong, Sean?"

"Nothing." Sean shook his head. "I just find it a bit strange."

"What's strange?"

"Why don't you feed Mommy? Aren't men supposed to care for women?"

Simon had always told Sean that when he grew up, he should take good care of his wife.

'Even though Daddy and Mommy are divorced, Mommy's living with us now. She's also a woman. Why isn't Daddy taking care of her?'

Instead, he made Diana feed him all the time. Her arms must be tired.

Sean was unhappy. Betty also looked at Julian, gazing at him intently.

At that moment, Julian felt a sense of tension like never before. "Daddy was testing Mommy, I... I just wanted to see if she's qualify as your nanny."

"Oh," Sean said, "so Daddy is also a child."

When Julian made Diana feed him, he was testing her.

Clearly, Diana hadn't expected things to take this turn. She fed Julian not just to create a harmonious picture, as the doctor had advised, but to show the kids a united front as parents. She wanted to create a relaxing environment for Betty, too.

Yet, in Sean's eyes, it seemed she was just simply feeding Julian as she would do for her children.

"Your acting skills are so clumsy," Julian said to her. "I'm not the only one who saw through it with a glance. Sean did, too.

Sean didn't sense any affection from her actions. He only felt that Diana must be tired from feeding Julian.

"In that case, you do it," Diana said helplessly.

This man always mocked her, no matter what she did or said.

Why were her acting skills clumsy?

How did he see through it at a glance?

Aside from pretending to feed him with affection, she hadn't done anything that required acting skills!

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 879

'Fine, maybe except the time when I pretended to have heatstroke...' Diana corrected herself inwardly.

Julian waved his hand at the two kids. "Don't worry, Daddy knows how to take care of people. Tonight, I'll help Mommy make the bed."

Later that evening, Diana held her children's hands and stood at the doorway. They all stared at Julian.

It was something he had never experienced before.

"You guys..." he paused for a moment. He regretted saying he would help Diana make the bed just now.

She didn't deserve to get him do this for her!

Still, he couldn't take back his words. "You can come inside the room and watch me on the sofa."

The guest room was indeed quite large.

At first, Diana was a little embarrassed. After all, she had once referred to herself as Julian's sister-in-law when she first sought him out. But now, she had moved into his house. Even though they were once married, she didn't remember anything.

Living here felt awkward.

But with the two kids, everything seemed to fall into place naturally.

'It's just acting. I'm just acting with Julian, like we're a happy family!'

She had to follow Julian's orders. She couldn't always argue with him and let the kids see them fight. With that thought in mind, she led the children to sit on the sofa.

She thought Julian would be flustered. Who knew he would be so quick and efficient in making the bed?

He did it as if he was...used to it.

But with so many servants in Collina Villa, and him living such a pampered life, how often could he do such menial chores-enough to be so familiar with it?

By the time he finished making the bed, it had only taken him about three minutes. Not a single wrinkle could be seen on the big bed.

But Julian didn't stop there. He went out for a moment, and returned with a pair of slippers, a cup of chamomile tea, and a black paper bag. He placed them all by the bedside.

Julian crouched, and took Betty from Diana's arms. "Come on, sweeties, come to Daddy. Mommy isn't feeling well today, so let Daddy take care of you for now."

Diana froze.

Her heart thumped loudly in her chest. She couldn't help but grip the leather sofa tightly, almost afraid to look up at Julian.

How did he know...? How did he know she had her period today?

After giving birth, her menstrual cycle had been irregular. She couldn't even predict the timing accurately.

Yet, he somehow knew that she had her period today.

"You kept frowning and biting your lip," he explained.

Before, when she had her period, she would be too embarrassed to tell him, especially if it happened when they weren't at home. Instead, she used small gestures to hint at him that she was having her period, and for him to buy sanitary pads for her.

Julian never delegated this task to anyone else. He used to take care of it himself, especially when she needed attention.

Even though he foolishly thought of her as a substitute at that time.

The truth was that in all their time together, she had never been a substitute.

And yet, Diana...

Disappointed him.

Thinking that, he suddenly found it hard to breathe. Even holding the child felt a bit awkward.

Sean looked up at him, stopping him from touching Betty." Daddy. Since you don't want to leave, you should stay. I understand. You want to sleep with Mommy, just like us."

Julian was thoroughly confused by his son's words.

Sean blinked innocently at him. "Mommy needs to be taken care of. You want to take care of her, don't you?"

That was why Julian struggled when holding his little sister. Before, he wasn't like this. His arms were as strong as a bull, and his shoulders were as broad as a mountain.

But tonight, for Mommy's sake, he seemed to have lost his strength.

Julian was speechless.

Looking at his son's pure and innocent eyes, he couldn't bring himself to refuse.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 880

Julian turned to look at Diana. Then, he asked Sean, "If Daddy stays with Mommy, can you and Betty take care of yourselves?"

Betty had servants to care for her, and she had just finished bathing.

"Yes." Sean nodded. He whispered something to Betty. Though she didn't speak, her eyes were bright with joy. They both nodded in agreement.

So, Julian ended up staying in the guest room of his own house.

What a miraculous day!

Before he closed his eyes, he wondered how he ended up staying on Diana's bed. Did she really not teach the children to act like that?

If not, why did he always feel like Sean was assisting her...? Or was it just his imagination?

Meanwhile, Diana was still in the bathroom.

'She's been in there since the children left, doing who knows what. Maybe she's just playing hard to get. I won't bother with her... I won't!'

After all, it was his house. If something really happened, it wouldn't reflect well on Collina Villa's reputation. If he ended up not liking the house anymore and decided to sell

it, it wouldn't fetch a good price.

With this in mind, he got out of bed and stood by the bathroom door. He knocked it gently and said, "Diana."

Diana was in a lot of pain. Fortunately, the sanitary pads Julian bought came in handy. Even so, the pain in her stomach was unbearable. It felt like someone was squeezing her abdomen, twisting it like a rag.

It had been a long time since she felt this much pain.

Diana curled up on the toilet seat, pressing her stomach. She knew she must look pathetic right now.

“I’m here. What do you want?” Julian said.

What did he want?

“I’m just checking on you. If you’re dying, don’t die in my house, and don’t give the kids a chance to find out. It’s better for you to die far away from here.”

He finally stopped pretending. As soon as the children left, he showed his true colors.

Just now...

Diana was annoyed. This man’s appearance had almost deceived her. She gritted her teeth and said angrily, “If I die, I won’t let you know! So that...”

‘So that we won’t meet again in the afterlife, and I won’t have to see you! You’re annoying!’

She tried to say that several times, but ended up doubling over in pain before she could finish. Her stomach was hurting, and sweat slid down her face.

Outside the bathroom, Julian could hear that something was wrong. Her voice sounded surprisingly weak. He frowned, displeased.

“Why didn’t you drink the tea I gave you?”

She hadn’t had the chance to drink it yet, duh!

Ever since she entered the bathroom just now, the pain had been severe. Fortunately, it was slightly better now.

With Julian was standing outside the door, she was afraid he might barge in at any moment. She felt like someone was holding a knife above her head, ready to strike anytime.

When Diana regained a bit of strength, she quickly seized the opportunity to get dressed. Then, she walked out of the bathroom.

Her lips were frighteningly pale.

Julian immediately recalled the past. Whenever she was in severe pain, he would hold her tightly in his arms. He would gently massage her stomach until her complexion got better, and only then would he let go. Finally, he would give her a cup of chamomile tea to help her sweat it out and warm her stomach.

On those nights, she would hold onto his pajama sleeves tightly. Whenever there was even the slightest pain, he would gently massage her stomach. She could sleep more peacefully that way.

And now...

His brain couldn't keep up with his actions. Before he knew it, he instinctively held her.

His hands were despicable!

Julian wished he could chop them off.

Diana was completely bewildered. She hadn't expected Julian to hold her so suddenly.