

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1541

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Vans didn't seem affected at all at the sight of her with another man. He simply acted all tough, and even thought that she couldn't do without him.

There was no sign of guilt or care in his eyes at all. Nothing but arrogant pride.

Was this the man she loved?

Disappointment flooded Nina's heart. She clenched her fists, and looked at Marcus with slight embarrassment. "He didn't use to be like this..." In the past, Vans used to care very much for her. Even that one break-up they went through was because he didn't want to see her get hurt.

But now... She had no idea what to do next.

"Women need to learn how to love themselves," Marcus said, not listening to her explain further. "I'm not interested to know the kind of man he is, but if you want to share more about yourself, I'm all ears." His words shocked even his assistant. Since when did Mr. Jensen care so much for another woman?!

He even took the initiative to ask her about her past. Was he trying to turn the agreement into reality?

But he kept that question in his heart, not daring to ask that question out loud in front of Marcus. His gaze shifted between the two of them, making Nina feel uncomfortable and embarrassed.

Her face started to flush.

"I know, Mr. Jensen," she said.

“Your voice sounds as weak as a mosquito. No wonder you find yourself at the mercy of another man,” Marcus said, as he pinched her chin. “Look into my eyes and talk to me.” Nina had never been treated this way before. Vans was aggressive, but not to this extent. His aggression was built on the foundation of them as an established couple.

Nina remembered when Vans first saw her with Diana. At that moment, they had fallen in love with each other at first sight.

Of course, it could have been lust, but they couldn’t get each other out of each other’s minds. When they finally contacted each other, Diana had no idea what was going on.

Vans brought her out for a meal on their first date. They also watched a movie together.

Their seats were in toward the back, and there was an armrest in between their seats. In the middle of the movie, Vans folded the armrest up, effectively removing the barrier between them.

A slight move of his hand allowed him contact with hers. Nina jumped at his touch, and immediately retracted her hand.

“Dr. Stanley, what are we?” Her eyes shone bright in the dark, and her question stunned Vans.

“We’re about to be a couple.” Nina didn’t reject him. However, she said in all seriousness, “That shows that we’re not a couple yet.” Vans nodded.

“In that case, you can’t touch me.” Nina smiled apologetically and politely. She looked enchantingly adorable at that moment.

“When can I touch you, then?” “After we establish ourselves as an official couple.” Vans didn’t say anything further. He had to admit, he simply wanted to fool around with her at that point in time.

At that time, his impression of Diana was that she was a replacement that Julian found for Kayla. No one in their circle acknowledged Diana’s presence, not to mention being friends with her.

To them, Nina and Diana were both people they could bully.

He never expected Diana to end up being the love of Julian's love.

Nina had become a woman he found impossible to let go, even at the toughest time.

Nina saw Vans remain silent, and asked, "There are other women, aren't there?" He didn't deny her claim.

"I'll give you one week," Nina said boldly. "Eliminate all other women around you for one week. If we still like each other, we'll be in a relationship." She stretched out her petite hands, and waved it before his eyes. "You can hold my hand when that happens!" "That's not enough." Vans smiled mysteriously. He held the back of Nina's head and kissed her right on her lips.

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That was Nina's first kiss.

Vans was way too aggressive.

Her mind had gone numb throughout the entire kiss. When he finally let her go, she was still stunned in her seat, feeling lost. All she could feel was his warmth on her lips.

It was a mark that he left on her, and the scent of her first love.

"Look closely." Before she could snap back to reality, Vans pulled his phone out and showed Nina the screen in the dark cinema. He scrolled to the names of the women he had been fooling around with.

“I’m deleting them all, and I’ve also just kissed you. Ms. Ashlee, will you be in a relationship with me now?” That was how Nina fell in love with Vans.

But now, they hadn’t even kissed each other for a long time. Even a hug felt like a rare treat.

Bitterness rose in Nina’s chest. She suddenly didn’t know why she was holding onto this relationship.

The car drove on as silence fell upon them in the car.

After a long while, Nina finally said, “My past...isn’t very interesting.” Before she met Vans, she barely had a love life, and her career had just started.

However, she was willing to strive and gave her all to her work.

At that time, she just wanted to remain in this city. Not for anyone else, but herself.

Three to four years had passed, and she was now successful in her career, achieving her dream of being an editor-in-chief.

She had worked hard and gained a foothold in this city. Yet, she didn’t feel as happy as she expected herself to be.

Nina leaned against the back of the chair, suddenly bereft of motivation. She looked into Marcus’s eyes, and said frankly, “Mr. Hensen, I clearly have everything I ever wanted, but why...do I still feel so unhappy?” Marcus’s hand, which was on her skin, trembled. The amusement in his eyes faded as he transformed back into that cold, unfeeling Marcus.

He didn’t reply to her question.

He had the same question himself, too.

After becoming famous at a young age, life had become smooth-sailing. He had won all the awards he could, and had earned for himself millions

of fans. People recognized him on the streets despite being all wrapped up, and they would clamor for a photo with him.

The assistant said that this was the mark of a famous celebrity.

Many celebrities didn't even have a chance to film movies despite being in the industry for a long time, not to mention being a household name like Marcus was.

Even Fanny was only famous for a short while and soon faded into the background.

Marcus had experienced all the highs and lows of the industry. He should be thankful that he was considered an evergreen favorite.

Yet, he often felt unhappy.

Just like Nina's question, he clearly had everything he ever wanted, so why was he...still so unhappy?

Silence fell upon them once more.

Nina finally broke the silence when they arrived at the Fulchers'. "Mr. Jensen, we're here." A warm and bright smile appeared on Marcus's face, and it felt like a spring breeze.

Nina saw the iconic, professional smile on his face, and said, "Mr. Jensen, you don't need to behave so professionally. Diana is a very nice lady, and she'll help you find Fanny even without you asking." They were all friends with Fanny. Although they seldom hung out, they would help each other out whenever necessary.

Such a relationship was even stronger than that shared between ordinary friends, and even family.

Marcus didn't know about their relationship. The only thing he knew was that when Fanny last contacted him, she told him to find Diana if she didn't return by one o'clock.

However, Diana was also Mrs. Fulcher.

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Despite Marcus's status in showbiz, he didn't have the confidence to ask the richest man in the country, who was also a stunning young man, whether he could see his wife.

The best way was to get Nina involved. To his surprise, however, they had unwittingly become a couple in name.

Marcus chuckled at the turn of events.

"I'm not being professional," he said, "I'm really excited to see my godson and goddaughter." With that, he instructed his assistant to retrieve the gift hampers from the boot of the car.

That was when Nina finally took a good look at the hampers—they were filled with toys, nutritional supplements, and even gemstones and calligraphy paintings, which looked as though they were treasures from an auction.

Nina wanted to tell him that he shouldn't have gone to such an expense, when Marcus started greeting Diana and her children. They looked very pleased with Marcus, and were even more excited to see him than Nina.

That was especially so with Betty. Her bright eyes barely blinked as she stared at Marcus. "Godfather?" She called out in her adorable voice.

Marcus replied to her in a bright and crisp voice, "You must be Betty." He lifted her up, and pointed to his cheeks. "Little darling, you look just like a beautiful princess. Can you kiss Godfather on his cheek?" Betty was so happy, she immediately pecked his cheek.

An unlikely friendship blossomed between them. Betty was so happy, she kept her arms wrapped tight around Marcus's neck. She kept bugging him to give her his signature so she could show it off to her classmates in school, and tell everyone that Marcus was her godfather!

Sean, on the other hand, remained very calm.

His eyes were filled with wisdom, just like his father's, as he surveyed Marcus from head to toe.

Marcus saw how much Sean resembled Julian at first sight. Sean was clearly just a kid, yet he exuded such an imposing aura.

Thankfully, they were all very welcoming of him—with the sole exception of Julian. Marcus couldn't see through those dark, unfathomable eyes of his.

"Please, come in and have a seat." Diana invited him in and offered him some tea.

Everyone exchanged pleasantries, and Marcus instructed his Diana didn't want to accept it, but Marcus said, "I heard from Nina that you two are close friends. If you don't accept my gift, that means her family refuses to accept me. I'll have to think about what other gifts I must present to gain your favor." His words were thoughtful, and left much to the imagination.

Diana felt all warm and fuzzy inside. She glanced at Nina, and instructed her servants to accept the gift hamper and prepare a gift in return of equal value.

Since Marcus called her Nina's family, she had to return the favor.

In fact, Nina's actual family... Tears almost welled up in Nina's eyes over Diana's thoughtful move.

She didn't dare think about her family.

Everyone knew that Fanny was in trouble, and jumped straight into discussing her.

“Don’t worry,” Diana said to Marcus, “Julian and I will head straight to the Channings’ residence. But...” She couldn’t help but ask him, “Who are you to Fanny?” “She’s an excellent senior of mine,” Marcus explained. “We share a community of interest as well. I have shares in the film company she founded after retiring from showbiz.” It was the most steady kind of platonic relationship between a man and a woman.

Having a relationship of shared interest and benefit usually wouldn’t involve romance.

Diana felt assured. She winked at Nina, and said, “Nina, take Mr. Jensen and Betty around the manor. We’ll head to the Channings’ residence with Sean.” Sean had questions for Oliver.

Although it wasn’t absolutely necessary for him to ask today, he wanted to see if he had the chance to ask his questions by tagging along today.

After all, he was quite affected by everything that happened in the training camp.

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The entire entourage arrived at the Channings’ residence.

Before they came, Nina informed them about Fanny staying in Diana’s apartment. Diana wasn’t upset at all. Instead, she was thankful that she had bought that apartment, and that it served as an abode for Fanny during her toughest times.

Aside from that, she was very glad that Fanny was still alive.

“Let’s just hope Oliver won’t keep making the same mistakes,” Diana said as she got out of the car with her pregnant belly in tow. Julian knocked on the door.

He saw how slowly Diana walked, and his heart ached. He asked Noel to knock harder.

No one came out even after five minutes.

“Could they be out?” Diana wondered.

“Impossible,” Julian said, not bearing to see Diana worried. He decisively made Noel bring an entire team of bodyguards. “Smash the door down!” Although it wasn’t polite of Julian to do so, it was the most expedient approach.

Diana wanted to stop him, but the thought of the predicament that Fanny was in right now stopped her from talking. She allowed Julian to command his bodyguards to smash the door of the Channings’ residence down.

Very soon, the door was reduced to broken pieces of wood and splinters.

Having learned his lesson from the incident with Jim, Julian didn’t dare to leave Diana’s side. He stayed close to her; so did Sean, who followed right behind his parents, his face cool and obedient.

The family of three walked together, and none of the servants of the Channing household dared to stop them. They stood idly by, watching them head to the living room.

Julian and Diana were very familiar with the layout of the house. They smoothly made their way to the living room and looked straight at the butler who was standing right there. “Where is Oliver?” The butler recognized Julian. All the more, he knew he couldn’t afford to offend Julian. He said honestly, “I don’t know.” Oliver didn’t come back home over the past two days.

“Where’s Fanny Smith?” Diana thought Oliver must have something to do with Fanny’s disappearance.

The butler shook his head again, looking as though he was put in a difficult spot.

“We really can’t figure out what’s going on between Mrs. and Mr. Channing.” Forget Diana, they themselves only found out about what Oliver did to Fanny, and how he faked her death, after the truth was exposed online.

“They used to be such a loving couple,” the butler lamented, confused as to what actually happened. He instinctively spoke up for Oliver. “Perhaps because Mr. Kenneth was in bad health, and Mr. Oliver was up to his ears in preparing his funeral. That’s why...” Diana was heavily pregnant, but she was still clear-minded. “When he confined Fanny and faked her death, Kenneth Channing was still alive.” There must be something more.

The butler fell silent.

Diana knew they weren’t able to get more information from him, and didn’t want to drag things on further. “Julian, let’s go somewhere else to search.” Just then, Sean, who had been silent all along, suddenly spoke up. “Mommy.” He grabbed Diana’s hand, and walked toward Oliver’s room upstairs. “I might have a way to find Mr. Channing.” Diana was elated to hear that. “How so?” “Let’s go to his room first,” Sean said. “I need to access the computer or phone he usually uses, a device on which he has a cloud account.” He wanted to locate Oliver by tracking his account activity.

Julian understood what Sean wanted to do, and stopped the butler from blocking their path. “Fanny is my wife’s friend. If anything were to happen to her, I won’t spare anyone in the Channing household!” Between sticking with the Channing family or being truly concerned and worried about Fanny Smith, enough to allow Julian to do whatever he wanted here, the butler made his decision swiftly.

“Mr. Fulcher, please come with me.” Things were easier with someone leading them to what they needed.

“The computer Mr. Channing usually uses isn’t in his bedroom. It’s in his study.” The butler opened the door to the study.

“Mrs. Fulcher, Young Mr. Fulcher, this way, please.”

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The three of them entered the study.

None of them expected to see a portrait of Diana right in the middle of the study.

The portrait was most likely drawn by copying a photo. In the portrait, Diana was eating something with a smile. It looked like the day when Diana encountered a pervert on the train and Oliver stepped in to help her and treated her to a meal.

Did she smile so tenderly at him at that time?

‘You couldn’t have smiled so happily at that time when we were fighting over Kayla.’

It was a portrait, not a photo. It was likely that the owner of this portrait added his own interpretation and features when he commissioned this portrait.

“He still has feelings for you,” Julian said coldly.

He no longer wanted to interfere with the affairs of the Channings.

However, Diana disagreed. “If he really had feelings for me, he wouldn’t hang my portrait up so boldly right here.”

The fact that Oliver could display the portrait for all to see proved that his feelings for Diana were a thing of the past. In fact, he himself might not even have entered the study for a longtime.

The butler sensed the awkward tension in the air, and knew how bad it must look for a husband to see his wife's portrait and for a child to see his mother's portrait in another man's study.

He hurriedly explained, "Mrs. Channing was the one who refused to take down the portrait."

His explanation was unexpected.

"Fanny?" Diana asked.

The butler nodded. "Yes."

He remembered it as clear as day.

"Mrs. Channing said that if Mr. Channing loved her, he wouldn't be affected by a portrait hanging in the study. If Mr. Channing didn't love her, tearing up the portrait into pieces wouldn't achieve anything. At the end of the day, a relationship between a man and a woman had nothing to do with another woman."

This was why Fanny didn't take her anger out on Diana because of Oliver. In fact, she was more than happy to hide in Diana's apartment.

She even saw Diana as her savior right now, as she waited for Diana to rescue her.

Diana saw through Fanny's intention, and felt moved. "Fanny's such a wonderful, open-minded woman."

She looked at Julian and said, "Julian, even if she didn't help me before, I must help her this time!"

It wasn't just for their friendship, but for her big heart! For the indescribable trust that women had for each other.

Julian saw Diana's face getting flushed, and hurriedly reminded her not to get agitated. He then glanced at the butler. "Come out with me."

Sean was looking out for Oliver's account activity, while Diana was waiting right beside him.

Julian and the butler stepped out into the corridor.

"Did Fanny tell you to say what you said earlier?"

The butler replied with a trembling voice, "Of course not! Mr. Fulcher, you know that I only just found out that Mrs.

Channing was alive. I've never seen her before that. How could she possibly instruct me to say something like that...?"

"She might have done it in the past." Julian's sharp eyes pierced through the butler's soul.

The look sent chills down the butler's spine.

"Actually... Mrs. Channing did instruct me to say that upon seeing Ms.

Winnington, but I really don't understand why. I didn't even get anything in return!"

Julian understood. "I believe you."

His imposing aura finally let up, and the butler heaved a long sigh of relief.

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Julian stopped talking to the butler, but he was already making plans in his heart.

He returned to the study, and told Diana, “Fanny and Oliver have been fighting for a long time, and it might be over something that might potentially destroy their relationship.”

In fact...

“Fanny might no longer love Oliver right now.”

However, the fact that Oliver faked her death and confined her was enough to show that he still cared for her.

If he realized that Fanny no longer loved him, he might do something even crazier.

“Let’s hurry up and save her, then!” Diana said.

“Wait,” Julian said calmly, “I’m not done with my prediction.”

‘What?’

“Oliver really doesn’t like you now.” Julian’s mood lifted as he arrived at his final conclusion. ‘We can step in to help Fanny.’

Diana was dumbfounded.

She had thought that Julian went to such great lengths to analyze the situation for the sake of saving another. To think that his possessiveness took over, and he prioritized figuring out Oliver’s feelings for her instead.

“Noel,” Julian issued his orders. “Take down Diana’s portrait and take it away.

When I see Oliver, I’ll thank him for giving me such a beautiful portrait.”

Diana remained silent.

The butler stood idly by watching Julian’s men take down the portrait and take it away, but he didn’t dare to stop them.

Sean had managed to retrieve Oliver's cloud account, and located Oliver through the account. "He's right there."

Sean opened the map and pointed at the little red dot on the screen.

"Mr. Channing is right here," he said.

He was at a graveyard.

Just a while back, they had sent Fanny off at that place.

Now that she thought about it, it was such a joke that they had paid their respects to an empty grave.

Oliver had them all fooled.

Kenneth Channing was buried in this graveyard, too.

Oliver was indeed right there.

He made Erin and Fanny stand opposite him. Fanny was holding onto the recording from the hospital.

"Oliver, let Erin go," Fanny demanded. Her gaze on Oliver was no longer hot and searing. Rather, it was bereft of all affections she used to have for him.

In fact, it felt as though she was looking at a stranger.

The way Fanny looked at Oliver made his heart ache sharply. His eyes turned cold as he ordered, "Give me the recording of my father first."

Oliver treasured Kenneth's pride, and didn't want people gossiping about him after his death.

Oliver's demand crushed all expectations Fanny had buried in the depths of her heart.

"Oliver Channing, you didn't disappoint your father after all."

Before he died, that old fox knew that Oliver would never allow her to publish the recording.

But...

“His sins must be made known to the world! His involvement in that car accident, the policeman who covered up for him...all deserve their just punishment!”

This was Fanny’s bottomline. She would never give Oliver the recording.

Oliver’s gaze turned sharp and piercing.

“Fanny Smith, I have control over your company and its celebrities. If you don’t hand over the recording, you know very well the consequences!”

Erin was under their control. Although she wasn’t harmed, it was clear that she was not very mentally stable.

Oliver was vicious in his ways. Fanny couldn’t help but curse him, “Oliver Channing, you bastard!”

“Fanny, you’re the one who decides whether I’m a bastard or not.”

As long as she was willing, he could still be a good husband to her and a good father to their children.

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Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1547-However, Fanny must let go of her hatred and past grudges first.

The mention of children made Fanny waver. The hatred in her eyes grew even more intense.

“Oliver Channing! The cheek of you to mention children!”

What gave him the right to say that?!

“We agreed,” Oliver said. He didn’t find anything wrong with that.

“Fanny, if you want to leave that villa and be free once more, you must give birth to a child of ours “

“What about the child I lost just a few days ago?” Fanny demanded. She found him unreasonable.

“Over the past few days, have you ever thought of him, or felt like you let him down? We haven’t even resolved the issues between us, and you want me to get pregnant again. Are you really ready to be a father?!”

“I want you to get pregnant again?” Oliver said as he drew closer to her. His eyes were dark, looking as if he wanted to crush Fanny and put her in his pocket.

“Weren’t you the one who tried to seduce me by wearing a revealing dress in my house? Fanny Smith, do you dare say that you don’t want a child of ours?”

Fanny burst out laughing.

“I didn’t think you were that stupid in the past,” Fanny said as she looked at Oliver with disdain. “Oliver, had I not seduced you, would I have been able to escape that villa so soon?

“Would I have been able to secure an expose from your father? Would I be able to stand here today, negotiating with you?

“As for me giving birth to a child for you...”

She leaned in close to him.

They were so close, the tips of their noses were almost touching each other.

They looked just like a picture of a harmonious husband and wife, but both of them clearly knew the hatred that stood in between them.

“Fanny Smith, do you still love me?” She smiled bitterly, and spat out, “No.”

She may lie with her lips, but her heart wouldn't lie. She bore with the pulsing pain in her heart, and repeated herself once more, “No, I don't!”

Oliver smiled, a broken smile laced with a tinge of desperation.

“Since you don't love me anymore,” he said, “I won't force you.”

He turned around, and instructed his assistant, “Tell all major film companies to never allow Erin Lane to be in any movie! The reason is that she offended Mr. Channing! Her mistake was to help Fanny!”

He wanted Fanny to feel guilty and plead with him. He wanted her to repent from everything she had done!

However, Fanny would do no such thing. She did feel bad for Erin, but she did no wrong in recording Kenneth Channing and escaping from the villa to fight for the right to live on in this world as Fanny Smith.

“Oliver Channing! If you dare do that, I'll never forgive you!” she snarled.

“I don't care whether you forgive me or not,” Oliver said coldly. “Either way, you wouldn't forgive me.”

His heart was broken to pieces the moment Fanny refused to hand over the recording and told him that she didn't want to bear him children.

He wanted her to be destroyed alongside him. He wanted her to suffer with him!

Why did she not love him anymore?

Oliver didn't understand it. “The grudges of the previous generation belong to them, Fanny, can't we just lead our own lives?”

“Fine,” Fanny sneered. “Since the previous generation has nothing to do with us, just don’t care about your father’s reputation. Declare the truth behind my parents’ death and uphold justice. Is that okay?”

Oliver couldn’t do it.

They were unable to disregard the grudges of the previous generation, as well as everything that happened. They couldn’t bring themselves to pretend that nothing happened and continue being together.

“Oliver,” Fanny said. Seeing him dazed, she knew he didn’t feel good. “Let things go.”

She was but a mere replacement for Diana to him, anyway. He wouldn’t really be in that much pain without her.

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Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 1548-Oliver would never let her go.

“Fanny Smith, don’t even think about leaving me in this life!” That was when Diana and Julian hurriedly made their way. Sean located Oliver very accurately.

Diana saw the scene unfolding before her, and couldn’t help but recall everything that happened in Jacroaof. She hurriedly told Noel to take Sean outside and wait.

She couldn’t afford to gamble on Sean’s safety. She didn’t want Sean exposed to any form of danger right under her nose.

Her actions made Oliver tense.

“Diana, do you think I’ve gone mad?” He grabbed Fanny’s hand, as if he was holding onto the most precious treasure in the world.

Diana didn't answer him, but she threw her bag that Julian was helping her carry toward Fanny.

She was exerting so much force for a pregnant lady, looking as if she wanted to fight with Fanny.

Even Julian didn't know what Diana was trying to do, not to mention Fanny herself.

By the time he snapped back to attention and wanted to stop Diana from doing something dangerous, it was too late.

Diana's bag hit Fanny with a thud.

No. It hit Oliver.

Diana's bag was so heavy, it managed to injure Oliver.

Very soon, blood started flowing from his forehead and down his face. The smell of blood filled the place as the blood dropped onto Fanny's fingers. It reminded her of that rainy night, when she saw life being drained out of her.

She suddenly couldn't hold herself back any longer.

The pain and hurt she buried deep in her heart burst forth like a storm.

Yet when she saw the wound on his forehead, the storm inside her vanished in an instant, and she asked, "Does it hurt?" That was when she realized even her voice was shaking.

It clearly hurt badly, but Oliver didn't want her to be worried." No, it doesn't."

He smiled at Fanny to reassure her. "Are you all right?"

They only had eyes for each other, not even bothering to blame Diana for what she did.

Julian suddenly understood why Diana did what she did.

He drew close to Diana.

She was all spent of her energy; she leaned against Julian, looking tenderly and apologetically at Oliver and Fanny.

“I’m sorry,” she said, “I did that on purpose.”

Oliver and Fanny were both dumbfounded.

They had never heard such a unique apology before.

However, Fanny wanted to see Diana. In fact, she told Marcus to bring Diana here. She looked at Diana and said, “It’s alright. I’m not the one in pain, anyway.”

Her words swept away the tenderness and concern Oliver and her had just shown each other. His eyes turned cold.

Diana sensed that something was wrong, and hurriedly tried to smooth things over. “You two clearly care for each other. Don’t hurt each other with that tone.”

She said to Fanny, “Fanny, I’m glad that you’re still alive.”

Her words were like a whip lashing against Oliver’s face.

He was indeed in the wrong for fabricating Fanny’s death. Diana’s words reminded him of that once again, and he felt embarrassed.

Fanny saw Oliver’s expression, and smiled at Diana. So much had happened between them, she had no words to describe the gratitude and joy in her heart.

She said sarcastically to Oliver, “Diana’s right here. Would you dare say that you like me, and that you don’t want to leave me while still harboring feelings for her?”

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Diana was confused.

James said, "Ms. Winnington, the professor has given instructions that you can only head out in vehicles belonging to the Hughes household. This is to prevent any accidents that might happen if you were to ride in other vehicles. You're pregnant, and protecting you is a priority. It's always good to be careful." He wasn't wrong to say that, and Diana could sense the genuine concern in his voice.

Diana suppressed the strange feeling creeping up in her heart. She didn't even have the capacity to sneer at James.

All she could feel was an inexplicable chill down her spine.

"At this point..." Her face had turned pale, and she glared angrily at James. "Are you trying to protect me in my pregnancy, or monitoring me instead?" With that, she stomped back into the hotel. She headed to the reception, and asked a question she did not ask before.

"Hello," she greeted.

The receptionist saw Diana return, and straightened before greeting her back respectfully. "Ms. Winnington! How may I help you?" "Your hotel... I seem to be the remaining guest in this hotel. Did this hotel turn into a luxurious jail overnight?" However, she swallowed the question that was at the tip of her tongue, and asked instead, "Am I the only guest this hotel is serving right now?" She went on with a smile, "You seem quite free, and I don't see any guests around." The warm look in Diana's eyes made the receptionist lower her guard, and she didn't think much of it. She simply thought that Diana was someone very important to Jim.

Jim was probably a very close friend of Diana's. With that thought in mind, the receptionist didn't neglect putting in a good word for Jim.

"Yes, Ms. Winnington. The entire hotel is booked by Professor Hughes. We'll be serving you exclusively until you give birth." From now until she gave birth...

Diana clearly told Jim that she would only be here for a few days.

Having heard the receptionist's explanation, she thought about the ladies she met along the corridor and the strange happenings, and her face changed.

Could her spontaneous trip to Jacroaof be in fact a trap she had unwittingly fallen into?

But Jim...

Diana didn't make things difficult for the receptionist. still sleeping before using the phone in the hotel room to call Jim.

"Jim." She asked directly, "Do you like me?" Ever since Cecilia visited Larry's company, she felt like she had gotten to know Larry on a deeper level.

'He's a good man,' Cecilia thought as she laid on her princess bed. 'He's simple, honest and thoughtful. He'd never abandon me for money like Noel did!' Cecilia's expression turned cheeky. She then ran to the cellar of the house that had been unused for a long time to pick up Larry's video call.

"This is where I stay," Cecilia said, and she showed Larry her dilapidated cellar through the video call.

She bit her lip, her eyes bright and innocent. She was filled with expectations and indignation.

"Will you look down on me, given how poor I am?" "You're a princess living in the ghetto," Larry said without the slightest hint of disdain. "Ms. Jarvis, although I'm not very rich, I'll do my best to give you the happiness you deserve!" He told Cecilia about the conditions Lulu previously raised.

"I'm not getting any younger, and I'm dating with marriage in marry me, my parents won't have to live with us. The betrothal gifts..." He paused for a moment to calculate the sum that he and his parents could fork out.

“We can offer \$120,000. Your family may not be wealthy, but your parents have raised you well. They probably spent a lot of effort on you. You can just take this sum and give it to your parents for their retirement.” Larry’s words made Cecilia all the more certain that he was a practical and sincere man. He was also unexpectedly considerate and thoughtful.

Although \$120,000 wasn’t even enough to buy a bag, it was probably a significant sum to Larry. He didn’t chase after money like Noel did.

That made Cecilia even more pleased, and her voice subconsciously turned sweeter.

“Larry, are you making me give the money to my parents so I don’t need to visit them after we get married?” “Of course not!” Larry said anxiously. “I’ll put you in my pocket and bring you everywhere you want to go, not to mention your parents’ home. We can even go back every other day if you wish.” When the time came, he would bring her ashes everywhere. Her parents would definitely find him faithful and persistent, just as she thought of him right now!

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Back to Diana’s phone conversation, Jim chuckled when he heard her question.

Aside from his laugh, Diana could make out some other sounds in the background.

It sounded like someone was chatting. Either that, or there was an ongoing discussion. Or perhaps even some gossiping.

Diana suddenly felt antsy. “Professor Hughes... Are you...are you teaching a class right now?”

If she remembered correctly, Professor Hughes was addressed as such because he was indeed a professor in a college.

Although Diana heard that he seldom lectured and that his title was just a form of address, there was still a remote possibility that he might be in a class.

“I am in a class,” Jim admitted. He switched out of loudspeaker mode, and the noises in the background suddenly disappeared.

All that was left was Jim’s voice echoing into her ear drum.

It felt like a hard slap on Diana’s cheek.

Goodness!

What in the world did she just ask him?

She asked him if he liked her when he was in a class!

“Ms. Winnington,” Jim said, his magnetic voice ringing in Diana’s ears. “If I remember it correctly, this is your second time asking me this.”

Diana rubbed her nose awkwardly. Was that so?

“My memory has deteriorated since I became pregnant. I...”

Diana was about to apologize, when Jim spoke up again, ” But it’s all right.

Facts are facts, and nothing will change no matter how many times you ask the same question.”

Diana’s heart leapt at Jim’s words.

“What do you mean by that, Professor Hughes?”

Jim laughed. “Take a guess, Ms. Winnington.”

Diana was stunned.

It was precisely because she couldn't figure out what Jim felt of her that she had to be direct in questioning him. Yet now, Jim's answer was still so vague. It frustrated her to no end.

Perhaps because Jim sensed the shift in Diana's mood, the smile on his face faded slowly.

He looked up at the students in front of him. He seldom gave lectures, and all the students in the school had gathered for his class today.

"I'll go find you later after class." With that, Jim hung up. He turned his attention back to the lecture.

He was focused on giving the lecture, but his students weren't interested in listening any longer.

They teased, "Professor! Is the lady who called you just now your girlfriend?"

Many girls in our college fancy you, and us guys have fallen out of favor. Hurry up and announce that you're taken, so you can give all of us a chance!"

Even the girls started teasing him. "Exactly!"

This was how things were in a university. It enjoyed an open-minded culture, and the atmosphere in classes felt carefree. Lecturers and students could banter with each other.

Jim didn't get mad at the students, and his warm smile remained on his face. He looked just like a gentlemanly scholar.

Someone once said of him, "When Professor Hughes stands at the podium, he looks just like a lecturer from the 80s, and a very handsome one at that!"

Someone gave an even more vivid description, "A pretty boy, if we use today's language. Also one with knowledge and charm."

“But anyone who knows about Professor Hughes’ career and his achievements in the medical field wouldn’t dare to call him a pretty boy to his face. Most would probably cry out loud and call him Chief.” Jim didn’t take all these remarks to heart. He had only one thought in mind: to do his own research well.

No matter what it takes.

“She’s about to give birth,” Jim muttered before turning around and continuing with the lecture.

He hadn’t seen Diana since she arrived two days ago.

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