

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 981-990

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 981

Julian hissed in pain. He was about to ask Diana what was going on, but before he could say anything, Diana's expression turned frantic.

"You're overthinking!" she said. "Why would I make this for you?"

She spoke loudly, her eyes darting to the window.

"Simon requested this stew for lunch today." Her voice was strained as she continued, "Julian, don't jump to conclusions. I didn't cook a portion for you."

At her words, the smile on Julian's face gradually faded. His complexion turned dark. "Diana!"

What was she doing?

The dissatisfaction that had been building up within him erupted.

"It's not just that you haven't smiled much at me these days.

I understand you're busy. But now, you even pushed me away and hurt my back. Forget expressing a word of concern for me, you're actually saying you didn't cook a portion for me?"

She used to love making soup and stew for him.

He had been looking forward to it since her return to Richburgh. He had also urged her to make it for him. Yet every time, she claimed she was busy.

And she really was.

She had to juggle work and take care of the children-and now, Simon was added to the mix.

The more she acted like this, the worse Julian felt.

"He just said it at noon, but you hurried to make it for him."

He glanced discreetly into the pot.

He didn't need to imagine how complicated it was to make this stew. The recipe was different from her usual normal beef stew. Even the ingredients were tricky to handle.

How else could she bring together so many diverse components, and still come up with such a beautiful color?

It didn't look like your basic stew at all; undoubtedly, it was full of her feelings.

Yet, they weren't meant for him-they were for another man.

It was something no one could tolerate!

"Stop being so narrow-minded." Diana approached him with an irritated look. She lowered her voice, and whispered, "Simon hasn't gone far yet."

She didn't want Simon to witness her and Julian getting intimate, fearing it would make him feel worse.

Simon, Simon, Simon.

"All you talk about is Simon!" Julian snarled. His lower back was sore, but she hadn't said a word of concern.

His face almost turned red as he forced Diana to look at him. "Do you still have me in your heart at all?"

He was jealous.

Diana laughed. She put her hands on both sides of his lips and pushed them up, forming a smile. "Give me a smile."

She leaned slyly against his chest, and touched his lower back. "There's a portion of stew for you too."

How could she be making the stew only for Simon?

She gently massaged his back. "He just passed by the window. I said those things for him to hear on purpose."

Julian knew she had done it intentionally. However, he couldn't accept her placing such importance on Simon.

He had heard it from Betty. Right now, Diana was more concerned about Simon than the twins.

It weighed heavily on his mind. He hadn't had a proper conversation with Diana about it yet. And now, she was pushing him even further away.

Incidents like this had occurred more than once these past few days.

Just as he was about to have a serious talk with her, she suddenly glanced out the window. She stood onto her tiptoes, and gave him a light peck on the lips.

A fleeting touch, like a dragonfly skimming the water's surface.

It sent ripples spreading through Julian's heart.

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Diana pushed Julian gently, as if she was coaxing a child." Okay, enough. Simon's legs are injured. As his older brother, you should give in to him a little."

Julian's mood visibly improved, but his tone remained unfriendly. "I'm not his brother."

"Stop pretending." Diana saw through him. If Julian truly refused to acknowledge Simon as his brother, he wouldn't have accepted Simon moving in.

Nina was right. The most stubborn and hard thing in the world was Julian's mouth.

Still, it was strange.

When she kissed him just now, it felt so gentle and soft.

Thinking about that sensation, akin to touching flower petals, Diana's mood improved significantly. Julian's mood also brightened.

He touched his lower back, and looked at Diana. There was obvious dissatisfaction on his face, and he was pouting slightly. "You can't push me like that in the future."

“Yeah, okay. Sure.” Diana agreed repeatedly, then hurriedly opened his shirt to take a look at his wound. “The skin’s a little scraped.”

She took out some alcohol, and disinfected his wound carefully before applying a band-aid on it. She felt a little embarrassed to do it.

As the stew was ready, she quickly washed her hands and stirred the pot.

“Give it to me.” Julian glanced at the first aid kit. “Put that back where it was. I’ll take the stew to Simon.”

That might not be a good idea. Diana had never let Julian have any direct interaction alone with Simon.

“Afraid I’ll do something to him?” Julian said. His jaw tightened, and his gaze sharpened. It made it hard for Diana to refuse.

“No.” She took a deep breath. “If you take it to him, make sure to watch him finish it.”

Recently, Simon’s appetite wasn’t great. The doctor advised him to eat more liquid foods and have a nutritious diet.

Julian nodded. “Got it.”

Then, he carried the stew to Simon’s room.

When he entered, Simon greeted him. “Brother.”

One must admit, Simon knew how to strike a nerve with people. Knowing full well that Julian despised him mentioning their relationship, he always made sure to remind Julian of his status as Julian’s illegitimate halfbrother.

Still, Diana had brought him to the villa. Julian had promised her not to show Simon any hostility. Suppressing his displeasure, he placed the bowl of stew on the bedside

table.

“Eat quickly. It won’t taste good if it gets cold.”

“It’s prepared so quickly?” Simon asked.

He turned to Julian.

“It used to be the same back then. Whenever I said I craved beef stew, Diana would head to the market early in the morning to buy all the ingredients. Since the city was close to the border, the spices she used were available all year round. The stew she used to make tasted even better than this. But I understand it’s not easy to gather the same spices in Richburgh.”

He then sighed, as if on purpose. “She really put her heart into it for me.”

His words were a thorn in Julian’s heart. Richburgh was in the northern region, and it was currently autumn. Trying to gather so many spices in a short time to make this stew was indeed quite painstaking.

Julian knew Simon said that on purpose to sow discord, so he’d quarrel with Diana. The more Simon did this, the less angry he was.

He looked at Simon coolly, and retorted, “You resemble your mother quite a bit.”

At the mention of a woman he had never met before, Simon’s heart tightened. The fact that his identity had been hidden all this while immediately made him feel inferior to Julian.

Simon’s eyes turned fierce. He offered a sarcastic smile, and said, “Resemble her? In what way?”

“You both seem to enjoy desiring what belongs to others.” Julian’s tone was filled with mockery. As he spoke, he radiated an icy aura. “Isn’t that true?”

He raised an eyebrow at Simon.

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Simon couldn’t utter a word in response.

After a while, he muttered in a subdued tone, “Diana isn’t yours. You’re already divorced.”

Julian didn’t yield an inch. “It seems you know everything. I thought the car accident damaged your brain, since you didn’t even know that she used to be your sister-in-law. But I guess you’re well aware of everything.”

He looked at Simon's legs as he spoke.

Julian didn't believe it. He found it hard to stomach that someone like Simon didn't care about his legs.

Sure enough, Simon's eyes flashed in resentment.

"Julian!" he snarled.

If Julian wanted to mock Simon, he should do it openly and honestly. Why beat around the bush?

"Yeah?" Julian responded with a faint nod. "I'm listening."

With that, he lifted the bowl and brought it to Simon's lips." Drink. My girlfriend gave me specific instructions to make sure you finish this stew."

Julian emphasized the words "my girlfriend," causing Simon to clutch his legs tightly.

Did he regret it?

After the car accident, Simon frequently asked himself this question over the past few days.

Did he regret it?

When he saw the car about to hit him, he still allowed Diana to push him, resulting in his disabled legs-did he regret it?

No, he didn't.

That was what the voice in his heart told him.

Since he couldn't compete openly with Julian, he would resort to underhanded methods.

He smiled again. "Thank you, Brother."

Yet, the malevolence in his eyes remained. It was a stain that couldn't be wiped away.

He was different from Oliver. When Oliver smiled, there was genuine warmth. While Oliver carried warmth, Simon was always accompanied by a shadow—even in his warmth.

He took a sip, and said, “Brother.”

“Hmm?”

“I’ll take her away sooner or later.”

Every word he spoke was a provocation. Julian’s hand trembled; no matter how good his temper was, he couldn’t suppress his anger. “Say that again?”

“I didn’t say anything.”

Suddenly, Simon lowered his head, as if he had been deeply wronged. “Brother, please don’t drive me away.”

Julian was somewhat baffled. Suddenly, Diana’s loud shout cut through the air.

“Julian! I told you not to give Simon a hard time! If you don’t like delivering things to him, just don’t do it.”

Diana appeared with a frosty expression. She took away the bowl from Julian as she rebuked him. Then, she pushed him out and returned to Simon’s room. She fed Simon bit by bit, consoling him and telling him not to mind Julian’s attitude.

Julian was upset. He stood at the doorway, and waited for Diana to come out.

“Don’t mind my attitude? What attitude?”

There was no warmth in his eyes, only coldness that sent shivers down Diana’s spine.

“Let’s not argue here.” She sighed, and led him away from Simon’s room.

They walked until they reached a corner, where she stopped. She stared intently at him, yet she didn’t say a word.

It was a sign of her discontent.

“I didn’t do anything before you came in.” Julian said. Ultimately, he compromised first. “He was the one putting on an act. He pretended to be a victim.”

Julian was dismissive of such behavior. Simon was a man, but he resorted to such underhanded means...

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 984

The more Julian spoke, the more absurd he sounded.

Diana listened in disbelief. She looked at Julian, as if he had committed a grave mistake.

“This isn’t the first time you’ve suspected him of intentionally causing trouble for himself.”

However, the car accident was clearly just that—an accident. If anyone had to take responsibility, it could only be Diana. It was why she was working so hard to make amends.

“I hope this is the last time,” Diana issued her final warning, her tone stern. “Also, if I’m not around, don’t enter his room alone.”

After all that was said, she still didn’t believe Julian hadn’t given Simon a hard time just now.

Julian wasn’t pleased. “Whatever.”

His words were accompanied by an icy gaze, enough to make one shudder.

He was angry, but Diana wasn’t in the mood to placate him anymore. She was too tired to waste her thoughts on dealing with him.

Seeing that she was ignoring him completely, Julian grew even angrier. The fury simmering under his skin was ready to be unleashed. He stared at her back, until she finally

disappeared.

Bam!

Furious, he kicked the trash bin in the corridor. The bin broke into pieces, its contents spilling everywhere.

He looked up, thinking that Layla was coming to tidy up- only to find Betty with her doll, looking alarmed.

Julian was taken aback for a moment.

The frustration within him intensified.

He crouched, pretending as if nothing had happened, and extended his arms towards her. "Sweetie, come give Daddy a hug."

He couldn't afford to startle Betty again. If he did, he wouldn't be fit to be called a father!

Fortunately, Betty wasn't scared this time. She was just a bit puzzled. Clutching her doll, she walked to Julian and looked at him with wide eyes.

"Daddy, does Mommy want to exchange you for another daddy?"

It was as if something had struck Julian's head with a resounding thud. His heart skipped a beat as he glared sternly at Betty.

"Who taught you to say such things?!"

This time, Betty was frightened. She was on the verge of tears. She pouted, trembling.

"Daddy... Sniff... You're being mean..."

If there was anything in the world that could soften Julian's heart apart from Diana, it was Betty's tears. The moment his daughter's tears fell, he could feel his heart breaking. He wanted to slap himself so badly.

"I'm sorry, sweetie. Daddy was wrong. Daddy won't speak so harshly from now on."

Betty was finally happy again, but she still sniffled a bit. "Daddy, is Mommy really going to replace you?"

Julian was once again caught off guard by her question.

Even the child had noticed that Diana's care for Simon far exceeded hers for Julian. If things continued like this, Simon's claim of taking Diana away might not just be an empty threat.

Worse, Diana might actually be willing to leave with him.

Did Julian, the children, and this home still have a place in her heart?

Frustration surged in him once more, and the feeling persisted until dinner. Julian didn't speak to Diana, nor did he touch the stew she had prepared for him.

"That's for Simon," Julian told Betty, instructing her to convey his message to Diana. "Tell your mommy I can't afford to eat it."

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 985

Diana looked at his defiant expression, and couldn't help but find it amusing.

"Why is it that the more we talk, the more petty you become? You're an adult. Can't you just talk to me normally? Why do you have to make Betty relay your message?"

However, Julian didn't listen and was persistent. "Sweetie, tell your mommy I don't want to talk to her."

Betty hesitated for a while, but she quickly raised her adorable round eyes. In a childlike voice, she said, 'Mommy, Daddy said he doesn't want to talk to you.'

"Julian, have you forgotten? What did the doctor say last time during the child psychology lecture? He said we must create a healthy family environment to--"

Before Diana could finish her sentence, Julian interjected, "Sweetie, tell your mommy I'm done eating."

With that, Julian left, intending to return to his own room. Diana watched his retreating figure. She was so angry, she could feel herself getting a heart attack.

"Julian, do you really not care about the children? Do you really have to be angry with me in front of them?"

Did she honestly think he wanted to be angry with her?

It was clear that she didn't believe in him. She was the one who provoked his anger; what's more, she maintained that attitude toward him.

At this point, the bandage on his lower back needed to be changed.

Did Diana ask about it?

No, because she didn't care at all.

She only cared about Simon.

This was something even the children could perceive.

"Betty's aphasia has already improved, so don't use the happy family thing to pressure me," he said. He went to the staircase, and pressed the button for the second-floor elevator. Holding Betty, he sneered at Diana. "If you don't care, why should I?"

Could he alone create a harmonious family environment? Why should he be held to such high standards when she didn't care?

Over these past few days, he had been busy dealing with Cecilia. Even so, he had never allowed the situation to affect their relationship, unlike how Diana had allowed Simon to.

Right now, Diana had clearly reversed her priorities!

Just before entering the elevator, he had Betty relay a message to Diana, "Don't contact me tonight. My phone will be off."

"Simon's the sick one. You keep insisting on being angry with me because I'm caring for him-"

The elevator doors shut before she could finish, and Julian disappeared before Diana's eyes.

Sean observed everything silently. He put down his utensils, and wiped his mouth. "Mommy, I'm done eating."

Diana felt uneasy. She knew she had been neglecting her relationship with Julian over the past few days, but she had been trying to balance things as

much as possible. The main issue was Simon's condition. She needed time to find the right balance.

Turning to Sean, she tried to smooth her furrowed brows. Smiling at her son, she said, "Alright. After Mommy finishes eating, I'll come and play with you."

Sean's long eyelashes covered his eyes, concealing the emotions within. "No need. You can go take care of Uncle Simon."

Yesterday, Diana had promised to play with him. Just as they were about to take out their toys, Simon called Diana, saying his legs felt a bit uncomfortable. Diana immediately ran downstairs to help massage them.

Simon couldn't bear to have her use her hands, so she had to use an electric massager on him. However, she felt bad leaving his room so quickly, and they ended up chatting for a while.

When Diana came out of Simon's room, Sean had already fallen asleep.

"Sean, you're such a considerate child," she said fondly.

Diana didn't think too much of it, as she was genuinely concerned about checking on Simon.

Earlier today, Julian had gone to Simon's room with the stew. She didn't know what they talked about, but whatever it was had led Simon to ask Julian not to drive him away.

She hadn't even settled accounts with Julian, but he was already upset with her. Thinking about his sulky face, she felt speechless.

"You're more considerate than him, that's for sure." She patted Sean's head, kissed his forehead, and then let him go upstairs.

Sean didn't return to his own room. Instead, he went to look for Julian.

Since they had moved back to the villa, this was the first time he had taken the initiative to look for Julian.

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In Julian's bedroom, Sean told him, "Go apologize to Mommy."

He was frowning when he pushed the door open. When he ordered Julian, his tone was startlingly mature.

It was quite interesting. Diana was angry with Julian, and so was the little one.

Julian crouched to Sean's level. "Do you know what happened between your mommy and me? And now, you want me to apologize to her?"

Sean shook his head, arms crossed. His one leg was on the ground, while the other was raised against the wall. He looked at Julian, his face icy and aloof.

"Women need to be appeased," he said with a stern face, like the strictest teacher in school. He sounded dead serious. "Whether she's right or wrong, it's always your fault. This is the only way your love can last."

Julian was shocked by his son's words. "...Little man, do you even know what love is?"

"Of course."

Sean glanced at him flatly, then turned and left the room. Shortly after, he returned with a small backpack.

Betty rested her cheek on her hand, watching them silently.

Without hesitation, Sean unzipped his backpack and tipped it toward the floor.

A clatter resounded. Piles of love letters spilled out from his backpack.

Many of these love letters had at most two lines of words, all written crookedly in twisted alphabets. They either looked like scribbles, or resembled the footprints of a caterpillar. Julian stared at them for a while, but couldn't make anything out.

He looked at Sean. "Can you make out what's written on these?"

"I can't. They haven't taught us how to write at school."

Most people gave him leaves or flowers in envelopes, and some drew hearts for him. In short, they were all confessing to him. He was quite popular in kindergarten.

“See,” Sean said with a raised eyebrow, “I understand everything. I understand little girls’ thoughts even better. Mommy might be grown up, but she’s still a little girl at heart, Daddy.”

He patted Julian’s shoulder solemnly. Julian, on the other hand, was in shock at how much this child knew at such a young age.

“Comfort her properly, okay?” Sean advised.

Women were easy to appease.

Just like Faye, their old neighbor.

When Sean left Stirling City, Faye cried a river.

At that time, Sean raised his little hand to wipe Faye’s tears away. He kissed her on the forehead, then said seriously, “You’re my princess. When you grow up, I’ll become a prince to marry you.”

Actually, Sean didn’t like princes at all.

However, Faye liked them. He knew saying that would make Faye stop crying. Sean didn’t like to see girls cry.

Sure enough, Faye quickly stopped crying after hearing his words, and hugged him. Her voice was choked as she vowed to marry him once they grow up. She even declared herself his girlfriend, in hopes he wouldn’t play with other girls.

Of course, Betty was an exception.

But since that day, Sean held true to his promise.

Even though he received love letters daily, he never said more than a few words to other girls. Just a casual acknowledgment.

After Sean was finished speaking, he walked away coolly.

Julian was left utterly dumbfounded. As Sean walked away, he asked, “Don’t you want these love letters?”

“They were going in the trash from the start,” Sean said coldly. “It’s better just to throw them away.”

Julian was speechless.

Was this really his son?

He couldn't help but shiver; why did Sean feel even colder than him...?

Still, Sean's words filled Julian's mind. The boy was young, but his words were oddly mature. Julian looked at the love letters on the ground, lost in thought.

He turned to look at his daughter. "Sweetie, can you lend me your doll for a moment?"

Betty blinked her big doe eyes at the question. Without hesitation, she pushed her doll to Julian. "Here you go, Daddy."

Baby girls were truly the best little angels in the world, always so considerate.

Unlike his son!

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 987

Such a young child had taught Julian how to do things with such a mature tone, with a cool and aloof expression to boot.

Julian took the doll from Betty, then went to Sean to borrow an electric toy motorcycle.

"Daddy, what are you going to do?" Betty asked curiously.

She followed Julian like a little tail, never leaving his side for a moment.

Julian didn't want her running around behind him, so he picked her up and held her with one arm while continuing to work with the items in his hand.

Layla had come to clean the room, when she saw Julian working with Betty in his arm. She thought it was hard on him. She wanted to advise him not to carry Betty all the time, just like she did with Diana.

"If you keep carrying Ms. Betty like this, she'll get used to it."

Betty was almost three years old. Yet, she still clung to Julian every day. She didn't even want to walk on her own anymore.

Julian sneered. "How long will I be able to carry her like this? n

When the children grew up, he wouldn't be able to carry Betty anymore even if he wanted to.

"True." Layla understood him, and didn't say anything more. She silently went about cleaning the room.

Meanwhile, Julian had something to ask of her. "Layla, please bring me a battery."

Sean's electric toy motorcycle didn't have a battery in it.

That boy didn't care about the toys Julian bought. It was clear he never played with them.

Thinking that, Julian couldn't help but smile and shake his head.

After Layla installed the battery, he tied the love letters together with a ribbon and placed them on the back seat of the electric toy motorcycle. Then, he turned on the remote control.

Under Layla and Betty's curious gazes, he pressed the start button.

Beep! Beep!

The small motorcycle began to zoom around the room with the love letters. After a few tests, the letters didn't fall off.

Julian placed Betty's doll on the motorcycle, opened the door, pressed the start button again, and maneuvered the motorcycle into the elevator.

However, he didn't go down with it. He continued to hold Betty in the room.

Betty was getting very curious. She blinked as she asked, "Daddy, where are you sending the little motorcycle?"

Julian smiled, looking sly. "Nowhere special. Just going to invite someone into the trap."

"Invite..." Betty scratched her little head. In the blink of an eye, she had forgotten the word Julian just used. "Invite... invite...trap."

She tried several times, but she couldn't recall the word.

Julian couldn't stop laughing at Betty's flushed little face." Invite someone into the trap."

He smiled playfully, his eyes revealing a touch of warmth. It was rare to see such emotion on him, but his eyes also flashed with a cunning glint.

"Wait a bit. Daddy will show you what someone and trap mean."

Betty stopped being curious. Instead, she obediently leaned on Julian's shoulder. Just like him, she stared at the doorway with bright eyes.

Meanwhile, Diana was in the guest room, taking care of Simon.

It was time to massage his legs. After setting up the machine with the right mode and duration, she sat on the sofa as usual and chatted with him to distract him.

"You shouldn't take Julian's words to heart," she advised.

Simon, ever the 'understanding' one, said, "I won't. I know my brother's personality. It's not surprising for him to suspect me of not dodging the car and deliberately hurting my legs. But I still hope I can continue living here. If I can't..."

He lowered his head, hesitating slightly. He stared at his disabled legs, and played with his hands. "Living alone outside... It's a bit lonely."

He looked at Diana again, and continued, "But... Will my stay here affect your relationship as a couple?"

Diana quickly reassured him, telling him not to overthink. "It won't. It's my fault your legs are in this state."

Thus, it was only right for her to take care of him.

Diana's face revealed a rare hint of playfulness. "Unless Julian doesn't want me to stay here anymore one day. Only then will I take you away."

This statement seemed to be poking fun at Simon.

He wasn't sure if Diana sensed his intention of taking her away. He quickly put on an apologetic expression. "I'm sorry..."

Before he could finish, a small electric motorcycle beeped and darted into the room through the doorway.

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On the small motorcycle was the doll Betty often carried. As for the toy motorcycle, it belonged to Sean.

It was a toy Simon once bought for Sean to play with in the past. Even though Sean often moved it around, he had never played with it.

Why did he suddenly decide to play with it today?

Diana, curious, approached the small motorcycle and picked it up.

Simon's thoughts matched hers. "Did Sean bring it in?"

"Seems like it." Diana opened the letters stacked behind the small motorcycle. After a quick glance, her expression changed.

Simon saw her troubled expression, and quickly asked, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." She forced a smile despite her uneasy face. She checked the massage machine's timer, and said to Simon, "I need to do something for a bit. Wait here for me, okay?"

With his legs in their current state, there was little he could do other than wait.

"Is it about Sean?"

"Yes. I need to discuss something with Julian."

Saying that, she took the small motorcycle, the doll, and the love letters into her arm. She then quickly left the guest room.

Simon watched her hurried departure. For the first time, he felt unsure and wondered if crashing into a car intentionally and hurting his legs was the right thing to do.

He clenched his hands tightly.

Looking down at his legs, he felt it should have been the right decision.

How else could he get the opportunity to have Diana care for him like this?
How could he have the chance to be with her every day?

After coming to Richburgh from Stirling...

This was the longest period of time they had spent together.

When they were eating the beef stew earlier today, he even had the illusion of returning to the past.

Back in Stirling City, he should have seized the opportunity and told Diana the truth.

However, his heart went soft, and he allowed her to give birth to her twins. It led to her renewed interaction with

Julian.

If it weren't for his disabled legs...

Perhaps Diana would still be holding a grudge against him.

Simon's eyes were filled with a sinister emotion as extreme as his personality.

As for Julian...

Simon grinned.

As long as Simon was around, he would never give Diana a chance to reconcile with Julian-no matter how many tricks Julian had up his sleeve!

Julian sneezed. Just then, he saw Diana hurriedly pushing the door open.

She placed the love letters on the table, and took Betty from Julian's arms.
"What's going on?"

"What do you mean?" Julian pretended to be clueless. He glanced at her, then subtly gestured at Betty, who was now in her mother's embrace.

It was like he was saying, "See?"

This was the 'someone' Daddy wanted to invite.

At this moment, the 'someone' was already in the 'trap'.

Julian calmly looked at Diana, waiting for her to become flustered. When it came to patience, Diana was always a bit worse than him.

"Stop pretending to be confused!" Diana said, annoyed.

She knew Julian understood her clearly.

She pointed at the small motorcycle. "Didn't you send this to Simon's room on purpose? It has Betty's doll, and the motorcycle belonged to Sean. There are also a bunch of love letters on it. It couldn't have been done by the twins."

That meant Julian waited for her to come here on purpose. Yet, he wasn't willing to admit it.

"It wasn't me," he insisted. "Weren't you helping Simon massage his legs? I wouldn't dare disturb you."

"Could you please speak properly?"

Diana was the one who set up the electric massager for Simon. Honestly, Simon was actually quite courteous.

There had never been any inappropriate behavior between them. The more innocent her interactions with Simon were, the angrier she was to hear Julian's absurd words.

She didn't expect him to be rational where Simon was concerned. Even if he did, she knew he would still go into Simon's room and make a mess out of things.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 989

To maintain a peaceful relationship between the two, it might be best to avoid mentioning Simon's existence altogether.

At the very least, Diana should try to downplay Simon's significance in front of Julian. The fact that he was personally speaking to her now, instead of having Betty relay messages, was already a sign of submission.

She understood this man's oddities, even though they were often unexplainable. Although his quirks were often a bit puzzling, she could still read him well.

"Sure." As expected, Julian was being difficult. He refused to give in easily. "Tell me, then. Why are you here?"

Diana was speechless.

Well, it was true she was the one who initiated this meeting.

She was a bit stifled inside, but she followed his lead and continued, "What's the deal with these love letters?"

"What could be the deal? Sean's just popular." He raised an eyebrow and asked her, "Aren't you happy? Or do you think Sean is too young for this?"

It wasn't that.

Diana could understand the feelings of children. Their likes and loves were no different from their fondness for the sun, coffee, or the little flowers and grass by the roadside.

Most parents these days were quite open-minded, especially since Sean was attending an international bilingual kindergarten where the children's mindset was even more progressive.

She had even opened and read through the love letters. Some were clearly composed with the help of parents. Children's emotions were pure.

It was the same as how Sean told her he would only marry Faye when he grew up. Since they had come to Richburgh, she hadn't heard him mention Faye's name again.

Children had fleeting interests. Perhaps when they grew up, they wouldn't even remember their kindergarten classmates.

She found it hard to put into words, but she still confided in Julian. "I'm worried. Sean has received so many love letters, but why did he tell only you and not me...?"

Had she failed as a mother?

Before, Sean used to tell her everything. Yet now, there were things he would tell Julian and not her.

“Of course,” Julian said.

It was truly pleasant to have a decent conversation with Diana without Simon’s interference.

Julian looked dissatisfied as he asked Diana, “Do you know what Betty asked me?”

“What?”

Julian recounted Betty’s words-whether Diana was planning to replace their father-and Diana’s face reddened slightly. She couldn’t help but feel her heart break.

She looked at Betty, and asked, “Sweetie, did you really think that?”

Betty nodded.

Diana felt increasingly perplexed.

It wasn’t Betty’s words, or Julian’s attitude.

It was her own actions.

She had always thought that not relying on Julian and believing that she could handle everything on her own was the right approach. In reality, considering her daughter’s words and the love letters her son had received, it seemed...

Her independence had failed quite miserably.

She suddenly felt at a loss, unsure of the right thing to do.

And Julian...

She glanced at him. If even Betty could ask whether Diana would replace their father, it showed how much she had been neglecting him lately.

Thinking about it, it seemed his recent difficult attitude and the many tantrums he had thrown were all justified.

A bitter feeling surged in Diana's heart, and her tears began to well up.

Julian was somewhat puzzled.

Actually...

By intentionally making her come to him on her own, he was already following Sean's advice and was trying to appease her.

If he didn't do anything, they would probably still be in a cold war for a few more days because of her anger.

He wanted her to realize her mistake.

In truth, he hadn't done much at all. He simply used Betty's doll and Sean's love letters to lead her upstairs, and prompt her to initiate a conversation with him.

Now, she was tearing up.

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Now, Julian seemed like a child who had done something wrong. His thoughts were a mess, and he was unable to understand where Diana's sadness was coming from.

"In our children's hearts, you want to replace me, their dad. Shouldn't I be the sad one?"

Julian quickly took Betty in his arms. Like coaxing a child, he used a tissue to gently wipe Diana's face. He comforted her softly, "Shh. Don't cry. Be good. Let me wipe away those tears, okay?"

Seeing his slightly hunched and nervous appearance and his increasingly soothing tone, Diana's heart suddenly softened. It was like being brushed by a feather, a gentle touch.

She lowered her head. She acknowledged his words, like a child admitting her mistake. "I won't cry."

She had such a good boyfriend. In moments when she was being difficult, when she was stubbornly trying to take everything on herself, thinking she

could handle and balance everything, he always offered her the greatest patience.

Independence...

It wasn't about not relying on others.

It was about maintaining independence while relying on someone.

Just like now.

Julian holding the child allowed her to have time to process her emotions. The child could receive great care, while she could improve herself.

She had a boyfriend, yet she didn't confide or rely on him.

Wasn't she a fool for not doing so?

Diana laughed inwardly at herself.

After a bit of self-reassurance, she kissed Betty's cheek.

Then she suddenly extended her arms, embracing Julian tightly. "Thank you."

Thanking him for always being there when she needed him, for being by her side.

Thanking him for never dwelling on her mistakes, and for being so understanding.

Caught off guard by her embrace, Julian felt a bit flustered. He hadn't done anything yet, so why was Diana suddenly being so kind to him?

Could it be that their son was right?

Women, perhaps, needed to be appeased and comforted?

It seemed his performance as a boyfriend needed improvement. His mind wasn't even as good as a child's. No wonder Diana wasn't willing to remarry him. Even he wouldn't want to!

Though neither of them said or did much, an unspoken, heartwarming sensation enveloped them at that instant. Even Betty could sense this subtle feeling of happiness, and giggled.

“I like seeing Daddy and Mommy together.”

It was such a simple statement.

Taking the opportunity, Julian proposed to Diana, “How about from now on, whenever I return from the Jarvises, I take care of Simon together with you?”

This proposal made Diana a bit uncertain. After some thought, she realized that as a mother, she had to consider taking care of her children; as a girlfriend, she had to consider her boyfriend’s feelings. She couldn’t just accuse Julian of being stubborn while not seeing her own stubbornness.

Besides...

Wasn’t he really changing?

So, she needed to change as well.

“Alright.” She looked at Julian’s hopeful expression, feeling for the first time that he was truly a very good family man.

Still, he needed someone to remove his thorns. Only then would he put away his cold exterior.

Fortunately, she didn’t need to remove the thorns to see his gentle side. Now, she was starting to look forward to recovering her memories.

However...

Glancing at Julian, Diana thought about Simon, who was still in the room on the first floor. She held back from

mentioning finding Shiloh to make the medicine.

Julian didn’t bring it up, either.

After soothing Betty to sleep, he went to Simon’s room with Diana.

The massage session had just ended.

