

Julian's Stand-In Wife by South Wind Dialect

Chapter 10

"You're thinking too much." Julian suddenly felt that he was being too nervous.

Diana hadn't seen Kayla's appearance. If she did, she wouldn't be in this current state now.

If she was already so upset when she didn't have the chance to see Kayla's face, how would she react after seeing Kayla's face clearly?

Perhaps Julian realized that his feelings seemed to be beyond that of ordinary pity, so he immediately added, "You're not qualified to provoke me yet."

"I'm not qualified?" Diana was on the verge of breaking down when she heard how he was defending that woman. "Julian Fulcher, am I really just a toy that can be discarded at any time to you? You still think that I won't be sad, right?"

He knew. How could she not be sad?

He had to end their mistakes and divorce her precisely because he knew.

He wanted to hug her and help her to calm down, but his sanity returned when he saw the divorce agreement.

He could not make the same mistake over and over again.

So he turned around resolutely, left her alone downstairs, and went back to their bedroom first.

Noel hurriedly followed behind him. "Sir, you personally taught a lesson to those maids who grabbed Madam and reprimanded Madam Kate in front of Miss Kayla after Madam left Winnington Mansion today. Why didn't you tell...?"

"Do I need you to talk so much?" Julian glared at Noel and slammed the door shut with a bang.

Noel did not dare to utter another word, and could only go to Mr. Carter's room to temporarily avoid the limelight.

This villa was big and felt empty because the hearts of those residing in it were also scattered.

Diana felt extremely lonely as she looked at the empty living room.

She loved Julian with everything she had, and even rejected the opportunity to study to become a top designer because she wanted to stay by his side. Looking back, the idea of giving up her career for him was really stupid.

In the end, the marriage she was so proud of was nothing more than void.

He was simply a heartless and ungrateful man!

Her tears kept flowing. She muttered sadly, "Baby, I've let you down. I failed to keep your father's heart and give you a complete home when you'll be born."

She rubbed her belly. "But don't you worry. I'll never leave you alone. I'll always love you."

Having said that, she opened the tote bag containing the congee and took out the food inside. After that, she slowly opened the packaging box and began eating little by little.

After crying for so long, she also had to feed the baby.

Blergh! Diana suddenly felt something was wrong with the food after taking a bite.

She ran to the bathroom immediately and vomited the food out, only to find the corn kernels she had accidentally chewed.

She couldn't eat corn. She was bound to throw up if she ate corn.

What's more, she was pregnant with a child so she had become more sensitive to smells. She was throwing up badly at this time.

When she came out of the bathroom, her eyes were puffy and she looked haggard.

In all of three years, this was the first time Julian had bought the wrong flavor for her.

Sure enough, she was no longer his focus. He didn't care about her at all.

Diana walked out of the bathroom. When she saw the congee had already turned cold, she picked it up anyway and drank it all in one gulp.

Since she was already feeling uncomfortable, she could suffer a little more so that this incident would be deeply embedded in her memory. That way, she could leave more happily.

The congee was cold and the taste of corn was overpowering. She couldn't remember how long she vomited, but she only knew that in the end, what she vomited was only yellow and bitter bile water. There was even a faint trace of blood in her throat.

That fishy taste was similar to the basin of foul-smelling water Kate had splashed on her at Winnington Mansion. That special smell was embedded deeply in her mind.

Julian was no longer Diana's light.

Diana rinsed her mouth, threw the packaging boxes into the trash can, and then picked up the divorce agreement again. She slowly pushed the bedroom door open.

Julian was not asleep.

He had heard the movement downstairs.

He checked his receipt immediately, only to realize that he had been so anxious to return and check on Diana's condition that he had bought the wrong flavor in a hurry.

When he went downstairs, she had already finished the bowl of congee.

So, he went back to his room.

He was afraid she would feel uncomfortable after vomiting, so he also prepared warm boiled water and placed it by her bedside.

However, Diana didn't notice it. Instead, her first sentence after entering the room was, "Julian, let's get a divorce."

He could even hear the sound of Diana picking up the pen and signing the divorce paper. He could also hear her slightly tired breathing and her cries.

However, he didn't move.

When Diana came closer, he even closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep.

He thought this could be considered as his apology for buying her the wrong congee.

He wanted to give Diana another chance to state her conditions to agree to the divorce, rather than signing her name on the divorce agreement in a flash when her mind was a complete mess.

Diana stood beside him for a while, but did not notice anything unusual.

He was sleeping.

She laughed in a self-deprecating manner before taking the divorce agreement out of the villa.

In fact, she didn't know where she was headed and simply asked the driver to drive along the city streets aimlessly. After making a few rounds, she told the driver to stop the car when she saw the 'Forget Me Not' flower shop.

She had overestimated herself.

Even if she agreed to the divorce, she didn't want to suffer humiliation and betrayal in her marriage. Even if she tried her best not to think about that woman, she still couldn't help wanting to know who she was.

Diana wanted to know that woman's identity, her age, whether she was prettier than Diana, and when she and Julian got together.

These seemingly meaningless questions entrenched her heart like poisonous snakes that tore fiercely at her heart.

When she walked into the flower shop, she realized that the shop had changed its style completely. All the original variety of roses was gone, and all the flowers had become lilies instead.

"Madam." The salesgirl who had been working here didn't expect to see Diana at this time. She was suddenly surprised and delighted.

Diana smiled. "I want to buy roses but why can't I see any?"

The salesgirl was stunned. "That's strange. Sir said that you don't like roses, and even paid the full price to buy the flower shop in order to let us replace all the roses with lilies."

Diana couldn't hear what the salesgirl said next.

She knew very well that the woman the salesgirl was referring to wasn't her.

At that moment, Diana only found everything ridiculous. The wrong flavor of congee Julian had bought was ridiculous, the flower shop was ridiculous, and the fact that Diana thought that Julian loved her, was the most ridiculous of all.

He was good to her, but he treated that woman even better.

He even bought Diana's favorite rose shop and replaced it with a lily shop because that woman didn't like roses.

As it turned out, affection carried a lot of weight.

And Julian's affection for Diana was insignificant compared to how he felt about that other woman. Yet, Diana actually thought of it as precious!

It was simply ridiculous!

Diana seemed to have lost her soul as she retreated from the shop full of lilies, step by step.

In the distance, a Rolls-Royce limousine was watching her quietly in the dark night.

The person seated inside was none other than Julian.

He stared at Diana's incomparably small appearance as she stood in front of the flower shop, and felt a rush of annoyance. Then, he then dialed a phone number. "Kayla, are you asleep?"