

## Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 921-930

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 921

Doreen could feel how cold and distant Sean was. She almost burst into tears as she touched the bandage wrapped around her head.

Sean hated seeing her act like that.

She liked bullying her classmates and did that often. She would always steal their snacks but be the first to cry when the teacher came back.

If she hadn't injured her head because of this incident, Sean would never apologize to her. He would take it as punishment for her bullying his classmates and for scratching Betty's face.

Seeing Doreen on the verge of tears, Kiki hurried to console her.

Just as Julian was hesitating whether to scold Sean for fear that he might end up really breaking the little boy's heart, the principal appeared.

"Mr. Fulcher, please come over with Ms. Winnington."

She first sent Sean back to the classroom, then returned to her office and asked them, "Has Sean apologized to Doreen?"

"Yes, he has."

"It's inevitable for children to fight among themselves. As long as they take the initiative to admit their mistake and make up with each other, we as teachers wouldn't interfere too much," she said.

Otherwise, the children might lose the ability to independently solve problems with time. This was aligned with how international kindergartens cultivated independent thought in their children.

Diana agreed with the philosophy very much. "Thank you for your understanding and for not being prejudiced against Sean because of what he did to his classmate."

The principal smiled. "I'm a teacher, so I must be able to understand children. I can't be biased just because of a minor conflict between them. If I did that, I wouldn't be serving as a model for them. I'd be leading them astray instead."

Diana understood where the principal was coming from, and felt relieved. It made her feel even more certain that choosing this kindergarten was the right decision.

The principal pushed her glasses up her nose bridge, and looked at Julian. "But... Are you two fighting?"

A strong parent-child relationship and a positive home environment were things that the principal prioritized very much. She could sense that something was wrong the moment both of them entered her office, completely ignoring each other.

"No," Diana said. She was worried the principal might kick Sean out of the kindergarten because of that reason, and threw herself into Julian's arms without a second thought.

She added quickly, "Julian, quick. Tell her that we were just putting up an act to appease Doreen's mother."

With Diana in his arms, Julian's fingers went stiff. "Yes, that's right."

He composed himself quickly, and seized the chance to wrap her in his arms. After three long years, he could finally experience the sensation he could only savor in his dreams.

Julian was so happy, the corners of his mouth lifted. He said to the principal, "If you don't believe me, just ask around. Ms. Stewart is no longer angry now, and she has completely forgiven Sean."

Forgive...

Diana felt extremely uncomfortable with the word Julian used.

After all, he was the ultimate culprit.

"Next time, when you give others flowers, please don't do it on the streets. It makes the children uncomfortable when they see it," she said through gritted teeth while leaning close to his ear, pretending to be intimate with him.

Her breath felt hot on his ear.

He felt as if someone held a hot cup of water against his ear, making his senses perk up.

So, they had seen him giving Kiki flowers.

That was when he realized the reason Sean played a prank on Doreen. What's more, Sean already had a grudge against

Doreen. Given how much Sean doted on Betty, he probably counted it all against Doreen.

"Sean is very smart," the principal said.

She saw Diana whispering to Julian and thought she must have misunderstood them. She no longer harped about it and instead turned her attention to Sean.

"He covered up the surveillance camera before he did what he did," she went on.

However, he forgot that the surveillance camera filmed his huge face when he covered it up.

"I asked him why he thought of doing that, and he said that he was inspired by the bedtime story his daddy often told him," the principal said firmly. "Reading bedtime stories is a good habit, but I hope you'll pay attention to influencing him positively and not use his intelligence to do anything bad."

Julian was stunned. He didn't expect his bedtime story to affect Sean so much.

The principal saw the shock on Julian's face and couldn't help but tease him. "Parents are their children's first teacher. Mr. Fulcher, there's a lot you have to learn as a father."

"I see," Julian said.

After he got the clues about Diana's amnesia, he would have to stop doing something so ridiculous in front of the children —lest Sean get influenced and suffer in his love life.

Diana wasn't in a rush to leave, even after the principal was done. Instead, she let Julian leave first. She continued

sitting on the chair, clearly intent on talking further with the principal.

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Sean had undergone a strict interview before he could join the kindergarten. Now that Kiki wanted to be together with Julian, what about Doreen's biological father?

Diana wanted to make things clear. "Why don't I see

Doreen's father today?"

The principal smiled at Diana's question. She saw through Diana's intentions immediately.

"Doreen was an exception we allowed."

Diana's eyes widened. "Oh?"

"But it wasn't for the sake of money," the principal went on. "Every single child in this kindergarten comes from rich families. Money doesn't work at our center."

That made Diana even more curious. "Then, Doreen..."

"Her grandfather agreed to provide free consultation for all the children in our kindergarten if we allowed her to attend our kindergarten," the principal said.

Shiloh's skills were way beyond minor ailments and common illnesses.

"If any of our children contracted complicated diseases or illnesses, they'd have a greater chance of survival with him around."

Little lives were precious. The principal couldn't reject his offer-she didn't want to, either.

Diana asked curiously, "Is Doreen's grandfather very skilled?"

The principal shook her head. "Not just skilled. He's topnotch, one of the greatest doctors in the country."

Top-notch, greatest doctor...

Diana kept in mind the words the principal used to describe him. She began searching for Shiloh's name the moment she left the principal's office. Her search garnered a bunch of results.

She slowly read through the articles and webpages.

Admiration and respect for this great doctor grew in her heart.

She had no idea how such a compassionate and respectable man like him could end up with a daughter like Kiki...

Subconsciously, an inexplicable animosity toward Shiloh rose in her heart, despite having never met him before.

It was as if there was a grudge between them.

Perhaps it was because of Kiki and Doreen.

Diana shook his head, pushing away the strange thought that popped into her mind. She hurriedly went to look for Sean, and brought him out of the sickbay.

"Mommy!" Sean wrapped his arms around Diana's neck, and laid his head wearily on her shoulder.

Diana nodded, still immersed in the shock Shiloh's name caused her. She asked her son tenderly, "What's the matter?"

"Daddy already brought Doreen and her mommy back to their home. Is he...not even going to go home?"

"I've already made it clear that we don't want him anymore."

Diana didn't expect Julian to simply ignore Sean, and take that mother-daughter pair away right after leaving the Principal's office.

She took a deep breath, suppressing the displeasure in her heart, and said, "Sean, let's go back to the villa." She paused for a moment. "Let's move out, shall we?"

In her opinion, Julian didn't seem to care much for the twins.

Rather than letting Julian chase them away, Diana would leave of her own accord.

Sean's chin bumped up and down her shoulders as she walked. She could feel him nod his head ever so slightly as he said firmly, "Okay."

Meanwhile, Julian followed Kiki to her house.

Doreen was very clingy to him, insisting he carried her all the way as she kept calling him "Dadd'".

Julian didn't correct her harshly like he did the last time. Conversely, he said with a warm smile, "My good little girl, does your head still hurt?"

He didn't want to lie to children.

Yet, he had no choice.

Kiki kept instigating Doreen to pester Julian as if that was the only way to make him stay the night at their place. Soon, it was very late in the night.

Kiki looked out the window and remarked, "Julian, are you staying for dinner?"

"Don't call me in that tone," Julian subconsciously corrected her, a sharp edge in his voice.

The look on his face made Kiki feel like things had returned to the past when he rejected all of her advances. She looked at him in disbelief, her smile growing stiff.

Julian feared she might be suspicious, and therefore not trust him completely. He said quickly, "Diana used to call me in that tone. To me, you're not like her at all."

He tried to be as vague as possible.

Kiki looked flattered as she assumed what he meant. "I understand. Don't get angry. I know you want to forget about her and don't want to have anything to do with her. Don't worry. I won't call you like that next time."

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Julian didn't expect Kiki to understand him so 'perfectly'.

This time, the smile on his face was genuine. "It's been tough on you. I'll stay for dinner tonight."

Happiness came all too suddenly. Kiki was just feeling troubled over how to make Julian stay for dinner when Julian took the initiative to suggest it.

"I have some wine here." Kiki shot Doreen a look, giving her the cue to return to her room and not interrupt her from getting intimate with Julian." Mr. Fulcher, do you want to drink a little...tonight?" 2

Julian had yet to return to Collina Villa, even after dinner.

Diana stood at the door and looked out, feeling inexplicably melancholic and wistful. She could sense that those feelings had to do with Julian.

She hoped from the bottom of her heart that he would keep in mind every word she said and remember that she would be moving out of the villa with the twins.

She also hoped he would stop her from doing so.

Yet, he didn't.

She didn't even see him appear.

It was already so late, and he was probably still on his date with Kiki. She didn't even know if he would be returning home tonight.

The thought of them spending the night together made her feel disgusted from the depths of her heart. She almost puked out her dinner.

She knew what that meant. Despite her claims to not love him and her rejecting him, her heart felt otherwise.

Since she couldn't hold herself back from liking him no matter what, why did she divorce him in the past?

This was a question she asked Nina before.

Nina said that there were many reasons, but she couldn't pinpoint specifically what they were.

Diana could only pin her hopes on her finding her memories back to find out.

That was the only way she could understand why she continued having feelings for this b\*st\*rd, even until now.

Sean and Betty came out in search of her. "Mommy, are we still not leaving yet?"

Sean remembered Julian's attitude toward him at the kindergarten today. Right now, he didn't like Daddy one bit. In fact, he was resistant toward Julian.

He wanted to leave this place with Mommy immediately.

He didn't even want to bid Julian goodbye.

"We're leaving," Diana said. She knew she was bound to be disappointed, what with Julian still nowhere to be seen.

He wasn't coming back.

He was probably being intimate with Kiki right now.

No wonder he treated Cecilia so unceremoniously. He had no lack of women in the first place. Ms. Stewart was waiting in line, even with the departure of Ms. Jarvis.

If Diana hadn't seen for herself the kind of b\*st\*rd he was and got together with him, she would've found herself in Ms. Stewart's position.

"He's cheap, easy, and a philandering playboy. That's what he is."

Diana discreetly texted Nina, complaining about Julian's behavior. She packed her things, and went to the place that Oliver had previously rented for her, with the twins in tow.

She used to find that place large enough, but after moving back there from Collina Villa, she felt bad for the twins.

"The living room and bedroom combined aren't even as big as your own room back in Collina Villa."

Diana crouched and looked at the twins, suddenly finding her actions to be rash. She wondered how much of that rashness was out of spite.



“Will you miss Daddy now that I suddenly brought you away from the villa so suddenly?”

Sean was the first to speak up. “I won’t. I don’t want a new mommy.”

Betty didn’t know what happened at the kindergarten and that Kiki was supposedly going to be their new mommy.

She was different from Sean. She hesitated to reply and looked down at her toes silently.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 924

Diana’s heart sank when she saw Betty like that.

Julian had been taking care of Betty during this period, when she was busy with work. At his high position, work was flexible for him. Sometimes, he would even bring Betty to his office.

After the work day ended, he would bring Betty to Diana’s studio. Then, he would take Diana to the kindergarten to wait for Sean to be released from school. He deserved credit for his patience and thoughtful care, which contributed much to the improvement of Betty’s condition and recovery.

Those were the times when they resembled a family the most.

No.

Resemble wasn’t the right word.

They were a family of four to begin with.

But now, their family was on the verge of separation. Julian was single-minded in pursuing Kiki. Diana had to take the kids away from Collina Villa.

“Betty, do you miss Daddy?”

“Mmm.” Betty nodded, her fingers intertwining uneasily. She kept glancing back and forth between Sean and Diana, worried that they would be fierce toward her because of that.

Since when did Betty become so cautious?

Diana folded Betty into her embrace, and said sadly, "It's alright for you to miss Daddy. I'll get him to bring you home."

When Betty missed her and Sean, she would come and take her back.

"I was rash to move out of the villa so suddenly," Diana apologized to

Betty. "I shouldn't have disregarded your opinion and simply decided with Sean where you would go."

Although Betty was the younger twin, she was still a person with her own thoughts.

However, Diana didn't expect Julian to reject her call.

"Diana's calling." Julian had much to drink. He lifted his phone, which started ringing, to show Kiki the screen-as if expressing his determination. "I'm not picking it up."

Kiki burst out laughing. She couldn't help herself from stumbling over to Julian with hazy and unfocused eyes. She took the chance to collapse next to him.

"Mr. Fulcher, you're so bad! You're really doing as you said and ignoring her."

Julian immediately leapt off the couch. He covered his mouth with his hands, and pointed to the washroom. "... I need to puke."

They really had a lot to drink.

They almost finished up two bottles of expensive champagne that Kiki had been keeping for a long time.

Her stomach was filled with alcohol right now, too. However, she kept holding herself back from puking, for fear that Julian would see her in a terrible state.

"Go on." She left his side, giving him space to walk toward the washroom.

The moment the door of the washroom was shut, Julian's eyes turned bright and alert.

He twisted the tap open, subconsciously washing Kiki's touch away from each of his fingers, his brows furrowed. He then took off his jacket, which Kiki had rubbed against, and drenched it with water before flinging it into

the bin. It fell with a clang.

When he walked out of the washroom, Kiki realized that he was only wearing his white shirt. He looked so dashing.

Her eyes became even more hazy with desire.

“I dirtied my clothes with my puke,” Julian explained casually. “Shall we continue? I probably won’t be able to go home today.”

What did Julian mean by that?!

In her agitation, Kiki kept swallowing.

“Stay if you can’t go.” She immediately grabbed another bottle of whiskey from the second floor. “I’m all out of red wine. I hope you won’t find whiskey a bad choice.”

“I don’t.”

Julian looked amorously at her, the white shirt stretched across his torso, blindingly bright. It made him look like a cross between a dashing young man and a confident, suave man who matured with time and was successful in his career.

Kiki heard him say, “I like whatever alcohol you bring.”

The smile on her face widened, and she found herself drinking even more. She drank so much that she started getting tongue-tied. She saw Julian’s figure floating before her, slowly becoming two.

“Mr. Fulcher, Mr. Fulcher!” She grabbed his “hand” as she called out to him.

“You’re mine now. You’re mine now!”

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 925

With that, she lifted his “hand” and kissed it wildly.

Julian’s face was filled with disdain and disgust as he watched from the side. However, he didn’t stop her.

She was slobbering all over his “hand” when it moved away and crashed on the floor, smashing into smithereens.

Kiki had kissed an empty wine bottle. Even so, she remained deep in her stupor.

Admiration filled her eyes as she cried out loud while kneeling on the floor, trying to pick up all the pieces of the smashed glass bottle.

“Mr. Fulcher, Julian Fulcher! I love you! I love you!”

She wanted to put the glass shards in her mouth!

It was about time.

Julian finally stopped her from her crazy behavior.

He grabbed her arm and pressed her down on a chair. His arms supported both sides of the table as he looked down at her. “Kiki, that is a smashed wine bottle and not me. Be careful. I’m worried that you’ll injure yourself.”

Kiki immediately covered her mouth with her hands and buried her head in his chest.

Just as Julian thought that she had fallen asleep and that all his efforts had gone to waste, she suddenly lifted her head

high up and said, “You’re so good to me, doting on me so much. You...you don’t want...me injuring...myself...ugh...”

Suddenly, she began puking out everything. Thankfully, Julian managed to avoid getting vomit on himself.

He handed her a glass of water, but she refused to take it. She sprawled over the table, all out of energy, as she looked hazily at him.

He sat down and looked straight at her.

Her vomit on the floor smelled nasty, and Julian tried his best to ignore it. He was almost on the verge of pinching his nose. “Kiki, can you hear what I’m saying?”

“Yes! Of course, I can!”

She immediately sat up, and looked brightly at Julian.

But very soon, she sprawled back on the table, unable to fight against her drunken stupor.

Now was the best time for Julian to interrogate her.

“Kiki.”

“Hmm?”

“What you told me three years ago about Diana losing her memories wasn’t the truth, was it?”

Kiki nodded. She clearly treated Julian as an insider. “Yeah!”

Julian’s heart leapt, unable to hold himself back from his raging emotions as he pursued further, “What’s the truth, then?”

“What’s the truth?” Kiki repeated his words.

Julian asked a few more questions, but her responses were all vague and sporadic. The high concentration of alcohol in her blood was making her confused and disoriented. If this went on, she would fall asleep in no time.

If that happened, Julian wouldn’t be able to find anything out.

Julian pondered for a moment, before changing track. “Kiki, why did Diana leave me?”

He didn’t expect Kiki to suddenly look up. Her eyes lit up, and she grabbed him tightly.

Oh, no.

Julian thought she had woken up from her stupor.

Everything he had done tonight was in vain.

At the next moment, Kiki suddenly burst out laughing, as if she felt proud about something. It felt as if she was showing off to him.

She yelled out loud, ‘You don’t know, do you?’

Julian pursed his lips, and said indignantly, "I don't..."

"Don't panic!" Kiki's heart ached upon seeing the look on his face. Despite her splitting headache, which made her cover her head, she said through gritted teeth, "I... I'll tell you! I know!"

Julian leaned closer to her. She was on the verge of revealing to him the truth.

He pursued anxiously, "What do you know?"

"Hyp...hypnosis!" Kiki smacked the table with her hands, getting all excited about the loving look she saw on Julian's face. "It's hypnosis!"

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 926

It really turned out to be hypnosis...

That coincided with Julian's and the neurologist's guess!

Although he received the answer that he expected, Julian didn't feel an ounce of joy. Conversely, he looked even more troubled.

"Why was she hypnotized? Who hypnotized her?"

He clenched his fists, wishing he could tear Kiki into pieces. She knew the truth, yet she kept lying to him! But now, he could only control his temper and keep demanding for more answers.

'Why exactly...did Diana leave me back then?'

What secrets lie behind what happened to him and Diana?

Bam!

Kiki gave him one final look. Her face was bent high up toward him, her lips a hazy smile. She slumped heavily back onto the table.

"Kiki Stewart!" Julian yelled.

How could she fall asleep when he hadn't even asked the most important question?!

Julian wanted to wake her up, but Noel chose that moment to come in upon hearing the commotion.

“Mr. Fulcher.” He stopped Julian from doing what he wanted to do. “She had too much to drink and probably won’t wake up no matter how much you call out to her.”

Unless he waited till the next day to talk to her like a normal person, after she turned sober.

But after she turned sober and realized that Julian had been putting up an act before her and pretending to be nice to her only as a trap, she would surely get angry and refuse to speak.

In other words, this was all Julian could get after sacrificing so much.

He felt rather defeated. “I haven’t asked her the most important question yet.”

“We’ve already managed to confirm that Ms. Winnington leaving you and Richburgh back then had something to do with her being hypnotized by someone. We also know that this definitely had something to do with Kiki. That’s enough,” Noel said.

Noel reminded Julian, knowing that the latter was feeling anxious out of concern.

“Knowing now that Ms. Winnington was hypnotized by someone is akin to knowing the reason behind her memory loss,” he went on. “If we can find an excellent hypnotist to release her from her hypnotic state, the truth from three years ago will naturally return to Ms. Winnington.”

What did it matter whether Kiki chose to say the truth, and whether she was clear in her words?

On second thought, Julian agreed with Noel.

Although he could hold his liquor very well, he had a limit. He wasn’t thinking as clearly as Noel was. He realized that there was no point in staying further at Kiki’s place.

‘Take me back to the villa.’

He wanted to go back and see Diana, and tell her that she lost her memories because she was hypnotized.

“Launch a search for outstanding hypnotists in the world, and bring them to me as soon as possible.”

“The second is easy, sir,” Noel said, “but are you sure you want to go back to the villa?”

Julian had already stepped out when he heard Noel. He paused for a moment. “What do you mean by that?”

Noel informed him about Diana and the twins moving out of the villa.

At that moment, Julian instantly woke up from his drunken haze.

He didn’t expect them to be so angry about what happened at the kindergarten today.

He finally achieved some progress in his investigation. He went to such great lengths just to help Diana find her memories back and make her happy. He didn’t want to be separated from them.

His heart burned with anxiety.

“Quick! Take me to the place she moved to right now!”

Noel didn’t dare delay and sped to where Diana was. He drove at such a high speed that Julian felt terrible.

The moment Julian got out of the car, he ran to a tree and vomited everything in his stomach.

There was no way he could keep the clothes he was wearing.

He smelled terrible, to boot.

This was torture for a clean freak like him.

But now, he looked up at Diana’s room that was still lit. He wasn’t in a panic for Noel to grab some new clothes for him. Instead, he took off his shirt and headed up the stairs.



Knock, knock.

“Mommy, someone’s at the door.”

Sean’s guard was up. The moment he heard a commotion outside, he moved a stool to the door and looked out from the peephole.

The kindergarten principal reminded her to guide Sean in his everyday habits, and Diana didn’t dare to be careless. She quickly told Sean that stepping on the stool like that wasn’t safe and that he shouldn’t do that again in the future.

Tomorrow, she would ask Oliver if he could install a surveillance camera at the door and sync it to her phone. Then, they could spot suspicious movements outside the door.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 927

Sean said yes, but he couldn’t hold back his curiosity. “The person is knocking very hard on the door.”

Diana carried him up, and put him down on the floor before getting up to take a look.

“Darlings, quick, open the door. It’s Daddy.

“Sean?

“Betty?”

Silence ensued in the house the moment they heard the voice.

Diana was shocked.

Through the peephole, she could see Julian standing outside the door, topless. Although it was summer, it was unbelievable that someone like him would leave the house without a shirt on.

What’s more, people along the corridor were already staring at him in surprise.

Julian didn’t feel awkward, and he even began introducing himself. “I’m the husband of the lady in the house. My wife and children are all staying here.”

Diana hurriedly opened the door, and pulled him in.

A sly smile flashed past his eyes. The moment he lifted his head, he rushed to the washroom without even opening his eyes. Before Diana could react, he was already done bathing and washing himself up, and had made himself comfortable in Betty's bed.

Betty rushed out from the study when she heard the commotion. "Daddy!"

Her voice was shrill with joy, clearly happy to see Julian.

She adored her daddy, and had been looking forward to him bringing them back home. Diana, who couldn't call Julian earlier, could only let Betty wait in her room first while letting Sean, who was angry over Julian's arrival, wait in the living room.

She stayed in the room that Julian was in, and closed the door. After that, she locked the door with a click. She did that to stop Betty from suddenly coming in, and witnessing them fighting.

The smell of alcohol on his body choked her. She sensed that the moment he entered the house.

However, the smell dissipated when he came out of the washroom.

She even went to check the washroom before entering the room. He cleaned up the washroom very thoroughly after his bath. Even the toilet and the wash basin were dry and clean. This proved something to Diana.

'You're not that drunk.'

Diana stood by the bedside, pulling his arms, trying to get him out of the bed.

Julian was very cooperative.

His eyes immediately opened, and he got out of bed as Diana pulled him.

But...

Crash!

Diana released her hand.

Julian collapsed back onto the bed once more.

“Where are your clothes?” she asked.

“I took a bath,” Julian said indignantly like a mistreated victim, his eyes bloodshot. “I could only find one towel in the washroom.”

Previously, when he fixed the toilet in the villa for Diana, he paid attention to where she kept her towels in the washroom.

As he had expected, she habitually kept the towels on the rack above the toilet bowl. The towels with cartoons on them belonged to the twins. Diana’s one was plain.

Since Diana was his woman, whatever was hers was his too. Julian took it for granted that he could use her towel.

However, Diana didn’t think so. Her face burned red when she saw the towel Julian left on the floor after his bath.

‘You’re shameless!’ she snarled.

He pulled her arm and decided to go all out, emulating how shameless Kiki behaved toward him after she got drunk.

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He instinctively felt that he wouldn’t be able to stay the night if he acted otherwise.

If he couldn’t stay the night, he didn’t know when he would have the chance to step foot through this door once more.

If he couldn’t be with them and be at his best, how would he be able to appease Diana and Sean’s anger?

He needed to find a chance to explain why he gave Kiki flowers, and picked on Sean at his kindergarten.

Today was crucial.

He would never leave Betty’s room.

As for Betty, she could sleep with Diana.

He would also buy a whole new set of bedsheets for her tomorrow, to replace the set that he slept on tonight.

Diana couldn't fling off Julian's hand, no matter how hard she tried. His grip was as strong as an elephant nose curling around a human's hand. Not only was it impossible to shake him off, but he even started rubbing his face against her arm like a disgusting leech!

No.

It wasn't just her arm.

He was getting from bad to worse, rubbing his face from her arm to her wrist.

He went further downward, and grabbed her other hand.

"Diana, don't leave me." Julian put his face in her palms, looking up at her pitifully with those bloodshot eyes. "Don't hate me, either."

He had never fallen in love with another woman aside from her.

Even if he had positive feelings for another woman, it remained strictly limited to finding the other person rather decent. Otherwise, he couldn't have done something as heartless as splashing paint on Cecilia.

"Kiki," he said. "I treated her well simply because I want to fish information from her."

"Fish information?" Diana was stunned.

She immediately responded by pushing his face away. However, he was still rubbing against her palm.

"Quit telling tall tales. I won't fall for it this time," Diana snapped. "You have reasons for being nice to other women. In the future, you'll always have your reasons."

She did like him, and she couldn't control herself from being attracted to this man-as if it were out of habit. But that didn't mean she couldn't stop herself from drawing closer to him.

Julian caught on the hidden meaning behind her words. “In the future? Are you still thinking of a future between us?”

Though she was angry, the situation wasn't unsalvageable.

Even Diana didn't realize that her thoughts had been exposed by Julian. She became annoyed with embarrassment.

“Julian Fulcher, are you quite done pretending that you're drunk?”

“Pretending that I'm drunk?” Julian shook his head, looking innocently at her. “I'm not pretending to be drunk.”

He shamelessly rubbed his face against her hand once again.

This time, he clung on her so tightly that she couldn't fling him away, no matter how hard she tried. Not just that—he even went a step further and pulled her to the bedside, urging her to sit.

The bed was warm. Diana felt as if she had fallen into the furnace just by standing at the bedside.

His warmth invaded her personal space. The temperature was so high, she could feel her pores opening up, making her itch and her hair stand on end. It was as if curling herself up into a ball was the only way she could feel safe from his attack.

That was precisely what Julian wanted.

He moved his face and plastered it on her back as he wrapped his arms around her waist.

Just as Diana thought he was going to take advantage of her, he mumbled, “Does it still hurt?”

Diana was stunned.

“The scar from the caesarian,” he mumbled, sounding troubled. “I don't have the courage to touch it a second time.”

In fact, each time he thought of it, he hated himself for not being by her side and sharing her pain when she was giving birth.

In fact...

When she returned to Richburgh with such a heavy burden on her shoulders, he didn't even embrace her. Instead, he refused to believe her and misunderstood her time and time again.

He was scared.

He was scared that she wouldn't forgive him.

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He was also scared he wasn't able to do anything to help her.

"This time, I managed to get the information I wanted from Kiki. I'm very glad." Julian's voice pulled Diana back from that tender moment.

This man was truly capable of zooming in on what mattered to her.

He was so good at targeting her soft spots.

So good at...bewitching her.

Diana wasn't in a rush to push him away. The image of her giving birth three years ago flashed past her mind.

She didn't have many memories to begin with.

Everything that happened over the past three years was crystal clear in her mind. Yet, only that day was dark and blurry in her memories.

There was only one word that summarized what she felt that day: pain.

If she were to think deeper, fear was the next sensation she felt. It was a reverence for life, mixed with a fear toward childbirth. It had been engraved as a core memory for her till now.

Julian's tender voice seemed to transcend time to soothe out the pain she felt three years ago, bit by bit.

She heard herself asking him, "What information did you fish from her?"

See?

Her spirit was attracted to him, after all.

It was as if she was fated to belong to him for life.

No matter how outrageously he treated her, as long as he gave her an ounce of offender love, she would draw closer to him against her will.

She was the shameless, spineless and fickle-minded one!

Julian rubbed his face back and forth against her back, as if he were a spark trying to burn up an entire forest. "Nothing much."

He went on, "I just found out a way to regain your memories."

He said it in a slightly smug tone-as if he was waiting for her praise.

Diana remained silent for a long time. At that moment, something in her mind seemed to click. The look on her face alternated between anger and surprise. Her act of moving out of the villa with her twins was truly foolish!

She was just like the furious wife who fought with her husband and returned to her mother's home. Yet, she eventually found out that she had no reason to be angry at all.

"You aren't pursuing Kiki?"

Julian chuckled at her question. "Diana, you still have feelings for me. Just admit it! You want to regain your memories so much. Yet now, between the topic of searching for your memories and whether I'm pursuing Kiki, you chose to ask about the latter."

His words were merciless as usual, exposing her innermost thoughts without any hesitation.

Diana blushed furiously. "Julian."

"I'm not teasing you, darling."

His term of endearment made his voice so damn sexy. There was a trace of seriousness and playfulness in his hoarse voice.

Diana wanted to refute him and stop him from calling her that. Before she could do so, she heard him say, "Darling, I really like you."

To the point of being willing to sacrifice my pride to fish for information.

“You have no idea,” he complained. “The look of a drunk Kiki hugging an empty wine bottle, thinking it was me, made me almost throw her out. You used to be so jealous of her. But you reconciled with me very quickly because you knew you’re the only woman in my heart.”

His words were mushy.

Yet, Diana adored it—especially when he mentioned the past. For the first time, she felt her life gradually becoming complete through his words.

“How did you find out that Kiki knew about my memory loss? Did you try to seduce her?”

“Yeah.” By now, the alcohol was getting to Julian’s head, and he started sounding incoherent. “Seduction, fish for information...”

His arms tightened around Diana’s waist.

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Through her clothes, he placed his trembling hands on the scar she gained during childbirth. After so long, he could still accurately identify its position.

“It’s been tough on you, my darling. It’s been tough on you to give birth to two darlings. It’s been so tough on you, darling. I’m so sorry, darling.”

Diana could tell that he was heavily intoxicated.

She wanted to ask in further detail about what he meant about helping her regain her memories, but then, she heard a soft snoring sound from him.

Very soon, however, the snores disappeared.

Even if he was drunk, he wanted to collapse next to her.

Even if he was drunk, he still wanted to retain his dignified posture.

Of course...

Suddenly, he said, “Darling, I want to sleep with you.”



Diana's face turned black the moment she heard him.

Sleep, sleep, sleep.

To hell with sleep!

He was just lamenting how much his heart broke over the pain she suffered from childbirth and all. He was just

cajoling her!

With the aim of...

Her face blushed as she looked at his outstanding figure from head to toe. She hurriedly laid him down on the bed, and tucked him into the sheets.

After that, she switched the lights off.

By the time she left the room, the twins were still wide awake, just as she had expected. They were both waiting for her at the door.

"Daddy's asleep."

She put her fingers over her lips as a signal for them to keep quiet. Then she walked to the window, and looked down.

As expected, Noel was still standing downstairs. His head was tilted up, looking expectantly in the direction of her house.

Diana headed out, and told Noel that Julian had fallen asleep. He sighed in relief, feeling glad for Julian. "Madam, Mr. Fulcher really likes you. Aside from you, he would never sacrifice his pride and dignity to seduce another woman."

With that, he quickly retrieved a set of clothes he had prepared for Julian from the car. "Take this. Mr. Fulcher can wear it tomorrow morning."

Julian definitely wouldn't want to keep on wearing his current clothes. He would most probably throw them away.

Diana accepted it and thanked Noel. "It's been tough on you."

Noel waved his hands profusely. "Not at all."

Diana was about to head upstairs when Noel called out to her again. He hesitated momentarily before telling her all about Julian calling Albert to Collina Villa to test her.

"My father did something bad to you before," Noel briefly recounted the incident. "It's only right that the Carters treats you well to make up for it. In the future, just tell me if you need anything. Don't be formal with me."

Diana was stunned to hear it.

"You mean your father had something to do with me miscarrying Aster and Star? And Julian called him to the villa to test me and see if I was lying and really lost my memories? And he stood there watching me serve Albert food and be hospitable to him?"

A bad feeling rose up Noel's chest. The awkwardness he was feeling started to show on his face. "Madam... I... My father..."

"It's fine," Diana said. "It has nothing to do with you."

She could clearly see how well Noel treated her and how loyal he was to Julian. He and Layla were excellent people.

"The debt your father owes has nothing to do with you. Don't worry."

She herself was a mother of two children. She knew that although parents were a great influence over their children, they were ultimately individual entities.

Noel sighed in relief again, but something suddenly came to mind. "Then, Mr. Fulcher..."

Diana put on a fake smile and threw the clothes that Noel gave her into the trash can. Noel was stunned into silence.

"Go back home," Diana said. "There'll be a way when we wake up tomorrow."