

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 901-910

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 901

If...

If Noel had driven a little faster...

If Diana had been ruthlessly thrown off...

If she hadn't held on with all her strength, and ended up partially paralyzed...

The consequences were just too terrifying.

Diana shook her head to rid herself of the thoughts. She slowly leaned against the wall as she stepped out of the door.

Julian had already taken precautions beforehand, worried that the twins might see her in this state. He told them that she suffered a minor accident, and just needed some rest to get better.

When she appeared in front of the two children, they seemed somewhat accepting of the situation. However, the concern was still there.

"Mommy, I have a new ambition," Sean said.

Diana looked at him, surprised. "What is it, dear?"

Despite being just a little over two years old, Sean already had many ambitions-like wanting to be a sweet potato master, something seemingly unrelated, or a light bulb changer, or a scientist making significant contributions to humanity.

When Diana had a car accident last time, he said he wanted to become a doctor.

This time, it had changed again.

Diana didn't mock his fickleness. Instead, she looked at him with widened eyes and waited patiently for his answer.

Sean's eyes were resolute. "I want to be Superman. I want to protect you."

So that his mother wouldn't get hurt anymore.

'Oh, my darling child!' Diana's heart melted at the boy's declaration.

"Okay," she agreed solemnly. She didn't tell him the harsh truth that Superman didn't actually exist in this world.

Even someone as remarkable as Julian had weaknesses and aspects that he couldn't see through.

Like the fact that...she wasn't lying.

Like with the brain scan results. Even with experts, they still couldn't show that she had lost her memory. In the end, it could only be attributed to her lying.

With today's incident, the favorable impression she had of Julian over these days shattered completely.

He didn't believe her.

That was her biggest problem.

Perhaps they had divorced back then because of this reason?

Even though she couldn't remember anything, she had lost interest in learning more about Julian.

With him harboring so much distrust for her, his desire to keep her away from her children, and him repeatedly insulting her that she wasn't fit to be a mother, she wouldn't let any improper thoughts about him arise again.

During dinner that night, a new face appeared at the table. From the sounds of it, Julian had invited this guest to dine with them.

Diana couldn't understand why, but this guest seemed somewhat uneasy around her.

She acknowledged that she was also a guest in this mansion. She didn't want to make anyone uncomfortable, so she didn't put on airs. Instead, she took the initiative to serve him food. "Please eat."

Seeing that he didn't eat a lot of vegetables, she changed his plate to include more meat.

Betty followed Diana's example, and pushed the soup bowl closer to the guest.

Although she still didn't speak, her increasing response to the outside world was one of the signs that her condition was improving.

Diana was pleased with this development, and didn't forget to praise Betty. "Sweetie, that's so thoughtful of you!"

When Albert heard this, the sweat on his forehead increased. He couldn't even finish the food before him. Even as he sat down, he felt uneasy-as if the chair was filled with pins and needles.

Diana thought that her appearance-she was covered in injuries-might have made the guest uncomfortable. She made an effort to finish her meal quickly, and then hurried upstairs.

After she disappeared from sight, Albert knelt on the ground before Julian. "Mr. Fulcher!"

He deeply regretted what he had done to them.

He had been thoroughly confused, and committed such ridiculous acts. Never did he imagine he could step into Collina Villa again in his life. That, and he definitely didn't expect Diana to personally serve him.

Tears welled up in his eyes. He felt ashamed for believing that Diana's humble background wasn't worthy of Julian's status.

"Was the young miss the one who served me the soup?"

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 902

She looked very likable.

However, Albert knew that Julian hadn't called him over to reminisce about old times.

Albert hadn't forgotten the things he had done. If it weren't for the many years he had worked for the Fulcher family as well as Noel's unwavering loyalty to Julian, Julian wouldn't have allowed him to live so comfortably.

He would've sent Albert to prison, just like what he did to Kayla.

“Go back.”

Julian’s investigation into Diana was complete. He had no intention of conversing with Albert anymore.

Seeing Julian’s unusually serious expression, Albert became even more worried. He didn’t mind that Julian hadn’t answered his question. Since the incident, his role had been crystal clear to him—he was just a servant. He mustn’t entertain thoughts of being part of the family anymore.

Whatever the master commanded, he had to obey.

Just like his son.

However, Albert still had something he wanted to say. He knew he had to.

“Sir, this old servant will never forget your kindness. One day, I’ll definitely repay your and Mrs. Fulcher’s generosity!” Being served soup by Betty was a blessing. He felt even more regret for the twins who never got to be born.

However, Julian didn’t take his words seriously.

“Go back.”

His focus was solely on Diana right now.

He was starting to believe her amnesia.

It had happened twice.

When he threatened her using the twins, she faced him with her life on the line. No doubt, she was someone who cared a lot about them.

After that, she couldn’t remember the death anniversaries of Aster and Star.

Now, she treated Albert so kindly.

She wasn’t the only one to show kindness to Albert. Even Sean and Betty were polite to him.

It was politeness entirely between strangers.

Under what circumstances would Diana forget the man who was involved in the loss of Aster and Star?

There could be only one explanation-she had truly lost her memory.

Didn't that mean he had been wrong about her this whole time, and had caused her grief?

But... What did the hospital's examination results say?

Worried, Julian quickly returned upstairs and retrieved Mr. Whatever's phone. He set up the voice-changing software, then dialed Diana's number.

Meanwhile, Diana was already resting in bed. She had gone downstairs for dinner so she wouldn't worry the children, but doing so had tired her.

Now, there was an incoming call.

At first, she didn't want to answer. Seeing that Mr. Whatever was calling again, she figured he was probably a debt collector. With great reluctance, she picked up the phone.

'Huh? This person's voice is weird... I don't know how to describe it.'

The voice sounded like a young person, but also steadier than one. There was an underlying electronic tone that made it even stranger.

Still, she didn't overthink it. She cleared her throat and answered, "Hello."

Afraid that Mr. Whatever might think she had taken the investment money for herself, she quickly introduced herself and explained her amnesia without waiting for the other end to speak.

The caller paused. "You lost your memory?"

"Yes," Diana confirmed. "If you didn't reach out to me, I wouldn't even know of your existence. If you don't mind, could you send me a copy of our previous contract? It's awkward to say this, but I don't remember anything now, and I'm afraid of being tricked."

Every investment wasn't a small amount. What's more, it had been three years. She hadn't provided any returns to her investors for three years. The funds they gave her weren't exactly pocket change.

At present, she was already struggling to repay Fanny. She couldn't afford to accumulate more debt without confirming the contracts.

Julian hesitated for a moment, then quickly replied, "I've sent the contract to your email."

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 903

"Sorry, I don't know the password for the old email," Diana said, and told him her current email. "Please send it to this one."

At this point, Julian's guilt had surpassed his doubts about Diana's amnesia. She wasn't aware that he was actually Mr. Whatever. If her amnesia wasn't real, she wouldn't have any reason to lie about it to Mr. Whatever.

Earlier, Julian had blamed Vans. In reality, he was even more foolish and blameworthy than Vans! Even after so long, he never considered using this identity to test her.

He simply didn't trust her enough.

Before Vans suggested the hospital examination, he hadn't even considered the possibility of her truly having amnesia.

Whether it was Albert or Mr. Whatever's identity, it was only after the car chase incident that his suspicions about her had slightly eased. And so, he began to think of ways to approach her sincerely.

Hearing no response, Diana asked, ' Mr. Whatever, are you still there?'

"Yes," Julian answered, but he was in no mood to continue talking with her. "We'll talk after you confirm the email."

He didn't dare to let her discover his real identity. He had to keep conversing with her while wearing the disguise of Mr.

Whatever.

Late at night, Julian drove out of the villa. He was on his way to meet the neurologist Vans had brought to the hospital.

He had many things he wanted to ask. He spoke with the doctor for about two hours. The more they talked, the heavier his heart grew.

“Why didn’t you tell me all these earlier?” he demanded.

The neurologist was taken aback. He was a doctor, not a mind reader!

“Sir, I made it clear at the time. Her brain is fine, but...”

Julian had acted too quickly. He denied everything Diana said outright, and even wanted to kick her out of Richburgh immediately.

Naturally, the neurologist felt that some things weren’t worth saying anymore.

In the end, it was all Julian’s fault. It was his recklessness, his attitude towards her, and his unwillingness to believe her.

Julian leaned on the long table, looking like he was struggling to support his body. Finally, he took a long breath and summarized his conversation with the doctor.

“If we confirm that she has amnesia that wasn’t caused by brain damage, then there’s only one explanation.” He furrowed his brows, and voiced that conclusion. “She was... hypnotized.”

After leaving the hospital, Julian didn’t immediately return home. Instead, he parked his car by the side of the road, and smoked one cigarette after another.

Vans went to see him after hearing the news. When he knocked on the car window, he nearly choked on the thick stench of smoke inside.

“Vans.”

Julian slumped in his seat, holding an unfinished cigarette between his two fingers. He looked at Vans, so dejectedly and foolishly, repeatedly calling Vans’s name.

“Vans.”

He was wrong.

He was wrong!

The one who went astray was him!

It was him!

In reality, the problem between him and Diana had always been quite simple. He was just unwilling to believe her.

“My love is so cheap.”

He kept claiming that he loved her, but he didn’t even have the most basic trust for her.

He had caused her harm again and again.

He had put her in danger many, many times!

The cigarette ash fell on his hand, but he only stared at it numbly. He didn’t even feel the pain as the ash left a deep

red mark on his hand.

Vans was wallowing in self-pity as well. “I heard about everything. I didn’t consider it thoroughly.”

He had viewed Diana’s sudden return to Richburgh from the perspective of Julian’s despair and pain after she disappeared three years ago.

He had never considered that both he and Julian might be biased.

They appeared indifferent to Kiki’s words. Yet in truth, they were deeply affected by what she had said.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 904

Three years.

Three years was enough time to turn a prosperous mansion into an overgrown, abandoned place.

It could also bring a publicly listed company to the brink of bankruptcy.

It could turn unfamiliar men and women into intimate couples, and also turn intimate couples into bitter enemies that are worse than strangers.

Julian and Diana were like that.

In three years, Julian's yearning had turned into madness. He also developed inner demons.

When he faced the unfamiliar Diana upon her return to Richburgh, his inner demons transformed into hatred.

And that love, in the face of intense hatred, became fragile bubbles.

They couldn't be touched or prodded.

A single touch would make them burst.

But now, these fragile bubbles had grown bigger, turning into balloons floating in the sky.

They were expanding infinitely. They expanded to the point that Julian's heart could barely contain them, and he could only numb himself with more cigarettes.

Vans opened the car window. He grabbed some tissues to collect the cigarette ashes from Julian's hand.

Then, he started the car for Julian. "Go home. I'll take you back."

However, Julian refused.

He reached out to stop Vans from starting the car.

"I'm not going back."

He couldn't face Diana.

Vans had never seen Julian so unsure of himself.

"Don't you want to see her? Since you've gone through various tests and believe that she didn't lose her memories, you should go back. You should face it and see her as soon as possible."

"See her?" Julian murmured. He then looked up at Vans and asked, "Do you believe it?"

"What?"

“That she didn’t lose her memory.”

At this point, it was a bit strained for Vans to say he didn’t believe it.

“Considering what Albert told you, what you discovered using your alias, and what the neurologist said, I’m leaning towards the possibility that she did lose her memory.”

As for who hypnotized her and how, Vans couldn’t figure out.

Julian did have a slight clue. “I’m not going home.”

Right now, he needed to see Simon.

The only person who had been by Diana’s side for three years was Simon. He was also the one who had left with Diana in the first place. He definitely knew exactly what had happened to Diana three years ago. No doubt, he would be the most informed about it!

But Vans wouldn’t let Julian go. “Even if Simon knows everything, do you think he’ll spill the beans just because you asked?”

Julian was now in turmoil.

He knew Vans was right.

Figuring out what exactly happened to Diana three years ago, whether it was due to the hypnotism that led to her memory loss or some other reason, or even finding out who had done this malicious thing to her-all required careful consideration.

For now, the most important thing was to go home and see Diana.

Vans emphasized, “Apologize to her.”

Avoidance wouldn’t solve the problem.

Julian was still unwilling to face the music. “What if we assumed wrong? What if she’s actually lying?”

Would she lie to him with her life at stake, or when their children’s most despised enemy, Albert, stood before her?

If it were someone else, Julian wouldn't be sure. However, this was Diana.

He clearly knew she wouldn't do that.

Her children were her limit.

It was his own stupidity. He kept underestimating a mother's determination. He should've thought about it on Aster and Star's death anniversary!

Diana wasn't the kind of person who would disregard her children's memorial days.

Yet, he had been so blinded by his own emotions that he believed she would use her children to solidify her claim of amnesia.

It was his own foolishness-his lack of trust in her!

He had even completely forgotten about Albert and his Mr. Whatever alias!

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 905

Fortunately, Julian still had his Mr. Whatever alias. It helped him regain his trust in Diana, and realize his own foolishness and recklessness.

"I'll apologize to her," Julian said. He took a deep breath, then looked at Vans again. "Take me back."

In his current state, he couldn't drive. Thus, Vans quickly started the car. When they arrived at the villa, all the lights were off.

When Julian saw that, he actually felt safer and more relaxed.

"You should go back now," he said to Vans. He knew what was to come, and he had to face it himself.

He turned on his phone's flashlight, and slowly climbed the stairs until he found the guest room Diana was staying. He leaned against the door, and slowly slid down.

When Diana returned, she almost thought she was seeing things. Why would there be someone at her door? And that person... Why did it seem a bit like Julian?

She quickly switched on the corridor light.

When the sudden intense white light pierced his vision, Julian raised his hand to shield his eyes. Before he could put his arm down and open his eyes again, he heard Diana asking, "What are you doing at my room door?"

Hearing her familiar voice, he froze.

'It's late. Why isn't she asleep yet?'

Julian was speechless. He gripped the floor with his hands; for the first time, he felt uneasy.

"Excuse me."

Seeing that he didn't respond, Diana didn't care. She wouldn't have any illusions about him anymore. Whatever he wanted to do, she would just let him be. Everything was fine as long as he didn't harm her and the twins.

However, Julian didn't move. He sensed the distance and indifference in her words. Upon careful reflection, he realized she hadn't looked at him directly ever since he brought her back to the villa.

His heart tightened, and his muscles tensed. He didn't dare think further, nor did he dare to look up at her. He feared the coldness in her eyes would pierce through him again.

"I..."

'I was wrong.'

He intended to admit it-to confess, apologize, and lay everything out between them. And yet, he couldn't say anything as the words reached the tip of his tongue.

"What is it?" Diana dragged her injured leg. "Move aside. I know you've got the wrong room, so you should hurry and return to your room."

She absolutely wouldn't think that Julian was deliberately guarding her door, or any other reason along those lines.

Today, she had seen just how ruthless this man could be. He was a man so ruthless and domineering, she couldn't handle him.

Now, she was sure that divorcing him before was truly the right decision.

Though it was obvious Diana was chasing him away, Julian still didn't move. She leaned against the door frame, and looked calmly at him as she asked, "Are you drunk?"

She sniffed, but didn't detect any scent of alcohol. Then, she couldn't hold back a yawn. The toilet in the guest room was broken, and it hadn't been fixed yet. Because of that, she had gone out to use the restroom in the middle of the night.

Unexpectedly, she ran into Julian waiting outside her room on her way back.

Julian heard her yawn and quickly stood up, still keeping his head down. "No. You should go to sleep."

Diana wasn't in the mood for small talk with him. She pushed the door open, went in, and went straight to bed, falling asleep right away. She had no worries on her mind now, so she slept deeply and soundly.

Early the next day, a servant was waiting at her door. Ms. Winnington, we've come to clean the room. Unfortunately, you can't stay in this room anymore."

'What?! Julian Fulcher, you scumbag! Is he trying to kick me out again?'

Diana was furious. Despite her legs hurting, she still planned to go downstairs and confront Julian for answers. But as she turned around, she bumped into several carts rumbling toward her, all loaded with clothes.

Diana couldn't help but stare. "What's this?"

"Before, Mr. Noel lost all your clothes. The master ordered us to bring you several brand-new outfits," the servant explained.

Just then, another servant who had come to tidy up added, ' The master has also arranged for you a more spacious and well-equipped guest room with no issues."

Gesturing respectfully, the servant said, "Please come this way, Ms. Winnington."

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 906

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 906

However, Diana didn't follow them.

"I'm fine with this room," she said. The distance between this room and the children's room was only a few steps away. If Julian arranged for her to move to another guest room, she might end up farther from her children.

She wouldn't go.

She wanted to stay here.

"You just need to get someone to fix the toilet for me," she said. "As for the clothes, I run a clothing business myself. I won't be lacking any outfits."

Due to what happened with Cecilia Jarvis, the second floor of her studio needed renovations. She took this opportunity to rest, and closed her store temporarily for a few days.

There were plenty of ready-made clothes inside the shop that she could wear, and she already had Nina bring her a few things. Having three or four pieces to change into was enough.

Seeing Julian's sincerity being rejected, the servants grew anxious. "But... Ms. Winnington, please don't make things hard for us. These are all the master's orders, and we must care for you meticulously."

"Let me stay in this room and wear the clothes I like. That's the best care you can give me," Diana insisted. "Don't worry. If Julian has any complaints, I'll explain it to him."

With her words, the servants dispersed.

In the afternoon, when Julian returned from the company, he found the twins playing with Diana on the bed. He seemed to be aware she had refused the room change and the new clothes, but he didn't say much. Instead, he went in with a toolbox and quietly entered the bathroom.

Initially, Diana didn't pay it much attention.

She wasn't curious, either.

She thought he was just going in to take a look.

However, Julian still didn't come out after half an hour.

It was Betty who finally got out of bed and walked slowly to the bathroom door. She had grown curious-curious why her daddy had gone through a door, but didn't come out.

Diana finally called out, "Julian?"

Julian responded with a hum. "Almost done."

Repairing a toilet was something he had never done before. This was the first time, and he had even bought a new toolbox for it.

There were many steps that required careful operations when one followed a video guide. After tinkering twice, both attempts failed.

This was the third time.

'Only success is acceptable. Failure isn't allowed!' Julian thought.

Finally, with a rush of water...

The toilet was fixed.

"There was a missing shim inside," he said as he emerged from the toilet. He had removed the gloves and taken a shower after he finished the job.

Diana wasn't surprised that he took a shower after fixing the toilet. She had heard from the servants that he was a bit of a germophobe.

What surprised her was...

"Why did you personally come to fix it? And why take a shower in my room?"

Why, indeed.

He just wanted to have a chat with her, to remind her of his presence.

As for the shower...

Mischief flickered in his eyes. He had intentionally left a couple of buttons unbuttoned, and his chest was slightly damp from the shower. He looked both nonchalant and suggestive.

He said casually, "If I went back to my room to shower, I might end up smelling bad in front of our two precious ones right after I come out."

As he spoke, he noticed Diana furrowing her brows.

He quickly added, "I didn't mean to imply that your bathroom isn't clean."

Diana's eyebrows furrowed even tighter. She gazed intently on him.

Julian's heart pounded, and he continued, "I didn't shower and fix the toilet because of you. The usual workers couldn't make it in time, and I was afraid the kids would need to use the restroom while playing in your room."

All in all, everything he did was for the children.

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 907

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 907

Diana finally relaxed after Julian said that.

Before, she saw a rare look of anxiety in his eyes. She thought he might be plotting something against her again- especially when he appeared with that disheveled attire, and his alluring collarbone glistening with droplets of water.

She almost thought he wanted to seduce her...

Listening to his explanations, she understood.

His goal was never her. The children were the only remaining link between them, the only point of intersection.

She mustn't let her imagination run wild. Otherwise, she might end up hurt once again at some point. Forget about any seduction or ulterior motives. She just hoped he wouldn't plot against her.

"It's settled," Diana said, still uncertain, emphasizing once again, "I won't go anywhere."

Leaving the capital wasn't an option. Leaving this room wasn't an option. This was the closest place to her children's rooms.

Vans's plan of having Julian charm her with his handsome appearance had failed. Julian felt a bit defeated hearing Diana's words, which seemed to revolve around not leaving the children.

He buttoned up his clothes somewhat irritatedly. "I got it."

The toilet had been fixed.

She could do as she pleased.

As long as she stayed in this villa, he would bide his time. There would eventually come a day when he could win her back.

Nina looked at Julian, who had specifically invited her for coffee. His face was full of humility.

She couldn't help but tease, "Not arrogant anymore? You don't doubt that Diana and me faked her amnesia anymore?"

For someone as intelligent as him, how could he repeatedly stumble in matters of the heart?

Julian chuckled awkwardly. "Actually, there are still some uncertain areas. There isn't any definitive or ironclad evidence to prove Diana's amnesia right now."

When Nina heard this, the smile on her face instantly disappeared. She picked up her bag, ready to leave.

However, Julian quickly stopped her and said hastily, "I'm not saying this to doubt her. I just want to uncover the person who harmed her in the past. We can only restore her memories once those people are exposed."

In truth, he now firmly believed in Diana's amnesia. After all, he was a meticulous person. He reached this conclusion after numerous analyses and deliberations. There would be no more variables in this matter.

Nina slowly sat down, and Julian quickly replaced her coffee with a fresh cup. She was pleasantly surprised, feeling a sense of pride as a relative in front of the renowned Mr.

Fulcher for the first time. She couldn't help but take a photo to post on her social media, with the caption, "Mr. Fulcher poured me coffee."

After posting, she even showed it to Julian, asking, "Is it okay for me to post this?"

"Will Diana see it?"

"Of course."

Both she and Diana paid special attention to each other's social media.

"No problem," Julian assured. He actually wished his presence would appear more around Diana.

Nina felt relieved, thinking that Julian was indeed sincere this time. He genuinely wanted to make amends to Diana, and help her discover who had caused her amnesia as well as recover her memories.

She regained her composure and asked, "Why did you call me out today?"

"It's nothing much," Julian said. "I just wanted some advice on how to pursue a woman."

"Pursue a woman?"

An unnatural expression flashed across Julian's face. "I only have eyes for Diana."

"Then you should've just asked how to pursue Diana."

Nina was deeply annoyed with Julian's stubbornness, even when faced with imminent danger. But as Diana's best friend and practically family, she had to maintain a certain attitude.

She said solemnly, "Diana isn't someone you can pursue just because you want to."

Julian's expression tightened.

Nina's sharp gaze caught his emotions, and she cleared her throat. "For the things you've done to her in the past and the many times you've hurt her, how do you intend to make amends?"

“I’ll make it up to her...” Julian paused briefly, then said with determination, “with the rest of my life.”

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 908

Hearing Julian’s response, Nina nearly spat out the coffee she was about to drink. “Have you been reading online guides on how to win back a wife these past few days?”

Julian was embarrassed. “How did you know?”

“Just by hearing your cheesy lines.” Nina shook her head. “Don’t go saying these to Diana, please. They give people goosebumps!”

In truth, Julian agreed with Nina.

However, many people online said similar things about how these sorts of lines would work, so he followed the trend and memorized some. Upon closer consideration, if a woman wasn’t interested in him, promising to dedicate his entire life to her would only worsen the situation and give her an extra reason to reject him.

Nina was a savvy person.

Julian thought he had chosen the right person this time. She wasn’t as unreliable as Vans. He quickly took out a notebook and asked humbly, “Please continue.”

Seeing his unexpected earnestness, Nina couldn’t help rolling her eyes. “No need to use a notebook. There’s no secret to pursuing a wife.”

Her expression gradually grew more serious. “You can only move someone if your feelings are truly sincere.”

As for whether Diana would eventually accept him, that was between the two of them. As a friend, Nina would only offer support and not interfere in deeply personal matters.

“Don’t let her down. Don’t hurt her again.” When Nina saw Julian lost in thought, she continued, “And most importantly... Trust her.”

Whether as a spouse or a lover, trust was crucial.

Julian remained silent for a long time. It wasn't until Nina left that he said softly, "Don't worry."

He would never repeat the mistakes of the past.

However, this sincerity...

He had to demonstrate it through actions.

After much contemplation, Julian could think of only one concrete way to show his sincerity: by treating Diana well.

He brought her the soup she liked after work, informed her and said goodbye before he left the house, made sure she ate before him, and cared for the children while she ate.

Even if the food had gone cold by the time Diana finished eating, he never complained or showed any dissatisfaction.

When they went out together and if he saw her waiting at the door for a ride, he would quickly drive over, pretending it was on his way, and offer her a lift. The entire journey would pass in silence. Once they arrived at their destination, he would drop her off and leave without disturbing her. Yet, his actions carried a gentle warmth.

These were the things included in his first step in pursuing her.

As time passed, Diana finally noticed something unusual.

Julian was being exceptionally kind to her.

'It doesn't seem it's like solely for the children's sake anymore...?' she wondered.

So, on a bright and sunny afternoon, she asked him bluntly, "Do you want to remarry?"

Julian was stunned on the spot. His hands clenched tightly, and he almost leaped up without any semblance of dignity. His efforts over the past few days had finally become visible to her. It seemed Nina was right.

Sincerity was the only way to move someone.

Still, it was too early to talk about remarriage. For now, he would be happy if she didn't resist, dislike, or fear him. He wanted to start by developing a relationship like lovers.

Slowly, he would move towards the step of remarriage.

With the momentum they were building, she would be his wife again sooner or later.

"That's not it," Julian's response was firm. "I..."

"Then it's fine," Diana interrupted, before disappearing from his view as quickly as possible.

What a disaster!

She had developed such a strong misconception, actually thinking Julian wanted to remarry her. He must be laughing at her right now. Laughing at her for not understanding her place, and for daring to think about riding his coattails.

Maybe he would even call Vans and rebuke her, saying she was plotting against him again.

Diana patted her chest, and realized that she had been impulsive in asking that question. Next time, she definitely couldn't let her thoughts wander in that direction.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 909

Julian watched Diana's retreating figure as she fled, and a look of realization dawned on his face.

After finishing breakfast the next morning, Diana held her children's hands and waited at the villa's entrance.

It was already September, and Sean was now attending kindergarten regularly. Betty's condition had also greatly improved. Whenever Diana took Sean to school, she would also bring Betty along.

"Mommy." Sean glanced at the time, getting a little impatient. "Why isn't Daddy here today?"

Upon hearing this, Diana's face flushed. It was all her fault. Her question yesterday must've made Julian uncomfortable. It must've been bad enough that he didn't even want to accompany their son to school today.

She hadn't seen him since she woke up in the morning. He wasn't at breakfast, either. Looking at the empty road with no one in sight, Diana turned her gaze back to the villa. An indescribable feeling surged within her heart.

"Let's take a taxi," Diana finally said. She had no authority to summon a driver from the Fulcher family, so she could only take a taxi to send Sean to school and then head to her own studio.

Just as she was about to book a ride through a taxi app, Julian's familiar black Rolls-Royce entered her field of view.

"Daddy!"

"Yeah, it's him," Diana responded calmly. The next moment, she lost her composure.

She looked down at Sean, her eyes wide with surprise. Clearly, Sean had also noticed something. He shook his head, saying, "It wasn't me."

With a mixture of excitement and trembling hands, Diana crouched. "Betty, was that you just now?"

After so long, this was the first time Betty had spoken again! Although it was just a simple word, she had spoken remarkably clearly.

Betty nodded, and repeated, "Daddy."

Diana hugged her daughter tightly, tears of joy streaming down her face. After such a long time, Betty's condition had finally shown a change!

Julian was still unaware of what had happened. He saw tears in the corners of Diana's eyes, and instinctively reached out to wipe them away.

His fingertip was icy cold.

When it brushed against her skin, the touch sent a shiver down her spine. Suppressing the odd feeling within her, she looked up with teary eyes and said, "Julian, Betty spoke. She called you Daddy."

Julian's eyes widened. Without another word, he lifted both Diana and Betty in his arms. They spun in the air for three

full circles before he set them down. "Really?"

Diana burst into laughter. "You lifted us both so high, and now you're only just asking if it's true?"

True.

He had gotten the order wrong. The sensation of holding Diana in his arms a moment ago was still fresh in his mind. Suppressing his surging emotions, his eyes flashed with a sly glint. "Well, you wouldn't lie to me, anyway."

Diana was speechless. His statement differed so much from before, when he always doubted her and thought that she was lying all the time.

Could the impact of her chasing the car at that time be so great? So much so that it could change his perception of her?

Before she could delve into these thoughts, he had already retrieved some flowers from the car's trunk. It was a bunch of freshly-picked ice-blue roses, a type of flower she had liked when he gave them to her back then. The bouquet was so big, it almost blocked his face.

Instinctively, Diana took a step back. Images of Julian lifting her and Betty high into the air a moment ago flashed in her mind. She hadn't thought much of it then, but now as she looked at the bouquet, memories of that scene resurfaced. She suddenly felt light-headed.

Subconsciously, she took two more steps back.

Julian had initially planned to give her the bouquet when they were on their way to drop Sean off at school. He intended to put the flowers directly into her hand. However, he didn't expect her to keep retreating.

"Last night, weren't you thinking about remarrying me?" Julian grabbed her arm, wanting to present the bouquet to her with solemnity. "Diana, I agree."

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 910

Julian watched Diana's retreating figure as she fled, and a look of realization dawned on his face.

After finishing breakfast the next morning, Diana held her children's hands and waited at the villa's entrance.

It was already September, and Sean was now attending kindergarten regularly. Betty's condition had also greatly improved. Whenever Diana took Sean to school, she would also bring Betty along.

"Mommy." Sean glanced at the time, getting a little impatient. "Why isn't Daddy here today?"

Upon hearing this, Diana's face flushed. It was all her fault. Her question yesterday must've made Julian uncomfortable. It must've been bad enough that he didn't even want to accompany their son to school today.

She hadn't seen him since she woke up in the morning. He wasn't at breakfast, either. Looking at the empty road with no one in sight, Diana turned her gaze back to the villa. An indescribable feeling surged within her heart.

"Let's take a taxi," Diana finally said. She had no authority to summon a driver from the Fulcher family, so she could only take a taxi to send Sean to school and then head to her own studio.

Just as she was about to book a ride through a taxi app, Julian's familiar black Rolls-Royce entered her field of view.

"Daddy!"

"Yeah, it's him," Diana responded calmly. The next moment, she lost her composure.

She looked down at Sean, her eyes wide with surprise. Clearly, Sean had also noticed something. He shook his head, saying, "It wasn't me."

With a mixture of excitement and trembling hands, Diana crouched. "Betty, was that you just now?"

After so long, this was the first time Betty had spoken again! Although it was just a simple word, she had spoken remarkably clearly.

Betty nodded, and repeated, "Daddy."

Diana hugged her daughter tightly, tears of joy streaming down her face. After such a long time, Betty's condition had finally shown a change!

Julian was still unaware of what had happened. He saw tears in the corners of Diana's eyes, and instinctively reached out to wipe them away.

His fingertip was icy cold.

When it brushed against her skin, the touch sent a shiver down her spine. Suppressing the odd feeling within her, she looked up with teary eyes and said, "Julian, Betty spoke. She called you Daddy."

Julian's eyes widened. Without another word, he lifted both Diana and Betty in his arms. They spun in the air for three

full circles before he set them down. "Really?"

Diana burst into laughter. "You lifted us both so high, and now you're only just asking if it's true?"

True.

He had gotten the order wrong. The sensation of holding Diana in his arms a moment ago was still fresh in his mind. Suppressing his surging emotions, his eyes flashed with a sly glint. "Well, you wouldn't lie to me, anyway."

Diana was speechless. His statement differed so much from before, when he always doubted her and thought that she was lying all the time.

Could the impact of her chasing the car at that time be so great? So much so that it could change his perception of her?

Before she could delve into these thoughts, he had already retrieved some flowers from the car's trunk. It was a bunch of freshly-picked ice-blue roses, a type of flower she had liked when he gave them to her back then. The bouquet was so big, it almost blocked his face.

Instinctively, Diana took a step back. Images of Julian lifting her and Betty high into the air a moment ago flashed in her mind. She hadn't thought much of it then, but now as she looked at the bouquet, memories of that scene resurfaced. She suddenly felt light-headed.

Subconsciously, she took two more steps back.

Julian had initially planned to give her the bouquet when they were on their way to drop Sean off at school. He intended to put the flowers directly into her hand. However, he didn't expect her to keep retreating.

"Last night, weren't you thinking about remarrying me?" Julian grabbed her arm, wanting to present the bouquet to her with solemnity. "Diana, I agree."