

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1071-1080

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1071-Diana felt somewhat relieved, and continued toward the next station for her transfer.

Unbeknownst to her, Julian was sitting across from her and observing from a distance. He was afraid of being noticed when she got closer.

Diana had appeared uneasy on the subway earlier, constantly looking around. Julian was cautious not to get too close, but he had still arranged for a bodyguard to follow Diana.

She had encountered trouble on the subway before. Moreover, what happened with Matt had yet to be completely resolved. Julian couldn't let Diana go without someone watching over her.

As for himself, he exited the subway station and got into a black Rolls-Royce. He arrived at the agreed-upon location ahead of Diana.

Just like before, he chose a private room with curtains. The cuisine here was light, and a suitable diet for her recuperation. As for the curtains, they would provide a solid barrier between him and Diana, separating the two of them even though they were in the same room. Each would dine in their own space, though they were in the same room.

When Diana entered, her first glance went to Mr. Whatever's feet. The shoes he wore were exactly as Betty had described!

She couldn't comprehend why Julian insisted on meeting her in disguise.

"Did you hear what Shiloh Stewart said? Is the real reason I left three years ago why you were afraid to meet me?" Diana asked on the spot, offering the most reasonable explanation she could think of.

At the same time, she had no intention of continuing to pretend they were just an investor and an investment. Emotions were emotions, and money was money. She planned to repay all the money he had invested in her—both the principal and the interest, according to the contract. She had the ability to do so.

Her studio had been thriving lately, and the custom clothes she designed were gaining a growing reputation. Not only had it gained popularity in the city, but even people from abroad were placing orders online through her website.

However, Diana was now selective about taking on orders due to limited time and energy.

The more money she earned, the more she realized her potential. This was one of the reasons why she felt confident enough to unveil Julian's disguise.

At any time, a woman should never give up her ability to make a living.

Diana sat on the chair, waiting for Julian's response.

Julian instantly smiled. It seemed Diana had indeed regained her memory, and the medicine Shiloh made for her was taking effect.

This wasn't the first time she had deceived him in their first meeting as Mr. Whatever. Through the curtains, he greedily gazed at her face. He wanted to hold her and to be with her, as if nothing had happened over these past three years.

But there were too many things he had done wrong, too many ways in which he had let her down. He couldn't afford to make the same mistakes again. Until he resolved Cecilia's situation, he wouldn't acknowledge himself as Mr. Whatever, let alone meet Diana.

Only by settling the looming issue of their engagement could he stand before her with honor. Only then could he offer her a future that truly repaid her for everything she had sacrificed for him three years ago.

His voice remained calm, devoid of any emotional fluctuations. "Ms. Winnington, I'm sorry, but I didn't quite catch what you were saying."

Diana was growing frustrated. Julian clearly didn't want to admit his true identity, and was still trying to communicate with her under the guise of Mr. Whatever. She glanced at the curtain separating them, the bland cuisine on the table, and his voice, which had obviously been altered.

Was all of this a deliberate ploy? What was the purpose of such a calculated approach?

“Ms. Winnington, please have a seat,” Julian insisted, keeping his persona of Mr. Whatever and using a voice modulator, just as before. “We can discuss the investment returns at our own pace.”

To him, Diana was merely playing along without much thought.

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Diana hadn't actually seen through his true identity. He was convinced he hadn't left any incriminating evidence behind.

“I guess I had too high hopes for you.” Diana sighed when she saw him persisting.

She clenched her fists, staring at the figure behind the curtain. Ever since he had proposed divorce, she had become accustomed to giving herself a hundred reasons to believe that Julian loved her.

When she saw the plain meal spread before her, she even imagined he cared for her. She thought he was being considerate of her and worrying about her health; that he was afraid she would eat something greasy, or if she hadn't eaten at all. He was expressing his concern in a subtle, consistent manner.

In reality...

He had hurt her the most.

Yet even today, she couldn't let go of her affection for him. It was a fondness akin to ivy, creeping into every part of her body over the years; like a natural part of her life, just as necessary as eating and sleeping.

She couldn't help but be attracted to him, even in her amnesiac state; even more so now, especially when so many memories were flooding back. For her, Julian had endured wounds. He was a major figure, yet he had knelt

before so many people just to gain a bit of information about her.

Didn't he love her?

Diana refused to believe otherwise.

So why... Why wouldn't he come out to meet her now?

Diana clenched her fists again, trying to convince herself once more. She chuckled self-deprecatingly, but had no intention of giving up.

She took a deep breath, staring openly at the figure behind the curtain. Unfortunately, the curtain's material was special and allowed only the person inside to see outside.

From Diana's perspective, there was nothing to be seen, not even a silhouette.

If it weren't for his voice and her noticing his shoes as soon as she entered, Diana might have thought she was alone in the room. She trusted Betty's honesty, and believed in her own intuition and judgment.

Behind this curtain was undoubtedly Mr. Whatever, and that meant Julian.

"I really need you," she confessed candidly, stating her need.

There was still no response from behind the curtain.

"I've just regained my memory today, and I really want to see you," Diana went on. She was almost pleading to him. She hoped he would step forward and look at her with his deep, affectionate eyes, and call her gently in his familiar voice.

Just one look or one endearing address from him, and she could reassure herself that his and Cecilia's engagement was just a misunderstanding. His willingness to accept the engagement must have been planned from the start.

He couldn't truly be in love with Cecilia.

Perhaps it was all meant to provoke Diana into admitting her feelings for him.

Yet, Julian remained unmoved. He seemed like a lofty judge, ignoring her completely despite her naked sincerity.

Diana had to consider whether she had been mistaken. Perhaps she had been too self-assured.

Three years were enough to change many things.

Maybe Julian had grown tired of her.

Perhaps he genuinely wanted to try things out with Cecilia. Even if Cecilia liked Noel, what did that matter?

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After all, Julian and Cecilia had an engagement.

A man like him, perfect in appearance, intelligence, and physique, should have no trouble making Cecilia fall in love with him again if he wanted to.

The countryside was cold.

Albert's house had no central heating. The only way for Cecilia to keep warm was the stove in front of her, which could both cook and provide warmth.

Cecilia rubbed her nose, and couldn't control a sneeze.

"What's going on?" she muttered to herself. Was someone insulting me?"

Her sneezes seemed to have a life of their own, constantly escaping from her mouth. It made her nose itch terribly, and she felt quite uncomfortable.

Albert had already guessed that Cecilia wasn't from an ordinary family. She had been pampered since childhood, and her delicate constitution was evident. He quickly fetched a blanket for her.

"Wrap this around you. It's too cold here." Then he asked her, "Why hasn't Mr. Fulcher returned to pick you up?"

It had been two to three days since Julian had left. Not only had he not returned, but there was also no word from Noel.

Cecilia was getting restless. She even thought about dragging Albert to the police station, but Albert insisted on waiting for Julian to return. He believed that his master must have a solution.

After all, Albert was Noel's father. Cecilia didn't want to blatantly accuse him of being blindly loyal. In private, she had already contacted someone from the Jarvis family to inquire about Noel's whereabouts.

As for Julian, she said, "I don't care about him."

A man who was naturally aloof and had a heart of ice would find it hard to love someone normally.

Cecilia also came from a prominent family. In Richburgh, it was rare to find a wealthy and harmonious family like hers, where everyone got along and there were no scandals-just any other normal family.

In fact, one could say that a family without any scandal or some mess between men and women didn't deserve to be called an elite family.

This was one of the reasons Cecilia found herself liking

Noel more and more. His family was simple, and he had a modest background. There wouldn't be any messy and scandalous affairs waiting for her.

Besides, Albert seemed simple and honest at first glance. In the days Cecilia stayed here, he had treated her exceptionally well, even though the living conditions were simple.

The naturally grown sweet potatoes, vegetables, and various fruits were carefully nurtured by Albert in the small greenhouse. They were all incredibly delicious.

To some extent, staying here alleviated Cecilia's anxiety over Noel's continued absence. As long as there was no news, it was the best news.

Although she didn't like Julian, she believed his words: Noel wasn't the kind of person who didn't value his life, and no one could harm him easily.

Cecilia skillfully peeled the charred skin of the sweet potato to reveal its tender, golden flesh. She took a bite of the charred skin, enjoying its slightly burnt flavor as she ate it along with the sweet potato.

"Delicious!"

She warmed her hands a little as she continued eating. Albert had made the fire bigger to keep them warm.

"Didn't you follow Mr. Fulcher here?" he asked her.

Over these past few days, they had become somewhat familiar. Albert would occasionally engage in small talk with Cecilia.

Cecilia shook her head. “No, he followed me here.”

Albert was a bit surprised. Recently, he wondered why Cecilia was so concerned about Noel. Was it because...

With just a glance, he could tell she was a well-bred young lady from a prestigious family. After his experience with

Kayla and Diana, Albert had learned to judge people more accurately.

He could tell that Cecilia was a good person, well-mannered and kind-hearted. Unlike his old self, he no longer judged people solely by their social status.

In short, she was a very nice girl.

“I know what you want to ask,” Cecilia said.

The campfire cast a fiery glow on her delicate and elegant face as she smiled, somewhat embarrassed.

“I like your son. I came here to wait for him to return, so I can confess my feelings to him in person.”

Although he had expected this, Albert’s eyes still widened. He was about to speak and urge Cecilia to think it over, when he heard a stern voice calling her.

“Cecilia!”

It was her mother, Sue Chimmery.

Cecilia couldn’t hold the sweet potato anymore, and turned her head around stiffly.

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“Mom...” Cecilia called out awkwardly, quickly swallowing the half-eaten sweet potato in her mouth. Her tone betrayed some guilt. “Why are you here?”

“Why am I here?!”

Sue was displeased. She walked briskly toward Cecilia, patting the latter's shoulder as she assessed the surroundings. There was a tenderness in her eyes.

"You silly girl!" she yelled.

That was probably the harshest thing Sue had ever said to Cecilia.

"If I hadn't come, would you still remember me?"

She took the cotton blanket from Cecilia's hand and returned it to Albert. While the blanket was made of pure cotton, it wasn't as warm as the lightweight silk blanket Sue brought with her.

Throughout the conversation, Sue didn't say anything humiliating and didn't criticize anything. However, the way she regarded everything around her showed her high and mighty attitude.

Albert felt somewhat embarrassed. He grew to realize he had been terribly unfair to Diana in the past.

What was the difference?

Everyone was human.

Ultimately, it depended on who would laugh the longest.

He considered Cecilia's presence, and greeted Sue out of politeness. "Hello."

Sue was also polite, in a way. "Hello."

She quickly had the driver bring over a wad of money, and handed it to Albert. "You've taken good care of Cecilia these past few days. Please accept this money."

Cecilia had only stayed here for two days, so why was Sue giving him so much money?

Albert could feel the money in his hands getting heavier.

"Taking care of her was nothing, but I..." The light from the fire made his face look extra red. "I can't accept this money."

He tried to return the money, but Sue stopped him. Her voice was calm and composed, devoid of urgency or anger. There was no hint of condescension or disdain, but it still made it difficult for Albert to lift his head.

“There’s no such thing,” Sue said. “Cecilia has troubled you. You have no reason to take care of her since you’re not related. Please accept this money.”

Sue had the driver add another thick stack of bills, as if to imply that Albert had initially refused because he thought the amount was too little. Thus, she added more, with an attitude that Albert would surely accept.

Albert struggled to reject the money, but the words remained stuck in his throat.

Sue’s gaze...made him feel so uncomfortable.

Cecilia sensed the awkward atmosphere, and gently tugged at Sue. “Mom...”

Sue smiled and patted Cecilia’s hand, reassuring her, “We’re taking our leave now. It’s been hard on you these past few days.”

Not once did Sue mention the poor conditions at Albert’s house, nor did she blame him. However, the implication behind her words were akin to a slap that struck Albert’s face one after another.

It wasn’t until Sue and Cecilia got into the car that Albert found the opportunity to toss the thick stack of money he held into their car.

But Sue shot the driver a glance, and he threw the money out of the window.

The money spun in the air before landing, like snow from the sky. Some landed directly on Albert’s face. The money, like sharp blades, stung worse than the winter wind.

Albert stood frozen in place.

“I apologize,” Sue said, lowering the car window. She smiled as she looked at Albert. “Our driver didn’t handle the money properly just now, and it fell. Thank you for picking it up. This is your reward. Please don’t refuse us.”

With that, the car made a slight noise and started moving forward.

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Cecilia was confined to the car, unable to do anything.

She was embarrassed and wanted to apologize to Albert, but Sue had already rolled up the car window, and the driver had locked it.

Cecilia could only comply as Sue guided her, heading slowly toward the Jarvis family residence.

As the car drove away, the momentum tossed some of the money further into the air. Despite the biting winter wind and the money swirling around, Albert remained rooted in place, unmoving.

He just stood there, staring blankly as the car moved farther away. Having worked in the Fulcher family for so many years, he wasn't an inexperienced man.

That license plate number...looked far from ordinary.

Cecilia told him that she liked Noel before her mother arrived. Albert wondered if that was why he hadn't been able to contact his son these past few days.

Noel... He probably knew his place.

The Carter family couldn't match up to a wealthy young lady like Cecilia.

The car finally disappeared from Albert's view.

After a long time, he stretched his somewhat stiff body, then slowly and laboriously bent down. He painstakingly removed the dirt from the bills, counting them one by one, and then bundled them into tens.

One hundred thousand.

For taking care of Cecilia for three days, he was given one hundred thousand dollars.

Albert looked at the money, and smiled bitterly. The thought of his son, who was now missing, weighed heavily on his heart.

"Mom," Cecilia said with furrowed brows. She kept looking back, hoping to catch another glimpse of Albert. However, as the car continued to drive farther away, it was clear that they were leaving his vicinity behind.

Cecilia was currently quite upset. “How can you act like this? If

Sue glanced at Cecilia, and her smiling countenance slowly turned cold. “What have I done now? You’re becoming more and more unreasonable!”

Sue initially thought Cecilia had overcome a major crisis, stabilized her condition, and secured an engagement with Julian. As a parent, she could finally rest easy.

And yet, what was the result?

Cecilia ran off to the countryside all by herself!

She even used the Jarvis family’s connections to look for

Julian’s assistant without Sue’s knowledge. She only knew, thanks to someone else accidentally revealing the secret before her.

“What happened between you and Julian?” Sue questioned with growing frustration. “Did you have a difficult time while staying with him?”

Cecilia, accustomed to her mother, understood every nuance in Sue’s expressions and actions. She clung to her mother’s arm, trying to raise Sue’s mood.

She rubbed Sue’s shoulder and said sweetly, “Mommy, my illness is basically under control now. As long as there are no major triggers, I won’t have any relapses. Do you think I could be mistreated or unhappy at the Fulchers?”

This implied that Julian had taken good care of her.

Sue’s complexion softened slightly. She took her daughter’s hand and patted it. When she touched Cecilia’s fingers, she could feel the overly sticky residue of roasted sweet potato flesh.

Sue lowered her head to look, only to find that Cecilia’s hand still had some ashes on it.

“Is this how I taught you to behave?” she chided.

Cecilia was momentarily stunned. She immediately took a tissue from the car to wipe her hand clean.

She wasn't sure why, but she suddenly found doing so annoying. It was strange, as she was used to behaving this way and obsessing about hygiene before.

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If it were Noel, he definitely wouldn't tell her to wash her hands clean when he saw her fingers covered in ashes.

Instead, he would say, "Ms. Jarvis, did you enjoy eating roasted sweet potatoes?"

He knew what she truly liked and cared about. He always took care of her meticulously, without imposing any rules on her.

Before Cecilia met Noel, she didn't think there was anything wrong with her life with the Jarvis family. She only knew that everything had been arranged for her. With so many people loving her, she only needed to accept everything passively.

But now, she felt restrained by this arrangement.

This included her engagement to Julian.

Cecilia wiped her fingers clean, and looked up. "Mom... Did you ever ask me how I feel about my engagement to Julian?"

They hadn't even gone through an engagement ceremony. It was just an agreement between Sue and Julian, and that was supposed to be enough.

"You've been ill after all," Sue said, sounding slightly guilty. However, she was convinced she had done it mostly for her daughter's benefit, and that she had proudly acted out her role as a parent planning for her child's future.

"The Fulchers are excellent in many aspects. Although

Julian is a divorcee, his strength speaks for itself. When you marry him, you won't have any conflicts with your mother-in-law, as you won't have one."

Sue spoke earnestly. "You're still young. You don't understand the difference between being a woman before and after marriage."

The Jarvis family had wealth, while the Fulcher family had power.

Also, Julian was an outstanding man.

“Although you’ll be a stepmother, you did say you wouldn’t mind back then.” The meaning behind Sue’s words was clear. “You were still ill at that time, so there was no need to ask.”

The more Cecilia listened, the colder she felt. “You keep circling around the fact that I was a little out of my mind.”

Sue interrupted her sternly, “Out of your mind? What are you talking about? Stop saying all this nonsense.”

Sue had never been this harsh before. Her expression was devoid of her usual patience and affection, and she looked like she wanted to throw Cecilia out of the car.

Cecilia suddenly understood something. She clutched the tissue she used to wipe the dust away tightly, and smiled stubbornly.

“This isn’t nonsense,” Cecilia said. “You have to accept the fact that I was slightly mad. This illness...can’t be cured completely. I just need to avoid getting triggered again.”

“Be quiet!”

Sue was trembling all over. It seemed Cecilia’s words had provoked her. She glared angrily at her daughter, who had always been her treasure. Her face was now flushed with rage.

Sue’s reaction confirmed Cecilia’s suspicion.

“Mom,” Cecilia said, her tone slightly flat. “Ever since I got sick, you never truly accepted the fact that I was ill, did you?”

That was why Sue had been in such a rush to set up an engagement for Cecilia.

Before, it was clear Sue wasn’t very supportive of Julian and Cecilia’s relationship. She had even advised Cecilia against becoming a stepmother, saying that it was a bad idea.

If Cecilia did well, people would say it was expected of her.

If she didn't, they would brush it off and say that being a stepmother wasn't the same as being the children's biological mother.

However, everything had changed since Cecilia got ill. Sue had become unusually obsessed with Julian, especially when she arranged the engagement.

Her mother, who had always emphasized the importance of ceremony, hadn't even thought about making an engagement ceremony for Cecilia.

It was all done verbally, and that was supposed to be enough. Of course, considering the resources of the Jarvis and Fulcher families, a verbal agreement was as good as binding.

However, it left a bitter taste in Cecilia's mouth. Her mother, who loved her so much, still couldn't accept everything about her beloved daughter.

Sue shook her head, and hugged Cecilia tightly. "What are you talking about?"

She wrapped her arms around Cecilia, warmly and affectionately.

This was the embrace Cecilia had grown up with. It was there for her when she failed her first exam, experienced her first period, got scared by blood-stained pants, and when she had her first hospital stay.

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Sue had always gone out of her way to hug Cecilia. Cecilia used to think that as long as she had her mother's embrace, she would have boundless strength.

But since she got sick and started losing control of herself- especially when her illness was at its worst-her mother had rarely hugged her.

Now, being embraced by her mother again, that warmth seemed to return.

Perhaps she was overthinking things. Cecilia lowered her gaze. She was just about to apologize to Sue for hiding the fact that she searched for Noel in secret when she heard Sue say, "That's in the past. Don't bring it up again. You're a good and perfect child. How could you have gotten that illness?"

Sue pouted, and continued, "Plus, your engagement with Julian isn't something just anyone can have."

The tone and emphasis were familiar, but Cecilia found them strangely foreign. Her mother...wanted to pretend that nothing had happened and erase her illness, rather than fully accepting her.

Cecilia's throat tightened as if there were something stuck in there. She couldn't utter a single word.

Diana thought she had given Julian plenty of chances. Yet, even until now, he still hadn't shown any intention of acknowledging that he was Mr. Whatever.

She wasn't someone without temper. Since he didn't want to see her or talk to her properly, she had no reason to keep trying to win him over.

Without a second thought, Diana got up, left the private room, and left the restaurant in a hurry. Her steps were light and quick.

She and Julian were far apart, with so much between them.

When Julian realized there was no movement outside, he gently pushed aside the curtain and looked out. The dishes on the table remained untouched, and there was no trace of Diana's presence in the room.

She had already left.

His heart jolted. He immediately stepped out from behind the curtain, striding outside.

"Diana! Diana?!"

Julian called out several times, but there was no response. He asked the waiter if they had seen anyone leave this private room.

The waiter replied, "Yes, she left about five or six minutes ago."

Five or six minutes was enough time for Diana to reach the subway station from here.

Julian clenched his phone, about to call her. He needed to explain things to her, and hoped she wouldn't be angry.

However, as he entered her number and was about to dial it, he hesitated.

What could he say to her now? What could he promise? Would acknowledging himself as Mr. Whatever instantly resolve the issues between them?

No, she would only get angrier. She was simply testing him more meticulously this time, wanting to see if he would confess.

Julian was confident he hadn't shown any signs of being Mr. Whatever. Once he got home and spoke to Diana as Mr.

Whatever, and asked her why she had suddenly left, she would surely dismiss the idea that Mr. Whatever was him.

He needed to address his engagement with Cecilia first. He decided to head back to the countryside to find Cecilia, and have her fulfill the promise to annul the engagement.

His decision made, Julian gradually approached his car parked not far from the restaurant. He didn't notice it, but Diana was standing behind a large tree not far from the restaurant.

If he had taken a few more steps forward just now, Julian would have spotted her.

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Diana had been waiting for Julian.

She had been waiting for him to contact her.

However, he hadn't done so.

He simply left the restaurant and got into his car, as if her abrupt departure hadn't affected him the slightest.

Diana felt deeply disappointed.

After Julian's car left, Diana walked into the crowd and made her way to the subway station. The bodyguards following her at a distance were unaware of what had transpired. Julian had only instructed them to ensure her safety from afar. They didn't report her Diana standing behind the big tree to him.

Diana didn't rush to find Nina; instead, she went to the cemetery. She wanted to visit Madam Fulcher, Aster, and Star first.

When Julian arrived in the countryside, Albert was already waiting at the gate. Seeing Julian getting out of the car, he quickly approached Julian. '■Sir."

Julian nodded. "Where's Cecilia?"

Albert didn't rush to respond; instead, he handed a stack of money to Julian. "Please return this to Mrs. Jarvis for me." He then explained to Julian what had happened since Sue arrived here. Julian's face darkened.

"Her mother took her away?"

He wondered if Cecilia had told Sue about canceling the engagement. "I'll go to the Jarvis residence. You can rest assured I'll help you return the money."

Julian sat in the car, looking at the stack of money. His heart felt heavy. He hoped Cecilia would fulfill their agreement and annul the engagement.

When he arrived at the Jarvis residence, he discovered that Cecilia hadn't said anything to Sue.

Sue greeted him warmly upon seeing him. "Hello, Mr. Fulcher."

It seemed she had anticipated Julian's visit. She approached him and said, "It's been only a short while since you've parted with Cecilia, and you're already here. Looks like my husband and I made the right choice to pick you as our future son-in-law."

She motioned for Julian to take a seat. "It's just about time for dinner. I've instructed the kitchen to prepare some dishes you like."

Her words were heartfelt, and her eyes showed sincerity. It was clear that she regarded Julian as her future son-in-law. From her perspective, Julian was the perfect future son-in-law. Her warm hospitality was both proper and courteous.

However, her expectation became an unintentional burden for Julian.

Julian wanted to end this relationship quickly, and go to Diana. He wanted to offer Diana a future or just marry her again, which was the best assurance and commitment he could give her.

For Diana's sake, he had to brush off Sue's goodwill.

But the way Sue looked at him was so affectionate...just like his grandmother before she passed away.

It seemed like the saying was true; a mother-in-law who kept looking at her son-in-law would be more satisfied with him in time.

Julian wanted to ask Cecilia, but the words got stuck in his throat.

It wasn't until the meal was over, with guests and hosts enjoying themselves, that Julian successfully navigated the conversation.

He used his good manners and extensive knowledge to create a pleasant atmosphere. By the end of the dinner, even Cecilia's father, Frederick Jarvis, seemed quite satisfied. The man extended the evening by chatting with Julian about economic matters.

These topics were Julian's strong suit, and he effortlessly cleared away any clouds obscuring the recent business challenges faced by the Jarvis family.

Frederick was naturally pleased, and even invited Julian to share a drink in his study.

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It was hard for Julian to refuse such hospitality. Julian knew he couldn't let down the Jarvis family, so he continued to accompany Frederick for a while.

Sue noticed they were getting along well, and her mood improved even more. She brought more food, clearly hinting that Julian should stay the night.

Julian declined, and didn't continue drinking with Frederick.

"I should talk to Cecilia now," he said.

Sue's smile grew even more affectionate, and there was a genuine sense of satisfaction in it.

"Oh, look at us! We're in the way of the engaged couple, aren't we?" she said. Julian couldn't help but notice her emphasizing the words 'engaged couple' in a somewhat probing manner.

However, he had no intention of discussing it openly with Sue. Instead, he just smiled in response. “No worries, it was my fault for not visiting more often.”

After a few more pleasantries, Sue took Julian to Cecilia’s room.

Sue hesitated for a moment, then said, “Noel Carter... I heard from Cecilia that he resigned?”

Julian nodded. “Yes.”

Taking this opportunity, he handed the bills from Albert back to Sue. “Albert asked me to return this to you.”

Julian didn’t want to say much about Noel with Sue, not until Cecilia officially requested to dissolve the engagement.

So, he decided to end the conversation there.

Noel... It would be better if Cecilia personally explained everything to Sue and her family when the time came.

During dinner, Cecilia barely said a word and had a small appetite. However, no one at the table noticed or bothered to ask why she wasn’t eating much.

If Noel was there, his eyes would surely be on her, eager to serve her food. Unfortunately, he wasn’t at the table and he wasn’t by her side.

Cecilia stared at Noel’s phone number, her heart heavy with sadness. ‘Noel, where are you...?’

Then, someone knocked on her door.

It was Julian.

Sue left only after Julian entered Cecilia’s room, smiling all the way.

It seemed Julian didn’t hold any grudges against Cecilia because of what happened to Noel. In Sue’s eyes, this incident had further endorsed Julian as a potential son-in-law.

Sue returned to find Frederick, who was sitting on a chair, clear-eyed and completely sober. There was no sign of him being drunk. He seemed to be waiting for Sue’s return.

“So, what did you think?” Sue smiled and walked over to him. Her soft, delicate hand rested on Frederick’s shoulder as she continued, “My judgment was correct, wasn’t it?”

Initially, the engagement between Julian and Cecilia was Sue’s idea, and she had been the one to insist on it. At best, Frederick had merely supported her decision.

However, he had some reservations about the marriage- especially since Julian was a divorcee. From a father’s perspective, no one was good enough for his daughter. But Sue argued that given Cecilia’s condition, they needed to plan for her future sooner rather than later.

Frederick sighed, a sign of his reluctant agreement. He hadn’t expected that sitting down and chatting with Julian over dinner would go so smoothly, and that their personalities would complement each other so well.

“The young man’s knowledge and conversation skills far exceeded my expectations,” Frederick said with satisfaction, patting his wife’s hand. ‘ We’re lucky to have such a son-in-law, thanks to your good judgment.”

Sue smiled modestly. She squeezed Frederick’s shoulder a bit more confidently. “Not at all. It’s because you have good luck, darling. That’s why our daughter and I are so lucky.”

She didn’t mention Cecilia’s stay in the countryside, or Noel. She simply wanted her daughter to have a smooth marriage with Julian, and have his protection as Cecilia stayed by his side for a lifetime.

As a mother, Sue would do anything to make sure her daughter had such a good life and be forever content.

The Jarvis family had fully approved of Julian becoming their future son-in-law.

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“When will you tell your parents about the annulment?” Julian asked, standing at the doorway. He didn’t enter the room.

Cecilia, on the other hand, approached him willingly. Her eyes were red, as if she had been crying. She suddenly pulled Julian forcefully into the room.

With a loud slam, she closed the door.

Being alone in a room with a woman other than Diana made Julian somewhat uncomfortable, especially when this woman was someone Noel held dear.

Noel had been with Julian for so long, and had only offered to leave because of Cecilia.

Noel had been by Julian's side when he needed it the most. Noel had helped him build the foundation of Fulcher Inc., which had grown into what it was today.

Julian wasn't an ungrateful person, and remembered Noel's contributions well. Despite Noel's resignation letter and his continued absence, Julian hadn't hired a new assistant to replace him.

Even though Noel had no blood ties to him, the man was more family to Julian than Simon, who was his half-brother. Noel was also the only person Julian wanted as his assistant.

Julian looked at Cecilia, and took a few silent steps backward. However, Cecilia continued to advance relentlessly. It wasn't until Julian had backed up against the wall that she finally stopped.

Julian's eyes began to show signs of displeasure, but Cecilia seemed even more upset.

"Why were you trying to please my parents today?" she asked.

Julian was taken aback. He hadn't realized that he had been doing that.

"I was trying to make amends," he said.

He belatedly realized that he might have made a wrong move. At the time, he had only been concerned about not disappointing Sue about the engagement.

Julian had never taken this engagement seriously. He had initially taken Cecilia out because he saw the potential between her and Noel, and also to conveniently have Diana under the same roof.

In reality, Julian had never considered that his engagement with Cecilia would become a reality. He had seen through Cecilia and Noel's intentions earlier than her.

Cecilia looked at him in disbelief.

“Make amends?! Pretending to have a good relationship with my family, pretending to be a qualified son-in-law... Is that what you call making amends? Why would you need to make amends? I’m also involved in this engagement. Just like you, I want to back out. If you’re making amends, should I also do the same with your family?”

Her anger grew with each word. Eventually, she burst out laughing.

“Julian, sometimes you really are quite presumptuous.”

He was such an arrogant man, all the way to the end.

She added, “That includes how you treat Diana.”

Diana was forced to leave Richburgh with her children in despair, all for Julian’s sake. Yet, Julian had never bothered to consider what she truly needed.

What Diana had needed was for Julian to stay alive after she honored her promise to Kiki.

And now, he was alive.

Diana had obtained what she wanted.

Julian didn’t expect Cecilia to bring up Diana. Hearing her name made his heart race.

After they parted at the restaurant earlier, Diana hadn’t contacted him. There hadn’t been any messages sent to Mr. Whatever’s phone.

Julian looked at Cecilia determinedly.

“What about you? How do you feel about Noel? You should know what your mother giving money to Albert signified. Why didn’t you stop it?”

They weren’t gods.

There would always be unexpected things that they couldn’t anticipate or prevent.

