

Chapter 34 I am your ex-wife

In the kitchen.

Robert's broad shoulder stiffened slightly.

Julia walked over and tried to take the spatula out of his hands, but he stopped her: "Give me another half an hour."

He didn't believe that he couldn't even make breakfast.

Julia saw him so motivated, so she let him.

Half an hour later.

Robert finally brought a bowl of poached eggs and some fried bacon.

"The appearance is poor, but they are edible." He was a little apprehensive.

Since childhood, let alone cooking, he has never even held a kitchen knife.

After marriage, there was no maid in the house, but Julia could cook, and he was happy to come home to eat.

At that time, he did not feel how troublesome cooking was, and only after trying it himself did he realize how tired Julia used to be.

"Then I'll dig in." Julia was also hungry.

She forked some eggs into her mouth. Just like he said it was edible.

Robert saw her eat, and thoughtfully poured her a glass of milk.

Julia looked at the glass of milk and shook her hand, "I can't drink milk, I'm lactose intolerant."

Robert's heart tightened hearing this and put the milk away, "I'll remember that."

When he finished, he rolled up his sleeves again and went to wash the cup.

Julia silently watched him, wondering, he obviously didn't use to do these things, why did he force himself to do it?

"Thank you for making me breakfast, and please, let me do the dishes."

Julia walked over to take over the plate he was holding.

She doesn't like to be indebted to others.

Robert grabbed her hand, and Julia catapulted away from him. Why does this person always like to molest her?

Robert looked at her defensiveness, his heart ached, yet his face unchanged: "You go rest, leave this to me."

Julia listened and did not want to tango with him, so she went to the hall.

She didn't notice much last night, but now she felt very familiar looking at the arrangement inside the villa.

Robert cleaned up everything while walking out. He saw Julia keep checking the layout of the hall so he didn't bother her.

"Is this the place where I used to live?" Julia asked when she noticed

him coming over.

"Yes."

Robert likes quiet. And there is another reason why he bought this villa, he simply didn't accept Julia when they got married.

So, they did not live with his grandfather but bought the villa.

Julia listened and sat down, and then quietly waited for Dave to pick her up.

Dave just got off the plane, so he would need another two hours to get here.

Two hours is not long yet not short, especially when a man and a woman are in the same room together.

Robert was sitting not far from Julia, there were many things he wanted to say to her, but he did not know where to start.

"Mr. Adams, can you stop looking at me?" Julia was annoyed.

She doesn't know why, every time she is near him, her heart is inexplicably hurt.

Especially last time, he was in a white shirt, and he almost overlapped with the person in her mind.

"When is Dave coming to pick you up?" Robert glanced at his watch, how he wished time would pass more slowly.

"He should be here soon; Can he get in?" Julia asked.

Robert leaned against the sofa and looked at her somewhat lazily:

"It should take a while."

He put his phone aside, just now he sent a message to Ulysses to stop Dave no matter what.

Forgive his selfishness, he just wants to spend more time with Julia.

"What do you mean by that?" Julia looked at him in confusion.

"The villa has a security system."

Robert lied without changing his face.

"Then you can revoke it."

"You forget, I can't even get in here with my face." For the first time, he felt his old man had done something right.

Julia came to him as soon as she heard: "Lend me your phone once more."

Robert looked up at her seriously, "Miss. Smith, a man's cell phone will not be given to any other woman except for his own wife."

"You've already borrowed it from me once, and now I can't give it to you again unless..." he said matter-of-factly.

Julia silently withdrew her hand: "No unless, I'm only your ex-wife."

Chapter 35 Diary

In the living room, Julia sat back on the sofa frustratedly.

She felt just now that Robert was not as bad as rumors, but now it seems not. He is exactly as bad as they said.

Maybe it was all his self-directed plan, keeping her in the villa. She really didn't know what he was thinking.

"Mr. Adams, let me remind you once again, I have a fiancé, and you are just my ex-husband."

"Well, I know," Robert said indifferently.

Julia felt like she had punched into a ball of cotton.

She took a deep breath and fidgeted on the couch, her abdomen vaguely aching, but how could she tell him she was having her period?

Strangely enough, it never used to hurt when she had her period.

Robert noticed that she was out of sorts and walked up, "What's wrong? Are you uncomfortable somewhere?"

"My belly, my period," Julia said embarrassed.

Robert at this time directly picked her up from the sofa and hurriedly headed upstairs.

"Where are you taking me?" Julia asked.

"Your room."

Julia was shocked, her face changed, and she struggled, trying to get down: "Why are you taking me to my room?"

Robert looked at her face and knew she was thinking something wrong, his thin lips raised and hugged her tightly.

"The thing you need is in your room." Julia settled down.

Julia watched Robert fetch her Advil, heating pad, and tampon, her face heated.

Robert just found out that she was so easily shy and wanted to hold her for a while longer.

After that, Julia lay down on the bed while Robert brought a cup of water for her.

She had nothing to do and found a codebook in a drawer of the bedside.

Julia opened it up, and the old photos inside it suddenly fell down.

The yellowing photo showed Robert when he was young.

In the photo, he looked only nineteen or twenty years old, wearing a white shirt standing under a tree. The sun fell on his shoulders through the gaps between the leaves.

He was not as stern as he is today, and the bottom of his eyes seemed to be hidden with a sea of stars, like the dazzling sun in winter, so that people could not move their eyes from him.

A drop of tear slipped from the corner of Julia's eye at some point and dropped on the photo.

She looked back and scrambled to wipe the tears from her face, turned the photo over, and put it back.

And then she flipped through the diary.

In it were a girl's secrets for ten years.

"He is a gentle big brother, he asked if I wanted him to take me home, I was so nervous that I turned him down. I should let him send me home."

"... what to do, I seem to like him a little, I wonder if he will like me?"

"Lauren confessed her love to him, I was so sad, I wanted to tell him that it was me who saved him, but I promised my mom that the matter is over."

Then there were some empty pages.

"It was an accident but I don't blame you and I don't blame anyone."

"We're getting married, you don't love me, and I don't seem to know how to love you."

"Robert, it's my first time to be a wife, so please don't blame me if there's something I've done wrong. I will change."

"..."

"Was I wrong to get angry, jealous, and even argue with you when you were out with another woman?"

The humble words continued.

Julia's heart burst into pain, she saw the last page: "I have brain cancer, I don't know how long I can live. I'm tired, Robert, I'm

afraid I can't love you anymore!"

Julia looked at the diary she used to write; her eyes slowly turned red.

Before, she only knew from the Internet how badly her ex-husband treated her, but now she looked at the words in her diary and realized that he was really bad to her.

Just then, Robert walked in with a glass of water, he didn't realize the change on Julia's face, came to her and carefully handed it to her: "Drink it."

Julia looked at him with slightly red eyes, and when the glass reached her mouth, she extended her hand.

"Crack", the glass fell to the ground.