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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 411

Which luxury store in Richburgh didn't recognize Fanny Smith's face?

There were a lot of brands begging her to wear their clothes and carry their bags, yet this clerk was telling her that they had to wait even though they had arrived first? And that they could only continue after the

other customer was done?

Fanny had never been treated like this, and she was immediately upset.

However, Oliver wasn't overly concerned about such matters. He could also tell that the clerk was in a difficult position. So, he waved his hand to dismiss her and said to Fanny, "Let's just wait a bit, okay?"

But Fanny refused. "Oliver!"

She huffed, "Today's the first time Diana is out with us! We got bullied, but you're just taking things lightly? Are you a man or not?"

That was a heavy statement.

Regardless, Oliver was a gentleman and saw Fanny like a sister, so he didn't take her words to heart.

On the contrary, Diana felt a little awkward. "Fanny, it's fine..."

Before she could finish, she heard a familiar voice ring out, "Are there any other styles?"

Julian wasn't satisfied with the selections before him. He had a feeling that none of them matched Diana.

Diana looked up, only to see a familiar figure.

He was standing before a pile of women's clothing with a frown, obviously unhappy with what was there and was asking the store manager for more styles.

Diana immediately realized the VIP that was delaying their shopping was Julian.

He seemed to notice someone's eyes on him and looked up sharply, but Diana was one step faster and quickly moved to take Oliver's arm.

"Sorry about this."

Diana had her back facing Julian, and she took Oliver's arm before adding, "I need to borrow you again."

Just now, at the Winnington family residence, Oliver had helped Diana get out of an awkward situation as well as from Julian's non-stop pestering. And now, she needed to use him again.

Diana's heart welled up with guilt. She looked at Fanny and said, "Don't mind it, okay, Miss Smith?"

Fanny snapped out of her daze and saw Oliver and Diana's linked hands. She quickly smiled, but she didn't realize it was stiff, and it quickly vanished.

"Why would I?"

Fanny nudged Oliver so that he and Diana were closer.

"You two look really good together."

Then, she nudged Diana's shoulder and joked, "Seriously, consider my brother, okay?"

Oliver was such a dull guy. Fanny was sure it would take him forever before he confessed his love for Diana.

She had to give him a little push for it to happen.

"What are you talking about?" Oliver asked. He was confused, as he hadn't known about what Fanny had said to Diana back at the house.

"Nothing to do with you," Fanny said. "It's a secret between Diana and me."

Diana couldn't be bothered to explain, let alone consider Fanny's words. In her heart, Fanny and Oliver were a perfect match. They just hadn't noticed each other's feelings yet.

As such, using Oliver to deal with Julian didn't make it feel like a burden to Diana.

"Let's talk about it later, Fanny," Diana said nervously. "For now, I'm going to ask Oliver to continue picking out clothes for me."

The new releases had all been sent to Julian's side, and there were very few left for them to browse through at the moment.

Fanny's eyes widened. "But that's..."

Just as she was about to turn around to call for the clerk, Oliver shot her a look and told her to rest on the couch next to her.

Fanny hadn't seen Julian, but Oliver had.

Also, Julian was now heading toward him and Diana, and he could feel that Diana wanted to avoid Julian.

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Oliver took the dark red dress from the only set of new releases they had before them, and handed it to Diana.

"Try this one."

Diana had never worn such a bold color before. Although she was a designer, she had her own personal style that she stuck to and wouldn't try on styles she wasn't used to.

Take this red dress, for example.

She had never worn this color in her life.

So, she hesitated.

Yet, Julian was getting closer. He had seen them and felt that the woman on the man's arm looked very much like Diana, so he came over to see.

If Diana didn't take it, the atmosphere between her and Oliver would look strange, and they wouldn't look like a couple.

The result Diana wanted was for Julian to think that she and Oliver were a couple. She didn't want to get involved with Julian ever again, and she never wanted to see how he favored Kayla over her anymore.

She wanted to keep her distance from him, forever.

With that thought in mind, Diana quickly took the red dress from Oliver and gave him a bright smile. "Sure. I'll try it on."

Oliver nodded, his eyes reflecting only her as he replied with a gentle smile, "Okay."

The two looked so good together; one seemed shy while the other looked affectionately at his woman.

When Julian saw them together, the smile faded from his face and he looked as though he had been struck by lightning.

Were they...really together?

Back at the Winnington residence, when he had heard Diana call Oliver "darling", he was still able to deceive himself and assume that he had misheard.

But at this moment, there was no way Julian could do that.

Did friends need to hold each other's arms just to pick out some clothes?

Diana was also trying on a red colored dress that she usually wouldn't wear.

Was Oliver so charming that he was able to change Diana to that extent?

While he was in a daze, Diana had already exited the fitting room.

She shed the white suit she was wearing, which lessened her professional image. However, the red dress completely embodied all her female traits to the fullest.

Her skin was smooth, and her face was bright like a morning in spring. The slightly open-backed style of the dress also left two flowing hemlines that complemented Diana's shy and timid look.

Every step she took contained a deep beauty that flowed right into one's soul, and it took Julian's breath away.

But at the same time, Julian was furious.

"Diana!"

He strode forward, as though he had lost control of all his limbs and emotions. The only thing in his vision was Diana in that red dress.

"You kept saying you wanted to divorce me. You kept saying that being with me made you feel guilty and of the babies. It's only been a short while since you've lost them, yet you're so desperate to find new love?!"

reminded you

In fact, Julian regretted the words as they were spoken.

If Diana really loved Oliver, Julian was willing to tie the man up and deliver him to Diana's feet.

He had thought it through before this. If Diana really did love Oliver, then Julian would make it happen. Even when it came to their divorce, Julian had gone through with it only to please her.

Yet, when faced with the reality of Diana and Oliver together, he couldn't stop his emotions from spiraling out of control. It felt as if someone had dug his heart out and stomped on it with all their might.

'Don't you know how much pain I'm also in, Diana?!'

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However, Julian's words hurt Diana even more.

Her entire body shook, and she couldn't stop her lips from trembling when she tried to speak.

"Julian Fulcher!"

She wished this was the last time she would call his name in such anger.

She wished she hadn't come out shopping today and ran into this man!

She even wished...

"I wished I never met you!"

And that she never married him and conceived two babies with him!

"You're a brute!" Diana trembled uncontrollably, raising her hand and slapping him hard across the face.

The resounding slap was like a wake-up call to the man that was drowning in endless pain, and it made him realize just what he had said to Diana.

He knew how much she cherished her babies, and he knew how devastating and painful the loss had been for her, yet...

He had attacked her so terribly.

"I—I'm...sorry..." Julian's face bore the clear mark of a hand on his cheek.

The usually proud and arrogant man even lowered his head.

He had let his rage overcome him. take over him.

All because he couldn't stand the sight of her with another man...

"Julian..." Diana couldn't stop her heart from aching when she saw him in this state. "We're divorced."

She sighed, then looked at the man who was once so devoted to her and had given her the best three years of

her life.

"Since we're divorced, let's not get involved with each other again, alright?"

They had already gone over this. Julian could go to Kayla, and Diana could live her own life.

Forget about how she was pretending to be with Oliver right now. Even if she really did get together with Oliver in the future, Julian didn't have the right to interfere.

Now, they were only former husband and wife! That was all there was to their relationship.

Diana's tone made it seem like she was trying to coax him, but Julian could see the firmness and determination in her eyes.

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His throat suddenly felt tight, and he was unable to speak. What's more, there was a stinging pain on his face.

The store manager watched the scene unfold before him. He wanted to bring a pack of ice for Julian's face,

but he didn't dare make a sound at this critical moment. All he could do was stand by the side and hold his

breath.

Diana, however, was still waiting for Julian's answer.

Despite that, Julian didn't want to say it.

He couldn't.

Even if he repeated in his heart a thousand times, or even ten thousand times, that Diana no longer loved

him, that Diana may be together with Oliver, or that they were now divorced...

Even if he told himself that he needed to be magnanimous and fulfill all her wishes, that he needed to smile as she went on to be happy without him...

That as long as she was happy, she could be with anyone...

But... Damn it!

Julian couldn't do it.

Reality and expectations were too different.

When he saw how Diana was willing to try on the red dress for Oliver, and how they stood close together like

a shy, loving couple, Julian felt like his heart was about to explode.

He was sorely tempted to knock Diana out and imprison her to his side forever.

Magnanimous? Fulfill all her wishes?

To hell with all that!

He was Julian Fulcher! He wanted her!

He wanted her!!!

But...

The pleading look in her eyes stung him deeply.

It was exactly the same look she had given him when he had first brought up divorce.

Back then, she had done it so she could stay.

Now, she was doing it so she could leave.

She never wanted to be with him again.

Perhaps....he was going to lose her for real this time.

When he came to that realization, the reality that he and Diana were now divorced finally hit him.

His heart hurt so badly.

The feeling of his heart being tugged around in all directions seemed to worsen, and it continued without any signs of stopping.

There was a loud buzzing in his ear, exactly the same as when they first learned that Diana had miscarried.

He really, really didn't want to.

And yet...things had already come to this point.

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Kisa strolled about for a long time before finally hailing a cab home.

When she arrived at the Kooper residence, it was already ten o'clock at night.

Madalyn and the children had gone to sleep long ago.

Kisa stood in the courtyard and looked around. The house was pitch black, so she was unsure if they had locked the gate in the courtyard.

'If the courtyard's gate is locked, I'll go back to my own place,' she thought.

She reached out and pushed the gate, and it actually opened with a single push.

It turned out the gate in the courtyard was ajar.

She quietly walked into the courtyard and scanned the area.

'Gilbert's cars are all here, so he must be home,' she thought.

Kisa turned around and locked the door. Then, she started walking toward the door.

The door was also ajar as if someone had left it open for her on purpose.

Kisa did not think much about it and tip-toed into the house.

It was pitch black inside, so Kisa switched on the flashlight on her phone. Then, she looked around the house with her phone's flashlight.

When Kisa saw that there was not a single person in the living room, only then did she walk upstairs with the light from her phone.

Due to the fear of waking the children, Kisa's footsteps were quiet.

The hallway was carpeted, so there was barely any sound when she tip-toed around.

Kisa opened the door of her room and was startled by the darkness.

'How strange. Weren't Gilbert's cars all in the courtyard? Where did he go?' Kisa thought puzzledly.

Then, she locked the door behind her.

Just as she fumbled for the light switch, a pair of hands suddenly landed on her

waist.

Kisa was startled. Before she could speak, she suddenly felt a warm, familiar breath by her ear.

"You're finally home?" the man asked hoarsely.

He reeked of alcohol and anger.

Kisa regained her composure and smiled at him awkwardly. "Why didn't you switch on the lights when you're in here?"

The man did not respond and continued gripping her tightly.

Kisa struggled slightly. Then, she smiled, "Let go of me. I'll go switch on the lights."

The man remained unmoving.

Kisa said in resignation, "Be good and let me switch on the light. I have something I want to give you."

The woman's tone softened and had a hint of ingratiation.

The man finally released her.

Kisa could not help but let out a sigh of relief when the tight grip on her waist loosened.

She felt around the walls and switched on the lights.

In an instant, the room was bright.

She turned to face the man. However, the man was looking at her gloomily. There was even a hint of redness in his dark eyes. He was furious and looked as if he was about to swallow her whole.

Kisa felt a little shocked.

‘Sigh. Look at how furious he is. I can’t imagine how ruthless he’ll be if he finds out that I got close to him because I wanted to take my revenge. He’ll probably kill me with his own hands when that happens,’ she thought.

Kisa suppressed her cluttered thoughts and forced a happy smile. “It’s late. Why aren’t you asleep yet?”

Gilbert turned around. He walked to the chair beside the window and sat down.

“My wife was having dinner with another man. Do you think, as a man, I’d be able to fall asleep?” he sneered sardonically.

Then, he snorted icily and glared at her viciously. “What’s the matter? Does food taste better when you’re eating with that man?”

Kisa frowned.

‘Why is he speaking as if I’m having an affair behind his back?’ she thought.

Kisa kept a smile on her face. Then, she walked over to him with a gift in her hands.

“Alright, don’t be mad anymore. Look what I bought you?”

Kisa’s smile was flirty as she leaned into his arms purposefully. While holding the gift box, she extended her arms to him as if she was presenting a treasure.

However, the man was still angry. He waved his hand and promptly flung the box to the ground.

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Fanny gave Diana a sufficiently objective opinion.

“They both have their own merits.”

Indeed. Oliver was as warm as the sun, while Julian was as cold as the moon.

Both the sun and moon had their own good and bad.

No one could tell the difference.

Each had its own brightness and cunning.

Only... This moon and sun both didn't belong to Diana.

"You're good too," Diana said, suddenly changing the topic as she turned to Fanny. "You're like a star."

Fanny was amused by Diana's serious comparison and teased, "If so, what are you?"

At this point, Oliver had reached the car door. Fanny pushed the door open with her foot lazily, then looked at Diana again, anticipating her answer.

Diana thought for a long time before finally saying, "I'm a duckweed."

She was duckweed without roots. Initially, she thought Julian would be her salvation, someone she could lean on for the rest of her life. But in the end, she was left with only herself.

The sorrow on her face was so obvious that Oliver could tell the mood she was in as soon as he got into the car.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know Julian would be here today."

If Diana hadn't seen the man, she might be in a better mood right now.

"It's not like it was your fault," Diana said, amused by his sincerity. "And thanks to you, I was able to get out of it twice now."

Since Fanny was present, Diana didn't want there to be any misunderstanding between them.

"But Dr. Channing..." Diana paused for a moment before continuing, "I know you were only trying to help. I'll find a way to repay you and return the money for the dress and jacket on me. I'll transfer the money to you later."

"Didn't we agree that the clothing was part of the investment?"

Hearing how firm Diana was on drawing the line between them, Oliver displayed a sense of eagerness that he had never done before.

“Why would someone’s investment include clothes? Besides, the one who’s investing is Miss Smith,” Diana said, insistent on transferring the money. “You’ve helped me over and over again, and I’m very grateful. I can’t be so brazen and accept the clothes you gave me without giving any results in return.”

What’s more, it was from an expensive high–end luxury brand.

“Also...” Diana hesitated, but before Oliver could say anything, she said, “If we meet Julian again in the

future, I may still need your help to deceive him. I hope you won’t mind it, Miss Smith.”

Oliver finally understood what Diana was implying.

Diana was so anxious to draw a line between them because she still misunderstood his relationship with Fanny.

“Diana,” Oliver said solemnly. “I already told you that Fanny and I are siblings.”

Fanny was wearing sunglasses, so it was impossible to see the emotions swirling in her eyes. Only her muffled voice could give it away.

“Yeah, we’re just siblings. So could you stop trying to pair us up together, my future sister–in–law? Others would laugh if they heard that a popular celebrity was messing around with her own family member.”

Fanny clicked her tongue and added, “Your best friend is the best at producing such headlines, isn’t she? You must’ve heard more similar titles than I thought.”

Diana was a little embarrassed by Fanny’s words. “Back then, Nina-”

“I know,” Fanny said, lowering her head slightly as she rested her feet on the opposite seat.

Even with the somewhat careless pose, she still looked beautiful, and her sharp jawline tilted upwards.

"It's her job to follow artists. Anyway, Oliver will settle it for me. I don't have to spend my money."

After saying that, Fanny turned to Oliver and stuck out her tongue at him before quickly getting out of the car.

"You guys should talk."

Fanny could tell that Oliver had something to say to Diana, so she wanted to give them space.

Oliver shot her a grateful look before pulling the car door shut.

"Diana,

"Oliver started with an earnest and sincere tone. "Perhaps you don't believe me, but we met many years ago when you were very young. You had many frostbite wounds, yet your eyes still carried a fierce determination. You even told me that you wanted to save someone."

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Getting frostbite as a child was common for Diana, but meeting someone from such a good family as Oliver wasn't.

So, she immediately recalled the past; her eyes lighting up as the memory came rushing.

"You were the boy back then! You were wearing a suit and a tie, and even gave me two sweet potatoes to eat!"

"Yes, that was me," Oliver replied with a smile. "I'm honestly surprised you remember."

Oliver was so relieved, like the thing he was most worried about had finally fallen into place.

"How was the person you wanted to save? Was he okay?"

Diana's excitement faded a little at the mention of that.

"I don't know. I tried very hard to help him warm up all night. When I went back with some firewood the next day, he was gone."

Oliver hadn't expected that turn of events. "He was about our age, I think. He looked very frail, and I didn't think he could have left on his own."

Diana was surprised. "You saw the boy?"

"Yeah," Oliver said with a nod. "But we were so young back then, and I don't remember what he looked like."

Only Diana's gentle yet steely eyes had lingered in his memories.

"That's fine. Maybe he survived," Diana said, smiling. "As long as he lived, then my efforts weren't in vain."

Warming the boy up had taken all of Diana's body heat.

"That was the first time I saved someone. Back then... I actually didn't want to live anymore, but I suddenly found that I could still be useful alive, so I didn't think about dying during that winter anymore."

Oliver felt his heart ache as he listened.

He was sure Diana didn't have a good childhood, but he never expected it to be bad to the extent that she didn't want to live anymore.

What in the world had she gone through as a child?

However, Oliver didn't have the courage to ask.

"Don't worry," Oliver said as he met her eyes. "I'm sure the boy survived."

Diana nodded. "Hopefully. I did all that I could at that time, anyway."

Even though Diana saved the boy, he had also given her redemption, and that was enough for Diana.

"Thanks for the sweet potatoes. It was one of the most delicious things I had as a kid! It was always something I enjoyed until later in life."

Oliver smiled. "Then, do you still like it now?"

Diana froze.

She obviously hadn't thought that Oliver would ask that.

Seeing how she was silent, Oliver asked, "What do you like to eat now?"

"Sandwiches," Diana blurted.

After saying that, she laughed helplessly.

Sandwiches were Julian's favorite breakfast food. As it turned out, when one fell for someone, one's taste buds would change as well.

There were simply too many aspects in Diana's life where Julian's shadow lingered.

"If you want to eat baked sweet potatoes, you can give me a call anytime," Oliver said before emphasizing once more, "Fanny and I are really just siblings."

"If at any time you need my help in dealing with Julian, I hope you'll call me. I'll be more than happy to help.

At this point, Diana would've been a fool not to understand what Oliver was saying.

However, it was because she could hear Oliver's explicit and implicit confession that she felt even more overwhelmed.

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Diana wasn't ready to accept someone else in her heart.

Especially one as familiar as Oliver.

"You and Fanny...?"

"We're really only siblings," Oliver repeated helplessly. "Should I show you pictures of us in diapers together to prove it?"

Diana hurriedly waved her hands. "N-No! That's not what I meant!"

Rather, she just instinctively felt that there was something between them. But now, it seemed that she was wrong again.

After all, Julian had been by her side for three years, and she had been under the mistaken impression that he loved her. In the end, she was only a

substitute for someone else. Besides, she had only met Fanny recently, so it was normal for her to have misjudged.

Seeing that Diana was a little lost in thought, Oliver didn't press the topic and said, "I'll be waiting for you to contact me."

After he said that, the car door was pulled open, and Fanny climbed in.

At night after returning to the hospital, Diana lay down to rest as soon as she reached her room.

After a long day, she was tired. She fell asleep without much thought, but woke up early in the morning.

She wanted to continue sleeping, but couldn't fall back asleep.

Diana raised her hand to study it, recalling the slap she had given Julian yesterday at the mall. Without thinking too much, she picked up her phone and searched for news related to Fulcher Inc.

Luckily, there was no word of what happened in SK Mall.

It seemed Oliver had handled the aftermath well.

Diana relaxed a little, and once again thanked Oliver for his thoughtfulness and consideration.

Yet, what he had said in the car yesterday....

Diana put down the phone, closed her eyes, and thought about it, then felt uncomfortable again.

After thoroughly considering it, she decided she would find a chance to talk things over with Oliver. She didn't want to drag matters on, especially ones that concerned feelings, nor did she want to be rash.

At the same time, Julian had a sleepless night in the villa.

After exiting SK Mall, he was distracted. The scene of Diana holding Oliver's arm as they picked clothing played repeatedly in his mind.

And that red dress she had worn....

It was so beautiful.

It was so bright, and was a color that Diana didn't usually wear. And yet, she was willing to try it on for Oliver.

Julian had often asked her to try other colors and styles, but Diana refused.

Was Oliver...more important than Julian?

Julian curled up on the couch, looking at photos of Diana and Oliver taken by his men. The more he looked at them, the more harsh his breathing became, and the more heartbroken he felt. As the night passed, more and more cigarette buds fell to the floor.

When Noel walked into the room, he nearly choked on the smell of smoke in the room and almost backed out. However, he quickly caught himself and called out, "Sir, what happened to your face?"

Diana had given him a hard slap without holding back her strength, and Julian's skin was a bright red. After a night of not getting it treated and smoking, his cheeks were now swollen.

The cigarette in his hand still burned, and the ashes fluttered as his hand trembled.

Julian dragged his eyes away from the photos, revealing reddened eyes that grew paler the longer he stared at the photos. Finally, he muttered, "I'm fine."

Putting out the cigarette, Julian got up and walked to the bathroom, where he quickly washed his face.

He had lost an alarming amount of weight in the past few days.

Noel stood in the doorway and noticed that Julian's shirt fell somewhat loosely around him, and his jawline looked much sharper and more defined.

Julian used to care so much about his surroundings, but right now, it was the complete opposite. He didn't even notice the soot that rubbed against the soles of his shoes.

Noel saw the pictures on the couch and moved to put them away, but Julian stopped him with a look, ordering, "Leave them."

Although it was hard to look at the photos every time, every picture of Diana was of her smiling.

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In reality, Diana no longer smiled at Julian anymore.

It was his own fault. He shouldn't have brought up divorce in the first place.

But now, it was too late to say anything.

Noel didn't dare to move again. He stood still as he silently waited for Julian's next order.

Julian glanced at him and said, "Continue keeping an eye on Diana."

"But recently..." Noel started hesitantly but stopped.

Because of what his father had done, he also bore a lot of guilt toward Diana. Still, that guilt was nothing compared to his loyalty for Julian.

"What is it?"

"There's a very important acquisition that we need to follow up on in a timely manner," Noel explained. "If we put in too much effort on Mrs. Fulcher and make even the slightest mistake on this acquisition, the losses will not just be a few hundred million. It's likely that Fulcher Inc.'s reputation will also go down the drain."

Julian understood Noel's implications.

"Don't you trust in my capabilities?"

Noel immediately shook his head. "That's not what I meant."

Noel looked at the photos, and hesitated.

"If you can't forget ma'am, it's possible to win her back." 11

"Win her back?" Julian snorted. "You think too highly of me."

After all, Diana was already in love with someone else.

Noel saw how despondent Julian looked. “But sir...”

“But nothing,” Julian cut him off. “Do as I say and report back to me if anything happens to her.”

He paused momentarily before adding, “Ensure that not a single photo of what happened in SK Mall gets out.

He didn’t want anyone else to see Diana in that red dress.

“Also,” Julian said again. “Remember to clean up the aftermath. She might get upset again if she knew I was involved.”

“Then, the credit...?”

“Put it on Oliver.”

With Fanny’s commitment to invest, Diana’s studio progressed quickly.

For almost half a month, Diana thought of nothing but devoting herself to the preparations to open her studio.

By the end of the month, the weather had grown colder and everyone had switched from thin jackets to thick cashmere coats.

It was also the time Diana’s studio opened.

To Diana’s delight and surprise, Fanny announced the opening on her Twitter account.

She also wore the latest designs that Diana had made for her, which led to a large influx of orders for Diana’s studio almost immediately after she opened.

However, Diana was the only designer in her studio. Thus, she still followed her original process of only taking orders from people she was familiar with.

The first order...

Was Madam Fulcher’s.

On the same day Diana received the order, she went to visit Madam Fulcher at the old mansion.

“I’ve been so busy lately,” Diana said apologetically. “I didn’t even have time to have dinner with you.”

“It’s alright,” Madam Fulcher said warmly. More than being busy, she was aware that Diana was still avoiding Julian and everything related to him. “I’m glad you came.”

They chatted for a bit, and Madam Fulcher asked about the running of the studio. “Are you tired from it?”

“I’m okay.”

When Diana looked up and saw Madam Fulcher’s concerned eyes, she changed her answer. She slowly leaned against the older woman like a child wanting to be pampered and said, “Actually, I’m a little tired. But compared to my life before, I’m very satisfied.”

The main thing was that when she was so busy, she didn’t miss her babies too much or think about Julian as often.

Madam Fulcher stroked her head. “That’s good. But if you get particularly tired one day and don’t want to do it anymore, you can always use those shares, understand?”

Diana nodded. “I got it, Grandma.”

It would be great if Madam Fulcher was her real grandmother. But with Julian in the middle, Diana was always a little afraid whenever she visited the old mansion.

She couldn’t help but look around for fear that he would make a sudden appearance.

Seeing this, Madam Fulcher pulled out her phone. She pulled out Julian’s number and placed it before Diana, giving her a kind look before saying, “Do you want to see him, or do you not want to?”

Hearing these words, Julian, who had just been about to enter through the door, froze. He spotted Diana sitting in the living room.

He had come over today without informing Madam Fulcher, but hadn't expected to run into Diana.

Fearing she would discover his presence, he turned sharply and hid in the shadows.

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Soon, Diana's soft voice rang out.

"I don't want to see him."

It was as Julian had expected, but it didn't stop the irrepressible throbbing in his heart when he heard her confirmation. With those words, he stepped back further. He threaded lightly like a thief sneaking around, afraid the people in the room would see him.

"Then, don't worry."

There was a flash of disappointment in Madam Fulcher's eyes, but she put the phone away. "I'll give them the order. From now on, as long as you're here, Julian's not allowed to come in. With this, you can stop worrying and eat in peace. Will you also visit me more?"

Diana felt a little ashamed at Madam Fulcher's words and quickly assured her, "I'll definitely come to see you more often. But, not letting Julian in while I'm here seems a little too much..."

After all, Julian was Madam Fulcher's grandson. There was no reason for Diana to get in the way of the man carrying out his filial duty of visiting his grandmother.

"What does it matter? As long as you're happy, I'm willing to do anything," Madam Fulcher said with a sigh. With regret in her tone, she continued, "Things have come to this point, and he reaped what he sowed for insisting on being with Kayla."

And the two babies...

Madam Fulcher was heartbroken just thinking about it.

"Don't worry," she said after a while. "So long you don't yield, I won't ever let the two of you have a chance to meet in my mansion."

Outside the door, Julian stood with his head hung low. His long eyelashes dropped, casting shadows beneath his eyes and hiding the disappointment in his expression.

However, he couldn't make himself leave. He wanted to see Diana just a little longer.

Just a bit more.

Julian's gaze was direct and burning.

While sitting in the living room, Diana could feel that someone had their eye on her the whole time. However, she didn't look around again because Madam Fulcher was by her side.

However, the feeling of being watched never disappeared.

It wasn't until after dinner when Diana had finished taking Madam Fulcher's measurements, that she finally looked up in the direction of the door.

Yet, there was nothing there.

Perhaps she had been overthinking it.

In such a safe place as Madam Fulcher's mansion, who would dare stare at her for so long?

Diana sighed in relief. As she was about to help Madam Fulcher upstairs, she saw a black shirt peeking out from the corner of the door.

The material was sleek and flowing, and the figure wearing it was thin; yet, there was an unmatched intimidating air around him.

The only person who commanded such a powerful aura like that could only be Julian.

But when Diana stopped to look again, there was nothing there.

"What's wrong?" Madam Fulcher asked worriedly when she saw Diana standing still.

"...It's nothing," Diana said. She looked over a few more times, and still saw nothing. "Perhaps I saw it

wrongly.”

But... Was she pining for Julian so much to the point she imagined his figure...?

A heavy sense of exasperation welled up in her heart when she thought that. She clenched her fist tightly, her nails digging into her palm. Then, she gathered herself and continued helping Madam Fulcher up the stairs.

Seeing her leave, Julian let out a breath of relief and got out of his hiding spot in the flower bed. He didn't care and persistently followed Diana, even with dead leaves and branches all over him.

He only turned away from her when she disappeared upstairs. Then, he slowly left the old mansion and got

into his car.

As for Diana, the feeling of being watched still hadn't faded.

After she helped Madam Fulcher into her room and got into the cab, she could still feel like someone was watching her.

The last time she had a bad feeling like this was when Luke kidnapped her.

What if this time...something similar happened...?

She first tried calling Nina, but there was no answer. Nina was probably on an assignment, so Diana hurriedly hung up and didn't dare continue to call her friend.

But apart from Nina, the only people she knew in Richburgh were Julian, Fanny, and Oliver.

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Things with Oliver had been a little awkward lately, so wouldn't it be better to call Fanny?

Anyway, Fanny was Diana's investor now. If anything happened to her, Fanny's money would be affected.

“Location?”

Diana ended up calling Fanny and explained her situation briefly. Still, she didn't expect the latter's response to be so quick. There wasn't even a trace of doubt, and Fanny immediately asked for Diana's location.

"I'll send someone over."

Diana didn't think too much about it and checked her location on her phone before replying, "33, Hawkins Road."

"Got it. I have a shoot now, so I'll be hanging up."

Even though Fanny had been brief and to the point, it lifted the burden on Diana's shoulders. She quickly asked the driver to stop by the side of the road, and quietly waited for the person Fanny had arranged to come.

She never expected it to be Oliver.

From a distance, she saw the figure of Oliver in a white lab coat approaching her.

Diana was stunned. "Why are you here?"

For half a month, she had been busy with studio work and had avoided contact with him. She was surprised to see the person Fanny had sent was him.

The sweat on Oliver's forehead was obvious. When he heard Diana's words, disappointment flashed in his eyes for a brief moment before it was gone as he said, "You don't want to see me?"

"No, that's not it!" Diana said, shaking her head hurriedly.

She just...

Hadn't figured out how to reject him yet.

"It's cold," Oliver said, looking up at the sky as if he hadn't seen her hesitation. He handed her the jacket in his hand. "Put this on."

It was a men's long jacket, and it was black in color. When Diana put it on, it immediately wrapped her petite figure firmly, only revealing her bright, stunning, dainty face; the ensemble served to make her look more charming, more than her usual attire.

There were already many scrutinizing gazes around them.

Oliver looked nervous. "You've been in the limelight lately, and it can't be helped that there are a lot of eyes on you."

He reached out and gently tugged Diana's wrist, taking her toward his parked car. "If you have a bad feeling again, make sure to call promptly like you did today, okay?"

"Maybe..." Diana lowered her head in embarrassment, not quite moving along with him. "Maybe I was just being paranoid. They're all looking at your white lab coat and this black jacket on me..."

It was only then that Oliver realized that there was something wrong with what he was wearing.

"Sorry!"

He hurriedly removed his coat and explained, "I was on a house call just now. I received a patient who had a car accident, and some of the blood got on my clothes."

After that, he heard from Fanny that Diana might be in danger and rushed over without much thought.

He didn't even have the time to change his clothes.

His rational mind only returned when he finally saw that Diana was safe and sound.

After he finished speaking, his gaze fell back on Diana, and he finally realized how stunningly beautiful she looked in the black coat.

Her complexion was like snow, and her fingers looked like they were practically glowing in the night. Her whole person was covered with the black coat, which easily aroused one's desire to protect her.

"It was an oversight on my part," Oliver said apologetically.

Diana was embarrassed by how much Oliver was apologizing.

"You didn't do anything wrong. I was the one who disturbed you while you were working."

“I handed everything over properly,” Oliver assured her. He wasn’t someone without professional ethics, after all.

Even if time were of the essence, he would quickly arrange his work and schedule so as not to affect a single patient under his care.

Oliver glanced at the ogling eyes around them and sincerely complimented Diana, “But it’s no surprise that you’re charming enough to draw the gaze of almost everyone around you.”

it seemed they were approaching dubious topics again.

Diana didn’t like the ambiguity, so she spoke up decisively, “Oliver...”

But then, she hesitated again.

“Yeah?” Oliver responded. “Go ahead.”

Just as Diana was about to reject him formally and clear up the air between them, a car came right at her.

“Watch out!” Oliver exclaimed as he yanked Diana protectively toward the sidewalk.

Diana was safe, but Oliver suffered a slight graze.

She grew anxious upon seeing that he was injured.

“Let me see your injury!”

She fussed over Oliver in the men’s coat she was wearing, anxiously circling around him.

Just then, the same feeling of being watched suddenly became known again. It had a strangely penetrating power; a gaze that could see through someone all the way, and it made Diana’s heart jump wildly in her chest.

She was so spooked, she stopped checking Oliver’s injuries and frantically glanced around to find the source of that feeling.