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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 941

This was something she wanted to do so badly for a long time. Yet now, she found herself holding back.

"Is this man really the one who hypnotized me three years ago?" she asked.

So many hypnotists had visited her, but they all left defeated. Was this man really going to help her regain her memories?

Julian could sense that Diana was slightly nervous. He could understand why.

For someone who had lost her memories for three years, it was akin to losing over twenty years of her life. She needed time to pick up all the pieces of her past—all the sad, happy, and bitter moments of her life.

"I was hasty," Julian said.

He didn't want to force Diana. His dark eyes were crystal clear, like a blue sky with clouds. The look in his eyes could calm and soothe anyone. Yet at the same time, there was infinite darkness in them.

That was Matt's conclusion after spending an entire night with Julian in the car. He didn't know if he and his master's plan could still go through.

And so, he said in a heavy voice, "Truly."

There was a mysterious look on Julian's face. He was smiling slightly, and he kept staring at Matt.

"Eat," he urged.

He looked warm and hospitable on the outside, but Matt knew that his smile hid unknown intentions.

This man was unfathomable, indeed.

The night they met, Julian only pinpointed Matt's identity as a hypnotist. Aside from that, he said nothing. After that, he immediately brought Matt to see Diana.

And now, he kept urging Matt to eat.

On the other hand, Diana and Julian didn't eat or drink a single thing.

The more Matt thought about it, the more he began to doubt. He feared Julian would harm him. Subconsciously, he placed his fork back on the table.

"Mr. Fulcher, I'm already full."

Julian nodded, and turned to look at Diana. "When do you want to start undoing the hypnosis and get back your memories?"

Diana had her own plans, and she needed time to mentally prepare herself. "Let's wait for a bit more. Maybe after I send Sean to kindergarten."

Julian nodded again. "I'll go with you."

He turned to Matt. "Please wait here a little longer. We need to make a trip to the kindergarten first."

Matt wondered if he had overestimated Julian Fulcher. He kept thinking that Julian was unpredictable. Yet, Julian didn't seem as shrewd as he thought.

In fact... He sensed that Julian was quite stupid.

Julian seemed to have lowered his guard completely before the unfamiliar hypnotist who suddenly appeared before him.

Back then, Simon was like that too.

When Matt appeared at a time Simon needed him the most, Simon trusted him wholeheartedly.

It was the same now, too.

Matt just needed to send Simon a text, saying he could fulfill Simon's wish once more. That fool would probably help him willingly.

There was nothing to fear about these two brothers.

Matt stared at the floor for a while. In the end, he couldn't hold himself back from looking at Diana. His eyes held disdain, respect, and expectation at the same time. That look made Diana uneasy.

After Diana took Sean out of his room, she asked Julian, "Have you looked into that man? Is there no problem with him?"

She kept having a strange feeling about Matt.

"I didn't," Julian said, "but he's definitely the one who hypnotized you."

"What makes you so sure?" she asked.

After being disappointed so many times, Diana didn't want to fail again.

"Because..." he began.

He took a seat in the back, and folded his legs together. He leaned backward, and covered Sean's eyes with one hand. Then, he pointed to his cheek.

"Kiss me, and I'll tell you."

Diana's face fell at once.

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Seeing the look on her face, Julian stopped teasing her immediately.

His heart was heavy.

Recently, things between him and Diana had been lukewarm. They were neither close nor distant. Usually, they would only be together because of the twins.

Betty once told him that she missed Mommy and Sean, and wanted to stay with them for a while. Thus, he sent Betty back.

However, Julian didn't expect that he couldn't send Diana and Sean to kindergarten.

With no other alternatives, he had to keep Betty by his side. That was the only way his family would still have a chance to be together.

Now was a rare chance for him to send Sean to kindergarten with Diana. He could spend some time with her, too.

After dropping Sean off at the kindergarten, Julian turned to Diana.

“I gave serious thought to what you said—about me being autocratic and dictatorial,” he said sincerely. “I won’t do it again next time. Can you please consider being with me again?”

Diana remained silent.

Over this period of time, she had seen his sincerity and the changes he had made.

However, she wasn’t ready to be with him again.

She was scared. She feared she would get hurt if she entered an intimate relationship with him.

‘Things between us are fine this way,’ she said. ‘We’re neither too close for comfort, nor too distant.’

No one could hurt the other party. They could act in consideration of each other.

Without the status of a couple—married or not— expectations and the possibility of getting hurt naturally wouldn’t exist.

Diana wanted it that way, but not Julian. He wanted to take her to visit Grandma’s grave. But if they weren’t even lovers, he would be ashamed to see Grandma.

“Let’s find your memories back first,” he said.

He was sure Diana wouldn’t remain unmoved and insist on keeping her distance after recalling their poignant and heartwrenching past.

When Diana was about to get off the car, he immediately pulled her back and reminded her, “Matt isn’t a simple man. Whatever happens later, just do one thing.”

“What is it?”

‘Trust me.’

This time, he wasn’t being autocratic or dictatorial. Even after noticing that there was something wrong with Matt, he didn’t set up a trap and hide anything from Diana.

He hoped she could see the change in him.

Diana knew he couldn't be so careless as to bring a random man to her house without thinking.

Julian explained, "Yesterday, I deliberately brought him here in the middle of the night. We waited downstairs in the car the whole time, but he wasn't the least bit unhappy. He didn't ask me a single question, and he didn't ask for compensation either. More importantly, he was fearless. He had the guts to come to Collina Villa to look for me. He wasn't worried that I'd settle scores with him for what he did three years ago."

How could someone so fearless have no ulterior motives?

Since he didn't want money, then... He was probably after their lives!

Diana nodded. Her eyes flashed with approval. She composed herself and said calmly, "Got it."

When they returned to her house, Matt was still seated at the dining table.

He looked exactly the same as when they left him. There was hardly any change in his posture and his expression. With his fitted suit, he didn't look like a man in his twenties. How could someone so young a man be so formal?

Upon seeing them return, Matt stood up. "Ms. Winnington, are you ready now?"

He sounded rather anxious, which made Diana uncomfortable. She subconsciously glanced at Julian, then nodded.

"I'm ready. Thank you for helping me regain my memories."

Julian stood there, silent. He didn't stop them.

That convinced Matt that he had thought too highly of Julian.

Until now, Julian wasn't hostile or doubtful of him. Matt had eaten the breakfast Julian prepared earlier; even after an hour passed, he didn't feel any discomfort.

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He began lowering his guard and told Diana, "You're welcome."

He looked around him and added, "It's rather dim here. It isn't suitable for hypnosis. We need somewhere bright enough that can help one relax completely. Also..."

He looked at Julian. "You can't come along."

"Why not?" Julian asked.

"Don't ask so many questions. This is my rule for my hypnosis sessions," he said solemnly. "If I can't enter a state of hypnosis, I can't help Ms. Winnington get back her memories."

Diana and Julian acceded to his request. "Okay."

Julian stood in the house. He watched as they went downstairs and disappeared.

Noel immediately approached him. "Mr. Fulcher."

"Make sure our men follow them closely," Julian instructed. "Don't lose them!"

Matt didn't drive his car. Instead, he hailed a taxi and took the highway to a uniquely renovated cafe. There were private rooms within. He seemed very familiar with the place.

"I want room number 302. I've reserved it with your boss."

Very soon, someone guided them. Diana followed them into the room.

Gradually, the lights turned dim.

Before entering the private room, she glanced around. She spotted a familiar face from Julian's team following her. Reassured, she walked into the private room.

The moment she sat down, Matt locked the door with a click.

This was supposed to be a cafe! Why did it feel more like a hotel?

Diana observed her surroundings, uneasy.

Indeed, the room didn't resemble a cafe. Rather, it looked more like...a room dedicated for today's hypnosis session.

The dimmed lights were a warm yellow. Though the weather was cool, the air-conditioner was still on. It induced drowsiness to anyone who stepped inside the room.

There were even props commonly used in hypnosis-hand bells, flash cards, and even milk.

Perhaps Matt really wanted to hypnotize her, and nothing more.

Anyway, Julian told Diana to trust him. Thinking of him, Diana gradually calmed down. Then, she looked quietly at Matt.

"Take a seat," Matt said, pouring a cup of water for Diana.

Diana didn't take it. "When will the hypnosis begin?"

"Hypnosis?" Matt chuckled. "What are you talking about?"

From the very beginning, there was no such thing as hypnosis!

Diana was shocked. She wanted to yell, so that Julian's men could come in right away. However, she realized that she couldn't make any sound. Her limbs started feeling weak, and she lost the strength to stand.

Right, it was that incense...

She had her guard up, but neglected that incense.

Matt had long predicted this to happen. He mocked Diana for her naivety.

"From whom did you hear that hypnosis can eliminate a person's memories so cleanly? Didn't you realize that no matter how hard you tried, your memories wouldn't appear?"

Hypnosis wasn't that powerful. It functioned more as an assistive psychological treatment method.

Yet, Simon, Kiki, Julian, and even the hypnotists Julian found all believed it. They even claimed they couldn't release Diana from her hypnotic state.

Of course they couldn't. Diana was never hypnotized, to begin with!

Matt had never intended to help Simon. Right from the very beginning, his goal was Diana.

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"I don't wish to take your life." Matt lifted the cup to her lips. "Drink it."

Diana refused. Who knew what he had spiked the water with?!

Her eyes grew wide. She pursed her lips and whimpered as loudly as she could.

Matt smiled, his fingers tapping rhythmically against the table. He narrowed his eyes and asked her, "Aren't you dying to know why you lost your memories?"

He looked at her with a somewhat sincere gaze. She became even more confused.

She nodded, whimpering.

"I'm sorry," Matt apologized sincerely. "I can only tell you if you drink this and take this pill."

Having said that, he popped a pill in his mouth. He looked casual, as if he was eating candy. He seemed to be demonstrating to Diana that there was nothing wrong with the pill and the water.

Even so, Diana didn't trust him.

Right now, she trusted no one except for Julian!

But... Why wasn't he here to rescue her yet?

Diana looked at the door, which was tightly shut. She chanted to herself, hoping that Julian's men would rush in and take her away from this strange man-far, far away.

Yet, even after a long time passed, nothing happened.

Matt noticed that she kept eyeing the door. He sensed that something was amiss. Anxious, he demanded, "Is Julian Fulcher here?"

No!

Diana shook her head.

If he was, there was no need for her to panic. She need not fear, either. At this moment, she finally understood how much faith she placed in Julian.

She trusted him so much, his name was all she could think about at such a critical moment.

'Julian Fulcher.

'I trust you.

'Will you come or not?'

Disbelief flashed past Matt's eyes. He walked to the door, and opened it by a crack to look out and ensure nothing was wrong. When he turned around, he received a call.

After the call, he looked clearly anxious.

He turned around swiftly and begged Diana earnestly, "I beg you, drink this water and take this pill."

Perhaps because he was worried about hurting her, he didn't force her despite his mounting anxiety. When Diana still refused, he began panicking.

"If you don't take the pill, you'll never regain your memories ever again! Don't you want to remember your past?"

"Mmm!"

Would she really get back her memories by drinking the water and taking the pill?

"No," Matt said. He was unexpectedly honest. "Now isn't the time for you to get back your memories. But don't worry, we don't want you dead yet."

We?

Who did “we” refer to?

The more Matt spoke, the more confused Diana was.

Who exactly was the one who stripped her of her memories?

What method did he or she use?

Why was Matt insisting for her to take the pill?

And yet, he didn’t look like he wanted to hurt her.

Diana gradually calmed down, no longer so nervous.

Conversely, Matt became increasingly anxious. He looked like he was counting each passing minute. His originally straight torso bent forward, and his neatly ironed suit became crumpled. He grabbed Diana’s sleeves and positioned the pill at her lips.

“Diana, please. Eat it.”

Diana dared not. She kept her mouth shut tight.

More time passed, and Matt became even more anxious. He forced the pill into Diana’s mouth. Her tongue soon tasted the pill.

It was neither bitter nor sweet. Instead, it had a spicy taste that went right to her brain. She found it strange.

All the more reason for her not to open her mouth and take the pill.

Matt exerted more force; he almost crushed the pill, so he could stuff its fine powder through the gaps in her teeth.

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If Diana took the pill, everything would be doomed.

She had no idea the consequences that would arise.

“Mmmh!” She shook her head profusely. She refused to let even an ounce of that pill into her mouth.

It was too late.

Soon, footsteps sounded from outside the door.

Simon didn't lie to Matt. Julian's men really were here! In fact, Julian himself was arriving at the cafe.

He wasn't that stupid, after all.

Though he allowed Matt to take Diana away, he was convinced he could rescue her unharmed. He was probably standing outside the door with his men right now.

The footsteps grew louder. Matt looked regretfully at Diana." I'm sorry."

With that, he smashed the cup. He grabbed a shard and held it against Diana's neck. His sophisticated persona disappeared, and he yelled aggressively, "Open your mouth and take it, or I'll kill you!"

His face was a complex mix of emotions. He looked as if he treated Diana as someone very important-like a treasured art piece. At the same time, he was burning with fury.

"Eat it! I told you to eat it!" he yelled.

It was all too strange.

Did he go to such great lengths and brought here just to make her take this pill?

"Mmm!"

Well, she would never eat it!

The glass shard pierced deeper into her neck the more she resisted him. Blood appeared, but that didn't stop him.

"Diana Winnington, we'll really give up on you if you don't listen to me!"

Who was the "we" he was referring to?! Why couldn't she understand a single word he was saying?

“Mmm...!” She shook her head again, trying her best to express her confusion and doubts.

“Remember this,” Matt snarled. He tightened his grip on the glass shard, piercing it deeper into Diana’s neck.

Before the glass shard could reach her main artery, he stopped.

“But... I can’t bear to give you up.”

She was their greatest masterpiece.

Diana’s mind was filled with questions. She was desperate to talk to him, but she couldn’t. Her whole body was numb, and the numbness was spreading to her head.

If Matt were to exert just a little bit more force, she would lose the strength to keep her mouth shut.

Yet, he didn’t.

Bam!

The door was soon kicked open.

Diana looked up, and saw that it was Julian.

She wasn’t at all surprised to see him. In fact, she didn’t feel an ounce of fear right now. She was simply confused.

“Mmm...!”

She tried yelling out loud, wanting to tell Julian to ignore her and take Matt under control instead.

She followed Julian’s shocked gaze, and turned back to look. It was then she realized that Matt...was bleeding from the corner of his lips.

Someone put a finger under his nose.

“He’s dead.”

Blood started flowing out of Matt’s nose.

This was Diana's first time witnessing someone dying. The shock was too much for her. She had a strange urge to look, but she didn't dare. When she shut her eyes, his gruesome corpse would come to mind.

Noel turned to Julian. "It's very strange, sir. There are no external wounds on his body."

How did Matt die so suddenly?

Diana grabbed Julian's arm. Her voice was shaky. "I know."

She told them not to move anything, and to call for the police right away. She wanted them to check his corpse and verify her guess.

"He took a pill."

That pill was fatal!

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The door and windows of the private room were flung open. Before long, the smell of the incense faded away.

Diana gradually recovered her voice. It was soft, but Julian could hear her clearly.

"A pill?" He noticed that something was wrong with Diana. "What pill did he take? And what's wrong with your voice?"

If she spoke so softly because she was recovering from shock, there shouldn't be any reason for her to still be afraid.

He had already taken her out of the room.

He was worried she might be traumatized from seeing Matt bleeding from his nose and mouth after dying. His concerned expression helped Diana's strength return. She felt warm on the inside.

"I didn't tell you this earlier," she said weakly. "After I followed Matt into the private room, he lit an incense. It made me weak, and I lost my voice."

By the time Julian and his men kicked the door down, the air in the private room began circulating properly. There were many people around as well. Thus, the incense's effects weakened.

"Incense? Could there be drugs in them?" Julian asked.

What exactly did Matt Hughes want to do to Diana?!

Julian's brows furrowed. He regretted letting Diana come here in the first place.

Thankfully, she was unscathed. If something untoward had happened to her, he would feel pain much worse than death.

Regret and lingering fear filled Julian's eyes. His gaze darkened.

He instructed Noel to keep the ashes of the incense and the pill that Matt tried to force on Diana. He would let the police analyze them.

Now that a life had been taken, Julian didn't want Diana to stay at this place a moment longer. He helped her back into the car so she could rest.

"Did he hypnotize you? How do you feel right now? Do you remember anything? Does your head hurt?" he asked, worried.

It felt good to have someone show her such concern, especially when she needed a shoulder to lean on. Diana felt very much at ease.

She shook her head slowly.

She recounted everything Matt told her to Julian. "It was never hypnosis to begin with. There's no such thing as regaining my memories through hypnosis."

Julian was flabbergasted.

How could that be...?

Kiki told him that Diana lost her memories because she was under hypnosis. Plus, Julian and the neurosurgeon both concluded that hypnosis was the reason behind her amnesia.

So many hypnotists had come-yet, no one raised the possibility that Diana wasn't actually hypnotized. Each and every single one of them claimed that this hypnotist was highly skilled.

He was skilled to an unbelievable degree. Not only was he able to make someone lose her memories, but he could do it so cleanly and completely. He was practically an expert who was out of this world.

What out-of-this-world expert?!

The claim of hypnosis was nothing but a red herring to distract them!

"The more mysterious something is, the fewer people would doubt it."

Everyone said that it was hypnosis. No one doubted that it wasn't. They had all fallen into a trap, and couldn't come out of it.

"So what exactly is the reason behind your loss of memories? Matt..." Julian softened his tone when he mentioned Matt's name.

He was worried Diana would recall Matt's death, and be frightened.

Still, the real reason behind her amnesia...

Diana shook her head, disappointed. She repeated Matt's words from earlier.

"He wasn't really thinking of hurting me."

He could've forced her to take the pill before he died, but he didn't.

"But... I just can't figure out why he would commit suicide."

He was alive and well a moment ago. He couldn't have suddenly developed thoughts of dying just because Julian appeared with his men.

That was too outrageous.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 947

There must be another reason.

Diana tried to recall what had happened.

“He kept looking at the time before he died. He even took a call and started becoming more anxious after the call ended. Tell the police about what I told you, and see if it helps their investigation of Matt and the reason for his death.”

Julian nodded. “I got it. Have some rest.”

He had everything under control. He would do all he could to get to the bottom of this. He would even find out what Matt liked to eat in his childhood!

“But your memories...”

“It’s alright.”

Diana mustered a tiny smile to comfort Julian, so he wouldn’t worry. Still, the thought of Matt on the brink of death made her uncomfortable.

“I’ll take a nap.”

She would find her memories back slowly.

If she really couldn’t...

She looked up at Julian, who was crouched before her. His eyes were filled with worry.

She told him what was on her mind. “If I can’t find my memories, then...”

Julian understood. “You could be in danger any moment.”

Her life was at risk.

If her memories didn’t return, she couldn’t link what happened in the past to Matt’s death. Another “Matt Hughes” might appear again in the future. She might end up in a bloody death-like Matt.

As of now, his sudden appearance and Diana’s amnesia were all too strange.

Julian had every reason to be worried.

Yet, his presence made Diana fearless. She remembered what he told her before she and Matt went to the cafe. He told her to trust him.

And trust him she did.

He would surely help her regain her memories, and protect her.

“Don’t go,” she said.

There was a thin line between the blossoming and withering of a life.

Through Matt’s death, she witnessed for the first time how a living and breathing person could become a cold, hard corpse the next moment.

Right now, Diana was greatly reliant on Julian. She grabbed his arm, and tried to dispel Matt’s corpse from her mind.

“I don’t feel scared with you around,” she said weakly.

Her tender voice made Julian’s heart leap.

Although she didn’t regain her memories, he could clearly sense that his Diana was back. Her feelings for him and her reliance on him had returned.

He pulled her into his embrace. “Sleep.”

By doing so, she would sleep more comfortably and soundly.

In order to let her rest, Julian didn’t let her go to the police station to have her statement taken. Instead, he requested the policemen to come to their home. Afterward, he followed them to the police station.

After all, a life was lost. The public witnessed it, too.

The case had a big impact on society. It had to be dealt with by the proper channels.

Julian gave the police his full cooperation. Most of all, he wanted to unravel the mystery behind Matt Hughes’s true identity.

The moment Julian left, Simon barged into the villa. The security guard chased after him as he yelled for Diana in the yard.

Diana heard the commotion outside. She put on a shawl and went to the balcony. From the second floor, she called the security guard post and instructed them to let Simon in.

Simon...was probably worried about her.

Diana sat on the couch, waiting for him to enter the living room.

“Have a seat.” Diana passed him a cup of water, prepared by Layla. “Did you hear about the man who died at the cafe?”

Simon nodded.

His eyes flashed for a split second. By the time he looked up, his gaze was crystal clear. There was determination in it.

He took out a pill that looked identical to the one Matt tried to force on Diana. Placing it in her palm, he said, “Eat this, Diana.”

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The last person who made her eat this pill was dead.

What’s more, he died after eating this very pill.

Diana’s eyes gradually turned cold.

Still, she accepted the pill. She looked at Simon and asked, “What kind of pill is this?”

“It’s good for your health,” Simon said without hesitation. “I went to great lengths for it.”

“Thank you.” Diana put the pill in her mouth. Then, she said, “It’s a blessing, especially since I haven’t been resting well after that car accident. Thank you so much for this.”

Seeing that Diana still trusted him like always, Simon sighed in relief. “You don’t need to be so polite with me.”

With that, he urged her, “Drink some water before swallowing it. Don’t choke.”

"I won't. You're still as thoughtful as always," Diana said. She lifted her cup to her lips, and tipped the water down her throat. "What exactly does this pill do? It tastes so strange."

She looked straight into Simon's eyes. "It's definitely not good for my health."

Simon was shocked. "Since you know it isn't, why did you still take it?"

"Why not? You gave it to me. You'll never hurt me."

The light in Simon's eyes went out the instant he heard Diana's words. The next moment, he relaxed and returned to normal. However, he started twiddling his fingers, betraying his unease.

According to Matt, Diana would lose her memories once she took the pill.

So, he wasn't afraid of telling her what he knew. Whatever happened, she would eventually forget about it.

Simon pondered for a moment before saying, "This is a pill that can help you forget your troubles once again."

"Forget my troubles?" Diana was confused. Her brows furrowed. "What troubles?"

"The troubles between you and Julian," Simon said obstinately. "Haven't you been hurt enough after you came here from Stirling City and met Julian Fulcher? Your pain isn't just physical. I'm sure there are emotional wounds, too."

He continued, his tone confident and enthusiastic, "It takes only three minutes for the pill to take effect. You'll forget everything that happened after you returned to Richburgh. Very soon, I'll take you away from this place. We'll have our very own family. As for the twins..."

Simon paused for a moment. A look of sorrow flashed in his eyes.

"Julian will take care of them. He'll make sure they have a good life. In the future, we'll have our own children to take their place. You might not even remember the twins

anymore after you take this pill."

The more Diana listened to Simon, the colder her heart became.

That pill was actually hidden in her palm all along.

Just now, she pretended as if she had swallowed it. In truth, the only thing she had taken was water. She had done that to make Simon come clean with her.

‘That cafe is yours, isn’t it?’ she asked.

Simon’s mind was immersed in his vision of their beautiful future together. He was stunned to hear Diana’s sudden question. “How did you know that?”

‘There was a mannequin at the front desk. It was the one I gave you before.’

It was strange enough that a cafe would display a mannequin. What’s more, that mannequin was something she made herself.

The moment Diana walked into the cafe, she understood everything at one glance.

Simon...

He knew Matt.

Matt was lying when he said he didn’t know Simon.

In fact, Matt probably went to such great lengths to take her to the cafe because it was Simon’s territory. If anything happened, it would be convenient for them to act.

They didn’t expect Julian to be so careful. He appeared to trust Matt, anxious to help Diana regain her memories. The truth was, he had long regarded Matt as a dangerous and untrustworthy person.

That was why Diana could escape unscathed.

She thought Matt died because he ate a pill similar to the one she had at the moment. As it turned out, eating the pill wouldn’t be fatal. Instead, it would cause memory loss.

That was probably how she lost her memories in the first place.

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“Thank you,” Diana said calmly, “for telling me the true reason behind my amnesia.”

Simon had only learned about it recently. It was something Matt told him before passing away. Matt had emphasized the importance of getting Diana to take this pill, so that his dreams would come true.

His dreams, coming true...

Wasn't that just making Diana lose her memories again, so it would be convenient for them to leave the capital together?

Simon carefully put away the pill that had arrived through delivery. After that, he sought out Diana.

It wasn't until now that Simon finally realized, belatedly, what had been set in motion.

Diana's amnesia wasn't due to hypnosis—it was because of this pill.

What was Matt's goal in all of this?

Diana didn't know.

Simon didn't know, either. He didn't even care if the pill would have any side effects. As long as Diana could lose her memories again, it was enough for him.

Thinking about this, a chill ran through Diana's body. Her blood turned cold.

“Actually, I...” Her voice choked slightly, and her eyes glistened with unshed tears. She spoke softly. “I've always considered you a good friend. A very good friend.”

However, Simon betrayed their friendship.

Under Simon's uneasy gaze, Diana slowly opened her palm.

In her palm lay the black pill.

“From now on, we...aren't even friends anymore.”

Diana's gaze turned cold. She signaled to Chad and the security team to come over.

"Escort Mr. Channing out!"

"Diana!"

Simon's eyes were filled with disbelief. Shock, disappointment, and exasperation flashed in his dark gaze. He exuded an eerie and terrifying aura.

He shouted, "How could you lie to me?"

Diana's eyes glistened with tears. "Why not? Simon, it's been three years. In these three years, haven't you deceived me as well?"

The incident that caused her amnesia was indeed related to him. Otherwise, how could he be connected to Matt?

"Matt died after taking this pill. This pill might kill me," Diana said. She stared at him, meeting his gaze. "Have you considered the consequences of my potential death? Or did you knowingly accept this consequence, and still want me

to take it? To cruelly strip away the memories you thought caused me pain?"

Who gave him the right, under the guise of doing good for her, to rob her of her life? To separate her from the two children?!

This was something she absolutely couldn't tolerate.

"They're children you've watched grow up. How can you bear to let them be without a mother?"

Simon's demeanor was now twisted. "What difference does it make if they're without a mother? I didn't have a mother, either! I didn't even have a father!"

At least her twins had Julian.

"But I grew up just fine," he went on, his tone softening. "Diana, it's okay for them to be without you. We..."

A hint of madness flickered in his eyes.

“As long as we’re together, we can have many more little ones. Really, we can...”

Smack!

Diana raised her hand and slapped him on the face.

“Simon!” she yelled.

She didn’t know when Simon had changed into what he was now. Or rather, she never truly understood him.

Julian had warned her repeatedly not to trust him.

Yet, she still considered Simon a trustworthy friend. She believed in him wholeheartedly.

Multiple times, she had been upset with Julian over this. Simon was, after all, his brother. No matter what, he shouldn’t hold such strong biases against Simon.

Now, she really wanted to give herself a hard slap!

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Diana shouldn’t have doubted Julian’s words. Because of Simon, they argued a lot.

Slapping Simon’s face left a slight tingling sensation on her fingertips.

Diana clenched her fists, gazing at Simon. He still looked quite unwilling.

“You keep professing your love for me, but is it really me that you love? Are you truly in love with me? You love yourself. You love the version of yourself that’s always inferior to Julian!” she yelled.

Taking a deep breath, she continued, “There are so many unclear aspects about what happened three years ago. Even so, your desire to take me away from him is all about making him suffer! You want to make him despair to bridge this gap!”

“It’s not like that!” Simon shook his head frantically, vehemently opposing her. “It’s not what you think, Diana! I haven’t deceived you. I really do love you!”

From the moment he first saw her, he fell in love.

He loved her eyes.

He loved hearing her say he was a good person.

He even loved the indifferent glint in her eyes.

“Your love feels too much like a lie,” Diana spat, no longer believing his words.

She bent down and placed the pill into a box. When she raised her head again, her eyes held a sharp and chilling determination.

She interrogated him ruthlessly, “After I told you that Matt died from taking this pill, have you ever wondered for a moment—even a split second—that I might be in danger if I took this pill?”

Simon hesitated briefly.

Shortly after, he began to defend himself. “I did.”

But that thought was fleeting, and it vanished as soon as it appeared.

His voice grew weaker.

“Your amnesia... this pill might have also caused it...”

Even Simon had been fooled by Matt. He had always believed that Diana had been hypnotized. Only after receiving this pill did he realize that Diana’s amnesia wasn’t a result of hypnosis.

After a long silence, he regained his voice. He seemed to be in a daze. He looked at Diana, and said, “It’s been a while since you took the pill. You haven’t experienced any discomfort...”

So, nothing should happen this time.

That was Simon’s reasoning.

Regardless of the truth, his ultimate purpose was to make Diana take the pill and lose her memories.

“I don’t regret slapping you,” Diana said.

She kept clenching and unclenching her fist as she glared at Simon.

She sneered, "And it's not just because of your selfishness and shamelessness. You've probably done even worse things to me."

Diana no longer trusted him.

"Chad, escort our guest out!" she commanded.

As her words fell, someone immediately took Simon away.

"Wait!" he suddenly shouted.

Diana looked up. She thought he might mention the children -she hoped he had a change of heart, and was going to apologize to them for his selfishness.

However, he still tried to defend himself.

"It's not that I didn't want the kids. After they came to the Richburgh, they only stuck to Julian. They rejected me first! I cared for them for three years, but after they reunited with Julian, they treated me like a stranger. I didn't even get a single phone call! Wouldn't you feel hurt if you were in my shoes?" he exclaimed.

Diana gazed at him, disappointment filling her eyes. "Simon."

She sighed. Memories of their past in Stirling City flashed through her mind.

Back then, Simon had been truly kind-hearted. He hadn't taken advantage of her amnesia to get close to her.

He had shown her respect, hadn't falsely claimed the children as his own, and hadn't deceived her into thinking he was their biological father.

For that, she was grateful to him.

But now...

"Betty's been sick for a long time. After we found out about her condition in the studio, you bought her a doll once. And then, you asked once about her recovery. Have you ever cared about her current mental state? Have you thought about calling Sean on your own initiative, for once? Please!"

Exhaustion laced her tone.

“Stop making excuses for yourself.”