

## **Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 141-150**

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 141

In the end, this wasn't something she could decide.

Thus, Diana could only leave with regrets.

Half an hour later, at the door of Fanny's place.

Cherise, her manager, was chased out once again. Unfortunately, there were only three hours left till the award ceremony began.

Even if the outfit was designed and ready, three hours was hardly enough time to prepare.

What's more, Fanny had yet to select an outfit. She spent the entire time throwing a tantrum, insisting on wearing a D&J outfit. But where was Cherise going to get one when D&J had announced their retirement from the business?

Cherise leaned against the door as she heard things being thrown around and smashed in the apartment, her brows furrowing in frustration.

This spoiled princess...

Even though she had struck out on her own from the Channings, her temper remained the same.

But Fanny had to attend tonight's award ceremony no matter what, because she had won an award. Although she had won Most Popular Celebrity Award rather than Best Actress Award, it warranted her presence all the more. Otherwise, the media might accuse Fanny of thinking too highly of herself and lacking acting skills. That would be terrible for someone like Fanny, who depended on popularity for survival in the industry.

As such, Cherise must ensure that Fanny appeared on time at the award ceremony looking her very best.

But where was Cherise going to get an outfit in time?

Cherise lowered her head, about to pull out a cigarette for a quick puff when she saw a bag hanging on the door handle.

She suddenly remembered that it was sent by that lady before, who called herself Diana Winnington.

Mr. Channing had told Cherise to receive Diana's offering well, but because she was so occupied with choosing an outfit for Fanny, she didn't have the energy to care about it.

Now as she looked around, Diana Winnington was nowhere to be seen.

Cherise held her forehead and couldn't hold back a sigh. She casually took the clothes out from inside the bag. to take a glance.

The instant she did, her eyes lit up, as if she was seeing a room full of gold.

The design of this dress...was top notch!

She immediately entered Fanny's apartment and showed the dress off to Fanny. "What about this one?"

"Don't bother me with lousy..."

Before Fanny could complete her sentence, her voice turned high pitched. She leapt from the couch and she

asked in utter surprise, "Where did you get this dress from?"

It looked even better than D&Y's pieces!

Fanny was used to wearing haute couture, having once spent big bucks and waited for a year to wear a D&Y piece. Despite that, she had never seen anything as beautiful as this little gown.

Its design was simply out of the world!

Without another word, Fanny immediately took the dress and tried it out in her dressing room. When she stepped out, even Cherise who saw her day in day out was stunned at how it looked on her.

The dress made it look as if the vast galaxy itself was emblazoned on her body, and Fanny was akin to a celestial being floating amongst the stars.

Coupled with her lithe figure and fair skin, one look from her was enough to dazzle anyone who glanced at her.

It was a romantic, innocent, yet mesmerizing look.

The gown highlighted Fanny's beauty.

Even Fanny stood in a daze as she stared at herself in the mirror.

It was far too beautiful...

Seeing how satisfied Fanny was, Cherise acted quickly in fear of any further complications. She quickly stuffed Diana's note in her pocket and said, "It's designed by a newcomer in the industry. It's good you like

it."

As the ceremony was about to begin, Fanny didn't ask any further and simply said, "We can work with the designer in the future."

Cherise knew that meant that Fanny was happy with the dress, and heaved a sigh of relief. She jumped into action immediately. "Quick! It's the make-up artist's turn!"

At the same time, Julian was preparing for a press conference.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 142

Julian's intent for the press conference was to help promote Kayla and help her take her first step as an up- and-coming designer.

But at that moment, his attention was fixed on his phone.

Diana neither called nor texted him.

"Julian, do you think putting the potted plants on both sides will make it look informal?" Kayla was very enthusiastic about the press conference, and basically did almost everything herself.

Julian didn't even lift his head to look at her. "Hmm, no."

Kayla sighed and put the things in her hands down before walking toward Julian. "Julian, what's on your mind? Are you very busy with work?"

Julian said noncommittally, "I'll head out to make a call."

Kayla stopped dead in her tracks.

Didn't they complete the divorce proceedings yesterday?

The call definitely has nothing to do with Diana.

Kayla tried to reassure herself that Julian was probably busy with work, and did not follow behind him. She turned around and continued ordering people around as they prepared the site for the press conference.

Thankfully, Diana's phone was finally switched on.

"What?" she snapped, her tone hostile.

The thought of what happened yesterday at the hospital made her unable to face him like before.

Julian could sense how upset she was from her tone. Instead of being angry, however, it immediately soothed his deeply-furrowed brows. He glanced at his watch and went on, "Nothing much. Have you been waiting for Kayla for long?"

Diana laughed coldly. "Me, waiting for her? I'm not even going!"

Coincidentally, he had never given both of them the appointment timing, and Kayla never knew about this meeting with Diana.

He did so in front of Grandma not only because he had no choice, but also because he wanted to teach Diana

a lesson.

To think that she never thought of going!

"Are you playing me for a fool?" His tongue pressed against the back of his teeth as he spoke with an edge to his voice which could send shivers down one's spine.

Diana chuckled cynically, "Likewise, Mr. Fulcher."

The moment she saw Julian's call, Diana could guess what was on his mind.

He wanted to secretly take revenge on her for making Kayla wait in vain at the café the last time.

He was truly thoughtful and caring toward Kayla....

But such open affections for Kayla utterly disgusted Diana, his wife in name. "I'm hanging up."

They had nothing further to say to each other, anyway.

Diana thought that right now, the worst Julian felt about her, the better. The more she challenged his bottom -line, the faster she could get the divorce proceedings over and done with.

Whatever it was, as long as Julian wanted to, it was definitely possible to hide it from Madam Fulcher.

But now... She was unable to see through his intentions.

After last night, Diana had this nagging feeling that he really wasn't intending to divorce her because of

Madam Fulcher.

Could Kayla afford to wait?

Diana had decided. If Julian did nothing over the next few days, she would no longer be a sitting duck and wait around. Instead, she would be on the offense and make Kayla push the divorce through, no matter what.

After all, it was getting harder for her to hide her bulging tummy as her pregnancy progressed.

"Are you completely letting yourself go?" Julian was displeased as he pondered over her nonchalant tone.

In the past, when he was abroad for work, Diana would talk to him on the phone for at least an hour. She couldn't bear to hang up even after her throat went hoarse from talking, and would whine for Julian to continue listening to her share about her day.

Be it something small and ordinary like flowers in her potted plants blooming, a patch of grass wilting, or the delicious food served for dinner that day, she could speak to him about it for hours on end.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 143

He was always the one who hung up first.

But now...

Julian felt that ever since Diana was exposed to be pregnant with Oliver's child and after both of them

promised Grandma not to get a divorce, Diana had been behaving without restraint. She acted as if there was nothing he could do about her.

She even hung up on him so blatantly!

Silence ensued over the phone, and when Julian looked at the screen... Huh?

She really did hang up on him.

That damned woman!

Is she completely fearless now that he had promised Grandma not to get a divorce? Did she think she had protection?

He imagined the smug look on her face, and wished he could run to her right now and erase that smile off

her face.

Unfortunately, he couldn't leave the press conference at this moment.

Kayla needed his endorsement and his presence as a back up.

Only with him around will others know how highly he regarded Kayla. That would bring the greatest benefit to Kayla at the shortest time possible.

Yet, his heart...

It was itching so badly because of Diana.

“Julian...” Kayla’s throat was sore because she spoke too much. She kept drinking water to relieve the pain, but her voice was still hoarse and sounded ugly. Yet, Julian didn’t seem to notice it and simply responded in a daze. “Hmm?”

Kayla tightened her grip over her bottle as she lowered her head coyly. “Why do you always zone out when you look at me?”

Her forehead was completely exposed, unlike Diana, who would always have locks of hair framing her face.

And was Diana’s neck even slimmer than Kayla’s?

Each time Julian held the back of Diana’s neck, he felt like her head would tilt forward the moment he exerted any force. He could overpower her anytime.

But how would Kayla’s neck feel?

Julian glanced at Kayla for a moment before retracting his gaze.

Strange. He didn’t feel so curious to find out the answer to that question.

“Not for any reason in particular, just that you look very pretty today,” Julian said in passing. He couldn’t

hold back the urge to pull out his phone again to text Diana.

The text read, “How’s Grandma? Are you in her ward?”

After sending the text, a red exclamation mark appeared on his screen.

This is...

Julian immediately clicked on the notification. He couldn’t believe it. Diana blocked him?!

When did that happen?!

Kayla was taken aback by the exaggerated shock on his face. His handsome face, that never failed to mesmerize her, was so shocked and angry that all the joy she felt at that point dissipated in an instant. “What happened?”

Julian ignored her, but his long fingers gripped his phone so tightly that his knuckles turned white.

Kayla looked at his phone screen and saw Diana's name on the notification.

Although she didn't have Diana's contact, she would often spy on Diana's socials.

However, she didn't expect Julian to check on Diana's socials too.

"Julian, you and Diana..." She hesitated before asking, "Didn't you get a divorce yesterday. Is she looking for you today?"

Divorce?

A vicious look flashed past the depths of Julian's eyes. "No, we didn't manage to go through with it yesterday."

With that, he left the venue without any intention of explaining things to Kayla. Instead, he called for Noel.

Kayla heard him say clearly, "Open your app. I want to see Diana's friends on social media."

Noel shot Julian a mystified look.

By the time Julian was done, his face had gone completely dark with displeasure. He no longer had the intention of going to Kayla and talking to her anymore.

Anger boiled in Kayla's heart as she observed Julian.

Diana, oh Diana! Why... Why was it that even after doing so much and talking until her throat went hoarse, Kayla was still unable to chase Diana away from Julian?

She even...

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 144

She even felt like his eyes were no longer focused on her anymore.



Kayla was so frightened by the prospect that her face paled. She rushed backstage and called Lucy immediately. "Did you check Diana's case file in the City Hospital?"

Lucy replied, "That girl dealt with it properly, but I got your dad's help to try to dig things up. We should be able to find out very soon if she's pregnant or not."

Kayla felt more reassured, but she bit her lip hard. "They didn't get divorced yesterday. I'm getting a little worried..."

She was worried that Diana was really pregnant, and that was the reason Julian didn't want to divorce her.

Lucy was shocked for a moment. "How could that be? Wasn't Julian already on his way to the Civil Affairs Bureau that day?"

"Yes, he was." Kayla nodded. "But when I asked him about it just now, he said the divorce didn't go through. This time, he didn't even explain anything to me."

She had no choice but to consider the possibility that Diana was pregnant.

She wondered if that would make Julian care more about Diana.

"That b\*tch! She should've died that day at the birthday party!" Lucy yelled in anger. She took a deep breath in an attempt to calm herself down. "No, no. It's at times like this I must remain calm. I'll update you the moment I hear from your dad."

Kayla nodded, feeling a little out of spirits. "Okay."

By the time she hung up and walked out, the press conference was about to begin.

Julian was seated on the main seat, waiting for her.

Kayla put on a beaming smile on her face, acting as if nothing had happened as she walked over to him. "Julian."

Julian nodded and signaled to the reporters that they could begin filming.

Kayla's works were displayed one after another.

Her displayed drafts made Diana, who had been watching the press conference on her TV, almost explode with anger.

Those were her works!

Those were drafts she had left at the Winningtons before she got married. How did they become Kayla's

works instead?

She glanced at the headline of the press conference: Up-and-coming designer?

Was such a blatant liar who stole other people's works worthy of that title?! Worthy of being a designer at all?!

Diana felt deeply humiliated.

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Julian had grown up with Kayla. Would he be ignorant as to whether Kayla had talent in design? Diana had never heard about Kayla knowing how to design clothes before this press conference!

Even so, Julian was willing to hold a press conference for Kayla and announce that he had invested in various fast fashion brands in the country, a clear indication that he had no qualms about spending big bucks for his beloved woman.

At that moment, his dark eyes were looking right at the camera, as focused as a hawk. "I have also acquired L. I believe these platforms will present great opportunities for Kayla Winnington to realize her design talents."

L?

The L that she purchased back then in a moment of recklessness?

Diana almost vomited blood, enraged by Julian's words. How did L become a stepping stone for Kayla?

Was Julian bent on angering her to death?!

At the sight of the handsome man on the screen, Diana could no longer hold herself back. She added Julian back into her list of contacts and sent him a picture of her middle finger.

She despised him!

Beep.

Julian looked down at his phone that sounded. His face broke into a bright smile.

Just then, a reporter held a mic out toward Julian. “Mr. Fulcher, I heard you and your wife are a very loving couple. You even sent a bodyguard to protect her when she went back to her parents’ house to attend a birthday party. I saw you smiling so happily just now. Were you texting your wife?”

Julian lifted his head as he shot the reporter a piercing look

It sent chills down the reporter’s spine, but he pushed his glasses up his nose and went on, “Miss Kayla is your wife’s sister. Is your endorsement of Miss Kayla your wife’s idea?”

His question was incisive indeed.

If Julian said yes, it would look bad on Kayla. She might even get hurt.

But if he said no, what would Diana, who was probably elsewhere watching this press conference live, think?

Or even... How would that affect how others see Diana as his wife?

Their looks of loathing would be enough to pierce Diana’s heart.

As Julian glanced at Kayla seated next to him, a bewildered look on her face, he quickly arrived at the answer.

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## **Read Novel Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 145**

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 145

He smiled merrily, effectively charming the audience with an arch of his brows. "Are you trying to show concern for my family affairs?"

Even though he said it with a smile, his tone was deeply intimidating.

However, the reporter was filled with confidence.

He was sure he could get something good from Julian, and that his news would become the headlines!

But before he could continue, received a call from his boss.

When he accepted the call, he immediately heard his boss yelling at him, "From today onwards, you're fired. No need to come back to the office!"

His eyes widened with shock as his smug smile was wiped off his face. He exclaimed in disbelief, "But why?!"

He was about to get the scoop on Julian's private affairs and write the hottest headlines that would send their magazine flying off the shelves!

Why was he suddenly fired?!

His boss looked at the acquisition contract he had just received and the slew of lawyers in his office before replying to the reporter, "From now on, this magazine belongs to the Fulchers. You've just offended the big boss at the press conference!"

With that, the call ended abruptly.

Noel, on the other hand, sauntered over and 'thoughtfully' removed the reporter's work pass. The reporter walked out of the press conference in a daze.

He didn't expect Julian to have such

power...

Probably no one in Richburgh could force him to do what he refused to.

He had underestimated Julian Fulcher...

After that little hiccup, the mood in the press conference became significantly harmonious. The questions that the other reporters asked were all sensible and within boundaries.

Toward the second half of the event, Julian finally replied to Diana's text. "What? Jealous to see Kayla and I together?"

This time, the red exclamation mark did not appear.

The corner of Julian's lips lifted.

Diana was rendered speechless with Julian's text.

What did he mean by jealous?

Just yesterday, he had personally sent her into the operation theater and forced her to abort her baby. And today, he was blatantly accompanying Kayla to the press conference.

Even when a reporter had seemingly seen through the complicated relationship between the three of them,

Julian pretended it was no big deal and had the cheek to accuse her of being jealous.

Diana was perturbed. "You have a screw loose! Disgusting!"

Julian chuckled out loud when he saw Diana's reply.

She must be in such a huff right now, her cheeks puffing up like a squirrel.

If he could pinch her cheeks, it would surely make him feel good.

His smile was so dazzling that when he was caught on camera, the videographer zoomed in on his face.

Diana saw his zoomed-in face on the screen, and was certain that he indeed had a screw loose.

Why was he smiling so gleefully when she scolded him?

Didn't he remember how cruel he had been when he forced her to the hospital?

Didn't he understand how awkward she felt when he and Kayla behaved that way?

What made it worse...was that all the drafts displayed at today's press conference actually came from Diana. It seemed nothing could stop Kayla from doing something so abhorrent, even as she tried to hide from Diana and not see her at all.

## **Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 146**

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 146

However, Diana wasn't one to suffer in silence and allow others to bully her anymore.

Kayla had been testing her limits time and time again. It was time for Diana to let Kayla have a taste of her own medicine!

She kept her phone and fixed her attention on Julian's eyes on the screen. Her lips curled into a slight smile as she took a screenshot of their conversation. Then, she moved her attention to the design drafts.

Kayla was displaying some of the design drafts again.

From the livestream of the press conference, Diana could tell that most people were praising Kayla for the design flair. Some even claimed that Kayla's drafts were so good she could practically be the successor of D&J.

Be her successor?

Diana smirked. Such a copycat wasn't fit for that honor!

"Don't get so excited, everyone." Kayla's voice was still hoarse, and she didn't say much throughout the press conference. Seeing that the event was about to draw to a close, Kayla took out a bunch of design drafts and said, "This is the series of my work that I'm most pleased with. If anyone is interested in purchasing it, I'm willing to sell it to someone I have an affinity with."

Coincidentally, the draft she was flashing was the preliminary draft of the gown Diana had dr.

Smith.

.. for Fanny

At the same time, right after the award ceremony drew to a close, Fanny Smith was brought to the center of attention and trending on social media because of her beautiful outfit.

Many people began fighting in the comments section. “Why do I feel like the dress Fanny Smith was wearing looked so much like the design draft of the up-and-coming designer Fulcher Inc. is trying so hard to promote?”

“Don’t be silly! The designer’s outfit isn’t even done yet. How could Fanny Smith be wearing it?”

“But they look so similar!”

“I say... The gown came from an unknown source and brand. It might be bought from a small workshop!”

“A top celebrity, wearing something from a small workshop? What’s more, something that was plagiarized from somewhere else. What a joke...!”

Because of that, Fanny Smith’s reputation was almost torn to shreds.

Meanwhile, a photo of Fanny Smith’s gown was sent to Julian.

Kayla cried out loud upon seeing it. “This is my blood, sweat and tears. I haven’t even had the time to make it! How did it... How...?”

An emerging designer having her design stolen and worn by a top celebrity was big news that quickly began trending online. Suddenly, Kayla amassed for herself hordes of supporters fighting for her rights and calling out the plagiarizer who made Fanny Smith’s dress.

At the same time, there were many who chided Kayla and accused her of stealing other people’s design draft

and claiming it as her work, with the Fulchers as her backers.

Kayla didn’t expect to clash with what a top celebrity was wearing.

In light of the compounding mess, the press conference was forced to draw to a close.

Julian compared Kayla's design draft with the gown that Fanny Smith was wearing. Although Fanny Smith's gown was more exquisite, more beautiful and had better design sense, he could very well see that the design draft could very well be the prototype of Fanny Smith's gown.

Julian turned solemn, but he didn't forget to comfort Kayla upon seeing how sorrowfully she was crying. He pondered for a moment before asking, "Did you show anyone your design draft before the press conference?"

Kayla was stunned for a while before shaking her head. "No..."

"But..." She lifted her tear-stained eyes to look at Julian. "Diana may have seen it before... She attended Mom's birthday party that day, and even asked the servants whether the room on the first floor was mine. I'm not sure if she actually entered my room."

"Your design draft was in your room the whole time?"

Kayla nodded. "Yes. It's been on my desk since I returned from abroad. Usually, no one would enter my room, so I didn't keep my guard up..."

She began sobbing again as she spoke, gripping tightly onto Julian's shirt. "Julian... Why... why did Diana do this to me? It's enough that she ruined my throat. Now, she's even made my draft into a gown and sold it to Fanny Smith!

I haven't even officially entered the industry, yet something so terrible has happened to me. Will everyone laugh at me for not being able to protect my own drafts? Julian, I've let you down... I couldn't live up to your expectations!"

With that, she could no longer hold her emotions back and rushed to the washroom.

The sight of Kayla bawling her eyes out made Julian's face darken with displeasure.

## **Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 147**

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 147



Julian dialed Diana's number immediately. "Where are you?"

He must hear about the design draft directly from her.

Coincidentally, Diana wanted to see him. "Come to the hospital."

With that, she went to the ward next door to visit Grandma. Seeing that the old woman was still resting, Diana didn't wake her up. Instead, she tucked her into the sheets and returned to her own ward, waiting patiently for Julian to come over.

This time, he didn't come charging at her with a bad temper as he did before.

He simply placed the design draft on the table and asked whether Diana found it familiar.

"I do find it familiar." Of course, she did!

It was the design draft that she drew herself!

But now, all the design drafts that she left in the Winningtons had become Kayla's.

A storm was brewing in Julian's eyes. "In other words, you're really the one who leaked the design draft?"

"You're so amusing." Diana couldn't hold back a cynical chuckle. "You've already convicted me of plagiarism even before coming here, thinking that I made a gown out of Kayla's design before she could. In that case, why are you still being pretentious and asking me for the truth?"

Would he believe her if she actually told the truth?

As if! She no longer trusted him on that.

After all, he was still confused about the poisoning incident and immediately convicted her of being guilty despite having zero evidence. Had it not been for Grandma...

Diana rubbed her knees, as all the hurt that Julian had caused her came flooding back.

She felt pain piercing her heart as she lifted her eyes to look at him.

Her eyes were crystal clear.

The look on her face made Julian almost doubt his own judgment. But... Didn't he give Diana a chance to explain herself when he first entered the ward?

She admitted it herself that she was familiar with Kayla's design draft.

Julian couldn't help but furrow his brows. "You accused me of not believing your words right after you said

that you found Kayla's design draft familiar. Diana, what exactly do you mean by that?"

She just lost her baby yesterday, so Julian didn't want to be too harsh on her.

Therefore, he kept holding his anger back.

Still, it didn't mean that he would condone her behavior.

"If you want me to believe you, shouldn't you show some proof?!"

Diana laughed out loud again. "In that case, should you show some proof yourself when you accuse me of copying Kayla's work?"

Julian slapped the photo of Fanny Smith's dress on the table and put it side by side with the preliminary draft, beckoning Diana to take a good look for herself.

Diana did so. The starry dress that Fanny Smith was wearing looked just as good as she had imagined!

Most importantly, this gown represented her deep gratitude toward Oliver.

Not only did his girlfriend accept the gift she sent, but she even wore it to the award ceremony and received numerous praises over it.

The thought of the good comments received brought a smile to her face and lit up her beautiful eyes.

She lowered her head, revealing her fair and long neck.

Looking at it, Julian's hands began feeling the itch....

But when Diana looked at the design draft once again, the calm and peace in her eyes disappeared as anger

flooded inside them.

'What good taste Kayla has,' she thought sarcastically.

How smart of Kayla to use her best work as her trump card.

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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 148

Diana recalled what Kayla said at the press conference and said with disdain, "Just that? Are these the so-called proofs you were talking about?"

Just then, Kayla barged into the ward. She held her throat and looked right at Diana, and said sharply, "Don't force Julian into a corner!"

This was the first time the sisters saw each other properly after the birthday party.

Diana couldn't help but stare at the face which looked so similar to hers.

Looking at Kayla's face once again confirmed how similar they looked.

However, Kayla looked more like James, whereas Diana had Kate's eyes. Kate was a beauty herself when she was young, and Diana had inherited Kate's beauty. It added to her own exquisite features and enhanced her aura.

This was something Kayla lacked, and formed the fundamental difference between how both sisters looked.

When they were in the same room, it was easy to see that Diana had the upper hand in terms of her aura and charm; her eyes were clearly more beautiful than Kayla's.

Yet, it didn't change the fact that Julian took Diana as Kayla's replacement and married her for that. In fact, she was taken as Kayla's replacement for three years.

Diana suppressed the bitterness growing inside her as she turned to look at Kayla. "How am I forcing him into a corner?"

Here they are, running to her and showing how deeply in love they are with each other. How amusing...

Kayla couldn't stop sobbing. Instead of answering Diana, she plopped down on her knees and begged, "Diana, please, my throat has become like this and Julian no longer wants me. He's not divorcing you anymore, and you have everything you want. Please let me go, won't you?"

These design drafts are my blood, sweat and tears. My only wish now is to grow my career. Can you please make it clear to the media that you're the one who stole my design draft? I don't want to be stained by the bad impression that I don't respect my own work and even leaked it when my career just took off.

Please, Diana... I really have nothing to my name aside from my potential career."

Her words, her posture, her pleas, her feigned innocence.

How pitiful.

Kayla even made clear the awkward situation that Julian was no longer divorcing Diana, which made it sound like he had let Kayla down.

As Diana had expected, her words were effective in agitating Julian. He could no longer hold himself back." Diana! Apologize to Kayla right now!"

There's that insufferable demand again.

The moment Kayla was upset or when something happened to him, it was certainly Diana's fault.

Chapter 143

2/2

Even though they had never seen each other before this, Diana was the one who caused Kayla to be upset. Well, who was the cause of Diana being upset?!

A derisive chill crept into Diana's eyes as she clenched her fists and looked coldly at Kayla. "Kayla, what makes you so sure I was the one who leaked this design draft? How do you know that I'm definitely the one who made Fanny Smith's dress?"

"Julian has already confirmed things with one of the servants at our house before he came looking for you. You did ask her where my room was at the birthday party," Kayla said through her sobs, refusing to stand up even when Julian tried to pull her up in a bid to victimize herself. "Aside from you, none of the Winningtons has the motive to enter my room and take away my design draft."

Diana never expected so many traps to be laid for her, one after another, after the birthday party.

Even a few innocent questions she asked a servant in the house became proof of her stealing Kayla's work.

Diana shrugged and looked at Julian. "I didn't enter her room. What's more..." She picked up all of Kayla's drafts, knelt to the floor so that she was on the same level as Kayla and said, "Do you dare claim that you personally drew these design drafts?"

Her tone was intimidating, even resembling Julian somewhat as she fixed her pointed gaze at Kayla.

It sent chills down Kayla's spine.

Diana wasn't like that three years ago. Back then, she was timid and afraid, and disliked by everyone. She was an insignificant bug easily disregarded by everyone.

But now... That insignificant little bug had grown into a beautiful swan.

And she did so under Julian's thorough care and protection.

That thought deepened Kayla's jealousy of Diana. She insisted, "Of course! Who else would it be if not me? You?!"

Diana chuckled. "Yes, me."

As she knelt on the floor and tilted her head back in laughter, she looked just like a rose blooming in the night. Her eyes, calm like a quiet river, looked right at Julian, as if trying to bewitch him. “This time, do you believe me?”

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 149

Even Kayla was almost lost in Diana’s powerful stare.

Something suddenly clicked in Julian’s mind as his eyes darkened. His eyes, which were fixed on Diana, were crystal clear and chilly.

“It’s not important whether I believe you or not. What’s important is the truth.”

Diana smiled. Things would be easy as long as Julian thought that way.

She wasn’t anxious to stand back up. Instead, she sat down on the floor, maintaining the same level as Kayla as she tilted her jaw. “We each have our own side of the stories, and we’ll never get to the bottom of who plagiarized who,”

She went on, “Since Julian said just now that it’s not important who he believes and that the truth is more important, let’s redesign some outfits and see who is more skilled. That way, we’ll be able to tell who’s the real plagiarizer.”

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Kayla began feeling anxious at Diana’s suggestion to compete based on skills, and hurriedly countered, “That’s not fair! If we redesigned the outfit, you wouldn’t dare to copy mine. This plagiarism incident would just be swept under the rug and forgotten, like what happened to my throat...”

Her throat...

Julian’s eyes narrowed as he recalled the words Diana yelled along the hospital corridor previously.

She had said that she was not afraid of him investigating the matter.

In the end, he was the one who didn’t investigate it thoroughly. Instead, he let it be.

He didn't know what he was afraid of, but he instinctively wanted to sweep things under the rug and leave them at that.

There was a trace of fatigue in his eyes. He lowered his head and looked gently at Kayla. "Kayla, if you feel bad about your throat, I can look into the accident again."

Anxiety flashed past Kayla's eyes. She quickly said, "Julian, it's already very troublesome for you to accompany me to my follow-up visits with the doctor. I don't want to add more trouble for you. Let's just forget about it since it's over."

Julian was a smart man. When he heard Kayla's words, his heart sank slightly.

Kayla... Why was she becoming less and less like that little girl in his memory who risked her life to save him?

He couldn't figure out the answer to that question.

However, his heart was tightly bound to that gratitude he felt toward her for saving him. It instinctively made him treat Kayla well.

Even if she had become less and less like that girl in his memories, Julian found himself unable to treat Kayla

harshly.

At that night where death stared at him in the face, she was his only hope for salvation.

Without her, he wouldn't be alive today.

"Okay." He nodded and glanced at Diana.

Diana immediately understood why the incident with Kayla's throat was never looked into. It wasn't because of Grandma, but because Julian had already keenly noticed something and knew that Diana was innocent.

Yet, he did not stand up for her.

Instead, he stood on Kayla's side without any hesitation.

He and Kayla had no qualms whatsoever about piercing her heart with thousands of daggers.

But why did her heart still ache even when it had been stabbed so many times?

He was clearly...not a man worthy of her affections....

Diana took a deep breath and tried to dismiss the pain she felt inside her. She continued talking to Kayla according to what she planned earlier.

“Since we’re both designers, you should know very well that a designer’s design style won’t change drastically within a short time. As long as we apply our style consistently in our draft, anyone could tell whether you were the one who stole my design first, or if I was the one who copied your draft and resulted in its leak.”

Julian agreed to her proposal.

However, he had one question. “Diana, you’ve never attended university. You stayed in the countryside before coming to Richburgh. How did you learn about designing?”

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 150

Julian found it rather hard to believe that she knew how to create design drafts.

“Why wouldn’t Diana know how to design?” Grandma suddenly entered the ward, surprising them all. “Many of my clothes were designed by Diana. If she didn’t know how to design, how would she be able to make my clothes so well-fitting and beautiful?”

In this day and age, who would sew their clothes by hand?

The corners of Kayla’s lips curled in a scorn, betraying her inner thoughts.

Madam Fulcher glared at her. “Kayla Winnington. Not even a greeting from you when you see me?”

Kayla hated Grandma Fulcher from the bottom of her heart, but because Julian was around, she dared not show her disdain. Instead, she forced



herself to smile in a bid to please the old lady. "Hello, Grandma. How do you do?"

"I'm doing pretty well," Grandma said huffily. "But it's not any significant occasion, and here you are, kneeling to Diana. Are you begging for a present from her?"

Grandma slapped her forehead. "Oh, look how silly I am! Even if it really were a festive occasion, Diana wouldn't give you a present. She's not your grandmother, is she now? If you want a present, you can kneel

1

for me in my room. I might just give you something if I feel like it."

Diana couldn't help but burst out laughing at Grandma's words.

Kayla glared at Diana, embarrassed that she was still on her knees. She immediately stood up.

Julian saw that Kayla was finally willing to stand up and talk, and heaved a sigh of relief. "Grandma, why did you come here?"

"What's that? Kayla can come, but I can't?" Grandma made her stance toward Kayla very obvious. With Grandma around, Diana felt so much better. She even took the initiative to massage the old woman's

shoulders.

"I don't mean that." Julian was always careful not to anger Grandma, and did his best to do whatever she

wanted.

Diana had never seen him so timid and found it hilarious. Her eyes gleamed like the stars in the night sky.

"It's all thanks to Diana that I can come down from the bed and walk around so quickly," Grandma said. She'd always go to my ward to massage my legs and back whenever she had the time. It really helps with my blood circulation."

With that, she glanced at Kayla. "Do you even know that I was sick?"

Kayla gulped and looked up at Julian. She said in a small voice, "I...I know."

"Hmm, that's good." Grandma glanced at Julian, but did not say anything further to rebuke him.

Conversely, she smiled kindly and said, "Seems like you're not aware of it. Since you're not a part of the Fulcher family, you're in no position to come to my ward and visit me. That would only make me even more angry. I see that there aren't many people with self-awareness left in this world anymore.

11

Her sarcastic words were filled with hidden daggers.

Grandma's words packed a punch indeed!

Diana had never felt so good before Kayla.

However, she wouldn't get too excited. She still had a few days ahead of her to make Kayla understand that she, Diana Winnington, was not an easy target!

"Grandma." Diana didn't bother hiding the bright smile on her face. "You spoke too much. Julian's heart might ache."

Grandma sneered. "Ache? His heart? Why doesn't his heart ache for an old lady like me instead? I say, his heart doesn't ache at all!"

Kayla's face darkened further with displeasure.

This time, she didn't dare to shed a tear, for fear that Madam Fulcher might say something even more piercing.

She could only look indignantly at Julian. He finally opened his mouth and said, "Grandma."

Grandma snorted and went back to the subject. "I heard everything you said just now, and I support Diana's suggestion. It's not possible for a designer's style to change within a short period of time. Let's just wait and see who's the one trying to shift the blame on others!"

With that, she deliberately glared at Kayla, not letting go of any chance to bring her down.

The look in Grandma's eyes made Kayla's blood boil with anger. However, she didn't have the guts to flare up in front of Julian, or to argue back with the old woman. In fact, she had to do her best to please Grandma. "How about this, Madam Fulcher? I'm willing to draw a new design and let everyone comment on it, but I want to design something specifically for you."