

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1471

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The afternoon sun wasn't as scorching as it was in the morning. It felt gentler and made Diana's dewy skin glow.

When a stray lock of hair fell, it seemed like a ripple spreading out on a sparkling lake.

Jim's mood lifted instantly.

With her head bent over and her neck exposed, Diana looked like she belonged in a beautiful painting. There was a delightful charm about her, with her hand resting on her swollen belly.

"Have you ever fallen in love?" Jim suddenly asked Diana as he looked at her.

He had never been in love.

Yet, suddenly, he felt an itch in the depths of his heart.

He clicked on the browser on his computer and briefly described what he was feeling right now in the search bar. The conclusion he arrived at was, "OP, you want to be in a relationship."

Jim felt as though someone had hit him over the head with a hammer.

How could he possibly want to be in a relationship?

With a pregnant lady, no less!

He should be concentrating on his research. His mother said that one had to be single-minded in order to achieve great things, make history, and contribute to the medical field for the sake of the human race.

He was fated to give his all to the medical field. He couldn't possibly start a relationship with a woman.

“I need the washroom,” Jim said as he stood up, retracting his gaze from Diana.

Diana was shocked by his sudden announcement.

She turned her attention away from the book and nodded in acknowledgement.

A smile crept up her face.

Her plan was working!

Seizing the chance while he was gone, she hurriedly put the book down and walked to his computer and clicked open the internet browser.

But...

Jim’s previous search record was still there.

Diana read through Jim’s description.

Hmm...

Did he want to be in a relationship?

With her?

Diana felt a chill down her spine. She would rather be left alone and die in the operating theater than to betray Julian and be with Jim.

In this life, Julian was the only man for her.

Still, Jim was probably just doing a casual search.

A man who was vicious enough to leave her and her other baby dying on the operating table couldn’t possibly have the heart to be in a relationship. He was probably just curious.

Diana didn’t think too much of it, and turned her attention back to calling for help over social media.

She had to contact Julian through the post! She had to!

Thinking of Julian gave her strength from within.

Very soon, her fingers started pressing the keys as fast as possible while trying not to make a sound.

Jim was very quick at the washroom, and she heard the toilet flushing when she was only halfway through typing out her post.

Meanwhile, At the Channings' residence...

Yvonne's patience was wearing thin from being tormented by Fanny.

Fanny was at times easy-going, and at times very difficult to deal with. Yvonne was having a nervous breakdown after taking care of Fanny over the past few days.

When Oliver finally came, she hurried forward and exclaimed, "Mr. Channing, you're finally back!"

The look on her face said it all. Oliver thanked her for her hard work, and went upstairs to take a look at Fanny.

The moment he pushed the door open, he saw Fanny seated quietly on the bedside. Her eyes were red; she looked indignant, as if someone had tormented her.

The moment Fanny saw Oliver enter her room, she immediately rubbed her eyes with the back of her hand, but that only made them redder.

She looked like a weak and vulnerable rabbit that suddenly spotted a big, bad wolf so fearsome she forgot what she should do. The only thing left in her mind was fear.

Coupled with her white lace dress, she was the picture of pity and vulnerability.

He had never seen that look on Fanny's face before.

Oliver's eyes turned dark, and he shut the door behind him tight.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1472

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Night hadn't yet fallen upon them, but the room was already getting dark.

The curtains in Fanny's room were drawn such that Oliver couldn't even tell if it was day or night in the room.

All he could see was the woman before him. Her skin was fair and her facial features were striking, and she looked at him with doe eyes.

Fanny glanced at the door behind Oliver that he just shut, and chuckled inwardly.

Oliver wasn't as composed as she expected him to be.

Over the past few years, she had always thought of him as an insurmountable peak, someone unfathomable. That was why she kept her love for him in the depths of her heart, never daring to say it out.

Recently, however, Fanny was beginning to think that nothing in this world was sacred and unfathomable.

She was in the depths of hell.

Her gaze was raw.

the first-aid kit in the room and walked to her, then sat down on the bedside.

"Are you going to check my body, Dr. Channing?" Fanny looked at him ambiguously.

Oliver looked down, avoiding her gaze. "Be serious."

Fanny laid down on the bed and chuckled. "How am I not being serious?" He pulled out his medical apparatus, and finally looked Fanny in the eye. "Did you argue with Yvonne while I was away?" Fanny smiled, her eyes twinkling like stars. The unshed tears in her eyes were like pearls; seeing it made Oliver anxious and antsy all over. He could sense subtle changes in a part of his body.

Sometimes, things between a man and a woman were best left unspoken.

All that was needed was the right mood; and that was what he and Fanny had right now.

The room was getting darker, but no one turned the lights on.

Oliver checked Fanny's state of recovery in the dark, while she relied on the dim light peeking through the curtains to cooperate with him.

Slowly, the mood between them took a different turn.

"Yvonne's very good," Fanny said, as she pointed to her stomach. "Brother, it hurts a little here. Help me check, and see if I've recovered from the previous operation."

With that, she grabbed Oliver's hand and pushed it downwards.

Between the two of them, Oliver had always been the one to take the initiative.

However, he was never really very passionate.

He had always erected a barrier between them. Fanny used to think that he was just trying to hold back his desires, and that he was cold and distant by nature.

But after her miscarriage, it became clear to her that he wasn't cold and distant, and neither was he holding himself back from his desire.

He just didn't like her.

That was why he couldn't be passionate with her.

That was why he always took the initiative as a distant bystander.

At that time, Fanny's heart was filled with this man. She was shy and passive.

Right now, the tables have turned. She had become eager and passionate. That was when she realized that Oliver couldn't stand against the temptation at all.

How would he behave around Diana?

Fanny couldn't help but wonder.

She forced herself to stop thinking that way. Diana didn't like Oliver, and Julian was the man she loved. Just because Oliver liked Diana, doesn't mean Diana would be with him!

That thought made her find Oliver rather pitiful.

Fanny couldn't really figure out what she was feeling right now, except that both her and Oliver were pitiful and laughable.

Her eyes looked so sad, Oliver could almost feel his heart breaking. He instinctively gentled his movements, but Fanny held his hand. "Don't stop."

Oliver knew very clearly where his hand was at right now.

Seeing Fanny in her current state made his ears turn red.

He was a handsome man to begin with. He knew he looked rather feminine whenever he blushed. Whenever he experienced strong emotions, his ears and cheeks would turn red.

That was one point he had in common with Diana.

However, he was a man-it was strange to see a man blushing.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1473

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Oliver was aware of this shortcoming of his, which was why whenever he was with Fanny, he never wore his heart on his sleeve. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to stop embarrassing himself before her.

What if she didn't like what she saw of him?

Thus, Oliver wanted to hide his emotions from her.

Yet now, he couldn't help but expose his true feelings before her.

The moment he sensed his ears turning red, he pulled his hand back in embarrassment and fled to the washroom to hide his anxiety.

When he emerged from the washroom once more, he was still his usual polite and gentlemanly self. However, the words he said were cold as ice, breaking Fanny's already broken heart even further.

"Fanny Smith, your parents are watching you from up above. Please have some self-respect."

His words were deeply piercing.

It almost made the tears in Fanny's eyes fall.

Thanks to her lengthy experience in acting, however, she was able to go through with this facade.

She knew at which angle and which expression she looked best and most alluring.

What she needed to do right now was to make use of her face, the only leverage she had left, to leave this place as soon as she could.

Yet, her hatred towards the Channings and Oliver intensified with Oliver's words.

If this stalemate between them were to drag on further, no amount of acting skills would be enough for her.

She thought it was best to be direct with Oliver.

She stood up and, like a moth to a flame, pounced onto Oliver without any warning.

There was a cold, hard wall right behind him.

Strange.

It didn't feel cold.

Conversely, it felt like a fire that had to be put out, especially in this season.

Temperatures began rising.

Fanny leaned in, and whispered into his ear, "I didn't do anything to Yvonne."

That was the only way to avoid letting him see the intensifying hatred in her eyes.

Were her parents watching her from above?

What right did he have to mention her parents?! Until now, she had no idea what their names were!

The thought of them made her heart ache, yet she spoke sweetly and flirtatiously, sounding indignant and enticing at the same time.

"I don't like having someone stay here with me. Make her leave..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Oliver kissed her.

He held down her hands that were roaming around on his body. She found herself unable to say a word.

Heaven knew how difficult it was to control himself from taking things a step further, even when there was a sharp pain on his lips.

If he didn't take things a step further, Fanny wouldn't be able to get pregnant and therefore wouldn't have leverage to leave this place.

She tried to tempt the man before her to go further. "Didn't you have me checked just now?"

She could sense the desire raging in his veins. She tried hard to make him recall what happened just now. At such a critical moment, her eyes turned increasingly clear.

Oliver suddenly lost interest as he recalled her motivation. He sneered, "Is that all you have?"

He loved her.

More so than she thought.

Yet, hatred was a chasm that lay deep between them.

"You don't want Yvonne staying here because you want to flee?" He leaned in close to her ear, and said in the same tone she did just seconds ago, "No way."

He wouldn't let her get away so easily.

Even what he said about letting her give birth to another child before she was allowed to leave was just to fool her.

Realization dawned upon Fanny, and she narrowed her eyes. "Oliver, actually..."

She looked at him as she recalled subtle actions that Diana did when they previously had a meal together. She was able to copy Diana's actions to a tee.

Oliver looked at her in shock. He could tell that she was imitating another woman.

“Why are you cheapening yourself like this?” he snarled.

Wasn’t it ideal to peacefully abandon everything else, forget all grudges and hatred, and simply stay in this villa with him?

He pulled off his gold-rimmed glasses. As if bestowing great honor upon her, he said righteously, “I won’t count the miscarriage of our first baby against you.”

He wouldn’t count it against her?

What right did he have to say that?!

The rain of that tragic night once again turned into a cold, hard spear that pierced her heart.

Fanny gritted her teeth, and cut Oliver’s disgusting reverie off.

“Oliver, actually... You can pretend I’m her.”

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1474

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1474

Fanny recalled the desperation she felt that night and the pain of losing her baby. The memories were like a snake, coiling around her heart and suffocating it.

Oliver didn’t have the willpower to resist Fanny’s temptation, especially when she whispered in his ear about pretending that she was Diana.

Was that what she thought of him?

Why did she choose to mention another woman at such a time when she was so intimate with him?

“I don’t love her anymore,” he said. He saw Diana as just a friend right now.

In fact, sometimes, he preferred contacting Julian instead. At the very least, Julian could give him some tips on pursuing his wife and help him stabilize his relationship with Fanny.

However, Fanny didn't believe him.

She was certain about Oliver's attitude toward her from the bottom of her heart.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have hidden the truth about his father causing her parents' death from her!

All the more he wouldn't have told her that she was merely his tool to bear children for him right after she lost their baby!

He was just settling for her because he couldn't get Diana!

Whatever it was, Fanny no longer cared.

It was precisely because she no longer cared that she could mention Diana's name so indifferently.

There were no emotions in her eyes, except for cold calculation.

Fire burned in Oliver's eyes. Since when did Fanny turn from someone self-centric to someone like this?

In the past, the mere mention of Diana's name would send Fanny to the depths of sorrow.

But now, she kept mentioning Diana's name so casually, even using her to flirt with him.

The fire in his eyes burned brighter, and he yanked her cheeks. He said furiously, "Say that again!"

"What?" Fanny couldn't be bothered to put up a front.

Since the day she suffered a miscarriage, was forced to undergo dilation and curettage and locked up in this villa, her heart had long stopped beating!

She looked at him with indifference, the affection she once had for him all but gone. “Can’t bear to hear me say her name and defile it?”

The truth was, he couldn’t bear for Fanny to cheapen herself in this manner.

Yet at that moment, he couldn’t speak.

That was because Fanny had leaned in to kiss him. She was like a drug that he couldn’t quit the moment he had a taste. Scenes of their childhood flashed past his mind, along with everything that happened after they got married. The memories softened his heart. Yet the moment he remembered the current situation they were in, his heart tightened immediately.

Fanny seized the opportunity to attack him.

In the past, she wasn’t proactive and aggressive enough. She reined in her pride and stripped herself of all her glory before Oliver, just so she could win his heart.

Ultimately, she realized that this man had a heart of stone that she would never be able to melt in her entire life!

From today on, she would find herself again and attack incessantly!

She had only one goal in mind: to leave this place!

Everything began so intensely and ended swiftly.

The moment Fanny put her clothes back on, she got into a handstand position.

Oliver knew what she was doing.

Like before, she was trying to increase the likelihood of getting pregnant.

Back then, her body hadn't fully recovered yet. It was difficult for her to conceive even if she didn't take medicine.

This time, things were different. She was now completely recovered.

That was the conclusion he arrived at when he checked on her just now.

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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1475

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Her diligence at doing handstands coupled with the frequency he was visiting her...

Oliver's brows furrowed. He was getting worried.

He was worried that Fanny would soon get pregnant. She might eventually tell him that she wanted to leave him after giving birth to their child!

That was her goal, wasn't it?

She was the one treating him as a tool.

He could sense her affection for him vanishing, and he felt suffocated. He couldn't help but look at her; he was about to stop her when he heard his phone ring.

It was a call from his father.

Oliver's eyes turned dark. He glanced at Fanny before heading to the washroom. Very soon, he came out of the washroom once more, his face pale.

"I'm heading home."

His father was on the verge of death.

Shock flashed past Fanny's face when she found out.

She hadn't taken revenge yet. She hadn't even found out her parents' names!

How could that man just die like that?!

At that moment, she couldn't figure out if she felt happy or not. She instinctively grabbed her coat, and then Oliver's hand. "Oliver, I want to go with you."

His father's health was in critical condition, and no medicine or surgery could save him.

“You’re a dead person to everyone,” Oliver said as he looked at her. He pulled her hand away. “My father will only get a shock if he sees you appearing before him.”

The shock might make him die faster.

Oliver wanted to do whatever it takes to save his father. As long as he could gauge his father’s condition, he might be able to find a way.

“Oliver,” Fanny cried, as tears fell down her cheeks.

She was a beautiful woman, but such complex emotions had never appeared in her eyes. It made her all the more striking.

“You don’t trust me,” she said with certainty as she followed him to the first floor of the villa.

Oliver brisk-walked out of the villa. She followed right behind him.

She even draped a black jacket that belonged to him on her way out. She put on a pair of shades to hide the emotions in her eyes. However, her sorrow and pain was evident.

“He raised me for many years, after all,” she said. “I can feel the hatred in my heart vanishing the moment I heard the news.”

She grabbed the hem of his shirt.

“He’s about to die. Are you really not going to let me see him one last time?

“Oliver... Brother...

“I don’t remember my biological parents, and I couldn’t see them before they died. That’s already one of my biggest regrets in life. I don’t want to have more.

Brother... Let me come with you. I promise I won’t let anyone see my face. I’m begging you...”

She kept calling out to him.

Oliver's mind had returned to the past, back to the Channings' residence where they both grew up.

"Father..." he mumbled.

He looked back at Fanny, and said firmly, "Once we arrive at the hospital, follow right behind me. Don't say a word, and don't see him!"

Oliver saw the struggle in Fanny's face.

"I'll save him," he said. "No matter what it takes."

Fanny clenched her fists.

His father committed such a heinous crime against her family, yet he could say he was going to save that man right in front of her face with so much gusto.

It made sense. Since he didn't love her, why would he care what she thought?

She was even more determined to see that man.

If she had the chance to see him, she would make sure...he stood no chance of survival!

She would take revenge for her parents with her own hands!

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1476

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1476

Fanny didn't expect to step out of the villa in this way.

At that moment, she felt her long-lost freedom coming back to her.

However, it was short-lived. To prevent her from escaping, Oliver assigned her a bodyguard.

This bodyguard was different from Yvonne. Fanny had tormented Yvonne relentlessly, in order to get Yvonne to hide and ignore her. Yvonne wouldn't even respond when Fanny called. That gave Fanny some time to herself.

This bodyguard was different. He was impenetrable.

He was in Fanny's way throughout, following right behind her everywhere she went-just like a huge stone.

When they arrived at the hospital, Oliver headed straight for the ward.

Fanny was stopped outside, with the bodyguard right near her. She wanted to shake him off and follow Oliver into the ward, but the bodyguard refused to budge.

"Mr. Channing has given orders that you are to stay here and not go anywhere."

What was the difference between keeping her in the villa and making her stand here under watch?

Her goal of coming here with Oliver was to see his father!

She had to march straight up to him and demand her parents' names and the location of their graves!

She also had to do it without Oliver's knowledge. If he knew, he would surely stop her.

Fanny stood anxiously on the spot. After thinking hard for a long time, she shifted her target toward the female washroom. "I need the washroom. You wouldn't follow me there, would you?"

The bodyguard was stunned for a moment, and glanced at the crowded female toilet. A look of distress flashed past his huge tanned face.

“Three minutes. If you don’t come out by then, I’ll head in and find you.”

Fanny said, “Three minutes isn’t enough. I need more time than that just to queue up to get in.”

She headed straight for the washroom before the bodyguard could say anything further.

There was a very strong smell of disinfectant liquid in the washroom.

Fanny pinched her nose, and looked around. That was when she realized that the cleaner was in the washroom, disinfecting the entire place.

The cleaner was probably a newcomer who didn’t look very proficient at her job.

She poured out almost half a bottle of the disinfectant; it sent a strong, sharp smell up everyone’s noses, upsetting everyone.

The hospital was a place that didn’t bode well. Aside from the obstetrician and gynecologist department, patients were usually there because something bad had happened.

Many people were berating the cleaner for what she had done.

She looked down. Fanny noticed that she seemed relatively young.

She also noticed her striking facial features. Wasn’t she...the unknown actress that her company signed a contract with before?!

Why was she working here now?!

Fanny immediately grabbed the cleaner’s hand, and took off her shades.

The moment the cleaner saw that it was Fanny, shock registered on her face before giving way to fear.

Fanny knew what she was thinking the moment she saw the look on her face.

She quickly said, “I didn’t die. I’m no ghost. I’m in this state right now... All thanks to Oliver Channing.”

Her words seemed to strike a chord with the actress. “Miss The actress soon burst out crying.

That made everyone around even more upset.

Just then, someone left one of the cubicles.

Fanny couldn’t be bothered with the smell, and pulled the unknown actress into the cubicle with her. She locked the door with a click, and shut out the unpleasantness outside.

Fanny looked at the actress, and wiped her tears away. “Are you filming something? Why are you here?”

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1477

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1477

“I got played out,” said the actress, Erin Lane. Her eyes were red.

Erin grabbed Fanny’s arms, and squeezed hard. When she felt the warmth of Fanny’s body, she finally believed that Fanny wasn’t dead.

“Ever since you...” Erin paused. Instead of saying that Fanny had died, Erin amended her words, and said “Ever since something bad happened to you, chaos ensued in the company. Mr. Channing did step forward to help manage things, but his oversight was limited only to famous actors and actresses.

Things were tougher for unknown actors and actresses like me.” Erin had just signed a contract with the company, and Fanny didn’t have the chance to sign her up in a movie or drama. Fanny initially wanted Erin to be featured in the show she was prioritizing, but didn’t expect to suffer

from a miscarriage during the filming. Right now, she couldn't even save herself from her plight, not to mention others.

One thing she didn't expect was for Oliver to manage her company.

She thought he would leave her company to fend for itself.

Despite that, she found no need to thank him.

Who knew what ill-intentions lay behind his actions. Given everything that had happened, Fanny had no expectations of Oliver whatsoever.

She didn't allow herself to have any.

After today...

She would let Oliver have a taste of what it felt like to have his parents die.

She no longer hoped for things to return to the past.

Fanny grabbed Erin's hand. "Get to the point. Tell me first, why are you here?"

"Who did this to you?" "Lina Jennings," Erin said indignantly. "She's the sister of the owner of a pharmaceutical company in Richburgh that's growing very quickly. She said she wanted to invest in our show and came to our office. But when she arrived, she got furious the moment she saw me. She said that I resembled a slut she knew."

Erin sniffled, feeling even more upset the more she thought about it.

"She slapped me right there and then, and the company sent me here to wash the toilets."

Fanny was enraged, feeling protective of her own recruit." How much did she invest that it's fine to treat you like this?!"

What's more...

“Who made you wash the toilets?! Did no one else in the company come to your defense?”

“It was Mr. Channing,” Erin replied, still indignant. “I suppose an insignificant actress like me isn’t worthy of his attention.” She had only herself to blame for not being famous enough.

Fanny became even more furious upon hearing Erin’s words. “You’re my recruit.

How dare he treat you that way?”

She made Erin take off the uniform.

“Erin,” she said, “don’t tell anyone that I’m not dead. Take the fact that you saw me today to your grave. Give me three days at most to let you return to the crew. But...”

Fanny looked at Erin, and said solemnly, “Aside from exchanging clothes with me, I need another favor from you.”

Erin nodded, and immediately exchanged her clothes with Fanny. “Don’t worry.

After you leave the washroom, I’ll use the phone exactly as you instructed!”

Fanny nodded as well, smiling. Grateful from the bottom of her heart, she said, “Thank you.”

She was trapped right now, and had to rely on Erin to help her.

She thanked Erin once more, and grabbed the cleaning equipment at the door of the washroom before heading out with her head hung low.

As actresses, both women had good figures, and Erin’s clothes fitted Fanny well.

No one else would find the uniform ill-fitting on Fanny. Conversely, they would think that the clothes were custom- made for her.

The bodyguard glanced at her, looking doubtful. But very soon, he turned his attention swiftly back to the washroom.

Meanwhile, Erin had followed Fanny's instructions to post a call for help online.

She put on Fanny's shades and her clothes and walked out.

Fanny's shades covered almost half of her face. If one didn't look close enough, it would be impossible to tell that the owner of the clothes had been switched.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1478

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1478

Erin kept her head down, and the bodyguard didn't dare to lean in closer. The sight of her returning was enough to put him at ease.

Fanny didn't see any commotion breaking out behind her, and knew that her ploy had worked.

She truly didn't expect the person Oliver sent to wash the toilets to help her at such a critical moment.

Perhaps the heavens couldn't bear it any longer. The heavens wanted to give her a chance to seek revenge from the Channings.

Fanny walked to the door of the ward, where doctors streamed out incessantly.

She could overhear their conversation about how the patient was in a dire condition, and that Mr. Channing wanted to hold a discussion with them. He even invited an expert.

"Mr. Channing would be able to live for another week or so. There's still a chance, go for it!"

One week...

He could live another week.

So many people held him in such high regard, running around and doing all things for his sake-yet, her parents didn't even have the chance of getting resuscitated.

Fanny tightened her grip over the broom, pretending to be sweeping the floor, when she was in fact fighting the urge to barge into the ward.

Thankfully, the doctors were slowly filing out of the ward.

When the chatters died down, Fanny peeked into the room on tip-toes. Oliver wasn't in the ward.

She remembered the doctors talking about having a discussion, and guessed that Oliver might have headed over early to prepare.

He used to work as a doctor, after all. Although he hadn't been working as one over the past three years, he still had his connections and skills.

For example, today, when he was checking on her, he demonstrated even more techniques than when he operated on her previously.

It gave her warmth that seeped into her bones.

She even had the illusion that he treated her like a treasure, hence why he had been so gentle and not at all overbearing.

Thankfully, she was no fool.

She knew that this man had excellent medical skills—and that was it. If he really treasured her, he wouldn't have done so many outrageous things to her.

Fanny composed herself, and gripped her broom as she entered the ward.

Kenneth Channing wasn't staying in a sterile ward. He had just completed his operation, and all of his vitals were in stable condition.

There were many tubes sticking out of his body, and he looked like a toy assembled together by many small parts.

When Fanny entered the ward, she looked up slowly.

She did so until her whole face was exposed in front of Kenneth. By then, she had arrived right next to his bed.

Everyone was trying to keep this old man alive. She was the only exception, like a reaper swimming against a tide.

She stood right next to him.

Unlike what Oliver thought, Kenneth Channing wasn't shocked when he saw Fanny. Instead, he was filled with fear and uneasiness.

"You..."

Mist spewed from his oxygen mask when he spoke, making him look even more weak and vulnerable.

Fanny smiled, the struggle and pain Oliver saw in her eyes before leaving the villa all but gone. Right now, overwhelming hatred was all that was left.

"I've come."

Whether she was a ghost or a living person, she had to make the Channings pay for what they owed her!

Fanny cut to the chase.

"What are my parents' names? Where are their graves? How did you go through the procedures to adopt me? I want to know everything."

Her words made it clear that she had found out the truth of the past.

That was so.

If she didn't know the truth, Oliver would never bear to fake her death and hold a funeral for her. Oliver was probably doing all he could so that Fanny would belong to him alone.

His poor son...

A kind man was a dying man.

He looked at Fanny once more, and the uneasiness in his heart fading. "What's bound to come will come."

Alas, his debt would inevitably fall upon his son's shoulders.

"Don't leave him," Kenneth said. "Promise me that, and I'll tell you everything that happened in the past. You can even record it and take my statement to the police to hold me accountable for what I did. But..."

Saying so much in one breath exhausted what little energy he had left.

It took him five minutes to muster another word.

"Don't leave him."

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1479

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1479

Oliver wasn't willing to take over the family business. He was happiest when he worked as a doctor.

But because of Kenneth's deteriorating health, Oliver was forced to work for the family. Bugged down by the overwhelming demands of business, Oliver no longer had the chance to pick up his beloved scalpel.

Although Oliver never spoke a word about it, Kenneth knew that his son wasn't happy working for the company.

He couldn't even be with Diana, the woman he loved. Thankfully, he fell in love with Fanny, who loved him with all her heart.

Kenneth was delighted to see that.

But...

His sins against the Smiths came back to haunt him like a nightmare.

He was worried Oliver might find out about his secret, and that might drive a wedge between them as father and son. Therefore, he decided to come clean.

Whether Oliver would be upset or shocked wasn't part of his consideration.

He was a father with a penchant for manipulating his son.

But right now, he regretted it deeply.

He was about to die.

Kenneth wanted to do something for his son before he passed away. The only bargaining chip he had was the truth of the past, the justice he owed the Smiths.

He was willing to pay back the debt he owed.

Fanny knew what he meant, but...

"You have no right to negotiate with me."

"He loves you very much." "Seems like you don't know your son very well," Fanny said with a chuckle. Her fingers rested on his oxygen mask. "Your life is in my hands. If you don't tell me the truth, I can send you on your way to see my parents." If she could discover the truth, it didn't matter if Kenneth died. She could hunt down those who covered his crimes. She would deliver justice for her parents!

"I'm not scared," Kenneth said.

He was a cunning old fox through and through-especially when he knew he had what Fanny wanted.

He went on calmly, "You can pull it out, but after doing that, you won't find out anything about your biological parents."

Fanny came to a compromise. Oliver was going to return anytime soon; when that happened, he would never allow her to stay in the ward.

She finally nodded, and said, "Fine. I promise you that no matter what happens in the future, I'll never leave Oliver."

She would just lie to Kenneth. She knew how to cajole and coax.

To make him came clean about what happened in the past, she was more than willing to swear upon something even more outrageous!

"If I fail to do it, I'll be struck by lightning!" she added.

People on the verge of death tended to believe more in heaven's will.

Seeing her swear upon her own life, Kenneth finally relaxed. His eyes were soon clouded, and he began talking. Fanny recording everything with her phone.

Every word he spoke thereafter numbed her head.

Her parents...

This old bastard had run them over!

Not just that, he even returned to the scene of the accident multiple times for fear that they might survive the accident and be a burden to him.

He might as well have killed them with his bare hands!

With the couple dead and a weak little girl left behind, things were easy to deal with.

Fanny Smith's destiny had been re-written since then, pulled along ruthlessly by the evils of human nature.

Fanny tightened her grip over her phone, her voice shaky." What was going through your mind the moment you saw me and adopted me?"

She wanted to know if this man before her had ever felt any guilt.

Kenneth smiled.

"It felt great to have made the right decision back then. You just lost your parents, and you looked so weak and vulnerable. You took whatever I said as the truth, and you even treated me as your savior."

Tears of humiliation and hatred gushed forth.

Fanny looked at Kenneth, and reached toward his oxygen mask.

She must kill him with her own hands!

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1480

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1480

However, Kenneth was sure she wouldn't actually do it.

'Your parents' graves...' he said.

He still had information she needed.

As he had expected, Fanny gradually calmed down.

She couldn't kill him by removing his oxygen mask. Being a criminal because of him wasn't worth it.

She had to make him bear the judgment he deserved for being a murderer, under the jurisdiction of the law!

So angry she was, her fingers trembled. She suppressed her fury as best as she could.

‘Tell me.’

Kenneth went on, and there was not a single trace of guilt in his voice. ‘Their graves are in City East Graveyard.’

That graveyard...

Fanny’s eyes lit up. ‘I’ve been there before!’

Kenneth was stunned. ‘You have? When did that happen?’

It was a few years ago, when she just started acting. She wasn’t famous at that time.

The Channings acted as her backer and paved her way in the industry with their money. While no one dared to do anything to her, many gave her the cold shoulder.

When she became the supporting actress of an A-list celebrity, their treatment of her worsened.

At that time, said celebrity was a top-notch star paid handsomely just to appear in a feature and say a few words.

As her supporting actress who shared a few scenes with her, Fanny performed very well despite the high expectations. The director even praised her.

When the crew was packing up, that actress gave direct orders forbidding everyone to give her a lift home. Not even Fanny’s own company car.

She had to walk home.

Back then, no one dared to go against the actress.

Fanny had no choice but to walk home. She didn’t expect the journey to be so long. Despite the many hours of walking till the sky turned dark,

she saw absolutely no cars passing by. It was winter, and her body was almost frozen stiff.

It was too cold.

She wanted to find a place to rest first and hide from the cold, biting wind.

When she looked around, all that was within sight was a graveyard.

There was a security post right at the entrance of the graveyard. The moment Fanny passed it, a man walked out and handed her a glass of warm water.

‘Young lady, I’ve noticed you for a while. It must be cold walking outside all alone, isn’t it?’

Fanny’s mouth was frozen stiff, so much that she couldn’t even open it. She instinctively sipped on the warm water, and doing that brought a sharp pain to her teeth.

She didn’t dare to drink anymore, and entered the security post when the man invited her in. There was a heater inside, making the place warm and toasty.

Her body started warming up after a few minutes. She hurriedly took a few more sips of water.

When she was about to leave, the man’s wife suddenly appeared and heard about what happened from her husband. She hurriedly opened the thermal box she brought and offered, ‘Young lady, eat with us.’

She had come here by tricycle. “I’ll send you home after the meal. It’s too cold outside, you won’t be able to manage alone.” ‘Yes, yes. You’re such an attractive young lady. If there are bad guys out there and something bad were to happen, your parents would be heartbroken.”

Afterward, Fanny left the place on the tricycle.

She had sat on many vehicles that belonged to the Channings, and had seen many things in the materialistic entertainment circle. However, none of the vehicles she had been in felt warmer than the tricycle she rode that night.

Now that she thought about it, the man and his wife she met that night could very well have been sent to protect her by her parents...

She didn't expect to cross paths with her biological parents that way.

Her heart softened. At the same time, she felt a strong urge to cry.

Kenneth had no idea what was going through Fanny's mind. He simply fulfilled his end of the deal, and told her, "There are only two people by the surname of Smith in the graveyard. I don't remember their names, but you'll know when you see it."

At that, Fanny's heart hardened once more.

What did he mean by that? How could he not remember their names after doing something so cruel to them?!

She had to suppress her anger to control herself from killing him right there and then.

Kenneth was rather surprised. His impression of Fanny was that she was a bold and daring woman. Yet, she didn't make a move on him, even until now.

He wondered if he could get rid of Fanny for his son. After all, she posed a great threat to him.