

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 831-840

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 831

The apartment Simon previously found had withdrawn the lease offer, so Diana told Oliver, 'Til stay in this hotel for a couple of days until I find another apartment.'

Ideally, it would be in the suburbs with a good environment.

"Coincidentally, I have a vacant bungalow," Oliver suggested when he heard about Betty's current condition. "It's located in the suburbs. There's a river outside, with mountains at the back and beautiful scenery all around. There are also many children in the neighborhood, which would be great for Betty and Sean to make new friends. If you want, you can bring the twins there."

"No need," Diana said. She instinctively didn't want to have too much to do with Oliver.

Not just because of her instincts, but also because of his forceful approach that restricted her movements by force.

He was fast, accurate, and vicious-completely unlike his warm and gentle appearance.

"I'll give you the key and the address. It's up to you whether you want to go."

Before Diana could reject him properly, he drove away.

Apartments in Richburgh were in high demand, and Diana couldn't find something suitable even after multiple attempts. Eventually, she decided to stay in the studio.

The moment she arrived, she realized that it was located in the city center where traffic was heavy. Betty wouldn't even be able to relax, let alone fully recover.

Diana saw the tense look on Betty; her nose wrinkled up as tears welled up in her eyes.

"Betty." Diana crouched down low and looked at Betty. "You haven't called me Mommy in a while."

Betty remained silent.

She simply stared at Diana in a daze.

What happened that day traumatized Betty badly.

Her daughter had become like this because of her. What else did Diana have to fear?

No matter the kind of person Oliver may be and his ulterior motives, she decided to look at his bungalow.

The environment was excellent indeed.

Diana could sense Betty relaxing the moment they arrived at the place.

“Sean, do you like it here?”

Sean looked around in the bungalow, then back at his sister. Upon seeing her tense expression relax, his furrowed brows relaxed as well. “Yes, I do.”

With that, the three of them officially settled down in the bungalow.

Everything was great, with the sole exception of having to travel far to the studio.

Diana had to wake up at four in the morning to prepare the twins’ breakfast, wash them up, pack her things, and finally call a taxi to bring them all to the studio.

The studio hadn’t been operating for a while, and there were many things Diana had to start from scratch.

What’s more, with the loss of her memories, she had to pick things up slowly based on Oliver’s description.

She would work hard during the day while taking care of the kids, all the way until eleven o’clock at night. Then, she would bring the twins home.

Even Sean and Betty lost weight together with Diana.

Her heart ached even more.

Thankfully, the housekeeping agency she contacted before found a suitable nanny for her, whom Diana immediately engaged with. Even so, she couldn't stay calm without her twins by her side.

Eventually, she decided to bring the nanny to the studio with her.

After working for Diana for two days, the nanny found Diana picky and troublesome. She paid the penalty for breaching the contract and left without a word.

Outstanding nannies had no lack of job opportunities in Richburgh.

Once again, Diana felt first-hand the differences between Richburgh and Stirling City. She wanted to look for another nanny, but found herself unable to find a suitable one.

Eventually, she had to resort to bringing the kids to work again.

To ensure a good level of nutrition and energy for them, Diana had no choice but to cut down on time for herself.

Within a week, she achieved her target of 120 pounds.

However, she had slimmed down too fast. As such, she didn't look to be in good condition.

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In a restaurant opposite the studio, a woman asked, "Mr. Fulcher, what are you looking at?"

She was seated opposite Julian, wiping her mouth with a napkin and looking in the direction of Julian's gaze.

However, she didn't notice anything.

"Nothing. Just a kite trapped in a gunny sack."

"A kite trapped in a gunny sack?"

Julian nodded, but didn't explain further. He retracted his gaze from Diana and covered up the worry in his eyes. "Are you done?"

The woman seated before him was Cecilia Jarvis, the heiress of the Jarvis family in Richburgh. Julian had selected her from a list of women Vans had shortlisted for a blind date with.

Cecilia blushed when Julian looked at her. "Yes, I am."

He nodded, and looked at the lipstick mark on the napkin she used to wipe her mouth.

She didn't reapply her lipstick after her meal, and it made her look rather haggard.

Julian stood up swiftly. "Let's go."

Cecilia was stunned. "Where to?"

"To the shopping mall opposite. I'll buy a new lipstick for you."

Mr. Fulcher was rumored to be cold, distant, and proud — perhaps almost inhuman.

But right now, she witnessed how thoughtful he was in noticing that she didn't bring her lipstick, simply because she didn't reapply her lipstick after her meal.

"Thank you," Cecilia said, feeling slightly anxious. She gripped her handbag tight and followed behind Julian's towering figure, her heart beating fast.

They crossed the street from the restaurant.

Throughout the walk, Julian watched out for cars and pedestrians for Cecilia.

"Thank you." Cecilia didn't expect Julian to be so gentlemanly, on top of being so handsome.

Her thumping heart was now leaping with passion.

"Don't mention it." Julian walked to the cosmetics counter. "Go ahead and pick what you like."

Cecilia browsed around for a long while. She could feel Julian standing next to her, waiting patiently. She finally gathered the courage to ask, "Mr. Fulcher, what do you think suits me?"

Julian placed his fingers on the glass counter. "I don't know, either."

He pulled out his credit card, and handed it to the sales assistant. "We'll buy them all."

She would know which one suited her best after she tried everything at home.

"That's too many!" Although the Jarvis family was wealthy, their children were brought up well, including Cecilia. She waved her hands profusely to stop Julian from tapping his credit card on the terminal. "I can't finish them all, it'll be a waste."

"Julian, we can't finish this much food. It'll be a waste."

"This shirt is so expensive! I can't bear to buy it."

"This little place is great. As long as I'm with you, even if it's not a high-class restaurant, I'm happy. I feel like I'm dancing under the moonlight!"

Cecilia Jarvis...

She was the first woman after Diana who spoke about wastage.

Other women were convinced he was so rich, his wealth would never be depleted. They thought it would be foolish if they didn't take advantage of that.

Some even felt that the more they could make him spend on them, the more they could show off.

Only Diana and Cecilia would scold him for wasting money.

However, things had changed between him and Diana.

For some reason, Cecilia had a feeling that Julian was distracted ever since he talked about the kite being trapped in the gunny sack. "Mr. Fulcher?"

She quickly chose a garnet red lipstick and said to Julian, "Let's go look at the kite again?"

She was rather curious about it.

Julian choked on his saliva, and remembered being the first to talk about the kite.

“It’s gone now.”

“Oh.” Cecilia looked disappointed. “Well, shall we walk around some more?”

She could sense that Julian wasn’t in such a good mood.

She wondered if it was because she sounded so petty when buying the lipstick.

But...

It was true she had no use for so many lipsticks.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 833

Cecilia didn’t want the money to go to waste.

“Let’s go to the studio over there,” she suggested, wanting to regain her dignity as the heiress of the Jarvis family.” Coincidentally, I need a dress. I heard that the owner of that studio is an excellent tailor and makes great designs. It’s a pity her shop was closed for three years. Now that she’s finally back, business has been booming for her.”

She had wanted to come and check it out, but didn’t have the chance to.

Custom-made dresses weren’t cheap.

Now, she had a chance to let Julian take a look. It wasn’t that she couldn’t bear to part with the money, or that she was petty. She simply wanted to spend money on things that she really needed.

That was the rational way of spending money.

Julian hesitated for a moment.

However, Cecilia had gathered the courage to hold his arm and pull him toward Diana’s studio.

Although it was a working day, there were many people inside.

Diana was surrounded by people, and she was busy introducing her new design to potential customers.

It was a fantastic dress featuring a mix of lake blue and velvet, which looked dreamy and romantic.

Cecilia adored it the moment her eyes landed on it.

She subconsciously held onto Julian's arm as she approached Diana.

"My pieces are one-of-a-kind, and this one has been reserved. If any of you want to custom-make a dress, I can design one for you," Diana said. Her tongue was becoming dry from all the talking, so she wanted to suggest the crowd around her look around her shop while she grabbed a drink.

Just then, a woman's bright and crisp voice grabbed her attention. "I'd like a custom-made dress."

The sound of a potential customer made Diana turn around hurriedly. The moment she looked, the first thing she saw was Julian's face.

They hadn't met since the day the results of the DNA test were revealed.

Now that they had bumped into each other here, it felt as though centuries had passed.

Diana looked closer, and realized that the lady who had just spoken was holding Julian's arm tightly.

He didn't resist her gesture.

Her heart turned bitter, but she quickly smiled and said, "Sure. Please come with me to place an order."

Julian quickly handed her his card. "Use this."

Cecilia didn't reject him.

Diana's price was reasonable-fifteen thousand dollars for a custom-made dress. Since Julian was willing to spend the money on her, Cecilia decided not to reject him.

That would allow them to indulge in future interactions.

She could arrange another date with him in the name of returning his favor.

Cecilia was confident Julian wouldn't reject her.

"Sure." Diana took the card and keyed in the amount as she said to Julian, "Please key in the passcode."

"You know it."

Cecilia was stunned. "Huh?"

Diana was stunned too.

Julian was even more so.

He had never made such a low-level mistake.

And yet, Diana looked so much like she did in the past after having slimmed down so much.

She was clearly malnourished and overworked.

Was she taking care of herself?

He tried to control his temper, and simply ignored what he blurted out just now. He turned to Cecilia and asked, "Is one dress enough?"

"Yes, it is." Cecilia quickly forgot about Julian's blunder as well. "I don't really like attending banquets. Even if I do, they'd be small-scale parties with people I'm close with. One dress is enough. If I'm satisfied with the dress, I'll come again if I need another."

Julian nodded, and Diana took the chance to return him his card. "Sir, your card."

Their hands accidentally touched.

His hands felt so dry.

Diana quickly retracted her hand, as if she had touched fire. She quickly made a beeline to other customers without even agreeing on a time to take Cecilia's measurements and show her the design draft.

“Do you two know each other?” Cecilia asked as she looked at Diana fleeing the scene. She had a niggling feeling that there was something strange between Julian and Diana.

Julian was about to reply to her when he heard Sean come down from the second floor. When Sean saw Julian, he immediately ran toward him and called out to him in a bright, crisp voice, “Daddy!”

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“Mr. Fulcher,” Sean said, looking up at Julian. “Are you my daddy?”

His innocent question pulled at Julian’s heartstrings.

He wasn’t.

The results were out.

He had nothing to do with the twins.

Diana was dumbfounded by what had happened.

She immediately hugged Sean. “Sean! What nonsense are you spouting?”

She chided him harshly.

Sean pouted indignantly and said, “Mommy, I’m just...”

“Just what?” Diana felt so awkward she wanted to dig a hole and bury herself in it. She had no idea how to face Julian and the woman he brought here.

She could only scold Sean loudly in a bid to dispel her awkwardness. “Hurry up and apologize to Mr. Fulcher!”

With that, she turned to Cecilia and said apologetically, “Ms. Jarvis, I’m so sorry. My son was being silly. Please don’t mind him.”

But Cecilia was no fool.

She could already tell that there was something between Julian and Diana.

Now that she heard the boy calling Julian “Daddy”, all the more she couldn’t pretend that nothing had happened.

She turned up for the blind date because she sincerely admired Julian and wanted to see if they could be in a relationship.

If he had unresolved relationships or even family outside, she didn't want anything to do with him.

With that thought in mind, Cecilia let go of Julian's arm. Even the smile on her face had disappeared.

Julian glanced past Diana and looked at Cecilia, explaining to her boldly and openly, "She's my ex-wife."

Diana caught her breath.

She didn't expect Julian to be so honest.

Cecilia was stunned to the core. "Ex-wife?"

This weak-looking woman right before her was Diana Winington, the woman who was rumored in Richburgh to be able to make Julian kneel for her sake?

This time, Cecilia took a closer look at Diana. She suddenly realized what Julian meant by the kite in the gunny sack.

He wasn't actually talking about a kite.

Rather, he was talking about Diana.

He kept looking out the window during their meal. As it turned out, he was looking at Diana.

Bitterness grew in Cecilia's heart. "I thought we were having a good time."

He was even thoughtful enough to buy her lipstick and a dress.

Now that she thought about it, he seemed to have an ulterior motive leading her here.

What did he want?

Diana, naturally.

“Don’t misunderstand,” Julian hurriedly explained himself when he sensed her disappointment. “I brought you here not because I wanted to see Diana.”

He looked up.

His deep, dark eyes swept past Diana’s slightly anxious face. She was so skinny.

So much that it became painful to see.

He could only turn his face away and stop looking at her.

He turned his eyes to Cecilia, whom he had a pretty positive impression of thus far, and said, “We’re divorced. We have nothing to do with each other.”

With that, he held out his arm to Cecilia.

Cecilia was elated to hear how honest Julian was being, and even more so at his proactiveness. She hesitated for a moment before hooking her arm around his once more.

They looked just like a match made in heaven.

Diana took Sean into her arms and continued apologizing profusely. “Ms. Jarvis, once I’m done with your dress, I’ll give you a complimentary shawl to express my apology.”

“It’s fine.” Cecilia waved her hands, looking every bit the classy socialite she was.

Only someone like her was a perfect match for Julian.

Diana’s thoughts were interrupted by Cecilia’s sweet and gentle voice. “Since Mr. Fulcher has made it clear that things between you two are over, I won’t mind it.”

As long as she wasn’t a homewrecker and wasn’t destroying anyone’s relationship, she would boldly take a step forward and continue trying things out with Julian.

But...

She looked up at Julian and said honestly, “The child...”

“He isn’t mine,” he said, cutting her off.

Diana looked even more awkward.

She instinctively tightened her hold on Sean. Before she could understand why he suddenly called Julian his daddy, she didn’t want to hurt him for the sake of dispelling the tension in the air.

“You guys go ahead,” she said as she carried Sean upstairs.

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Before she could make it upstairs, she saw Simon coming through the door.

Diana had called him here.

She didn’t expect Julian to be here today as well.

Sean, who had just been scolded by Diana, was happy to see someone he knew. What’s more, he was very familiar with Simon. He immediately ran toward the latter.

Simon instantly carried Sean in his arms, in a way that was natural and clearly well-versed.

Ever since he confessed his feelings for Diana, he hadn’t met her for close to one month.

This time, it was Diana who contacted him and told him about the many things that had happened in the month.

More importantly, Diana had reopened her studio and even met Oliver.

When Simon first heard the news, he was anxious and panicky.

So much so, he rushed to the studio without a second thought.

Seeing Julian there as well, his eyes turned dark and stormy.

When Simon noticed Cecilia standing next to Julian, their arms linked, he guessed that Julian and Diana had yet to

reconcile. Both were still unaware of the truth three years ago.

His face relaxed; he tightened his hold over Sean, and kissed the boy's cheek. Sean didn't reject him.

But in his heart, Simon was no longer the best candidate for his daddy.

Simon hadn't been there the day Zachary harassed him and his family.

The one who scared Zachary away was Julian, who had done so over the phone.

Before, Sean resisted Julian's touch and switched out the DNA samples in secret.

Right now, he wanted another chance to do another DNA test. He called Julian daddy in a bid to attract the man's attention.

Julian had never seen Sean behave so obediently.

Previously, Sean had tormented him greatly at the Fulcher Manor.

Yet with Simon around, the boy was good and obedient. He was worlds apart from the cool and suave boy he had been with Julian.

He was Simon's son indeed.

Julian smirked sardonically; the look sent chills down Diana's spine.

However, she couldn't display a dour attitude toward customers. What's more, it was Sean who behaved rudely toward him in the first place.

Diana put on an apologetic smile. "Ms. Jarvis, please feel free to look around."

She called a shopping assistant and said, "Just ask her if you have any questions."

She then turned around and pulled Simon, saying gently, "Let's head upstairs and talk."

Seeing that Diana was treating him as per usual and that Julian looked calm and unperturbed, Simon felt a huge gush of relief.

He followed Diana upstairs, and began nagging at her as he often did. “How did you lose so much weight in just a few days? Are you trying to kill yourself? Where’s Betty? How is she now? Why didn’t you tell me anything when something so big happened?”

Seeing Simon nagging nonstop, Diana felt as if she had returned to Stirling City.

He was the person she trusted the most and was the most familiar with.

Yet, after coming to Richburgh, everything had changed.

As she came into contact with more and more people, everything painted a negative picture of Simon lying to her.

When they reached a turn in the stairs, Diana stopped

leading him forward. She turned to him and said, “Simon.”

She wasn’t in a rush to let him see Betty.

Instead, she made Sean leave Simon’s arms and sent him back to his room to play with Betty.

Simon began to panic as he looked at Diana. “What’s the matter? You look so serious.”

Upon checking that the twins weren’t around, Diana decided to be frank. “Are you still not going to be honest with me? I called you over today to give you one last chance. Simon, I remember everything. My memories have returned to me.”

Impossible!

If Simon weren’t so shocked, he would have blurted that out.

However, Diana looked so certain. There was even disappointment in her eyes.

Simon gripped the handrail tightly, his face growing pale.

Sean stood at the door, staring at Diana and Simon. The two didn’t look like they were coming into the room any time soon.

He was stuck in a dilemma.

At this moment, Sean couldn't wait to come clean with Diana and Julian.

Yet Diana had been too busy recently, and Sean couldn't find an appropriate opportunity to tell her about him

switching out the test samples.

Now that he had finally met Julian, he couldn't give up so easily.

Only by finding his biological father as soon as possible would he have a chance of changing everything and prevent his mommy and Betty from getting hurt ever again!

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 836

Right now, Sean was certain that Julian was the best candidate to be his and Betty's father.

The most important factor was that he was once married to Mommy.

He checked it out-people who got married had babies together.

Were he and Betty babies they had after they got married?

Also...

Julian was tall and strong.

He could protect them perfectly.

Compared to Simon, who had been very much missing in action recently, Julian gave Sean a much stronger sense of security.

But he didn't understand adults' affairs, so he couldn't figure out what they were thinking.

In the end, he was but a child.

At most, a child who was slightly smarter than other children.

With a goal in mind, he would do everything he could to achieve it.

Right now, he had to work hard and correct his past mistake of switching out the test samples in order to confirm if he was Julian's child.

Having decided his next course of action, Sean glanced at Betty, who was fast asleep, and gently pulled the door open.

He saw Diana and Simon talking about something on the staircase landing. He hesitated for a moment before deciding to go downstairs and find Julian.

"Mr. Fulcher," Sean called. This time, he didn't abruptly call Julian "daddy" to attract Julian's attention.

The moment he went downstairs, Julian's eyes fell on him.

Sean was truly adorable.

Cecilia adored him the moment she saw him. "Darling, what's the matter?"

She crouched down and held Sean's hand, her tone patient and indulging.

Sean didn't like strangers touching him and retracted his hands immediately, making Cecilia's face tense up with awkwardness.

Julian's eyes turned dark at once.

Sean looked up at him fearlessly and said, "Mr. Fulcher."

He continued clearly and brightly, "I'd like you to do the DNA test once more."

Repeat the DNA test?

Julian's jaw hardened. "Why?"

"Because..." Sean was nervous and kept glancing at Diana, who was still at the staircase landing.

Mommy had lost so much weight...

Betty wasn't in a good condition right now, either.

Despite that, they couldn't even return to Stirling City.

There were many, many bad people in Richburgh. They really needed a daddy.

Especially one as strong and powerful as Mr. Fulcher.

Sean had thoroughly checked Julian's background over the past few days, and knew that he was Richburgh's richest man. Many people were afraid of him.

Zachary Winnington was the prime example of that.

Zachary had been so arrogant when harassing them, but he stumbled off in fear the moment he heard Julian.

Sean wished from the bottom of his heart that Julian was the father he was looking for.

Looking at Diana, Sean mustered his courage. He turned back to Julian, puffing his cheeks as he explained eagerly, "I switched out the test samples. I actually took a strand of hair from a maid and put it in the sample bag."

Meanwhile, on the staircase landing on the second floor.

Simon's face was an exciting concoction of expressions.

In an instant, the look on his face turned from disbelief to hesitation, to uneasiness, to guilt-he was unable to look Diana in the eye. She could sense every single change on his face.

There wasn't even a need for him to explain anything.

Diana knew Simon.

Now, she was sure he had lied to her.

"Why exactly did I leave Julian Fulcher and Richburgh three years ago?"

This was a question Nina and Julian had repeatedly asked her.

She wanted to know the truth, too.

It was something perhaps only Simon could tell her.

From the beginning to the end, he had been the only one who knew that she was in Stirling City. He kept her company throughout the entire time, and he was also the only one who told Diana her name.

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Julian and the rest probably wouldn't even know of her whereabouts had she not suddenly returned to Richburgh for the sake of her twins' schooling arrangements.

Julian was all-powerful.

He couldn't possibly not receive any news about her, unless someone was deliberately clamping down on the news.

What role did Simon play in hiding her whereabouts?

Diana had no idea.

That was why she needed an answer from Simon.

Diana's question made Simon's rapidly beating heart return to normal.

The hypnotizer responsible for Diana's memory loss did not lie to him.

As long as Diana didn't get hypnotized by him again, Diana would never be able to restore her memories.

No matter how strong the natural or man-made stimulus was, it was useless.

Diana was asking him that only because she had come into contact with more people upon returning to Richburgh.

Apparently, she managed to piece together some pieces of the puzzle of her past from their words.

Otherwise, she couldn't possibly be asking him for the reason she left Julian three years ago.

What was the truth?

The truth was that she was willing to do anything for Julian Fulcher!

But Simon would never tell her that.

He turned solemn, composing himself, and looked straight into Diana's eyes. "I have no idea. I wasn't very close to you three years ago."

His lips were completely sealed.

Diana knew that her attempt at probing for the truth had failed.

Yet, she refused to admit defeat. "Simon, I've always regarded you as someone very important in my life. I really hope you're not lying to me."

"Since when have I ever lied to you?" Simon asked. "I just don't think there's a need for you to know about your memories. Some people are nasty, and so are some memories. Isn't it good to forget them all?"

"Does that include me once being married to Julian?"

Simon's grip on the handrails tightened.

He didn't expect Diana to know about that.

"Julian is your brother. I was once..." Diana took a deep breath. "Your sister-in-law."

She chuckled sardonically at the hilarious twist of fate. "I even considered marrying you once."

Simon had confessed his feelings for her, too.

What exactly was going on?

"No matter how terrible your relationship with Julian was, you shouldn't have hidden the fact that we were once married."

Simon could feel his throat constricting.

It made him feel terrible all over.

Even his face flushed red.

He didn't expect Julian to share so much with Diana even after going through so much. All the more he didn't expect Julian to personally visit Diana at her home.

Julian was a proud and haughty man who treated him like trash even though they were brothers of different mothers, going as far as to kick him aside after giving him some lousy Channing Inc shares.

He was cold, heartless, and brutal.

That was the way the Fulchers did things!

Yet, Diana's betrayal and abandonment didn't stop that proud and arrogant man from admitting that he was once married to her.

Simon clung on to the one thing that Diana cared most about, trying to move her with his affections over the past three years. He stood on the staircase landing and stared at her, unmoving, like a stone wall. "If I didn't hide that fact

from you, would you have given me the chance to stay by your side for three years? Diana Winnington, I like you. Since you called me here, are you going to give me your answer this time?"

His words sent Diana's mind into a mess.

True, Simon had done too much for her.

There was no way she could immediately regard him as a wicked man.

What's more, he was right.

Her past was filled with nasty people and even nastier things.

For example, Zachary. Julian too already had another woman.

But... What about Nina?

Nina was willing to do anything for Diana as a friend, and even protected Diana's children without fearing the scalding hot water Zachary's men splashed on her. Could she be considered one of the many nasty facets of her past?

Whether Diana's past was nasty or not, and whether she wanted to remember it or otherwise, wasn't a decision Simon could make on her behalf.

Diana took a deep breath. "I do have an answer for you."

Looking straight into Simon's eyes, she announced firmly, "I like you, too."

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"Not romantically as a woman to a man, but as a friend I appreciate and as family who depend on each other."

In fact, before he came clean about the fact that he liked women, she had treated him as she would a sister.

The expectant look in Simon's eyes vanished completely.

"Your feelings for me..." she continued, turning away and pretending not to see how hurt he looked.

Her fingernails dug into the flesh of her palm as she tried her best to remain firm and not be soft-hearted toward Simon.

"They have nothing to do with whether you deliberately hid the truth from me or lied to me. You were wrong," she concluded.

Had he told her that she was once married to Julian, she would have made preparations long ago.

She wouldn't have let Betty follow Simon back to Richburgh earlier.

All the more she wouldn't abruptly visit Julian at his place.

She even told Julian that she was going to get married to Simon, for crying out loud!

On top of it, she brought gifts to him and assumed the position of a sister-in-law by calling him brother.

He had glared at her with such fury in his eyes.

Yet she knew nothing, and acted like a bumbling idiot.

Everything that had happened was enough for Diana to want to dig a hole to bury herself in.

Subsequently, it seemed reasonable to her why Julian was so angry that he snatched the children from her and did the DNA test.

Simon knew full well he was a despicable and shameless man. Not only did he hypnotize Diana, but he even took advantage of Julian's condition to force them apart and cause the twins to be born fatherless.

Even so, he didn't think he did anything wrong.

He did that to let them have a taste of their own medicine.

He himself was born without parents, while Julian was born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

Was he wrong in letting Julian's children experience the pain he went through?

At the end of the day, Simon dared not admit that he was in the wrong.

He didn't dare to think about the adorable twins, either.

He was afraid of losing control of himself and blurting out the truth from three years ago.

Anger boiled in Diana's blood when she saw him remain silent. "Simon, say something!"

Even after everything, she still regarded him as a friend.

She needed him to explain himself.

"You really don't want to tell me the reason I left for another place with my children three years ago?"

Simon knew if he told her the real reason, he would lose the chance to stand before her.

Conversely, if he said nothing, things between them wouldn't change. She may doubt him and try to pry the truth from his lips, but she would still trust him to an extent.

He gritted his teeth, and decided to continue hiding the truth from her. "I really have no idea why you left Julian and Richburgh. If you don't believe me, you can ask Julian. Back then, I didn't have any chance to get close to you.

He hated me so much, I didn't even have a chance to visit the Fulcher Manor.

I appeared by your side by pure coincidence.

I didn't expect to bump into you in Stirling City."

Diana fell silent upon hearing his reply. She had expected him to lie about the twins' birth.

Since she couldn't find out why she left Julian, she asked Simon other questions. "Then, what about the twins' biological father? Who was he? Do you know him?"

She paused for a moment, feeling a twinge of pain in her chest. Yet, she continued. "Did I divorce Julian for that man?"

Simon was stunned. He didn't expect Diana to ask that question.

Simon tried to probe Diana. "Did Julian refuse to acknowledge the twins?"

"Not that. The DNA test results showed that he isn't related to them by blood."

1

How could that be possible?

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 839

She couldn't possibly betray Julian.

In fact, even now, despite being deeply hypnotized, she began having feelings for Julian the moment she laid eyes on him.

He could tell from the uneasy and guilty look in her eyes each time she mentioned Julian.

An unwillingness to admit defeat sprang in Simon's heart, drowning him and his rationale like tidal waves.

Downstairs in the studio, Sean was still waiting for Julian's answer.

Ever since the incident with Zachary, Sean wasn't as confident as he used to be.

On the surface, he still retained his cool kid aura.

He was small, but he had loved ones he wanted to protect.

For the sake of Mommy and Betty, he was willing to be rebuked by Julian.

Yet this man, who was a lot taller than him, didn't look displeased with him.

He even crouched down low and caressed Sean's head tenderly.

He looked at him with a sympathetic gaze and asked, "Sean, where's your mommy?"

At that moment, Cecilia could feel a shift in the aura Julian was exuding.

It felt as if there were undercurrents brewing in the air, on the verge of tearing the place apart at the slightest trigger.

However, Sean wasn't afraid.

He continued looking at Julian, thinking that things were finally looking up. He pulled Julian's sleeve gently and said, "Mommy's at the staircase landing talking to Uncle Simon. Mr. Julian, when can we do the DNA test again?"

Julian glanced up toward the second floor. "I'll discuss that with your mommy."

He turned around and said to Cecilia, "It's not convenient for me to accompany you shopping today. When I'm free next time, I'll pick you up for another date."

Cecilia felt a little lost over the sudden changes.

She wanted to ask Julian if anything had changed because of the child.

However, his icy face frightened her into silence.

When she calmed down and thought things through, she recalled that he said he would pick her up from her place next time.

That meant he was willing to continue seeing her.

Given Julian's style of doing things, the little boy surely had nothing to do with him.

This boy...

Cecilia glanced at Diana's shadow flitting around upstairs, and suddenly regretted coming here for a custom-made dress. She also regretted doing business with a schemer who would stoop so low and use her children for her own benefit.

She sighed and looked into Julian's eyes, as if empathizing with him. "I'll be off first, then."

Julian nodded, and sent her to the door like a gentleman. Then, he carried Sean and walked upstairs in huge strides.

Diana was still waiting for Simon to speak, hoping that he would give her at least some information regarding Sean and Betty's biological father.

The two of them stood on the staircase landing, stuck in a standstill, gazes locked.

There was an inexplicable air of tension between them.

Julian settled Sean in the room so that he would not hear them fighting. He turned to Diana with a sneer. "Here you are, flirting with another man while making your child find me and lie to me. Good on you, Diana."

Diana was confused.

Wasn't Julian behaving normally just now?

Why did he suddenly flare up at her?

Where was Ms. Jarvis?

She instinctively looked around for Cecilia, but Julian suddenly pulled her before she could do so.

At that instant, she lost her balance and fell down the stairs.

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Even after that, Julian wasn't any gentler.

He pulled Diana harder, as if he were hauling something heavy. He was so violent, Diana's wrists turned red.

The redness was like a special mark that burned a hole in Diana's heart.

That feeling of being treated so coldly by him...

Was terrible.

She looked at Julian in a daze, as if they had returned to the beginning, when she had just arrived at Richburgh from Stirling City. At that time, Julian was still a complete stranger to her.

Bam!

Diana was pulled into Julian's embrace so swiftly, he didn't give Simon a chance to react. He immediately pulled and dragged her into an empty dressing room.

The space was suffocatingly small.

He glared at her, his eyes burning with cold fury.

"Is Simon not enough? Do you need Oliver around to help you reopen your shop too?" He smirked sardonically, his words pinning her down. She had no room for escape.

And so, she was forced to look into his eyes.

"But you ended up getting harassed by Zachary. Now, you want me again."

His mocking accusations startled Diana.

She couldn't care less about the pain throbbing at her wrists, and glared at him in disbelief. "Don't give me that rubbish! I asked for Oliver Channing's help because I need to pay a debt-Fanny Smith's debt!"

Her yells made her realize that she had become agitated and emotional.

She tried to compose herself; she lowered her volume and looked apologetically at him. "As for Simon, I called him over today because I had something to ask him."

Strange...

Why was she so anxious to explain herself to him?

They were already divorced, and they had nothing to do with each other.

He even introduced her as his ex-wife to others.

"Julian..." Her heart grew heavy as she thought of one thing that mattered very much to her. "I'm not a replacement for Kayla Winnington, am I?"

This was probably something Simon lied to her about.

Julian didn't reply to her laughable question and simply looked at her, smirking sardonically as he sneered, "You're such a great actress, Diana."

Forget using her own children, she was still pretending to have lost her memories.

"Actress?" Diana didn't expect Julian to think that of her. Indignance filled her heart as her eyes welled up with tears. Her emotions were akin to the disturbed surface of a once calm and quiet lake, which rippled as harsh winds blew.

She gripped the hem of her shirt, the pain of being misunderstood by him piercing her as she persisted in explaining herself to him. "I'm not acting. I really did lose my memories."

"Since you've lost your memories, how did you contact Oliver, remain in contact with Simon, and even meet Zachary?"

None of these people were of any importance in her life.

And yet, somehow, she had formed a connection with them.

"Nina might believe your lie, but I don't." He yanked Diana's chin, his bloodshot eyes staring into her soul. "I've already had a taste of how it feels to be lied to by you three years ago!"

At that time, her feigned death made him feel like ending his own life.

He almost followed her in death.

And then, he found out that she had eloped with Simon.

“Don’t even think of lying to me again!”

He would never fall for it a second time!

“Who’s there?” a woman in the dressing room shrieked-it was probably a customer who came to try on some clothes. When she heard Julian’s voice, she thought that a man had come barging in.

In an attempt to call for help, she shrieked louder.

Diana, worried that her studio’s reputation might be ruined, subconsciously glared at Julian.

She wasn’t sure if she was mistaken, but she sensed Julian’s aura weakening under her glare.

However, before she had time to ponder on that...