

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 701-710

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 701

The atmosphere in the entire office became incredibly heavy, and only Noel dared to interrupt the tense mood. He began cautiously, "Sir..."

He approached Julian, and informed him what the receptionist had told him. "The madam is here. She's waiting for you downstairs."

Diana had never proactively come to the office before. It seemed she was feeling guilty. Well, at least she had a conscience and knew to come here to make amends.

Julian's mood improved slightly at the thought.

Actually, as long as she behaved properly and was willing to confess what happened last night between her and Oliver, he could pretend nothing had happened.

"She's not here to apologize," Noel shook his head, leaning close to his ear with a mysterious expression, and

continued happily, "She says she's here to invite you to get married!"

This was what Julian wanted all along!

It should melt his icy demeanor.

To Noel's surprise, Julian's face grew even colder. "Invite me to get married?"

What did she take the remarriage for?!

Right now, remarriage should be the most beautiful thing for the two of them.

Yet here she was, using it as a tool to cover up her lies from last night!

"Tell her to leave," Julian snapped coldly. "Remarriage is even more impossible!"

Diana listened as the receptionist recounted everything, and felt as if she had been struck by lightning. "How is this possible?"

All her joy and anticipation suddenly vanished, and a chill settled in her core.

Diana looked at the receptionist in disbelief. “How could he say something like that...?”

Julian was looking forward to the remarriage so much. How could he refuse to even see her, and even say...

That it was impossible?

Even if she couldn't see him in person, Diana could imagine his icy gaze and his sharp jaw when he said those words.

The consequences of his anger...

They were even more severe than she had anticipated.

She gripped the documents in her hand tightly, almost exerting all her strength, just like when she held that prenatal examination report in the past.

Her fingertips turned white from the pressure.

For a moment, she wanted to rush to Julian and tell him why she stayed out that night.

Yet, she couldn't.

She would rather let him be angry about her staying out all night than let him know the truth that his so-called loving parents had long drifted apart without any preparation... She didn't want Julian to think that the vow they made in front of the grave, promising eternal love even in death, was just a joke.

Because his parents...

Even before their deaths, they were no longer in love. Simon's appearance was the best evidence of it.

Diana thought of the DNA test report and felt her heart break for Julian. This situation happened so suddenly, she still hadn't figured out how to approach him or how to tell him about it.

The receptionist saw that she refused to leave and immediately changed her attitude, mocking her, “Wife? Hah. More like, former wife.”

Julian had already made it clear that remarriage was impossible, so what was this woman still doing at Fulcher Inc.?

“Security!” she called someone over. “Throw her out!”

They had no need to be polite to a woman Mr. Fulcher didn’t want. Soon, someone came to drive Diana out.

Receiving such treatment at Fulcher Inc. was a first for Diana.

Diana thought that it was all Julian’s intention. The various instances of his coldness towards her in the past remained vivid in her mind. She couldn’t help but feel a chill in her heart.

Was it really worth it for her to consider him like this?

“Don’t touch me.” Diana pushed away the security guard, her expression gradually turning cold. “I’ll leave on my own.”

Since he didn’t want to remarry, she wouldn’t force it.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 702

Chapter 702

When Diana left the villa in the morning, she was filled with excitement and anticipation for rekindling her married life with Julian. Now that she had returned, all she had was the documents in her hand and no one by her side.

She felt as lonely as she looked.

The atmosphere in the entire villa was icy and oppressive, devoid of any New Year’s joy and laughter.

“Didn’t Mr. Fulcher come back with you?” Mrs. Lay asked.

Mrs. Lay was someone who had been transferred from the old manor, Madam Fulcher’s residence. She was an old servant who had been accustomed to serving Madam Fulcher. After Mr. Carter left, Madam Fulcher wanted her to take care of Diana. However, Julian had been hesitant about bringing Mrs. Lay; he feared Madam Fulcher would be uncomfortable without Mrs. Lay being around to help, so he had never agreed. After Madam Fulcher passed

away, Julian took the initiative to bring Mrs. Lay to his residence. He and Diana treated her as an elder of their family.

In the villa, she was the only person who dared to inquire about Diana and Julian's private matters.

"He..."

Diana didn't know how to explain. When she went out, she was ecstatic and told everyone that she would marry Julian again.

But now, she returned alone.

Was there anything more humiliating than this?

Mrs. Lay sensed her disappointment, and realized the remarriage might not have gone smoothly. She immediately tried to defuse the situation for Diana. "Oh dear, it's my fault!

I should've reminded you earlier. Today's the first day of the New Year, so the Civil Affairs Bureau is closed."

Right! Today was the first day of the New Year, and the Civil Affairs Bureau was closed. Even if Julian had agreed, they couldn't complete the procedure.

No, that wasn't right. Julian was such a meticulous person, so he wouldn't have overlooked this point. On the contrary, it was precisely because he thought of this that he rejected her remarriage invitation.

"Mrs. Lay..." Diana felt regretful. "Did I seem insincere when I brought up this matter today?"

Bringing it up on a day when the Civil Affairs Bureau was closed felt like she was joking about remarriage, playing games with him.

"No, you weren't." Mrs. Lay continued to comfort her. "You're always sincere toward Mr. Fulcher, no matter the time."

In Mrs. Lay's eyes, Diana's integrity was unquestionable. She didn't believe that Diana would deliberately play games with Julian and manipulate him.

That left the possibility that Julian was still angry about what happened on New Year's Eve. However, Mrs. Lay didn't

remind Diana of this.

Instead, she followed Diana's train of thought and continued, "Mr. Fulcher always has a cold exterior but a warm heart. Even when he had disagreements with Madam Fulcher in the past, he wouldn't single bite at the dining table and leave all the dishes she loved on purpose. He was clearly considerate of her, but he wouldn't say a word."

Mrs. Lay sighed. "Such a personality is the most disadvantageous. And he's the same way with you. Even though he loves you to death, he just won't relent with his words."

Diana was familiar with Julian's character. In the end, their conflict between them was ultimately because she didn't come home on New Year's Eve...

After listening to Mrs. Lay's words, she suddenly softened.

"Then... Should I make him some soup?"

He loved the stomach-nourishing soup she used to make. It had been a long time since she made some for him, and it could be her way of apologizing.

The soup had been simmering for the entire afternoon, and the aroma wafted through the villa. It looked enticing enough to make one's mouth water without even needing to smell it.

When Julian came home from work, the first thing that filled his nostrils was the fragrance of this soup.

He was famished. It hadn't bothered him at the office, but his stomach growled as soon as he arrived home.

But...

As soon as he smelled this fragrance, he knew Diana was the one who it.

So, he hesitated to enter the kitchen.

Diana had been waiting for him for a while. After seeing his hesitation, she took the initiative to approach him.

"Julian, welcome back."

In her eyes, there was a cautious attempt to please him.

It made Julian's heart ache.

His gentle and tender wife... When did she ever need to look at him with such eyes?

As he studied her appearance, he softened a bit.

"It's cold outside. Why are you only wearing a thin shirt?"

With that, he strode forward toward the cloakroom before returning with a long coat for Diana.

"Put this on."

The coat was made of silk-cotton fabric. When she put it on, it had a delicate touch; more importantly, it carried his feelings of care.

It made the coat incredibly comfortable to wear.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 703

The heavy warmth, just like his deep love, warmed Diana's heart. Her previous gripes vanished in an instant with the heat brought by the coat.

She looked at him with a bright smile, and said, "Julian, have some soup."

The fragrance of the soup wafted through the air. Her eyes sparkled like stars, and her voice was as sweet as the melodious song of a morning oriole, unforgettable to the ears of anyone who heard it.

She sounded exactly the same as when she called him on New Year's Eve.

At that time...

Did she look at Oliver using those same bright and starry eyes?

What was so good about that man?

After Oliver had schemed against her like that, he still managed to make her leave Julian on New Year's Eve and go to his residence...

And on that night...

What did they say to each other? What did they do?

Diana...

Would she betray him as his parents had done to each other?

Julian didn't know.

Nor did he dare to think or ask about it.

"Julian." Diana tried again, as she tightened the coat around her and gave Mrs. Lay a grateful look.

She had been rejected in her proposal today, and was even chased away by the security guards.

It would be a lie to say that she wasn't angry or indifferent about it.

Without Mrs. Lay's gentle reminder, she would never have taken the initiative to mend their relationship.

And now, after giving in slightly, he had brought her a coat to wear.

Diana smiled warmly, and her eyes filled with affection as she said, "Why don't you come and have some?"

"No need."

The thought of Diana being at the Channing residence on New Year's Eve, Simon's origins, and his parents' betrayal choked him. Suddenly, the soup seemed to have lost its appetizing taste.

"I already ate at the office."

Diana was taken aback by his refusal, but she wanted to try again. "Julian, I made this soup just for you."

Even if he had already eaten, he could at least be considerate of her feelings and have just a little of the soup!

In the past, whenever he was angry, she would be even angrier than him.

Diana had never been so eager to make soup for him and coax him. Why was she acting so out of character now?

Was it because she felt guilty? And because of her guilt, she treated their marriage as a game!

Thinking this, Julian felt a stabbing pain in his heart. "Oliver... w

Forget it. He shouldn't ask.

But Diana had already heard Oliver's name, and looked at him in confusion. "Oliver? What about him?"

Had he done something against her again?

Diana couldn't help but lament to Julian. "I still can't accept he's such a calculating and ruthless person..."

See? Even when faced with solid facts and evidence right in front of her, she still refused to believe that Oliver wasn't a good person. The sensation to Julian was akin to being trapped in the water, struggling everywhere but unable to grab onto a piece of driftwood despite all his efforts. It brought him powerlessness that almost shattered his whole being. It wasn't until his jaw tightened and his muscles became stiff that he started to take in the reality around him.

The dining room lights suddenly felt harsh and dazzling.

Julian stood under the lights, exuding a chilling aura as he asked Diana slowly, "Oliver... Was he really that important to you? Important enough for you to spend New Year's Eve with him at the Channing residence?!"

His words were questioning, but they pierced through Diana like arrows and made her tremble. "You...know about that?"

Julian knew that she lied about spending New Year's Eve with Nina? And he knew that she went to the Channing family's residence too? So that was why he was so angry! That was why he rejected her proposal!

The reason for all this was because he was jealous! Not because he didn't love her!

As Diana realized the true reason behind Julian's refusal to remarry, she felt a brief moment of joy.

But when she realized his tense expression, she quickly shoved those feelings away and said, "Julian, you've misunderstood!"

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 704

On New Year's Eve, the person Diana had met at the Channing residence wasn't Oliver. Plus, the meeting certainly wasn't as important as Julian had thought.

She just went to meet Simon to hear about a secret involving Julian. But this secret... Diana looked up at him, and the ache in her heart settled like a spider's web. It wrapped around her heart and was deeply rooted in her core, as if it had woven a trap in her life.

She couldn't afford to be rash and tell Julian the true reason for her absence on New Year's Eve.

Diana swallowed hard as she anxiously explained to him, "It was wrong of me to lie, Julian, but I had my reasons. I had no choice."

Her own stupidity prevented her from immediately finding a tactful way to inform him, to minimize the impact of Simon's situation on Julian.

"After your birthday," Diana suddenly said as her eyes brightened. "After your birthday, I promise I'll tell you everything!"

Just give her a few more days. She was certain she could properly disclose this matter to Julian. She admitted...

Julian's heart loosened for a bit, then tightened abruptly. Diana was still keeping secrets. Was speaking about what happened on New Year's Eve difficult? Did she need more time to weave more lies before she could come clean?

He decided not to press further to avoid humiliating himself.

However, he couldn't help but feel anger at her for keeping secrets.

He was angry at her lack of honesty.

“We’re not remarried yet. Don’t call yourself my wife or come to the company to see me.” His tone turned icy. “If anything happens, you can call me.”

This implied that the prospect of remarriage was indefinitely postponed.

Diana felt as if someone had struck the back of her head with a heavy hammer. She stared at him blankly, stunned. “Are...Are you serious?”

“Of course I am,” Julian retorted with a mocking smirk on his lips. “Don’t forget how happy you were when you received the divorce papers. You look like you’ve been freed of a tiresome burden.”

The identity of being his wife was one she had willingly relinquished.

Diana’s heart sank, his words leaving her speechless.

At that time, she had been burdened by her pregnancy and misunderstood Julian’s feelings. She thought that divorce was the only way to find relief. But now, after understanding his true intentions, she truly wanted to remarry him.

It didn’t matter that she had already been married to him once.

It didn’t matter that she even went to Fulcher Inc. with all the necessary documents in hand and practically begged for a second marriage.

Ultimately, she was still a woman; a woman with her own career and her own pride. It took great courage for her to approach him with the documents and proudly tell others that she was Mrs. Fulcher.

Yet he was now using this against her, mocking her! In that instant, her heart turned into shattered glass, causing her immense pain.

“And what about you?”

Bringing up past gripes?

If that was how he played it, Diana could do the same!

“Weren’t you the one who brought up the idea of divorce first?”

He had done it for Kayla.

He was the one who proposed ending their marriage for another woman in the first place!

How could he turn around and accuse her of calling herself his wife as if it were inappropriate?

“I actually don’t care about the position of being Mrs. Fulcher.” Diana stood up stubbornly, her face defiant. “As for your affairs, handle them however you want.”

She raised her hand and poured the painstakingly prepared soup into the trash, disappointment evident in her eyes.

She no longer cared when he would learn that Simon was his half-brother, or the hurt and sadness he would suffer because of his parents’ betrayal or Madam Fulcher’s deception.

None of it concerned her anymore.

She had considered his feelings, but it seemed her efforts weren’t worth it!

Even though Diana was the one who disappeared that night, she still had the audacity to put all the blame on him.

Julian’s eyes turned bloodshot, and the veins on his forehead bulged with anger.

“Diana!” he snarled.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 705

Julian seethed and hissed through gritted teeth, “Is it because I’ve always indulged you too much?”

Had he indulged her so much to the point she could act like she was in the right even when she made a mistake?

What a joke!

Diana countered sharply, “Indulged me?”

It was true he had pampered and indulged her during their three years of marriage, but he had treated her as if she were someone else the entire time!

Their past was now like seeds in the ground; now, it was yanked out abruptly, roots and all.

Diana calmed down, though her voice trembled slightly with grief when she spoke. "If you did indulge me, we wouldn't be having these arguments right now."

And he certainly wouldn't be using the topic of remarriage to threaten her.

Julian sensed the disappointment in her eyes, and a flash of heartache passed through his gaze. For a moment, he truly wanted to hold her tightly in his arms and apologize to her.

But what was he supposed to apologize for?

This time, it wasn't his fault. Diana had lied first!

Seeing that the conflict was about to escalate again, Mrs.

Lay quickly intervened.

"Sir, Ma'am," she interjected anxiously, "let's sit down and talk things through calmly. There's no need to argue like this. If

Constant arguing would only damage their relationship! However, to the older woman's surprise, both of them spoke at the same time.

"She's not the ma'am!"

"I'm not the ma'am!"

With that, they coldly snorted. Each retreated to a separate room, slamming the doors shut loudly.

Mrs. Lay was left standing in the same spot, awkward and unsure of whom to approach first. Worse, she couldn't convince either of them now. Both of them were furious, and neither would listen to reason.

Neither of them would back down at this moment.

As for Diana, she felt like she would explode from the anger rushing through her veins.

She lay in bed, pondering Julian's emotional journey these past two days. She knew he was well aware of her visit to the Channing family, yet he watched her lie like a clown, which only fueled her anger.

Was she really so disgraceful and so fickle in his eyes? Would she do something that betrayed him on New Year's Eve?

It was simply despicable!

B*stard! Blockhead! Birdbrain!

Diana screamed and cursed into her pillow as she vented her frustration.

Julian, on the other hand, was equally infuriated. He couldn't understand where he fell short compared to Oliver.

What made Diana give up spending New Year's Eve with him and choose Oliver instead?

He also couldn't comprehend why Diana would still have the heart to deceive him despite everything he had done for her and their mutual understanding.

Even after he exposed her lies, she didn't seem to think she had anything wrong.

No, this couldn't go on.

Julian thought for a moment, and immediately opened the door to the guest room and asked Mrs. Lay for the key.

"I want to go to the master bedroom."

Mrs. Lay was stunned. Diana was in the master bedroom. If Julian was willing to take the initiative to find her, it seemed he was ready to make the first move.

With a heart brimming with joy, Mrs. Lay couldn't help but silently pray to the heavens as she happily handed him the key.

The room was dimly lit, and Diana was curled up in bed with tears flowing freely. As soon as she heard the sound of the door opening, she immediately stifled her sobs and pulled the covers over her head, pretending as if nothing had happened.

She recognized Julian's footsteps immediately.

He approached her and stood by the bed, watching her. Even though there was a blanket between them, she could feel his gaze.

A glimmer of anticipation rose in Diana's heart.

She wiped away her tears and quietly waited under the covers, hoping he would speak up. Deep down, she hoped he would come and console her.

She even already decided that as long as he was willing to back down and say a few soothing words to her, she would forgive him.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 706

She didn't expect Julian to not say anything to her even after a long while.

Diana couldn't stand it any longer, and was about to pull open the sheets and look outside when she suddenly felt the other side of the bed sink down.

The sheets were pulled away from her as well.

Julian was lying down on the bed.

What was the point of sharing a bed when he didn't bother cajoling her or talking to her?

Did she need to wait longer?

Did a cold and hard man like Julian need more time to prepare himself before he was willing to coax another woman?

That thought made Diana feel better inside.

She stopped herself from crying out of indignation.

She simply waited quietly.

She waited until her whole body went stiff, yet Julian remained silent.

Her head was still under the covers, and she just needed to turn her head slightly to see his collarbone peeking out from under his unbuttoned shirt.

The sheets were filled with his scent.

It was so cold outside; yet with him around, it felt like there was a huge furnace lying right next to her, seducing her to inch closer to him.

She couldn't be so spineless!

Diana pinched her nose and shut her eyes. She even shifted her body toward the edge of the bed.

Her movements effectively pulled the sheets away from Julian's body.

It exposed almost half of his body, and his eyes sprung open from the cold.

"Diana."

"Huh?"

Had his conscience finally awakened, and did he finally figure out that nothing could have possibly happened between her and Oliver when she went to the Channings? Did he finally think of how to comfort her?

She looked expectantly at him.

His huge face suddenly appeared right in front of her. "You snatched my blanket."

He added in a low voice, "Each one of us gets half of it."

No one was allowed to snatch.

Blanket, blanket, blanket. Was that all he cared about?!

Did he even hear her crying?

Oh, probably not.

She had stopped by the time he came in.

Had she known, she would have deliberately cried louder so he could hear her clearly!

But now, it was too late for regrets.

Diana wondered if it would seem too fake for her to start crying out loud again, as if she had done something wrong and needed to cover up her guilt with tears.

No, she couldn't cry.

Since he was so cold and distant and just wanted the blanket, she would be cold and distant, too.

She thought about it, then got up and drew a line down the blanket. "Whoever crosses the line is a b*st*rd!"

Julian didn't respond to her and simply turned his back to her without so much as a glance.

It was a silent acknowledgement.

Whoever crossed the line was a b*st*rd!

After all that happened, Diana's anger was slightly appeased and she suddenly felt tired.

When asleep, she would have a habit of raising her legs and placing them on Julian's body.

If he weren't in the room, she would simply hug the sheets to sleep.

Who knew that he would be shameless enough to join her in the bedroom even after such a huge fight?

If even he, the wrongdoer with poor self-awareness, had the guts to come in here, then all the more she, the one who wasn't at fault and in turn was thinking all for him, couldn't leave.

She had to stay in this bedroom to prove that she didn't feel the least bit guilty!

Alas, habit was a scary thing.

Just as Diana was about to fall asleep, her legs landed on Julian...

'You've crossed the line,' Julian said darkly.

It was as if he was really going to call Diana a b*st*rd for crossing the line with her leg.

“I didn’t do it on purpose,” Diana retorted.

When Julian heard that, he was about to turn around and hug her leg to massage it. However, he quickly stopped himself before turning his body back.

She had no intention of reconciling with him.

Her leg had crossed the line by mistake.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 707

There was no need for him to eagerly hug her legs and warm them.

She was the one who wasn’t being honest. He wasn’t at fault.

He didn’t need to be the first to say sorry.

The atmosphere in the room began to grow tense once again.

Julian’s back was stiff.

Meanwhile, Diana’s heart gradually hardened.

She couldn’t deny feeling expectant when her legs crossed over.

One of them had to be the first to break the ice, after all.

She loved Julian, and was willing to be the one to take the initiative.

Tet, her fighting spirit would be depleted by the second try and become exhausted by the third try.

She had offered an olive branch to him twice: once with the porridge, and the second with her leg.

What’s more, she didn’t stop him from coming into the bedroom and had actually given him three chances.

In the end, he never gave her what she wanted.

She had her pride to preserve, too.

Since he wanted things to stay this way, then so be it.

However, she didn't expect things between the two of them to remain tense all the way till his birthday.

It was also the first time after getting to know each other that they waged such a long cold war.

Diana laid on the bed, her hand running over the sheets on the other side of the bed, which were still warm from his body heat. On account of his birthday, she decided to have a proper chat with him. She had been mulling on what to say to resolve the misunderstanding between them over the past few days.

As for Julian, he too had been looking forward to this day for a longtime.

He had been holding himself back from getting close to her as he laid next to her in bed over the past few days.

Right now, he even had to hold himself back from looking blatantly at her, and he was having a terrible time controlling himself.

The frequency of his baths had increased.

But this time, as a matter of principle, he needed Diana to give him a clear explanation.

But after so many days, even when he was lying right next to her which afforded her the entire night to give him an explanation, she refused to say anything.

And today was his birthday.

The last time they fought, she promised to give him a clear explanation on his birthday.

Today, he didn't even bother going to the office.

He decided to wait at home for her explanation.

As long as she made clear the reason she went looking for Oliver, as long as she said that she did not betray him, that would be the best birthday present he could ever receive...

Yet, Diana was still asleep even after the entire morning passed.

Julian was anxious from all that waiting, and decided to leave the bedroom for the study and wait for her there instead.

Mrs. Lay knew that this was a golden opportunity for reconciliation, and had told Diana about Julian not going to the office since long ago.

Diana didn't need to ponder for very long to figure out that the ever-so-taciturn Julian was waiting for her explanation.

It seemed he too had enough of this silent cold war, and was looking forward to this day.

Diana chuckled inwardly, chiding themselves for being so immature this time.

At the same time, she was thankful that today was his birthday. It gave them the perfect excuse to seek reconciliation with each other.

"Mrs. Lay." Diana arranged for Mrs. Lay to bring the birthday cake she ordered. "I'll stay at home and talk to Julian."

She decided to tell him the truth today.

She didn't want anyone else hearing about Simon Channing's true identity.

Mrs. Lay caught the hint. "I'll go, ma'am. I'll go right away."

The moment Diana saw leave, she headed straight to the study to look for Julian without even bothering to eat breakfast. "The day before the new year..." she began.

She wanted to cut straight to the chase.

"What happened that day?" He looked at her, a tinge of anxiety he didn't even realize existed flashing past his eyes.

He was looking forward to this day, that was true.

At the same time, he was also fearful that he would end up hearing the answer he didn't want.

Diana took a deep breath. 'That day, I went to the Channings

Ring, ring! The sound of a phone ringing cut off Diana's words.

She hung up the call immediately without even glancing at the screen.

However, the caller persisted in calling again and again.

Her phone kept ringing, and she had no choice but to answer the call. "Who is it?!"

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 708

Diana didn't speak in the nicest tone.

The caller on the other end didn't care, though, and went on, "It's my brother's birthday today and you're still not up yet?"

His brother's birthday?

Who was Julian Fulcher's brother?

Simon Channing!

Diana's heart leapt as she glanced guiltily at Julian.

She immediately ran out of the study, closed the door, and leaned against the wall. With a guilty conscience, she hissed, "Who's your brother?! Whether Julian acknowledges you as his brother or not is a completely different matter! Don't just call him your brother like that."

"Oh, so he's not my brother and you're not my sister-in-law."

Diana sighed. "What exactly do you want?"

It was so annoying how he always managed to pick the most critical point of time to interrupt her and Julian.

Simon deliberately ignored the annoyance in her voice and said shamelessly, "Miss Winnington, may I ask you out for lunch today?"

May he?

Of course he may not!

Today was Julian's birthday.

What's more, she had to explain things about Simon clearly to Julian and resolve the misunderstanding that had been brewing between them over the past few days.

"I'm not going." She knew Simon was harboring ill intentions in picking this day of all days to call her. Her brows furrowed in anger as she snarled, "In future, don't ever..."

Before she could say "contact me again", someone snatched her phone away.

It was Julian.

He grabbed the phone from Diana and put it against his ear.

"My brother." Simon heard the change in the sound of breathing and immediately guessed who was on the phone." Happy birthday to you."

Who else in this whole world aside from Simon would call him brother?

Over these few days, Julian had been trying not to think about this. He didn't go looking for Simon, either.

He didn't expect Simon to come knocking on his door.

What's more, the first person he approached was Diana.

Julian suppressed the repugnance in his heart and hurriedly walked away from Diana with her phone. He asked Simon through gritted teeth, "Did you tell her everything?"

There was a tinge of anxiety in his voice.

Simon knew Oliver was right. Julian cared too much for Diana to the point of allowing his emotions to get the better of him when he was usually as cold, distant and unfathomable as an iceberg submerged in the dark ocean.

The thought made Simon fancy Diana even more.

“What could I possibly tell her? That...you’re my brother?”

“You better keep your mouth shut!” Julian really didn’t want Diana to hear about it.

He didn’t want her knowing that the love between his parents had long turned into ugly betrayal.

He also didn’t want her knowing that the vow of love they made to each other to be together in life and death when they buried Grandma had long become a joke.

Even his own grandmother, who loved him the most, had lied to him his entire life!

If even his own family treated him so, how would he dare request for Diana to love him dearly and honestly?

He was scared.

“Don’t tell her that.” Julian took a deep breath. “Simon Channing, let’s meet.”

“Of course, that’s a good idea,” Simon said. “I’ve wanted to meet my dear brother for a long time.”

He bit out the words “dear brother” and heard Julian’s cold and deep voice warning him over the phone, “I’m not your brother.”

His warning, however, didn’t seem to have any effect on Simon.

Simon continued stubbornly calling him that way. “Sure, whatever you say, Brother.”

Julian no longer wanted to waste time dealing with Simon, who was clearly trying to be difficult. He hung up, his face dark with displeasure, as he pulled out the card from inside the phone and threw it away right in front of a baffled Diana. “I’ll get you a new number.”

He wouldn’t give Simon another chance to contact her.

Diana didn’t understand what was going on, and simply thought that he was being overly domineering. However, she didn’t want to get angry with him because it was his birthday today.

She was in a hurry to explain things to him, and said, “The one who spoke to me just now wasn’t Oliver.”

“I know.” It was precisely because the other person was Simon that Julian got so angry. “You can’t talk to Simon, either! Don’t be in contact with either of them!”

Diana had wanted to keep her distance from both of them, but she didn’t expect Julian to do something as extreme as pulling out the card from her phone.

She had many customers and personal contacts saved there!

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 709

Wasn’t it disrespectful of him to pull out the card from her phone?

Diana stared at him, a slight annoyance in her eyes, as she took a deep breath and said solemnly, “Julian, my life can’t possibly consist of you alone.”

It was just an ordinary statement.

However, it sent Julian’s keen senses into overdrive. He looked at her in disbelief, “Are you giving up on me just because of a phone card?”

Diana was baffled. “What nonsense are you spouting?”

She just didn’t want him being so overbearing.

She had done so much and worked so hard in running her work studio. She had rebuilt her own career and expanded her network just so that she could earn the ability to stand side by side with Julian and be seen as his equal.

As much as she knew that her achievements were nothing compared to his.

All along, she had been working so hard to achieve equality and respect in their relationship so things could be sustainable between them.

But right now, him pulling out the card from her phone made her face up to reality.

Julian...

Was still so overbearing.

He hadn't changed one bit.

If what happened with Kayla were to repeat itself, they might not do better than before.

Otherwise, he wouldn't get so jealous just because of one phone call.

"Give me a chance to explain things." Despite realizing the state of reality between them, Diana couldn't bear to fight with him and sour the mood between them since it was his birthday.

She was trying her best to control her emotions. "I'll give you a clear explanation regarding New Years' Eve and Simon Channing, but you must give me my phone card back."

This was a show of respect to her.

"No need for that." He had flung the phone card into the trash can. If he had to pick it out from the trash and clean it...

That act alone made him, a clean freak, shudder in disgust.

Still, if it was Diana's request, he would overcome his preferences.

But since he was in a hurry to leave, he said, "I'll get Noel to prepare a new card for you. He'll do it soon."

He was still being obstinate.

He didn't like her being in contact with Simon and decided to fling her phone card away, just like that.

What difference did this behavior have with him forcing her to return him fifteen million dollars in the past?

Even after so much had happened, Julian's character didn't seem to change one bit.

Diana, on the other hand, had been changing so much for him.

She had been compromising and giving in to him all this while.

Yet, he wasn't even willing to listen to a word of her explanation.

She looked at his retreating figure, and then at the trash can where her phone card was flung inside. Bitterness rose in her heart.

Forget it!

If he didn't want to listen to her explanation, she wouldn't bother explaining herself.

Before Mrs. Lay could bring the cake back, Diana went out to look for Nina.

Her priority right now was to find an outlet for all her troubles and indignation.

"Damn it! He's making you sad again." Nina was naturally on Diana's side. "You really shouldn't have reconciled with him!" Her words pierced right through Diana's heart. "You think so too?"

Well, not really.

Julian risked his life to block Diana from being stabbed, and he even knelt before her in front of so many people without regard for his status. These two points alone were things many men were unable to do.

What's more, he was handsome and rich to boot.

"Actually..." Nina changed her words. "It's not wrong of you to reconcile with him. It's just that he really needs to kick his bad habit for good."

He should learn how to talk things through calmly.

Why must he always overreact and do something so hurtful?

'Yeah," Diana nodded, "I fished out my phone card from the trash can and inserted it back in my phone."

She really needed to think through her future with Julian.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 710

Julian and Simon met by the road of Winding Highway.

By the time Julian rushed there, Simon's car was already parked at a bend. He was seated on the roof of the car, swinging his legs in the air while waiting for Julian.

This spot was a blind spot.

If they weren't careful, cars zooming past might just crash into them and send them flying into mid-air.

Not just the car, but even they would fall off the cliff and end up with their bodies nowhere to be found.

"Come down."

Although Julian didn't acknowledge Simon as his brother, he didn't want to see the latter courting death right in front of him.

Of course, Simon refused to listen. "The view here on the roof of the car is great."

He stretched out his hand to Julian. "Come on up and have a seat?"

"No need." Julian looked at him and said coldly, "No view is better than any view by my wife's side."

His words were a direct attack on Simon for contacting Diana in the morning.

He was both implicitly and explicitly telling Simon that Diana was his wife and that he shouldn't have any designs on her.

"My brother is resourceful and all-knowing for being able to guess that I fancy my ex-sister-in-law at our first meeting." Simon deliberately emphasized the word "ex", a clear counterattack on Julian.

Julian's face darkened with fury, and even the air around them turned tense.

However, Simon pretended not to see it and went on, "What can I do? I fancied her the moment my eyes landed on her. The fluff at the back of her ear makes her look like a little squirrel."

This coincided with Julian's fetish for Diana's nape.

It would never fail to remind him of a little animal, and often gave him the urge to reach out and touch her.

That was the case for Simon as well; he even made a gesture to Julian. "I'm sure it'll be comfortable to touch."

"Shut up!" The look in Julian's eyes turned darker as he leapt onto the roof of the car in one swift motion. He fixed his dark eyes on Simon and hissed, "Keep thinking of her in that way, and I'll push you down from here right now!"

"My brother's so impressive." Simon wasn't at all afraid of Julian despite his aggressive demeanor. He even mocked the latter, saying, "To think you'd try to murder your own brother at the first meeting."

He had a devil-may-care attitude when he said those words.

There was stubbornness in his eyes, and not a single hint of fear at all.

It was just like their father, Shane Fulcher, when he was young.

After Shane got married, he became a lot more calm and steady.

Still, many of these things Julian had only heard about from his mother.

Even though Julian had never seen his father when he was young, he juxtaposed Simon and Shane together in his mind right this moment.

Julian looked more like his mother.

Simon, on the other hand, resembled their father more.

The aura he exuded was something he undoubtedly inherited from their father.

With just one glance, Julian was able to confirm that Oliver had spoken the truth.

He and Simon Channing...

Were indeed brothers of the same father, but different mothers.

This proved that his fears over the past few days had all come to pass.

Be it the betrayal of his father or his grandmother's lies, they had all become heavy chains that weighed heavily on his heart.

"Brother, don't be upset." Simon looked at him and added on purpose, "I'm not thinking of my sister-in-law in that way. You two are already divorced, so I have the right to pursue her."

Oliver had once said the same thing.

"Seems like you've learnt quite a lot of nonsense over the years you were with the Channings," Julian shot back. "Well, what should I expect from an illegitimate child roaming outside? Righteousness and propriety? What good things did I expect you to pick up?"

The words "illegitimate child" pierced deep into Simon's heart.

His smile turned upside down and he yelled angrily, "Say that again!"

"What can you do to me if I did?"

Julian looked coldly at Simon, his eyes dark and murderous, sending chills down one's spine.

"If I were you, I wouldn't have exposed my true identity right now and arranged this meeting. I'd keep under cover until I have the confidence to take over Fulcher Inc. first. Only then would I appear before the Fulchers and make them all kneel before me and repent their mistake of abandoning me."

"Yes," Simon said, "but I can't do that."

Julian was an immovable mountain.

No matter how persistent or determined one was, Julian's business empire remained untouchable.