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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1421

But Cecilia Jarvis... Ginny looked hard at the photo; the more she stared at it, the more she sensed that something was wrong. There was clearly someone seated opposite Cecilia!

But this fatty... Ginny had a relatively good memory. She would never forget anyone she saw.

She tried hard to recall, and then remembered that this fatty was originally seated diagonally opposite Cecilia.

How did he end up in Noel's seat?

The natural and relaxed manner that he and Cecilia behaved with each other made it seem like they were the ones matched on the blind date.

That didn't make sense. Something smelled fishy.

To get to the bottom of the matter, Ginny studied the footage of the surveillance camera on the second floor. The moment she did, she was furious.

That damn fatty! How could he pretend to be Noel, who was Cecilia's actual blind date?

Ginny was frustrated. After all that, the couple she was secretly rooting for didn't end up together because someone intercepted them.

Almost immediately, she made use of her rights as the more senior staff of the café, and retrieved the personal information of the participants of today's blind date.

Very soon, she found Noel's contact number from his photo.

She sent him a photo of Cecilia seated with Larry. "Someone's snatching your future girlfriend away from you!" Ginny had a good impression of Noel.

Just now, when she first showed Noel Cecilia's photo, the first thing he harped on was not how beautiful the lady looked, but about privacy issues.

What a righteous man indeed.

It was precisely what Ginny lacked. Whatever she lacked was something she really appreciated in others.

She cupped her chin in her hands as she stared at her phone, waiting for Noel's reply. What would he say this time?

"She's not my future girlfriend. Things are impossible between us," was his reply.

Ginny replied, "You can't pursue ladies by being so respectable and upright." Noel texted back, "She's my ex." Ginny was stunned.

Noel sent her a third message before Ginny had a chance to reply.

"On account of you stealing my personal information again, I reserve the right to hold you accountable for your actions in violating other people's privacy. The messages you just sent serve as proof that I can submit to court." Julian won't go by the back door. They hadn't engaged in underhanded means for a long time. To close down this café, they had to do things the right and legal way.

Ginny smiled. "Great." She replied to him with a cheeky smiling emoticon. Noel recalled her eyes, that looked as if they didn't care about anything.

"I hope you can close our shop down as soon as you can. I'll thank you on behalf of our boss." Noel was silent.

Julian was right beside Noel, and saw the changes in the expressions on his face. He leaned over, and glanced at Noel's messages.

Julian smiled. "Could there be someone so arrogant in Richburgh?" Noel said, "Yes, I met her today. I've also looked into the café's owner. He's a man who's drunk all day, but for some reason, I can't find any photos of him." "Not even after searching with our company's intranet?" Julian asked.

They were living in the smart technology era. As long as one left the house and didn't stay indoors the whole day, one would definitely have his image captured by a lens of sorts.

However, Noel said that he was unable to find a photo of this boss anywhere.

“Hidden talents abound in Richburgh,” Julian lamented. “Perhaps an impressive character has emerged on our shores once more.” The more he couldn’t find this mysterious boss, the more he wanted to see him in person.

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Noel was about to say that that might not be so, but then he recalled that Julian never did anything meaningless. So, he silenced himself.

“All right, I’ll make the necessary arrangements,” he said.

“What about Cecilia?” “What?” “Diana registered your name for the blind date, but you two ended up getting matched. Someone’s now appearing before Cecilia in your place. Aren’t you going to find her?” Noel shook his head. “No need.” Had he known that Cecilia was seated opposite him, he wouldn’t have chatted with her for so long.

Had Cecilia known that he was seated opposite her, she wouldn’t have chatted with him for so long, either!

Julian saw the determination in Noel’s eyes, and didn’t persuade him further.

This was his privacy. He should have the right to decide for himself.

Diana could help arrange a blind date for him, but she couldn’t dictate the outcome of the blind date.

Despite that, Julian really wanted to share about what happened with Diana. But when he tried to call her, no one answered the call.

Diana’s phone seemed to be permanently switched off.

She was still waiting for Julian to appear right before her at night.

That was a little game that they frequently played.

She would put up a little act, and Julian would cajole her. That spiced things up between them as a married couple. Not only did it prevent them from fighting, but it even improved their relationship.

Yet, this time, things were a little different.

Julian was held back by work and couldn't leave Richburgh as he wanted. He couldn't call Diana, and he also saw the text Betty sent him.

Diana wanted to change her daddy?

Find a new daddy for her son and daughter?

Julian felt slightly anxious when he first saw the text. He sensed that he was being monitored to be a better husband and father. He even sat up a little straighter.

That wasn't the first time Betty said something like that to him. The moment something happened to Diana, Betty would make a mountain out of a molehill.

Previously, Diana had taken Betty out shopping and bumped into a man who asked Diana for directions. Betty ran anxiously to the washroom and called Julian, asking what she should do.

She cried about how Mommy was going to leave with a handsome man, and that Daddy had to come get them quickly.

At that time, Julian had been scared out of his wits.

He immediately sped to the shopping mall to meet them, and realized that Diana was about to run off with another man. She simply said a few words to the man, who was actually just asking for directions.

By the time Julian had rushed over, Diana was happily taking Betty around shopping. Of course, Betty was having a fabulous time.

She was wearing a princess dress she had just bought, sitting in Belburry's VIP fitting room. Seeing Julian, she smiled and blinked sweetly at him, and asked, "Well, Daddy? Do I look good in this?" Julian panted, "Yes, you do." Could she not torment her poor father like this? His hair was in such a mess after he ran all the way here.

Diana had never seen his hair so unkempt, and was stunned at the sight.

Grinning, she asked, "What's the matter?" She leaned on his shoulder, and combed her fingers through his hair. "I thought we agreed that I take Betty out shopping while you were busy at work?" She smiled at him. "What? Don't feel at ease?" Julian rubbed his forehead helplessly, mumbling, "Yes, I don't..."

But he was practically forced to feel that way. He thought he was about to be replaced by another, after all.

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Diana saw Julian looking at Betty, and immediately realized that something was going on between the father and daughter pair. She asked for an explanation from them there and then.

Betty couldn't hold her tongue, and immediately told Diana what she texted Julian.

Diana couldn't help but chuckle; she grabbed Julian's hand, and placed it over her swollen stomach.

"I'm holding one child by the hand, I have another child in the training camp, and another two children in my belly. Do you really think I have the capacity to find another lover? Running away with another man? Can you really believe that?" Diana poked Betty on her forehead and reminded her to be careful with her words, and not to say something like that ever again.

"Why not?" Betty didn't agree with it.

In fact, she was beginning to feel a little angry. Mommy had left a red mark on her forehead. She no longer looked as beautiful in her princess dress!

Diana said, "Because it doesn't sound proper to claim that a woman ran away with another man." "What does proper mean?" Betty asked another question.

She really didn't understand the term, which she had yet to learn from kindergarten. She wasn't like her brother, who was so smart he could figure things out even without being taught.

Betty's questions stumped Diana, who immediately waved her hands for fear that her daughter might throw her more questions the more she tried to explain.

"Nothing, nothing." She had since learned to let things go.

Children will eventually understand what they need to understand when they grow up.

There was no need to explain everything so clearly to them when they were still so young.

“Mommy, you should apologize to me!” Betty continued harping on the matter.

She pointed at her forehead indignantly, and said, “You said that I did something wrong and poked my forehead, but you couldn’t tell me what wrong I did. I have enough reason to think, Mommy...” Betty had to take a deep breath before she could continue her long tirade.

“Mommy, you were wrong. You shouldn’t have poked me on my forehead. You must apologize to me.” Diana was dumbfounded.

Julian had to patiently explain to Betty what it meant when a woman ran away with another man. Betty still didn’t really understand, but she remembered that Mommy wasn’t wrong, and that Mommy didn’t need to apologize to her.

Julian, who knew that his wife was the priority in all things, finally managed to brainwash Betty and heaved a sigh of relief when he heard Betty’s conclusion.

“That’s right!” he said.

Even if Diana really did something wrong, he would hold himself accountable.

She wouldn’t ever need to apologize!

They had looked through all the new pieces, but only managed to buy a dress that Betty liked and no prenatal clothes for Diana.

Diana wanted to look elsewhere.

The family of three wasn’t in a rush to go home. Julian and Diana held Betty by her hands, one on the left and the other on the right.

If it were in the past, Betty would have eagerly chatted with them. But now, she was strangely quiet.

It took them five minutes to walk from one shop to another shop upstairs, yet Betty spoke nary a word during these five minutes.

Julian was slightly worried, wondering if he might have said something wrong when he was trying to explain things to Betty and upset her.

She was but a child. There was no need to be so strict with her. Sometimes, it didn't matter whether she understood things or not.

Julian was about to crouch down and talk things through with his little darling, when Betty spoke. She looked up, with confusion in her eyes.

"But... I heard Mommy say something to that man about running... It was really what Mommy said, so why can't I tell Daddy about it...? My teachers in kindergarten tell us that we must be honest and not lie." She looked at Julian, and said, "Daddy, you told me that I shouldn't talk about a woman running away with a man. Are you trying to teach me to lie?" Julian started breaking out in a cold sweat.

Diana, too.

Betty didn't mean that Diana was about to run away with another man, but that Diana was telling another man about running.

"I did say that," Diana confessed. With Betty and Julian staring at her, she explained the truth. "I told him the way to the washroom, and that he should quickly run there. In case he couldn't find it, I'd run there with him." Julian was dumbfounded.

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Since then, Julian didn't pay much attention to the information that Betty sent his way.

It was the same this time.

After thinking things through, Julian finally stopped panicking.

In fact, the more Betty texted him, the more it seemed as though the mother and daughter pair was having fun. At the very least, they weren't in any sort of danger.

Meanwhile, things were going well in the hotel that Diana was staying in. At that moment, Betty was walking out of the washroom.

After secretly texting Daddy, Betty would look down guiltily when facing Diana, as if she had done something wrong. The moment Diana called her name, she looked up in shock, exposing her flushed face.

She had just taken a bath, and her hair was still wet.

To make it easy to apply baby lotion on her, Diana wrapped her up in a towel.

Wet locks of hair hung down, sticking against her little face and outlining her forehead. Paired with her flushed face, she looked just like a nice, ripe apple.

Diana couldn't stop herself from planting huge, wet kisses on Betty's cheeks.

"My darling," she said as she rubbed lotion on Betty, while subtly glancing at the phone in the room.

Diana had the habit of putting her phone screen down. At one glance, she could see that Betty's phone screen was facing up. Someone had clearly touched it.

She immediately knew that Betty must have contacted Julian. The father and daughter pair shared a great relationship, after all.

Diana didn't ask anything more, and simply thought that Julian would be here very soon.

They hadn't been apart for so long since they got remarried. Diana didn't feel too good being so far apart from him for so long all of a sudden.

That feeling probably meant she missed him.

Diana thought of that term, and looked down with a smile.

She smiled so sweetly, Betty couldn't help but sing her praise, "Mommy, if I could be as beautiful as you when I grow up, that would be great." "Why?" Diana asked. "Isn't it good to look like Daddy instead?" Betty shook her head. "Daddy looks like a man. I'm a girl. If I look like him, that's not too good..." Her little mouth kept moving.

"If I look like him, wouldn't I then look like a man? I might have a beard." Betty shuddered at the mere thought. "I don't want a beard..." She wanted to be a little princess with fair, dewy skin.

Diana was always defeated by Betty's strange yet cute logic.

"You won't become a man if you look like Daddy. That just means your face look like his," Diana explained. "Think about it. If you have Daddy's face, wouldn't you look good?" Julian's looks were unmatched.

"I won't..." Betty looked at Diana's glowing face. "I still think Mommy looks better." She leaned in, and hugged Diana's neck.

At that moment, Betty suddenly remembered that Diana was pregnant, and immediately stood up straight. She asked Diana cautiously, "Mommy, did I squash my sisters?" "Not at all." Diana felt that everyone was feeling more anxious than she was in this pregnancy. She was probably the most relaxed out of all of them.

"Stand over here. I'll blow your hair." "No need," Betty said with a shake of her head. She pouted, and said firmly, "I can dry my own hair. Daddy said I should do things by myself and not make things tough for you, Mommy." "It's not tough." Diana pulled Betty over. She didn't forget to tease Betty, saying, "Now you remember what Daddy said. Why do you always like to cover your ears and say that you won't listen whenever Daddy says something?" "That's because I see Daddy and hear Daddy every day," Betty said. "Now that we're apart from Daddy, I miss him so much. The less I see Daddy, the more important he becomes."

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Betty's ability to speak improved by leaps and bounds after she started attending kindergarten. Even Diana was convinced by her statements.

"When is Daddy coming, then?" she blurted. "Did you text Daddy?" Betty's face fell.

She did text Daddy, but... Daddy didn't reply to her!

Her face was all scrunched up, and her brows furrowed into little hills. Diana knew immediately that Betty didn't get what she wished for. "Daddy didn't reply to you?" Betty nodded. "He didn't." Then she looked at Diana, her eyes widening in shock, as Diana was an alien.

"Mommy!" "What?" "How did you know that I texted Daddy?" Mommy told her that they shouldn't contact Daddy, but she went against Mommy's wishes. She was even caught for it!

She felt guilty.

"I know magic," Diana said with a smile. "I know everything you do." Betty was even more astonished. How did she not know that Mommy could use magic, despite spending so much time with her?!

She looked at Diana in awe. "Then, can you make me fly up in the air with magic? I want to say hello to the clouds in the sky! I also want to ask them if I can ride on them like a horsie..." If she could ride the clouds, that would definitely send her higher and further than when she rode on Daddy's shoulders!

In fact, she could almost feel the wind blowing past her face before her wish was granted.

Of course, Diana couldn't do something so difficult. "Go to sleep, sweetie." She switched the hairdryer on, and blew Betty's hair dry. "You can have everything you want in your dreams after you fall asleep." Betty blinked innocently as she looked at Diana. "Mommy, do you mean that you can only use magic in my dreams? If I don't sleep, you won't be able to use magic?" Yet another round of questions.

Diana began regretting claiming to know magic.

Why did she have to provoke this little princess?! Just look at her wishful gaze!

Diana felt defeated. "I lied to you just now. I don't know magic." Betty was now upset. "Since you don't know magic, why did you say you do?"

"Mommy, it's not right to lie, you know." Diana rubbed her nose, and apologized obediently. "I'm sorry." "It's fine," Betty said, as she caressed Diana's hair. "I forgive you. But you must not lie from now on! Otherwise, your nose will grow longer. I don't want an ugly mommy..." Diana nodded at her daughter's lecture. "Of course, I won't lie ever again." Oh, heavens!

Send her husband over to save her from this torment! She didn't want to take care of her daughter all by herself now.

She was used to having Julian by her side and not having to worry about a single thing, so she really missed him right now.

Diana glanced out of the window, as if Julian would appear right before her eyes any second now.

While she didn't see Julian, she spotted another familiar face in the window.

James Winnington...?!

The man standing in front of the car of the Hughes household, parked downstairs, was none other than James Winnington—who had vanished from Richburgh for a long time!

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Diana thought she had mistaken it.

She rubbed her eyes, and looked harder. This time, she was sure that the man downstairs was without a doubt James Winnington!

His smoking pose was exactly the same!

When Diana first arrived at the Winningtons' residence, James had looked just like that, with his brows furrowed. Every other smoker held his cigarette between the index and third finger, while he held his between his ring and little finger. It made for an exceptionally silly sight.

But his solemn face and proper dressing made one neglect that strange feature, although his posture remained etched in people's minds.

It was precisely that posture that allowed Diana to recognize him at that moment, despite being so many levels above him.

Feeling troubled, she put aside the binoculars that the hotel prepared for her and opened the door, with the intention of heading downstairs.

That dazed look in her eyes frightened Betty somewhat.

Her hair was still damp and the wet ends of her hair hung over her shoulders, making her shirt wet. In the past, Diana would have urged her to get changed into a new shirt, so she wouldn't feel uncomfortable in wet clothes.

But this time, Diana kept looking out the window. Her legs instinctively moved toward the door. She didn't even say anything about where Betty should go.

“Mommy...” Betty called in a small voice, “where are you going?” They had just come back, and Betty felt rather tired. She didn’t want to head out again. But if Diana wanted to go out, she couldn’t possibly stay in the hotel by herself.

Betty was scared to be all alone in this huge hotel room.

Diana snapped back to reality upon hearing her daughter’s cautious yet vulnerable voice. Although finding her biological father was important, she couldn’t prioritize that over her own daughter.

James Winnington might be a very important clue, but she couldn’t neglect her daughter’s needs.

Diana immediately stopped dead in her tracks, and caressed Betty’s forehead.

“I’m not going anywhere. I just wanted to head downstairs, but I’m not going anymore.” Betty didn’t have a good impression of the Winnington family. Diana didn’t intend to take Betty downstairs with her.

She might not have thought that way in the past, but now that she saw James, Diana immediately thought of how much hurt Zachary caused Betty.

In fact, the three of them were still carrying the Winnington name.

It was truly a surname that disgusted her to no end.

Diana decided that if she really managed to find her biological father, the first thing she would do was to change her surname.

After she settled Betty down and put her to sleep, she looked downstairs again and saw no one there.

She didn’t know where James had gone.

Only the Hughes’s car used to drive her and Betty to their hotel remained, unmoved.

Diana wondered if she would see James again in the next few days.

Well, it was fine if she didn’t. She now knew that he was in Jacroaof. That made it easier for her to find him.

Diana lay in bed, rubbing her belly. She pondered over what she would say when she met James, and make him spit out the truth.

She grabbed her phone, about to switch it on when she heard something ringing. It was the hotel phone.

Diana thought the front desk had something to tell her, and quickly put her phone down. She rummaged for the handset, and answered the call.

“Hello.” “Hello.” The greeting was followed by a chuckle. It was Jim.

Diana could make out his voice in an instant. His voice was exceptionally crisp and clear, like pearls falling on glass.

“Mr. Hughes.” Diana was about to go on, when she heard Jim ask, “Do you like my present to you?” His present to her? Diana glanced at the many things that the maids had brought to her room. “You’ve already given me many things, including the air ticket. You really shouldn’t have.” “Not that,” Jim mumbled. “Seems like it’s not there yet.” What wasn’t there yet?

Diana was about to ask further, when she heard her doorbell ring.

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Jim said patiently, “Go and take a look.” He sounded as if he was smiling widely.

Diana put down the handset. She put the receiver facing up, so that she could call for help with anything she needed.

She wanted Jim to hear what was happening, to prove that she wasn’t deliberately keeping silent.

When she opened the door, she saw many clothes bags hanging on a rack, like presents waiting for Diana’s selection.

Next up was a meal trolley. It was piled with food; the first thing she saw was fresh caviar and birds’ nests.

Diana could smell their delicious aroma. Unfortunately, she didn’t have much appetite right now. She didn’t even have the appetite for durians, which she used to crave so much.

All she wanted was to see James Winnington again. There were some things that he needed to tell her, so she could find clues to progress to the next step.

“Mr. Hughes,” Diana said, lifting her hand as a sign for the server to shift the things away. She didn’t need them.

She also told Jim, “In the future, please don’t go to such an extent for me. I’m getting fatter, and I really don’t want to eat anything sweet. I’m also not hungry at such a late hour, and I shouldn’t be eating something as rich as caviar.” Jim probably did it out of the kindness of his heart. He was simply showing concern for a pregnant lady.

Diana wondered if saying that would hurt him.

As she expected, Jim sounded angry. “You might not be hungry, but your babies need the nutrients.” His words stunned Diana. Why did it sound so familiar...?

He sounded just like a mother-in-law who cared only for her grandson, and not her daughter-in-law... As if a pregnant lady was just a vessel with the aim of giving birth to babies.

Anything could be sacrificed for the sake of the baby.

However, such unbridled greed, binge-eating, and physical strain on the body was completely unnecessary.

Diana was determined to maintain her figure during this pregnancy. Julian had agreed to it, too.

What’s more, Jim was a top-notch researcher in the medical field. He couldn’t possibly not know that a fetus was but a high-level parasite.

No matter what happened to a mother’s body, it would absorb nutrients from the mother’s body for the sake of survival. As long as there was no discomfort with the pregnancy, nothing would go wrong, even if the pregnant mother went hungry.

Conversely, if the nutrient intake of the pregnant mother was too high, her body wouldn’t be able to absorb them all after the fetus had its fill. It would then all end up as fat accumulated on the mother’s body.

Jim's words upset Diana.

"Mr. Hughes, I am the babies' mother. I don't think they need me to eat so much to keep them alive." It was already so late. She just had a meal outside, and couldn't possibly keep eating. She wasn't a pig, for goodness' sake!

As for the clothes... "Also, I'm here on a holiday. Of course I'd bring my own clothes. I don't need you to go to this extent for me, Mr. Hughes." Diana decided to make herself clear. "Actually, all the attention you're giving me during my pregnancy is causing me mental stress." "You don't need to be stressed," Jim said very naturally, "I'm doing this for the sake of your babies, not for you." Diana sighed. She really didn't know how to communicate with Jim anymore.

He probably said that in order to make her feel less pressured.

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Jim was not the babies' father, so Diana couldn't think of any reason, apart from her, that could make him care so much about them.

However, doctors couldn't heal themselves. When Diana thought of this saying, she suddenly understood Jim's feelings towards her when she was pregnant.

Jim might have completely immersed himself in a role in his own mind, forgetting the theoretical knowledge he had learned.

He only wanted to present her with things that looked good, were convenient, and nutritious.

In other words... He might really like her.

Diana had a headache, and suddenly felt unsure of how to interact with Jim.

She silently repeated Julian's name in mind, hoping he would come quickly to help her deal with this situation.

At that moment, Jim, who had been assigned the role of admirer, was unaware of Diana's thoughts.

In fact, he regretted saying those words as soon as they left his mouth.

His family had reminded him: he must be like everyone else, and say the same things as them. That meant following an unspoken rule among their people—telling lies.

To tell a lie, he had to say that he cared about Diana. That he wasn't interested in the children in her belly.

Still, Julian had said that he entrusted the babies and Diana to Jim. In that regard, Jim could say anything he wanted!

In Jim's eyes, the children in Diana's belly were now his possession. This time, he must raise them well. He would provide the best conditions for their growth, and eventually deliver them.

Finally, he would select the one he thought had the best development for his experiments.

He would definitely treat this child well.

Definitely!

But the prerequisite was that Diana, as the mother, must be happy.

Jim's tone became cautious as he said, "Diana, am I upsetting you by saying this?" It just took one simple sentence to make Diana's resolve crumble. She was indeed upset, because she didn't know how to handle Jim's well-intentioned gestures.

She only wanted Julian to come quickly.

She turned on her phone, but there wasn't a single message.

In contrast to Jim's enthusiasm, Diana felt that even if she was angry, she shouldn't be angry with him—but with Julian instead.

Where on earth did Julian go? There wasn't even a single message from him!

Diana was angry, her mind in disarray. She remained silent for a moment.

On the other end of the phone, Jim continued to ask, "Did you like the gift I sent you?" He had sent far too many.

Diana really wanted to distance herself from Jim as soon as possible. However, she couldn't find a suitable excuse at the moment. She was afraid that saying too much might truly hurt him.

Before leaving, she still needed his help regarding Nina's affairs. She didn't want to ruin this friendship, especially when Jim had been good to her.

Those who invested their emotions in a relationship didn't deserve to be hurt.

For Diana, who had always struggled to receive love, she cherished every bit of affection.

At that moment, she didn't know how to respond.

Jim grew anxious, and asked, "Are you unhappy?" He sounded genuinely concerned.

Feeling a bit awkward, Diana thought about how to subtly remind Jim of her marriage with Julian—that she already had a husband.

Just then, Jim spoke again. "Lenny, where are you?" "I'm here, Professor." Those words immediately sent shivers down Diana's spine.

Lenny?

The man Jim was addressing... Was that James?!

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Diana's eyes widened in surprise.

She found it hard to believe that Jim actually knew James. When she looked up, her shock deepened.

The person standing right before her was unmistakably James himself!

Earlier, with so many things blocking her view, his presence had been obscured.

Now, after pushing everything into the room, his entire face was revealed.

Although it was the same face, the same physique and height, James's eyes...

Looking into Diana's eyes, there was something significantly different with him from before. There was no disdain and no evident disgust; only respect.

Yes, genuine respect!

He even bowed low, portraying Diana as the master between them.

"Ms. Winnington, the professor told me to deliver all the items to you. In the future, if you need transportation, feel free to call me. I'll bring whatever you need."

It all felt like a dream, somewhat surreal.

Diana couldn't quite grasp it. "Are you now...the driver for the Hughes family?"

James shook his head. "You sound a little mystified, Ms. Winnington."

Compared to before, James was behaving in a very calm manner. There was no impatience in his voice.

More importantly, his patience was not an act. It was clear that this man was genuinely happy with his current life.

Meeting him again and experiencing the feeling of being abandoned once more...

If it were in the past, Diana would have undoubtedly felt uncomfortable. But now, aside from a slight twinge of sadness, she didn't feel anything else.

What she wanted to do was quickly ask him about her biological father. Facing James, she couldn't put on a pleasant expression.

"My father..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Jim interrupted her. Diana then remembered she was still on the phone with him.

"Diana, are you satisfied? Are you happy with my gift?"

Jim was a straightforward person. Diana told herself that while she didn't speak to him very nicely sometimes, he never seemed to mind. He always cared about her mood.

“James... Is James the real gift?”

“Of course,” Jim said, nodding. “The file I gave you earlier contains information about your background. I knew you’d be curious, so I kept James by my side.”

James could hear their conversation perfectly well. He didn’t show any dissatisfaction. Instead, he continued to smile at Diana.

Diana felt uncomfortable with James’s overly kind attitude. She said to him, “Actually, you don’t have to smile at me so warmly.”

Disappointment flashed across James’s face. “Ms. Winnington, did I do something wrong? Is there something I could have done better?”

He even appeared a bit awkward, as if he had committed the unspeakable.

This wasn’t the James Diana knew, and it certainly wasn’t the attitude he should display in front of her.

Diana felt even more uneasy.

“You haven’t done anything wrong. Just, your previous attitude towards me...”

Diana thought about the past. She paused, before continuing, “...wasn’t like this.”

Surprise colored James’s face. “We knew each other before?!”

James’s attitude felt oddly familiar to Diana.

She hesitated, and asked, “Did you... lose your memory?”

James shook his head, looking confused.

“I don’t know if I’ve lost my memory. All I know is that I work here for the professor, and I’m the Hughes’s regular employee. I usually handle driving duties, and occasionally help with gardening at home.”

His tone was calm. Apart from memory loss, Diana couldn’t think of any reason for someone to completely transform into someone seemingly unrecognizable in such a short period.

“He has amnesia,” Jim said, sounding cheerful. “Lenny might remember his past after seeing you. As for the matter about your father, you can ask Lenny once he regains his memory. But during this time, I hope you can stay in Jacroaof.”

Jim wanted to keep Diana in Jacroaof. He considered her mood, and wanted her to stay here willingly.

It was why he allowed James to appear before Diana.